

# THE FORKED TONGUE

A handbook for treating people badly  
(revisited)

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• F L A G G •

A red splatter graphic, resembling a bloodstain or ink blot, is positioned above the title. It consists of several irregular, overlapping red shapes of varying sizes, with the largest and most concentrated area in the center, tapering off towards the top left and bottom right.

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*(revisited)*

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For the Wolves Who raised me





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## FOREWORD

The Forked Tongue is a precious thing to me. There is no other way to say it. It stands as the premier gateway many now find into the ideas my friend and brother left behind. It is inevitable that as time moves forward, more and more people will necessarily come to know him only as an author and never as a living man.

That is the way of things. We all move into history.

There was a time not that many years ago when a book like this would be all we had to remember the author by. Perhaps a few letters sent to friends and an unfinished manuscript if we were lucky.

*Fortunately, we no longer live in those times.*

For those willing to look, Flagg left behind a footprint of ideas you can spend years reading and coming to understand. There are thousands of messages on publically available mailing lists and forums – many of them mini-essays in their own right. We have blog posts. We have podcasts that captured his voice. We have video of casual conversations and debates alike. We have artwork like you would not believe.

Revisiting this book has allowed me the opportunity to add some of that content. *I hope you will forgive me if I have done so with exuberance.* This new content necessitated a new organization and in the end there are three parts to the final work.

**Part I (Echoes)** consist of content written in response to a call for such by those who Flagg had touched. Not everyone who was close to Flagg submitted something for inclusion because for them the wound was still to open, or they had no idea how to solidify their thoughts into something that would fit here. I completely understand.

**Part II (The Forked Tongue)** is the book proper. Part II is essentially the entirety of the previous edition.

**Part III (Appendices)** is made up of four transcripts. While there certainly is much more material from Flagg to make available, it must be left to another project – here I selected those audio segments most directly applicable to the subject matter of The Forked Tongue itself.

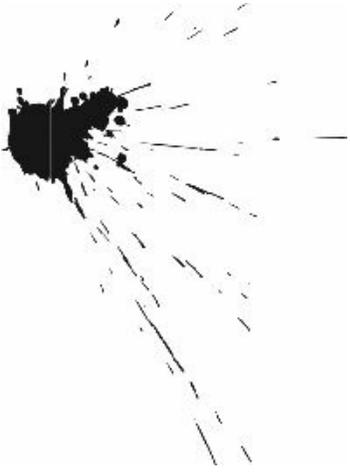
I admit to hesitation in moving Flagg's foundational work so deeply into the volume. In the end, I decided to use the notes by way of preface. This is not an indulgence or simply a memorial, I have a purpose.

*I want those of you who are reading this book to understand that there was a real man*

*who wrote these words, and a real man who lived them.*

I don't mean the scenes or interrogations, though of course he lived those as well, I mean the self-examination, discipline and wonder that pervades every word and page of his work. When someone tells you that you must compromise, that you cannot live "this way" in your "real life" I want you to understand that you absolutely can... *and you will not be alone.*

Soulhunte  
May 2015 / New Jersey



## PART I – ECHOES

## Introduction

As mentioned, there is more than simply tribute in the inclusion of these works. I wish them to offer you a foundation of understanding. The goal is to help you understand Flagg as a man in his context, seen through the eyes of some lucky enough to share his life.

Why? Because it is possible that you came to this book for the same reasons Flagg wrote it. It is possible you are also driven to understand not only how to do these things to people, but how to reconcile that desire with your essential self-image.

*So here is my offering to my kin: to those who are exploring this same dark territory. It's not just dark to the outsider; it's dark to us, too. Often frightening and confusing, we have to set our own borders to define ourselves as people. Good and whole people worthy of love and acceptance. The condemnation of outsiders is really not the problem; the condemnation to which we subject ourselves is. – Flagg, The Forked Tongue*

It is my hope to assist in that offering by helping you really see that you can be a good person and still revel in all of this. You can love and be loved, you can be a positive force on those around you and gain the loyalty of good people... all while wiping the blood from your boots with a smile.

Soulhunte  
May 2015 / New Jersey

## Soulhuntre's Note

*"I have always thought of my brother as a friendly person living on top of another mountain. We would hail each other from time to time. Talk to each other across the distance and know that the other was always there.*

*He is a strobe across the firmament, uttering melodies and soft chants, explosions and strong drones. Flashes of merriment and guttural moans of pathos.*

*All the sounds of a man seeking a voice and a language to say listen to this!" –  
Celestial Navigations, Life Goes On.*

This quotation heads the blog entry I wrote in the immediate wake of Flagg's passing. In re-reading it to prepare for writing this I still cannot think of any better way to begin. In fact, I will be including the entirety of the text of that post in this volume because it says *almost* everything there is to be said.

Almost is good.

Almost is not enough.

I knew there was more to say but I didn't have an "in" to my thoughts for a long time. I am sure many of you have had the experience of staring at a blank page or editor window knowing there are words waiting... if you can only find the beginning.

Then it happened.

In a recent exchange on Fetlife someone (who I am not sure would wish to be identified) used the term "dominauts" in jest. A memory rose unbidden that led me to the words.

**The place:** A few blocks from the old Hellfire club in NYC.

**The time:** It is the early to mid 1990's, around 4am on a Sunday morning.

A long black limousine is slowly making its way through traffic toward the first of several stops that will ultimately land it in New Jersey after a detour through Brooklyn. Inside Flagg, SirC and I are talking quietly as we often did about the night and what we learned about ourselves and each other. We chuckled at our mistakes and gently poked fun at egos. The trunk was full of gear (we carried a lot of gear back then) and the floor of the limo itself was strewn with bodies settling in for a nap during the ride knowing they had things to attend to on arrival but for the moment freed from the requirements of service.

I remember thinking at the time how amazingly fortunate I was to have each and every one of these people in my life. Once again the evening had reminded me that everyone I knew personally whom might understand what I wanted to build was right here, in this metal box. The streetlights cast strobes across the pitch dark interior as we rode and it seemed like we were passing through a landscape and community that I might visit but possibly never really feel at home in.

Had I known the word “dominaut” then it is the one I would have thought with a chuckle as I idly tapped the glass that protected us. We were explorers in territory we were only beginning to understand, interacting with natives at once useful and hostile. We had launched ourselves, and there really was no way back. We were trying to put together a way of life both for ourselves and those we shared ourselves with that was functional, rational and right.

And we were, like all (astro/cosmo/\*)nauts, alone. Oh, maybe there was a radio ... but no help was coming.

Understand that when I met Flagg and SirC, the NYC scene like the rest of the nation, was well and truly “over” actual dominance. SSC was all the rage and if you weren’t using the word “negotiation” every other sentence you were clearly a threat to... something. The something was never specified but there was a lot of consensus that it was under threat. When asked to describe the source of that threat the moderators, community leaders and mentors would describe their enemy blithely. They would describe us.

At first they didn’t know this, of course. We spent the early time under cover quietly seeking out those who, like us, might be on the edges of the communal campfire. Those not quite willing to turn and walk away but also unwilling to pay the fealty needed to stand inside that circle of light. In time we added to our exploratory band, both before and after openly declaring our existence.

Yet I know for Flagg even after some measure of acceptance and notoriety the feeling of being outside did not lift. I suspect he felt most only accepted because they did not really think he was serious. As for the exploration? I have never met someone so relentlessly driven to understand the gears, dials and levers of his own mind and those around him.... particularly, I think, the levers.

This book you hold in your hand is a precious artifact of more than a decade of exploration by one of the smartest and most insightful men I have ever known. It will not, cannot, tell you all there is to know about what he discovered but I know for a fact it tells you more about him than he intended when he started it.

I am honored to be able to continue sharing it with you.

Soulhunte  
May 2015 / NJ

## Soulhuntre's Blog: Draw the Curtain

Here I am again, awake and unable to distract myself. This is not the first time I have had the need to discuss the death of someone close to me on this blog. No doubt as my life wends forward it will happen again and that obviously sucks.

I would like to tell you all about Flagg, about what he was really like. I would like to help you see him in total. Provide a complete image. His hopes and aspirations. His goals. His values. I would like to do all that, but I can't. I knew him, but I am aware that there are limits on how well I was aware of all the nuances. I knew what I needed to – I had what they used to call the “measure” of him. I wrote about that once though to be honest it was clear to me long before he was really challenged by illness.

It was this measure that let me know what he was to me – pack mate, peer and brother. Another such once described our early times as a group in terms of having “grown up together” and looking back on it I am sure she is right. Certainly, I would not be the man I am without having known him. Or her, for that matter.

We speak in terms of being pack around these parts. Not family, though we most certainly are. But family is too passive, too casual. As a pack we are active. We expand, we defend our territory and our people. We hunt. The analogy is a good one as far as it goes and it is a fantastic way to get across the core of who we are... but it is a necessary simplification. Under magnification we are an interlocking circle of loyalties, smaller packs, tribes and households.

None of that is the point of this post.

The point is this – I would like to be able to give you a complete picture of the man who played so large a role in shaping me. Not because I selflessly want to help you understand him, or to share him with you. I want to be able to give you that picture because it would mean I had it to share.

The simple reality is that I think few if any of us are ever fully known by a single person. Every relationship is shaped by the needs and offerings of those involved. I have no doubt that those who served Flagg over the years saw aspects of him that he would never show plainly in my presence. Collectively they have knowledge of this man I will never know. Individually I am willing to bet they each saw something that the others did not. He had a pack around him before we met – and they have such stories to tell of times I never have shared. It is clear I missed much, so much.

We pay our price and look into the nickelodeon – not always realizing the show is for us alone.

For my part I am vividly aware of the price I extract from those around me. They realize quickly that I divide the world rather sharply into those I feel have value and those who don't. The retention of my respect demands that one have few overt displays of fear and weakness. I am even less tolerant of despair. I demand above all that those around me "stand". No one is spared judgment.

*"The place where you made your stand never mattered. Only that you were there... and still on your feet." – Stephen King, The Stand*

When those close to me falter, I do what I can to help them get back to their feet. When their morale waivers, I do my best to restore it. When they are faced with a struggle, I will pack them a lunch, load their gun and assure them I have their backs. A momentary rest? Sure. I will stand watch and revel in the opportunity to provide this shelter... but it is understood that soon you put your boots back on or forfeit the privilege.

I will do all this – but what I know I never really allow them is the luxury of surrender, even a momentary one. To just put it down, give into doubt and wail at the injustice of it all. I know this about myself. I have no other way to be and honestly I feel it is a valuable trait – I act as goad and conscience. Occasionally, however, I am reminded that this price carries a certain barrier to intimacy. It is true for those under me, it is true for my remaining peers and, of course, it was true for Flagg as well.

I know for a certainty that there were times when my friend and brother was scared or depressed that he did not, could not, reach out to me. I know there were times when he was uncertain of his strength or desire to continue the struggle that he turned to others and not me. I know he hid pain from me... as they all do. I was everything I knew how to be for him... but each tool has its uses and I was simply not the right tool for the job on those occasions.

This would bother me more if I wasn't secure in the knowledge that our pack had those he could reach out to in those moments. I could rest assured that he was not alone on those occasions – that he was being consoled and cared for. Getting what he needed from those who could supply it in ways I could not.

My brother was talented in ways I will never understand. He had a way with people I envied and a natural charisma I will never match. He was strong enough to deal with emotions I don't allow myself. He had a concept of an afterlife (I have none) we rarely discussed and I don't pretend to understand. He commanded with ease the loyalty of people who do not grant it easily. He tolerated my dreams and worked beside me to achieve them – though I never had the chance to reward his faith with the life I hoped someday to be able to include him in.

When the time came to say goodbye I did the only thing that seemed reasonable under

the circumstances. I waited till none of the hospital staff was looking, picked up a sharpie and drew a cartoon snake on the stump where most of his right leg used to be. That is the picture you see above.

I admired him. I drew inspiration from him. I loved him. I will never see his like again. I tried to live up to his friendship and loyalty, to continually earn my place next to him as we ran through the woods. I think I did that, though I cannot help but feel a measure of guilt for all the things I could not do for him. Those who provided what I could not have my gratitude and my loyalty.

Soulhunte  
06:29:00, October 7th, 2009 / New Jersey

## Harley's Note

In a dark, crowded dungeon, I saw someone who caught my attention. I couldn't make out who it was, but something about him kept drawing my eye. As he moved closer, two things slowly dawned on me:

1. I was watching Flagg move across a room for the first time in several years.
2. Tears were silently rolling down my cheeks.

I was confused by this emotional response to a man that I hadn't seen in some time and had been too afraid to speak more than half a dozen words to in all the time I had known him. I was *terrified* to speak to the man. His very presence in a room made my heart miss a few beats, and made me be as still as possible, hoping that maybe he just wouldn't see me. Before I even knew a quarter of what there is to know, I knew one thing – I was not worthy to be in this man's presence, certainly not good enough to *speak* to him.

Still, the tears came, and it made me take pause, leave the space and examine why. These were tears of unspoken gratitude. I had known Flagg tangentially for years, watched him with his people, attended every class of his I could make it to, poured over his handouts. Without knowing it, this man was the reason I was still in the community, he was the reason I found my purpose in life, and he helped me believe that every desire I had could be made reality. It was in his "Creating and Maintaining a Structure" class that Flagg discussed relationship priorities. He made it clear that you could have multiple layers and dynamics within your relationship, but that you must both know your priorities and be on the same page about them. A lightbulb went off in my head as he explained that, for him, the power exchange **MUST** be the priority and that if that power exchange were to deteriorate, the relationship would end no matter how much he loved someone and no matter what else they were to each other. He made it clear that you do the work or you leave.

This was what I had been missing from my life. Someone finally told me that it was perfectly acceptable to want my relationship focused on giving complete control to another. Someone in the world other than me believed that these things could be *real* and not just role play, fantasies, or part-time dynamics that crumbled if you fell in love or got angry with each other. It was in that class that I realized where my passion in life was and that I would never be truly happy in any relationship where a total power exchange was not the primary focus for both parties involved. It was this class that started me on the journey that led me back to Flagg so many years later and why, after I understood how much I owed him, I wiped away the tears and decided now was the time to overcome my fears and speak to him before the chance escaped me.

I went back into the dungeon and saw him engaged in conversation with a group of people. When it became clear that I would not be interrupting, I went over and quietly knelt beside his chair, hands behind my back, out of the way but in his line of sight, hoping for acknowledgement. When it came, I spoke softly and carefully, making conversation about his upcoming class and generally how good it was to see him again. Several minutes into the conversation, his entire face changed and he was looking at me with a shocked expression. As he told it, he suddenly realized who he was talking to and literally had not recognized me because I had changed so much physically and energetically. He was so pleasantly surprised by the positive changes radiating from me, that we continued speaking and had two other brief exchanges before the end of the weekend.

As I was driving home from the event, my mind was racing. I knew I wanted to offer him my service. It was out of a sense that I could finally find some way to give back a small part of what he had unknowingly given me years before. I was scared to death to make that offer – certain he would say no, certain that if he said yes, I was going to fall short of every expectation he could possibly have – after all, I was still in no way worthy of this man’s time, but none of that mattered. I owed him. And though I knew I couldn’t give him much, I wanted to express the profound gratitude I had for him.

I wrote a tentative inquiry the same night and was shocked, thrilled, and terrified when he took me up on it. It was once a week at first, doing just the most basic of things – cleaning the house, making trips to the store, taking out the garbage. Occasionally, if I was lucky, I might be allowed a very short conversation with him during all of this. It was nice, and eventually, grew to be more. Once a week became twice a week, and as that was still moving along to his satisfaction, he began to offer me more time and opportunity to serve. And when that was going well, he began offering more of his time and attention and that was a valuable commodity.

I can’t say exactly when the switch flipped in me, can’t pinpoint the exact moment when I knew I didn’t simply want to be there offering service to him, but wanted to be \*in his service\*, but it happened, and once it did, there was no turning back. I didn’t think he would ever have me, but I knew I wanted it. I needed it. And once he allowed me to have that, my life was again changed profoundly by him.

Everything you’ve heard is true. Everything you will read in *The Forked Tongue* is real. And as he says, it is not comforting or reassuring. With the tools and skills at his disposal, Flagg could completely destroy a person or, should you give him reason to, he could build you into something full of terrible beauty. I had the immense privilege of experiencing some combination of these two with him during our time together and I will never be the same because of it. As he said in an e-mail to me some time ago, “As for what I do? I change minds and perspectives, leave imprints and scars. Bootprints in

the brain. (On a good day.)” And it’s true – there are things he put in the darkest recesses of my brain that I can never purge, nor would I want to, because one thing that is comforting in all of this is knowing he is always there.

When Flagg asked me to speak with a young lady who was intrigued by him and curious about what it meant to serve him and belong to him, she asked for the most important thing I could tell someone considering this. My answer to her, an answer that made Flagg so happy he suggested that we “set that to organ music and a church choir” because it was the perfect testimonial, is printed below. Having read through this when deciding what to talk about here, it still seems like a perfect summary of affairs:

*You can’t possibly know what you’re getting yourself into... no matter how much research you do, no matter how many people you talk to, no matter how much time you spend with \*him\*... until you are neck deep in the pit, you can’t have a complete understanding of what exactly this man is capable of, so once you have even a bit of understanding... be sure that is what you want. Life with Sir is hot, don’t get me wrong, and there is a lot of fun in my life, and more joy than I can explain, but having said that – this is not fun and games – this is very serious. On a good day, this is life or death. He will tell you he’s a scorpion before you get on his back, but then whisper things into your ear so alluring and charming that you will take his extended hand, forgetting about his warning, and climb on anyway. There are things he does, and wishes to do, that people fantasize about for years, but when it comes down to it, they can’t imagine having anyone \*seriously\* do them. He’s serious... if he says it, no matter how outlandish and impossible it seems, I assure you, on some level, he means it, and you may expect to be put through it. Of course, you can always say no, but that is not advisable for someone who seriously wishes to enter his service, and certainly not for someone who wishes to \*stay\* in his service – you’ll only get to do it once, so choose wisely.*

Life with Flagg was everything you would expect after reading this text. It was all of that and more. He practiced every dark, twisted thing he preached. He made everything a privilege, to the extent that I frequently found myself thanking him for the very air he allowed me to breathe, and I meant it. Of course, it goes without saying that we had a power balance tipped in his favor and every opportunity either of us could find to tip it further was taken. He had a way of making you share your deepest, darkest fears and fantasies and then using them as a tool for his means. Sometimes, this meant exploiting them to wield more control. At other times, a fear may create a roadblock in his goals and desires, so he would manipulate the fear and my brain to remove it.

As you read about hypnosis, conditioning, the mind fuck, humiliation, and more, understand that creativity is your only real limit. Through hypnosis alone, Flagg made himself my center of gravity. I still cannot tell you if I experienced some things with him physically or if they were only hypnotically induced experiences. Some of these things

were pure comedy – he once put me back to sleep after I had already woken and made his breakfast, only to wake me and have me start again. Over and over and over. Each time, asking if I was forgetting something or if something seemed familiar about this. It was all very Groundhog Day and hilarious to both of us after the fact. Other times, it was the darkness you may expect – bleeding out on his living room floor after he implanted the suggestion that he had just ripped me open with razor sharp claws. And, of course, as I'm gasping for my last breaths and struggling to crawl closer to him, he chastises me for leaving him with such a huge mess to clean up. Imagine desperately clinging to your life for just a few more moments so you can attempt, in vain, to clean up a spreading pool of your own blood because you cannot fathom your last act in his service being an inconvenience or disappointment to him. Imagine the privilege it is to give your life for him and then be granted an opportunity to do it again.

There were these moments and then there were the longer lasting things. He changed me at my core, changed everything, including my name. It is the name I carry now that defines me, not the one I was born with, and it was Flagg that gave me that. He chose a name for me, had me legally change it even, and wired it into my brain - permanently linked to my service and slavery, permanently linked to my drive and hunger to please and be the best property I can be, permanently reminding me how proud he was of me and what a joy I was to own. It is a gift that resonates with me today every single time my name is spoken or written. It is a gift that words cannot express the magnitude of because it shaped me then and will remain with me for the rest of my life.

I could probably fill an entire book with the arc of our relationship. I could write thousands of words about the things he put me through – things most of you would never believe happened, but I assure you they did. I could go on at length about the quieter moments I shared with him too, but this is not the place for that complete story. Perhaps another time.

This is the time to say that Flagg achieved his life's goal. He changed lives. He changed people. He has left marks in so many heads that he lives on through that. And I am thankful that he left these words to pave a path for other people to do the same. I am thankful that these pages exist to assure anyone who has these dark fantasies, the want, the *need* to do these things to others or the hunger for having them done to you – you are not alone. There is nothing wrong with you because you crave this. Understand the fires you are playing with, but don't shrink away from the flames because you might get burned. Embrace the darkness within you, learn to accept that part of you that sometimes seems like a monster, open the cage and let the beast feed. Do all of these things, but do them after taking the time to learn your craft, hone your skills, study your subject until you know you can win.

When you crave the intensity that can only be found by exploring the very edges of

safety and sanity and you find someone that can go there with you and wants to keep going back again and again, your playground will be infinite. Take these ideas and run with them. I did. I ran as far as I could, I chased every carrot that was dangled before me no matter what form it took. I leapt off of every cliff without looking because I knew that whatever lay at the bottom would put me further beneath him, would add depth to our connection that nothing else could, and yes, would turn us both on.

I still crave these things with great frequency. I don't share most of my memories with many people because few can understand the things we did. Few can stomach listening to the places we took our relationship with such enthusiasm. But the best part of that is we didn't care. We were happier than hell, and the deeper into my head he got, the darker we went, the happier we were. All of the experiences he allowed me I enjoyed the way he taught me to do everything – with no apologies.

I will probably miss him every day for the rest of my life because once he shared a part of himself with you, it stuck with you. He is still in my heart and always in my head, forever sitting at his desk in the room he created deep inside my brain, monitoring my progress and making notes about my successes and failures. Every time I accidentally stumble upon a hypnosis trigger he implanted that still works, I am amazed. Every time I think of his boot on my throat, I smile. And when I read his words and hear his voice in my head, I remember that I was incredibly fortunate to not only know this man, but to be his property. He taught me what it really meant to be property. He showed me that with the right person, none of this had to be a game or a scene or “play” – it could all be my actual life. It *mattered*, it was all that mattered, and I plan to always live dedicated to making slavery and service my priority and never settling for someone who doesn't mean it. If you don't smell like power to me, I will devour you, and I will enjoy every last bite of your flesh, every drop of your blood – I guess he taught me more than a few things.

I will end this with words that Flagg once shared in an e-mail when asked about his best and worst qualities and why he said he was not a nice guy. I think this explains so much, so well about him and the content of his writing.

*My best qualities include my ethics, my will, my talents, my love for and ability to take care of people. The things I am calling my “worst” are the ends to which I put these things, ends which are frowned upon by society at large - physical and psychological sadism, a talent for manipulation and a taste for bullying; for example. Couple that with fetishes for permanent change and a taste for adoration, desperation and need, and I am not what the world would consider a very nice guy, although I do try, simultaneously, to be a good man. I probably would have made a great diplomat, priest or psychiatrist - but instead, my life is dedicated to this.*

*I'm the right person for very few people, and entirely the wrong one for most of the rest.  
This is why I am so frustratingly slow and deliberate about gaining- and giving -  
consent: Because I know what I am.*

*And you don't.*

Harley Lynch  
2015 / NYC

## Kimiko's Note

If you asked any of the submissives in my pack, the one thing we were surest of was that none of us wanted to be in service to each other's Dominants. Not due to a lack of affection or respect, we were simply very sure we were right where we wanted to be. That's pretty funny since, in the end, if you were in the pack you were under the authority of all of the Dominants. It wasn't so bad but it was scary as hell.

It is entirely clear from what you will hear and what you will read in this book, that Flagg liked to FUCK with people. I was no exception, until the day my Daddy (Soulhunte) said to him in some such words, "You know she thinks you're serious, right?"

Flagg looked at me in shock while I simply looked at him with my usual horror at everything he said in my direction. He looked at my Daddy and said, "I had no idea."

The respect that grew from that simple revelation was because, despite the fact that he liked to fuck with me, after that he did so only when he knew I knew he was fucking with me. From that point on not only did he have authority over me, occasionally play with me, and many other weird and interesting things but he became my friend. After that I knew I could trust him. He became someone with whom I could discuss writing or the more mundane things in life.

I never wanted to be at the end of Flagg's whip or feel his fingers digging into my head. Frankly, it all scared the hell out of me. Being stalked in a Blockbuster by him was the bar that was just right. The relationship I had with Flagg was so multi-layered it is incredibly difficult to unravel, but like many of those he came in contact with, I was no stranger to the joy of making him happy. My way was simply a little different. *I loved to make him laugh.*

Usually a terrified "eek" after something he said to scare me was enough but the times when something golden and perfect just falls out of your mouth? Those were the best. I loved to scream when he would cut into a birthday cake and watch him shiver and laugh evilly. Or when we shared a particular view point of whether or not someone new had a "spine" or not.

Having read over what I've written, I realize many might think that I am being irreverent by speaking of him as my friend instead of his authority, protocols and play tactics. That isn't my intent. Instead, it is to point out that he was in addition to all the lovely, scary things a good friend to us. A man who enjoyed to laugh, who cared for those under him enough to treat them according to their own neurosis, someone to whom you could talk to without fear of being rejected simply because you were a submissive. Provided you

did it at the appropriate times and in the appropriate manner, of course.

Having had a hand in helping proof-read for this edition, I initially resisted writing a note like this. In looking at why, I realize it was a form of protest. A protest against who or what I cannot say. Not Flagg and not my pack... maybe against some unspecified force or being. I was away when Flagg passed. While few of the pack were at his side many were able to gather in the hours right after at the hospital... but I could not. I always felt cheated by that somehow.

Writing this note felt like a chance to say that goodbye but for some reason I was holding onto it. Holding onto that hurt. Perhaps I was just trying to keep it as a connection to him. Something to keep the moment alive so he was not completely gone. However, reading the posts from a few of the others in this first section, there were people who might not have been pack, but were certainly no less important who didn't get a chance to say goodbye either.

If there was one thing Flagg often helped me see in myself and most commonly reprimanded me for, it was self-indulgence. Self-indulgence of the kind I just described to you. While his motto was "no apologies" you must understand that that applied to your whole life, who and what you were. He absolutely believed in apologies when you make an error and I feel that this calls for one.

So I will do what I know he would have wanted. I will kick my own self-indulgent ass and apologize for almost missing my chance to help all of you see a little more of him through my eyes. I want you to understand that wanting these things does not make you evil or less human. You don't need to justify this, or find an excuse.

Darkness can live beside humor, that is also the nature of the forked tongue.

Kimiko  
May 2015 / NJ

## Tink's Note

*Editor: For a long time it was not clear that Tink would contribute a note. The reasons for this I never asked, but in the end after reading an early version she sent me this. It took me no time at all to realize it was perfect. Tink and Flagg always had a way of relating to each other that was a joy to watch and even more amusing to watch others watch.*

*It is admittedly unique among the notes in this section as much of it was actually written by Flagg, not about him. The thing is, the point of these notes is to help you get to know this man who touched us all. To give you some look into his mind. As such, this note does tell you what Tink wants you to know about Flagg... and that is just fine by me. – SH*

This story was written about how Flagg and I came together. It was just as both of us were entering the public scene for the first time. We were mutually unimpressed with each other on our first meeting, but he saw in me what I had yet to see in myself. I followed his trail of breadcrumbs because he was so confident and charismatic. I responded to something in him that I didn't feel from other people. It therefore made perfect sense to trust him with my mind and body.

Shortly after we poked our heads into the public scene we became Flagg & Tink together and a travelling circus was born. I was pinned to the master of the sideshow. The self-proclaimed snake-oil salesman and ringmaster that I would follow anywhere and try anything with. We delighted in our adventures and never tired of searching for our own way to do things. His mark will forever be on me and his voice lives with me every day. He helped me become who I am and remained the person I trusted most in the world for the rest of his life. He also did a killer impersonation of Mickey Mouse as Frank Booth.

Thank you, Papa Foo!

Tink  
May 2015 / NY

### THE WIZARD & THE PIXIE

In a land far, far away was a little pixie named Tink. Full of life and energy and mischief. Well, you know how pixies are. Anyway, Tink was chased all over Fairy Land by nymphs and trolls and all manner of woodland creatures. One by one she clipped their wings and pushed them off cliffs until one day... The mighty wizard Foo came across the little pixie and captured her in such a cunning way that Tink didn't know she was being caught until it was too late. Never before in the wood had there been a creature that could capture the pixie Tink.

And this is how it came to pass...

The wizard Foo had need of a servant. He already had an Imp as a familiar, but it was stubborn and contrary, quick to anger and not possessed of the qualities he desired. He knew a fair maid, but she was often vain and needy and unable to aid him, either. But, both were jealous creatures and would not permit him to openly acquire a servant with the delightful qualities he wanted. He often walked into the woods collecting herbs and creatures to use in his plots and plans, venturing into the darkest parts of the wood in order to get the rarest treasures. Once, briefly, he encountered the pixie in the company of a tinker of his acquaintance, and caught a whiff of her fair scent. He saw how beautiful she was, and never forgot her – for a wizard never lets anything he desires escape, even if he traps it only in his memory. He went along his way until the tinker introduced him to a nobleman who was in need of his services, and he traveled to the nobleman's fief. Much to his delight, he found that this was the part of the forest that the pixie lived in. As soon as he began to explore, he found that he should move carefully for this part of the forest was littered with the bones of those who sought to capture her. He knew he had to be very clever because this was a most formidable faerie. It was only a matter of time and subtlety.

Rather than attempt to seize the fey creature, he laid mazes and puzzles about the forest where she would flit. Once she found the first one, the solution only led her to the second, and second to the third. Eventually they led her into contact with the wizard, of whom she was initially suspicious. But, the wizard did not attempt to capture her, so she stayed to talk. She liked his strange way of speaking, and his shiny boots. Instead of taking anything from her, he gave her a gift, for he knew that this is the surest way to capture such a creature. Instead of trying to find her way free of the mazes, she followed him in deeper, and each time received another gift. Soon she was so deep within the maze, she could not see the way out. She asked him the way and he said "No, little pixie. There's no way out THAT way, never back the way you came... but you can follow me – if you trust me." She was hesitant, but took his hand. He lifted a great stone and led her down a dark hallway into labyrinth dungeon from which her screams could never be heard, and in passing pointed into the various rooms and the dark and luscious terrors within. If he wished, she realized, he could lock her in one of those rooms and she would have to battle him, and one or another or even both might have been hurt or killed. But, he simply continued walking, gesturing from one room to another, suggesting mysteries that might be available to the curious in these dark and foreboding chambers. But then, suddenly, he opened a door, and there was the outside world! "Well, there you go, you're free, off you go!" The pixie stopped – "But I don't want to go!" she said – "I want to see!" the wizard smiled, because he knew that adventure and mystery are irresistible to pixies, and because he knew the secret of pixies – The only way to trap them:

*Leave the cage door open, and they never want to go.*

Flagg  
1995 / NYC

## Sir Guy's Note

“No apologies.”

That was a motto or slogan that is most pointedly associated with Flagg and to anyone who knew him it was not just a slogan. It was a way of life.

When I was first asked to write a little something for this book, all kinds of thoughts flooded my mind. I thought of being an active participant in an interrogation workshop he did with Soulhunte and how it immediately resonated with me. I thought of a time when he commented about a person we'd just met who identified as Dominant, saying, “I don't smell dominance.” I thought of a time when he did almost an entire class with a straight razor pressed to the clitoris of a beautiful woman on her hands and knees. I thought of the classes he'd given on hypnosis and neurolinguistic programming (NLP), pretty heady stuff for people who simply said they were kinky. I thought of how he herded cats at TES board meetings and later understood just how masterful he was when I observed many come after him who either had difficulty with the same task or quit for their own sanity. I thought about how he made so many feel uneasy simply by sitting in a chair having a conversation in a dungeon at a Halloween party while wearing an East German Border Patrol uniform.

Most of all I thought of his resilience and his fight as his health started to deteriorate. Even as he endured an amputation and the pain and the setbacks, he kept going forward and made others hopeful. I think of him often in my own battle against cancer. I know what he was going through but yet his strength and resolve in the face of it all still inspires me.

My association with Flagg and those around him touched me deeply but all the more so years after his passing. When I read *The Forked Tongue* I hear his voice: poised, methodical, strong. I remember what resonated so much with me then and what is deeply ingrained in me now, the psychological aspects of BDSM. I was never a fan of the delicately pointed toe and overhead flourishes I saw with so many scenes with the single tail whip. Though I loved the aesthetic of good rope work I couldn't abide by the tedium. But what I did like was using the mind, in particular using a person's mind against themselves. The things that he taught remain with me: the use of your voice and its tone, the use of another's fears against them, the use of suggestion, the idea of controlling a person mentally long before and long after the physical is applied. These have found a home in me.

I'd heard people preach “safe, sane and consensual” while they were in relationships based on nonconsensual consent. Flagg found no need to be politically correct. What Flagg taught is what Flagg was. Some people loved him for it. Others hated him for

it... and he accepted them both. In a way, Flagg reminds me of Malcolm X. After his death everybody says how much they adored and followed him, but when he was around those who would now admit such were not so vocal about it.

If you are looking for politically correct, or soft and cuddly, this is not the book for you. If, however, you are looking for the real foundation behind enjoying all that BDSM has to offer, if you like exploring yourself and others, if you want to go past the superficial and the theatrics and go deeply into the heart of the matter, then read on... and on... and on. It is a bit much to digest in one sitting. But once you start, you will want to do it over and over and over again.

General George S. Patton Jr. once said, "It is foolish to mourn the men that died. Rather we should thank God that such men lived." This is the way I feel about Flagg. He touched many indelibly in his lifetime and as a result he has achieved what many of us only dream of: Flagg has become immortal. Through this book, through his work, thorough his friends and yes, even through his detractors, he will live on forever.

I think he smiles about that... while playing with his straight razor.

Sir Guy  
2015 / NYC

## Bella's Note

It was asked if we had a story, anecdote, or tale about the book or author. I can honestly say that whereas I have many of those, they can all be wrapped up in the word 'experience'. Flagg and his writings were more than a story or tale, they were experiences, life-changing, mind-altering experiences.

Now, to preface this, I started talking with Flagg back in 1998, back in the days of IRC, back in a time before mainstream BDSM existed. We were still seeking, discovering, and were often alone in our struggles searching for something...more.

It was in this search that I found him. In a yahoo group that was about power dynamics - real ones, not fantasy role-play, but actually living day to day in a relationship with unequal power exchange. I read his words and those of his associates, 'stalked' him by searching for other posts by him and devouring his words on email groups and his website. I also knew that I was so far beneath his notice, that contacting him was unthinkable, but I could learn from him from afar.

As I read more though, and began responding in threads he had written in, I discovered he chatted in IRC!!! I had no idea how to make that happen, but I learned how to get the program installed and one day, nervous as a kid on their first day in a new school, I signed into a group he frequented and then I watched.

I did that for days on end, coming in to the chat, giving a friendly greeting and watching him interact with others. Learning from just that small thing his thoughts on ways of speaking, of how to create tone via text, Flagg was a master at communication and his words were both his tools and his weapons. It was amazing...I was enthralled.

I began to make small comments, sure I was coming off as a dithering fangirl, but I tried. Then, one day, I received a PM from him and it was all I could do to not fall all over myself - which I had learned was a response that he did not find amusing unless HE chose to make you do so. He gave me some very valuable advice on watching for people's tells in chat and some advice on how to present myself.

*"Bella, do you see how there you turned the conversation to be about you and your experiences? How do you think you could reword that and not make it all about you?"*

OMG! I was worth something in his eyes. Time and attention were his most valuable commodities, he did not share them easily and he had chosen to not just share them, but to educate me as well. I do not know if I can properly convey the power he possessed, the genius, the skill, the creativity... he was a force made of charisma and willpower.

From there, our interactions grew both in public and private chat and he started working with me and changed the entire course of my opinions and life choices. In addition, he raised my self-worth, my value, considerably yet was still able to change my headspace from comparative peer to prey with a look, a word.

The information you read in this book, the knowledge shared in his podcasts, all of this I was lucky enough to be on the ground floor on. The unwieldy protocols he mentions, those were one of my first training tools. I was there for conversations both exotic and mundane where he, Soulhunte, myself, and so many others hashed out some of the thoughts and ideas that coalesced into this volume you hold in your hands. These conversations changed my perspective...they were an experience.

He was one of the most amazing people I have ever met or had hope of meeting. His ability to see into a person, to find the tiny details, and influence them was terrifying and heady. The five protocols that you will read about here have been posted on my wall for over a decade, they are part of what I used as a foundation for raising my children and for making choices in all aspects of my life.

He left bootprints in my mind that will never fade. If my life choices had been different...well, that was something we both discussed and I could not give up my life responsibilities despite the temptation.

He taught me that it is not always all about you, that words carry power, that how you act represents those you are in service to. He taught me how to apologize, how to take ownership of my actions, and the importance of presentation.

He taught me about protocol, rules, presumption, service, and how to accept the darkness some few of us carry. When you read this, please keep in mind, that what he discusses, what you see here, it is a dangerous, slippery slope and that it is indeed not for the faint of heart and it is not for everyone. His warnings are not made in jest.

From 2006 on darkness and accountability:

*“No one is accountable for their desires. No one is accountable for their secret heart. I can’t even condemn the pedophile for wanting what he wants... we are not responsible for how we are wired, no matter how abhorrent. Desire is guiltless.*

*It’s what we DO that we are accountable for.” – Flagg, 2006*

THIS is how he lived, this is how he taught others to live by both teaching and example. THIS is Flagg.

During his final years, I offered the only service I could, emails that asked nothing of

him, but only offered gratitude (always appropriate) for the many things I discovered in myself that I had him to thank for and provided a non-judgmental ear for some of his more human lamentations that one has during chronic, terminal illness.

I hear him, to this day, in my head as I look at my personal choices and actions stating that as someone he owned a part of in his tightly, gloved fist...as someone he took an interest in... that I had a reputation to live up to. I still do to this day.

*“In the end, I kept this set of rules not only to ensure that I was dealt with in the manner I prefer, but that those under me would deal with the world at large in the same fashion, as a matter of representation.*

*Regardless of my presence, accountability never ends.” – Flagg, 2003*

Flagg was a force, an experience, and for those of us lucky enough to have received any amount of individual time and attention, he was life-altering.

As always Flagg, my heart to yours,

bella - no apologies.  
2015

## Arden's Note

Ever wish you could text the dead? I do. I do a lot.

At the time of writing, BDSM has become a hot topic in mainstream media. On the one hand, this is terrific for those of us who would appreciate our lifestyles being greeted with a touch less shock, horror, or fascinated otherism by the general populace. On the other hand, I fear that the mainstream's portrayal of kink is going to leave me feeling more misunderstood than before – in place of curious if annoying questions by outsiders, my lifestyle instead becomes reduced to a bundle of assumptions and tropes that have nothing to do with what is in my heart or loins.

The reactionary clickbait BDSM 101 tutorials that have sprouted up on the internet in recent weeks are not altogether unlike what BDSM education was to me before Flagg came along. They focus on crucial things like consent, negotiation, and safety, instructing players on acceptable, healthy kinds of physical pain, the intent of all instruction being to impart to us how not to damage each other. What's missing for me, however, is the crux of our kink – what is our intent when we set out to inflict pain on one another in the first place? Why do we, why must we do these things that we do?

I met Flagg during one of his classes in the summer of 2005. I was less than a year into the kink scene, less than a month into my employment as a pro-domme, and just a few flirtations into what would be a years-long relationship as a 24/7 submissive to my employer. When Flagg instructed on BDSM, he didn't talk about how to swing a flogger, or how to tie a knot. He talked about how to exercise power over another's mind. I sat mouth agape and took furious notes. Suddenly the whys behind things I had been fantasizing about since even childhood were starting to crystallize.

I rushed back to work and told my boss/boyfriend about Flagg, gushing that he had to come to one of his classes. Flagg had talked about The Estate, a submissive training program that he had set up with his colleagues Soulhuntré and Sir C. I was careful about sounding too eager, but I wanted to go. I wanted to immerse. I wanted to be my best. I needed discipline, a baptism of fire, to arise better and more capable than before.

The Estate seemed to have dissipated in practice by the time I met Flagg, but my boyfriend hired him to teach his classes at the commercial dungeon he owned. There we began forming our friendship, a friendship that would over the next four years course through classes and dungeons and parties and hospitals and conventions and hospitals and cabins in the mountains and hospitals.

My boyfriend would often tease that he was going to send me to Flagg for training, sensing how I both feared and was fascinated by him. We watched Kill Bill, and during

the scene where Bill sends Beatrix Kiddo off to the mountain to train with Pai Mei, he pointed and said, “That’s going to be you when I send you off to Flagg.”

But he never did. He was a physical sadist, and perhaps unwittingly an emotional one too, but he never interrogated the depths of my mind as Flagg seemed to be able to do in our conversations. Flagg once described a woman he’d met who “was either delusional or had the richest fantasy life he’d ever seen; who would bow and scrape to anyone calling themselves a Dominant.”

“I wish I still felt that way,” I replied. “Being a pro has changed things. I wish I still bought into the mythology.”

Flagg grinned at me pointedly. “Would you like to?”

With my eager consent and my boyfriend’s permission, Flagg installed a hypnosis trigger designed to bypass my resistance and make me immediately obedient upon hearing it. My boyfriend used it only once, to get me to make out with a girl at a club in the meatpacking district (a task I would have happily done of my own volition).

I fantasized about being in service to Flagg, even if only part-time, even if only out of utility, to help him around the house when he became ill and immobile, but it seemed too emotionally dangerous a prospect to suggest to either him or my boyfriend, who was still my employer. I visited him and brought him food and mixtapes, transmuting service into friendship. On the occasions his health allowed him to teach for us, I would lay out spreads of food for his classes in a way I never did for other instructors. He stirred in me a desire to please, as few other human beings have done.

News of Flagg’s passing was sudden. I found out from a Facebook post and started sobbing hysterically on my living room floor. By that time the NYPD had shut down my place of employment and my relationship with my boyfriend had festered in co-dependence (mine emotional, his financial); that night, angered apparently at how my grieving differed from his, he turned violent. It took me another two months to leave him but I often credit the night of Flagg’s death as the beginning of the end.

I felt adrift for years after that, trying to purge and reclaim my sexuality in a way that felt authentic, trying to remember the whys of why we do what we do. I went through vanilla lovers with mixed results, some of whom inspired my service in weird and stifled ways, none of whom attempted to understand it. Some of them were willing to play with me physically, but none of them grasped my desire to please. I wanted so badly to reach out to Flagg, to be heard, to be understood. When in the past year I finally got into a relationship with a writer whose creativity and penchants for character and narrative seemed to enable him to understand and engage with the motives of my submission on a level that no one else had, whose acceptance and mirroring helped me understand myself

better than I'd ever known before, I wanted to call Flagg and share my tears of joy. I imagined he would be proud of me. And when that lover left me suddenly and without warning for a traditional vanilla relationship, I wanted to call Flagg and ask him to hold my despair.

We are facing a world now in which BDSM is no longer seen as deviant and frightening but as cheesy, pandering fanfic for Midwestern housewives. Along with the popularity we have garnered have come tragic templates of what it is people think we are – defined by our floggers and spankings, wearing collars as chic accessories rather than as signifiers of actual ownership, of the genuine hold a person can have over you when your foremost desire is to please them. My identification as a submissive is no longer greeted with shock or awe, but a smug, “Oh, I know what that is.” Prospective lovers, instead of inquiring into my mind, simply reach for the obvious props, failing to understand that their false projections onto me actually make me feel far more unsafe than their judgments ever did. And all I want in those moments is the ability to send a text to a dead person.

Now more than ever, we need pack. We need tribe. Flagg is no longer on this earth, but we can grow in our ability to look into what makes each other the way we are. We can reclaim kink from the simplistic checklists it has become and begin to open our conversations to what makes us want to engage with power in the first place, what are the underlying emotional needs that our terrible physical sacraments somehow promise to fulfill.

This book will help you better understand why it is that we do what we do. This book will show you yourself, and it might show you those around you, too. It will most definitely show you me. Please read it. I'd like to have more people on this earth that I can reach out to who are still alive.

Arden Leigh  
2.23.15

Publishers note: Arden is the author of *The New Rules of Attraction: How To Get Him, Keep Him, and Make Him Beg For More* as well as blogging at <http://ardenleigh.typepad.com>.

## Bo's Note

I remember our first few encounters being like two animals circling each other, checking each other out. I didn't much like his way of doing things and I don't think he thought much of my way either.

You see, Flagg was from *The Estate*, a Leather Family/Pack that had a reputation as being dangerous rebels, to many, they were *sick and wrong*, and to be avoided at all costs. GASP... they didn't believe in SSC... they were into some crazy idea called RACK.

I was from *Sovereign House*, a leather family schooled in the *Screw the Roses, Send me the Thorns*, NJ, Safe, Sane, Consensual, side of things. (Queue harp music and angelic choir)

So we didn't see eye to eye... at first... but over the years we forged a begrudging respect for each other and our methods.

The man was warped beyond belief... but I'll be damned if he didn't have the one thing I hold dearest... INTEGRITY. "Be very polite", was one of his catch phrases. He'd say this as he was mindfucking someone to the point of complete meltdown... he was a walking contradiction who questioned everything... and I LIKED THAT. He and his family had a wicked sense of humor, didn't give a shit what you thought of them and they were loyal as hell to each other!! HELL... I LOVED THAT!

I realized that we had a lot more in common than I ever thought, and more importantly, I had a LOT that I could learn from Flagg and these crazy people.

I didn't and still do not agree with everything they believe/believed in, but Flagg, his partner in crime Ken and The Estate had a wonderful influence on me. I was only starting to LET GO of the social stigmas of my childhood and embrace my inner demon, to permit myself to be an evil fuck... (albeit a *Nice, Evil Fuck*) and their polar opposite points of view, were a breath of fresh air.

I think that we both were at a very similar point in our journey when we met. Flagg and I were completing our BDSM puberty and polishing up our identities and becoming the Doms/the Men we wanted to be.

I like to think that not only did Flagg have an influence on me, but Sovereign House and I rubbed off on him a bit too. I watched him grow... just a bit more willing to embrace his humanity and LET GO in his own way.

We fought in the trenches together as members of the board of directors for The

Eulenspiegel Society (aka TES). We found common interest in trying to make peace and mutual frustration with the negative energy. We spent years together trying to help make TES a better place. To try to make a difference and became very close in our own way. Sometimes you just connect with someone, that's the way I always felt with Flagg... like we had known each other forever, like we'd always be friends.

Over the years he became sicker and sicker until he finally could no longer come to meetings and had to resign. Because of his illness (Type 1 Diabetes), I'd see him out at a function once in a while but we mostly only spoke on the phone the last few years of his life.

We had some great ideas together in those phone calls; we planned to go to a huge, TV preacher's, arena appearance with friend Daddy David. Our mutual amusement with hucksters and distaste with organized religion fueled a plan to disrupt the proceedings by wheeling him in, to get him healed. For a few minutes, it was a grand plan, but his illness got in the way and it wasn't possible.

We laughed together about an old idea of doing a BDSM book as an Xmas present for our friends that would be based on the old Highlights for Children characters of Goofus and Gallant. We were never quite sure which one would be which, but we thought it would be hilarious to point out our differences in this way.

There were quite a few conversations about starting our own religion. Together we'd be unstoppably persuasive and it would just be the best thing ever! Make fun of organized religion and get rich in the process!

One of my favorite stories about Flagg was when we were on an educational panel together many years ago. The panel was a discussion on *Being a Daddy in the scene* (which of course means being a daddy type figure to an adult play partner and not a daddy to biological children). The moderator, Jeff R asked us all "what is it that you like most about being a daddy in the scene"? After several people gave thorough and thoughtful answers the question came around to Flagg. He looked at us all for a minute and just said three words. "Because It's Wrong" and sat back in his seat. I can't tell you how important and profound those three words wound up being for me. It crystallized something I couldn't put a finger on. Not just why I liked being a daddy, but why I liked BDSM in general. Because it's wrong... of course! That then led me to the greater realization that I was a reaction junkie. Flagg was definitely not a man of few words, but sometimes he had that flair for the dramatic. Once in a while he'd come up with one of his patented short but profound statements and when they passed his lips, you could tell it pleased him greatly.

Lots of good memories, but unfortunately, our friendship would be cut short by his illness and I'm left with the feeling that I hardly knew you Flagg. But in other ways I

feel like you were my Brother. One that I thought would always be there to talk to later.

I had so much I wanted to talk to him about. So much we could have done together but didn't. There were so many conversations we were supposed to have and never did. I thought he'd get better and we'd finally hang out and have those long philosophical discussions, us crazy people have when we've had just a few too many beers.

I was very upset over losing him, more upset then I'd been in a long time. I don't usually feel so strongly about this kind of thing. I have a very pragmatic view of death and most tragic events. Life is so ironic and unexplainable... so funny... it's hard to take it that seriously. Or not seriously enough, maybe... but in the end I think I realize I was so upset because there should have been so... much... more.

Flagg always insisted "no apologies.

***But I'm sorry...*** not sure for what exactly... but I'm just sorry there wasn't MORE my friend.

You were one of my very favorite people.

I miss you, Hoss.

Bo Blaze, PCC  
Author of *50 Shades of Curious – BDSM for Beginners*  
[www.AlternativeLifeCoach.com](http://www.AlternativeLifeCoach.com)

## Author's Foreword

*This is a mixed message.*

Mixed messages are a bad thing. They confuse, confound, sabotage, and undermine. They *hurt*. To send mixed messages is a damaging, manipulative exploitation of communication. This entire book is constructed of such conflicting ideas; a perverse architecture, built at cross-purposes.

“The Forked Tongue” is what I call a specific argument strategy. It’s unfair, unpleasant, frustrating and essentially dishonest. In an upcoming chapter I explain this further, simultaneously warning against it and instructing you exactly how to do it. As I looked over my notes, it occurred to me that this entire effort is akin to warning people about bombs by explaining, step by step, how they are constructed. This is a textbook for treating people badly, and indefensible but for one thing: That is not my intention.

A lot has been written about the duality of what we do. I’ll use “BDSM” as it’s the most inclusive term I know. Normally, published writing on BDSM addresses the more obvious conflicts for the sake of the outsider. So it’s the outsider we address with calming words, (that and the “newbie,” a skittish bunny sniffing at the carrot, nose twitching. No sudden moves, lest you scare them) hoping our soothing understatement can pacify the terrible mob waving torches and pitchforks at our gates. Love is mentioned a lot, a reassuring word to smooth over the objectionable appearances. *Safety* is part of the litany. It’s intoned with a solemnity that suggests more than dedication and reverence but sacrament, as if simply by saying it often enough one can make it true.

In focusing on the positive aspects of BDSM, the other accent is the physical, and for good reason. Firstly, it can be explained and instructed. In many cases there are correct ways to do things; these can be illustrated and taught. Methodology, practical applications, advanced instruction all are available in abundance. Second, it is essentially morally unambiguous to teach people how to do things safely that they are going to do anyway. It’s a good thing to help keep them from hurting or killing each other. For the conflicted, it attempts to offset and balance the essential question: “*How can people who care about each other DO those things to each other?*”

The last word in the holy trinity of Safe, Sane and Consensual is consent; its many complexities and implications rendered into a simple, cheery black-and-white. And so all the dangerous, murky shadows are dispelled for the sake of the outsider, for the sake of the fearful, and for the sake of those among us who wish it really *was* so simple. For some, the questions are fearsome, the threat of social disapproval terrifying. So when the essential conflict is presented, the basic dichotomy which defines our sexuality, there is a panicked scrambling for answers which make everyone sleep a little easier.

The worst of those answers may be “it’s only make-believe” because for a wide spectrum of us, it’s *not*. In varying degrees, it becomes intensely real. BDSM is treated as a choice, an option, like choosing a flavored lube, colored condom, or kitchen wallpaper. Admittedly, for some people it is. It’s worn like cologne, and with as much significance. This is often put forward as the acceptable norm; it’s certainly the least troublesome of all the possibilities that BDSM poses. But like most things, it’s not that simple. Some of us don’t *have* a choice.

We do these things because that’s who we are. For some of us, the desires are far more primal and deeply rooted than the physical. For those folk, I understand and feel a kinship. Physical acts are simply tools, no matter how elaborate, complex or advanced. The end result is not the act. Without the impact of what it makes our partner *feel*, without the deep and murky psychological (and for some, spiritual) depths that we are able to reach, these acts would be hollow mockeries and atrocities. Out of context they are aberrant and criminal; in context they are holy. These things are who we are.

And we are without compass. These things are not acknowledged; they are (often rightly) feared. Such desires are shameful, even by the standards of our own community. One of the most startling standards seems to be that just about any physical action can be accepted under the umbrella of “heavy play,” even as *art* – provided the mind is never touched. Altered states of consciousness are revered, but intentional alteration abhorred. Blood and bruises no longer mean abuse in the context of these lives, but any touching of the mind or the identity is often greeted with horror. The liberation from our flesh is exhilarating, but the vulnerability of our most essential self is taboo. For some of us that taboo is the only thing that matters. It is the only reason to do this; it is the only thing that feeds us. It defines us.

I do a lot of teaching and public speaking. I bring my instruction to public forums and am heavily invested in TES, a large BDSM support group centered in NYC. Education is a priority there, but often it is slanted very much the same way that instructional books are. I, and others, have had some success in balancing the scales, but it is a continuous effort. There are far too many who are eager to banish the shadows. Part of this crusade means avoiding ambiguities, of disavowing the very duality that makes us vital and whole. At TES, I began to address this duality and these shadows, finding a tremendous response, both locally and nationally. Either because of genuine identification or morbid curiosity, there was a demand for it. The nature of that need became even clearer when I began to discuss the problem with our estranged cousins of the professional dominant community. The pros found the same problem over and over – physical instruction was provided in abundance, while more ambiguous education like psychological instruction was conspicuously absent. I began teaching at NYC houses of Dominance and tailoring some of my lessons to the commercial venue. I also began gathering my notes to publish this book – to fill that niche, that absence, that imbalance.

So here is my offering to my kin: to those who are exploring this same dark territory. It's not just dark to the outsider; it's dark to us, too. Often frightening and confusing, we have to set our own borders to define ourselves as people. Good and whole people worthy of love and acceptance. The condemnation of outsiders is really not the problem; the condemnation to which we subject ourselves is. Despite all this, we are what we are. We need what we need, and we will seek out people to explore with us. When we are lucky, we find them. When we do, we want to act; we want to know what to do to put voice to these urges, hoping to become whole. I can't tell you what to do. I can't answer those questions for anyone else, but I can offer tools for you to find them for yourself. That's what you really want. The easy answers supplied by others will never be satisfying, only you can come to terms with your own hungers.

This is not a 101 or "BDSM for everyone." Actually, this is not really for *anyone*. Most of the things that are in this book I cannot sanction anyone doing to anyone else. Except, of course, that we do, and we will, and we want to. So here are tools to do them well, to do them ethically, and to enact your own, terrible sacraments. We seek to ascend, so we descend.

I called this book a mixed message, a perverse architecture, and so it is. The keystone of this edifice is inscribed within the heart of all these chapters, these words at cross-purpose.

That inscription reads:

*"Here is something you should never do to anyone.*

*And here is exactly how to do it to someone you care about."*

I truly hope that in the end, it serves its purpose – to help you and yours be happy. Because truthfully, that is the only thing that makes its existence excusable. Your joy is my redemption; there is not enough salvation to go around.

Flagg

September 2006

## Author's Note

I am not enough of a hypocrite to preach about safety. Others are better suited to do that and have done so, far better than I ever could. I do want people to “*play safe*,” I don’t want to see anyone unintentionally injured. But there are shades of behavior which cannot be covered by so simple a mantra, or, as I have mentioned, by pretending that people don’t do them.

There are slogans. God help us, there are slogans. A lot of people get very caught up in these slogans, apparently confusing the slogan for the fact. We are not going to waste our time there either. In the end, slogans do not matter to this book’s intended audience.

There are people out there who modify their bodies; there always have been. This has reached a measure of social acceptance; some of the less intense ventures filtering down to piercing and tattoo parlors all over the United States. It’s the stuff of malls and sitcoms now, on that end of the spectrum. But the urge to modify the body reaches far, far further and far deeper than navel rings and nose piercing. Tattoos, implants, amputations, castrations... a bewildering and near infinite variety of expression. The more extreme the mod, the less social acceptance it bears. But make no mistake – people do it anyway, because they need to. It is not our place to judge that need, or to decide for them if the need is healthy or proper. We are going to accept that the need simply is. If you can’t do that, read no further.

A subset of this community, there are those whose needs require that others do these things to or for them. Again this ranges from simple piercing to tattoos all the way through to major body modifications. This complicates matters, but moves even closer to where the intended audience of this book lives. The creation of a new context for such actions creates a whole crop of questions, and there are so many possible modifications and so many possible contexts that it defies any simple, broad stroke definition. *There is no one answer.*

The same goes for us.

Our contexts are varieties of power exchange. Our currency includes modification of the body, but, more important to this work, the mind. In some cases we are outlaws among outlaws, the context of our needs defying easy molds, definitions and slogans. Our needs do not respect slogans. They are what they are; we are what we are. So for me to preach “safety” in the classical sense is useless. But what we still have between us are two things: Consent and Ethics.

Consent is addressed in most places with the same broad, safe brush and user-friendly colors. It’s a simple yes or no, retractable at any time, as ephemeral as wind, rendered

meaningless in the endless search for social acceptance and the fear of social consequence. Negotiation is ongoing, endless, and infinitely malleable, with the word “yes” meaning almost nothing, and the word “no” meaning almost everything. Upon utterance of “no,” the world is to stop; to hear “yes” is simply permission to wait for the word “no.”

Some of us don’t see consent this way. Consent is as shifting and shaded a thing as the people who use it, as varied as the relationships that bear it. It is conditional, to be certain, but in public forums we only concern ourselves with the most limiting forms of those conditions – the easy to digest ones, the ones that sound... defensible.

Consent can mean much more than that. Consent can change the parameters of a life. Think about joining the military. Rights as a citizen change or vanish, and the volunteer is subject to an authority which can dictate when and what to eat, how to dress, where to be, what to do, and decide if it is worth it to risk or take your life. You are subject to the will of not just one, but thousands of strangers. Your rights – including your right to leave – are suspended or changed. It’s all legal, and it’s done every day. It is socially lauded.

Yet somehow, it’s different at home.

People become uncomfortable if one chooses to submit oneself to the authority of another, no matter how well known or trusted. They shout about rights and the law as if freedom were not a privilege we enjoy, but a mandatory state we must embrace.

People shout about a lot of things – religion and sexuality come to mind; but there, at least, is room for social dispute in the modern world. Not so with consent. Many, many laws and taboos stand to protect us from ourselves, no matter what our natures and needs. To undertake a genuinely power imbalanced relationship appears to take nearly as much planning and subterfuge as a bank heist, with some of the same risks.

Yet we do it anyway. Because we have to, because it’s who we are.

Do I advocate a consent dynamic so extreme it transfers the power of life and death into the hands of one partner?

No. What I do believe is that a flag is not the only thing that one can pledge their life to, that they can choose to die for.

And therein lie some of the shades of consent. In my relationships, I am most at home with what is termed “blanket consent.” The idea is that not every little thing is pre-negotiated, perhaps little or nothing is. My authority extends anywhere I choose to exert it, limited only by the adamant refusal of my servant. That adamant refusal also ends the relationship structure. My friend and peer SirC terms this act “The right of last refusal.”

It means you can say no to her, but in so doing, you are ending your part in the structure. To say no to what you don't want is to give up everything you do. These are the terms that feel real to me, that feel genuine and right. This is a form of consent but it demands something that moment-to-moment consent does not:

It demands a very highly developed sense of ethics.

Moment-to-moment consent is so common and endorsed so freely because it is *safe*. In a very real way, it is as close to genuine safety as we can aspire to while still doing what we do. The farther you stray from that, the more important ethics become. "Integrity" does not just mean honesty and sincerity. It is also used in terms of "structural integrity". The more power you genuinely have, the greater your responsibility to maintain that integrity. Your structure has to work.

Most important, you must be absolutely certain that your partner and you are entering this structure with the *exact same understanding of what it is*, that the understanding of the consent you share is identical. I am working on another project which will get into building and maintaining such structures in more detail (The Core Protocol Seminar), so for the purposes of this book we will narrow your focus to this:

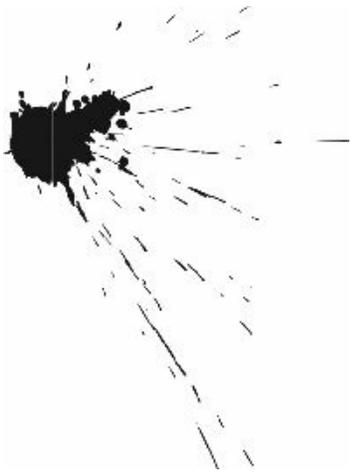
You cannot *trick* your way into the kind of consent necessary to do some of these things; you cannot wish your way there. It does not matter how much you want to do them, or what your fantasies are. Your partner must be one of those people who genuinely wants to experience a situation where he or she would have no control and very possibly, no way out – and you must be certain they understand exactly what that means and that they are going to be able to handle the experience and its ramifications. If you have *any* doubts about these things, stop. This is risky enough with the right person; with the wrong one it is disastrous.

Remember that the more excited someone is, the more they will consent to. These agreements are worth little or nothing. Be clear. Omit discussions of love, flowers, or forever – those are different conversations, which have nothing to do with the topic at hand. Remember that "I love you, so I'll do anything for you" has a flip side: "If you loved me, how could you treat me this way?"

The tools presented here are in no way limited to the scenarios by which they are explained. The methods laid out in the Interrogation chapter are by no means only useful in interrogations. Once you understand the impact and purpose of any given tool, it's yours, and you'll find your own uses for it; you'll make it your own. These things have repercussions. Make sure that they are what you want, and what you are ready for. It's up to you to be ready, and to put the wellbeing of the structure and the people in it – yourself included – before the fantasy, before the need. That is your ethical responsibility: When you take the power of choice from someone, then it is only your

ethics that keep you both from ruin.

Despite all these truths, people want to do these things. Despite all the risks, people need them, and will do them. So here is a toolbox filled with sharp tools, so that at least you might have the right tool for the right job. These things are presented as tools so that you can mix and match your actions to your needs, so you can act with some idea of what the repercussions might be, and so you are not totally without good tools in an undertaking that is risky enough without guidance. These things are presented because some of you *are going to do them anyway*, and for you this is the best I can offer – and so I do – because no one else will. This is not a safe book, but I will do my best to make it an *ethical* one.



## **PART II - THE FORKED TONGUE**



## **Chapter I: Structure**

### *Protocol, Ritual, and Rules*

*When building anything to last, you start with the foundation; and that foundation must be sound.*

When one looks at the written agreements and contracts that the BDSM universe vomits forth with appalling frequency (and equal predictability), there are certain ideas that crop up repeatedly: love, protocol, rituals, and lists of rules. As the easiest place to mine these gems is the internet, one can almost exclusively find them on ghastly web pages with black or even worse “dungeon brick” backgrounds, horrible colored fonts, burning torch gifs, and rose motifs entwined through every margin. This should tell us something. Unfortunately, when seeking some idea of guidance in D/s structure, that’s pretty much the extent of the available reference. Even the best of them are simply accountings of what the author wants, how the author does things. To my knowledge, there are no suggestions on how to successfully forge a structure for yourself.

Not a lot of thought has gone into making structure workable, and without a common language such ideas are even less likely to be communicated with any success. So I’m going to break down the vocabulary of the D/s “contract” and offer a set of tools to create a workable structure. This does not lend itself to creating the hot and sexy document of ownership that gets everybody all tingly; in and of itself it’s likely to be as exciting as real estate law, if considerably shorter and less complex.

When I first started venturing into ownership, one of my peers introduced her written set of guidelines for those who would serve her. It was an imposing and concise document, as she is an imposing and concise woman. I was impressed by what she’d done, and set about trying to commit my own ideas to paper. It was a difficult process, and in the end I had a document about eight pages long. I had broken things down to three “protocols” with three subsets for each – formal, public, and informal. I had headings for voice, body, demeanor, “rituals” - you name it. Pages of serious looking pronouncements, giving the appearance of a stern and demanding Master with deliberate rules and expectations for every circumstance. I was suitably proud of my work and set about training those under me to meet these shining standards. I had a contract. I was legit. I had arrived.

Nonsense.

The first error I had made was to think that more was better. Competing with all I'd read and with the excellent documentation of the aforementioned woman, SirC, I wrote myself into a corner. It took me awhile to realize that I had overcomplicated my most elemental urges because I wanted pages: a document that made me feel secure, as if it were proof that I knew what I was doing. Some part of me was afraid that someone was going to demand proof that I was a Dominant like a passport at the border – but I would be ready, because I had stuff on paper. Insecurity is no motivation to do anything, much less structure an essential part of your life around. Now, there was nothing wrong with all these guidelines per se, but they were created for the wrong reasons, and I eventually found that they only got in the way. In a sense I provided these rules, the rules governed the servants... and I was out of the loop. There was no organic connection possible with this document between us. In a sense I was hiding behind it, for as long as I had these papers, I rarely had to actually take the risk of actively dominating anyone. The papers did it for me, except, of course, they did nothing of the sort. In the end it was a learning experience, one of many. Once I wised up, I boiled my eight pages down to five lines which have served me ever since.

I mention these pitfalls not because I assume anyone else will have the same issues, but as an illustration of the many singular, individual ways we can go wrong in such matters – it's not always the writing that's the problem, but why it was written. However, there is no way to anticipate all the possible motivations which can trip us up, so I posit my own personal experience by way of object lesson and leave it at that.

As odd as it may seem, what works for me does not necessarily work for everybody, which prevents me from the solution of simply telling everybody what to do. Pity, that. So I've rendered what I've learned into some clear definitions and guidelines for creation of a structure that works – concise, to the point, and with a language that is both internally and externally consistent. That way, in future chapters when I refer to your structure, protocols, rules, or rituals we are all speaking the same language.

#### LESS IS MORE

As you begin thinking about what you want, you might find that either you have a list which is pages long, filled with all kinds of cool stuff, or only a few lines and you are drawing a blank. Do not be dismayed if you can't think of an imposing shopping list. That's just fine. If you have a long list in front of you, you have a lot more work to do.

As we go through these headings, you are going to be confronted with urgings to eliminate all kinds of things that upon first glance might seem vital to you and your vision of how your servants should behave. I am not telling you to abandon the things you want; I am suggesting that a service contract defining the structure that binds your servant to you and your service may not be the place for them. You will have time and space to create as elaborate a bible of expectations and responsibilities as you want – but

all those things should fit within the framework you are laying out here, not be part of it.

It is the difference between building the house and hanging the curtains. This is the document that sets out parameters: situations that may dictate an exception or alteration to your authority, commitments you make to uphold your side of the structure, what defines those responsibilities, definitions of your servant's role in your household, the acceptance of deliberate physical or mental changes or markings, what areas of the servant's life your authority does and does not extend to, and the like. Hard data, and enforceable.

Anything more than this is extraneous, and a complication to the effort. There will be a time and place to outline ritual expectations such as forms of address, signs of respect and deference such as kneeling, and the details of service. All the fun stuff comes later. You have to build the house before you can decorate it.

So what are you left with? A nuts and bolts, unadorned and utterly glamourless document dealing with mundane but vital issues, outlining the terms of service, which are going to impact both your lives. The extent of authority must be clear. No gray areas. It can encompass all or part of the servant's life. It may or may not address the servant's health, safety and financial stability, or it may provide situations where other things such as family supercede or alter the existence of the structure – I don't care. What I care about is that whatever is addressed is enforceable, clear, and well defined. The more you write, the more work you have to do to meet these qualifications, so whenever possible, keep it clear and simple. This is the heart of your structure, and the final arbiter of the extent of your authority. Treat it as such. This is the place for you to enact Soulhuntré's law: "Minimum amount of words, maximum amount of information."

The first step is getting rid of abstracts. If you cannot enforce it, if it cannot be materially produced, and worst of all, if it cannot be realistically provided – lose it. For example, you cannot legislate how someone feels, only how he or she acts, and to some extent, how they appear. Some Dominants are willing and capable of putting in the work of altering how someone thinks, but that cannot be legislated on a piece of paper. By way of example, I'll refer to my friend SirC's "Demeanor Clause." It does not demand that the people serving her "be happy," it commits them to maintaining a pleasant demeanor at all times when in her company. Thus, she does not attempt to control the abstract (their feelings), only the concrete (the expression of those feelings).

WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT?

Love is great, but it does not help in building a D/s foundation. In fact, from the top's side, it tends to be a complication. It may be why you are together, but we are not dealing with that right now; we are dealing with how you are together. For the purposes of this discussion, it is counter-intuitive and distracting. If love is present, it does not

need inclusion; love is an abstract and we are working with concrete concepts. If love is not present, a document can't make it appear, so why mention it? Don't confuse what you are doing with why you are doing it. If love must be mentioned in your document, make it in a separate area, and my suggestion is: Do not phrase anything so that behavior hinges on feeling. To say that this agreement is "because of our love" or some such suggests that if someone is feeling unloved, his or her responsibilities are somehow secondary to that feeling. This is not what you want. It makes your structure reliant on mood and perception, and is akin to building on a swamp – no steady foundation.

So, strike all mention of the abstract and the unenforceable. If you cannot see yourself realistically issuing something as an absolute and affirmative command, ("Be happy now!" "Sexual excitement now!" "Love this! Schnell!") it might not be appropriate. Sexual availability is enforceable, sexual excitement – not so much. Emotions, involuntary responses (I've seen a document that demands erect nipples.) and, especially treacherous, love – should be struck from your list.

#### PROTOCOL

What it is, and what it is not.

This word is vastly misused, and seems to mean, "Whatever I tell you" to a lot of people. We are going to address protocol in the more military/ diplomatic/ scientific sense: a statement addressing what to do. This may not sound so different at first, but I mean it quite literally – only positive statements concerning behavior and reaction to situation. No negatives. Think of it in terms of bomb disposal protocol. When it says, "cut the red wire" it means *exactly* that, and addresses the question of everything else by default. No, you don't cut the green wire yet, it says cut the red one, so that's what you do. So in drafting protocols, keep your statements as orders of what to do, which will tell your servant what not to do by default. Protocol means: "in this situation/for this result, do this."

Resist the impulse to start piling gestures and clutter in here. These things are important, the guiding program for what you wish your servant to achieve without your immediate guidance even in your absence. This is about priorities and decision-making, a program for how to live and how best to serve. It takes some thought as these protocols are going to steer the direction of your servant's existence in relation to you. Though not quite graven in stone, these are the "Ten Commandments" of their service. Save the frivolity for later.

#### *Rules*

If protocol is "always," rules are "never." Another list that is likely to be short if addressed correctly, we're going to treat rules as the place for taboos, those few things you don't want your servant to ever do. Try not to make them situational, and try not to

make them redundant with the protocols. If you have listed “full and honest disclosure at all times” as a protocol, there is no need to write “never lie to me” as a rule. However, blanket policies of “never lie” might make an appropriate rule if your authority structure extends into your servant’s dealings with others, and thus is a valid rule. In general, a well-written set of protocols will preclude a need for an elaborate set of rules.

### *Rituals*

Finally, the fun stuff. But again, less tends to be more here. Be careful what you wish for, as rituals can be a real monkey’s paw. The issue is this: Anything you assign, you must diligently and continuously enforce; the more elaborate and arcane, the more persistent and troublesome you make these, the more you’ll pay for it in the end. If you let it go, let it slide... that means that it does not matter, that what your servant does – and therefore your *servant* – does not matter, that your commands and edicts do not matter, that you do not matter. It is an instant devaluation of the currency of power.

So, in order to keep your rituals living, useful, and vital, you need to determine: out of all of your notions of what is right for you, is this important? Is this symbol, this gesture an essential part of your identity, a keystone of what you want to build with this particular servant? Would your interactions with this servant seem incomplete without it? Would you be willing to enforce its enactment, to the point of dismissal if it is ignored?

Are you willing to put in the effort to *fight* for it?

By way of example, those under me refer to me as “Sir.” If they don’t, or won’t – they are gone. It’s a small thing in the scheme of things, but to me it is that important. I am willing to put in the effort to discipline the lazy, timid, or forgetful - or dismiss the obstinate. I am willing to *fight* for it. To me, it is essential. A servant will not sleep in the same bed with me. If they are emotionally intimate with me they sleep on the floor by my bed; if not, they sleep elsewhere. Anything else would feel very wrong to me, so I maintain it.

So with this in mind, I advise you to choose only those rituals that are truly important to you. The more rituals you have, the more time and energy you are committing to observing and enforcing them. You can bury yourself, paint yourself into a corner, and in effect, become as obliged to them as your servants are - a slave to your own rituals. Odds are good that is not what you really want.

Before we move on to a practical way of combining all these elements, just a note: *If a ritual is not working for you, get rid of it or change it.*

I have known some people who worry that changing their rituals might make them look indecisive. Well, if you dither around frivolously, unable to leave well enough alone, you probably will. But the alternative is worse. A ritual that does not please you is empty at

best, and destructive at worst. If the servant under you is striving to please, yet by doing exactly as you have instructed fails to do so, that mixed message is destructive to the faith that binds servant to superior. If it does not work for you, get rid of it.

#### PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

Some people like to write things down to organize them, make them concrete. It can also be a handy reference and teaching tool. I'll offer a short form system to help keep your ideas in order:

First, decide if you are going to have one mode of your protocol or more. (Now, we are dealing with rituals here, but rituals fit within protocol – “If this is the situation, *do this.*”) These are commonly referred to as high and low protocol; some people add a middle protocol, making first, second and third. You can go even farther, assigning terms like formal/informal if you feel the need to get really complicated. Your call, but I still suggest that Less is More. We are going to keep our examples fairly simple, and work with three modes: high, Middle and Low; but you are going to make as many or as few modes as suit your needs.

Now you decide on your areas of behavior – let's say *action*, *speech*, and *priority*.

Now we have a table to make your notes easier:

Protocol	Action	Speech	Priority
1st (High)	kneel if I stand still; stand to my right if I sit	Begin and end all sentences with “Sir”	Designated guests first, then attend me
2nd (Middle)	Stand / walk behind me and to my right	Address me as “Sir”	My needs first
3rd (low)	location is irrelevant	Address me as “Sir” unless in vanilla company	As situation demands

So, what we have are rituals and designations of priority that are dependent on context and situation. If these things don't change, (Such as “Always sleep on the floor by my bed” or “Always keep my refrigerator stocked with iced tea and ice”) then there is no need for a table. Rules also rarely need to be fit into such a device. “Never let my glass stay empty” stands alone.

On the whole, with the exception of the shifting, context-sensitive ideas, most of this does not need to be written out. Is it really necessary for you to put your iced tea into

your contract? It's an order, just issue it. If you start dithering with details such as iced tea, then you are on the road to putting in every other little thing you can think of. If food service and attendance are important – shopping, cooking, serving – then perhaps there is room for that as a written issue; because anything you put in writing is going to be given a special significance by your servant, and is likely to be prioritized higher than other orders. If you are a contract type of person, be aware that orders will be obeyed, but written specifics define a servant's existence in your household, and thus are likely to always be given priority unless you specify otherwise.

In closing, I strongly suggest that you don't get carried away. Paper is meaningless; it's the dynamic interaction between your servants and yourself that matters. Writing things out is just making a map for yourself of where you want to go; don't confuse the map for the journey.

WHY BRING ANY OF THIS UP AT ALL?

Firstly, in order to create a common language between us. However, there is something far more important than that.

I am going to be referring to “structure” a great deal in the upcoming chapters, using it as the universal yardstick by which ideas and actions are undertaken or allowed. Just because I have outlined the potentials of a written rule set does not mean I advocate it. Not everyone wants or needs one. A good friend of mine goes with “I tell you what I want, you do it.” It works, and it suits him and the people who choose to be under him.

I wrote a complex protocol, used it for years, and disposed of it, finding that I really only needed five guidelines – anything else, I direct as I choose. Yet another friend has more than a dozen pages of exacting micromanagement, and it suits her perfectly and functions flawlessly.

However, what is in common here is that there is a structure in every case, boundaries and guidelines of one sort or another, in some cases defined only by their absence. It is *imperative* that you are clear on what your structure allows, as many of the ideas I present in upcoming chapters may be things that cross lines you may not have really considered when first accepting service from those under your authority.

Most critical of all, however, is this: most of these tools and scenarios I am addressing not only preclude moment-to-moment consent, they cannot coexist with it at all. In some cases traditional communication is impossible, in others incompatible with the end goals. Without the check-ins of traditional consent, without safewords or time-outs, you are left only with your structure, with the integrity of that structure, to keep you from ruin.

And even that is no guarantee.



## Chapter 2: Hypnofetish

*A Mind is a Terrible Thing to Waste*

Since *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, millions of people have been aware of the sinister and erotic potential of hypnosis. Like a magic power, unfathomable forces dangle and dance a helpless victim on invisible strings, subjugated to the merest whispers of the mesmerist's voice... or so popular fictions would portray it. The truth is that image is simultaneously correct and misguided; many of the clichés are true, but only under certain conditions. Amusingly enough, the application of hypnosis may have been perverted all the way back to its popular discovery by Franz Mesmer. His female subjects, most often being treated for “hysteria” and “the vapors,” reported that his technique involved soothing, stroking, and caresses culminating in a pleasurable “explosion.” It seemed to work, as his subjects were much more relaxed after their treatment at the hands of the good Dr. Mesmer. Smiling and eager for a return treatment, in fact.

I have mentioned that traditionally, focus is on the physical, thus we are going to start with the purely mental. No whips, no chains, no limits to where you can take your subject. Infinitely versatile, hypnosis – within its limitations – can invoke nearly any response or state in your subject. However, understanding those limitations is vital.

Just a note – I have seen hypnotism horribly misused, causing harm and distress. Like any topic presented here, I am not going to moralize; those who are ethical will remain so, those who are not will be unmoved. So instead I'll address the guidelines we have set for ourselves previously: be certain that your end result falls within the boundaries of your structure, and judge conservatively.

### WHAT IS HYPNOTISM?

To define hypnosis, it's far better to start with what it is not. Hypnosis is what a subject does to themselves – not what you do to them. It is said that all hypnosis is self-hypnosis; it's simply easier with a guide. As that guide, it is within your power to create mental systems and structures that effectively reinforce your position. While it is true that subjects will “only do what they want to do,” that is actually a very flexible set of standards. What people consciously think they want, and what they desire in other states of consciousness, are often very different things. In addition, by associating concepts, one might be able to bypass certain types of resistance. So, the effects you can have on a subject are far more extensive than the simplistic “only what they want to do” idea. On the other hand, deeply felt convictions and beliefs, fears, and desires may prove inviolate to change – but that does not make them useless.

I am not going to attempt an in-depth dissertation of the hows and whys of hypnosis. Like so many other things, such information is readily available from those infinitely more qualified. I am going to focus on a basic walkthrough, some layman's explanations, and the sorts of results one can reasonably expect with an average subject.

Everyone slips into hypnotic states all the time; they are a normal part of human functioning. Think of time spent walking or driving a long, familiar route. Often you are home before you know it. The mind wanders, but you can't really account for all that time... there are blind spots – expanses of time and distance you don't remember. These are, essentially, hypnotic states. Hypnotism is intentionally bringing these trances about, in oneself or another. These guided trances can lead to even deeper states, suggestible states where one can step in and create powerful systems. I find this to be an exceedingly intoxicating process, as challenging as it is intimate and versatile. To me, it feels like power.

I wish I could tell you surefire methods of determining who is a good subject and who is not, but I really can't. Some people – a small minority – just don't go under when coached in the traditional way; they are simply poor subjects. If you notice that someone is easily suggestible in waking life, odds are good they will be a good hypnosis subject, but there are no guarantees.

The first step is "*induction*" - the process of intentionally easing into an altered, suggestible state of consciousness. Ideally, you want a quiet and comfortable place, although the experienced hypnotist may be able to invoke these states under wildly different conditions. Stage magicians doing hypnosis shows, for example, use the high stress conditions of a subject standing before lights and a huge audience of strangers to cause the subject to effectively *flee* into the safety of a hypnotic state. We are going to focus on a simpler, more classical method – the countdown.

Once your outward location is suitable, you then have to consider an *inner* setting. Imagery is exceedingly effective in helping induce the hypnotic desired state; it is engaging, interesting, almost universal, and an effective distraction from the goal. If the subject is concerned with reaching this place to please their superior, they can often generate a self-defeating tension that sabotages their own effort. The misdirection of imagery tends to keep the subject engaged, and therefore facilitates the process. However, what images you invoke in your descriptions can be critical. These images should be familiar and comfortable, suiting your subject's preferences and dispositions. Talking about sinking in a warm pool of clear, calm water is not going to relax a subject with a fear of drowning. Elevators, stairs ... many of the common induction images are not universally ideal. Know your subject, and use appropriate descriptions. I know a subject for whom most all descriptions of descent – the traditional type of coaching – are negative. For her, I abandon the "descent" image and describe lying sunbathing on the

beach, growing warmer and drowsier, counting the sound of waves. Don't get locked into one type of image – the goal is relaxation.

Once you have chosen suitable outer and inner surroundings, what do you do with them?

The actual induction process is simple; occupying and relaxing the mind of the subject until he or she drops off into a fugue state, a suggestible trance wherein you can set about your suggestions and instructions. The classic image is the watch or shiny object, but that is not actually necessary. What all the methods have in common are focus and rhythm. Focus can be supplied by a device, such as the classic swinging watch, or by the guided imagery we have discussed, engaging the imagination and diverting the focus of the subject inward, away from the distractions of the outside world. The watch also supplies rhythm, a steady metronome that numbs the senses. This can be supplied easily with steady counting, evenly interspersed with guided imagery and relaxing, soothing speech. Examples of such scripts can be found at [www.hypnosis.org](http://www.hypnosis.org), as well as many other sources.

Once your subject is under, many of the same rules apply. If you are using guided imagery, I suggest maintaining consistency both in the induction and the imagery used. For some, abrupt changes are jarring, possibly confusing. Keeping the type of person your subject is in mind, create a way to symbolize the relay of information – books for the bibliophile, a large darkened movie theatre, a computer screen – some device to maintain the visual imagination and engage positive connotations. In the case of the medical fetishist, I invoked an operating room, and the suggestions I implanted took the form of surgical implants – unorthodox to be certain, but images that this particular subject responded very favorably to. Transition from induction to suggestion should be handled simply but consistently in accordance with these ideas – guidance from the beach to a beach house with a book on the table, for example. Don't complicate the transition; just a simple shift of images is all that is needed. The more elaborate you make this transition, the more complicated and distracting it becomes for you and your subject. In addition, if you are going to be making this into a ritual, it is important that you remain consistent from induction to induction – if you skip or forget your details due to over complication, it will bother your subject, disturbing their descent into a suggestible, pliable state.

The essential tool in this entire process is the rhythmic focus of a countdown or count-out. It's steady, progressive, and easy to pair with imagery through the idea of the destination. Down the stairs or floor-by-floor of the descending elevator, you can inform them that at the arrival of the destination number, they will be completely relaxed, deeply asleep. An odd note is that counting backwards seems to allow people to ease into this state, counting forwards seems to create a slight anxiety, due to the potential open-endedness of the count. People have said that counting upward seems to feel like a

burden, while counting backwards feels like the lessening of that burden. Set a middling number to count from – twenty is usually good, not too short to allow you use of as much soothing imagery as you feel comfortable with, not so long that you grow bored or worse, lose count.

Count slowly, steadily, interspersing your count with consistent images and approaching goals, until finally, you are there and your assurances that they will reach a given state become statements that they have reached it. If their slow, steady breathing and drowsy agreement support this, you've arrived.

NOW WHAT?

Before we set about creating a suggestion, you should figure out for yourself what affects you want. Start with simple ideas, and allow yourself to add to the work as both you and your subject gain in confidence. There is no way for me to list all the possible diversions hypnofetish can offer – it is as varied as every one's individual, intensely personal kink. So, I will instead discuss some of the ends I have seen it put to and allow you to contemplate the possibilities for yourselves.

Some people enjoy the fugue state itself, leaving the subject in a “zombie like” state. This state can endure for a surprisingly long time, depending on your subject. I first stumbled upon hypnofetish (quite accidentally, when my first servant became exceedingly suggestible after prolonged multiple orgasms, and I quickly learned to exploit it.) She spent the night and the next day at work in a light trance state, functioning and responding appropriately to stimulus – but with no memory of the time spent after she was awakened to normal consciousness. In effect your subject becomes more obedient and focused, usually possessed of near infinite patience, and no recall of the events that you do not allow. (Note that different people trance to different depths, stay under for varying lengths, and react individually to stimuli; again none of this is absolute for everyone.) One Dominant of my acquaintance enjoys putting a servant under, having an extensive physical scene – flogging, for example – and then waking them without immediate memory; he then has them recall and re-experience the sensations he inflicted upon command at a later time.

I, personally, am far more inspired by the power of post-hypnotic suggestion.

The single most common usage I have seen is the “orgasm on command.” As cliché as it is entertaining, (especially in a crowded movie theatre or shopping mall), it seems to have a near universal appeal to the dominants I know who use the tool, myself included. Applicable as either punishment or a reward, it tends to carry an elemental message of control, an indication of the potentially mythic powers that the dominant must have to bypass biology, time and inconvenience, summoning a visceral experience from nowhere with but a word or a gesture. Other things I have seen are commands which

snap a subject to attention, inflict phantom pain or other sensations, or cause immobility.

So much more is possible to create. A change in surroundings causing the subject to perceive him or herself to be in any time, setting or location that moves you. Reminders of their station in everyday things, such as picking up a pen, seeing a color or hearing a song. Reinforcements of priorities, protocols, rules and rituals. Memories of events that never happened. I have yet to discover an end to the possibilities. One of my favorite things is to “install” a fetish – boots, oral sex, whatever it is that moves me – and control the intensity on a scale from one to ten, ten making the desire blinding and eclipsing all else. Good fun.

What works well varies from subject to subject. Unlike magic spells and super powers, hypnotic suggestions require maintenance and can fade over time or disuse. The more often they are reinforced, the stronger and more inescapable they feel, but unlike true conditioning, they can fade quickly or dissolve abruptly, especially during time of great stress. Hypnosis is personal, not chemical; as such suggestions can be “drowned out” by stress or strong emotion, in effect like a radio signal being drowned out by static and interference – the “Signal-to-Noise” ratio. Diligent reinforcement can help offset this, but nothing is proof against it.

A third popular type of hypno-play is the “alternate persona,” a personality or identity who behaves differently, sees themselves differently, thinks, reacts, and may even think of themselves differently than your subject is in waking life. The “bimbo,” a brainless, giggling sex machine, often deliberately, comically stupid is a popular fetish, with dozens of websites and discussion groups on the subject. The sex robot, the slave raised from birth who knows no other life – all of these things allow a totally immersive fantasy, liberating the servant from day-to-day inhibitions in many cases. It can even allow the superior to experience things that they are self-conscious about or feel might erode their authority; I know of a hypno-top who created a dominant sadist persona in his partner, who had no memory of those times. That way he could bottom to her, yet she would be unconflicted bottoming to him in her waking state.

Different people fetishize different elements of hypnosis. Some people are into the counting out process more than the results. Many servants enjoy the count-down method for the attention and the loss of control; for some the countdown experience is an end in itself and a fetishized experience. I know of some who find the blackout – the mystery and retroactive feeling of utter loss of control – equally intoxicating. Some are moved by the power the superior seems to wield, no matter what the manifestation. It is as individual as your subject.

Much like the structure you are working within, you can create a sort of structure within the mind of your subject. For example, one of my favorite things is to create a

“backdoor,” a single command that bypasses the countdown and induction, snapping the subject into an immediate trance where suggestions can be made, anytime, anyplace. It also allows me to use the countdown as a reward or intimacy, rather than a time consuming necessity. Positive ideas or concepts can be used to reinforce suggestion; core ideas which move the subject are powerful as “anchors.” For example, being loved, being owned, a core fetish desire such as feeling small or helpless – most suggestions can be free associated to these feelings, reinforcing the experience of performing the suggested action or experience with a direct correlation to that feeling. Boot worship may not have any conscious association with feeling loved, but you can create that association in the subconscious of your subject to reinforce the suggested desire and action.

Hypnosis is not conditioning in and of itself, although some things can imprint or condition over time, and in deliberate efforts, hypnosis can be helpful. Time, complication, and signal-to-noise can diminish the potency of your efforts, as can illness or overly complicated or contradictory suggestions. Hypnosis is a natural, organic function, essentially a living thing; it is not a machine that keeps running indefinitely. It takes care, maintenance, and empathy – because the better your understanding of your subject, the better your results.



## Chapter 3: Mindfucks

*Now You See It, Now You Don't*

THE BODY IS A FINE PLACE TO START.

Many people, however, think it ends there – and for some, it does. For the rest of us, however, there is something far more. For the deeper player, pain is a tool – and only one of many. The ultimate goal is to profoundly affect the mind – to drastically alter the state of consciousness. Ancient cultures have always known ways to do this – pain, body modification, chemical experience, spiritual rapture – modern primitives keep these traditions alive. There is another art, just as ancient, with roots just as primal, just as visceral: Storytelling. Stagecraft. Shadow plays – the oldest forms of magic.

I am not talking about role-playing. Role-playing is just the opposite of the mindfuck: an agreed-upon enactment, a consensual fantasy, an alternate reality. Mindfucking is not creating an artificial reality. It is deliberately altering the perception of the world we all share without your subject's knowledge - "gaslighting." If you change a person's perception, you change that person's *world*.

The thrill of fear and the unknown are the most primal, elemental experiences we can share. The roller coaster of BDSM, mindplay is the cornerstone of some of the most memorable scenes imaginable. It is my intention to share simple, applicable principles and tools with which you can make someone's world a very, very special place.

This is the place where I am supposed to warn you about all the terrible, terrible things that can happen. So, terrible, terrible things can happen.

There. If you are smart, you knew that, and if you are not, you won't listen. So, my official warning: *don't be stupid*.

*If I am to suggest one specific idea to guide you: Let's say you invoke the state you want... what then? What are the consequences of that state? Be careful what you ask for – you might get it.*

That being said, let's get back to the point: Why stop with the body? Why pay a middleman, if what you really wish to affect is the mind?

Remember, a mind is a terrible thing to waste... when we can hurt that, too.

DEFINITIONS

*Illusion: Creating fodder for misconception*

The goal of illusion is not to lie. Ideally, in mindfucking we never lie –not exactly. However, we do strive for our subject to leap to erroneous conclusions, and the art of creating a “leading environment” is illusion – the stagecraft of mindfucking.

Suggestion: Leading to conclusions and false intuitive “leaps”

Suggestion is the verbal equivalent of the stagecraft of illusion: leading statements, misdirection, and disinformation. It is the craft of leading someone to believe something without ever actually saying it. I differ this from lying, as outright falsehoods are to be avoided.

*Dread: Trepidation and anxiety of the unknown, suspected and inferred*

Dread is creeping tension – a crawling sensation of being afraid of something – but not knowing what that something is. It is the closed box, the darkened closet, the hand behind the back, the knowing smile. Unlike fear, dread can be sustained near indefinitely with a little work.

*Fear: Trepidation and anxiety of the known, the immediate and/or the Potential*

While fear might be considered an end in itself – and a worthy one – it is here defined as different from dread; fear requires a “known” subject to be afraid of. Fear is immediate. The rat in the box, the gloved hand emerging from the closet, the glitter of a scalpel being brought into the light. Unlike dread, terror and fear tend to exhaust themselves – and the subject – fairly quickly, and can be difficult to sustain, often changing into anger, passing out, and other escapes.

*Trick: A mindfuck sequence “outside” the rules of the structure*

An arranged event like a surprise abduction (for example) may appear for the duration of the experience to be “outside” the rules of the structure, or unrelated to the structure entirely. Here again, I would advise caution, for although some people live for just such an experience, others might consider them damaging or unforgivable.

KNOW YOUR SUBJECT

*The more you know about them, the more effective you can be in leading them.*

It seems obvious, but it’s worth mentioning a few more times: you need to know your subject. If you want to give somebody a deep, hard, throbbing mindfuck – you have to know what works on them, have some idea of how they will react, and what things you might want to avoid. Like humiliation, mindplay is different things to different people. What works on one might leave another yawning, and a third never speaking to you again.

It’s more than that, however.

It’s not just about psychological hot-buttons... it’s also about the mundane details you

might not ordinarily think about. “The devil is in the details.” Is he curious? Would an unopened package in the mail drive him crazy? What if you took it away, and never mentioned it again? What if you refused to discuss it? Acknowledge it? Is she afraid that you are going to bring a certain other Dominant in? What if you keep glancing at her while you are on the phone with him? Smiling – and trying to stifle the smile?

I’ve said it before: “A submissive’s tongue is good for three things; the third one is shovel.” Given enough time (and rope) a submissive will tell you everything you want to know.

I swear, they can’t help it.

So – just listen; all the information is there, all you have to do is pay attention.

### *Be Aware*

*Discover all the positive and negative motivators you can. Dig for them. Once you know them, apply them judiciously; nothing numbs the senses better than overkill.*

Positive motivators: A submissive will jump through hoops in most cases to get their fetishes fulfilled. For many, that very act makes it all that much more exiting. Fetishes are not your only positive motivator; approval, attention, and affection are all powerful when applied to the right people in the right way. Use them sparingly, as they become all the more desirable in their scarcity.

Negative motivators: If you know what works, make sure its presence can be felt. A threat, direct or implied, may be enough. Fear of pain is often more useful than pain itself. Disapproval can be crushing for some, shrugged off by another. The other thing to be aware of is even more powerful negative images... phobias, for example. If your boy is terrified of cockroaches, that is absolutely fair game in many cases for an ideal mindfuck. Bringing actual cockroaches into a scene might be clearly outside of a structure’s limits, but the dread that there might be a cockroach in the room where he is lying blindfolded... that’s quite another thing.

### KNOW YOUR GOALS

*Be clear in your aims from the outset. This is stagecraft – you have to be three steps ahead.*

The goal is similar to writing, painting, or any other act of creation: you have to know what you want to create from the outset and then work towards that end. Try not to get bogged down in the fetishistic details at first – it’s not about the toys or the tools, it’s about the state of mind you are setting out to invoke.

Work backwards: What do you want? Panic? Terror? Creeping dread? Paranoia? What state of mind do you want your subject to be in at the end? Once that is achieved, what

are you going to do with them? A good mindfuck is not over until the curtain is drawn back and you get to take your bow, after all. (More on this later.)

If you know your subject, you'll have some idea of what tools might work, and what mental state you are seeking. Work backwards, asking yourself: "What would cause such a reaction? How long do I want this to go on? How much time do I have? Do I have assistance? What assets do I have to make this happen?" Write a list, if you can – it will be handy as you get ideas later on. Once you get a taste for this, you'll be doing it again.

Be especially careful about the nature of the event you are considering, and its potential effects, the reactions it may cause. A mindfuck can make a submissive feel confined and helpless- or it can cause anger and resentment at an unjust, impossible situation. Mindfucks can be a terrifying, exhilarating ride into helplessness – or a furious, potentially disastrous event. know what you want, know what you are likely to get, and plan it out.

I just want to say again: Remember that the goal is the state of mind invoked in the subject, not the sequence itself. If you have fetishized a specific sequence in your head, i.e. "First I'll get some guys to follow him a few blocks, so he's really nervous, then I'll jump out in the duck suit..." then you are not thinking about your subject, and will need to find a subject to suit your fantasy, not a scenario to mindfuck your subject. In a Mindfuck, it's about the subject, not the sequence. know what you want your subject to experience, as opposed to what you want to do to them. Your focus is on achieving the goal state.

#### KNOW YOURSELF

*There is nothing more disempowering than an empty threat.*

#### **Never threaten anything you are not willing or capable of doing.**

If your subject knows you, they will know when you are bluffing. Even if they don't, they may well call your bluff. The answer: Don't bluff. Ever. I'm sure you can come up with suitably dismaying threats and dire promises – especially if you know what some of those negative reinforcement buttons are. As a rule, I advise against any form of outright lie in a mindfuck scenario, it simply devolves to role-playing or worse, broken trust. However, the pressure to find just the right thing to say can lead you to saying foolish things if you are not careful. Don't bluff – it might give them something to hang on to, and we would not want that.

#### AVOID LYING, ALLOW MISCONCEPTION

In the same vein, I will always advise avoidance of the deliberate falsehood. Not only can you damage your relationship and the essential trust, you can get caught. It's a bad moment for Oz the great and Terrible when that pesky dog runs behind the curtain. If a

falsehood is absolutely necessary, make certain that it is one that is resolved in the positive, on the side of safety and/ or structure. For example, if you need to convince your slave that you will be away for the night (in order to have a staged abduction occur), and have no other option but to lie, at least in the end it will turn out that you were there, making sure all went well... easily forgivable. Consider the inverse – promising you'll be somewhere, and failing to show up – a much more upsetting situation. Of course, there's the third alternative – promise you'll be there, appear that you have failed to show, then turn up at the end to show that you were there, and were managing the situation... thus, actually remaining true to your word. The appearance of dishonesty is an acceptable tool, provided you turn out to be dependable in the end.

#### NEVER COMPROMISE YOUR STRUCTURE

The last of the honesty issues I am going to expand on is the structure of your relationship. A Mindfuck is no excuse to break agreed limits, to suddenly and abruptly introduce un-negotiated elements, or to force issues of contention. Nor is it an acceptable substitute for therapy – leave the psychodrama to the experts. Look at your structure honestly for what it is, and stay inside that framework in your actual deeds, if not the appearance of those deeds. Earlier I mentioned a boy who is phobic of cockroaches; we can safely assume that they are mentioned among his limits somewhere. It is inappropriate, therefore, to actually unleash a Madagascar hissing roach into his cage, or possibly to even bring it into the room with him. However, if you have spent a week leaving evidence that suggests you might have ordered some, and then make some scratchy scampering motions across his chest with a feather while you make sounds of amused disgust while he is blindfolded... that's all well within the structure. The roaches are only in his imagination.

#### CONSPIRE WITH THOSE YOU TRUST

If you want a mystery package to show up at your door, it's a little awkward to send it from the home you both share. Why go to the sitcom-like trouble, when you can have a co-conspirator mail it? If you want your slave with modesty issues to worry about a peeping tom, you are only going to be able to go out and rattle the bushes by the window so many times before your boy puts it together – it would be his first thought, anyway. Have a friend do it the first night... that will firmly establish an unknown third party, so when you start leaving scary (but really hot) letters pasted together out of magazine letters and scraps of dirty magazines, the illusion is already in motion. Besides, if your friends are twisted enough to help you, they're twisted enough to have some good ideas you might not have thought of. Don't just enlist Dominants, either – there are few things most submissives like more than seeing one of their own suffer. Take advantage of situations of leverage

#### IMPROVISE: ADAPT, ADOPT, IMPROVE

Think fast, wabbit. Your opportunities to sink the screws in a little deeper are coming all

the time. If possible, don't pursue them – let them come to you. letting her think you sent away for a dental drill on eBay is a lot more convincing if she brings up a related subject and you infer it, rather than a clumsy attempt to steer the conversation. Take your time, gather your information, and act when the opportunity arises.

#### CREATING YOUR SEQUENCE

##### *Illusions*

Everyone believes evidence, especially the evidence of their own eyes. To create an *illusion* is to provide that evidence. Let's say you've threatened your slave with moving her out to an all-weather dog kennel in the backyard. She's terrified. You don't have to mention it again – why would you, when you can simply order supply catalogs from pet stores, leaving them around book-marked to kennels? One or two over a two week period would do. Then leave one out with a circled cage, and the order form ripped out. When she asks about it, simply reclaim the catalogs and blandly deny that you ordered anything.

The idea of an illusion is to allow your subject to jump to the conclusions you have led him to. People are more convinced by what they *decide* than by what they are told. A few small pieces of leading evidence – carelessly left about or clumsily concealed – are worth hours of threats and innuendo. People are all talk; evidence suggests *action*. What's worse is that this is action that is *already underway*.

##### *Props*

The foundation of *illusion* is the *prop*, the “leading evidence” that brings the subject to the desired conclusion. Unexplained packages or visits, mail order catalogs, letters written in a strange hand or from unknown email addresses... a fake website. These things are easily created or obtained, and are powerfully convincing. It seems to me that the most convincing way to use such “evidence” is to let it be discovered, rather than present it directly.

Perhaps a third party co-conspirator can bring it to light?

“So, Sue... did your Sir get it yet?”

“Get what?”

“Oh – my Sir was talking to your Sir – He said your Sir was going to make some big purchase. Some sort of all-weather dog kennel?”

“What?”

“Yeah – He showed Him the catalog... I have it right here...”

“Oh, my God...” denial and Creation of inFormation/sensory input

### *Plausible deniability.*

Nothing will convince someone of something faster than the sense that something is being kept from him or her. Something vital. Say you want to convince her that you did receive an all-weather dog kennel, and she'll be sleeping there from now on.

You left catalogs. She found them. She's worried. When she asks, what do you do? Tell the truth:

*"No, I did not buy a kennel."*

*"Do you promise?"*

*"Why should I have to? I just told you I didn't. That's enough for you. We are not talking about this again."*

Your goals are achieved: You have led her to a conclusion, you have told her the absolute truth, and you are well within your structural guidelines. Later on, after she's found the empty cardboard box (which you engineered a label for on your PC and had a friend send you) out back, cuff her in the corner and blindfold her while you hammer *something* together in the backyard. What she does not know is what she will be most afraid of.

### DENY FACTS, CREATE INNUENDO

You are having a surprise party for your slave... but you want to convince her that she is being delivered into the hands of brutal, uncaring "professionals" for "retraining." A faked website is good – a phone conversation she can eavesdrop on is better. Talk to a few friends about the idea; take notes on possible "locations." If you build a website, give her that one and a list of similar sites to research for you. Refuse to discuss it – you "have not made up your mind," you are "waiting to see if she improves." When you finally load her terrified carcass into the car, make her pack a suitcase with a few (very few) regimented things. Blindfold her, and off you go, to drive around for two hours while your friends arrange the party back home. Better yet, blindfold her, toss her shackled ass into a strange car, and have a friend (who will not speak to her) drive her around while you set up the surprise.

### *Suggestions*

Applying context is the heart of suggestion. While illusion is primarily visual or material (use of props, etc.), suggestion is primarily verbal or written. The offhanded comment, the dire threat, or the innocent expressions of interest are all good examples. How these things are used is a matter of craft, combining elements of *repetition* and *insinuation*.

### *Repetition*

Say it once – it won't stick. Say it too many times, and you are obviously "up to

something.” It’s a delicate balance. You should know your people, but in general I find that three times over a week is just enough to get their alarm bells to go off, but not enough to be obvious. You want to plant a suspicion, a doubt – you want to inspire *dread*.

If you want to actually do the research, pick a more innocent topic and see how many repetitions it takes until they look at you and go, “*What’s with you and sunflowers this week, Sir?*” Then, when you are starting your mindfuck, aim for one or two less repetitions. Remember, topics they are afraid of/fascinated with/ excited by will stick faster than your “sunflower” experiment.

### *Insinuation*

There is a screenwriting phrase: “*The scene is never about what the scene is about.*”

Whenever possible, do not address the suggestion directly to your subject. Talk about a scene in a movie – once it’s brought up, talk about other elements of the film. (You can’t really talk about *Deliverance* without talking about the “squeal like a pig” scene – but you are talking about a movie – not anal rape. Really. honest.) Bring your suggestion up as tangential to the actual focus of the dialog. Ideally, you want to be able to look back and say “I mentioned X during our conversation *about Y.*”

When you combine this with an awareness of your opportunities, you’ll end up with a situation where something gets mentioned four or five times over a span of a conversation, an afternoon or a week – yet it’s utterly blameless. *Plausible Deniability*. This amounts to an application of the power of suggestion. If you engage someone in a conversation about Chinese food, and use the phrase Chinese food over and over, constantly mentioning Chinese food and how much you like Chinese food, and then ask them:

“*What do you want to eat?*”

*What was your first thought?*

You don’t have to mean it, you don’t have to really want it, but what was the very first thing that crossed your mind?

All you want to do is make them think it. Once you’ve done that, you are well on your way.

Our example this time – a goddess is going to give her boy to a Dominant leatherman of her acquaintance... or so she wants him to think. In truth, it’s just going to be her with a strap-on again... but she wants to fuck his mind, along with the rest of him. For a week or so beforehand she begins dropping comments. Off-handed Comment

For example, talking about things that turn him on, so the conversation turns to the sounds a lover makes;

*“You sound great when I fuck you – I just wish I could see you better... I want to watch you get fucked someday.”*

(Our boy is enthusiastic – he assumes she means by another Dominant Woman. let him think so for now.)

The conversation can now turn to other sights that turn them on, and the seed is planted.

*Dire threats*

*“Maybe you’d think a little clearer if you appreciate how good I am to you – I know a leatherman who would be happy to teach you a lesson... right up your ass, boy.”*

(Especially in context, this is not going to inspire the enthusiasm of the first comment... but the seed has been planted.)

If he tries to react to that, bring his attention back to the subject – the reason that you are threatening him in the first place, what he’s done wrong.

That’s what you are talking about, after all. innoCent expression oF interest (insinuation):

*“I think Tom of Finland art is really hot – I always wanted to watch men fuck each other.”*

From here you can go on to art, gay porn, or other related subjects.

Individually, each one of these may have some effect – but what if you strung them together over the course of a week? We’ll get back to this example a little later, to suggest how to tie all your hard work together.

*Dread*

Almost universally, Mindplay is about creating fear, dread, and tension in your subject. Not by definition – I mean, you could use all these techniques to make your subject think you are having eggs for breakfast and then *“Surprise! We’re having cereal!”* Tell me if it’s any fun. Me – I’m all for deep hurting, so that’s what we’ll talk about.

*Fear* and *dread* enhance the sensation of being controlled, of one’s fate not being in one’s own hands... which is what submissives are there for, after all. Like a roller coaster, fear is the purest experience of loss of control, the mainline rush for the sensation junkie. Fear, however, is fleeting. People cannot really maintain states of terror very long – most people shut down, or enter alternate states of consciousness. So, save that for last.

What you are most often looking for is *dread*, the evil twin of anticipation. Dread can exist in varying levels throughout the experience, and can be maintained almost indefinitely to some degree. Where fear is the immediate reaction to a perceived threat, dread is stomach aching, lingering trepidation – especially of the unknown. When mixed with a fetish context, it makes for a memorable waiting period as the inexorable drama of the Mindplay unfolds. deny inFormation

The most useful way to create *dread* is to deny information. Strange sounds, closed doors, and secrecy are all tools to create fear of the unknown. As a rule, an unknown is always scarier than what is known, no matter how terrible that knowledge. Pain can be endured, humiliations braved, challenges overcome – but there is no getting around a mystery. Especially, an oh-so-*terrible* one.

### *Innuendo*

Never commit to anything, admit nothing, and don't give a scrap away more than you have to. however – you have to find ways to reference the idea you are trying to inspire dread of. Reading a book or watching a movie – conspicuously – that features a scene known to have the element in question will often bring the idea to mind in your subject. Refer to these things obliquely. *Insinuate*. give the impression that it's on your mind – but never clearly own up to it. Never commit to your illusion until it's too late for them to stop or avoid what they fear is going to happen.

### PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

In all of the examples I have provided so far, there has been some element of dread and the denial of information, the insinuation of the source of fear, and the illusion of the fear. Let's look at them:

#### *Boy terrified of cockroaches*

Denial: he never sees any roaches. (There are none.) he is never told you did obtain roaches for certain. (You didn't).

Insinuation: You mention that it's possible to order huge roaches online ... more than once.

Illusion: An empty package, a stiff feather across the skin, and the hissing sound from a small spray can of compressed air.

#### *Modest slave/Peeping Tom*

Denial: The slave never sees who is out there for certain (it's you or an accomplice), the letters have no postage or identifying marks.

Insinuation: You mention a stranger standing by the front walk a few days running, or telephone hang-ups (while the slave was not at home).

Illusion: You arrange for a friend to be visible (briefly) outside the window, leave cryptic messages in the mailbox, and arrange phone hang-ups when you are both home.

*Slavegirl/Dog kennel*

Denial: She is told that there is no kennel. She is given no further information, and the issue is conspicuously never discussed. When you are “building” the kennel in the backyard, she is blindfolded or otherwise unable to see what you are doing.

Insinuation: You threaten it once, and drop statements about the idea into other conversations, seeding her consciousness.

Illusion: A curious box, pet catalogs ... and finally, the sound of construction in the backyard while she is helpless to observe or interfere.

*Slavegirl/Surprise party*

Denial: She is told that you are considering sending her away, and you never give her a definite answer. When she is packed into a car without discussion or notice, she is blindfolded and wondering which one of the “institutes of training” she has been researching she’ll be sent to – and the driver will not answer any questions.

Insinuation: Sending her to do research on the institutes in question, surfing websites and gathering information

Illusion: A faux website specializing in all the things she is most afraid of, a nightmare of a “training facility,” a mysterious driver in a strange car, a long ride to nowhere.

*Boy to be fucked by leatherman*

Denial: It is never discussed or brought up for negotiation of any sort, blindfolding at the moment of truth.

Insinuation: References to gay porn, leathermen you know, erotic art of the right type, *Deliverance*...

Illusion: Phone calls from an unidentified man, a man present at the final hour (or you in heavy boots, smoking a cigar while he’s blindfolded), large gloves, and a new and unfamiliar strap-on.

THE FINAL ACT

*Give the people what they want.*

Once you have it all... where do you go from here? What’s the payoff?

A good mindfuck ends with a spike point – a moment of decision or conflict that brings all the factors to a peak - essentially, a final act. It is the heart of the mindfuck, the payoff – and allows closure, a relief of the dread and tension that you have been carefully

cultivating for hours, days, weeks, or even months.

In some ways, this is the easiest part – it's the moment you probably first envisioned. I'll run a few examples by you, but what I really want to address is why, and what you might expect to happen.

The end of a mindplay allows for an explosion of fear or other mental state – but it also allows a catharsis, a moment where after the world has been turned upside-down, it rights itself. This is the moment that reaffirms trust, commitment, and structure. However, it does not always come immediately. There can be periods of shock and uncertainty as the subject tries to realign a reality which has been drastically and intentionally altered, and he or she may need multiple reassurances that this is not yet another trick. Give it, allowing them to get their bearings, so your work can be appreciated from a place of security and stability. *Guide them to the goal state by what you say, how you make them feel.*

Just a note – if it seems like it's going wrong, if their panic has the wrong taste or seems violent or beyond what you wanted from the experience – don't be proud. Call it off, let them in on it, and calm them down. Find out what went wrong.

That way, you'll know what to do next time to get what you want.

#### *Boy terrified of cockroaches*

Simple enough – after you've had enough, just remove the blindfold, showing him the feather and the spray can. he'll get it.

#### *Modest slave/Peeping Tom*

Arrange a ringing of the doorbell while he is tied and blindfolded, and then wait a few minutes. When you come back, wear heavier shoes, alter your tread, and wear gloves. Whisper that he is "just like you pictured him;" even better, get an accomplice to do it. If you don't smoke, light a cigarette. Rather than continue the scene as usual, explore his body like it's new to you, increasing in roughness until you get him right where you want him... then, at the end, let him see you.

#### *Slavegirl/Dog kennel*

Once she thinks that the kennel is built in the back yard, lead her out blindfolded. Make her recommit to your authority, reaffirming, in her own words, that you have the right to do this if you want. Make her admit it, even ask for it. Inexpensive large pet carriers or doghouses are available at pet stores – crawl her in, lock her down, and give it a few minutes – especially if she thinks you have walked away. When you've had enough, give her back her sight – and bring her back inside, so she can reclaim the place in your space that you have allowed her – most likely with an all new appreciation for your generosity.

### *Slavegirl/Surprise party*

This one ends pretty classically, with the guests yelling “surprise” and your subject blinking and staring. The positive effect of a lot of people there with smiles will put her back on her feet quickly.

### *Boy to be fucked by leatherman*

When you are done, take the blindfold/hood off so he can see who it is violating him. Again, pretty classic... of course, you could keep him in suspense a while – then walk into the room wearing the boots, gloves, strap on and smoking the cigar. Your call.

The important common denominator here is the return to normality, the closure – allowing the mindplay to end. This allows your subjects to regain their equilibrium, and they will probably experience a massive high, as well as allowing you to take your bows.

### *Pushing the envelope*

If you feel really confident about where you are, where you are heading, and what you want to happen, if you are there but not-quite-over, then you want to debate pushing the envelope...

- Get the boy to admit that he’d brave the cockroaches for his Sir.
- Get sexual in the scene with the slave who thinks you are a stalker.
- Keep the slavegirl in the dog kennel overnight.
- Subject the birthday girl to a degrading inspection at the hands of unknown strangers before taking the blindfold off and yelling “Surprise” – in the same room.
- Try to make the boy come and admit excitement while being fucked by the mystery “leatherman.”

I will not sanction going the extra mile as mandatory, or even desired. I will not commit on paper to saying that it’s a good idea. I will, however, say that under the right circumstances with the right people, it is everything it is supposed to be. Be careful, people, and don’t be stupid. If you are going to do something, do it right. Sometimes, you just have to say: “*Go big or go home.*”

### THE CATTLE PROD EXAMPLE

I am going to assemble one more example, step by step; trying to incorporate every principle we’ve talked about:

1. Buy catalog, leave available (Illusion – prop)

2. Talk about cattle prod in conversation (Suggestion/insinuation/innuendo)
3. Remove catalog (Dread – denial of information)
4. Determine that the prod is within structure (Dread – insinuation, Suggestion)
5. Make wrapper or unmarked box visible (Dread, Illusion – props, denial of information, leading to conclusion)
6. Create deciding moment, moment of conflict. Sensory deprivation is VERY useful in many cases.
7. Push the envelope (“Stick out your tongue.”)
8. Joy buzzer, alarm clock, kiss, or shock – (Resolution)
9. Be certain to create the goal state with commentary, criticism, or praise. (Payoff)
10. Follow up – one of these days, get the prod.

#### ONE FINAL NOTE

Every so often, I advise you to carry through on your threats. Pose a threat you are willing to go through with, and follow up on it if required. Make it real, make it happen. Every outlandish thing you do gives credibility to a dozen Mindfucks. If they think that your threat is simply beyond you, they’ll learn very quickly not to believe it – and, I suspect, will be more than a little disappointed in the end. But if they think you are capable of anything...

*Then they’ll believe anything.*

I started with hypnosis and mindfucks for a specific reason: to take the focus off of the physical, the traditional “whips and chains” idea, while still incorporating the physical and material. Everything we discuss in this book is unified by one continuing theme... altering the mental state of your subject. We will slowly begin including more and more physical elements as we go on, incorporating them as needed to create deeper and deeper states, getting our hands further and further into the heads of those under us.

Now, you can look at the mindfucks idea as a complete, if somewhat complex and perhaps overwhelming, scenario. It is actually an ordered collection of *individual* tools. Let’s say you want to throw together a mindfuck but don’t want to work on it for weeks – get ahold of one or two simple props and wing it. You want to make your subject worry that you are a serial killer for the evening? A shrine of cut up photos and a few candles makes people very uneasy, as would jagged lipstick marks on the mirror. “Poof” – instant psychopath, especially if they’ve never been to your place before. Want to

suggest a social or political menace? klan and Nazi pamphlets and paraphernalia are easily available on the internet, and eBay can keep you off distasteful mailing lists while you are at it.

The point is that any of these tools are useful on their own, not just when arranged in a more complex sequence. Of course, the bigger you go, the more profound the impact.



## Chapter 4: Humiliation

*Nothing Cuts Like Words*

This is a tough one.

Unlike many other chapters of this book, there is not a lot of science here, not a lot of hard facts and procedures to fall back on. Interrogation, hypnosis – many of our subjects are well documented, and all it takes is an attempt to present them in a different light, breaking them down into easy-to-handle tools. In addition, there are reputable sources to seek out expertise - not so here.

Humiliation is so intensely personal, so profoundly subjective by its very nature, that there are very few universal guidelines to present. The best we can do is subdivide, to identify ideas, notions and trends so that as you work on deciphering the complex code of your subject's nature, you have some guidelines that might help. These observations are general and sweeping at best; the real challenge will always lie with you finding the buttons to push, the soft spots to probe and lay open.

The first of the hurdles are your own preconceptions and fantasies. To understand your subject, these must be put aside (for the time being). If you are filtering all the information through your own desires, you are not seeing anything accurately; the lens you are looking through is masked by your own reflection. (Don't worry – we'll get back to your desires. They are what is really important here, after all.) So to begin, take note of what your own ideas and desires are. Are there words or images that move you? Crawling, crying and begging? Public exposure? Specific outfits, gear, or required nudity? Know yourself; know what you want – so you can identify these concepts if they intrude. By the way – all the following suggestions for figuring out what makes your subject tick are just as applicable for figuring out your own kinks... which can be an invaluable tool for getting what you want and need.

What you are looking for are common threads, themes that run through your subjects' fantasies and desires. In trying to discuss these things, you are likely to run into the first obstacle – *discussing them at all*. In my experience, hardcore fetishists will have no problem sharing their objectives; often the problem is getting them to stop talking. But others are far more likely to be shy and/or guilty about their desires. We spend our entire lives covering over and armoring our vulnerabilities, that's a lifetime of conditioning to overcome. I have often encountered the idea that "it's no good if I have to tell/ask him to do it." Essentially, the desire of the submissive (and often the Dominant) is that the partner in question wants "it" on their own, for themselves, that it be a shared craving.

Such a perfect organic match is profoundly rare. The problem is, silently wishing won't help. Most infuriating of all is the "I don't want to tell you, just do it to me!" thing, which seems to rely on your amazing psychic powers to fathom their needs – and if you don't, *it's your fault*. Sometimes, it's enough to make you want to hang up your leathers entirely.

So – if you can't depend on someone to simply spill their innermost, deepest secrets and shameful desires, what can you do?

You can *pay attention*.

Look for "tells." A *tell* is the poker term for the involuntary giveaway through which players reveal when they are nervous, excited, or bluffing. Blushing, widened pupils or averted eyes, involuntary hesitation, stammering or losing their train of thought, non-sequiturs or abrupt changes in topic, shifts in body language – all of these can be revealing signals that you have hit upon something. The fact is that on some level they *want* to tell you, (or at least, they want you to know). They are just too conflicted to do so easily. So, look for signals. But seeing as the stimulus for such tells is not always something you want to bring up directly, it's often best to use indirect stimulus, much as we touched on in the mindfucks chapter. Expose them to scenes or media with some of the elements in question running through them, an innocent conversation about something else that touches on the concepts, or most underhanded of all, start slipping it in dirty talk during sexual or scene situations. People are often very open when drunk or in the sack; but do keep in mind, the things which come out of a groaning partner during sex (or any altered state) are often *not to be taken literally*. A moaning, eye-rolling confession of wanting to be brutally sodomized with a louisville slugger on home plate of Wrigley Field in front of a capacity crowd may be hot in the moment, but is as unlikely as it is infeasible. The keys here (for example) are the threads: sodomy and/or public exposure. Note them, and see if they repeat other ways in other revelations. (On the other hand, if Wrigley Field keeps coming up, it may be a fetish – which is another matter entirely.)

There are a few different concepts which we'll be working with here, and as usual, clarity is paramount. There are three closely related concepts at hand: humiliation, Degradation, and Objectification. Though subtle, the differentiations are important. keep in mind, there is a lot of overlap, and these distinctions are primarily for the purposes of discussion.

hu•mil•i•ate (hyoo-mil-ee-eyt) (Humiliation) tr.v. hu•mil•i•at•ed, hu•mil•i•at•ing, hu•mil•i•ates

To lower the pride, dignity, or self-respect of.

*“You filthy piece of shit.”*

*”Touch you? You must be joking. I don’t even want to look at you.”*

*“Tell me what a worm you are...”*

Therefore, this is personal. It’s about who someone is by assigning values, attributes, and descriptors. (Shit, unworthiness/ugliness, worm.)

ob•jec•ti•fy (uhb-jek-tuh-fahy) (Objectification) tr.v. ob•jec•ti•fied,  
ob•jec•ti•fy•ing, ob•jec•ti•fies

To present or regard as an object: “Because we have objectified animals, we are able to treat them impersonally.”

*“Animals don’t sleep on the bed – they sleep on the floor. So, as long as you are my animal, will you too.”*

*“Shut it. You stand right there until I need you, and when I’m done, you go right the fuck back. No talking.”*

*“It puts the lotion on its skin or else it gets the hose again.”* (Sorry – just wanted to see if you were still paying attention. But come on, you can’t tell me you did not think that was a little hot. C’mon.)

So this is by definition, *impersonal* – it is about who or what they are not. (Animals sleep on the floor vs. people, who sleep on the bed. Reduction to use as a utility – being defined by one’s *function*, referred to/treated as an object – “it.”)

de•grade (di-greyd) (Degradation)

To reduce in grade, rank, or status; demote.

To lower in dignity; dishonor or disgrace: a scandal that degraded the participants.

To lower in moral or intellectual character; debase.

To reduce in worth or value: degrade a currency.

*“Crawl... show me you know your place.”*

*“You’ll have to excuse her – she’s just that stupid.”*

*“If you were any kind of a man, you’d stand up for yourself... But you like this, don’t you?”*

This does not address who or what they are, it belittles the quality or value of the subject,

their *worth*. (Reduction of social standing – “place.” Denigration of intellect – “stupid.” Denigration of masculinity.)

As you can see, there is a lot of gray area, and in reality the lines are blurred; the definitions are not so convenient. So why break it down at all? Now, about what to do with our newfound knowledge...

NOTHING CUTS LIKE WORDS.

Words assign *context* – almost everything we do is defined by what we say and how we say it. Words can give actions weight and meaning well beyond the physical, or they can render actions superfluous. They are the means to mar what a whip can never reach – the *self*. In everything we explore in this chapter – and, come to think of it, every other chapter as well – we frame and aim our actions with what we say. So we will start with this unifying element, and use it to carry us through the facets of the topic. Verbal abuse is both a science and an art. As usual, the first question is: *What result do I want?* First, we look at what creates the desired state in your subject – what are the core kink threads? What *works?*

To do this, we have to figure out what gets the right reactions – namely, the reactions you want – from your subject. Nothing here is universal. One subject may get a charge out of name calling and cruelty because she feels it’s safe – not real, almost intimate; another would laugh at such matters because certain words don’t cut, they are safe – too safe for her. A third might not feel anything from negative attention at all – it is dismissal and being ignored that really gets to him. Knowing these differences, and having the common language to discuss them, is integral to our purpose here. I knew a lovely redhead who loved being called a “stupid cow.” She was very smart and very attractive; thus these words were bloodless, safe, *hot* – intimacies. It would be even more effective publicly; her Sir was quite gifted with vicious name-calling and not at all afraid to do so in public for best effect. She was into what we are calling humiliation; the common thread in her case is that the denigration is assigned – it is a value which is designated by the superior, but not rooted in fact. I know another woman who would find such things silly. She needs to be hit where it actually does *hurt*: the masochistic joy for her is the twisting of the knife and exposure of her actual insecurities, and anything bloodless is a waste of time. My animal is one of the smartest people I know, but there is no joy in being called “stupid” for her, those would just be fightin’ words. Not the reaction I want. Instead, it is denigrating her social position, her place (with me) which takes the hit and provokes the proper reaction. I’d refer to the latter two examples as degradation – the lessening and belittling of what is actually there. Lastly is objectification – this is the dismissal of the subject as a person entirely, reducing them to a function or an object. Using someone as a cupholder, thankless labor, selfish sexual use, dismissive behavior – all of these things can be considered objectification of one sort or another. A young woman I played with for a time cracked and melted when I

renamed her “nothing;” reinforcing it with leading questions: “What does your opinion amount to?” “Nothing, Sir.” “What do your feelings on this matter have to do with anything?” “Nothing, Sir.”

#### LET’S START WITH THE BASICS: MANNERS (AND THE LACK OF THEM)

One of the most elemental ways of demonstrating social inequality is *manners*. The elemental good manners that (one hopes) our parents taught us are the primary social mechanism for demonstrating respect for our peers and deference to our superiors. Although it is looked down on in polite society to be actively rude to our subordinates, they may not receive the same courtesies our peers do. Even in the USA, where most formality has dissolved into the melting pot in our endless quest to seek “equality,” certain boundaries still exist. You call the judge “Your Honor,” you call your boss “Mr./Ms. Whoever” (at least until they tell you otherwise), the same goes for teachers and business associates. If you don’t know the waitress’s name, you are still more likely to say, “Excuse me, Miss?” than “hey, you!” or, even worse, to snap your fingers to get her attention.

The people who serve you are under you because they do not want to be treated like everyone else; on certain levels they do not want to be a peer. How that difference manifests successfully varies from structure to structure. For some, the alteration or eradication of civil niceties is both an intimacy and a reminder of station. This can go well beyond the mere elimination of your “please” and “thank you,” although the effectiveness of such things is not to be underestimated. (Nor is the effect such brusqueness can have on bystanders. People can jump to some pretty unpleasant conclusions, even in scene-friendly situations, when their sense of propriety is challenged.)

But the question of public or private is not just a question of social appropriateness and consequence; it’s also a thread that is important to pick up on. The context of an action is framed not only by words, but by circumstance; and public/private is a near universal consideration. The servant who would greedily eat dinner from a bowl at your feet in private may react in a totally different way if it is demanded in public, even if it’s been done a hundred times before at home. An action which has little fetish value in private may have a profound impact in a public setting. People are often perfectly comfortable with nudity or revealing clothing in the privacy of their own home, but being paraded in such a fashion before strangers can be a very different matter. Often just the introduction of witnesses can turn a nearly insignificant or commonplace gesture into a profound event.

While doing your homework, listen for the cues about the context. Be keenly aware of the power of public exposure – especially in terms of humiliation, degradation, and objectification – to cause your efforts to crash and burn horribly or perhaps to be

*profound*, in every sense of the word.

Humiliating your subject through assigning values – name calling – is one form of verbal abuse. It takes a vivid imagination and an ease with words to be really good, and at the very least one should be inventive (and vicious) enough to keep from sounding like a broken record. However, calling your favorite people sissies, bootlickers and worms is far from the end-all of this particular entertainment. Degradation – being cruelly critical of their actual abilities – has its own merits. Where name-calling stings and shames, degradation may cut a bit deeper, as you are addressing real qualities, and finding them lacking. Some people are impervious to this sort of thing – they are confident in their own capabilities, and criticism rolls off them without a mark or a thought. However, such people are rare, and I have found that everyone is insecure about something, or better yet, knows they are lacking in one department or another. Other people are walking targets to any real or imagined slight to their abilities, often finding fault in themselves where none exists. Not only do you want to know where on this spectrum your subject falls, and regarding what topics, you want to understand what effect such treatment will have on them, and if that effect is the one you are seeking. I differentiate between degradation and humiliation this way because people’s reactions to these stimuli can often vary wildly, and on the surface it can be baffling trying to determine what set off the reaction in question. Every subject is different.

The third concept at hand is not about what kind of negative attention you pay. Objectification – at least on the surface – is about *not paying attention at all*. This is an illusion; it takes just as much focus as any of the others, often with the added challenge of appearing not to be doing that very thing. Part of the secret is the inherent contradiction. Very few people actually want to be ignored in any real way. For most, objectification is the *illusion* of being ignored in some fashion, maintained by altering the traditional forms of attention. Now, I am not addressing the bondage bottom who wants to be tied up and then “left alone” to struggle in his or her own world; that’s not objectification precisely because of the lack of interaction. Objectification means ignoring the subject *as a person* in some fashion. The most common fantasy seems to be being reduced to a sexual plaything, to be *defined by that purpose* and have the needs and feelings of a peer and a person “ignored.”

The verbal element of this can be addressed by things such as changing pronouns (he/she/you) to “it,” not addressing the subject directly, or talking to others as if the subject were not present, and/or by resisting the temptation to interact with the subject *for anything other than the stated purpose*. That can be difficult; love, familiarity, or discomfort with acting in such a fashion can often make it feel unnatural or isolated for the top.

The other thing that can make such a thing difficult is the fact that it’s rare that the

subject actually wants to be ignored; what most of them want is to be interacted with *differently*. Take for example the subject who wants to be treated like an object or furniture (fornophilia). They still want to be the footstool or cup holder of *the Superior*, to be in the same room, to interact in a limited fashion dictated by their function – but still, to *interact*.

Physical aids are incredibly useful to push those buttons. Reducing someone to a cup holder while you read, hold a conversation with a peer, or even sleep. Hoods used to steal his or her face, can obscure both their and your sense of them as an individual. (It's a powerful psychological change, not just for the hooded servant but for the superior as well – we respond sympathetically to faces, and likewise respond to their absence.) Personally, I tend to usurp all gender privilege – I have all the privilege of a male in our culture – but my servants hold doors, chairs and coats for me, take me to dinner, buy me flowers – all privilege is, by definition, mine. These are things you can take, and that's what objectification is – taking away.

Another approach to achieve a similar effect is taking your subject for granted, the hybrid child of degradation and objectification. No please, no thank-you, no acknowledgement of effort, performance, or merit; a simple expectation of compliance and performance, a foregone conclusion. I have seen this reduce a servant to a needy, supplicating mass willing to crawl any distance for a crumb of recognition, and I have seen another walk from the Superior in disgust with his being such a self-centered jackass. know your subject.

I wish I could give you one single, correct method – a sure-fire, foolproof, risk-free recipe for success. But, sadly, that's not gonna happen. As I said, there's no way to make this universal. What I can do is suggest different ways to look at things – essentially, do what I have been doing all along: suggest tools and leave you to build or burn as you see fit. We've talked about verbal tools, as the fundamental basics, that had to come first. Now we'll look at other options. This is by no means intended as an exhaustive list, just some ideas to suggest context.

### *Social*

#### HUMILIATION

*Public* derision and name calling

Embarrassing or inappropriate clothing or demanded behavior

#### DEGRADATION

*Public* criticism of partner's abilities.

Obvious preference or favoritism of someone other than partner – flirting, dancing, etc.

Taking over functions a partner would normally do for themselves (or for you) due to “incompetence”.

#### OBJECTIFICATION

Employee functionality (for instance, while engaging partner as a driver, ride in the back, not holding any conversation)

Dismissive interaction (ie: turning off a light when leaving a room the partner is still in)

Discussing the subject with a peer as if the subject were not present

#### *Physical*

#### HUMILIATION

Gaudy makeup (on either gender).

Not being allowed to bathe, conversely being roughly scrubbed with a stiff brush for being “dirty”.

#### DEGRADATION

Eating from a bowl on the floor while you eat at a table

Being denied silverware, or eating only your table scraps

Sleeping on the floor or in a cage, being treated and kept as a pet or beast of burden

#### OBJECTIFICATION

Serving as furniture or an object of decoration or utility

Being summoned to perform a chore and then dismissed (from another room or across town)

#### PRACTICAL APPLICATION

This is really about observation. As you gather your data on what moves your subject in the directions you desire – or what moves him in directions you can adapt or adopt – look for commonalities, for common threads in the context of their desires. You are looking for a core kink – one drive that manifests itself in different ways. What do your subject’s kinks have in common? Being dirty? Isolated? Afraid? An object, a second-class citizen, an owned possession?

If you can isolate that *core kink* – that one thread, which when plucked, resonates the way you want – you can begin to really experiment and give yourself a lot of room to play. If the resonating kink in your servant’s mind is to feel violated (for example), you can improvise any number of amusing ways to bring that feeling about. We are not talking about object fetish – if your servant has a piss fetish, covering him in mud won’t

reach him at all... but if the core kink is *feeling dirty*, you can do any number of things – mud, piss, dirty laundry, hygiene restrictions, rubbing his face in spilled food, making him lick the bottom of your boots... improvise. You won't have to repeat yourself unless you want to. (A fetishist is different – it's all about *that one thing* – feet, for instance – and her whole world may revolve around that, sometimes to the exclusion of all else. There may be much less room for improvisation if your subject is solely a fetishist. However, just having a fetish – or more than one – does not mean that a servant is *limited* by that fetish; if it is just one element of their kink, then it's a valuable and exploitable resource.)

So it puts together something like this: you determine what context works best – objectification, degradation, and/or humiliation – and the *core kink* that you have reckoned links their twists together. Now you have a pretty well defined set of parameters within which you can consistently get the results you want; all from an abstract and often obfuscated set of desires even your subject may not really understand about himself. In Chapter 5: Conditioning, we will be exploring how applying a *framework* to encourage the redefinition and re-identification of your subject by defining their role in your service, possibly even down to his name, can help you bring about, recreate, maintain, and heighten the desired states you have initiated here.

#### MINEFIELDS AND MINDSETS

One of the trickier aspects to all this is the *minefield*. When exploring these things, one never knows when one will find something that goes “boom!” My first exposure to this was very early on for me, about twenty years ago or so. I was speaking to a young lady who was confessing fantasies of urinating on herself, in public or private... she went on at some length. When I ventured into what seemed to be a logical extension of the idea, my pissing on *her*, she flew into a rage and we were done talking. I felt, for all the world, like Elmer Fudd after his gun goes off in his own face... just blinking through the smoke, *wondering what the fuck just happened*. I know of a cross dresser – a very successful guy with the dominant women of my acquaintance, smart, well thought of, delights in various forms of humiliation – yet when a dominant woman I know did not want his opinion while they were doing chores and shopping together, he became deeply offended and walked out. Call one person “stupid” and they will follow you home, tail wagging, but another will slap your face and tell everyone what an ass you are. This is why I advocate a lot of research into a subject before getting too experimental with this stuff; the fact is (on this side of the leash), none of us like to lose. So, do your homework, study your subjects, and get to understand what makes them tick. *Play to win*



## Chapter 5: Conditioning

*The Hammer of the Mind*

If the mindfuck is a bruise, then conditioning is a scar. Or perhaps more accurately, a tattoo.

As intense and visceral as a mindfuck may be, it has a beginning and an end. Like a bruise, it fades and disappears. It is *temporary*. In the end, the actors take their bows, the curtain falls, lights come up, and it is over; and everyone has a story to tell over cigarettes and coffee. Conditioning, however, is ongoing. It never ends. Different subjects and environments require a different intensity of maintenance to condition them, but the effort never really stops entirely. As a result, however, the curtain never really drops – the results are perpetual, often far outlasting the relationships that inspire them.

Conditioning takes many forms and surrounds us constantly. Social conditioning is the forge that eventually turns us from greedy toddlers to (hopefully) giving, mature members of our society. And what defines the norm of any given society? Conditioning. On a personal level, that's what society is – how the individual is conditioned. The more we narrow the focus, the more intense that conditioning becomes. Boarding and private schools increase the pressure of conditioning in specific directions, urban as opposed to suburban living and education narrow it further. The results begin to shine in a more polished fashion in the military, where the science of conditioning is more intentionally, deliberately, and openly enforced. Narrow the focus further, increase the pressure and intensity, and you get the elite subdivisions: Marines, Army Rangers, and green Berets. The lessons the military has to teach us are many and complex, tested and refined unrelentingly for centuries. If you want to know more about the science of conditioning in action, the first place I suggest you look is Army training manuals.

The more extreme the effects you seek to condition, the more work and maintenance you will need to exert, as conditioning does not stand in a vacuum. Any changes you achieve will be subject to the constant attrition of external stimuli such as environment, culture, and stress. In addition, there are the powerful factors of internal attrition due to emotional variance, personal history, and relationship status. In addition, some people are easier to condition than others. Some are very resistant, others imprint immediately. Given different types of stimulus or topic, these states can coexist in the same person. Conditioning is a science, but its results are not uniform with every subject. However, given the intensity and consistency of the pressure applied, results are to some degree inevitable. Properly focused, conditioning works hand-in-hand with the most basic and elemental facets of human nature.

The science of behavioral conditioning is ancient and complex. It is an active, living field of study with elements of biology, sociology, psychiatry, and even physics, far too esoteric and complex for me to even proffer a professional or even a “qualified” opinion. Fortunately one does not need to be a physicist to drive a car. What we are going to address is a working knowledge of some techniques that tend to work, and are attainable without specialized laboratory conditions or equipment. Neither do I offer a complete program for a specific result, only methods and a layman’s understanding of their application. As usual, I will offer you tools, but I will not tell you what to build.

#### DEFINITIONS

**Conditioning (noun):** The process by which a subject comes to associate a desired response with a specific stimulus.

**Reflex (noun):** An automatic or involuntary response to a stimulus.

**Response (noun):** The reaction of an individual to a given situation or stimulus. This reaction can be internal as a series of thoughts or emotions or it can be physical in the form of a specific action. This response may or may not be automatic.

**Training (verb):** To accustom or condition to a mode of behavior or performance.

**Discipline (noun):** Training expected to produce a specific pattern of behavior, especially training aimed at moral or mental improvement. Alternately, “discipline” is used to refer to the result of such training.

**Environmental acclimation:** A constant reinforcement of the stimulus, with little or no direct action on the trainer’s part on a moment-to-moment basis.

In broad strokes, we are going to talk about commonly sought-after results: reflexive responses, associative conditioning, positive/negative associations, pain/sexual conditioning, and overcoming previous conditioning. Taken together in our context, this could be considered “slave training,” although the exact same tools (for the most part) are forged in the military, the dojo, and many other crucibles that human culture has created.

#### PAIN CONDITIONING

The first and simplest application is *pain conditioning*. This tends to be the extent of “training” in most S/M circles, and it is often seen as a measure of a servant’s value by those for whom physical kink is paramount. Pain conditioning takes, for the most part, only your enthusiasm and patience. In most cases, people will acclimate to a slowly escalating regimen of physical discomfort and endurance; marathon runners and weight lifters are everyday evidence. There is a sought -after goal, thus further and further exertions are demanded. Athletes have trainers to facilitate the process – an objective,

disciplined (and hopefully knowledgeable) guide to encourage the athlete to push past his limits and reach his potential. Pain conditioning works similarly, and requires a similar motivation.

#### SEXUAL CONDITIONING

*Sexual conditioning* is essentially similar to pain conditioning (and in some cases they are the same thing), with the added complication of not just inspiring drive, but hoping to inspire enthusiasm. This is not universal by any means, but can be an added complication when it is desired. Fortunately, we often have an added asset in these matters – sexual excitement. Many, many people are capable of amazing feats when excited that would be utterly beyond their endurance in a neutral or negative state.

Sexual excitement is too complex and contextual for me to be able to tell you how to create it at will as a dependent, automatic response. (If I could tell you that, I'd be doing it from my four hundred foot solid gold dirigible staffed with panting supermodels. That's the holy grail, that is.) But I can share some concepts that might be useful.

#### *Orgasm Conditioning*

Best trick in the world. It works best on multi-orgasmic women, and, sadly, it does not work on everybody universally – but what does? Deny orgasm to build up excitement, then use a simple statement to allow it to happen. “Come for me.”, for example. Build up, withhold, repeat. In many cases you'll be able to get the orgasm on demand, first with little, then with no tactile stimulation. (hypnosis can be a fine shortcut to the same effect, but I have heard from some that the conditioned orgasms are often more intense.) Basic conditioning at work – just use the same phrase, over and over, indelibly linking your command to her orgasm. Great fun at parties and crowded movie theatres. This is the basic lesson of conditioning.

#### *Associative Sexual Conditioning*

We will be hitting on this topic again for other matters, but here it has a special focus. Decide what you want to associate – a perfume or cologne, a statement, a piece of music – and introduce it consistently and *quietly* during positive sexual and intimate experiences. I stress subtlety because the more consciously aware your subject is of the factor you are using, the more resistant to the conditioning they will become. If the data is logged on a subconscious level, it will become an *associated memory*, and eventually conditioned. If it is more conscious, it can be evaluated and rejected. So, rather than simply putting on a specific piece of music every time you give sexual attention, create a few mix tapes, *all* of which have that music on it *somewhere* – and time positive sexual attention to the timing of the music in question. Scent has a very strong connection to associative memory – a chosen perfume or cologne will always remind a partner of you – but if you wear a different scent for sexual encounters – *without drawing attention to this fact* – you may be able to eventually inspire sexual arousal simply by wearing it.

Same goes for color, fabric, an item of apparel... the key to this is *subtlety*.

#### POSITIVE VS. NEGATIVE CONDITIONING

Now, authority exercised and obeyed is enough to allow the servant to comply, but there is an essential component missing there – *drive*. Without drive, the servant simply endures. With drive, the servant *strives*. To inspire drive is a simple matter of *frame-working* the presentation of the idea. A servant may obey – but to strive for more than mere obedience takes more interaction on the part of the superior in most cases. (We will be discussing frame-working further as one way to inspire drive when we discuss *redefinition*). Now, some bottoms are already measuring themselves against past experience, striving to “do more” or “take more.” This person is already motivated for pain conditioning – but what of those that are not?

The first and easiest motivator is *pride*. For the superior to express approval or even pride at their servant’s endurance can be very powerful, especially if praise is used sparingly (more on that later). However, in most cases, it can only go so far by itself. I would suggest using the principles of re-identification in combination with sparse praise: “*Master’s dog would eat from the bowl. Are you your Master’s dog? Do you want to be your Master’s dog? Show me you want it. Prove to me that you are my dog.*” The alchemy in this combination is simple: In order to maintain a minimum standard by which to identify herself, she must reach your ever raising standards. To meet this ever climbing bar is not an occasion for praise every time, in fact it’s the least they can do. To have it reasserted that they are, in fact, their Master’s “X” will in *itself* become the prize.

#### REFLEXES

Ideally, what conditioning seeks to create is an *involuntary response*. (We will be addressing more complex mechanisms later on.) You provide the stimulus, the body reacts. Conscious decision is removed from the equation; volition is not a factor. These responses in most cases cannot be created without *negative conditioning*. Orgasm is an exception, but really only circumstantially – orgasm being pleasurable is not only coincidental, it’s an exception to the rules. Orgasm is a biological response to specific conditions, and the process described above can link those conditions to a stimulus of your choice. Pain is a similar process, only more immediate, more dependable and consistent, and therefore more effective.

*Negative conditioning* for a reflexive response is a matter of consistency, timing and repetition. If you wish to create a reflex, the recipe is simple: apply stimulus and immediately, if not sooner, apply a sudden negative reinforcement when the desired action is not forthcoming. If possible, this should all be in the same instant. It works in the dojo because everything happens at *once* – your opponent punches, you block properly or you get hurt. Repeat until the block becomes automatic, a reflex. It becomes even more powerful as the sensei drills the students in the blocks and katas, teaching the

body to go on autopilot in their execution, then adds the repeated stimulus of the strike to be blocked. The sensei repeats this over and over again, until it happens reflexively, without thought. So, let's say you want to condition your servant to drop to his knees without a thought upon your barking the word "Down."

Repeat drills to master the proper position quickly and gracefully, at the command. Correct your servant's posture and form, and do not become lax in maintaining the standard you want. Work on this for a few weeks, regularly.

Step behind your servant, grab his hair and pull sharply downward while barking the command. Maintain the step one drills while occasionally, at unexpected times, performing the second step. If you are diligent in your application, soon your servant will drop into the correct posture without thought or hesitation upon command. It just takes work and diligence.

Repetition is as important as stimulus in this case. Repetition alone can train a marine to field strip and reassemble an M-16 blindfolded, especially coupled with the environmental pressures which are brought to bear (pride in self and company vs. shame before peers) – but that is not a *reflex*. Hitting the dirt while readying a weapon at the sound of a gunshot, rather than freezing in panic or scrambling chaotically – *that's* a reflex.

*Positive conditioning* is trickier, more akin to learning as a process than effective conditioning. It is also not supported by the same physical or psychological mechanisms as negative conditioning. When the body experiences negative stress – especially sudden pain – chemical processes in the brain are released to create a lasting aversion to it happening again. Positive reinforcement does not do the same thing. The brain has to learn to make those associations, and the older we are, the longer and less potent that process tends to be.

*You can't develop a reflex action with a cookie.*

Not only that, too many "cookies" are *counterproductive*. The more frequently and consistently they are offered, the more devalued the positive reinforcement becomes. In order to be sought after, such things must be both scarce and inconsistent. *Scarcity maintains value*. If the words "good job" are only heard at the very best of performance, they will be sought after; if they are heard after every completed task, they quickly become meaningless. The other factor is inconsistency. It is true in both training humans and other animals (as many things are), that if the reward is forthcoming *every time* the "trick" in question is performed, performance will deteriorate the moment the reward is not present. Humans get the idea that they *deserve* reward, that it is their due, that it is supposed to happen – and if you do not produce the cookie they are expecting, you are not doing your job. It becomes about the reward.

If the rewards are inconsistent, they will be sought after. In animals, the performance of the action becomes associated with the *enthusiasm for the possibility*, not the reward itself. So it is with humans; thus inconsistency in these matters avoids the added, very human complications of *deserve, due, and supposed to*.

#### ASSOCIATIVE CONDITIONING

*Associative conditioning* is not merely limited to sexual matters, it is in fact one of your most flexible tools. Nor is it only for positive reinforcement – it is actually easier to apply to negative conditioning, as are most conditioning matters. Like our previous example, all it requires is consistency and a degree of subtlety.

From your own life, you will doubtless be able to think of certain things which left an indelible impression on you: tones of voice of a displeased parent or mate, for instance. What we are discussing is simply causing those associations *intentionally*.

If you have a few close friends, or even better, an ex you are on good terms with, you can get a quick accounting of mannerisms and gestures you have that you might not even be aware of. (If any of these people are good mimics, this can be pretty amusing.) This will allow you the chance to develop some control of the signals you send, and to work to eliminate the ones you don't want and/or stress the ones you do. It takes a little work, and can even be awkward or embarrassing as you address your own habits – but it's well worth it. A controlled, self-aware presentation goes a long way. As you do this, you can begin to subtly stress certain phrases, tones or gestures with your subject. By way of example, I'll list a few of my own "tells" – the point is, however, that these are tells I am not only aware of, but have stressed to influence the behaviors of my servants:

Cracking the knuckles of my right fist while it hangs at my side

*Translation: "You are pissing me off."*

The tone and phrase of a sentence staring "Right... So...")

*Translation: "Pay attention – you just made a big mistake."*

A blank expression, slow and deliberate closing and opening of the eyes

*Translation: "Shut up."*

All of these set off alarm bells with people subject to my authority, and will usually cause an immediate cessation of whatever they are doing. Each of these gestures has different nuances and carries a different message and "tone," and I have deliberately cultivated the associations. I never *said* anything about it – that would be counterproductive. I let the associations form through experience.

Through simple, deliberate, and judicious application of your chosen stimulus, you can indelibly associate just about anything with just about anything else. Choose your context with care, because once the associations are made they stick. Think of songs you hear that remind you of people, times, places, and relationships. Those associations may fade in intensity over time, but they will never go away completely.

#### MINDPLAY AND IDENTITY: REDEFINITION

More subtle than some of the games and ideas expressed above is the more long lasting concept of altering a servant's *sense of self*. I am not talking about crushing someone's self esteem. That's counterproductive and destructive on any long term basis. What I am talking about is the intimacy of *redefinition*.

The reason I use the word "servant" is twofold – first, it tends to be an accurate catch-all for the types of relationships I describe and second, because most other terms carry significant positive or negative baggage. How many debates have you observed over what a "true slave" is? How many people have you heard objecting to the word "subbie" or stating that one has to have some sort of certification to be called "Master?" Defining words have power. As far back as there have been people, there has been the idea that names have power – and it's still true. *Names are magic*.

In creating a structure, give careful regard to what the name of the servant's role is... boy, animal, slave, chattel, slut. What is this person in relation to you? Not who – what is she? And what is the *definition* of that role? Think about that: *You are redefining another person by the relationship they hold to you*. In effect, that makes you the central figure of their existence. You *define* them. Thus without you, they have no definition.

Now, this is not as simple as just saying so. It is part of an extended campaign to cement his definition of himself by your words. When I took on my Boy, I spent a considerable amount of time framing my expectations not in simple "I want" terms, but by explaining what Flagg's Boy should do, should represent, what it *meant* to be Flagg's Boy.

All of these were standards to strive for, bars to meet, standards to bear, expectations to exceed. Because my Boy is a bio-female, seeking to understand masculinity from the inside out, I was in a unique position to rewrite existing or uncertain standards of good/bad, right/wrong, and pass/ fail to be defined by my expectations and judgment of *his* actions. To be my Boy, these standards must be met. To fail continuously was to, in effect, not be my Boy – to be nothing.

When I began my structure with my animal, I deliberately chose a term that had never been used with her (or to my knowledge, anyone) before. She had been in the service of another previously, and the term "slave" had been used casually, with no real effort to define the role as unique. By making her my animal, I had a tabula rasa to define my expectations, and thus her expectations of herself. The word "slave" had baggage, and

had been drained of meaning by common usage, so I discarded it.

“Animal” was suggestive of the position that she would hold in my life, and from the very instant I first used it, helped shape her expectations:

Do animals get a vote?

Do animals eat at the same table?

Do they automatically get a bed, or sleep with their owner?

Are they *peers*?

These things were established effortlessly from the beginning, because her sense of self *in relation to me* was not set as that of an equal. It was that of my Animal. Her self-esteem and sense of self to the rest of the world was untouched if not enhanced; there was only one person she was ever obliged to take shit from, and she was his animal. The rest of the world had best step aside. (I like when what is on my leash has sharp teeth – and she does, in spades. It’s a useful trait and an admirable quality no matter what side of the leash you are on. I’d rather have an attack dog than a poodle any day.)

I addressed her only as “animal”. To call her by her given name would have been (and once was) a crushing, savage blow. I reinforced the idea of what was expected of a good animal at every opportunity, creating an axis of success and failure based on the identity, reshaping her in many ways to meet my expectations. It was not a complete brainwash by any means; there were many core values I could never change – but I could often fit those values into the Animal/Owner relationship, absorbing what I could not alter. She is Animal to me to this day, and no matter how our relationship continues to evolve, I suspect that will never change.

#### OVERCOMING PREVIOUS CONDITIONING

Regardless of whether it is previous relationships, intentional conditioning, or just life as it’s been lived, anyone you deal with will come with some conditioning which is not to your best interest. Again, I have no sure-fire cure-all, but I can suggest a technique that has produced good results for me in the past.

#### *Never attack a pre-conditioned response head on*

One of the factors of long-standing conditioning is that if it is deep enough or lasts long enough, it becomes incorporated into your subject’s self-image. It becomes *how they think of themselves*. This is to your advantage as you reinforce your own conditioning, but may be in your way when it is a preexisting condition. The principle to keep in mind is one of misdirection. Addressing the condition head-on is akin to saying “*Don’t think about the elephant.*” The subconscious does not process negatives that way, all you’ll be doing is reinforcing the condition by harping on it, and creating stress and angst as, in all

likelihood, it gets worse and more sensitive and troublesome. What you are seeking to do is *replace* the condition, by reinforcing a different context entirely.

Now, this cannot always be done, but your chances are better the more deeply layered your efforts and misdirection are. If, for example, boot kissing has powerful negative associations for your servant because of previous negative experience, you might try to address it like this:

Address concern about the condition of your boots – make certain that they are placed in a specific place every night, for example. Give the servant errands to run which concern your boot, such as – picking up boot care products, taking them for repair and upkeep, replacing used brushes and the like.

Instruct your servant in leather care and bootblacking. If your servant has a possessive streak, you might exploit it by considering aloud having others attend to the boots, and express approval of the job that others do, especially in a D/s context.

Seat your servant at your feet in moments of intimacy, instructing him to bring you the boots when it is time to put them on and remove them at the end of the day in a ritualized fashion.

When disappointed or displeased, do not allow the servant to perform these services. Reframe contact with your boots as a *privilege*.

All of these things, over time, will indelibly associate you, your authority, and your pleasure and approval (as well as your disapproval when appropriate) with the boots. The boots and the accompanying rituals will come to symbolize you, to be equated with you. When I have been away, I have given a servant a boot to keep, attend to, and even sleep with in my absence. I want that association to be *indelible*. One could also use the principles of redefinition, making the boots a central part of the servant's sense of self and function in relation to you. As this cements, it is very likely to erode the previous conditioning, until the boot-kissing may even be volunteered as a tribute – the boots are indelibly associated with you, they are you.

Perhaps you could get the servant to kiss the boot by simply demanding it, and spare yourself all the trouble, but that will not inspire *enthusiasm*; it will not inspire the *desire* to do it.

Now we have some language and some free floating ideas – what do we do with them? It's pretty obvious that this kind of thing requires a strategy, a plan to tackle such a big issue. Luckily, the world is filled with models and patterns for just this kind of thing. The real convenience of these frameworks is not that the work is done for you – it's not – but that these are *archetypes*, archetypes that come with their own weight, language and

expectations. By using these models to start with, you can often bridge otherwise vast gulfs of understanding and connection between you and your subject because they come with preset senses of *what is expected*. They can be a common reference point to build from.

The Military Model is an excellent example. After WWII, the gay leather vets formed their secretive circles around this model more often than not – a common experience built around rank, hierarchy, trial, masculinity, and obedience. It was custom built for kink, and was a common language among everyone involved. It can still serve that function now, as even those who have never served in the military have some idea of the structure and expectations, the essential *values*. In training my Boy, I used the military model as a common point of reference, along with the kink culture of the leathermen and cycle clubs (which themselves descended from the military model to a greater or lesser degree).

The Animal Model is also pretty universal, but contains a lot more room for personal interpretation and thus, possible miscommunication. Be clear if you are thinking “beast of burden,” that your servant is not thinking “pampered pet” or “lap cat.” But that aside, the fundamental imagery and expectations – and thus the *definition* – is easy to share. For example, if you designate that someone is your “pig,” you have a fine starting point of shared concepts to build your vision from.

Caste/Historical Models abound, they just take a bit of homework. Odds are good if an era or culture fascinates you, you’ve already done much of the research. A good example is the Dojo Model, where the elements of the traditional martial arts power imbalance between Sensei and student are clear, well defined, and already demand respect, obedience, formality, tradition, and physical and mental trial – and *striving for approval*. Prerevolutionary France, American slavery, Indian caste systems... the human race has been subjugating one or another element of itself on each other as a way of life since the beginning, and much of it is well documented. If history and culture can be used to reset a servant’s expectations of themselves in relation to you, then it is of potential use.

Fetish models are the most widely referenced, yet shallowest pool to take from. An entire sub-subculture of “gorean” D/s has evolved, modeled in varying degrees on the John Norman science fiction gor novels – a common language with understandable expectations is very appealing, even to many who do not even recognize the potential power they hold with the shared fantasy. The Story of O is another fine example of fiction that sets parameters and expectations, a crowbar into the mind and identity of those who have shared the experience, if you but decide to make the effort to exert the leverage.

Family Models are powerful in every life, and in many ways evolve to some degree in

every relationship. The question here is if you choose to exploit that power – although be aware, it may come saddled with unique and equally powerful baggage. Curiously, family models are often made just as powerful by their historical absence as they are by a positive history or even a negative one. Take the classic “Daddy” role – power without need for justification and authority are essential parts of the context. Where a benevolent, loving father may have left a positive association and desire to please, a negative one may have left scarring that aches for the catharsis of redefinition, and an absent one left a needy void to be filled. More than any other, the family model is universal.

#### IMPRINTING (THE MAGIC BULLET)

We can't discuss conditioning without touching on *imprinting*. Imprinting is an unpredictable factor in human nature. It happens under intense negative stress with some consistency, but it is nothing you can force, nothing you can count on. Imprinting is deep conditioning that just *happens*. In addition, it manifests in unpredictable ways. Someone who narrowly escapes death by drowning may have no lasting fear of water, but may be horrified by the sound of a buoy or the *smell* of seawater. I bring it up because it can happen even in utterly unexpected circumstances. At one point, I whispered something into my animal's ear at a movie theatre. Like magic it *imprinted*, and became an indelible part of our relationship structure. *Pow*.

My only advice about imprinting is this: the more you condition a subject, the more susceptible to your conditioning they become. Therefore – be careful of what you do and in what context you do it, as the deeper you go into a servant's mind, the more likely you are to leave lasting bootprints. knowing that lets me sleep at night. *Smiling*.

#### A NOTE ABOUT STANDARDS

keep them hoping, keep them striving. If they become perfect in something, raise the bar or work on whatever comes next. No one is ever *done*, they are with you to be *given* hoops to jump through. If you suddenly say “*That's it – no more hoops,*” complacency will set in, which leads to erosion and eventually disintegration. When you are single, diet and appearance have a specific importance – but what tends to happen once people marry and settle down? It's human nature, and it is up to you to spearhead the fight against it. Sadly, being a good Dominant is not just leaning back and being fed grapes and fanned with big feathers. Work, work, work.





## Chapter 6: interrogation

*As Old as Secrets*

### WHY INTERROGATION?

Up until this point, nothing in *The Forked Tongue* has had a script, a step-by-step “here’s what you do.” It has all been a matter of my outlining tools, and you’re deciding what it suits you to do with them. Despite appearances, this chapter is at heart no different. I will be outlining terms and tools, but in this case I will be assembling them in a specific order. The reason for this is to watch many of the tools that we have discussed in previous chapters used together, in a proven science, as a functional whole.

### DO YOUR RESEARCH: DO I KNOW WHAT I AM GETTING INTO?

If you are going to undertake this sequence, it is vital that you know your source. This is not a scene to be undertaken casually. All the ideas I addressed on this under mindfucks are even more important here, as where mindfucking can be scary, it is playful in comparison with Interrogation. This is the science of ruin; and with the wrong source – a source who cannot look back on the experience and be moved and grateful for every terrible minute of the experience – you are facing disaster, and terrible consequences for everyone involved.

### *Keep your own limitations in mind*

There is a lot riding on this, and if you have a feeling that your credibility as a Dominant is riding on the enterprise, then you are not far from wrong. So as you consider, plan and prepare, be certain you can go through with what you undertake, and be sure you do not overstep yourself – your abilities, your comfort zone, or the sacred framework of your structure for fear of failure. Know what you can do, and be confident you can handle a person who is not in his normal state of mind – and that you are more than capable of picking up the pieces afterward.

Finally, do not be confused by the appearances of your effort – don’t be distracted by the very actions you undertake. This is about *the state of mind you create in your source*. Nothing else.

### KNOW YOUR SOURCE. KNOW YOURSELF. KNOW YOUR GOALS.

I’ve been asked: if this is such potentially dangerous stuff, why tell people about it? *Because all the information is already out there*. Where do you think I got it? So, what I have done is rendered the information into tools and a sequence which the top can control to *prevent* disaster – because simply following the easily accessible cookbook recipe for interrogation/ deprogramming can only lead to ruin and worse.

Okay. I'm done with the warnings. Sit up, pay attention – let's do this.

Locked doors, bright lights, rubber hoses... props are easy, but that's not what makes an interrogation. It is a science as old as secrets, with useful, applicable tools and principles, which are useful anywhere from bedrooms to cellars to closets to club corners.

For as long as there have been tribes, there has been territory, and as long as there has been territory, there has been the fight to keep it... and the key to that fight, and all such fights, is *information*. Humans were trying to pry secrets from each other while they were still using bones and flint tools. The science of interrogation was well underway when all science was looked at as the work of the Devil; scientific advances have never failed to find their way into the interrogator's hands.

This book is written for Tops, but it's sure to find its way into the hands of bottoms who can't resist the lure of the topic, relishing the terrible masochistic details; fantasy fodder of the purest sort.

That's not a problem.

The science *works*. It works if you know; it works if you don't. The only differences are time and application. Soldiers are prepared with all the information you'll get here and far, far more... but in the end: *everybody talks*. It's science. It's gravity. It's inevitable. All you need is time, privacy, patience, and a few tools... the tools I am providing here.

#### DEFINITIONS

*Debility tn: The state of being weak; weakness; feebleness; languor.*

The idea of *debility* is more far-reaching in interrogation than in most bondage/scene activities. Where restraint can run the length of a scene – or *be* the scene – debility is more akin to *captivity*. The entire environment of your subject (or source) becomes your leverage. It is this factor that makes an interrogation scenario unique: the total immersion of your subject is your goal, for hours or days at a time.

*Dependency n: 1. Lack of independence or self-sufficiency; 2. Being abnormally dependent on something that is psychologically or physically habit-forming.*

To regress your subject to conditions of infancy, dependent on you for food, water, being clean, being warm, being allowed to sleep, utterly subject to the whims of the superior. This environment inevitably creates an eagerness to please, as that is the only chance the subject has to find comfort, ease, or dignity. This is best achieved through *Debility*, above.

*Dread v: To fear in a great degree; to regard, or look forward to, with terrific apprehension.*

What you *might* do is always more frightening than what you have done. Especially in a situation where certain means (such as execution, or permanent captivity) are not as applicable as they would be for, say, our armed forces. Suspense is a torture unto itself, a weight which will eventually buckle even the strongest knees. Your goal is to create that suspense, that *dread*. Dread is different than terror – terror can galvanize a faltering will. The adrenaline and power of instinct can work against you. Dread is crippling, debilitating. The hollowness of the stomach, the trembling of the knees and weakening of the will... these are the effects of dread applied correctly.

Doubt v: *To waver in opinion or judgment; to be in uncertainty as to belief respecting anything; to hesitate in belief; to be undecided as to the truth of the negative or the affirmative proposition; to be undetermined.*

In a situation which, in the end, is consensual, you will be acting against the knowledge that your subject does, in fact, trust – and possibly love – his/ her Interrogator. This person may have a very good idea of you, of what your limits are, may have faith that you would never really do anything too terrible, that this is just a fun ride to take together – and in the end, so it is. But to make it so, there must be a *suspension of disbelief, a doubt* of the things that your subject knows to be true. Not a shattering of faith, *never* a betrayal – but *doubt*. There must be nothing safe but that which you designate as safe.

*Source:* From the KUBARK manuals of the CIA (recently declassified) comes the term “source.” It is here going to be used as the blanket term for slave/submissive/boy/boi/girl/subject/captive/servant/whatever. The term is gender neutral, and to the point: Boys, girls and submissives are *people*. Sources are a resource. And although you may know and love this person, once you give the impression that you see them only as a *resource*... the fun has already started. So we’ll use the term “source” from here on in.

#### THE RELEVANCY OF INFORMATION

*Don't be distracted by the facts.*

For our purposes, this is not actually about extracting information. That is the illusion that you are maintaining in order to craft an *experience* for your source. I very strongly recommend that you do not apply these techniques to extract information which is actually being withheld from you, that will compromise your judgment, and that is something you cannot afford. The fact is, information is not relevant to the actual process at hand, and actively pursuing something which is being withheld from you commits you to a pass/fail situation which you do not want to be in. If you wish to break it down further, the actual pursuit of information puts your source in charge. *They* have something *you* want. That’s leverage, and an invitation to bad judgment all the way

around. If you use the methods I suggest, you run no risk of failure, as you are not *actually seeking information*. Information is an illusion. I don't know about you, but I hate to lose – so I stack the deck before the game even starts.

#### CREATING THE SEQUENCE

##### *Arrest*

The first step of the sequence is arrest. By this I mean a *shocking disruption of routine*. If the intent is to disorient the source, interrupting their sleep – especially around 3am, when the body is at its lowest ebb – is a tried and true method. This is not a sequence you start after a nice dinner, a glass of wine and some mood music. The introduction should be jarring and unfamiliar. I have also found that (especially when kicking in someone's door at 3am is legally inadvisable) mealtimes are a good choice. People tend to let their guard down, as these are traditionally relaxing times, *safe* times.

So; prepare the nice dinner, pour some wine, light some candles – and in the *middle* of the entrée, drop a bag over his head and zip tie his hands behind his back. Don't worry about the leftovers, they'll keep. Blow out the candles and it's time to move on to the next step.

##### *Detention*

The next step is to hold your source in an unfamiliar environment. *Detention* is an important stage, as it is a passive reinforcement for the source that the situation – that *her* life – is no longer under her own control in any way.

Now, we don't all have access to an abandoned warehouse, isolated storage container, or hidden basement cell, so we have to make do with what we can. If you can't procure a strange space, make a familiar space strange. Quietly clean out a basement space or a closet in advance. Move all the furniture out of the guest room. If you have sufficient privacy, drag her outside, toss her in the back seat and cover her with something, drive around awhile and then bring her in – still hooded – through a *different exit* than you left. If you have homey touches like wind chimes or a screen door, get them out of the way before you move your source. Even hooded, they will be straining their senses for the familiar – scents, a sequence of steps, the sounds of a neighbor's pet – *any* straw she can grasp to tell her where she is. Do your prep work, don't give her that straw. Even better, have a friend prepare a closet or basement at their place. The more unfamiliar, the better.

The longer you can drag this segment out, the more effective it will be. Thirst, muscle aches, discomfort, and disorientation are your allies in this effort. Give no input, answer no questions, provide no comfort. This is time for dread to set in... let them enjoy it a while.

This time period is a special opportunity to *take things away*. This becomes important

later on. Strip your source of all clothing and jewelry. If she wears makeup, scrub it off. Give him a t-shirt with a number to wear, and address him only by the number. Take away all the things that your source can measure *himself* by, if you can. There is a reason that prisons shave heads at intake, and it's not just head lice. Take these identifying, familiar tokens of *sense of self* away – you'll need them later.

### *Threats, Fear, and you*

Before we move forward with the sequence, we have to address a few factors in advance. I have mentioned this before, but it is worth mentioning again: There is nothing more disempowering than an empty threat. If you keep your threats vague, or unspoken, you can get a lot of mileage out of the building dread. You don't have to say anything if you bring in a car battery, jumper cables, and a bucket of water, and leave them out of reach, but in sight. Illusion and props.

If you commit to a verbal threat, you will lose ground if your source does not believe you can or will carry it through. So be careful what you say.

Menacing your source with a truly terrible object can cause fear and panic – and panic escalates a situation right out of your control. So, if you want to scare your source with a pair of hedge clippers, don't brandish them – just leave them in sight and say nothing about them. In the middle ages, torturers would lay the tools of their trade out to be seen by their victims, to allow the dread to build. Dread is better than fear, as I've mentioned before. Fear spikes, burns out, and may even build resolve. Dread weakens, debilitates, and *erodes* resolve. So in everything you do until the very end, always leave yourself some room to escalate. Calm is better than shouting; slow and deliberate is better than sudden. Take your time, time is your friend.

Pain is a tempting tool – but don't use it right away, don't overuse it, and don't stake everything on it. Pain can be endured, defeated – and that can improve resolve. The threat and fear of pain is more effective for our purposes than pain itself. If and when you do decide to inflict pain, again, don't get confused by your own performance – this is not about actually obtaining information. This is about *state of mind*.

### *Questioning*

What makes an interrogation scene different from simple abduction and abuse is *questioning*. It is the stagecraft of an interrogation, and it takes some skill, preparation, and invention. A healthy dose of improvisation is helpful as well, but what I am going to lay out here are the tools for you to make a powerful and lasting impact through your inquiries.

First choose the *relevant fact*. Note, this is *not* “*what you want to know*,” since there is actually nothing that you want to know – you already have your answers. But there needs to be a central fact for you to work around.

For example, let's say you know your source went out last Friday night. You've done a little homework, and know who she went with and what they did, and that they ran into a third party you both know. Harmless.

You choose a fact from these: the third party, a minor incidental detail.

That is the one thing you do not ask about.

Instead, prepare about five questions which revolve around that fact:

- *Where did you go?*
- *Who did you go with?*
- *Have you ever been there before?*
- *What did you do with them?*
- *When was that?*

You can complicate and deepen the questioning process in many ways, all really good devices to keep you from sounding like a broken record, repeating yourself over and over until you sound silly even to yourself. You can employ multiple lines of questioning, for example; instead of only one set of associated questions, how about three *unrelated* sets? Don't be afraid to write and keep notes, and use them as you grill your source; it only adds to the illusion, rather than detract from it. Ask a question a few times, and then let on that you knew the answer already, and in greater detail than your source had given you. It promotes a menacing sense of omniscience.

As you ask these questions, follow the leads for facts that they offer. Keep careful note of those facts. If you have an opportunity to ask about several similar events, so much the better. Ask about them in a non-linear fashion, blaming any confusion you deliberately inspire on an unwillingness to tell the truth. Go over details again and again, making efforts to confuse, muddle, and if you need to, willfully misinterpret the answers you get, circling around and around your central fact, but never asking it. You are the authority figure in a Kafka nightmare. If you are skilled at such things, you can devise a series of inquiries which lead to incorrect conclusions or misstatements, or use syllogisms. (A syllogism is a word trap such as "*All cats die, Socrates is dead, so now you are saying Socrates was a cat?*") If you break these leading questions up among other questions, the source will never see it coming.

This is often the time to employ "The Forked Tongue," the infuriating argument tactic the book is named for. You have set up your four or five lines of questioning, and your

source is desperately attempting to give an answer which will please you, mollify you and make you ease up on her. When she answers one question, hit her with another, in an accusatory fashion.

- “*What does that have to do with where you went?*”
- “*That does not answer the question of who you went with.*”
- “*That answer does not address the question of your having been there before.*”
- “*Why are you not telling me what did you do with them?*”
- “*What I wanted to know is when this occurred. You are not being straight with me*”

This way, any time the source gives you her best answer to a question, no matter how truthful – it is still *never enough*. It’s like slapping someone’s hand when they reach out to take something you have offered. It can help you reinforce the feelings of despair, dread, and futility, and can keep you from getting bogged down in the facts, such as the fact that this person is telling you the truth. The truth does not matter, the state of mind you invoke is the only thing that matters.

Occasionally reward random facts or answers with minor comforts – sips of water, a trip to the bathroom. Respond to other answers – or the same answers, at another time – with negative reinforcements of slowly escalating unpleasantness and severity. This is *meant* to be unfair, to be hopeless. Offer just enough occasional rewards that there is a glimmer of hope that there is a right answer, if only your source can give it to you. You are pushing your source to despair, to the point where he will say anything, confess to anything, just for a reprieve, an answer, to be *safe*.

What do you do when you get there, to that state where you are satisfied that your source is where you want him?

Go over your facts one more time, this time in a linear order. (This will start the process of restoring order to your source’s universe, but this is only the beginning.) This is when you ask about that *central fact* – the one question you have *never asked*. This is how you control the pacing, how it is that you control when the scene begins and ends – by not asking the question of what you really “*wish to know*” until you are ready.

After you have gotten your answer, give something back. Return bits of comfort and identity, one step at a time, as you ask about the details of the central fact. (In the case of our example, the chance meeting with the third party.) Address this as a debriefing, but it

really is a return to reality, safety, and equilibrium. As the answers come, return things – things like items of clothing, jewelry, eventually leading up to your source’s name – the last and most intimate thing you can return. This slow return to equilibrium is an important process – you cannot just yank the curtain back and say “*It’s over – let’s go get pizza.*” I have had a source who did not believe it was over just because I said so – you have dismantled this person’s world, and he will need your help in returning it to order. It is also a profound bonding experience, and a remarkable opportunity to reinforce positive redefinition as your slave, boy, pet, or what have you. (We addressed this sort of redefinition in Chapter 5: Conditioning.) You have broken him down – it’s an ideal time to rebuild him that much more to your liking.

You see why I say this is not a casual scene? Done correctly, it will have ramifications which carry through and help define your relationship for a long time to come. It will also have long-lasting effects if executed poorly, but those are not likely the results you are seeking.

### *Variants*

There are many different ways to approach your interrogation, different methods that suit your personal style, the vulnerabilities and fantasies of your source, or that you just think might be amusing. Some of the possibilities include:

#### MULTIPLE INTERROGATORS

*Good Cop/Bad Cop* is a classic – and it’s a classic because it works. It becomes especially effective if you have a Dominant friend who your source is afraid of, or conversely is less afraid of than you, and thus might make an appropriate Good Cop. Personally, I love playing Good Cop. I think it’s that look of hope that dawns on the face of the source when she thinks she might be getting out – and the look that replaces it when I regretfully inform her that her claims don’t add up with the information I have, and that if she’s going to be that uncooperative, she’s going to have to deal with my associate.

The fact is there are no “good Cops;” but slowly the feeling grows that no matter how bad you are, you are the best hope they have...

#### ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Alice is the method of combining the reality alteration of a mindfuck with the breaking down of an interrogation. By asking questions and making accusations that have no grounding in reality, especially if you start slowly and gradually replace the reasonable, answerable questions with “facts” and conclusions based on those facts that have nothing to do with anything that has actually occurred, you may be able to make the source doubt herself, her memory and her sanity. In the end, someone with nothing real to hold on to will confess to anything. Props and other staged “proof” – including the testimony of

others – are especially effective.

Sometimes the battery of unanswerable questions alone can create the cathartic “release” of confession in your source. Captured Air Force pilots who were interrogated behind the Iron Curtain during the Cold War reported being forced to stand at rigid attention for hours on end (euphemistically called “stress positions” nowadays) while enduring a fierce, aggressive barrage of questions they *could not possibly answer*. Hour after hour of exhausting abuse, the interrogators would ask questions that the captive *could* answer. Often the relief of being able to say something, anything to alleviate the situation overwhelmed other judgment, and the exhausted pilots would answer anything they could - gratefully.

#### SUMMATION

There are many different places to get ideas and practical information, ranging from hard reference texts and handbooks (check online book retailers, there are dozens) to popular media. Television and movies may be more helpful than you might imagine – the various *Law and Order* shows and *The Closer* base much of their interrogation sequences on actual police tactics. *The Spanish Prisoner* and *Closetland* are entire films dedicated to interrogations, and the scene where Agent Smith questions Neo in *The Matrix* is an excellent demonstration of an interrogator appearing in control, having “all the facts,” and remaining calm and measured while being menacing.

Regardless of the methods you choose and the props and illusions you construct, the key to a successful interrogation is always the same: know your source, know yourself, and *control the pacing to control the outcome*. Never ask “*the real question*” until you are ready to get an answer, and are prepared to help rebuild whatever you tear down.

#### IN CONCLUSION

I have gone this whole book without moralizing or getting on a soapbox about safety, and I intend to stay that way. But I will allow myself this: in an interrogation, if you are uncertain, *err on the side of caution*. The experience you create will be memorable – but what kind of memorable relies entirely on your good judgment. There are no safewords here; you are both walking the high wire without a net. But the experiences that you can craft with the right person and some diligent, passionate work are legendary – and quite literally world-changing for all involved.

Maybe you don’t want to go that far. It’s not safe, and it is not universally rewarding. In fact the sort of people on either side of the leash who really want or need to walk these paths are few and far between. But here you are, with *The Forked Tongue* in your hands. You have read this far, and it is for *one reason*, no matter what you tell yourself. If you are slowing down to stare at a car wreck, you might tell yourself it’s out of concern, or fear, or habit – but in the end, any fascination means *you are interested*.

You want to know.

*It will go easier for you if you just admit it.*



## Chapter 7: the last Word

### *Edgeplay, Life and Death*

The word “edgeplay” does not really have – like most terms in use in this community – a consistent definition. Some people consider things “edgy” that others do twice before breakfast. Subjective and charged, the word carries connotations which can only complicate actual exploration. So I want to posit a definition for use, if only here and now:

Edgeplay is playing with *risk* – with the threat or certainty of losing something meaningful or permanent.

This idea covers the common thread which loosely links the activities which are most often addressed as “edge.” In every case, there is *something to lose*: Social position, liberty, physical health, mental health, or life itself; they are all fair game when it comes to playing the edge. This book has been an exploration of mental edgeplay; in every case each player risks loss or even ruin. On the surface, it might appear that only the bottom is in danger – but edgeplay can have consequences, *profound* consequences – on either side of the leash.

In previous chapters we have addressed mental edgeplay concepts such as humiliation, interrogation, mindfucks, conditioning and the like – and there are others. Abuse play, incest games, and other forms of dark, emotionally charged role playing, the devastating impact of emotional sadomasochism; the variations are as endless as the individuals involved.

There are environmental edges to ride, such as captivity. Permanent physical modifications, ranging from piercing and tattoos to castration. Physical risk: gunplay, knifeplay, breathplay, fireplay, some suspension and advanced ropework; even structural edgeplay: consensual *non-consent*. All of these things carry risk, the potential of loss and ruin, each in its own individual way. Rather than attempt to explore or even explain every variation, it is the concept I wish to address, and the questions that concept inevitably raises:

- *In any relationship, people change each other. Is it wrong to do it intentionally?*
- *What about your social responsibilities to your gender/race/orientation/faith?*

- *What gives you the right to do this to someone else?*
- *Does a person have the right to take these risks or allow these changes within his/herself?*
- *Does a person have the right to take these risks or cause these changes within another?*
- *Where does the law come in to these decisions?*
- *How much of a consideration is the State?*

Honestly, I don't think these questions matter. The debates are as subjective as the topic. People intentionally set out to change each other all the time. Here we are at least ethically addressing that possibility (or certainty) up front, within the initial creation of structure. Responsibilities to gender, faith, or race? These are either personal, private choices to be made by the individual, or they are bludgeons being used by those with an agenda. Either way, the point is again unfit for general debate.

### ***What gives me the right?***

Who I am in relation to my servants. I *don't* have the right to do this to just anybody (not that I would. I try to keep myself a more valuable commodity than that). I am not attacking strangers – I am imposing my will on those who have come to me – and stay with me – for that specific purpose. So the question becomes “Do they have the right to have this done to them? Do they have the right to seek their own sacrament, to seek what makes them whole?”

Damn right they do. If you don't like it, don't do it – but that's as far as anybody else's opinion reaches in these matters.

### **What about the law? What about the state?**

*What about them?*

As the bottom takes chances in these matters, so does the top. There are things described in this book and mentioned in this chapter that risk life, limb, and liberty for those involved. And you know what?

That's the *point*.

Do you drive? Take the subway? Go to concerts or clubs? Eat food other people have prepared?

How many times a day is your life in the hands of people you will never know, never meet? Fire inspectors, chefs, customs agents, elevator technicians, medical professionals – and those are the ones that may be in some way *accountable*. Armed strangers, poor drivers, drunken idiots – our lives are constantly intersecting with others who have the power to do us harm. We don't think about it, or we'd never get through the day – but we are all one drug addled subway driver, one overworked air traffic controller, one careless speeder away from disaster.

How do you take back what the world takes from you? How do you reclaim what the world takes from you every day – control over your own fate?

You *choose*. You choose to entrust your fate to a specific person, someone you have designated. You walk the tightrope on *your own terms* for once. The skydiver, the race driver, the free climber have all known this: You celebrate being alive by risking it all.

All the questions about edgeplay come down to one frightened cry: “*How can you do this?*”

The only reply that matters is “*How can I not?*”

Be true to who you are. Act ethically, choose carefully, and be true.

Flagg

New York City, 2008



## **Afterward: Unalterable, Unforgettable, Unforgivable**

*“He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man.”*

*-Dr. Johnson*

Hunter S. Thompson opened his book *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* with this quote; I suspect that Dr. Thompson knew a great deal more about his Beast than most people are likely to fathom. He described himself as “violent” and “explosive” in his letters, well aware of a feral, raging, aggressive element of himself that he exorcised in person and on paper, striking out at the elements of a society he saw as corrupt, stupid, or even worse – complacent. Dealing with Dr. Thompson in person was likened to making friends with a minefield; if you survived the initial contact you were good to go, provided you watched where you stepped.

About a decade ago I joined TES (A historic BDSM support organization based in NYC), seeking wisdom and experience. I thought that I would find elders there, “Tom-of-Finland” style leathermen who knew all the secrets, all the answers. I was, of course, wrong. How could any stranger answer the questions which consumed me? The questions were not about BDSM, or culture, or kink – they were about me, what I wanted, what I hungered for, and what I was unable to face about myself. In my third year, I had put in enough time to know the smell of what I wanted, to start stirring those dark waters, however cautiously. I had done a presentation on knife and fear play; one of the statesmen of the group, a 30-year fixture of the place, stopped me:

*“How do you actually do it?”* he asked in the hall after the presentation. *“I mean, you know her, she knows you; she knows you are not going to kill her, so why should she be afraid?”*

***“You have to mean it.”*** I said.

No answer at all and the only one that counts.

It was at that moment, as I looked into his uncomprehending eyes and saw no possible way of explaining anything about it to him, that I realized my feelings of isolation and difference were not elitism, not arrogance, not insecurity but something else, something *genuine*. This man would never understand. Very few people would. We were all here, we went to the same parties, wore the same clothes, attended the same meetings... but we were *not the same*. Some of us were as different as divergent species, like dogs and wolves. It was at that point I set about seeking my own kind; as rare as they were, they were recognizable a mile off. I could *smell* them. Like some kind of biblical Mark of

Caine, they'd shine. So I started to assemble family - pack – and started talking to people who seemed to be a dark reflection of the things that drove me, a kinship which transcended more common differences. Unlikely associations developed, because none of the labels or barriers mattered in comparison to this feeling of *recognition*.

But pack were, and are, few and far between.

Not everyone clicks. Not everyone so marked becomes pack or family, we are still people after all – but that sense of identification is there, concrete, and tends to carry its own regard. We may not even *like* each other, but we know in the end that we are some kind of kin. “You can't pick your family” runs true, even here. Defining what exactly it is that links us is a little more abstract, a little harder to define.

I've said that for me, BDSM is about making my demons pull the wagon, instead of chasing me – or worse, dragging me along behind them. Making these things that make me *different*, maybe *bad*, a positive part of who I am and what I do. Making these things, somehow, work *for* me after all this time. What it took to get here, to reverse this burden was acceptance. That was much harder than it sounds. Not the acceptance of “the community” – I sought that first, and receiving it left me hollow and troubled. I could play the reindeer games, but they meant nothing to me; they were a mockery of whatever it was that was restlessly moving around inside me. Acceptance by those few found peers was and is integral to the process, but that in itself was not near enough, it just meant that I was not alone in being alone. During this time I was lucky enough to find two close peers to talk to, and that's where the real work began: acceptance of my own desires.

When I came out into the public scene, I began with a quickly accelerating scale of physical sadism. I was blessed with a partner who was unaware of the depths of her own masochism, and who had a perversely playful sensibility. We quickly abandoned the prevailing standards of our community and gained the benefits of local notoriety. Physical sadism, it seemed, was acceptable, cool, even admired – provided it stayed within certain frameworks. It was those unspoken frameworks that began to chafe:

*Scenes start and stop visibly and clearly, and to press the idea of authority outside those times is bordering on abuse. Real authority does not exist, it is an illusion created to allow for kink. To pursue it is to be overbearing, to be “taking it all too seriously.”*

*Kink is a game. Kink should not touch the sanctity of day-to-day life, and it always comes second. Anything further is pretentious and unrealistic. In the end, it's role-play.*

*The bottom's feelings are paramount in any conflict; any other interpretation is abuse. In the end, she is doing me a favor; I should keep that in mind lest she stop.*

*In the end, nobody really wants to hurt anybody.*

Not enough. Nowhere *near* enough. Just enough to let me know what I was not getting, to make the sense of emptiness become clear. But it was with this partner that I had my first epiphany, my first real clue. Because though I knew things were missing, I was not ready to admit what was missing to myself. These things would make me a *bad person*, it was not right to want them.

I stood in hellfire (a NYC BDSM club), my girl Tink perched on a padded bench, gone wherever it is masochists go. I looked at my hands, my shirt, my boots... they were spattered with blood. A pool of blood was forming on the floor where I stood. In realistic terms, it was nothing, but at that moment, it looked like a hemorrhage. Deep inside me, something *shifted*, and spoke.

It said “Yes.”

Describing it later, I called it my “Inner Serial killer,” and I was only half joking. It was a blissful awareness that something was not *right* inside me... but for the first time, that something could be fed without my losing myself to it. It was the first moment of truce between me and the things that prowled in the back of my head making me uncomfortable, afraid of myself. It was the first element I recognized, consciously, of what I wanted out of the circus of floggers and parlor tricks that surrounded me. I wanted what I did to *matter*. I wanted what I did to be *real*, like the blood was real.

But if not blood for blood’s sake, then what?

About that time, I was fortunate enough to recognize kin for the first time. Soulhuntré and I butted heads until mutual respect and a shared sense of humor and perversity won out – but from the first, we recognized something akin within each other. It was he who offered me a singularly valuable perspective:

*I did not have to play by their rules.*

It’s amazing to me in retrospect what a shock this was. I had sought and romanticized this community for so long, I had simply accepted its taboos and customs as law, without thought, without debate. I so wanted to belong to something, this fantasy Holy land of like-minded souls, that I was ignoring the fact that on the whole, they were not like-minded. As I did not know my own mind, I accepted theirs. I was sacrificing something about myself for *acceptance*. Not only that, I could blame those taboos for my not exploring the parts of myself that drove me, kept me awake, made me unhappy, unfulfilled, unspeakable. *They* would not let me, so I did not have to.

Suddenly, I did not have that excuse. Not only that, I had a peer – a person to whom it seemed I might be able to talk about the unspeakable, almost to *confess* to without

fearing judgment – for it seemed that his demons drove him as hard as mine drove me. He was in no position to judge me, and that made it safe. Soon we were joined by one more, SirC, and together the three of us tried to change our world to suit our own image. What really happened though is that we grew up together, getting to know ourselves through each other. There is no way to encapsulate the variety of experience and growth of that time. Instead, I'll focus on the lessons:

*Their rules don't matter. My rules, and the integrity of those rules, do.*

*What I want is not to role play. Ever. It is to rule, with genuine effect and authority in the lives of the people under me, in exactly the way I had been told was entirely wrong.*

*There are people out there who want what I have, what I am. Those people are worth waiting for. Those who do not understand are not worth expending energy on, for there is no return on the investment.*

*Pain is a tool, not an end. Pain matters only when it has purpose, when it allows me deeper into the head, heart, and soul of the person under me. If that connection is not there, it was worse than useless; it was a waste of time.*

*I would never stop being greedy to get further and further inside; no invasion was enough.*

*I wanted to make changes - profound, permanent changes. My satisfaction came from leaving irrevocable boot prints in the minds of those under me. I was not satisfied with shaping their behavior – I wanted to shape and mark their nature - to break the cardinal rules on every level.*

*Unalterable, unforgettable, unforgivable.*

Still, I was not done.

It was not pain or violence that inspired me, it was not control; these are things I understood, that I had befriended, striving to further myself, to pull my wagon. But there was something else, and it was what I wanted most, so it was what I buried deepest. Two defining relationships of my life – my *beggar child* and my *animal* – were the vessels of these new lessons, of the next stage of growth. In each of them I was forced to face my desires – and the lies I told myself to keep myself safe from my fear. Fear of conflict. Fear of going too far. Most of all, fear of being found unacceptable by those I loved.

As long as it went unexamined my fear would stay, making me afraid and ashamed of whom I am, what I want. Even now I am tempted not to name my wants here, not out of shame, but for fear of belittling them. In the end, it is not a big deal to anyone but me. But to me, it is *colossal*.

I grew up in a house of women: two sisters and my mother. I was a 70's child, raised on Alan Alda and female empowerment. Some things were sacred, including all things female; the only male figure in my life was belittled and despised; so I too assumed that mantle of contempt. On some level, I felt that being male was bad, contemptible: sins of the fathers. This was not something that was done to me intentionally; it was the confusion of a child and the baggage we carry into adolescence. At adolescence, the rage it engendered started to find a voice, which I suppressed. It was profane; it went against every value with which I had been raised. It was *foul*.

That voice whispered *what I wanted*. Payback, certainly for the real and imagined indignities of childhood. But really, the source does not matter, only the effect does. Pain was a tool. It came close to where I wanted to go, but was no real answer in the end. Control was closer, more honest – but I was afraid to use that control to get what I really *wanted*, what my Beast required:

Crushing degradation. Humiliation. Objectification – every taboo of my upbringing. There was always a step lower, and there always will be. My kink revolves around who I am and who you are – and what I can do to make you smaller, make you look further and further up just to see my boots. No one can ever go low enough. As far as I can tell, this hunger has no limit. And I'm sure there is more I have not yet come to terms with. I can now accept this, although I do not always rest easy with aspects of it; like my taste for pain, like my desire to rule. I am not a bad person – but I am. And as long as I can decide for myself who I am to be, I will be a good man for it; I choose to be. I am not defined by my desires – but I recognize them. The danger that still remains is engendered by confusion. My animal pointed it out to me:

*“Your ‘Inner Serial Killer’ is not the problem. Your need to humiliate and debase is not the problem. That’s just you. It’s your fear and guilt about it that’s the problem.”*

Simple. As long as I can remember that, the world makes sense.

I am no longer worried that I am a “serial killer waiting to happen.” I know myself well enough that this is no longer a boogeyman. But I also recognize that many of the things that drive me are the same things that drive those monsters. There is a sad and terrible kinship with our broken cousins who are dragged behind their demons, as they never had the good fortune and care that allows some of us to ride the wagon and choose our roads.

They are broken, I am merely bent. And I have been blessed all along the way, with peers, and teachers that some people are never lucky enough to find. And I am not alone. I know you are out there.

I can *smell* you.

Flagg, March 2008 No Apologies

*“You can turn your back on a person, but you Can’t turn your back On a drug.  
Especially when that drug is waving a razor sharp hunting knife in your eye” - Hunter S.  
Thompson, Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*

*“You have to mean it.” - Flagg*



## Acknowledgements

A lot of people contributed to this effort, and there is no way to scale their efforts and importance – without any of them, this book might never have occurred.

To begin, I'd like to thank my Swamp Witch, Pixie, Punk, Beggar Child and Animal – every moment with each of you was enlightening, and like all enlightenment, beyond price.

To my sister Gail – when you found me and accepted who I had become, this project began.

To those I grew up with – SirC and Soulhunte, his girls kimiko and Tatsumi, to my brother Daddy David and his girl Lexi, and to the Pack that has supported me unfailingly through the health crises which have defined my last few years – thank you. I don't know where I'd be without you, but I suspect it would be no place good.

A special mention to those who attempted to sacrifice their health and organs to try to help me – I will never, ever forget. Thank you.

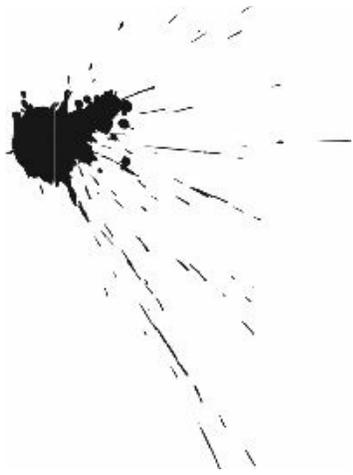
Redhead Sue undertook the maddening prospect of editing this manuscript, Tatsumi gave it shape, and my oldest friend Danz took my vision for the cover design and made it sing, lending unique expertise and flawless vision. Soulhunte made sure that it saw the light of day. Scottish Sam and Mistress Ardenne gave me valuable insights and motivation when I needed it.

All of you pitched in and worked hard to help me, and to make this book happen, and thus:

*Look what you've done – you should be ashamed of yourselves.*

Thank you.

Flagg



## **PART III – APPENDICIES**

## **Appendices Introduction**

When I made the decision to revise this book I knew that I wanted to add something special to it. While there is great value in the words of those who knew Flagg the real core of that addition always needed to be from Flagg himself... in his own words.

The decision to turn to the recordings we have on Power In Practice felt appropriate the moment it occurred to me. While those sessions have been available for years the audience of this book and that podcast do not completely overlap. I went ahead and selected the episodes most relevant to the content here and got them transcribed.

Please take note that we have not tried to correct the grammar in these transcripts. The words you read are as close as we can get to the words as they were spoken.

If you have not done so yet I urge you to go to <http://powerinpractice.com> and listen to these episodes. There is something magical about hearing these words in Flagg's voice.

Soulhunte  
May 2015 / New Jersey

## Appendix A: Mindfucks Phone Seminar (Transcript)

**Source:** Power in Practice / Episode 07

**Speakers:** Flagg, Soulhuntre & Kimiko

**Type/Length:** Podcast, approximately 66 minutes

**Soulhuntre:** Welcome to CollarCult Media.

This compilation of Mindfucks for Fun and Profit is copyright 2006 by CollarCult.com and all rights are reserved.

The recording you are about to hear was made during a phone seminar given on August 1, 2005. And it is just over one hour long. The presenter is the New York based BDSM educator known in the scene as Flagg. Flagg's audience was a group of about ten dominant females who were interested personally and professionally in the topic of what is known as a Mindfuck.

Unfortunately the first three or four minutes of the call have been lost to us. This recording picks up as Flagg introduces the topic to his audience and things begin to really get rolling.

You can find out about future events of this type by visiting [The-Estate.com](http://The-Estate.com) or [CollarCult.com](http://CollarCult.com). Enjoy

The facilitator for this event was Kimiko. My name is Soulhuntre. And on behalf of everyone here at CollarCult.com I'd like to thank you for your support.

**Flagg:** ...suggestion. Which is leading to conclusions and false intuitive leaps. Suggestion is the verbal equivalent of the stage for active illusion. Leading statements, misdirection, misinformation. It's the craft of leading someone to believe something without ever actually saying it. I differ this as lying, outright falsehoods are to be avoided. And then dread, trepidation and anxiety of the known, suspected, and inferred. Dread is creeping tension. A crawling sensation of being afraid of something, but not knowing what that something is. It's a closed box, it's the hand behind the back, knowing smile. Unlike fear, dread can be sustained near indefinitely and with very little work.

Now fear is trepidation and anxiety of the known, the immediate or potential. While fear might be consider an end in itself, and a worthy one, it's fear defined as different from dread. Fear requires a known subject to be afraid of. Fear is immediate. The rat in the box, the gloved hand emerging from the closet, the glitter of a scalpel being brought into

the light. Unlike dread, terror and fear they tend to exhaust themselves and the subject very quickly. They can be difficult to sustain, often changing into anger, passing out, other escapes.

Now authority structures, the rules and guidelines that define the power of change. Whatever you term your arrangement to be. Master/whore, master/slave, sir/boy, superior/servant, whatever rules, or lack of them, you use to define your rights, privileges, obligations, whatever. I'm referring to a structure. That way it's universal, I don't have to deal with anyone's personal definitions.

A trap, a mindfuck sequence inside the rules of a structure. Within a clearly defined structure it's very easy to create a mindfuck situation where the rules are an essential part of the dilemma. If deliberately engineered and carefully employed, this can be an asset. If carelessly or accidentally applied, it tends to erode the structure.

And then finally a trick. Which is a mindfuck sequence outside the rules of the structure. An arrangement like a surprised abduction can appear for the duration of the experience to be outside the rules of the structure. Or unrelated to the structure entirely. Here again I'd advise caution, although some people live for just such an experience, others might consider them damaging or unforgivable.

So we're going to be using those definitions a lot. We're going to refer back to them. Um, these are not engraved in stone, these are not bible definitions, these are not universal definitions. They're just for the purposes of this discussion.

Okay, so the first things you really ought to understand are the things you ought to know. And the things you ought to know, you have to know your subject. Um, the more you know about them the more effective you can be in leading them. It seems obvious, it's worth mentioning a few more times, you need to know your subject. If you want to give somebody a deep, hard mindfuck, you have to know what works on them. Have some idea of how they'll react and what things you might want to avoid. Like humiliation, mindfucks are different to other people, what works on one might leave another yawning and a third never speaking to you again.

It's more than that, it's not just about psychological hot buttons, it's also about the mundane details you might not ordinarily think about. If the devil is in the details, you've got to realize: is the person you're dealing with curious? Would an unopened package in the mail drive them crazy? What if you made them mail it away and never mentioned it again? What if you refused to discuss it or acknowledge it? Um, is he afraid that, that you're going to bring a certain other dominant in, what if you keep mentioning them while you're on the phone with them and sound like your smiling and try to stifle the smile?

**[00:04:57]**

I've said it before that a submissive's tongue is good for three things, and the third one is a shovel. Given enough time and will the submissive will tell you everything you want to know. I swear they can't help it. So listen, the information's there, all you have to do is pay attention. Um, they're going to be telling you their fantasies constantly under these circumstances. That's what they're there for.

Look for the common themes, not just the individual fetishistic details. And the common themes of how their fantasies make them feel. And what it is they're pursuing in those fantasies. That's a lot of your telling information right there. That's a lot of your key fundamental cornerstone information. Um, things to know, being aware.

Discovering all the positive and negative motivation that you can. Digging for them. Once you know them, apply them judiciously. Nothing numbs the senses better than overkill. Uh, positive motivators. A submissive will jump through hoops in most cases to get their fetishes fulfilled. For many, that very act makes it all the much more exciting. Fetishes are not your only positive motivator though. Approval, attention, and affection are all powerful when applied to the right people in the right way. Use them sparingly as they become all the more desirable in their scarcity.

Negative motivators, if you know what works, make sure it's present and can be felt. A threat, direct or implied can be enough. Fear of pain is often more useful than pain itself. Disapproval can be crushing for some, shrugged off by others. The other thing to be aware of are even more powerful negative images phobias for an example. If your boy's terrified of cockroaches, that's absolutely fair game in many cases for an ideal mindfuck. Now bringing actual cockroaches into a scene might be clearly outside of the structures limit, but the dread that there might be a cockroach in the room where he's lying will be another thing entirely.

And the last thing to know is knowing your goal. Being clear about your aims from the outset. This is stage craft, you have to be three steps ahead. The goal is similar to writing, painting, or any other act of creation. You have to know what you want to create from the outset and then work toward the end. Try not to get bogged down on fetishistic details at first, it's not about the toys or tools. It's about the state of mind you setting out to evoke.

Work backwards, what do you want? Do you want panic? Do you want terror? Do you want creeping dread? Do you want paranoia? What state of mind do you want your subject to be in in the end? And once that's achieved, what are you going to do with them? A good mindfuck is not over until the curtain is drawn back and you get to take a bow after all. We'll do more on that later.

If you know your subject, you'll have some idea of what tools might work. What goal mental state you're seeking. Work backwards asking yourself what would cause this reaction that I desire? How long do I want this to go on? How much time do I have? Do I have assistance? What assets do I have to make this happen? Write a list if you can, it will be handy as you get ideas later on. Once you get the taste for this, you'll be doing it again.

Be especially careful if you're considering a trick or a trap. Traps can make submissives feel confined and helpless, or they can cause anger and resentment at an unjust, impossible situation. Tricks can be terrifying, exhilarating rides into helplessness, or a furious potentially disastrous event. Know what you want, know what you like, and then plan it out.

I just want to say again, remember that the goal is the state of mind invoked in the subject, not the sequence itself. If you have fetishized a specific sequence in your head, "First I'll get some guys to follow him a few blocks so he's really nervous, and then I'll jump out in a dark suit." Then you're not thinking about your subject, and you'll need to find one to suit your fantasy. Not a scenario to mindfuck your subject. In a mindfuck it's about the subject, not the sequence. Know what your subject, you want your subject to experience as opposed to what you want to do to them.

And lastly, know yourself. Never threaten anything you're not willing or capable of doing. That includes terminating a relationship. There is nothing more disempowering than an empty threat. If your subject knows you, then they'll know when you're bluffing. Even if they don't, they may well call your bluff. The answer is don't bluff ever. I'm sure you can come up with suitably dismaying threats and dire promises, especially if you know what some of those negative reinforcement buttons are. As a rule, I advise against any form of outright lying in a mindfuck scenario. It simply develops into role playing or worse, broken trust. However the pressure to find out just the right thing to say can lead you to saying foolish things if you're not careful. Don't bluff, it might give them something to hang on to and we wouldn't want that. Avoid lying, allow misconception.

### **[00:10:11]**

In the same vain I'll always advise avoidance of an outright lie. Not only can you damage your relationship and essential trust, you can get caught. It's a bad moment for Oz the great and terrible when the pesky dogs runs from behind the current. If the falsehood is absolutely necessary, make certain that it's one resolved in the positive, on the side of safety or structure. For example if you need to convince your slave that you'll be away for the night in order to have a staged abduction occur, and have no other option but to lie, at least in the end it will turn out you were there. Making sure that it all went

well, it's easily forgivable. Consider the inverse, promising you'll be somewhere and then failing to show up, much more upsetting situation.

Of course there's the third alternative, promise you'll be there, appear that you failed to show up, and then turn out the end to show that you were there and were managing the situation all along. Thus you're actually remaining true to your word. Decent dishonesty is an acceptable tool provided you turn out to be dependable in the end.

Never compromise your structure. The last of the honesty issues I'm going to expand on is the structure of your relationship. A mindfuck is no excuse to break agreed limits, to suddenly and abruptly introduce an un-negotiated element, or to force issues of contention. Nor is it acceptable substitute for therapy. Leave the psycho drama to the experts. Look at your structure honestly for what it is and stay inside the framework of your actual needs. Um, it's not the appearances – earlier I mentioned a boy who was phobic of cockroaches, we can safely assume they are being mentioned among his limits somewhere. If it's appropriate therefore to actually unleash a Madagascar Hissing Cockroach into his cage, or possibly even bring it into a room with him, no that's not appropriate.

However, if you spent a week leaving the evidence that suggest that you might have order one, and then make some scratching scampering sounds across his chest with a feather while you make sounds of amused disgust while he's blindfolded, that's well within the structure. The only roaches are in his imagination. In the end you were true to your word. In the end you're supporting your structure.

Um, the fact that you can all get together to talk on the phone here, and that you have a community is to your advantage. Conspire with those you trust. If you want a mystery package to show up at their door, it's a little awkward to send it from a home you both share for example. Why go to the Sitcom when you can have a co-conspirator mail it. If you want your slave with modesty issues to worry about a peeping-tom, you're only going to be able to get out and rattle bushes by the window so many times before your boy puts it together. It'd be his first thought anyways that it's you. Have a friend do it the first night that will firmly establish an unknown third party. So that when you start leaving scary but really hot letters pasted together out of magazine letters and scraps of dirty magazines, the illusion is already in motion. Besides if your friends are good enough to help you, they're twisted enough to have some good ideas that you might not have thought of. Don't just enlist dominants either. There's a few things that most subs like more that seeing one of their own suffer.

Take advantage of situations of leverage. Improvise, adapt, adopt, improve. Think fast. Your opportunities to sink the screws in a little deeper will be coming all the time. If possible, don't pursue them, let them come. Letting them think you sent away for a

dental drill on EBay is a lot more convincing if he brings up a related subject and you infer it. Rather than the clumsy attempt to steer the conversation. Take your time, gather your information, and act when the opportunity arises.

Okay, I'm going to open the floor up for questions for a little and then we're going to talk about actually creating a sequence.

**Kimiko:** If you guys have a question just go ahead and unmute yourself by hitting 6 and then go ahead and hit it again and Flagg will take you as you guys come.

**Flagg:** Anybody still out there?

**Female Caller:** Yes we are still out here. Can we, Lisa got disconnected and she can't get back in.

**Kimiko:** Oh okay. Let's see here.

**Female Caller:** Hello, I'm in, this is Lisa.

**Kimiko:** Oh okay.

**Female Caller:** Thank you, I did finally get to call back. It was a problem with my own phone.

**Kimiko:** Okay I'm glad.

**Female Caller:** Actually I do have a question though if somebody else wasn't waiting. Now maybe I wasn't paying attention fully either. I may have misunderstood so this is clarification too. At one point, in other words, don't lie. In other words, don't say something where, you know, the sub might call my bluff and call me on something that I'm not going to follow through on. But then earlier when you were talking about cockroaches, and you said, "We'll there's nothing wrong with leading him to believe there might be a cockroach in the room." What is the difference?

**[00:15:25]**

**Flagg:** Okay. That's a good question. Because I think that's a really important concept. The idea of the mindfuck is to lead them to jump to erroneous conclusions from misleading evidence. If you were to say, "I bought a cockroach, I'm going to put it on you." Where do you go from there? What are you going to do? I mean, you're done right, it's over. There's nothing. You know, it's that Daffy Duck thing, it's a great trick but you can only do it once. Maybe they freak out, their heart beats a little faster, but it's over and you gain nothing.

But if you are talking about, you know, how the Divine Princess is spending her time,

and she happens to have found an interesting catalog filled with exotic animals. And then let it go. And then the next time you're talking you mention you've ordered some interesting animals. And then let it go. And then the next time you're talking, you talk about how difficult it is to find the right kind of mealworms to feed Madagascar Hissing Roaches. You haven't said you have some. You haven't said you're going to put it on them. But they're putting things together and they're going to worry. And they're going to start feeling threatened. And they're going to go, "Did you buy roaches?" And the answer is, "None of your business." That's where you want to start. That creeping uncertainty.

And then in the end, because you have an agreement, no roaches, roaches are bad, in the end, it turns out you don't have roaches. In the end it turns out you that you were within your word. You can still be trusted. You were just fucking with them. Making them worry. Making them fantasize about what it would be like to have a roach put on them.

**Female Caller:** Gotcha, he built it all up in his own head.

**Flagg:** They built it all up in their head. And when we get to tools, what I'm going to be doing is teaching the tools to get people to build it up in their heads.

**Female Caller:** Flagg?

**Flagg:** Yes.

**Female Caller:** I love this so far.

**Flagg:** Really? Thank you. I'm really glad to hear that.

**Female Caller:** Yeah. I would just ask that you slow down a little when you're going over definitions and these up-coming tools because...

**Flagg:** Well the tools we're going to go a little slower on because it's a bunch of concepts.

**Female Caller:** Okay. I can only write so fast.

**Flagg:** Okay.

**Female Caller:** I don't want to miss anything. Thanks.

**Flagg:** No problem. Okay if everybody is ready, I'll move on to part two. Are we all pretty much together on what the goal is here?

**Female Caller:** Create as much dread as possible, I'm ready.

**Flagg:** All right. And we're good. Hold on just a moment. Okay, so where's going to

start in creating your sequence with creating illusions. What I'll try and do is I'll try and tip you off when you're getting to a point to write notes about because I'll be talking about ideas, and you're not going to have to write down every word.

Creating illusions. Everyone believes evidence, especially the evidence of our own eyes. Creating an illusion provides that evidence. Let's say you threaten your slave with moving him out to an all weathered dog kennel in the backyard, he's terrified. You don't have to mention it again. Why would you? You simply order some catalogs from pet stores, leaving them around, bookmarking kennels. Over two weeks to this, and then leave out one with a circled cage and the order form ripped out. And when he asks about it, recycle the catalogs, and blandly deny that you ordered anything. Or even better, just tell them that's not their business.

**[00:20:08]**

The idea of an illusion is to allow the subject to jump to the conclusions that you've led them to. People are more convinced by what they decide than by what their told. A few small pieces of leading evidence carelessly left about, or clumsily concealed are worth hours of threats and innuendos. People are all talk, evidence suggests action. What's weird is that this action is already underway.

Now when you're dealing with a long distances relationship, especially with the money, financial issues, you have some interesting advantages. Because they'll never know what you do and don't have in your house. They'll never know the truth of your life. And they can be expected to pay for things. Or they have an expectation that they're going to be called on for different things.

So let's take that dog kennel suggestion. If we spent some time dropping the idea that, you know, this person could end up in a dog kennel, you could send them the catalogs, just conversationally you know. Or tell them, if they can't receive mail at home, tell them what websites you've been looking at. Believe me, they'll go where you've been. But the idea is to create an illusion that something is already going on.

Um, now props, the foundation of an illusion is the prop. The leading evidence that brings the subject to the desired conclusion. Unexplained packages or visits. Mail order catalogs. Letters written in a strange hand, or from unknown e-mail addresses. A fake website. These things are easily crafted or obtained, and are powerfully convincing. It seems to me that the most convincing way to use such evidence is let it be discovered rather than present it directly. Perhaps a third party co-conspirator can bring it to light. You know, "So Bob, did your mistress get it yet?" "Get what?" "Oh my mistress was talking to your mistress, she said that your mistress is going to make some big purchase. Some sort of all weathered dog kennel." "What?" "Yeah, she showed her this morning. I have it right here." The people will all line up to help each other if somebody's going to

suffer.

Part of creating a sequence is denial and creation of information and sensory input. Plausible deniability. Watch *the X-Files*, you'll get all the instruction you need. Nothing will convince someone of something faster than a sense of something being kept from him or her. Something vital. Say you want to convince them that you did receive an all weathered dog kennel and that they'll be sleeping there from now on. You left catalogs, he found them, he's worried. When he asks what do you do? You tell the truth, "No I did not buy a kennel." "Do you promise?" "Why should I have to?" "I just told you I didn't, that's enough for you. We're not talking about this again." Your goals are achieved. You've led him to a conclusion, you've told him the absolute truth, and you're well within your structural guidelines. Later once after he's found the empty cardboard box which you engineered a label for on your PC and had a friend send you, cuff him in the corner and blindfold him while you hammer something together in the backyard. What he doesn't know is what he's most afraid of.

The principle here is to deny facts and create innuendo. Let's say you're having a surprise party for your slave. But you want to convince him that he's being delivered into the hands of a brutal, un-caring professional for re-training. A faked website is good. A phone conversation he can eavesdrop on is better. Talk to a few friends about the idea, take notes on possible locations. If you build a website, give him that one and a list of similar websites to research for you. Refuse to discuss it. You have not made up your mind. You're waiting to see if he improves. When you finally load his terrified carcass into the car, make him pack a suitcase with very few regiment of things, blindfold him and off you go. Drive around for two hours while your friends arrange the party back home. Better yet, blindfold him, toss his shackled ass into a strange car and have a friend who will not speak to him drive around and then set up the surprise.

**[00:24:58]**

I think with this community, you have a really unique opportunity here with that most dominants I've seen don't have. I think you have a unique opportunity to pool your strengths, and create convincing mindfucks for the people under you in a cooperative way. Think about the Michael Douglas movie *The Game*. We're not talking about anything that extreme or far reaching, but really all it takes to shift someone's reality drastically is two or three people all maintaining the same fiction.

Okay, creating suggestions, applying context is the hardest suggestion. While illusion is primarily visual or material, suggestion is primarily verbal or written. The off-handed comment, the dire threat, the innocent expression of interest are all good examples. How these things are used is a matter of craft, repetition, and insinuation. But repetition is first. Say it once and it won't stick, say it too many times and you're obviously up to

something. So it's a delicate balance. You should note your people, but in general I find that three times over a week is just enough to get these alarm bells to go off, but not enough to be obvious. You want to plant a suspicion, a doubt, you want to inspire dread.

If you want to actually do research, pick a more innocent topic and see how much repetition it takes until they look at you and go, "What's with you and sunflowers this week Mistress?" Then when you're starting your Mindfuck, aim for one or two less repetitions. Remember, topics that they are afraid, or fascinated with, or excited by, will stick faster than your sunflower experiment. But it's worth finding out how long it takes one of your people to pick up. You know, if they're slow, it will take more. If they're fast, it will take very little. And it's very simple to start figuring that out.

The other factor is insinuation. The screen writing phrase that goes the scene is never about what the scene is about. Whenever possible, do not address the suggestion directly to your subject. Talk about a scene in a movie. Once it's brought up, talk about other elements to the film. You can't really talk about Deliverance without talking about the squeal like a pig scene. But you're talking about a movie not anal rape. Really, honestly. Bring your suggestion up as tangential to the actual focus of the dialog. Ideally you want to be able to look back and say, "I mentioned X in our conversation about Y."

When you combine this with an awareness of your opportunities you'll end up with a situation where something gets mentioned four or five times over a span of conversation, an afternoon, or a week. Yet it's utterly blameless. Plausible deniability. This amounts to an application to the power of suggestion. If you engage someone in a conversation about Chinese food and use the phrase Chinese food over and over. Constantly mentioning Chinese food and how much you like Chinese food, and then ask then what they want to eat. What's their first thought? You don't have to mean it, you don't have to really want it, but what was the very first thing that crossed your mind? All you want to do is make them think it. Once you've done that you're well on your way.

One example of this, a goddess is going to give her boy to a dominant leather man of her acquaintance, or so she wants him to think. In truth it's just going to be her with a strap on, but she wants to fuck his mind along with the rest of him. So a week or so before hand, she begins dropping comments. The off-handed comment. Talking about things that turn them on so the conversations turns to the sounds that a lover makes. "You sound great when I fuck you. I just wish I could see you better. I want to be able to watch you get fucked someday." Now the boy is enthusiastic. He assumes that she means by another dominant woman. Let him think so. The conversation can now be turned to sites that turn them on, the seed is planted, let it go.

Then fire a threat. "Maybe you'd think a little clearer if you appreciated how good I am to you. I know a leather man that'd be happy to teach you a lesson right up your ass

boy.” Now especially in context, this is not going to inspire the enthusiasm of the first comment, but the seeds been planted. If he tries to react to that, bring his attention back to the subject, the reason that you’re threatening in the first place is what he’s done wrong. Not about a leather man fucking his ass. He should be focusing on what the problem was. That’s what you’re talking about after all. You mentioned X in a conversation about Y.

**[00:29:52]**

The innocent expression of interest. “I think Tom of Finland Art is really hot. I always wanted to watch men fucking each other.” From here on you can go on to art, gay porn, or other related subjects. You’ve dropped the seed, and if he tries to focus, “No I’m talking about Tom of Finland. No I’m talking about gay porn. No I’m talking about something else.” individually each one of these might have some effect. But what if you strung them all together over the course of a week. We’re going to get back to his example a little later to suggest how to use it to put it all together.

I’ll open the floor up for questions for a second.

**Kimiko:** Anybody have any questions? Going once...Remember all you have to do is hit 6. Going twice...Going three times. It’s all yours Flagg.

**Flagg:** All righty. So we have some idea on how to start with verbal gambits. Now inspiring dread. Almost universally mind play is about creating fear, dread, and tension in your subject. Not by definition, I mean we could use all these techniques to make your subject think you’re having eggs for breakfast and then, surprise, you’re having cereal. But tell me if it’s any fun. Me, I’m all for deep hurting. So that’s what we’re going to talk about. Sorry dry throat.

Fear and dread enhances the sensation of being controlled. Of one’s fate not being one’s own. Which is what submissives are there for after all. Like a roller coaster, fear is the purest experience of loss of control. Main line rush for the sensation junky. Fear however, is fleeting. People cannot really maintain states of terror very long. Most people shut down or enter alternate states of consciousness. So save that for last.

What you’re most often looking for is dread. The evil twin of anticipation. Dread can exist in varying levels throughout the experience. And it can be maintain almost indefinitely to some degree. Where fear is the immediate reaction to a perceived threat, dread is the stomach aching, hungering, lingering, trepidation. Especially the unknown. When mixed with a fetish context, it makes for a memorable waiting period as the drama mind play unfolds.

The most useful way to create dread is to deny information. Strange sounds, closed

doors, secrecy, are all tools to create fears of the unknown. As a rule, an unknown is always scarier than what is known no matter how terrible that knowledge. Pain can be endured, humiliations braved, challenges overcome, but there's no getting around a mystery, especially a terrible one.

Innuendo, never commit to anything. Admit nothing and don't give a scrap away more than you have to. However you have to find ways to reference the idea you're trying to inspire dread of. Reading a book or watching a movie, conspicuously that features a scene known to have the element in question will. Often brings the idea to mind in your subject. Refer to these things bleakly, insinuate. Give the impression that it's on your mind, but never own up to it. Never commit to your illusion until it's too late for them to stop or avoid what they fear is going to happen.

Okay we're going to start look at putting it all together now. Now I don't have any examples in my notes that are specifically tailored for long distance relationships, but we're going to come up with a couple during the question and answer. In the meantime, as we go through these various examples and scenarios, recognize the tools, how they're broken down. Because really what you want here is not pre-fabricated scenarios because nothing I could prefabricate will fit your particular structures and particular relationships like a glove. But the tools, once you understand them, it's Lego, it's tinker toys, you'll put it together on your own and it will be the perfect shape.

Now in all these examples I've provided there has been some element of dread and denial of information. The insinuation of the source of fear, and the illusion of the fear. Let's look at them. Boy terrified of cockroaches. The denial, he never sees any roaches, because there are none. He's never told you did obtain roaches for certain because you didn't. He can't see what makes the noise or scampering across his skin. You have insinuation. You mention that it's possible to order huge roaches on-line more than once. The illusion, an empty package. A stiff feather across the skin, and a hissing sound from a small spray can of compressed air, and a blindfold. And you have your pre-packaged cockroach scenario.

**[00:35:09]**

Modest slave peeping-Tom. The denial. The slave never sees who's out there for certain. It's you or an accomplice. The letters have no postage or identifying marks. The insinuation, you mention a stranger standing by the front walk a few days running, or a telephone hang up while the slave is not at home. The illusion, you're arrange for a friend to be visible briefly outside the window. The cryptic messages in the mailbox, and arrange for phone hang ups when you are home. But when you're both home.

Slave in the dog kennel. Denial, he's told that there's no kennel, given no further info and the issue is conspicuously never discussed. When you are building the kennel in the

back yard, he's blindfolded. Insinuation, you threaten it once and drop statements about the idea into other conversations, seeding his consciousness with the idea. The illusion, a curious box, pet catalogs, and finally the sound of construction in the back yard while he's helpless to observe or interfere.

The slave and the surprise party. Denial, he's told that you're considering sending him away, and you never give him a definite answer. When he's packed into a car without discussion or notice, he's blindfolded and wondering which of the institutes of training he's been researching he'll be sent to, and the driver will not answer any questions. Insinuation, sending him to do research on the institutes in question, surfing websites, and gathering information. Illusion, a faux website specializing in all the things he's most afraid of, a nightmare of a training facility, and a mysterious driver in a strange car. A long ride to nowhere.

A boy to be fucked by a leather man. Denial, it's never discussed or brought up for negotiation of any sort, blindfolding at the moment of truth. Insinuation, references to gay porn, leather men you know, erotic art of the rape type, deliverance, anal rape. Illusion, phone calls from an unidentified man. A man present at the final hour, or you in heavy boots smoking a cigar while he's blindfolded. Large gloves, a new and unfamiliar strap-on. Once you have it on, where do you go from there? What's your pay off? Putting it all together in the final act is figuring out the pay off. Give the people what they want. This all has to lead somewhere.

A good mindfuck ends with a spike point. A moment of decision or conflict that builds all the factors to a peak. Essentially a final act. It's the heart of the mindfuck. The payoff. It allows closure, a relief of the dread and tension which you have been carefully cultivating for hours, days, weeks, or even months. In some ways this is the easiest part. It's the moment you probably first envisioned.

Hold on just a moment. Sorry about that.

In some ways the easiest part you probably first envisioned. This is the, when we first sit down about where you want to go, what you want to see, where you want this to lead, this is that point. The end of mind play allows for an explosion of fear of the mental states. But it also achieves a catharsis, moment where after the world is turned upside down, it rights itself. This is the moment that reaffirms trust, commitment, and structure. However it doesn't always come immediately. There can be periods of shock and uncertainty as they try to realign a reality which has been drastically and intentionally altered. And they may need multiple reassurances that this is not yet another trick.

**[00:39:11]**

For example, I ran an interrogation workshop and seminar. And someone I'd known for

years who'd served me for years was part of it. And she'd been out of my care, and out of my authority for a few years, and then had come back. And it worked so well on her, that once she cracked, she could not believe it was over even after we let her go. She was convinced it was yet another trick. And only when we gave her back her cloths, let her destroy one of the props, only then did she settle down back into the normal world. Because her reality had been drastically altered. This can happen, just be prepared. It's a natural part of things. Just be prepared that they may not bounce back immediately.

Give whatever they need, whatever multiple reassurances they need that this isn't another trick. And remember, you've never lied. This is the reason to have never lied. So that you can look straight at them and go, "This is not another trick. It's over." And they can't immediately assume it's another, you know, they're going to have their own insecurities and justifications to work against, they don't need you working against them too.

Allow them time to get their bearing so they can appreciate your work from a place of security and stability. Guide them to a goal state by what you say, and how you make them feel. Just a note, if it seems like it's going wrong, if their panic is the wrong taste, or it seems violent or beyond what you wanted in the experience, don't be proud. Call it off, let them in on it, calm them down, find out what went wrong. That way you know what to do next time to get what you want.

Now let's look at the spike point for the boy terrified of cockroaches. It's simple enough, after you've had enough, just remove the blindfold, show him the feather and the spray can, he'll figure it out, he'll relax, hysteria will pass.

Modest slave and peeping-Tom. Arrange a ringing of the doorbell while he's tied and blindfolded. And then wait a few minutes. When you come back, wear heavier shoes, alter your tread, wear gloves, whisper he's just like you pictured him. Even better, get an accomplice to do it. If you don't smoke, light a cigarette. Rather than continue the scene as usual, explore his body like it's new to you, increasing in roughness till you get him right where you want him. And then in the end, let him see you.

Slave in the dog kennel. Once he thinks the kennel is built in the backyard, lead him out blindfolded. Make him recommit to your authority. Reaffirming in his own words that you have the right to do to him what you want. Make him admit it, even ask for it. Inexpensive large pet carriers or dog houses are available at pet stores. Crawl him in, lock him down, give it a few minutes. Especially if he thinks you've walked away. When you've had enough, let him back, give him back his sight, bring him back inside so he can reclaim the place in your space that you've allowed him. Most likely with an all new appreciation for you generosity.

Slave and the surprise party. This one ends pretty classically with the guest yelling

surprise to your subject blinking and staring. Cause of effect of a lot of people there with smiles will put them back on their feet very quickly.

Boy being fucked by leather man. When you're done, take the blindfold off so he can see who it is who's violating him. Again it's pretty classic. Of course you can keep him in suspense a while. Walk into the room wearing the boots, gloves, strap-on, smoking a cigar. Your call. The important common denominator here is the return to normality. The closure, allowing the mind play to end. This allows them to regain their equilibrium and probably experience a massive high as well as allowing you to take your bows.

Now if you feel really confident about where you are, where you're heading, and what you want to happen. If you're there but not quite over, and you want to debate pushing the envelope, push. Get the boy to admit he braved the cockroaches for his mistress. Get sexual in the scene with the slave who thinks you're a stalker. Keep the slave boy in the dog kennel overnight. Subject the birthday slave to a degrading inspection at the hands of unknown strangers before the blindfold comes off. Try making the boy cum and admit the excitement while being fucked by the mystery leather man.

I'm not going to sanction going the extra mile as mandatory, or even desired, I'll not commit on paper or recording to saying that it's a good idea. I will however say that under the right circumstances, the right people, it's everything it's supposed to be. Be careful, don't be stupid, if you're going to do something, do it right. Sometimes you just have to say go big or go home.

Now one last note, every so often carry through on your threats. Make it real, make it happen. Every outlandish thing you do give creditability to a dozen mindfucks. If they think your threat is simply beyond you, they'll learn very quickly not to believe it. And I suspect being more than a little disappointed in the end. But if they think you're capable of anything, then they'll believe anything. Remember I said, never bluff. Never threaten anything you're not willing to do.

Now I have one more example. But what I want to do is open this up to everybody being able to talk. Because I want you to help me build the example. And, you know, do this kind of workbook workshop thing. So if people can punch in.

**[00:45:11]**

**Kimiko:** If I can take one second, this is Kimi. Um, first I want to remind everybody that we are recording this, we may work something out, you know, to have you guys sign something that says you won't duplicate it, but if you're freaked out that you might not catch everything, don't worry about because we do have it recorded. Um, that's the first thing.

Um, Flagg whenever you have time, I just remember about a Mindfuck that I have heard about so if you guys...

**Flagg:** Go ahead.

**Kimiko:** I actually read about a mindfuck where they had taken this boy, it was in the middle of a club. They blindfolded him, they tied him up to something so he couldn't move. His mistress ended up pouring water on him, but talking about how she was going to light him on fire. Because I think it was like his birthday and they were going to light him on fire for his birthday. And she poured water on him, and she had people in the background confirming things. She let him smell like a piece of cotton with the alcohol on it. And got him all worked up. And then flicked a lighter, he freaked out. And that's a pretty extreme mindfuck. But it's a mindfuck, so. That's the one I heard about.

**Flagg:** Well that covers it exactly. He, I mean the difference here is she didn't build up to it, she just told him, "I'm going to do X." What I'm talking about is a little more subtle, but that's, it's all the tools of the illusion right there.

Okay so do I have everybody?

**Kimiko:** Everyone feel free to hit 6 and go with it.

**Flagg:** I need a little feedback for this part.

**Kimiko:** Anybody? I know we have people.

**Female Caller:** Do you want us all to come un-muted so that we can respond immediately or, what exactly are you asking for?

**Flagg:** Yes please, everybody can come unmuted. More of a party line here.

**Female Caller:** Should we say like, "Hey I'm unmuted." So that you know.

**Flagg:** Yeah so we have a head count here.

**Female Caller:** Okay I'm unmuted

**Flagg:** Thank you.

**Female Caller:** I'm unmuted.

**Female Caller:** I'm unmuted.

**Female Caller:** Bonnie present and accounted for.

(Laughter)

**Female Caller:** Me too.

**Flagg:** It's a relief to hear you out there. I can't even hear you breathing this way. It's all very tense until we start signing back in. Okay. Sounds like we've got everybody.

**Female Caller:** So do you want heavy breathing, is that what you're asking for?

(Laughter)

**Flagg:** No I can get that on my own.

(Laughter)

**Flagg:** Every time I go up a flight of stairs. Okay, one more example. But I want everybody to help kick in on this one. Now the example is we're going to convince somebody that you're going to zap them with a cattle prod. Okay? So your end result is this person in mortal terror of a cattle prod.

So what could we do in terms of an illusion? What could we do in terms of a prop? And we can make this one long distance, we can make intimate, anyway we want to spin this.

**Female Caller:** The sound of something hot hitting water, steaming.

**Flagg:** Well that's, at the moment, but how do we get them there? How do we get them thinking about cattle prods?

**Female Caller:** I'm from Texas and there's a lot of ranching around, so I would maybe mention in passing that at the store I had met this rancher guy who was talking about how he accidentally shocked someone with a cattle prod.

**Flagg:** Okay. See not you're bringing in the conversation, bingo. That's a great one. Not only that, this conversation was about this guy. It wasn't about cattle prods, you're just mentioning cattle prods accidentally. You mentioned X while talking about Y. That's perfect.

Um, how about, that's a suggestion, how about an illusion? A prop, or a misleading item. They're your boys, they're under, you know, you can make them go surf websites. You can make them comparison shop for you. Give them a list of four things, one of them is a cattle prod. Make them do a little work for you. Make them think it's on your mind. Make them collect and compare the prices, voltage, studies. Then, you know, even if you don't order one, you can mock up a box, or a receipt. Or it's very easy to get the catalogs. Catalogs are great.

**[00:50:43]**

Um, so you bring it up in conversation, you get a catalog. If you create a prop like a website or a, once you've introduced a prop, the next step is to deny information about it. So you'd make them do research on a cattle prod, and then when they ask you why, refuse to talk about it. Or, show, you know, let them find the catalog if you have face to face contact, and then remove the catalog without explanation. Create a question. Because as long as they have answers, they don't have dread.

Then at some point, during discussion with them, determine that the cattle prod was within your structure. "You said I could do anything to you." List five things, make one of them a cattle prod. "Gee, cattle prods I've seen don't leave marks and bruises. The only limit I have is I can't bruise you. Isn't that right?" Introduce that it's possible, that it's within your power. That you would not be breaking your, I'd find a way to introduce it so that I was not breaking my structure. But that's just another way to bring it up. It's not necessary. Some stuff that you want to mindfuck people on is guaranteed to be outside your structure.

Make a wrapper, and unmarked box visible. You know, any odd box will do once they're thinking about it. It doesn't even have to say cattle prod. Um...

**Female Caller:** I really like the idea of involving somebody. And if you're doing long distance you can do IM or e-mail, or anything about, you know, "Did your mistress get the thing I sent her?"

**Flagg:** Oh yeah, that works really well. Um, you've got the other goddesses to work with, you've got a dominant, you've got friends, and then you've got people in the community. And they'll turn on each other like sharks. They'll absolutely, at least my experiences, they'll do it to her as a fairly common, yeah.

**Female Caller:** And if you're also using IM, then you can do it yourself and just create...

**Female Caller:** Absolutely.

**Flagg:** That's right.

**Female Caller:** Just a random, you know...

**Flagg:** Alternate account.

**Female Caller:** Yeah, yeah.

**Flagg:** Absolutely brilliant. I hadn't even thought about that. An alternate e-mail account. Yeah, you can even fake spam. Just in terms of a, I knew someone who faked spam so that when they were trying to freak their boy about an impending anal rape, they

kept getting different versions of what looked like, um, man on man, anal action throughout the week. So it was constantly there and on their mind even though it had no visible connection to their owner.

Yeah, you've got a lot of tools. I like the fake website, I like the real website. Making them go and do things. Because if the idea is that they have to do things for you, you know, comparison shopping, taking notes, tedious dredge work, and research that you don't want to do. And they can do from their office.

**Female Caller:** Also you can have them do research on like, what's the lowest voltage that a human can take and not take damage.

**Flagg:** Exactly, exactly. So now you're getting it. It's just different angles at approaching the same topic. None of which are specifically accountable. None of which are and absolute statement that you're doing something. Make them worry.

Then create your moment of conflict. Um, you know sensory depth is incredibly useful for the moment of conflict. You really want to blindfold them almost all the time for things like this. And then find a way to really push that envelope. If they think you've got a cattle prod, tell them that, just work this moment as hard as you can. And then [?] [55:29] their alarm clock. You know, there's any number of ways that will allow buzz.

**[00:55:39]**

**Female Caller:** Flagg, can you think of anything that someone could do if it's long distance and you're letting...I mean doesn't that have to be like a complete psychology thing for them if you can't actually produce a cattle prod in the same room? Do you know what I mean? Can anybody hear me?

**Female Caller:** I hear you.

**Female Caller:** Okay thanks. Did we lose Flagg?

**Female Caller:** He sounded like he was like cutting out.

**Kimiko:** I'm sure he'll, we may have to call him and see if we can do a three way because it sounds like the cell phone cut off. But, um, while we wait for him are you guys enjoying everything?

**Female Caller:** Oh yeah.

**Kimiko:** Yeah we're calling him now to make sure that he's aware that he left the building.

(Laughter)

**Kimiko:** Um, does anybody have any questions? Oh okay.

**Female Caller:** You said something about the fact that this is being recorded. Are you going to let us have that in with our admission price, or...

**Kimiko:** Yeah we'll go ahead and provide that with the admission price since you guys already paid for that. And that way...

**Flagg:** I'm back.

**Kimiko:** Oh yeah.

**Female Caller:** Welcome.

**Flagg:** I'm sorry about that. Not entirely sure why that happened, but. All right and so, that's pretty much actually the end right there. So at this point we're just open for discussion.

**Female Caller:** I actually asked a question right as you cut off.

**Flagg:** Okay. And what was that question?

**Female Caller:** My question was is there any way if you're doing this long distance and you can't actually produce a cattle prod for them in the same room. Is there anything that we can do that's not...

**Flagg:** Yeah. I've been thinking a lot about that because this is going to be the nature of this community. Um, a lot of it has to base on what your actual threats and powers are. Um, so because everything you're doing is so deeply involved in fantasy for them, engaging their imagination. Um, I don't know how much in terms of mundane interaction you encourage or allow. Um, but essentially look at what it is they are there for. It all comes back to the motivation segment. Look at what they're there for.

And not specifically, well some of them are just there to fulfill a fetish. So all you're going to have is fetish motivation. But in others you're going to see common threads of what they want, what they need, what it is they're looking for. That's your leverage. Having that and having the ability to deny that is where your power comes from.

What are the things, what are the hoops that you make them jump through to get it on an ordinary basis. What are the hoops that you make them jump through to please you, to be worth your time generally. Those are the things that you can start. That's going to be your illustration of your level of interaction and level of power.

The ultimate threat you might have is no longer contacting them. It's hard for me to tell from out here what you've got. And it's hard for me tell what kind of threats, you know,

if you've got someone on the phone, and they live a fantasy of being able to crawl and lick your boots, during that time, where they're deeply immersed, they're going to be very suggestible. And they are committing everything they are and everything they've got to enjoy this long distance concept to the fullest.

**[01:00:05]**

That's the time and place to mess with them. Because if you just said, "Fred if you displease me I'm going to put a cockroach down your shorts." It may not mean anything. But if he's deep in the throes of goddess worship, deep in his fantasy, and that's when you say, "I don't know, anybody who deserved to lick my boots would be willing to do anything for me. Would you be willing to do anything?" The answer is almost always going to be yes. And then that's when you start working your leverage. That's when you start going, "Anything's a big word. I know you're afraid of something. I have something here."

And then over a period of calls, and a period of communications, you start dropping the ominous, "What could anything be? Someone who'd do anything for me would be willing to eat whatever they're eating on Fear Factor." Or whatever it is that you're trying to screw with them. And if you nail them there, and then it will mean something. If you nail them in that vulnerable time, it'll mean something. If you nail them outside of a vulnerable time, it will probably would mean nothing.

I think that's my best advice for trying to figure out where your soft spots are and what you can use. Because during that time, they're willing to suspend their disbelief and their fantasy is everything, just introduce a new element to their fantasy. That's when all of a sudden the threat of a cattle prod matters. Because if they want to maintain the fantasy of boot licking, they have to accept the fantasy of the cattle prod.

**Female Caller:** I also had another though, and I don't know if this is outside the bounds of the structure or not, but I know that a lot of callers will, some will actually buy stuff, you know, that you say we want them to get. Like someone will go out and get rope and tie themselves up and things like that. Just with the cattle prod analogy, I don't know if it's outside the structure to say, "I want you to go buy a cattle prod" and then somehow, you know, that you might have them use it on themselves. Is that outside the bounds?

**Flagg:** I wouldn't mess around with it because I never know what people are actually doing, you know, willing to do. You know, because some of these people are just down right stupid and some of them aren't. And I have no clue. Um, and it creates and opportunity for them to lie.

**Female Caller:** There's another way though, what I would do is say that I'm going to send him something.

**Flagg:** Yeah.

**Female Caller:** And we've been, the mystery into is, "I'm going to send you something that I want you to use in our sessions." And draw that out a little bit.

**Flagg:** Not only that, there's other stuff. I mean, you get the married guy who secretly wants to cross dress. You could terrorize him by forcing him to wear panties to work all week. Now, I mean, it's what he really wants to do. But he can't do it, but by your seemingly getting ready to force the issue. You start talking about it, you drop it, you make him explain to you over and over why it's not safe for him to do so. Make him apologize for it, and then you say, "I'm sending you something. And you're going to wear it." Okay, what you send him is a tie pin. You know.

(Laughter)

**Flagg:** But for a week, he's sweating bullets.

**Female Caller:** And then I would make him put that box on his desk at work and look at it for a week after he's already received it. That's what I would do.

**Flagg:** Absolutely, absolutely. Just stare at it. You've got it. It sounds like. So hopefully the notes are going to be, it's really just a way of thinking of it so that you can break it down into tools and steps and make it convincing. What it is you're going to have to, you know, you'll tailor signature to your people.

**Kimiko:** Does anybody have any questions?

**Flagg:** Okay well, everybody's going to be getting a...yes

**Female Caller:** What format will the recording be in? I'm sure you were going to say that anyway.

**Kimiko:** Um, I'm not sure yet, but I will see about that and I can let you guys all know. Oh hold on, it's an MP3. I actually have a fairy. Normally I'm the fairy. It's wonderful to have a fairy. Okay, sorry.

**Flagg:** Okay. I think that covers it. I hope this was useful. It was thought provoking. It gave everybody something to work with and play with. And I'll be doing more of these on a couple of different, a lot of different topics actually.

**Female Caller:** Great. I thought it was great and definitely thought provoking so thanks.

**Flagg:** Well thank you. I hope it was well worth the time. Thank you all for being here, goodnight.

**Kimiko:** Good night everybody, thanks for being here. And if you have any question please feel free to just e-mail me or send me a message. And there you go. Have a good night guys.

**Female Caller:** K great, thanks Kimi.

**[End of Presentation][01:05:59]**

That concludes this audio presentation of Mindfucks. On behalf of everyone at CollarCult.com I'd like to thank you for your support and remind you that all rights to this program have been reserved. Please return to CollarCult.com often for more information on other programs and events.

## Appendix B: Mindfucks @ Rapture NYC (Transcript)

**Source:** Power in Practice / Episode 14

**Speakers:** Flagg

**Type/Length:** Podcast, approximately 71 minutes

You are listening to Power in Practice. Practical talk from living in a structured lifestyle.

(Intro Music)

Welcome to Episode 14 of Power in Practice. It's been a while but we're back. In an earlier episode of Power in Practice, we gave you a sneak peek at Mindfucks with Flagg. In this episode, Flagg takes a visit to Rapture, NYC to talk Mindfucks in a slightly different way. Some of the information may sound familiar, but with a few different stories, and definitely a few different takes, this episode will give you more ideas on how to perform Mindfucks to keep everyone happy.

Please keep in mind that this recording was done before we had H2, so the quality is not our best, but since it's intelligible, we figured you'd like to have the information anyway.

**Flagg:** First under the heading "Things to know" is know your subject. The more you know about them, the more effective you can be in leading them. Now you guys have a very interesting situation here. You both have more and less access to information about your subject. Your subjects are not going to give you a lot of truthful information about themselves. But you have access to information that if you hit Intellus.com, you can run a search and get everything about them they ever wanted you not to know. That's Intellus.com. I used it to search for a lost friend. You type in a name – two L-Ls like intelligence – and it will give you addresses, it could give you a credit history because that's really what it's for. Um, you can get a remarkable amount of information that they don't know you have.

But after you talk to them a couple of times, you'll probably be able to get some of that. I don't know what your credit card system is. But that information is somewhere. And given a little time, and conversation in the chat rooms, you can just start, I would suggest keeping a list. You know, just put little tab next to your computer, and as your talking to someone who looks like they're going to come back want to be fucked with, will respond favorably to being fucked with, take notes. Bob lives in Albany, or up north, whatever it is.

You can start gathering your information because you're going to have to, that's the disadvantage you guys have. You know, you're not in a relationship with someone

where you can see their face, their body language clearly. You're not in a place where you can, you know look at their driver's license. Work on what information they give you. But often, they will be giving you more information than they are aware of. Most people do. Small talk. If you talk about where you are from, what are they going to talk about? It's just most people will always turn the conversation towards themselves. So let them.

But knowing your subject is more than just facts, it's more than just knowing their zip code. This may seem obvious, but it's worth mentioning it a few times, you need to know your subject. Mindfucks means different things to different people. What works on one might leave another one longing and a third never speaking to you again. But it's not just about psychological hot buttons. It's also about the mundane details you might not ordinarily think about. Is he curious?

One question, is this the kind of guy that asks you a lot of questions? Because if he asks you a lot of questions, is he trying to find out about you? Or is he just one of those guys in the chat room who asks a lot of people a lot of questions.

Because if he is the kind of guys that ask a lot of people in the chat room a lot of questions, a package he's not allowed to open is going to drive him bat shit. There's information in the context of what they do. Watch them interact with other people. Now a lot of these, again, work in terms of people who were living together, or would see each other. A lot of this will work in terms of sessions. I've been trying to figure out ways to adapt it online, and we can talk about that a little more in a question and answer and brains storm on that a bit. For now I'm just going to work mostly in the session, some face to face contact.

Okay, so you got your curious guy. And there's a package that he's not allowed to open and he's holding it for you. You mail it to him, you tell him to hold it for you. He's not allowed to open it. Um, what if you refuse to discuss it from then on? What if you refuse to acknowledge it in front of other people? How much time is he going to spend staring at that thing wondering, and thinking, and obsessing when he should be working, or driving, or you know, saving a life, or whatever it is he does.

**[00:05:17]**

Basically the phrase I've used is a submissive's tongue is good for three things, the third one is a shovel.

(Laughter)

Okay, they'll tell you, in the end, pretty much everything you'll need to know if you're listening for it. I swear, they can't help it. So you've got some idea of how to search your

subject. And a lot of it is going to depend on your instincts. You know, if you've got good instinct for this kind of thing, it's going to come easy. If you don't, it's going to take work.

Now being aware, under things to know. Discover all the positive and negative motivators about your subject at any time. Dig for them. Once you know them, apply this judiciously because nothing numbs like overkill.

Positive motivators, submissive will just through hoops in most cases to get their fetishes fulfilled. For many, the very act makes it that much more exciting. But fetishes are not your only positive motivator. Approval, attention, even affection, are powerful when applied to the right people in the right way. Use them sparingly as they all become more desirable in their scarcity, and they're currency devalues quickly. Um, one kind word will go a lot further than ten.

Um, and I've been thinking about one interesting dynamic that Arden was talking about in the chat rooms, they compete. They definitely compete for your attention. This is to your advantage. Because the ways they compete, and what they compete for will tell you a lot about them. Because that's, right there, whatever it is that suddenly somebody is jumping into the fray to get, that is the bait that they will always jump to get. So if it's attention, if it's affection, if it's approval, if it's a kind word, if it's criticism, if it's a chance to see your feet, whatever it is, take note of it. These things are important because they are things you can use.

Negative motivators. You know what works, make sure it's presence can be felt. A threat, direct or implied, may be enough. Fear of pain is often more useful than pain itself. Disapproval is an extremely powerful, possibly the most powerful weapon you've got in the on-line arsenal. Disapproval can be crushing for some and shrugged off by others. The other thing to be aware of, even more powerful, negative imagines. Phobias for example. If your boy is terrified of cockroaches that is absolutely fair game in many cases for an ideal mindfuck. Bringing actually cockroaches into a scene might be clearly outside the structure's limits. Bringing a cockroaches in might be outside the structure's limits, it might be outside your limits, but the dread of the cockroaches, the fear of the cockroaches, that's all fair game. They fear there might be a cockroach in the room while they're lying blindfolded, or what that scratching sound in the box is. That's all good.

Things to know, finally, and the point of all this is knowing your goals. Be clear in your aims from the outset. This is stage craft, you have to be three steps ahead. The goal is similar to writing, or painting, or any other act of creation, you have to know what you want to create from the outset and work towards that end. Um, try not to get involved in fetishistic details at first, it's not about the toys and the tools. It's about the state of mind you are setting in your subject.

Work backwards. What do you want? Panic, terror, creeping dread, paranoia? What state of mind do you want your subject to be in in the end. Once that is achieved, what are you going to do with him? A good mindfuck is not over until the current is drawn back and you get to take your bow after all. We'll get to that later.

If you know your subject, you'll have some idea of what tools might work and what goal mental state you're seeking. Work backwards asking yourself how can I cause such a reaction? How long do I want this to go on? How much time do I have? Do I have assistance? What assets do I have to make this happen? The chat room is an asset. The other subs in the chat room are an asset. The other doms are definitely an asset. One of the things that you can do that happens all the time on-line, and drives people crazy is the idea that there are things being discussed in private that they don't know about. Makes them nuts, and starts flame wars of every description and of every type. And it's a perfect medium for that. Whether or not there really is, creating that illusion is incredibly easy. And it's, a couple of you get together and say, okay let's drive sub X out of his mind. It's going to be very, very easy for you to conspire to create the misdirection, the illusion, that something is going on that is being kept from him.

#### **[00:10:21]**

If you know your subject, you have some idea of what tools to use. Write a list if you can. It will be handy if you get ideas later on. Once you get a taste of this, you'll be doing it again. I just want to say again, remember that the goal is the state of mind invoked in the subject, not the sequence itself. If you fetishized a specific sequence in your head, "First I'll get some guys, then we'll all put on gorilla suits, and then..." You're not working on your subject, you're just masturbating. Now, that's great, you know, enjoy the gorilla suit, but that's not what you're going to get out of this.

Um, in a mindfuck, it's about the subject, not the sequence. Know what you want the subject to experience as opposed to what you want to do to them. Know what you want the subject to experience as opposed to what you want to do to them.

Things to know. Know yourself, never threaten anything you are not willing, or capable of doing. Absolutely hard and fast rule. Your bluff gets called once, it's over. Your credibility is shot to hell forever. Now this is more important in face to face, but it's always important anyway. If you say, "Do that again and I'll never talk to you again." He does it again to be a dick, and you're talking to him tomorrow, he can walk all over you. So never, ever threaten anything you are not willing to do. There is nothing more disempowering than an empty threat. If your subject knows you, they'll know when you're bluffing. Even if they don't, they might call your bluff. The answer is don't bluff ever. I'm sure you can come up with suitably dismay threats and dire promises, especially if you know what some of those negative reinforcement buttons are.

As a rule, I advise of any form of outright lying in a mindfuck scenario. Simple develops to role play or worse. However, the pressure to find just the right thing to say can lead you to saying foolish things if you're not careful. Don't bluff, it might give them something to hang on to and you wouldn't want that. Avoid lying, allow misconception. In the same vain, I'll always advise avoidance of the outright lie. Not only can the outright lie destroy whatever trust of relationship you're trying to build, it is absolutely – and when you get caught, it's the moment when the curtain gets yanked back by Toto and Oz the Great and Terrible is a little old man in the corner sitting in the closet. It's not worth the risk. A lie, when there is no necessity to do it.

On the other hand, if you can lead them to a conclusion, and we're going to talk about how to do that, if you can let them jump to their own conclusion, that's their fault isn't it, you didn't do it. So if you need to convince your slaves that you're going to be away for the night in order to have maybe a staged abduction or something, and have no option but to lie, at least in the end it will turn out you were there if you at least lay down safeties. I mean that's part of my whole, I'm dealing with a live crowd that safety makes them sit up and get hard. So that's part of my little safety lecture, I'm going to skip that.

Really what you want to do in a situation like that is promise you'll be somewhere, appear to have not showed up, but actually be there. Therefore, there's your illusion, there's the idea that their alone with – okay let's say somebody adores you and is terrified of you, books a session with you. You walk in and say, "She's not here today, I'll be handling you." Now just about the time he's either getting ready to panic, piss himself, or faint, or leave, you can come back. Just, "Thank you." And there's no need for explanation. Just let him deal with the adrenaline. But right there, there's a safety net, and the only reason for the safety net in this environment is the return client, and the lack of lawsuit. Also really in the end, once it turns out that you were there, they will by default assume that you were managing the whole situation. It in infers an even further God-like power. Just for a second their world was spinning out of control, all was chaos, and then in the end, you were running things.

**[00:14:58]**

The appearance of dishonesty is an acceptable tool, provided you turn out to be dependable in the end, it really does. Never compromise your structure. This is again, semi-applicable here. It depends on what kind of a rule set you've set up with the client. But whatever that rule set is, it is inviolate. Because if you cannot be depended on to enforce your own rules, you cannot be depended on for anything. And if you cannot be depended on for anything, they will find someone else.

I address here as an honesty issues, that's not the point here. The point is again, business, you know your personal integrity is your own, how you feel about it is your own, but

what it all boils down to is if you can do all of this without ever compromising your structure, you'll appear that much more on unassailable in your power and in your authority.

(Laughing) okay I think we're about to get to the beauty of this. I just found the words "Madagascar Hissing Cockroach."

(Laughter)

I mentioned the boy who's phobia is cockroaches. We can safely assume they are among his limits somewhere. It is inappropriate therefore to actually unleash a Madagascar Hissing Cockroach into his cage, or possibly even bring it into the room with him. However, if you spent a week leaving evidence that might suggest that you might have ordered some, and then make some scratches or scampering across his chest with a feather while you make sounds of disgust while he's blindfolded. Again it's all on him, it's all his fault. You didn't do anything wrong. That is an example of staying within your structured not lying, yet appearing to cross boundaries and taboos.

Okay this is one you have an absolute advantage over most of the independents and the at-home scene crowd. Conspire with those you trust. You guys have nothing better to do over lunch, think about it, and conspire an out of fuck up the head of whoever is giving you money. If you want a mystery package to show up at the door, it's a little awkward to send it from the home you both share. Why go to the Sitcomm trouble when you can have a co-conspirator mail it.

If you want your slave with modesty issues to worry about a peeping-Tom, you're only going to be able to go out and rattled the bush by the window so many times before you're boy puts it together. It would be his first thought anyway. Have a friend do it the first night. Have a friend do it the first night. That will have established an un-known third party so when we start leaving scary but really hot letters pasted together out of magazine letters and scraps of dirty magazines, the illusion is already in motion. Beside if you're friends are twisted enough to help you, they're twisted enough to have some good ideas you might not have thought of.

(Laughter)

Don't just enlist dominants, there are a few things most subs like more than watching another sub suffer. Take advantage of situations as leverage. Improvise, adapt, adopt, improve. Think fast. Your opportunities to sink the screws in a little deeper are coming all the time. If possible don't pursue them, let them come. Letting them think you sent away for the dental drill on EBay is a lot more convincing if she brings up a related subject and you infer it. Rather than the clumsy attempt to steer the conversation. Take your time, gather you information, and act when the opportunity arises. Now I do

actually break down how to create these structures step by step and how to do this. But I had to cover a couple of basic concepts first.

Okay, creating your sequence, this is where we get to the middle of it. Now you guys may not have really thought about this, but one of the things I've been thinking about for your distance or on-line customers, is the ability to create illusions in their lives. If you can get their mailing address, you can do a lot of things. There's a lot you can get off of Intellus.com, home phone numbers, mailing address, that sort of thing. It might be best to find out, or have some idea about whether or not they're married first. You just pay for membership, and then you can just do as many searches as you want.

Oh no, no, everyone is. It's basically public domain registry stuff that one company is consolidated for using credit checks, and private detective agencies. Everyone believes evidence, especially evidence with their own eyes. Creating an illusion is to provide that evidence. Now, this again is not always applicable for the online, but we might be able to brainstorm some ways to make it happen. In the meantime, this is valuable for sessions.

Um, let's say you threaten your slave with moving her out to an all-weathered dog kennel in the back yard, and she's terrified. You don't have to mention it again, why would you. You can simply order supply catalogs from pet stores and leave them around. What conclusion is going to get drawn? There's absolutely no reason for you to mention it more than once. Leave them, you know, bookmark the kennels if they're thick. Uh, over one to two weeks do and then leave one with a circled cage and the order form ripped out. When she asks about it, simply reclaim the catalogs and blindly deny that you ordered anything. You're not lying, you haven't.

**[00:20:23]**

The idea of an illusion is to allow your subject to jump to a conclusion you want them to. People are more convinced by what they decide rather than by what they're told. A few small pieces of leading evidence carelessly left about, or clumsily concealed, are worth hours of threats and innuendo. People are all talk, evidence suggests action. What's worse is that this suggests action that's already underway.

Now props, the foundation of the illusion is the prop. The leading evidence that brings the subject to the desired conclusion. Unexplained packages or visits. Mail order catalogs. Letters written in a strange hand, or from unknown e-mail address. A fake website is easy as hell. These things are easily created or obtained, and are powerfully convincing. It seems to me that the most convincing way to use such evidence is letting it be discovered rather than present it directly. Perhaps a third party co-conspirator.

So, you've got a boy who's got a fantasy, you know he lives in Omaha, he's never going to leave his wife and eight kids. But he's up every night taking to you, wishing you

would kidnap him. It's really easy in the chat room for one of the other dominants to maybe suggest that, "Are you the one she was looking at the website for?" "What?" "Never-mind." Then you get someone else to say in the room, you know you get other people. Use the fact that you have other people because the more other people are involved, the more convincing the illusion becomes, the more the fear and paranoia will become. It will become very easy to direct his attention to a mocked-up website which says that, "Sure for a brief amount we will go to Omaha and kidnap anybody you want." or, "We'll kidnap anyone in the United States and happened to be based in Omaha." Whatever you need to do. You have a couple of little personal details that you make it that much more convincing, but it's not about him. It just could be about him. And God knows he wants it to be about him. And then you deny it. "Oh my God mistress are you going to send someone for me?" "Who said that? I never said that. Did I ever say that?" Drive him crazy. He will be masturbating himself raw for weeks over the thought of it.

(Laughter)

So what's the example I gave, the most convincing, a third part co-conspirator. "So Sue, did your sir get it yet?" "Get what?" "Oh my sir was talking to your sir, he said that your sir is going to make some big purchase like an all weathered dog kennel." "What?" "Yeah, showed him the catalog, I have it right here." "Oh my God." And when it comes from someone other than you, the thought is not, you know, "Goddess A is trying to screw with me because the information is coming from goddess B or slave X." It's coming from somewhere else and that is the simplest slight of hand necessary to make something convincing. Because people feel like they found out something they weren't supposed to find out. And that gives it all of the validity in the world. You tell them, they may or may not believe you. They discover something, they believe it.

Denial and creation of information and sensory input. Plausible deniability, nothing will convince someone faster than the sense that something is being kept from him or her. Something vital. Say what you want to convince him that you did receive an all weathered dog kennel and he can be sleeping there from now on, that's the goal that you want to make your boy think that he's going to be sleeping outside, or she will. Select catalogs, she found them, she's worried, she asks, what do you do? You tell the truth, "No I did not buy a kennel." Hopefully with a particularly straight face. "Do you promise?" "Why should I have to? I just told you I didn't, that's enough for you, we're not talking about this again."

Denial of information, it's well within your rights to simply not say anything. Your goals are achieved. You've led her to a conclusion, you've told her the absolute truth, and you're well within your structural guidelines. Later on after she found the empty cardboard box which you engineered a label for under PC and had a friend send you out back, cuff her in the corner and blindfold him while you hammer something together in

the backyard. What she doesn't know is what she's most afraid of.

**[00:25:11]**

Now I was thinking about again, Rapture actability, no backyard. But you get somebody who's got fantasies about the rack. You know I know a lot of guys have that mid-evil fetish. By your giggling we nailed one. But, so a guy has fantasies about being broken on the rack. Well there isn't one here right? Well what if you dropped a couple of hints, you've let a couple of suggestions slip, and then while he's waiting for a sessions, he's hearing something being built next door. What if you send in one of the other mistresses and tell them to stand up and then measures how tall he is and then walk back into the other room. He'll do the rest. You'll never have to say a God damn thing. And then when he goes, "Mistress, Goddess X just came in and measured me" "We're not talking about that. That's none of your business." Deny facts, create innuendos.

You're having a surprise part for your slave. But you want to convince her that she's being delivered into the hands of a brutal, un-caring professional for re-training. A faked website is good. A phone conversation he can eavesdrop on is better. Talk to a few friends about the idea. You could stand right outside that door and have a conversation with each other about something to let some poor shmuck listen. I mean you've got a really good system here because you've got so many third party accomplices. Talk to a few friends about the idea, take notes on possible locations. If you build a website, give her that one and a list of similar websites to research for you. Refuse to discuss it. You have not made up your mind. You're waiting to see if she improves. When you finally load her terrified carcass into the car, make her pack a suitcase with very few regiment of things, blindfold her and off you go. Drive around for two hours while your friends arrange the party back home. Better yet, blindfold her, toss his shackled ass into a strange car and have a friend who will not speak to her drive her around.

You guys, one of the really big problems this has in the public scene is most dominants won't work together. It's like herding cats. They are a bunch of proud, arrogant idiots. You know, there's very little team playing. Um, the Estate started because SirC, Ken, and I found that team playing was fun. We had lots to learn from each other, but we respected each other, we respected each other's points of view, and we had each other's back. And there was a great deal of conspiratorial, with shared authority comes shared conspiracy. One right there, I'm going to refer to Ken a lot, that's him right there. Uh the other person is SirC she is in Baltimore, Philadelphia? Some city that is terrified at every tread of her foot. She's out there somewhere. Wherever it is you'll know. Ask the National Weather Service where the weather is ten degrees lower than it should be and that's where she is.

(Laughter)

God I love that woman.

Alright, creating your sequences, creating suggestion, applying context is the hardest suggestion. While illusion is primarily visual or material, props, suggestion is primarily verbal or written, the off-handed comment, the dire threat, the innocent expression of interest are all good examples. How these things are used is a matter of craft, combining elements of repetition, and insinuation. Repetition, say it once and it won't stick, say it too many times and you're obviously up to something. So it's a delicate balance. You should know your people, but in general I find that three times over a week is just enough to get these alarm bells to go off, but not enough to be obvious. You want to plant a suspicion of doubt, you want to inspire dread.

If you want to actually do research, pick a more innocent topic and see how much repetition it takes until they look at you and go, "What's with you and sunflowers Mistress?" Then you will have a measurable idea of how fast they pick up on this sort of thing. When you're starting your Mindfuck, aim for one or two less repetitions. Remember, less is more, topics that they are afraid of, or fascinated with, or excited by, will stick faster than your sunflower.

Insinuation, there is a screen writing phrase. The scene is never about what the scene is about. Whenever possible, do not address the suggestion directly to your subject. Talk about a scene in a movie. If you've got a boy that's fascinated and terrified and obsessed with the idea of being hammered with a strap-on, talk about, I don't know, Deliverance. Because what is the first thing everyone thinks of with they talk about that movie. It's a sideways insinuation to an idea without going, "So about anal sex." You can't really talk about Deliverance without talking about the squeal like a pig scene. But you're talking about a movie not anal rape, really honestly. Bring your suggestion up as tangential to the actual focus of the dialog. Ideally you want to be able to look back and say, "I mentioned X in our conversation about Y." It's all inferred, it's all tangential.

**[00:30:41]**

I've used that, one of my girls did, and rightfully so, was terrified of spending any time under Ken. So we were talking about doing chores and dishes, and I just said, "Well hell, when you spend a week at Ken's you're not going to..." And the alarm bells (Laughing) her alarm bell is going off. "But, what, when..." "We're not talking about this." When you combine this awareness to your opportunities, you'll end up with a situation where something gets mentioned four or five times over a span of conversation, and afternoon, or a week. Yet it's utterly blameless. Plausible deniability. This amounts to an application to the power of suggestion. If you engage someone in a conversation about Chinese food and use the phrase Chinese food over and over. Constantly mentioning Chinese food and how much you like Chinese food, and then ask, "What do you want to

eat?” What’s your first thought? There you go. That is what you’re doing. You don’t have to mean it, you don’t have to want it, but what was the very first thing that crossed your mind? All you want to do is make them think it. Once you’ve done that you’re well on your way.

Our example this time, a goddess is going to give her boy to a dominant leather man of her acquaintance, or so she wants him to think. In truth it’s just going to be her with a strap on again, but she wants to fuck his mind along with the rest of him. So a week or so before hand, she begins dropping comments. The off-handed comment. Talking about things that turn them on so the conversations turns to the sounds that a lover makes. “You sound great when I fuck you. I just wish I could see you better. I want to be able to watch you get fucked someday.” Our boy is enthusiastic. He assumes that she means by another dominant woman. Let him think so for now. The conversation can now be turned to sites that turn on, the seed is planted, and the conversation goes about other thing.

Dire Threats. “Maybe you’d think a little clearer if you appreciated how good I am to you. I know a leather man who’d be happy to teach you a lesson right up your ass boy.” Now especially in context, this is not going to inspire the enthusiasm of the first comment, but the seed has been planted and reinforced. If he tries to react to that, bring his attention back to the subject, the reason that you’re threatening in the first place. Obviously he wasn’t paying attention, that’s the fucking problem. And he should get his mind off big burly men fucking him up the ass. Stop thinking about the elephant right now.

The innocent expression of interest, insinuation, “I think Tom of Finland Art is really hot. I always wanted to watch men fuck each other.” “Mistress, why are you talking about that?” “I’m talking about Tom of Finland Art. Can I not have a conversation about art with you?” Move on, you go into art, gay porn, other related subjects. Individually each of these may have some effect, but what if you strung them together over the course of a week? We will get back to this example a little later to suggest how you tie all your work together.

Now in this session based environment, you’ve got an advantage. One hint per session. You know, you can pace yourself. You can see how thick or how quick they pick up on things. You’re actually in a situation where you don’t have to worry about the timing of being together too much, or forgetting to do it because you have an appointment. And you have your little list of what kind of things you want to cover over the course of the appointment.

Now inspiring dread. Almost universally mind play is about creating fear, dread, and tension in your subject. Not by definition, I mean we could use all these techniques to make your subject think you’re having eggs for breakfast and then, surprise, you’re

having cereal. But that not nearly as much fun for all the work. I mean tell me if it's any fun, me I'm all for deep hurting so that's what we're going to talk about.

Fear and dread enhances the sensation of being controlled. Of one fates not being one's own. Which is what submissives are there for after all. Like a roller coaster, fear is the purest experience of loss of control. Main line rush for the sensation junky. Fear however, is fleeting. People really cannot really maintain states of terror very long. Most people shut down or enter alternate states of consciousness. So save that for last.

What you're most often looking for is dread. The evil twin of anticipation. Dread can exist in varying levels throughout the experience. And it can be maintain almost indefinitely to some degree. Where fear is the immediate reaction to a perceived threat, dread is the stomach aching, hungering, lingering, trepidation. Especially of the unknown. When mixed with a fetish context, it makes for a memorable waiting period as the drama mind play unfolds. In order to create dread, deny information. The most useful way to create dread is to deny information. Strange sounds, closed doors, secrecy, all tools to create fear of the unknown. As a rule, an unknown is always scarier than what is known no matter how terrible that knowledge. Pain can be endured, humiliations braved, challenges overcome, but there's no getting around a mystery, especially a terrible, terrible one.

### **[00:35:35]**

Innuendo, never commit to anything. Admit nothing and don't give a scrap away more than you have to. However you have to find ways to reference the idea you're trying to inspire dread of. Reading a book or watching a movie inconspicuously that features a scene known to have the element in question will often brings the idea to mind in your subject. You're again in a unique position. They tend to pay attention to you, they tend to want your approval, they tend to want to know. You're an enigma, you're a mystery. In you come in carrying a book about something, they're going to look at the title. So the cockroach example, get a book on entomology. You don't ever have to look at the picture, all you ever have to do is be seen carrying it. They'll make all the rest of the assumptions. Refer to these things bleakly, insinuate. Give the impression that it's on your mind, but never clearly own up to it. Never commit to your illusion until it's too late for them to stop or avoid what they fear is going to happen.

All right, and this is putting it all together section. Did all the concept make sense, does everything...? Okay. In all these examples I've provided there has been some element of dread and denial of information. The insinuation of the source of fear, and the illusion of the fear. So we're going to look at them and what we're going to do is I'm going to go over the examples, and we're also going to think about other ways to get this to happen. Especially in the environment you guys are using. Because this is, again, written for live

at home couples and scene players. Um, and again, just because you hate it, I'm going to do to cockroach example first.

(Laughter)

Boy terrified of cockroaches.

**Audience: [?][37:19]**

Well the thing is to get the reaction from everybody, it's just you're is the most visible. Okay, boy terrified of cockroaches. The first step is denial, he never sees any roaches, because there aren't any. He's never told you did obtain roaches for certain because you didn't. He can't see what makes the noise or scampering across his skin. So can anyone give me an example of an insinuation? How do you insinuate this into somebody's head? Yeah, how would you casually, just – and you don't have to stage the entire conversation. But one line that you could drop? That's exactly what I have here. "Do you know that you can buy cockroaches on-line?" Do you have another one? Or pretty much the same?

**Audience: [?][38:05]**

**Flagg:** Brilliant. And whether you're bringing it out as a fact of biology, or whatever else you use in conversation is, or just, you know, I can't – all you want to do it bring it up. "God I can't stand living there, there's so many of those filthy fuckers." (Laughing) "There are more of them than there are of us." or, "There's more roaches in New York City than there are cells in your body." Or whatever you want to say. Oh yeah, kind of Wednesday Adam creepiness. That will fuck their asses, that's great. Our first one?

(Laughter)

**Audience: [?][38:51]**

**Flagg:** Oh that's great. (Laughing)

**Audience: [?][39:01]**

**Flagg:** So look at this, there are just so many ways, you know, a little bit of thought and you can just drop this idea into whatever context you have. Whether it's on-line, whether it's over the phone, or in person, anytime that you can be talking about something else. Okay so that's an insinuation, then if you're dealing with someone face to face, there's the illusion. The ones I have here are an empty package, a stiff feather across the skin, a hissing sound from a small spray can of compressed air.

**[00:39:56]**

**Audience:** Somebody could scratch on the door.

**Flagg:** Yeah somebody could scratch on the door. Store a package in the freezer if you're using power of suggestion. The illusion right there, tracking with the eyes. You just, "Never mind." Or something goes by and then you step out of the room and you use the fact that you have a co-conspirator to say, "Go get me a can of something for bugs." And then you come back in and talk to them. Because you weren't talking to them, they just happened to overhear it.

All right let's move on from cockroaches. Modest slave and peeping-Tom. So you've got someone who won't admit, or has only admitted to you, their fantasy is about being spied on. Probably by you, but whatever their fantasy is. So denial, the slave never sees who's out there for certain. It's you or an accomplice. The letters have no postage or identifying marks. Especially easy to do if you can find out where they work, or have, you know, if they live locally, and you've got another slave who you can have just drop something in their mail box. Preferably while you are on the phone with them. In some way they knew that it could not have been you.

Insinuation, you mention a stranger standing by the front walk a few days running, or a telephone hang up while the slave is not at home. This is for couples who live together. The illusion, you're arrange for a friend to be visible briefly outside the window. The cryptic messages in the mailbox, and arrange for phone hang ups when you're both home. Now for you this would be, you'd be chatting with them, and get someone else to call him. And this isn't the strongest example for your situation which is why I'm blowing through it.

Slave in the dog kennel. Denial, she's told there is no kennel, she's given no further info and the issue is conspicuously never discussed. When you are building the kennel in the back yard, she's blindfolded. Insinuation, you threaten it once and drop statements about the idea into other conversations, seeding her consciousness with the idea. The illusion, a curious box, pet catalogs, and finally the sound of construction in the back yard while she's helpless to observe or interfere.

Let's see slave and the surprise party. She's told that you're considering sending her away, and you never give her a definite answer. When she's packed into a car without discussion or notice, she's blindfolded and wondering which of the institutes of training she's been researching she'll be sent to, and the driver will not answer any questions. This one you can probably pull off. You know, I'm sure a lot of these guys would get all kinds of crazy about the idea of being swept away from their mundane lives to be dragged away "against their will" to serve you. And that you, with your God-like power and impervious to the forces of justice, law and order, can do this without consequence because you are, after all, his goddess lover.

So, let's say a couple of websites, you know, because they don't have to be very deep, very involved. Hell the ones that are out there tend to look like crap anyway. And they do exist. You can get them to do the research on, they can look at the Estate site, they can look at [?][43:18], they can look at all kinds of places. And then you can make one up for them to find. Preferably they will find it, you don't direct them to it. If you can't get it high enough on the search engine when it pops up, have them start consulting with other subs in the chat room and somebody else has one of their boys go, "Look here." So it doesn't come from you. And there's that one place that's close to where they are. Then you can have a photo of a recognizable land mark. A visible one in the distance. And what other kinds of insinuation or illusion would you want to pull off for this to get them panicking, or masturbating, or whatever, over the idea that you are going to send people to come and collect them? Come on, everyone was on the roaches.

(Laughter)

Do you live alone?

**Audience:** [?][44:15]

Flagg: All right. See again, misdirection. I'm not actually saying I'm going to come get you, I'm talking about other things. It's plausible deniability. "We're talking about the learning channel, what is your fucking problem?" And, you know, if this person is quick, send them to do the research on it. Because it's something that you may well be, you're thinking of doing to them. And they are your slave, so they can sit on their lunch hour at work and surf the internet and look for sites, and report back to you. Because that one, you're still not saying you're going to do it, but that's what they'll be thinking about. And it's just an exertion of authority that is completely within your boundaries. And then finally a fake website specializing in all the things he's most afraid of, a nightmare of a training facility. And then, you know, if they're local, a mysterious driver in a strange car. A long ride to nowhere in particular.

**[00:45:12]**

Boy to be fucked by a leather man, this one is probably closer to home. Denial, it's never discussed or brought up for negotiation of any sort, blindfolding at the moment of truth. Insinuation, anyone have any other insinuation ideas?

**Audience:** [?][45:29]

(Laughter)

**Flagg:** That's downright passive aggressive.

(Laughter)

**Audience:** [?][46:04]

**Flagg:** Disappointment is a powerful negative motivator.

**Audience:** [?][46:25]

**Flagg:** Let's see, insinuation, references to gay porn, leather men you know, erotic art of the right type, Deliverance. We covered this a lot, but anything else come to mind? You know you could either make him go, or take him toy shopping and spend an over long time lingering by the butt plugs, and dildos, and the strap-ons. And then go get something else.

**Audience:** If you're on-line you could go, "God just look at this one."

**Flagg:** Oh there you go. Exactly. Yeah.

**Audience:** Take him to the leather man store.

**Flagg:** Yep. Just take him right down there with all those leather men and just stare at him. Especially if you know one or two of them and be friendly. Because you'll be walking and be like, "Is he the one? Oh my gosh he's gigantic."

(Laughter)

Okay, once you have it, what's the pay off, putting it all together, the final act, giving the people what they want.

A good mindfuck ends with a spike point. A moment of decision or conflict that brings all the factors to a peak. Essentially it's a final act. It's the heart of the mindfuck. The payoff. It allows closure, a relief of the dread and tension which you have been carefully cultivating for hours, days, weeks, or months. In some ways this is the easiest part. It's the moment you probably first envisioned. I'll run a few examples by you, we'll address why. And what you might expect to happen. The end of mind play allows for an explosion of fear of the mental states. But it also allows it to foster the moment where after the world is turned upside down, it rights itself. This is the moment that reaffirms trust, commitment, and structure. However it doesn't always come immediately. There can be periods of shock and uncertainty as they try to realign a reality which has been drastically and intentionally altered. And then they may need multiple reassurances that this is not yet another trick.

I did an interrogation workshop at TES. We used the basement of the Bond St Place. Now this is not a formidable looking place. It was the basement of a second rate theatre it was filled with, you know, cheap art, and lithographs, and folding chairs. But I cracked my girl Tink and she did about an hour afterwards to be convinced that what we were

doing now was not another trick to crack her. She didn't, the way I brought her back to her normal state of being was by one by one giving her back all of the things I had taken away. They had been taken, the clothing taken away, they were wearing shirts with numbers. They had none of their id, but one at a time, I gave these things back and each step restored her equilibrium.

Now that's a rather drastic example of what you're going to be encountering once you rocked somebody's world, your imaginary cockroaches or whatever it is. They're going to need some time, usually not too long, but they're going to need a little time to get their balance. And it's useful if you're going to help them do that. Um, because if you don't they'll never get back to trusting you again and if they don't trust you again, you can't fuck them again and that's no good for anybody.

Short periods of concern given to them so they can get their bearing so they can appreciate your work from a place of security and stability. Guide them to a goal state by what you say, and how you make them feel. Just a note, if it seems like it's going wrong, if their panic is the wrong taste, or it seems violent or beyond what you wanted in the experience, don't be proud. Call it off, let them in on it, calm them down, find out what went wrong. That way you know what to do next time to get what you want.

**[00:50:09]**

So, back to our examples, boy terrified of cockroaches. It's simple enough, after you've had enough, just remove the blindfold, show him the feather and the spray can, he'll get it.

Modest slave and peeping-Tom. Arrange a ringing of the doorbell while he's tied and blindfolded. And then wait a few minutes. When you come back, wear heavier shoes, alter your tread, wear gloves, whisper that he's just like you pictured him. Even better, get an accomplice to do it. If you don't smoke, light a cigarette. Rather than continue the scene as usual, explore his body like it's new to you, increasing in roughness till you get him right where you want him. And then, let him see you. Or at least someone he's comfortable and familiar with, whatever. Or at least that you were in the room and in charge all along. All depending on what level of accomplice you want to bring in on him.

Slave in the dog kennel. Once she thinks the kennel is built in the backyard, lead her out blindfolded. Make her recommit to your authority. Reaffirming in her own words that you have the right to do to her what you want. Make her admit it, even ask for it. Inexpensive large pet carriers or dog houses are available at pet stores. Call her into in, lock her down, give it a few minutes. Especially if she thinks you've walked away. When you think she's had enough, give her back her sight, bring her back inside so she can reclaim the place in your space that you've allowed her. Most likely with an all new

appreciation for your generosity.

What these examples have is the spike point. Is taking the dread and finally transforming it into fear. And once you've taken it to fear, fear has to be managed. Fear has to be controlled because fear creates unpredictable and possibly violate results. So this is the hands on moment where you have to be not casually tossing things off, but yank the curtain back, the monster jumps out, you pull the rubber mask off, the Scooby-Do kids say, "It was old man Crovers all along." Everybody goes home happy, but just right there at that moment before the mask comes off, make sure they don't punch you. You have to be able to manage the fear you create.

Slave and the surprise party. This one ends pretty classically with the guest yelling surprise to your subject blankly staring. Cause of effect of a lot of people there with smiles will put them back on their feet very quickly.

Boy to be fucked by leather man. When you're alone, take the blindfold off so he can see who it is who's violating him. Again it's pretty classic. Or course you can keep him in suspense a while. Walk into the room wearing the boots, gloves, strap-on, smoking a cigar, it's entirely your call.

Pushing the envelope. If you're really confident about where you are, and where you're heading, and what you want to happen. If you are there but not quite over, and wanted to keep pushing the envelope, push. Get the boy to admit he braved the cockroaches for his mistress. Get sexual in the scene with the slave that thinks you're a stalker. Keep the slave boy in the dog kennel overnight. Subject the birthday slave to a degrading inspection at the hands of unknown strangers before you take the blindfold off and yell "surprise." Try making the boy cum and admit the excitement while being fucked by the mystery leather man.

I'm not going to sanction going the extra mile in mandatory. You can tell that I'm doing this for a public crowd. But remember, I'll not commit on paper to saying that it's a good idea. I will however say that under the right circumstances, the right people, it's everything it's supposed to be. Be careful, don't be stupid, if you're going to do something, do it right. Sometimes you just have to say go big or go home.

One final note, every so often carry through on your threat. Make it real, make it happen. Every outlandish thing you do give creditability to a dozen mindfucks. If they think your threat is simply beyond you, they'll learn very quickly not to believe it. And I suspect they'll be a little more disappointed in the end. But if they think you're capable of anything, they'll believe anything.

Now I have one example here broken down in step by step, which is one I did, which is the "cattle prod example". I'm actually going to tear this last page off and give it to

Collin to copy so that you guys will have a copy of one mindfuck from beginning to end listed out in order. I did this one to incorporate every principle we talked about.

Okay, first I wanted an illusion. Now the end result I want to create is fear of the cattle prod. So give me an illusion to start with? Catalogs, if they're particularly thick, you can mark the page. Or if they are on-line, you can send them to do the research at various websites for you. There is your illusion.

Then suggestions and insinuation.

**Audience: [?][54:45]**

**Flagg:** Now for an idea for an insinuation what would we actually be talking about? You'd be talking about EBay, you'd be talking about comparison shopping. You'd be talking about how much cheaper things are on EBay than in the stores. You know, for example, "Hell, you know I wanted to mail order a cattle prod, it was \$50, but I saw one on EBay for \$30. EBay is an incredible deal." The scene is never about what the scene is about. You've dropping a hint, not telling it. You're letting them think you're picking it up on they're own.

**[00:55:23]**

Next thing to do, remove the catalog. Take away the evidence. Forbid them from doing any further web research. "I don't want to talk about this anymore." Denial of evidences, denial of information. Determine whether or not the prod is within the structure. This is an interesting one. You know, if you've got someone who, you know, for his hour with you, we'll say that he will do anything, "Anything, what about this? What about that? What about a cattle prod? Would you take that for me?" And in the heat of the moment I'm sure he will say yes, but would the other insinuations that you've been dropping, that one example might stick a little more firmly.

A wrapper and an unmarked box. He's here, somebody else knocks and goes, "Mistress X there's a package for you. Are you expecting something from Texas?" "I was, I've got to sign for this." Walk up, come back, you're done. He doesn't even have to see the box because you have accomplices who can attest to the idea that there is one. If it doesn't come from you, it's real. Props, denial of information, leading to a conclusion.

Creating a deciding moment. A moment of conflict, unsure deprivation is very useful in this case. Okay, you've been dropping hints about the cattle prod for a week now. He's eaten them up. One of your co-conspirators comes, you get your package you were expecting from Texas, you go out, you sign for it, come back with the box. Put the box down, then you blindfold him. And then you do what? "Do you remember when you'd do anything for me? Do you remember what we talked about? Tell me if you remember.

Tell me what you remember.” Eventually he’ll bring it up. And then he can here you unwrap the box. He can’t see.

Now this is still not quite enough. What you want is a spike point. What you want is a moment of cathartic definition. The one I used after building someone into a complete freaking frenzy about this. In pretty much this exact situation, open the box, fiddled with something, pressed a button and there was a buzzing sound. We had our little conversation about, “You said you’d do anything for me.” I got them to reaffirm what we call as a pattern of affirmation where the answers are “Yes, yes. Yes I did. Yes I will.” And then I let it sit for a moment while it’s quite and let her sweat. And then I said, “Stick out your tongue.”

(Laughter)

And that was the spike moment. And she trembled, she opened her mouth, and I put my thumb in her mouth. And after she pretty much shit herself, um, she was so grateful for what it was, it did the complete breakdown, it was the last twist I needed for it to be big enough to be over. And for her to get the euphoria, the experience of the mindfuck. And then afterwards, because I’m a bastard, and because I absolutely believe that you do not do anything, you don’t promise to do anything you’re not capable of doing. I showed her that I did actually order a cattle prod and had one in the room. So it was something for her to worry about later.

(Laughter)

But that’s how you build them, that’s how you keep them within whatever you’re structure is, and that’s how you pay them off. It’s stage craft. That’s all it ever is. It’s that page, and make sure they have a copy of it.

So if there is any part of this you guys want to discuss, or ask questions about, or pass ideas around for? (Laughing)

Well it all depends, do you have a gun?

**Audience:** Yes.

**Flagg:** Well in that case, you don’t need to do any of this, but...

**Audience:** [?][59:35] Do the mindfuck thing of put the gun in your mouth [?] And go back and forth [?][

**Flagg:** Right, and safety is always a good one. I like that a lot. Because it’s not the feeling that everything is entirely out of your control, it’s not like, “I forgot to load it or not.” But I like the idea that, “You might not want twitch the safety is a little loose on

it.” That’s good.

**[01:00:10]**

Oddly enough one of the things I use, I do a lot of hypno fetish. Big hypno fetish. And I ended up playing two different people who had gun fixations. I don’t own a gun. But with hypnosis you don’t need to own one. You’ve got one. So there’s a girl I used to make go down on my hand in public, which she thought was a pistol at the time, and she was always worried I was going to get arrested for waving it around in public. But the other one was even more interesting because her I could kill. She had execution tension. And with hypnosis it’s easy enough to put the gun in her mouth, and then when she saw my thumb some down, she’d pass out.

**Audience: [?][01:01:11]**

**Flagg:** Actually no. That was just her reaction to being shot in the head.

(Laughter)

But a gun plays a great example because a lot of people don’t want to go and it’s not advisable to go where gun play can lead you. It was well played, I mean, there’s nothing like the expression on their face when they hear the slide cock back and all that, but unless you’re really comfortable with a gun, and very confident about using it, I’m never going to endorse it. He wants to shoot me in the chest if I wear a bulletproof vest, and I won’t let him, and I know he knows guns. He’s a sick fuck, even if on purpose.

(Laughter)

Anyway, you can use guns, but gun play is a perfect example of the kind of innuendo you can build. Because you don’t even have to own a gun. All they ever have to do is think you own one. Then you get something metal that clicks, and the push it against their head. Blindfold them, everybody depends on their sight.

**Audience: [?][01:02:11]** Just something, every time I hear [?] I hear him [?] If you’re going to make threats [?] approval. And you [?]

**Flagg:** That you won’t carry through

**Audience:** So there’s a box in the corner, and you know, the slave thinks there’s a cockroach in it. You aren’t really in a position, you don’t want to be threatened, even if you know he thinks there’s cockroaches in it. The threat is, “Do you want me to open the box?”

**Flagg:** No, actually my point is, my point is that the threat to threaten directly. I will never directly threaten you anything that I’m not willing to do. I will let you jump to all

kind of outrageous conclusions. So for example, if you and I were in an even weirder relationship then we are now, um, the deal would have no cockroaches. Therefore I would not be able to enter a cockroach into a situation in reality. But I have no problem with making you think there is.

**Audience:** [?][01:03:21] So um, I'm constructing the direct threat is not a lie.

**Flagg:** Right, "Do you want me to open that box?"

**Audience:** "Do you want me to open the box?" I did not say, but that threat I can do. Call the bluff, I can open it, I didn't threaten the roach.

**Flagg:** Yeah whatever, yeah absolutely. If you need to go direct just be careful what you say. Choose your words carefully. And that's always, you know, good advice anyway. So any other questions, observations, protests?

**Audience:** I came in a little late [?][01:03:58]

**Flagg:** Well one of the first things I hit, probably before you got here, is knowing your subjects. The idea is you're creating, the end goal is to create a specific state of mind in your subject that you have already chosen. We're not kind of experimenting to see what will come up, you want a specific reaction. And that reaction is based on the client. And in truth, because it's a commercial venture, to some degree, what the client wants. What kind of thing the client is looking, or is what you feel is that the client wants to experience from the clues you've inferred from dealing with this person before.

[01:04:56]

So I wouldn't recommend any of this on a walk-in off the street. This is all repeat clients stuff. Or somebody who's real clear about, "I want to be scared to death, make me think you're going to kill me." You know, if they come straight out with that, well than, you know, great, rev up the chain saw and go to town. So the idea there, for example, you've got someone who, if he adores you, but is terrified of her, and books a session with you. And you have this information, and you know that being scared creates a positive state in him in the end, you know, a positive state in terms of for your benefit. He's exhilarated, his heart pounding, he's been fucked with, it reinforces your control, whatever you feel is a positive state is. He doesn't have to be happy per say. Then in order to create that fear, you don't turn up at the accounted time, she does, or he does. And they say, you know, "I'll be handling you for the evening because X can't make it." And hopefully that's going to happen after they're already secured to something so they can't walk out on the session. They already feel vulnerable.

And then, you can walk in at any time without explanation and take back over because you don't owe any explanation. And the gratitude, you know, they'll be incredibly glad

to see you and you're heels, or whatever it is about you that they want. It's a kind of, it's more of a mental version of tease and denial in that case. Anything else, any other ideas? Any idea on how to make this client [?][01:06:35], because I've been thinking about this a lot and you've got...

**Audience:** [?][01:06:37] I [?] It's so easy to [?]. And that's another thing, when you're on-line, they can't tell you've cum. And that drives them crazy. You be very short with that. [?] And see where they go with it. And then they start to get worked up. Okay so I'm going to [?] you can totally play off of their response.

**Flagg:** One of the things that works with on-line in your favor is on-line creates a suspension of disbelief involuntarily. People have to engage the imaginative sensors of their brain to have the conversation. Because while they are looking at the words, they are visioning response. They are visioning participation. They're engaging all kinds of different parts of their brain that they don't have to in their creative centers when we're sitting here face to face. They're essentially compensating for that very lack. And with that compensation, you can steer that compensation and they will buy into it.

**Audience:** And another point you brought up was [?][01:08:11] and no matter what you tell them, you tell them that day [?]. And you brush it off, and you shrug it off, and then those little innuendos, they're going to [?].

**Flagg:** Exactly. The whole point of this is they drive themselves bat shit. You let them to the work themselves up into a frenzy whether it's in-person or on-line. And there's nothing like a blank face denial. Because everybody in most cases, when they are talking, if you suddenly stop emoting, "No. Yes. I didn't say that."

(Laughing) I'm sorry I think.

**Audience:** [?][01:09:19] and he did it forever [?].

**Flagg:** No I didn't. No. Denial is your friend, deny facts, innuendo. We've pretty much covered all the tools. Do the tools make sense to everybody? No questions about that? Okay well, I will give you an e-mail address if anybody has any questions, or questions come up later. I'm happy to top off an answer. And I'll be doing other seminars on other things. I just, I've got a...

**Audience:** [?][01:10:01]

**Flagg:** I've got a new humiliation, justification, degradation seminar that I want to run by you guys. Because you guys have a lot more hands on experience with different types of fetishes and humiliating people.

(Laughter)

And Collin can tell you other topics that I work on in case you guys want to see them. Um, I know you mentioned interrogations, I'll be doing that again at some point. But whatever. Okay, that should do it for the mindfucks class. I hope it's helpful.

**[End of Presentation][01:10:40]**

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## Appendix C: Structure I (Transcript)

**Source:** Power In Practice / Episode 08

**Speakers:** Flagg

**Type/Length:** Podcast, approximately 23 minutes

This is Power in Practice.

(Intro Music)

It's time to get down to business. All of the realities of BDSM in practice.

Welcome to Power in Practice. You are listen to Episode 08: Part I-Creating a Structure by Flagg recorded live during a meeting in New York City.

**Flagg:** Worse is the idea that seems even more widespread, that in order to be formal, I have to make someone do something silly. I haven't put enough raised pinky in my service instructions. I haven't capitalized enough or told someone that they will obey enough. Formality seems to be a catch-all for certain sorts of insecurity, and certain sorts of, um, not even insecurity. When I first started out I didn't know what the hell to do. And I felt very, very nervous that someone was going to figure that out. I mean I'm supposed to be a dominant, I'm supposed to be in charge. And look at these dominants around me, they've got phone books full of rules and they all seem to know exactly what they're doing. And by God they're masterful. And if I'm not masterful, how can I compete. And if I can't compete, I might as well go home.

So, first thing's first, if I don't have a phone book full of rules, maybe I ought to make some up. Which I promptly did. I'll just chalked that up to a learning experience. It didn't work out exactly the way I was hoping. Not because the rules themselves – I put some thought into the rules, and I got to tell you, the rules I imposed were rules I liked. And for the most part, although I uh, I found out the hard way about rule #1, I'm going to get to. For the most part I kept to them.

Rule #1 is never create a rule you're not going to enforce. Never. It is poison. And I'll get to why in a little while. But one of the other forms of poison is in fact enforcing all your rules. Because I had written so many rules, and had such an imposing little phone book of rules that I could wave around, and had a manual I could put in front of people and go, "Learn this." or, "Watch this." or whatever. That I wasn't really relating to the people anymore. They were relating to the document, I was relating to the document, and we all went about our lives. But I actually put a choke hold on my own interaction with the people beneath me. This, in the end, did not turn out to be what I wanted, oddly

enough.

So yeah, complex fantasies and ritual often get in the way, and they're often mistaken for protocol. We're going to try and put those last, because in some ways those are the easiest things because ritual are most often the things we think about. The trapping, the bells and whistles that we think would be really hot. It would be really cool if...and that's great, and there is room for that, but not when you're getting down to what makes a structure work, group or otherwise.

So we're going to start with the idea of contracts. I made enough of these, you can take them home. These are a bit out of date, but you know that's good because it'll give you a reason to buy the book when it come out because I have all kinds of new stuff. But, uh, we're going to start with contracts. A lot of the more formalized relationships, relationship structures, I know Jack uses a contract, I know SirC uses a contract. And those are the two people in my mind who are the examples of doing formal right. So I'm going to stick with them pretty often. I'm not going to give a step by step on how to write your contract, or more to the point, what to put in your contract. But I will give a step by step on what you might want to include and how you might want to think about it.

Because this document, if you write a contract, there's only two purposes for a contract. One, is it gets somebody hot, somebody wet, It's masturbation fodder, sign it and forget. I'm not dealing with that kind of contract. Two, is it's an abettor. It is the ultimate decision maker for conflicts because you've already committed to what can and cannot be done, where rights begin, where rights end, and where this stops and starts. That's the one we're going to deal with.

**[00:05:05]**

First rule, no flowery language. If you are writing a contract because it is making you hot and it sounds good, or this is what you think a slave contract is supposed to look like, put down the pen, step away from the word processor, go get some air. Sadly, if you're going to write a contract, it should look as dull, and unexciting as a legal document straight from the IRS. Do not distract yourself with the hotness. You can have fun later, this is business.

So it's not about things being pretty, it's not about this being romantic, it is about things being clear. And about your language being clear. Because if you leave room for vaguery, when you're looking to this either internally or between you and your people, looking for answers, and it doesn't give you any answers, you're up shit's creek. You're also avoiding abstracts for the same reasons. You're avoiding hyperbole, you're avoiding forever. You can say, "for life" but forever is not going to help you. Looks good, not terribly enforceable though. It's about responsibilities, rights, privileges, and obligations.

Make every attempt to keep your document focused on these things.

SirC's rule: when you are addressing limits, don't always focus on what various parties can't live with. Also keep in mind what they cannot live without. Because if that's not in there, in the end when push comes to shove, you have no right to expect it. So keep it in mind. Don't base the agreement on emotional condition. Concrete as they fill, they come and go. "I love you forever" has no part in one of these. You want to serve because you want to serve, you want to own because you want to own. Leave it at that. It's a good enough reason.

You don't need any other reason than simply desiring it. But when you put it that way, it's much easier to get a realistic grip on what kind of time you're willing to commit to this. And what part of your life you're willing to commit to this. The moment you start talking about love, in our culture, there's a social obligation to give more. I can't say, "Well I love you, and that's fine. But I'm still only willing to give you two hours a week." You see, there shouldn't be any reason for anyone to quibble with that. But there is because it seems inherently contradicting. It creates a subtle pressure, "I love you but..." So drop love completely and just say, "I can only give you two hours a week." It's much easier to keep to the facts that way. It's a first in the tree thing.

The rules, the rituals, the protocols, none of that is what you are. And that means in order to keep what you are, you may have to adjust the contract. If the contract is more important than you are, you've probably got a problem. I'm not saying immediately drop the contract the first time there's a conflict. But I'm saying if there is an irreconcilable conflict, you are going to have to decide what is more important, the relationship or the contract. Now normally I'm all for advocating on the side of dominance over love, and I still am. But the contract is not dominance. The contract is an agreement, nothing more. And if the agreement has to be abridged, so be it. Just make sure that in the end, that you as the dominant are satisfied with the agreements you've made. Because let me tell you, if you can't abridge this thing, and you as the dominant are not happy with it, as I did to myself, and you don't feel that you have the right to change it, because you're serving the contract instead of the contract serving you, well then you're just fucked.

So, contracts have pitfalls. And I'm not going to get too far into contracts, we can do a whole thing on contracts. I bring up contracts because formal orders, much like Jack's often have written agreements. You should look at what you're reading. You should look carefully at what you're writing. And you should think about it. And essentially my big advice on all contracts is trim the fat. Just the facts, Ma'am. Absolute bare bones language. Absolute bare bones information. Least amount of words, most amount of information - Soulhuntré's law, stick to it.

**[00:10:05]**

Okay, formal, and poly, and family structures have an interesting inherit pitfall when you're dealing with poly. Because, many people are tempted to start putting their rituals and protocols on paper. Especially if they are in a, what they consider a formal relationship, a formal structure, one with a contract. It makes perfect sense then to start putting these things that you want on paper. How many people here are in poly structures? Show of hands. How many people here are in leather families, poly structures, have more than one servant, have more than one dominant? Okay we have a couple of hands. Out of those, how many people are on top of their structures? Okay we have a couple. Of those of you on top, how many of you and your people all want the same thing? How many of them would all thrive if they were treated exactly the same? And thus goes the fantasy of the Robert Palmer Girls standing behind me.

(Laughter from crowd)

It just doesn't seem to work that way. So if we stick to the idea of only write down what you can't live without, suddenly that becomes less of a problem. Because if I write down every little thing that I like because I'm in a single relationship, and then I bring in a second, and the take that same contract and put it in front of them, odds are good that it's not going to function as well. It's not going to function as well as the document because it's not going to produce the results that you want. On the other hand, if I write a whole new contract for each new person, does anyone here know what that's going to invite? "How come she doesn't have to do that?" "How come I don't get to do that?" "Wow hers is two lines longer."

(Laughter from crowd)

Oh go to hell all of you. So what you want is the absolutely minimum that you would expect. The things that you cannot live without from each person. If it is damned important to you that the people under you address you as "Sir" then you put that down. If on the other hand some address you as "Sir" and some as "Daddy" and some as something else, then maybe you don't need that in ink. Maybe that's something you'll simply craft in "gasp" one on one communication. Something without the contract between the two of you, terrifying. So again that's another reason to just stick with the bare minimum, the things you cannot live without in creating your formal structure. Because in case of poly, less is more.

There's a lot of things I demand from the people under me that I do not demand from Kimiko and Tatsumi. And I know they're profoundly grateful for that. One the other hand, both of them had to get used to addressing me in specific fashion. That's it. It's the bare minimum that I wanted from them. That they would recognize that I had authority in their lives. Anything else I can add individually one on one as it suited me.

I'm going to go on a little bit of a tangent here to make it a little different from the

maintenance thing. Another thing about poly structures, especially one like Jack's. Because Jack's is not just one person on top of a hierarchy, Jack's goal is to create a community. A community of pure dominance, and their people. And order, not just a household, but a collection of households. It is a noble goal, early on The Estate formed and we attempted to do exactly that. We attempted to unite my house, SirC's house, and Ken Soulhuntré's house into one smoothly functioning unified whole. Not nearly as easy as it seemed at the beginning. And not for any of the reasons that we thought about.

**[00:14:45]**

Can any of you guess what some of the problems you would expect to happen in that situation? Who do you take orders from? That was our first question, and the first thing we hammered out. Oddly enough, as weird as it sounds, I could say that's the one thing we never had any problems with. But it was the one that we were most worried about. We spent days sitting around brainstorming, trying to figure out exactly how it was supposed to work. Because we thought that would be the single biggest problem. As it turned out, whether it's a unique ability of the three people involved, or just the right chemistry, or just enough forethought, it never seemed that either, that any two of us had a problem with stepping back and letting one of us take charge in different circumstances. There was a great deal of shared respect.

So your key here is, you're not going to be able to create a poly structure with more than one dominant unless there is a genuine and profound respect between them. I am not talking about respect like, "Well I wouldn't spit on your shoes." or "I say God bless you when you sneeze." I'm talking about a genuine and deep abiding regard for each other's ability. You have to be able to look at each other and go, "That person is a dominant. That person is my peer. That person is someone I can learn from." Because if you're too busy preening, or going, "I've got nothing I can learn from this guy." you're immediately going to, by default, starting putting your own priorities ahead of theirs in every situation. And if you are in a shared order, and a shared authority structure, every situation is not yours to do that with.

So the second question was, where do the situations change? How do we make this work? And so what we did is we came up with the idea of house rules. Whenever we would invite anybody over, for anything, that wasn't in a neutral space. We have neutral space rules, which was basically very casual. You know, we'd meet at Hellfire. Hellfire was not our place, Hellfire was Lenny's place. And no one of us ran Hellfire, we would just rope off our space, and have a good time. And the flow of Hellfire was subset in general. Some people would be up and playing, and some people would be sitting down, and if someone was available you could call on them to do things. And if they were tied up and getting hurt, well you couldn't call on them to do things. But that was basically it.

So the real question is, if I'm over at SirC's house, whose house rules are we following? If SirC and I are with Ken, and Ken invited us on road trip, whose house rules are we following? That was in fact the default. The extender of the invitation would dictate the house rules. And we felt that would clear it up, and it didn't. It didn't because of expectations. The best example I can think of is one that went on for weeks before we could figure out the problem.

The person in my service at that time was names Zoe. And Zoe was a workhorse. Very, very service oriented. And we would go over to Ken's house for a weekend and hang out. And she'd spend a lot of her time in the kitchen, working, helping out. Helping with dinner, helping attend to people. And then at another point, Ken and Kimi or Ken and Tats, or all three, or Sir and her boy would come to my house, and Zoe would do the same thing. And eventually we began to notice some discontents. I began to notice that she was unhappy every time these people visited. Now these people are very important to me and I like to see them a lot, and I didn't like the fact that someone under me was unhappy. Because that meant there was work attached, there was unpleasantness attached. And I couldn't just tell her, "Don't be unhappy" because that doesn't work. So I had to figure out what the problem was.

And the problem was she was extending the expectations of my house visits to their house, and expected that my standards would prevail here. But it was a little trickier than that. My standard said, okay I've got a servant, this servant should do everything possible to keep my host from having to do anything and to keep my host servant's from having to do anything. Should contribute, should be an active member of the household staff. Ken's view was, my servant should be right here next to me so that I am not imposing on the household staff.

So what Zoe saw was she'd go to a house and work her guts out, and then they'd come over and they'd sit down. And this fermented discontent. And it took us a while to figure out the problem was in the expectations that we set up for the people beneath us. Not the rules that we laid out on paper, it was just the dynamic we hadn't anticipated at all until we saw it illustrated. And the illustrated point there is there are always going to be undercurrents and things that the superiors don't see. There's shit going on below stairs that in general, they tend to be more than happy and not bothering us with. Um, or we certainly tend to discourage them from bothering us with, that is going to need attention eventually. And the earlier you can find it and spot it, the better.

It took us a while to figure out what to do about that. What I did was, when we went over to Ken's house, I kept Zoe by my side and instead we simple functioned under Soulhunte rules. Zoe's contribution to that household was not making me singular, a burden, by being there to attend to me. Instead of being in the kitchen and helping out. It was just a matter of understanding the different priorities and different dynamics. And

every house is going to have different priorities and priorities don't often get written into rule sets. Because more often than not, you don't think about them. You simply have them. And it's only when you're working closely with other people you find out they don't share them.

Which is a loose lead into the next idea. If you don't think about what your priorities are, you're in trouble. The hardest question I ever had to ask myself while actually trying to compose a working rule set, was what do I want. I mean it sounds easy at first. But I found there was an awful lot of empty space on the page. I mean, other than snappy one word answers like "compliance" which is really not an answer at all. I mean, how many of you think you could write down on the back of this page what you want and have it covered now? There's a lot of grey area.

**[End of Presentation][00:22:22]**

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