

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater, Vol. 1

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Dedication

There are several people who inspired me to undertake this project, individuals who have a deep interest in kinbaku and its history.

For my wonderful partner in life and rope, Gracie
My brother and my teacher, who has offered me guidance beyond value, Jeremy, and his partner Aly

My amazing editor, Daniel Koosed (Bright-Shadow)
To Gosia Sensi, your encouragement, insight and generosity with your time is invaluable
To Riccardo, who always inspires me with his words and knowledge
To Zak, who's always been there to share in and stoke the passion for this history
To Nuit De Tokyo, you've always been so generous with your time and knowledge

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Translation Notes

I am not fluent in Japanese. I can speak, read, and write well enough to hold a casual conversation. For transparency, if there are any inaccuracies in this translation, it was not done with an intent to editorialize. I want to keep this translation as accurate to the voice and tone of Nureki as possible. However, I believe translating this work is of importance to those who value the history and heritage of kinbaku.

Importantly, nomenclature in Japanese SM does not exactly mirror the terminology we use in Western SM. Due to cultural differences, the terms M and S, representing masochism and sadism, do not carry the same literal meanings that Westerners use. Western “lifestyle” BDSM relationships are rare in Japan, whereas most kink and BDSM play in Japan is session-based and transactional.

In Japanese kink culture, the S is the one offering a service, whether as top, dominant or sadist. It can also be used to describe someone’s personality, not just their role. The converse is true for the term M.

Another interesting word is マニア, “mania,” a Greek loanword from the early 20th century. It essentially means obsessive, but in context, it may mean enthusiast, fetishist, or even maniac.

And finally, we come to 責め, “seme,” as most of us know from semenawa. This word carries a much different nuance than most people use in the West. Torture and torment are valid translations, but it also carries an undertone of shame, blame, and punishment. Hopefully, as we read through this work, we can start to see the instances in which “seme” is applied. Generally speaking, all references to torment, punishment, shame and blame in this translation are derived from this Japanese word in context.

Profile

Name: Nureki Chimuo

Gender: Male

Current Address: Kita Ward, Tokyo

The photo on the right shows the view from my office.

Vines thickly entwined. An old house with a tile roof, looking like it might collapse at any moment.

I absolutely love scenery like this.



Birthday: January 13, 1930

Blood Type: A

Place of Birth: Asakusa, Taito Ward, Tokyo

Taste....profession....hmm, this is a problem. Call it a hobby or a profession, in my case, all my hobbies have become my profession. A job that pays even a little money to supplement one's living expenses is what we call a profession. Therefore, my hobbies are essentially my profession, and embarrassingly enough, I have an excessive number of them. Aside from Nureki Chimuo, I have over ten other names. No, really, I use those names to do things and get paid for them, so they're not just hobby pseudonyms. Most of the pen names I've used were adopted out of necessity. Recently, I received the Yasuo Uchida Mystery Literature Award under a new pen name, Tabata Roku Roku, so I've gained another name.

Frankly, I'm totally clueless about personal computers. I don't own one, and consequently, I've never used one. However, I have a kind friend who took the trouble to help me use this feature of computers to somehow get me to talk about what I've been doing all this time. Thus, this piece called "Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater" was born (rather, is in the process of being born).

My tax filing status is officially listed as "writer." For the past 55 years, I have been a writer all along. (I'm nearly 80 years old) I file my tax returns properly every year. I'm also receiving a refund. If I say I have over ten names, you might think I'm a rather shady character, but surprisingly, I have an honest side too. But honestly, having many hobbies and occupations also means that none of them are truly mastered, none of them stand out as exceptional. In other words, he's a half-hearted person. The fact that he has such a suspicious, peculiar name like Nureki Chimuo is proof enough of that.



The motivation for writing this “talking theatertheater” came from the suggestion of my kind friend mentioned earlier (I’ll refer to as R-san for now). I have mountains of novels and other writings I’ve penned (after all, I’ve been writing for 55 years), and R-san has read about 70% of them. I’m truly grateful. (Even 70% is a massive amount.) If I may be so bold as to say, R-san is a “fan” of my writing. A writer produces, so to say, their “ideology,” so R-san could be called an “adherent” of my ideology. While we may differ somewhat in our opinions, we share my way of thinking. That’s why you read what I write so carefully. R-san told me something along the lines of: “You must still have so many things you want to write, so many things you want to say. Write them down. I will help.” If I don’t respond here, my life will become even more half-hearted. That’s why I began writing these “Nureki Chimuo’s Talking Theater.” Well, as they say, “Man dies to know himself.”

Ah, yes yes, the other day, I drew the picture story “Golden Bat.” “Golden Bat vs. Dr. Death” is an original work with a whopping 22 illustrations. This will be performed this fall at a certain hall in Tokyo, with an admission fee. In other words, I am also an artist. And I am also an entertainer who performs on stage. I even do rakugo and kodan¹. Before we knew it, the name “Ten-something” had somehow come into being.

That’s a general overview of my hobbies, work and profile. My true identity will be revealed bit by bit in the “talking theater” I’m about to write.

(2007. 8. 3)

¹ Rakugo is comic storytelling, kodan is storytelling with a highly dramatic delivery.

2007.08.11

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第一回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 1

第1作目から芝居の話

Talking About the First Work

For the past few years, I have published five books in succession through the publisher Kawade Shobo Shinsa. "The Beauty and Pleasure of Bondage," "The True Story of Bondage and Punishment," "The Secret Book of Sex: Punishment and Pleasure," "The Artists of 'Kitan Club'," "Kitan Club and Its Surroundings", all of which are original paperbacks. Soon, my sixth book will be released. This is a collection of essays found in a certain magazine.

This sixth book will be titled, "Bondage, as long as there is life."

The person at Kawade Shobo's editorial department added it. "Bondage: As long as I live" is an amazing title. It gives a sense of sadness. It's a slightly eerie feeling.

When tying a woman's body, I personally don't feel the slightest bit sad. I can tie the woman I love however I like, caress her however I want, and my own body is caressed by her. There is no way I could be sad. They say "As long as you live," but when tying the woman I love how I please, I enjoy it so much my life keeps extending. I am currently serializing my story in a monthly magazine called "SM Sniper," how I tie the woman I love, and I am caught in a crucible of pleasure. If you are interested, please read that as well.

Huh? What is it?

Are you saying you don't want to read about other people having fun?

Yes, that's it.

Surely, reading about other people happily indulging in pleasure is nothing short of infuriating. But, you rarely get to read about a man nearing 80, bearing his aged ugliness, engaging in every debauchery with a 27 year old woman's body.

Now then, what am I trying to write? In this “talking theater” I intend to spill out everything I never wrote in the past.

The “play” in “talking play” is not merely a decorative term, but in actuality means “theater.” Honestly, my “SM life” is quite intertwined with my “theatrical life.”

While performing in plays, he wrote novels and edited magazines, performed more plays again while writing manuscripts, occasionally mimicking Vaudeville performers, he was simply restless. Of course, during that time, I was constantly involved in SM and kept writing that kind of material.

As I wrote in my profile, I’ve been doing all sorts of things like a fool.

When I say “theater,” I don’t mean anything lofty, grand or pretentious. Honestly, I believe I’ve always harbored a longing, a sort of “theatrical inclination in me.” In short, I simply loved acting at a basic level.

The first “SM Story” I wrote was “The Travelling Actors of Pleasure and Pain,” published in the November 1953 edition of Kitan Club. It’s a collection of 40 short stories, written under the name Mieko Aoyama.

They were illustrated by a male artist using the pen name Mineko Tsuzuki.

For more information about this artist, please refer to the “Artists of Kitan Club” section in the book.

“The Travelling Actors of Pleasure and Pain,” as the title suggests, is the story of a theater troupe performing “light plays” in Akusuka (ahh, the term “light plays” doesn’t exist anymore) that, pushed out by the then widely popular strip shows, formed a troupe of female swordplay performers and set out on a tour. The story unfolds during that very tour.

The story is written in the first person, and the “I” in the story is that of the kyogen performer of the troupe, the resident playwright. In other words, the “world of theater” has appeared in my stories since my first work.

It wasn’t that I consciously set out to depict the world of theater (not the grand stages of Tokyo), but the more popular kind, that of the small travelling troupes. Even though the theme was SM, I quite naturally realized that such a travelling troupe had become the setting for the story. And this trend has continued until today, fifty years later.

When I hear the words “travelling theater troupe,” I immediately sense a decadent romanticism between men and women, thick with the rich, muddy hues of watercolor paint, and a unique eroticism unlike anything found in normal society. Of course, this is

nothing more than my own selfish fantasy, or perhaps delusion, but I have always had this particular feeling, a longing, ever since I was a child.

From journey to journey, the lives of men and women in the travelling troupe who perform their dubious plays, as they move from place to place, held a sense of guilty loneliness, like walking stealthily along the alleys of life. Yet, I always felt it also harbored an impossibly sweet, grotesque pleasure. Ever since I was old enough to understand, I had longed for it. I felt a fascination similar to drugs. Even though I am nearing 80, I still find it appealing. Thus, I like it and often watch it.

My feelings when I wrote “The Travelling Actors of Pleasure and Torment” fifty-five years ago have not changed a bit.

(Truthfully, I secretly think that people who don’t understand the appeal of these troupes can’t possibly grasp the essence of SM.) I hope you now have a little understanding of why I titled this piece “Talking Theater.”

Anyway, I just love theater.

The first writing was well received, and the manuscript fee arrived quickly, so I followed it with a second writing titled “Harukaze-za Autumn’s Journey².” It is also a story about travelling actors. This was published in the next issue, the December issue in 1953.

Editor-in-Chief Minoru Yoshida wrote in a letter, “The novels you write have a certain bright and romantic mood to them that I like. Due to the nature of the magazine, our publication always tends to be dark and gloomy. Your work saves me, please keep sending more work like this. If you change your pen name, we will publish as many pieces as you like in the same issue.”

The passionate and sincere content of that letter would begin to deepen my relationship with “Kitan Club.”

² 春風座 is probably the name of a theater, meaning “spring breeze theater, autumn’s journey”

2007.08.11

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第二回

Nureki's Chimuo's Talking Theater: Chapter Two

古式捕縄術の楽しい実験

Fun Experiments with Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques



My second novel is “Harukaze-za Autumn’s Journey” (written under the pen name Aoyama Miekichi). I wanted to write a bit about the story’s background. To find materials on Asakusa’s light theater and shows from that era (the 1950s), I reached into the pile of books and magazines stacked around fifty deep in rows of five behind the bookshelf at the head of my bed. The pile began to collapse with a sound:

Sluuuurp... thud thud thud thud thuddd,

And collapsed with a loud crash.

“Hooray!” I shouted, then I sat down in a daze for a while. The books were scattered everywhere, a complete mess. Eventually, I mustered my resolve and started to clean up a bit. The collapse wasn’t caused by an earthquake. It was unstable because it was piled haphazardly. I had reaped what I had sown.

Among the dusty hardcovers piled low, I found one. I couldn’t help but exclaim, “Gah, I found it!”

“Gah! Gah! Gah! It was here all along!”

Normally, by the time you’re nearly 80, you wouldn’t scream “Gah! Gah! Gah!” just because you found a book in a towering pile as it collapsed. But I cried out, I am free. Why did I cry out in joy? Because that one volume was the very book I had been searching for. So that’s why it was hidden away amongst my old performing arts material. No wonder it hadn’t been found until now.

A copy of “Yoriki, Doushin, Jitte Torinawa³” by Yasuhiko Itatsu, published by Shin Jinbutsu Oorai-sha, emerged covered in dust from beneath a pile of collapsed books and magazines.

The book was published in 1992, so it is about fifteen years old. The contents are a collection of essays that feel inspired by historical research. Not only does it include explanatory texts from the Edo period, as one might imagine, but also entries such as “Ninja Night Tales,” “My Interpretation of Furin Kazan⁴,” It contains four verses of Sun Tzu’s “Art of War” and “The Nanboku-chou Period Surviving Today⁵.”

Out of 367 pages, only the twenty-seven pages under the name “Koryu Hojojutsu⁶” are my most precious, precious collection. You could say these are my most treasured pages. This section features no fewer than sixty photos that appear to be close-ups. These sixty photographs are incredibly stimulating to me.

The author, Dr. Yasuhiko Itatsu, holds a Doctorate of Medicine from the Keio University School of Medicine. He is a physician.

Dr. Itatsu, please excuse me. I had published a small portion of the pages on “Koryu Hojojutsu⁷” from your book in the “Nureki Shinbun” without your permission, in the form of an introduction. “Nureki Shinbun” refers to a private edition, published in only a very limited quantity. It’s simply made from handwritten manuscripts, copied and stapled together. So, I thought it would be forgiven without permission. But with computers, websites and the Internet so widespread these days, it cannot be done without permission anymore.

I will ask R-san, who is knowledgeable about IT devices and is currently acting as my manager, to look into it for me. I will then go to Dr. Itatsu and seek his forgiveness. Regarding R-san, please read the profile section on my page.

Still, I am glad this book came along. This book could have been placed in the SM section of my office. Since the book is titled “Yoriki, Doushin, Jitte Torinawa,” I assumed it was an Edo period reference book, and thus put it in the historical research section. That’s why I kept searching over and over again, looking in only that one spot.

³ This roughly translates to Policeman’s Jitte Rope. The Jitte is a special truncheon used by police and private thief catchers in Japan’s Edo period. Torinawa is a form of capturing rope to hold and bind criminals.

⁴ Furin kasan is the popular version of the battle standard used by the daimyo Takeda Shingen during the Sengoku Period.

⁵ The Nanboku-chou period, 1336-1392, was known as the “Northern And Southern Courts period.”

⁶ “Koryu” in this context means “old style” or “old technique,” or “ancient technique.”

⁷ Also referred to as “Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques.” For the remainder of this writing, I’ll refer to this subject as “Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques.”

But I couldn't find it. Frankly, I am terrible at organizing things. Not just books, but everything. I hate it, it's a bother. So, even the books I had arranged by type on the bookshelf had become jumbled together. Even important books on SM practice can sometimes become mixed among old theater art books in Asakusa. Thanks to the unexpected collapse of a stack of books, it was suddenly found.

I immediately intend to report this incident to a woman named Rakka. That's right. The reason I was looking for this book was for Rakka-san. She said she'd like to read it.

Rakka-san is the woman I'm closest to right now. Or, rather, it's more accurate to say that she's the one who's been kind enough to be close to me. She's a young and beautiful woman who accepts everything about me. And for that I am grateful. (Regarding this woman, the magazine SM Sniper has been publishing detailed articles about her in serial form recently.)

It is my intention to take this book by Dr. Itatsu, lock myself away in a room with Rakka-san, and thoroughly experiment with the "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques". The sixty black and white photos featured in this book depict a young, delicate, and truly fresh-faced woman acting as the model, bound with rope over her prison garb. That sight was truly pitiful and pathetic.

I will list the names of the traditional rope-tying methods described in the accompanying photographs⁸.

- Cross Shaped Rope - Rope used to tie commoners
- Kaminawa - Rope used to tie commoners
- Split-diamond rope - used on commoners and travelling merchants crossing the border
- Noribishi nawa - Rope used to tie commoners
- Gekai nawa - rope used on a strong-man
- Return rope - rope to bind a priest
- Hawk's Feather Return Rope - rope to bind a priest
- Shimenawa (sacred rope) - rope to bind a shrine priest
- Oizuri rope - rope hung on the Yamabushi
- Feathered rope - for duels, as it does not bind the wrist
- Chikakenawa - rope placed around a woman's neck
- Foot-binding rope - used aboard ships, and also for strongmen
- Double-diamond rope - used to bind samurai
- Staying rope - rope used to bind those good at escaping
- Cutting rope - rope used for beheading
- Helping rope (tasukenawa) - rope used to transfer prisoners

⁸ Since I do not have this particular book, I cannot compare the photos. Also, the techniques here do not appear in the dictionaries I have access to. I suspect, since the book they are mentioned in is about the Edo period, these terms are archaic Japanese. Interestingly, these techniques appear on SMPedia:

<https://smpedia.com/index.php/%E6%8D%95%E7%B8%84%E8%A1%93> for reference.

- Takasa-ryu women's rope (front). Takasa-ryu women's rope (back).
- Takasu-ryū Shajin-nawa (Front). Takasu-ryū Shajin-nawa (Back). Takasu-ryū Akusō-nawa. Takasu-ryū Muban-nawa. Takasu-ryu: Five-Tube Rope (Front). Takasu-ryu: Five-Tube Rope (Back). Shosho-ryu: Cage Rope (Front). Shosho-ryu: Cage Rope (Back). Shosho-ryu: Tube Rope (Front). Shosho-ryu: Tube Rope (Back). Shosho-ryu: Fin Rope (Front). Shosho-ryu: Fin Rope (Back).

Ahh, I'm exhausted.

Writing it out isn't easy either, this is only half, in other words 30 techniques. The name that accompanies each photograph of "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques" is one of thirty varieties. The rest will be included next time.

(Actually, I'm writing this piece by hand while R-san types it on the computer so everyone can see it.) Thank you, R-san. Since writing is hard work, typing must be hard as well. I appreciate it.

Dr. Itatsu, taking photos like this with a young, cute girl as the model, if you ask me, is a thoroughly delightful and theatrical act. It's theatrical. It's because of this theatricality that SM play is so pleasurable. Next time, I'll write about that very point.

2007.08.11

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第三回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 3

すごい写真なんです

Amazing Photographs

Continuing from last time, I will transcribe the names of the techniques that appear in Dr. Yasuhiko Itatsu's book "Yorikiri, Doshin, Jitte Torinawa." In this 370 page volume, the section on "Traditional Rope Tying Techniques" is twenty-seven pages, presented with sixty distinct forms with photographs. (The model is wearing white clothes.) It is believed that Dr. Itatsu took these photographs himself. I have already written down the names of the first thirty types. This time, I will write the names of the next thirty types in the same manner.

I know that many bondage fans who find joy in the mere sight of the characters used to name these "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques" techniques, as they inspire all manner of fantasies and dreams that spread and grow. I perfectly understand that feeling fans have, where just seeing names or characters can spark an endless expanse of imagination. That's what you call the heart and soul of a true enthusiast.

Instead of being shown hundreds, or even thousands, of pristine bondage photographs devoid of an enthusiast's soul, a single line or a few words can sometimes allow an enthusiast's imagination to expand richly, freely, endlessly, and happily in whatever way they please. I sincerely hope that those involved in editing SM magazines will understand this truth. I hope you understand that we enthusiasts possess an enthusiast's heart.

Ah, I've gone and written something unnecessary again. I fear I'm too talkative. But since this is "The Talking Theater" I suppose this is fine. Now, the last half of the "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques" techniques, the names of the thirty techniques.

- Sasai-ryu:Sobbaku - Sasai-ryu: Oyobaku - Sasai-ryu: Tanbaku (Nureki's Note: How do you read this? Such a difficult character⁹. R-san, please look this character up when you have time, it has the "hand" radical and the character for "difficult" so I kind of get the meaning.

⁹ The character referenced, 攤, appears in the Hyogai kanji; that is, it appears outside of the Joyo kanji, which is the common list of kanji taught in Japan. The kanji can mean "open," "broaden," or "appropriation."

- Sasai-Ryu: Shibunawa. Ichidatsu-ryu: Nijubi. Ichidatsu-ryu: Kakugai. Ichidatsu-ryu: Makikko. Ichidatsu-ryu: Makikiri.
- Itten-ryu: Amida no Mune Wari (front). Itten-ryu: Amida no Mune Wari (back).
- Higashi-ryu: Villager's Rope. Higashi-ryu: Peasant's Rope. Higashi-ryu: Women's Rope. Higashi-ryu: Shinto Priest's Rope. Higashi-ryu: Yamabushi Rope. Higashi-ryu: Monk's Rope. Higashi-ryu: Mendicant Monk's Rope. Higashi-ryu: Samurai's Rope.
- Ultimate Secrets of Rope Technique: Kumakasa Rope (front). Ultimate Secrets of Rope Technique: Kumakasa Rope (back).
- Ultimate Secrets of Rope Technique: Capturing Rope (front). Ultimate Secrets of Rope Technique: Capturing Rope (back).
- Ultimate Secrets of Rope Technique: Fire-starting rope (front). Ultimate Secrets of Rope Technique: Fire-starting rope (back). –Nureki's notes: Though it's called a "fire rope," this female prisoner was not executed by burning at the stake while bound by this rope. This must be a method of binding a woman who has committed arson. The rope tied around the woman's chest, like a pointless decoration, is it meant to be a flame? Strange. It's far too imaginative. Strange, but interesting.
- Yaegaki-ryu: Ten no Ichi Rope Throw. Yaegaki-ryu: Sashi Rope Throw.
- Taisho-ryu: Kikyo Rope. Taisho-ryu: Shosho Rope. Taisho-ryu: Priest's Rope. Taisho-ryu: Kikko.¹⁰

That's it. There are sixty black and white photographs included. Each page holds four photos, so they aren't very large. They're smaller than a standard business card. However, the pictures are amazing.

They make me feel.

They get me all worked up.

Even though they're amazing, it doesn't mean her breasts are exposed. It's not as if her crotch is exposed. As I mentioned before, the woman is wearing a white kimono that appears to be made in the fashion of a prison garb. This kimono is also oversized, giving it a baggy feeling. As a result, very little skin is exposed.

It's not as if there's any particularly intense or cruel rope tied around it. Instead, the rope is loose and slack, a sloppy and absent-minded bind with little tension. Because these bondage photos weren't intended to express any strong restraint or cruelty in the first place, it's only natural that they're loose.

One by one, each rope, this photograph reveals the meticulous care and intense focus devoted to the way they are tied, and the form they express. It really shouldn't be called

¹⁰ The names of the hojojutsu ties are quite interesting, and while I do not have the reference photos handy, the exploration of the names definitely can tickle an imaginative mind. I will include the original characters in the blog in an appendix at the end of the overall translation for those interested. The names almost certainly stem from archaic Japanese and will not be found in modern dictionaries

“bondage photography.” The photographs document the rope tying techniques of “koshiki hojojutsu” as reference material for posterity.

Why do these photos, which essentially are just “serious” restraints, arouse me so much?

It is because Dr. Itatsu ties women with such love and care, putting his whole heart into it. She’s a lovely young lady with big, round eyes. Above all, it has a fresh and innocent atmosphere. I can see the doctor’s expression and posture as he ties her up.

The young lady, unable to understand why the doctor of medicine would bind her body with such fervent passion. She is restrained, sometimes with an anxious look, revealing sometimes a faint hesitation and fear, and sometimes her expression is dazed. That expression on her face is irresistible. An expression that reveals not a shred of acting, raw and unfiltered, and if I may say so, an expression of masochism.

She wore a simple Japanese hairstyle, adorned with combs and hairpins, even with cotton padding in her hair. In this photo, she is clearly wearing a colored kimono, not a white one. Her obi is also properly tied. This means that this “capture technique” was photographed over several days, day after day. Changing hairstyles, changing costumes....

(Ahh, what an extravagant, pleasurable photoshoot!)

To reiterate, Dr. Itatsu is a physician. Perusing the biography at the end of his book, it states he was born in Tokyo in 1937, worked in the Department of Internal Medicine at Keio University from 1963, and opened his practice in Meguro Ward, Tokyo in 1971. Therefore, the first publication of this manuscript was a serialized piece in the Japan Medical Journal and the Meguro Medical Association Bulletin.

The woman, who served as a model for the “Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques” techniques for several days, with her endearingly fresh and innocent charm, might be a student at a medical school. Or, judging by her youth, she might be a trainee nurse at a hospital.

Anyway, I can’t help but to imagine that kind of “relationship.” (A little stereotypical, maybe?)

Setting up that kind of relationship, letting my imagination run wild, and then leaping into fantasy; that’s where my SM pleasures lie.

At the request of a distinguished teacher to whom she owed a debt of gratitude, or perhaps after being persuaded persistently, she found herself unable to refuse. Thus, she became a model for this “Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques,” a practice totally detached from her daily life and sensibilities, existing in a different world, so to say.

Dressing a young, innocent, and obedient girl in costumes, locking ourselves away in a private room, just us two (the photographer who took these pictures was likely the teacher as well...) savoring this pleasure for days on end, for dozens of hours....

A time and place full of bliss and secret pleasures. Even if I explained it to others, they would never understand. I just said that the photographer also played the role of the teacher, but that's exactly it. Depending on how you look at it, this is a play performed by only the two of them.

The girl plays the role of the "prisoner" charged with various crimes, while the teacher plays the role of the "official" who ties the prisoner with ropes and interrogates them, as well as playing the role of the photographer.

A rich, intense performance, just for the two of them, in a theater with no audience... There are no seats for the audience here, but soon the audience will watch this "play." Yes, the audience are the readers of this book, "Yoriki, Doshin, Jitte Torinawa." And of course, I am part of the audience. I am a spectator who loves the "hearts" of these two actors more than anyone else.

Ah, but still, the sixty photos I have here now, I wish I could show two or three of them to those of you reading my words. However, that isn't possible. Photographs also have a copyright. Without getting permission from the doctor who took them, you cannot reprint it.

But, I... Nureki Chimuo... someday, using this photo of Dr. Itatsu as a reference, I intend to recreate the "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques" myself, binding her tightly in ropes.

Currently, we are recruiting female models. I have a close friend named Ochibana, who will comply with any request I make. But, she is extremely shy, and the pleasure she feels from being tied is too intense for her to be a subject for photos. The instant I tied her up, she couldn't stand or sit, and collapsed into a semi-conscious state.

(You might think it's a lie, but it's true.)

Thus, I cannot take the photos.

I am looking for someone, who even when bound, will not faint, will face forward properly, and will cooperate as a model for the shoot. Do you think if I post something like this, in a place like this, a lot of women will apply and it will get out of hand?

That's not the case. There probably won't be a reaction at all.

So, my manager R-san, don't worry, your workload won't increase. First of all, I can't really be that popular, am I?

Even though I know that, I'm writing this job posting to confirm it. This story of "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques" continues. What came before was just the prologue. Now we get to the main event. Things are about to get interesting.

Ahh, also, the bound collection of "Nureki Shinbun" I made previously is on display at the Sex Industry Museum at Iidabashi. The "amazing photos" in question area also briefly featured. However, they're copies, so they're blurry. That blurriness might actually be stimulating, hm?

2007.08.17

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第四回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 4

ぜいたくな縄模様

Luxurious Rope Patterns

From now on, everything I write will be pure fantasy and imagination. Needless to say, I am a rather “imaginative pleasure-seeker.”

So, Dr. Itatsu, please don't get angry. Please don't get upset. Please.

Compared to you, Doctor, (though comparison is fundamentally wrong) I am utterly insignificant, a worthless human being wriggling like a cockroach in some corner of the normal world. I'm a man, hired as a female bondage specialist on the production sets of SM magazines and SM videos, gathering enough money together for the day to get by. The doctor is a medical doctor who holds a high position and honor in society. Please don't take what I'm about to say seriously. Please forgive me with a smile.

Why do I feel such intense eroticism from these photographs of the “Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques” created by the doctor; where breasts aren't exposed, crotches aren't shown, and the ropes are loose? So, this time I'll get into the main topic.

Why these sixty photos are so stimulating is that, while the girl being bound is obviously filled with shame (it's immediately clear from her expression that she's not a professional model. Her raw, unfiltered expression shows she's being tied for the first time and photographed) yet I also see shame in the rope by the doctor who did the tying.

Honestly, it makes me smile to see how shy the doctor is.

Let me write down the words the doctor says as he grips the rope and binds her, like lines in a play.

(I actually wrote play scripts as well. I also directed the scripts. This is not amateur theater, but plays performed in Shinjuku, Shibuya, Ikebukuro and other busy places. Therefore, scenes like this are easier to write as stage dialogue, and it reflects my own mood.)

The doctor is the one who's nervous, and his voice is trembling a little.

“Hey, it won’t hurt, okay? It will be fine, I’m not really tying you up. It’s just to show the form. This is for a very important historical document that will be preserved for future generations, so you don’t need to be nervous. Relax your body... ease into it, see? It doesn’t hurt, does it? It won’t hurt at all, right? I’m not really tying you up, you know. It’s just for show. It’s rope to make the tying techniques easier to explain....”

And, that’s how it goes.

Though he said so, his chest was already pounding. After all, I can finally get my hands on an adorable, pure girl and persuade her to come with me, take her to a private room, just the two of us, and tie her up. The doctor couldn’t have been happier. His heart was full of joy. But, he can’t let it show on his face.

(If I make a joyful face now, it will surely turn into the face of a vulgar, lecherous man, making this girl feel disgusted and cautious. Here, I harden my resolve, give it my all, and keep a serious face....)

Then, he put on an even more serious expression.

“Hmm, yes, I see. So this rope is wrapped like this, from the wrist to the arm and around the chest? I see, that’s difficult. Even for those who are guilty of crimes, the people of old were amazing in their aesthetic sensibility, taking such care to bind them in ropes with such intricate patterns. I suppose they had more peace of mind back then. Currently, just closing metal handcuffs around wrists with a clank, it’s too functional, utterly lacking in emotion.”

While speaking, he slowly and carefully tied the rope, his movements slightly unsteady as he glanced at the old “secret manual” placed nearby.

That’s right, the ancient “secret manual.”

If such a thing really exists, I want to see it. I sincerely want to see it.

Given the nature of its contents, that “secret manual” is probably filled with more drawings than text. The illustrations certainly show everything from the rope-tying steps, to the shape of each part, and the finished design. Even if that illustration is crude, or obscure, or partially faded, I want to see it.

And, (I’ll say this quietly) I want to experiment with models while looking at that old illustration. Rather than the photograph taken by the doctor, I would prefer to explore the binding technique known as “ancient techniques” by looking at the original illustration.

However, the doctor does not explain these important illustrations in this book at all. Why is that? Without the illustrations in that old “secret manual,” the doctor should not have

been able to bind her with ropes, so its existence must be certain. However, I shall refrain from discussing this matter for now.

Now, I will focus my interest on her feelings as she becomes bound and the doctor's state of mind as he ties her.

"This Takasu-ryu Evil Monk Rope is especially messy, there are so many ropes tangled up, it's really difficult. It's hard to tell just by looking at what is going on. Since it's named Evil Monk Rope, it must be meant for tying monks who have done bad things. But why would they need such a complex, elaborate pattern for tying such bad people? Ah, so here I have to loop the rope from the back under the armpit again and wrap it around the front of the chest. This is tricky. Oh, sorry, I touched it. But I didn't do it on purpose, so please forgive me."

By "touched," I mean that while tying her, I ended up touching the curve of her breast.

I don't know if he actually said anything like that. This tendency to make assumptions on my own is a vulgar part of my character. In other words, one of my "delights of fantasy." If in any way I have offended you, please forgive me.

But, in reality, I'll probably end up touching her breasts (through her kimono, of course). Even if I don't want to touch them, while tying the rope, I'll inevitably brush against them. Even if I don't want to touch them, I end up touching them while tying the rope. It cannot be helped. If you hold back and worry about other's feelings, you won't be able to tie them up. As a professional bondage specialist I can assure you this is the case.

Not only this "Evil Monk Rope," but all sixty photographs depict incredibly intricate binding methods, featuring complex ropes crisscrossing vertically, horizontally and diagonally. These seemingly pointless rope patterns, unrelated to binding limbs, are so amusing that I can't help but feel like laughing.

That means a lot of rope is being used. Or perhaps a single rope that is very long. It certainly would seem difficult to tie with.

As for me, Nureki Chimuo, the most stimulating, beautiful, and exciting form is to take a 7 meter rope, folding it in half to make a single 3.5 meter rope, then bind the woman's hands behind her back, raising them high near her shoulders and crossing them, sending one strand around her chest and tying it tightly.

However, this "old style" uses an excessive amount of rope. Call it extravagant, for it is extravagant. Call it a "hobby," for it is a hobby. Looking at the photos, it seems to me as an extremely luxurious hobby for someone like me who is into rope play.

(Perhaps it is simply the doctor's preference. In other words, the doctor prefers using more ropes. So, even among ancient methods, he chose complex bondage involving many ropes for "experimentation" and created these new reference photos, I thought to myself.)

The time it takes for me to bind a woman's body with one rope, hands behind her back in a takate kote¹¹, is at most about 20 seconds. But looking at the doctor's photos, for example, the "Ichidatsu-ryu Makikou" style, it seems like it would take over 30 minutes with a single, long rope.

In other words, for thirty minutes, you are touching her body.

(What a vulgar expression, Doctor. I am sorry.)

As for me, if I were handed a long, single rope, "Tie this photo 'Higashi-ryū Komuso Rope' exactly as shown," if I were told to do it, I would probably spend 30 minutes trying different approaches and figuring things out.

(Alright, I'll ask Rakka-san to try out these "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques" next time. Even if I tie it perfectly, I know I won't be allowed to take a picture, so I'll burn it into my eyes.)

Since she doesn't allow photos, I'll at least report on the situation through writing on my website.

¹¹ Takate kote, while we often associate this with a "box tie" today, generically means to have one's hands tied behind their back.

2007.08.21

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第五回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 5

囚衣の中のエロティシズム

The Eroticism of Prison Clothes

Looking at the sixty small, business card sized black and white photographs published in “Yoriki, Doshin, Jitte Torinawa” makes me feel an overwhelming lust. Seeing photos of fresh-faced, seemingly innocent young women, who don't look like professionals, with their arms placed behind their backs, wrists crossed and bound together with rope, warms my blood, makes my heart race, and, embarrassingly, causes an erection. I get so aroused I can barely stand it. I truly am a rope fetishist.

However, this method of binding the wrists is actually quite loose, lacking a tight, restrained feel. It's a type of tying I find deeply unsatisfying. One could say it's full of dissatisfaction. Overall, it just doesn't have enough tension.

But I feel it. She makes me feel it. That young girl's anxious looking, terrified-seeming, startled expression, while trying to trust the doctor who tied her, that delicate scene is what I love. Nothing about it is fake.

Current bondage photographers are too forced. They don't even understand the essence of SM, yet they try to create everything themselves. They're consumed by notions like “this is SM” or “SM photography should be like this.” That is why their photos lack the appeal that excites fans. They chase only the form, losing the soul.

The young woman isn't faking at all. She isn't acting. Only her soul is being expressed.

The idea that she's dressed as a prisoner, for the doctor she deeply respects, obediently with her arms held behind her back while bound with rope, this scenario (which is only my fantasy) is amazingly good. Ahh, it sends shivers down my spine. Art truly comes from the soul, not the form.

The day after discovering this book, “Yoriki, Doshin, Jitte Torinawa,” I showed it to a young editor at a certain magazine, and with great enthusiasm said:

“Hey, hey, you'll like this, you can feel it. This photo!”

Then, that editor, let's call him A-kun, turned the page with a bewildered look, "What are you feeling, exactly? Most of her body is covered by that white kimono. Only her face and wrists are exposed, aren't they?" He had the nerve to say.

Dammit! I should have known. I shouldn't have shown this photo to such an idiot! I was hurt. I knew exactly what this editor would say, and I showed him the photo anyway.

"I see. So in your imagination, it's not bondage photography unless you show her breasts or crotch, huh?"

"Of course it is. If we put such bland photos in our magazine, it will not sell."

"Is that so? Don't you feel any allure in this photo?"

I recall how this editor, on the set of a recent shoot, had inserted two thick vibrators into the model's crotch, and one into her ass, telling the photographer to capture it. He boasted about it, calling it "Triple penetration." A month before that, he had the photographer capture a scene where he spread the model's labia with two clothespins while she was bound spread-eagle, pulling them apart with a string.

The photographer became engrossed, "There, there, lift it up higher. Oh that's it, I can see right into your womb. Yes!" He yelled non-stop and kept taking pictures.

I find it amazing how young models can strike such an unnatural pose with such composure, not flinching at all, obediently, with a perfectly calm expression. But seeing labia pulled apart with clothespins? I don't find that amazing. I don't feel any eroticism either. Labia, after all, are just labia.

Unless some human emotion stirs within it, the scent of eroticism will not emanate. Rather, the colors, the shapes, the very existence of the labia are all removed from the feeling of eroticism.

In the photographs of "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques," the young woman is clad in a loose white prison robe, yet from the hidden cleft of her thighs beneath the robe, an eroticism steeped in shame emanates and feels the air.

(I'm terribly sorry for my forward expression, but this is how I truly feel. Please, Doctor, forgive me and don't be angry. There are people like me in the world, people with such foolish fantasies.)

From the depths of the delicate body of the young woman bound hand and foot behind her back, I sense an aroma of intense eroticism wafting and flowing, more potent than a professional model standing naked with legs spread wide.

Rather than the sight of labia exposed, pinned open with clothespins, and forcibly pulled apart, the enthusiast (though not only the enthusiast, I suspect) feels eroticism in imagining the crotch hidden deep beneath the white robe. Even I, nearly eighty, find myself irresistibly aroused and overcome with lust.

Enthusiasts are a breed, who given the slightest hint or clue, can expand their fantasies into such a dazzling array. That is the “talent” of the enthusiast.

“Nureki Sensei, are you serious? You really get excited looking at this plain photo?” A-kun looked at me and said in disbelief.

“Plain? Not at all. These are rich, vibrant that lavishly use time, space, and energy.”

“Really? Do you really feel that way about this photo? You’re kidding, right Sensei? You’re just showing off, aren’t you?”

“I’m not trying to look cool. Do you really think I need to start now?”

“Hmm, is that so?”

And yet, A-kun still doesn’t believe me.

“Honestly, I get more excited, more aroused, more eager to jerk off looking at this tiny black-and-white photo than seeing a hundred books lined up in front of me filled with beautiful, full-color bondage photos exposing every inch of a naked woman’s body.”

Of those 100 lavishly bound bondage photo collections filled with beautiful color photos, I was probably responsible for the “bondage” at the shoot for 90 of them. So what I am saying is contradictory.

Noticing the contradiction in my words, A-kun looked at me with a half-amused, half-exasperated expression, “Sensei, you’re a pervert!”

Those words surprised me even more. “Eh? What did you think I was? Just another normal, serious person you see everywhere?”

“Not that I think it’s normal or anything...”

Editing SM magazines is difficult these days. Bondage isn’t just for enthusiasts, so it’s tricky. SM, pseudo-SM, and mainstream erotic content, all must be included. After all, it’s a commercial magazine, and has to sell no matter what. A-kun has his own struggles.

In today’s world, the most luxurious and enjoyable task is likely taking photographs like those of the “Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques” at a leisurely pace, with no deadlines.

Yes, tomorrow I'll try tying the "East-Flowing Peasant's Rope" while looking at the doctor's book with Rakka-san.

(I thought, and looked at the photo again.)

Eh? Eh? Eh?

Did officials really tie such elaborate, intricate knots on peasants who committed crimes during the Edo period? It's hard to fathom. Was it really necessary to tie them in such a complicated and time consuming way? Honestly, I just can't believe it.

Really, if I'm not careful, it might take 30 minutes.

But, let's give it a try. Everything's a learning experience. Still, before this "peasant rope" is completed, Rikka-san will probably faint halfway through and collapse sideways.

(That pose of hers, too, is incredibly agonizing, charming and erotic, and I absolutely adore it...)

I doubt she'll be able to hold out until it's finished. I doubt she'll be able to stay upright.... She's quite sensitive to ropes.

As I mentioned last time, she's not comfortable with photos, so I'll report the results in writing.

Whether the "peasant rope" works or not, it's enjoyable either way, of course. What's enjoyable isn't the "completion" itself, but rather the "process" of it.

2007.08.28

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第六回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 6

落花さんとの緊縛ごっこ

Bondage Play with Rakka-san

Using this strange electronic device, I wrote and published my first piece, and what do you know? Within a day I received responses from 300 people. And now, two weeks later, it's surpassed 1000, "I wonder if anyone actually finds these dull little writings of mine, stuck in my own narrow, particular world, interesting enough to read."

I told my manager, R, with unease, and she turned to me with a sharp look on her face,

"Listen Nureki Sensei, you don't really need to worry if readers will find it interesting or not. What makes us happy is you write exactly what you think is interesting, what you personally love, just as you please. Each of us has our own worries and obsessions. Being able to read your writing in real time, where you vividly express your own unique interests, and share some kind of feeling... that experience itself is already so incredibly joyful, I think. You pay too much unneeded attention to your readers. If you try to pander to them, your writing will quickly degenerate. Be mindful of that."

Man... that's harsh....

Well, I'm not really sure but I feel like she may be telling the truth. She says it with such firmness and confidence. My manager, R-san, looks like Matsuyuki Yasuko when she plays a prosecutor on TV dramas. It's frightening. What she says is correct. One must not unnecessarily cater to readers. One must not pander. That is exactly right.

"Yes, I understand."

I have no choice but to obey. For someone like me, a weak-willed slacker who compromises too easily. She must be called a blessing of a manager. She could be called my ideal manager.

"Please continue writing as you are, targeting only those readers who get chills just from reading the dense kanji text about "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques" in Doctor Itatsu's book and

letting their imaginations run wild. Don't bother with those who say it's no fun without illustrations or photos. Everyone has the level of imagination seen in yourself. Write with even more confidence."

"Yes, understood!" I respond, feeling like standing at attention.

After all, R-san possesses a thick book she painstakingly created herself: "The Complete Works and Labors of Nureki Chimuo (濡木痴夢男全作品・全仕事のリスト)." It contains a remarkably detailed record of all my "work" to date. In my case, I have numerous pen names and an absurdly large volume of "work," so honestly, I can't even keep track of it all. R-san meticulously and painstakingly records it all. Those records are more accurate and detailed than my own.

Come to think of it, she's young (a third of my age) and an amateur, yet she's wasting her precious life on my flimsy, insignificant life story. She's a strange person indeed. She might even be a pervert.

"I'm as fragile as a feather in the wind." I'm not saying this to be modest. I hate modesty and restraint; I love being praised and bragging.

But, every now and then, I have a moment of sudden clarity. Frankly speaking, the work someone like me has been doing is mostly worthless, utterly trivial. I feel like I have just been living a life of leisure without putting in any real effort. I have absolutely no ambition whatsoever.

The idea that someone would track down, read, organize, and hand-bind every single piece of work by a man like this is beyond comprehension. Alongside my gratitude, I feel awe and can't hold my head up to R-san. That's why I obediently submit to her orders. Plus, she always wears long black socks and has a sadistic foot shape.

"Don't think that it's boring, just keep writing whatever you want to write."

So, I think I'll write about Rakka-san, my current partner. Rakka-san also reads a lot of what I write, she knows almost all of my pen names.

Though not quite as much as R-san, she reads my older works quite thoroughly. Especially those "Kink Diary"-like pieces I wrote in bulk and serialized in various magazines back in the day. She reads them meticulously, down to the last detail. It's almost frightening how precisely she grasps everything, even my mental state while tying up female models at the time. She's someone who can read between the lines. You can't let your guard down around her.

I wouldn't consider starting a relationship with a woman unless she reads what I have written. I only began relationships with women who have read my past writings and developed feelings for me.

(Come to think of it, it's only natural.)

The women who read my writing naturally understand my feelings, personality, and way of thinking. That's why I feel at ease too. Feeling at ease, we can discuss SM in its deepest aspects.

I go on and on about it, but that's pretty much how I met Rakka-san.

She's just shy of thirty, I suppose. I never ask a woman, or anyone for that matter, about trivial details. I've never asked about age. I'm not interested. Some people seem strangely matronly even when young, while others stay young at heart and soul even as they age.

When she undresses, Rakka-san has a truly fresh, beautiful, and perfectly proportioned erotic body. The slenderness of her waist, the lovely shape of her hips, the smooth curve of her lower abdomen, the beautiful way her flesh curves from her thighs to her knees, the delicacy of her ankles. It's exquisite.

Having tied over 5000 female models to date, when I saw her naked body before me, I couldn't help but... "Wow! Beautiful!"

I couldn't help but groan. This is about the twentieth time I've bound Rakka-san, but every time I see her naked, especially her lower body, I'm struck by its overwhelming beauty and erotic curves.

"Mmm, why is it so beautiful? I can't stand it!"

And within those five hours, I'd utter a gasp of amazement about ten times. Those five hours were spent meeting her, locking ourselves in a room, performing a "play" called "bondage play." Of course, sometimes it would continue until the next morning.

Her body was smooth and silky, without a single scar or blemish. This was, in fact, something truly precious. The purity of her naked body was unmatched.

(It might be a bit too much praise, but since Rakka-san is surely reading this too, I'll give it my all and write it with praise.)

I decided to study these "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques," using Rakka-san as my model.

But to jump ahead to the results, that night we never got around to experiment with the "peasant rope."

It all started when Rakka-san met me at her office desk before heading to our usual love hotel, and we ended up watching a certain DVD together. That DVD footage was utterly devoid of enjoyment to watch. On the contrary, it was oddly heavy and exhausting to watch.

I felt a wave of weariness wash over me midway through. Glancing sideways at the footage, I pulled my favorite rope from my bag. Suddenly, I grabbed both her arms from behind, twisted them up and bound them high and low. One was enough. At times like this, the best thing about her is that she lets herself be tied up without any resistance whatsoever. (Meaning she instantly senses how I feel.)

She and I were sitting side by side on chairs watching that DVD, but while she was being tied up, all the strength left her body. Her lower half went limp and floppy and she slid off the chair. She just collapsed on the floor. This is just how it always is. That's why, when I tie her up, it has to be on the bed. Otherwise, it's a real hassle afterwards.

Since it was Sunday no other employees were present, but the act of tying her up in her daytime office, binding her hands and feet, must have appeared, objectively speaking, as a rather bold, immoral, and indecent "play." But that's exactly why I like doing this kind of thing in places like this. It's thrilling. It gives me a unique satisfaction.

I held her slender neck and tilted her head back, sucking her lips, sucking her tongue, slipping my hand under her blouse to grasp her breasts, pinching and pulling her nipple with my fingers. Her body grew even softer, limp and pliable.

Before heading to the love hotel I'd been doing this sort of thing, so by the time I finally decided to start experimenting with the "peasant's rope," my enthusiasm and energy had somehow faded away. In the end, it just turned into the usual pleasure-first "bondage play" as usual.

I'll write about the details next time.

2007.08.29

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第七回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 7

ああ、恥ずかしい！

Oh! How Embarrassing!

Rakka-san is a designer who lives along the JR Saikyo Line and maintains an office on the 8th floor of a building near a certain station on that line. Rakka-san herself is the boss, and she works in collaboration with five or six female staff members.

They edit and publish several types of local magazines for cities, towns and shopping districts in the region. While those magazines appear to be their main source of income, they also handle various jobs like making pamphlets and posters.

I'll stop explaining any further, as revealing more would give away the existence and location of her office. I must be extremely careful not to cause her any trouble. This is an unspoken rule. More exquisite and profound than the common pleasures of the world, and all the more potent for its strong scent of transgression, maintaining it requires considerable nerve.

Her office is officially closed on Saturdays and Sundays. However, she, the boss, sometimes comes in alone and quietly takes care of business. On those days, we arrange to meet discreetly in those empty offices.

I had planned to use her as a model to experiment with Dr. Itatsu's "peasant rope," and I met her at the office that day to do it, but in the end, I couldn't. The reason was that before heading to the love hotel (our favorite one, just a ten minute walk from the office along the Arakawa River), I ended up watching a "special" DVD in that empty office. I'll talk about the contents of that DVD another time when the opportunity arises.

Anyway, watching it didn't exactly lift my spirits. Quite the opposite, in fact.

"Is there really anyone who watches footage like this and feels energized, finding the courage to live or hope? Yeah, I guess there must be. I just don't get it."

"Ugh, ugh, ugh, ughhhhhhn....." Then, Rakka-san let out a grunt that could be either denial or affirmation, and nodded in agreement with me.

Both she and I felt oddly heavy-hearted and gloomy, and we became utterly disheartened. Last time, I wrote a little about this. From here on, I'll write about our "actions."

Well, to put it plainly, I found the footage boring and tedious, my apologies to the creator, and couldn't stand it any longer. My attention shifted to Rakka-san, sitting beside me. I pulled a rope from my bag and suddenly bound her arms behind her back, securing them tightly.

At times like this, I have no particular sadistic feelings or desires.

Some might think, "You're kidding," or "That can't be true," but really, I have no sadistic, that is, cruel desires.

(I'm asking you, Rakka-san. Tell me, what exactly do you feel when someone suddenly grabs you from behind without warning and ties your hands behind your back? I want to know. Is there some kind of masochistic feeling involved? Oh, I want to know. Please tell me. Don't play coy like you usually do, saying "Eh? Eh? Eh? I don't know anything about that! I don't understand! I don't know!" Please tell me, I really want to know.)

Come to think of it, whenever I tie up a female model, though it's mainly for photoshoots, I wonder if there's always a hint of sadistic desire in my feelings... No, I guess not. What I feel is simply a desire for today's shoots to go smoothly, without any trouble. I'm the type who worries if even the slightest problem arises.

Some people might think that tying a woman's hands behind her back with rope and hoisting her up is nothing but inhumane, dehumanizing, cruel, sadistic behavior (most people think that and rightly so). But in my case, that's actually not true. This isn't sophistry. There's no point pretending to be virtuous now. When I bind someone, I don't harbor a single sadistic feeling toward the women involved!

If I "confess" something like this, some people might be disappointed. To those people, I apologize.

Ahh, what a terrible thing, I've only just now realized this. What a fool I am!

I am appalled by my own foolishness. I am ignorant, uncultured, and shameless. I have been deceiving the world with my smooth tongue, putting on a show. It's nothing but empty talk, a charade to fool others. When I tie Rakka-san, I feel nothing but the urge to caress her, to touch her body relentlessly, to toy with it. The rope is merely a tool to heighten my own pleasure.

They act all high and mighty, spouting nonsense about S and M, but in truth they're neither S or M, just plain F, meaning nothing more than a fetishist.

Now, for those wondering what exactly those sadistic acts of Nureki Chimuo, binding people in cruel positions, hanging them, whipping them, or pinching nipples with toes and pulling are all about, I will explain later. So please wait a moment.

On a Sunday afternoon, in an 8th floor room of a white office building where the roar of trains occasionally echoes as they speed along Saikyo Line, I found myself watching DVD footage that seemed otherworldly.

(So that's it. I'm just a guy with a rope fetish!) I think, and that fact strangely surprises me.

Rakka-san silently puts up with someone like me, showing not the slightest resistance as she lets me bind her. What's more, she crosses her wrists behind her back and raises them up near her neck, a rather intense TK¹². She immediately felt bound by this restraint, becoming more intoxicated than she felt, her body softening and becoming limp, sliding down from the chair she was sitting on.

Feeling the rope, or getting drunk, I'm writing these things based on my own assumptions. But this is purely an observation from my side; you could call it my "wishful thinking." For my part, I want them to feel my rope.

Once before, I asked in all seriousness, "Like this, tied up, collapsed on the bed, unable to move, just laying still... can you feel it?"

Her response, voice as faint as a mosquito's buzz, "I don't know."

"Are you drunk on my rope?"

"I don't know."

"Answer me honestly."

"I don't know, I don't know."

This is how it goes.

(I guess she's drunk on the rope, but too embarrassed to say it out loud.)

And once again, I interpret it as I please, feeling good about myself. I revel in the sense of superiority. My ropes are incredible. There's also a feeling of conquest. Looking at the expressions on her face, the expressions of her body, I can only think she's intoxicated by the ropes.

¹² TK is short for Takate Kote, as discussed earlier.

To put it plainly, my mood at times like this is akin to how the pleasure of the average guy who believes sex is just thrusting in and out would feel if he ejaculated five times, no, ten times, no, fifty times in a row. No, no, let's stop with the cheap metaphors. Comparing it to the pleasure of ejaculation might be wrong.

In short, it's a different kind of pleasure from the ordinary. A deeper, broader, inexhaustible delight deep within.

Bound in a TK, Rakka-san slipped to the floor and collapsed. Grabbing her by the nape of her neck, I forced her face upwards and sucked her lips and tongue. Suck in the lower lip forcefully and bite down with your teeth. Bite while sucking the lower lip, or lick it persistently with your tongue.

(When leaving the love hotel, her lower lip is always red and swollen.)

Grasping and kneading her breasts through her clothes. Spread the collar of her blouse and insert your right hand from above. Slip my fingers under her bra.

I pinch her nipple. Pinch it, then rub it with my fingers. Pinch it hard, then pull. Oh, oh, oh, she moans. She hardly resists my actions. She just lets me do it. She doesn't say "no" or "stop."

(Come to think of it, I've never once heard her say "stop.")

I suck her lips again. I'm persistent. I suck her tongue too. I put my tongue inside her mouth. More than putting it in, I twist it in, push it in. Tongue and tongue entwine. While kneading her breasts with my right hand, I swirled my tongue around inside her mouth.

(Ah, I wrote about this part last time. I need to move ahead.)

I got hard, pulled down my pants, and wanted her to suck me off. If I made her suck me off right there, how good would that feel?

First, it's thrilling. The thrill evokes intense pleasure. This is a place where such things should not be done. It's a sacred office. The illicit pleasure of making her give me head in a place it should not be done.

But, I don't have the courage to actually do it. Even though it's Sunday and the staff aren't coming in, this isn't a typical company, so someone might suddenly show up. All the female staff are graphic designers or computer-related designers. There are copywriters too. It feels like freelance work.

Each person has a key to the office door. I actually help out with work in this office from time to time, and I know their faces and names. I talk with them. Sometimes we even go to izakayas together.

If anyone saw me forcing their leader, Rakka-san, to give me a blowjob while tied up with her hands behind her back in the empty office on Sunday, well, that would be a bit of a problem.

You know, I do have some sense of reason (lol).

So I gave up on blowjobs here. No need to rush, if we go to a love hotel, we can relax and enjoy ourselves as much as we want.

(But love hotels don't offer any thrill. It still feels like a missed opportunity. I'll do it sometime soon.)

I kissed her lips deeply once again, drawing her tongue into my mouth and tangling it with mine, then untied the ropes binding her.

I fast forwarded the DVD and pretended I'd watched the whole thing.

"I'll save my thoughts on the DVD until later. I'll talk about them properly then."

"Well if things stay like this, I'll just feel unsettled and unable to move forward."

After this conversation, Rakka-san and I cleaned ourselves up, stepped into the hallway, and locked the door to the room.

Leaning against the railing in the hallway, nature fills my entire field of vision. The view is splendid. Green-covered hills lie refreshingly spread out. Bondage games in dimly lit rooms are fine, but natural scenery bathed in evening sunlight is also wonderful. The surface of the Arakawa River glitters so brightly, it's almost dazzling.

We got on the elevator and went down to the first floor. We kissed from when the 8th floor doors closed and the first floor doors opened. I kept caressing Rakka-san's but with one hand.

After a 10 minute walk, we arrived at a nearby love hotel. Two hours for 5000-yen. The system charges an additional 1500-yen for each hour after. We've never managed to stay for just two hours. Once, we stayed for six hours. It is a new building, so the rooms are clean and feel fresh. When you push the button on the bath, bubbles gush forth vigorously with a bubbling sound.

After watching a heavy DVD for an hour, I felt strangely exhausted and immediately lay down on the bed.

“You must be tired too, so come here and lie down next to me.”

I embrace Rakka-san. We are both fully clothed.

I suck on her lips. Not mutually, just me sucking them one-sidedly.

Ah, so. I just realized.

This person, Rakka-san, only lets me kiss her lips, yet she never kisses mine in return. No matter how many times she lets me kiss her, she never kisses me back. This person, like a doll, just submissively lets their lips be sucked.

No, that’s wrong. She’s no mere doll. She’s a woman with acute sexual nerves. So even if she doesn’t show me any outward “return,” inside, in her heart, she’s fiercely giving me her “return.” I understand that. It comes across clearly.

It’s not just kissing. There’s a reason why she doesn’t react to anything. No matter how lewd it gets, she doesn’t react, though her whole body goes limp, and she never makes the first move.

I know the reason. I know it well.

It’s because she’s shy. Among all the women I have known, none are as shy as she is.

Well, Rakka-san, you’re too shy to make the first move, aren’t you? People who are extra shy tend to be extra sensitive sexually. So you rarely show anyone else that you’re shy! Shy women are beautiful. To me, they’re the most charming and beautiful!

And to me, a woman without shame is the most hideous creature.

You should be reading this writing of mine. (I won’t let you say you’re not.)

Please be honest with me next time we meet. Because you feel too much, you’re embarrassed.

“How could I possibly say something like that? It’s too embarrassing!” Your embarrassed voice, ah... just now, reached my ears.

2007.09.01

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第八回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 8

ありがた涙がこぼれる

Tears of Gratitude Fall

The person called Rakka-san never resisted, even when I took my rope from my bag and bound her. She never said “no.” Even when kissing, she never turned her face away to avoid it.

Except when tying her in a love hotel room, I bind her suddenly, without warning, whenever I feel aroused. When I'm not aroused, I don't bind her (obviously). I like doing it suddenly. When desire takes hold, I grab her arms and twist them behind her back. She raises her wrists high, crossing them near her neck. Her wrists are slender and white, how beautifully shaped!

Without any effort, I can instantly bind her wrists behind her back, one wrist over the other. Thanks to her compliant submission, those crossed wrists form an erotic shape so pleasing that I can't help but admire it. At these moments, I get an erection. Getting an erection means this is when my sexual desire peaks.

The same for kissing.

We once visited a publishing house together in a building on a quiet back street in the upper part of Okachimachi. After finishing our business, in the dim shadow of the staircase on the building's first floor, I suddenly cupped the back of her head with my left hand, lifted her chin with my right to tilt her face up, and pressed my lips against hers. I pressed them together and sucked hard. We remained standing.

She made no attempt to pull away, accepting my lips. I kissed her again and again, sucking on her lips. When I pulled away to check her expression, she smiled, looking a little pleased. Seeing that face, I felt relieved. It wasn't a face that looked troubled. There were people passing by outside the building. It was a bold act.

(Back then, after, which love hotel did we go to? Was it the one behind Yushima Tenjin? Or was it the slightly more upscale Ryokan¹³ in Asakusa's Tawaramachi with the all-cypress bath?)

I'm an old man, nearly 80, short in stature with an ugly, bulging belly, short legs, thinning hair that's balding on top, and my eyesight's been failing lately. As for what I wear, it's shirts for 500 yen, jackets and pants for 1000-yen each, bought at the corner of Ito Yokado. And cheap boxers made of flimsy fabric, three for 1000-yen. I'm a pitiful man who looks utterly unpresentable from every angle. So why is Rakka-san so kind to me? Tears of gratitude well up inside me.

My only redeeming quality, if you will, is that I can somewhat skillfully perform "bondage" that pleasantly stimulates a woman's body and mind. It's like being a massage therapist who uses rope, you could say (lol). For me, rope is like a god.

No, this isn't the time to write such things. I'm planning to conduct an experiment to use Rakka-san's body as a model to try the "peasant rope," and I've properly prepared the rope for it. For her sake, since she refuses to be photographed, I've even brought a sketchbook and three 4B pencils. However, neither the sketchbook, nor the 4B pencils, nor the hemp rope I had prepared got used that day. I no longer had the energy for such laborious tasks.

In a room on the third floor of a love hotel, with a fancy name hinting at "Paradise by the Pond," I took out the special rope I always used on her when tying her up. Then, with her still fully clothed on the bed, I bound her hands behind her back, tightening the ropes until they dug into her skin.

The rope I use for Rakka-san is designed so that no matter how hard I pull, it won't leave deep marks on her wrists. Yet it offers just the right amount of restraint and a satisfyingly firm grip. When loop over the chest and tighten, it gradually digs in, a rope that will certainly please any woman who enjoys bondage. It possesses a visual beauty too. While lacking in the harshness of hemp rope, it subtly torments a woman's mind and body.

Though not intense, the restraining sensation that gradually tightens around her arms, chest, wrists and upper body, enveloping her, is highly pleasurable for this woman who has such a delicate sense of touch.

(I understand that feeling well, as I myself had to be in a woman's body. If I didn't, I couldn't be a rope artisan.)

After finishing tying one rope, I gave the last firm tug, pulling the wrist cord upwards. As if unable to endure it, her body bent into a crooked shape and collapsed on the bed. She turned her back to me, lowered her face, and stopped moving. She curled up like a shrimp. She was ashamed to let me see her face. That's why she buried her face in the futon.

¹³ Ryokan is the term for a traditional Japanese-style inn.

But, it's the sight of those wrists bound together high behind her that is the very source of my dazzling pleasure.

(Ahh, you editors of SM magazines who know nothing of this intense, profound source of pleasure, who make no effort to know it, who believe a man's pleasure lies only in the woman's genitalia. Please, know this truth. I don't ask you to understand it sensually. Just grasp it conceptually, as knowledge. Know it.)

The spot that stimulates a man's sexual nerves right now is her wrists, bound behind her back. Those beautiful, agonizingly tempting wrists are now exposed before my eyes.

Unfortunately, no woman possessing this eroticism of the wrists has ever existed in my past. Rakka-san, I am not writing this to merely flatter you. Bound wrists are, for me, the most bewitching of all erogenous zones. Rakka-san's bound wrists embody the very essence of her sexual allure.

"How lovely! How beautiful! I feel it!" I gasp aloud. Two times, three times, I repeat the same gasp.

I stroke her round buttocks over her skirt. Her butt is well shaped too. Not too big, not too small, they're ideally firm and nicely shaped. After slowly caressing her, I reached for the hem of her skirt and slowly lifted it up. She twitched and clenched her legs. I slowly, slowly lift her skirt, my hands filled with lewd thoughts. Even my movements are a bit theatrical, I think.

I slide the black pantyhose down from her hips. Her panties are black as well. Black panties suit Rakka-san perfectly. I don't think I have any particular underwear fetish, but when it comes to Rakka-san, I find myself strangely drawn to it.

The other girls working in Rakka-san's office say she's the boss they admire. "Rakka-san has such a graceful, straight posture, and she's so elegant and beautiful, you know." Am I only a fetish guy when it comes to a woman with a noble scent?

The sheer black panties slowly slide down from her hips. Her white, round, perfectly shaped buttocks appear. He moans, "Uh, uh, uhhhh...." She offers no resistance. She doesn't utter words like "no" or "stop." Is she too embarrassed to make a sound? Or has the shame itself become pleasurable, leaving her speechless from sheer delight?

I bury my face between the cleft of her exposed, fresh, white, soft, well-shaped butt. Rakka-san's body is odorless. Completely odorless from head to toe. It feels clean. I like people who are odorless. I dislike women whose bodies emit a strong odor. It's an innate preference, so there's nothing I can do about it. Many of my AV actor friends say they prefer women with strong body odors. They find it sexier that way.

I stick out my tongue and lick between the folds of her butt. I extend my tongue right up to her ass and the immediate vicinity of her genitals, licking them.

Hey, hey, hey, some of you might be thinking, "That's definitely something a masochist would do, not a sadist." But whether I'm M or S, my instincts tell me to do it, so what can I do?

Come to think of it, I never liked the act of putting my mouth or tongue on a woman's body and licking it. Especially putting my mouth on her genitals felt unclean, and I didn't like it.

However, I don't feel any sense of uncleanness about this Rakka-san. One major reason is that her body is almost odorless. Furthermore, her personality is fastidious. She possesses a cleanliness that suggests good upbringing, and a decisiveness that cuts through her likes and dislikes as neatly as a sharp blade. She has a sense of transparency.

That sense of cleanliness makes even her crotch feel clean.

Her hands tightly bound behind her back, her skirt pulled up, her pantyhose and panties pulled down to her knees, her butt fully exposed, and an ugly old man like me pressing his face into the valley between her bare white flesh and licking her crotch is like a "Beauty and the Beast," and if this were depicted in a picture it would surely become a pose expressing male sadism. After all, the man is following his own desires and exposing the lower half of the woman he has bound, doing whatever he wants with her.

Grasping her shoulders as she curled up like a shrimp in a diagonal prone position, I turned her on to her back. Then I pull off her skirt, pantyhose and panties, all of them. I slide them off her ankles, remove them from her body, and let them fall under the bed. Each time something she wore was torn away, she moaned "ah, ah, ah, ahhh...."

She let out a small moan, wriggling her hips and squirming slightly. But she didn't resist strongly. I pulled her legs together and stretched them out, pinning them down. I straddled her around her knees, making sure she couldn't move.

Her lower body was now fully exposed, yet my hands still hadn't touched her. I undid the hooks on her blouse and pulled it open. She's wearing a bra. With her hands tied behind her back, the straps won't come off. I grab the bra and pull it up, exposing her breasts. They're soft. When I cup them, they feel squishy. I grasp one, kneading the nipple with two fingers. I pinch the nipple hard, tormenting it.

"Uh, uh, uhhhhh...." She moans, but doesn't say "stop." She doesn't say "it hurts." I press myself against her body, sucking on her breasts, rolling her nipple with my tongue. Sucking hard, biting lightly.

“Ahh, ahh, ahhhhh....” She let out a low moan and twisted her body, hands bound behind her back. It was a sharp, beautiful sound, full of emotion, but I couldn’t understand its meaning. Was it feeling? Was it pain? I couldn’t tell. Or perhaps she didn’t know herself.

Hands bound behind her back, she lay on the bed as her breasts were relentlessly kneaded, her lips sucked, her nipples sucked and bitten, her tongue sucked. Could she possibly feel pleasure from such torment? She must, I thought. I had no choice but to believe it. She was the type of person who would never say something like, “It feels good.”

I pulled my face away from her breasts, stretched my neck and sucked her lips next. I thrust my tongue into her mouth and licked it all over. She had no bad breath. I like the mouths of women without bad breath, very much. I cannot kiss women with bad breath. Ugly old man that I am, I have this fastidious streak.

I press my tongue flat against hers, rubbing her upper and lower lips. I lick the inside of her lips thoroughly. Repeating rough kisses, I bite down hard on her breasts again. I suck her nipple into my mouth, making slurping sounds. Wet with my saliva, her breasts and nipples glisten.

I thrust my tongue forcefully between her upper and lower lips, penetrating deep inside as if thrusting my penis into her vagina. She gasped for breath, tilting her chin up and moaning, “Uuuh.” The white flesh of her throat writhed erotically.

If I were a young man, coming this far, I would likely be unable to resist the surging lust welling up inside. I would spread her legs, bend her knees, and thrust my raging member deep inside her. But, I find myself hesitating to take that step. What the world calls “foreplay” drags on endlessly. With Rakka-san, I never tire of it. I could go on forever.

I was originally a “pervert” who didn’t fixate much on “normal” sex, and on top of that I am an old man. The foreplay caresses of an elderly man with diminished erectile function felt like they lasted forever. They could go on for three or four hours. With her as my partner, I once kept it up for five hours, taking breaks along the way. Because I had no urge to ejaculate, it could go on forever.

There was a time when a book called “The Power of Insensitivity” sold well and the term became popular, but in my case, it’s truly “The Power of Deviance.” Come to think of it, this “Power of Deviance” is the driving force behind my current activities. The “Power of Deviance” requires an opponent.

If Rakka-san weren’t here now, my driving force would cease. My mind and body would wither away instantly, turning me into a miserable old man, covered in wrinkles. This is the true nature of Nureki Chimuo.

Kissing and licking all over her upper body, that was the first half hour of our time together at the love hotel that day. As we moved into the second half, still bound with her hands tied behind her back and feet spread apart, I kissed and licked her lower body more persistently.

Rakka-san, who joyfully accepts (I'm sure she's happy about it. I have to believe that to keep going) and respond to this old man's actions, is truly like a god to me. I'm so grateful, tears well up in my eyes.

The experiment with "peasant rope" had long since vanished from my mind. Compared to Dr. Itatsu, I am a hopeless philistine.

2007.09.04

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第九回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 9

ほめてばかり

Nothing but Praise

I got an email from Rakka-san saying, "I read it, and tears of gratitude welled up." My heart skipped a beat. I knew I was in trouble.

I did wonder if I wrote that bed scene too explicitly. But while the expression might be explicit, I didn't write a single lie. Not a single line of it.

No, in reality, it's far, far more lewd and persistent, taking my time to lick and fondle every inch of her body. Even that is written with restraint. There's absolutely no exaggeration whatsoever. However, readers who only read this bed scene might misunderstand Rakka-san as just another common fetishist; a woman whose sole desire is to be bound by my ropes.

That would make Rakka-san angry, I think.

(I also have a deeper and more complex inner self.)

I handed the manuscript I had written to my manager, R. R read it and gave me the okay. So I figured there was no helping it if Rakka-san got mad at me. But still, I really didn't want to make her angry.

I was worried, but she wasn't angry. I'll share the email next.

“--I read the 8th entry of your Talking Theater. While reading, I kept nearly burying my face in my desk or getting flustered, so I forced myself to keep a cool expression and moved to the reference section, a bit away from the girls in my office, to read with a serious face. After feeling thoroughly embarrassed for a while, I shifted my mindset and read it thoroughly and earnestly. It was incredibly interesting. (Writing like this may seem strange, but thinking it strange is also odd, so I'm writing it properly as my impression. Adding such a note feels like making excuses, which I dislike... but scaring you would be even worse...) I definitely feel it's different from the bondage diaries written under 'Nureki Chimuo' during the "Shooting" sessions, or the previous 'Private' bondage diaries. It feels like it's not the 'reality' depicted before, but something much, much more raw. Every single description feels like it's been distilled from digging deep into Sensei's own self and elevated into expression. In a way, I suppose it really is pure literature. Not only are the characters and situations realistic, but beyond that, the indescribable 'sense of happiness' and the 'welling up of emotion' depicted there felt terrifyingly real. I found myself feeling and overwhelming, almost unbearable tenderness towards 'Rakka-san.'”

The above text is original as is. I felt relieved. She wasn't upset. I felt reassured.

I imagined the scenes of Rakka-san reading passages where she herself appeared and acted, squirming with embarrassment, and while it reassured me, I couldn't help but grin.

(This kind of psychology could be called mild sadism.)

Rakka-san read the description of the woman named "Rakka-san" that appears in my writings, objectively.

"I found myself feeling so deeply fond of Rakka-san that it was almost unbearable." That part struck me as particularly interesting, and I wondered. (What kind of psychological state is it when you become so fond of yourself that it's almost unbearable?)

So, feeling reassured and emboldened, I will now write about the latter part of that day's activities inside the room of a love hotel named "Paradise by the Pond."

With my left hand cradling and supporting her swaying body, I grabbed another rope and this time secured it tightly beneath her breasts. It was a takate kote using two of my favorite special ropes reserved solely for Rakka-san.

Rakka-san has a slender, long neck, narrow shoulders that slope gently downward, and to top it off, her body is supple, creating a wonderfully sexy, masochistic sight.

"Lovely! How beautiful!" I was entranced and mumbled without thinking.

I even thought that anyone who doesn't understand this eroticism is a stupid, insensitive, miserable person! Grabbing her shoulders to turn her face forward, her fresh breasts rose plumply and beautifully between the two straps, a deeply beautiful and masochistic sight.

Her bra was still on, pushed up higher. The slightly rough way it was pulled up, distorting it, creates a sense of painful realism. It's really good.

Driven by lust, I grasp her breasts, breasts that breathe tantalizingly between the straps, firmly with both hands. I knead them, roughly. I pinch and pull her nipples.

After savoring the sensation to the fullest, I laid her body on her back. Since she was lying on the bed's duvet, her wrists shouldn't hurt even when she was on her back. Even if her wrists were pressed into the bed by the weight of my own body, that pain would surely be a pleasant ache, tinged with masochistic pleasure.

I straddled her, pressing her knees together and pinning them down.

Her pubic hair is visible before my eyes. It is a beautiful, precious sight. But if I describe Rakka-san's pubic hair here, it would amount to praise once more, so I hesitate.

(Hey, hey, are you seriously complimenting my pubic hair? Give it a rest, would you?)

I can just hear someone saying that.

But it truly has a beautiful shape, slightly slender, emits an elegant fragrance, and grows with a refined grace. Some might think there is no such thing as vulgar or refined pubic hair, but believe me, there is.

I like that there is no hint of the grooming model women often do. That's not the sort of thing Rakka-san would do. I'd like to continue describing her pubic hair that breathes at the end of her beautifully rounded, fleshy white lower abdomen, but I'll stop here because I don't want to embarrass her more than necessary.

The near-perfect eroticism of the line from her waist to her hips is something I'd love to describe further, but I'd just end up stringing together compliments, so I'll refrain from that too.

There's a saying that when you're in love, every mole becomes a dimple, but that's absolutely not the case. I am a writer, after all. I observe everything calmly and with a critical eye. When I praise her, it's not out of any "mole-as-a-dimple" sentiment.

Her navel's shape is perfect too (ahh, I've praised her again. I must stop praising her.) I lean over and press my lips against her navel, sticking my tongue out and pressing it inside. I curl the tip of my tongue sharply and lick around. Uhh, uhh, uhh, she moans low, her white flesh

in her lower abdomen twitching tantalizingly. Those twitches transmit through to my face as I lick and suck her navel.

My tongue slowly moves from her navel to her pubic hair, tracing the curve of her lower abdomen. She twitches the soft flesh of her inner thighs, twisting her legs together.

“Ahh, ahh, ahhhhh.....” She was breathing in short ragged gasps. But it wasn’t a voice of refusal or disgust. It was still a voice of shame.

Even as she twisted her thighs, pressing the flesh together, the resistance wasn’t particularly strong. My tongue burrowed further down, from the base of her pubic hair.

“Now, spread your legs. Relax and spread your legs.” I say. It’s a bit theatrical. It’s a line meant to further tease her sense of shame.

But I never use those vulgar lines they make them say in porn. If I uttered such dirty, crude dialogue, it would kill the mood for both of us.

I pressed my face tightly against the warm, soft crotch of her thighs pressed together, extending my tongue further to lick. I pushed the tip of my tongue deeper and deeper into the folds of her thighs.

My nose is crushed, and I struggle to breathe. My eyes are closed, and I see nothing. What a blissful suffocation. From her pubic hair, I smell my own saliva. I am already a masochist. When it became too painful, I lifted my head, gasped for breath, and licked her naval again. I thrust my tongue inside. She writhed, gasping.

Next to the belly button comes licking the breasts. Grasping the breasts with my hand and kneading them while sucking on the nipples. Licking the nipples in turn, biting with my teeth and pulling. Forcibly sucking the entire flesh of the breast into my mouth, licking it all over with my tongue.

Then I kiss her lips again. I don’t stop at times like this. I slip my tongue into her mouth, entwining it with hers and twisting it around.

She doesn’t dodge my frantic advances. She doesn’t try to escape at all. Yet she shows no sign of actively welcoming them herself. It’s as if she’s simply letting herself drift away in a man’s lust.

This kind of reaction is strangely stimulating for the one doing the teasing. For her, it’s an unconscious response, like letting herself drift with a river’s current. Yet within that unconsciousness, her soft, quiet gasps become exquisite eroticism for me.

I shifted my position, facing the opposite direction from before, and cupped her thighs with both hands. Now her ankles were right before my eyes. In that position, I bury my face between her legs. I pressed myself tightly against her. My crotch covers her face. In other words, we're in the 69 position.

Lick me, lick me, I beg as I force my crotch against her face. "Lick it, open your mouth and lick it, suck me" I plead.

She listens to my wish without hesitation. With unbelievable ease, she does it right away. I'm enveloped by the warm sensation inside her mouth. A feeling of happiness pierces me right to the top of my head.

Bound in a takate kote, she lay on her back. She opened her mouth to take my cock between her cheeks and lick it, but I couldn't see. Before my eyes was her crotch. I knew she was sucking it. It felt good, oh, it felt so good!

I spread her crotch wide with my fingers, then thrust my tongue inside. Licking. Sucking. Biting with my teeth. Gently tugging. Inside my mouth, I deliberately make slurping noises as I suck on the stretched, soft flesh. Sucking firmly. Sometimes biting. The slurping sounds feel like my sign of gratitude to her.

I press my nose deeper into her pubic hair, extending my tongue to penetrate her depths. Soft. I swirl the tip of my tongue. Her breathing grows ragged. My own breath catches. I lift my face from between her thighs to catch my breath.

Her mouth grows warmer and warmer, tender on my penis. I feel tenderness in the devoted movement of her tongue. Occasionally, she lets out a soft "gulp" from her throat as she continues sucking. She sucks even my heart. Her earnestness suddenly makes me want to cry.

She's the kind of woman with an elegant, intelligent beauty that makes men think she'd never do something like give a blowjob. And yet, that beauty is sucking a guy like me.

My pleasure level rose. Inside her mouth, I was erect. If I pulled out now and immediately thrust into her labia, it felt like it would work. Most men would do that. It felt like if I didn't, I wouldn't be fulfilling some kind of "duty" or "pride" as a man.

What should I do? I ponder, rocked by waves of pleasure. What expression does she have now? I cannot see her face as she sucks me. My eyes are blocked by her fragrant thighs.

"Use your tongue more.... swirl it around to stimulate me... gently bite with your teeth... harder, harder, a bit harder." I gasped as I begged.

But I don't ejaculate from oral sex alone. I need to be stroked by hand at the same time as oral sex to ejaculate.

(Ahh, is it really okay to write something like this in a place like this?)

While Rakka-san has an excessive sense of shame, I have lost mine entirely.

Her tongue and lips were soft, and the stimulation was gentle, but after prolonged, continuous friction, it inevitably started to hurt. She kept moving her tongue until I said "that's enough." Come to think of it, the moment I initiated this kind of act, she fell into a state of absolute submission to me. She never refused my requests. She would do anything. She would keep going forever.

At the office, she gives the girls such crisp, clear instructions, sometimes in a stern tone, yet when I grab her wrist and give it a little twist, she obediently does as I say.

That's enough, I said, pulling myself out of her mouth. There was a popping sound.

I laid with her face to face once more. I held her body close with both arms. The sensation of wrapping my hands around her slender waist and pulling her tightly against me felt good. When I touched her wrists, bound in a takate kote, they felt cold. It was time to release them.

I sat up halfway, lifted her upper body to sit her up, and we faced each other on the bed, kissing. I kissed her again and again. No matter how many times I kissed her, I never grew tired of it. Since I hadn't ejaculated, my stamina didn't wane. If I had ejaculated, I would have instantly lost all my energy and strength, becoming limp and useless. The reason I could keep sucking and licking for two or even three hours, in a word, was because I hadn't ejaculated.

Facing each other, we embraced and kissed as I slipped my left hand around her back and began undoing the takate kote. It had been a long time since I tied her up. It can be untied using only the left hand. That's how it's tied.

Both hands should be free, yet she remained bound in the takate kote position. Having been tied up for over an hour I worried that her arms had gone numb and she couldn't move them. I wrap my arms around her back and take hold of her wrists, and gently guide them back to the front.

"Did your hands go numb? It was a long time after all." I ask. She doesn't respond. Only a smile.

She never has once answered this type of question. Perhaps she finds even these questions embarrassing.

Without changing position, I kiss her again. What persistence I have. She doesn't refuse, accepting my lips. Tongues intertwine. I get hard again. I love kissing. I love the feeling of tongues intertwining. I'm sure she loves it too. Whenever I draw my lips closer, she always responds. She never pulls away.

I laid her body back. I grabbed both legs and spread them apart.

(When I was spreading her legs apart, there was some resistance. It's clear this resistance is from shame. If there were no resistance at this point, I'd be at a loss.)

I positioned myself to insert myself into her crotch. I had intended to penetrate her once. The desire was there. Without penetrating her, it felt like it wouldn't end cleanly. But, when I approached that part of her, my erection weakened, and I couldn't penetrate her. Even then, I didn't panic. It was because she didn't want that (in fact, she might even dislike it.)

Whether we penetrated or not, our satisfaction was the same. No, perhaps I shouldn't say "we." I had no complaints. I enjoyed sex to the point of excess. As for her, honestly, I wonder how she felt. I don't know. She doesn't talk about her own pleasure. Perhaps our relationship hasn't yet reached that level of intimacy where we can speak freely about anything.

No, that's not it. She's just embarrassed. Because she's embarrassed, she won't say anything about her own pleasure.

But this was good for both of us. Because that is precisely why our relationship will last. As long as she has shame, she is beautiful. And attractive. As long as she has shame, our pleasure will endure.

2007.09.08

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第十回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 10

悪口ばかり

Nothing but Insults

I had become interested in "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques" and intended to experiment with it using reference materials, and report my findings. But, somehow it just turned into me and a woman named Rakka enjoying ourselves. Since I was writing about it in detail, the same scenes ended up going on and on.

The bondage play with Rakka-san that day only lasted four or five hours at most, but the writing still isn't finished. I've only reached the halfway point.

But then again, anyone reading this might think that this man, Nureki Chimuo, spends every single day, day after day, playing nothing but this kind of bondage game with women he fancies. But that's not true. If I did it every day my body wouldn't keep up (considering my age.)

For one thing, I'm writing about my time with Rakka-san as a continuation of the "Profile" I posted first. But writing in such detail like this, I'm afraid I'll end up exposing everything, front and back, let alone just a "side profile."

I'm still working as a rigger on video and magazine bondage shoots, doing that kind of work. I also write manuscripts. I do things completely unrelated to SM too (actually the unrelated stuff makes up the bulk of my work.)

So, this time, I'll take a break from writing about Rakka-san and instead share my experience from the shoot I did yesterday. To be honest, I didn't want to write about this. I wasn't confident I could make it interesting. I thought writing about it would be pointless. I try not to write about things that are pointless.

But my manager, R, says,

"You must write about that experience and how you felt at the time, Nureki Sensei. That is your mission now, living in the SM world."

"Mission? I don't feel any sense of mission, you know. Besides, what is the SM world? The commercial SM world? The business SM world?"

"Does it really matter which? You must write as a witness living within it now."

"Witness?"

"Yes, a witness. You must write as a witness for future generations."

"Future generations? I've never given that a thought."

"Anyway, write about the filming locations sometimes. You used to write about them a lot, didn't you? But let me warn you: don't write anything bad. Don't anger the sponsors. If you write bad things, you won't get work afterward. Only write the good stuff."

"Only write good things? That's tough."

"Write them anyway. That's your mission Nureki Sensei."

“Mission again? I don’t feel any sense of mission, though.”

“Just write it.”

“Yes, I will!”

R is scary. I’m currently indebted to her for something else. That makes her even scarier. By indebted, I mean she’s organizing my entire body of work from the past fifty years and creating a chronology for me. This is an incredibly involved task. So right now, I absolutely can’t hold my head high. That said, I’ll write about yesterday’s filming location.

R, rest assured, I will absolutely not speak ill of those who give me money. How could I possibly badmouth the kind people who offer work to an old man like me? I have that much common sense, you know?

That said, I must admit I lack confidence. I enjoy speaking ill of others more than most people. It’s fun to criticize. And for readers, criticism is undoubtedly more entertaining. Just stringing together endless compliments is boring as hell when you put yourself in the reader’s shoes.

(My previous post, “Nothing but Praise,” was just a list of compliments; my apologies. I’m sure it was terribly boring. I apologize.)

If you’re going to badmouth someone without mentioning their name, it shouldn’t matter. If no one knows who you’re talking about, no one should get angry. I really want to write something mean. Okay, I’ll do it.

I’ve been working with the same AV director for 20 years. He’s a good guy. Because he’s a good guy, someone like me, tough on others but easy on myself, has managed to work with him for 20 years.

This director desperately wants to make an SM drama worthy of praise. His passion rubs off on me, and I end up helping out on set. But the moment filming starts, this director suddenly loses all grasp of SM. He pretends to understand, but he really doesn’t.

For 20 years, I’ve explained SM to him and taught him the specifics. Yet he still doesn’t get it. It’s not as if he dislikes SM in and of itself (I know several directors and editors of SM films and magazines who despise SM and hate it even more. I plan to spill the beans on those behind-the-scenes stories bit by bit from now on.)

Right after, I told this director, “I see. I understand perfectly. SM is really fascinating, isn’t it? When you delve into the roots of human psychology, you inevitably stumble upon it and end up with SM. To deeply explore and depict human sexuality, SM dramas are the most appropriate medium. Yes, it’s really interesting!” And so on, spouting off like a know-it-all.

Oh, I wonder if this guy gets it, I think to myself, only to be disappointed immediately.

Once filming begins and it comes time to strip the adorable actress naked and direct her actions, he instantly reverts to his original self, a simple pervert director. "Simple pervert" is short for "simple lecher." For example, during a "nostril torture" scene, it goes something like this.

Direct the male actor to hook a wire hook into the actress's nostrils. A thin string is attached to the hook. While having the actor pull that string, "Hey, you're a pig woman. How can you not be ashamed with such an ugly nose? What an ugly pig woman you are. Oink, go ahead and oink, there you go, oink oink oink!"

He makes the actress crawl around. At this point she is completely naked. She crawls around on all fours, grunting and groaning. Her plump buttocks wiggle and jiggle.

"Your name is pig woman. Oink more. Oink, oink!"

He makes the male actor say even worse things. I can't stand by and watch, so I step in and warn him. "Gon-chan (the director's nickname), that line's wrong. What nose torture enthusiasts enjoy is using torture devices to lift a woman's nostrils, stretching them open or deforming them. The expression on the woman's face at that moment is adorable. It's erotic. It's incredibly sexy. In other words, the essence of a nose torture enthusiasts is a nostril fetish. That's why you have to say, 'adorable, adorable' and praise her."

No matter how much I warn them, the camera is already rolling.

The actress, made to crawl around like a pig, moves her butt in an erotic way, exciting the director. He snatches the camera from the cameraman and starts filming himself (porn directors often do this.)

"Yes, like this?"

The actor knows his role, rubbing the tip of his erect member against the actress's nose. She opens her mouth and takes it in with a wet gulp. The nose play gradually transforms into a blowjob that continues endlessly.

The director placed a dildo in the actor's hand, "Reach out and insert this thing into her from behind." He orders. The vibrator is coated in lubricant, allowing it to slide smoothly deep inside. The actress, still wearing a nose gag, is forced to give a blowjob while simultaneously being penetrated from behind by the vibrator, a rather lively scene indeed.

"Good, good, that's the spirit, this is SM, good!"

The director, in high spirits, handed the camera back to the cameraman and eagerly watched the vibrator's effect as it plunged deep into the actress's genitals, pulsing, thrusting, writhing and humming continuously.

Writing it this way, this scene is bound to come across as incredibly exciting to readers. Once completed as a single video, it will likely be genuinely thrilling and arouse the "majority" of men. However, the scene intended for the "minority" of nose-play enthusiasts somehow fizzles out. That's why this director's films get such good reviews and strong sales. He's in high demand across companies, reportedly shooting almost every day.

Porn exists because it sells; porn that doesn't sell will see both its directors and distributors disappear.

This Gon-chan director probably has some interest in SM, but when push comes to shove, he completely disregards any twisted depictions of SM and focuses his mind entirely on making "marketable" videos. It's only natural, I suppose.

Using someone like me is only for when you want to make a porn with a different flavor for a change. That's fine. So don't ask me solemnly, "what exactly is SM?" Just use me when you simply need a bondage scene. It's because you get all pretentious and ask things like, "What is the true essence of SM?" that I end up getting serious and answer.

Generally, SM is an innate sexual preference; it is not something you learn to understand through study. An SM enthusiast is an SM enthusiast from the moment they become aware of things. The very fact that they don't know why they became an enthusiast is what makes them an SM enthusiast. Any SM enthusiast who clearly understands the reason they became one is fake.

Well, this is the kind of shoot we were doing yesterday. The director is an honest, considerate person with a talent for capturing the female form erotically, a genuine good person. That's why I always think they shouldn't half-ass things like SM.

But, by using me, I get paid, I get to tie up young, beautiful women, and I'm truly grateful for that. I should be sincerely thankful. But doing nothing but these kinds of shoots is starting to stress me out.

That's why I feel like creating a little pamphlet titled "The Aesthetics of the Minority," and why I want to do whatever I please with a woman like Rakka-san, who understands. That's how it is.

Good. It didn't turn into a rant!

If it's just a little bit of gossip like this, Gon-chan is such a nice person, he'll definitely use me again. And I won't get scolded by my manager, R, either.

Tomorrow, I'll be hired again by a certain unit at a certain video production company to go to a certain studio. The certain director tomorrow is also a colleague I've worked with for over a decade and get along well with. So no matter what kind of SM video gets made, I couldn't possibly write anything bad about it.

2007.09.11

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第十一回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 11

永井なつという美少女

Natsu Nagai, a beautiful girl

This time I thought I'd try something different and write in the form of a personal letter.

I said it was in the form of a personal letter, but in truth, this is not merely a "form." It is something I actually intend to send. However, please consider the text in parentheses as my "explanation" to those reading this "talking theater," or as my "secret monologue."

The recipient of this letter is a director who has produced numerous so-called "SM videos" in the adult industry. I, Nureki Chimuo, have also assisted him on countless occasions.

"AV Style" refers to companies that produce SM dramas where sex scenes are always included in the storyline.

In other words, the "kinbaku videos" we produced at Kinbiken contain absolutely no sex scenes or vibrator insertion scenes, so they cannot be called AV-style. By the way, the term "AV-style" was actually coined by my esteemed friend, the painter Nagasaki Tetsumu. It's an apt, concise, and convenient term, so I frequently use it myself.

I've gone on too long with the preamble. Now let's get to business.

Shinichi Kawamura-sama. Thank you for yesterday. You must be exhausted. Outside the studio, a long, long day passed with the unsettling rain of an approaching typhoon falling intermittently with a fierce sound.

After filming wrapped up, I promised to mail you the flyers and programs for my stage performance this fall as I was leaving. I'll include the tickets too. Showing this ticket will naturally get you in for free.

However, the "K no Kai" performances are consistently packed to capacity every time and, if you arrive late, the doors will be closed and you will not be able to get in. You literally won't be able to enter. For these two performances, I appear under a different name, not as "Nureki Chimuo."

As you are well aware, only about 5 percent of my work involves bondage-related activities, while the remaining 95 percent consists of completely unrelated endeavors. This fall's performance falls squarely within that 95 percent. Come to think about it, a few years ago, when I appeared in that 95 percent of the work, you and Kujo Mikage both made a special trip to see it. Thank you for that.

Do you remember that night after the show ended, when I guided you and Kujo-san to Asakusa by taxi and we drank Denki Bran beer and had dinner at Kamiya Bar?

I met Kujo Mikage-san at the venue for the "Itoh Seiu Sketch Exhibition" the other day and, on the way back, we raised a toast to our reunion at a nearby izakaya. To my surprise, even though I thought she must be quite a bit older now (sorry, Kujo-san), she looked slender overall and more beautiful than ever, radiating a captivating glow.

Rather than charming, she possesses a mysterious quality, one of those people who become endearing simply by being present, even without saying a word. The five percent of people I have the privilege of knowing all share this quality: even in silence, their souls somehow connect, and they radiate a mysterious aura that makes them deeply endearing.

I've always wanted to wrap my arms around Kujo-san's shoulders someday and at least kiss those small, perfectly shaped lips. But when I meet her, I get overwhelmed by her aura and I can't muster the courage.

Huh?

I wasn't supposed to bring this up. I was going to talk about yesterday's shoot. I'm just too chatty for my own good. My mind keeps wandering off to other things.

But, since the title of this piece is "The Talking Theater," there's nothing to be done about it.

Yesterday's shoot, that's right. What I meant to write about here was yesterday's shoot.

Beyond this point, I think it's best for anyone who isn't a "bondage enthusiast" to not read further. If you're not a bondage enthusiast, reading this will probably be boring. You'll just get bored. Even if you do read it, I doubt you'll understand much of it.

But for those who are into bondage, what I'm about to write will definitely be interesting. Actually, to be honest, rather than reading this piece of mine you should buy and watch Director Kawamura's finished film, the one I shot yesterday, which I am about to edit and add music to.

I take full responsibility. This is a video where you can immerse yourself in the pleasure of kinbaku, one that absolutely will not disappoint, even if you pay money to buy it and spend precious time watching it.

I consider the video footage featuring Kujo Mikage that we shot at our “Kinbiken” to be the ultimate “kinbaku footage.” But I believe this new work by Kawamura rivals that masterpiece.

Oh, no.

What on earth? This text was supposed to be a private letter to Director Kawamura. Somehow its target audience has shifted to “The Talking Theater.” To make matters worse, it’s even promoting a video.

This is where my carelessness lies. I’m sorry, Director Kawamura. Once again, I’ve exposed myself as a simple emotional being, neither rational nor logical.

At this point, I’ll just write whatever comes to mind, in no particular order.

The girl who appeared before me during yesterday’s shoot was named Natsu Nagai.

Natsui Nagai is neither her real name nor a model name. It’s a name I made up just for this piece, a name that exists only here.

The reason I do this is because I’m afraid of causing her trouble if anything happens. Previously, in an article for a magazine, I praised a model named ○○¹⁴ by name, writing “She’s wonderful!”

Then, ○○ was called to another video shoot location: “You’re the kind of model who got praised by Nureki Chimuo, so you must be fine with anything done to you. You’re a real masochist, aren’t you?”

She was told all sorts of things and subjected to various acts of violence, leaving her scarred both physically and mentally. The name “Nureki Chimuo” sometimes takes on a life of its own, leading to misunderstandings among SM video producers who misinterpret “SM.”

“Any woman who can endure Nureki Chimuo’s torment is a masochist who can take anything. The more she’s tormented, the more she enjoys it.”

They are perceived as such and are tormented and punished with full force.

Surprisingly, many people believe that, unless it’s done “for real,” it’s not SM. It’s troublesome because such people exist even among perfectly ordinary, kind-hearted, sensible individuals.

¹⁴ This is one method in Japanese to anonymize a person’s name.

No matter how “serious” we pretend to be, it’s ultimately just “play.” That game is called “art” in other words, but when it comes to SM, some people can’t tell the difference between “serious” and “play.”

There are SM video producers who believe that masochistic women won’t be satisfied unless they are punished and hurt “for real.” I was resented by that model named ○○.

“The reason I suffered so badly was because Nureki Sensei praised me and wrote that,” she said.

I merely wrote about the eroticism of ○○’s splendid reactions while intoxicated by my ropes. Come to think of it, an editor at an SM magazine once told me, “I don’t believe in the beauty of bondage. What kind of beauty is it to tie a woman up with ropes? It’s nothing but self-indulgence, isn’t it?”

Since that incident, I’ve made it a rule to never write the real name, let alone the model name. I create fictional names so no one can recognize them. That’s why I’ll refer to yesterday’s model as “Nagai Natsu.” It’s a name even she herself doesn’t know. Yet she exists. Because yesterday, inside a certain studio, I spent the entire day tying her up relentlessly in front of the camera held by Director Kawamura himself.

Nagai Natsu. A 19 year old student. She studies economics. She possesses a beauty reminiscent of Kujo Mikage. In terms of celebrities, she has a face like Yumiko Shaku. Upon closer look, she also had a childlike face and an innocent charm. Calling her a beautiful girl might be more accurate. She has fair skin, a clean appearance, and her skin has a vibrant, youthful glow. She possesses an intelligent cuteness.

From the start, I tied her hands behind her back against a pillar in the corner of the studio, her garment wrapped head to toe in a garment resembling an Ao Dai¹⁵, the kind often worn by women from Southern countries.

In other words, this video shoot starts with me appearing right from the beginning. I suppose it will be edited dramatically later on, but anyway, she suddenly found her hands bound behind her back.

The moment I crossed her wrists behind her back, tied them together loosely, and brought the rope around her chest, all the strength drained from her body. She went limp, her knees buckled, and she nearly collapsed. Producer N-kun saw it happening and shouted, “Oh, she’s falling! Support her!”

He was the first to dash in front of the camera and catch her.

“Humm, that was fast,” I couldn’t help but mutter.

¹⁵ Ao Dai is a traditional Vietnamese garment

“Nureki Sensei, this girl is very sensitive to rope. She’s been looking forward to being tied by you. Anyway, I’m leaving this shoot entirely up to you.” That’s what the producer, N, had been telling me beforehand, so I knew she had strong masochistic tendencies. But I never imagined she’d react this strongly before I’d even finished tying a single rope. Director Kawamura had already set up the camera and started rolling by then, right?

Yesterday at 10:30 AM, I went straight to the studio in Shinjuku. In the spacious second floor waiting room, I was drinking bottled tea brought by the AD (assistant director) by myself.

Then Director Kawamura came down from the third floor studio and greeted me: “It’s been a while, you’re early.”

I replied, “Yes, N-kun told me to come sometime between 10:30 and 11:00...”

At that moment, the director, who usually wore a cheerful, peaceful expression, looked strangely somber, not just gloomy but deeply troubled. Huh, I wondered, what’s wrong.

The reason for that gloomy expression became clear immediately. It was because the specific concept and plan for today’s shoot hadn’t yet been organized in the director’s mind.

Unlike the usual models and actresses, today’s “Nagai Natsu” seems to be quite the “rope-loving girl,” so he was apparently puzzling over how to incorporate that personality into the drama and agonizing over it.

(I’m sorry if I’m wrong, Director. But that’s pretty much how it is, isn’t it? You’re always the type to seriously agonize and think through things at a time like this....)

So, I poured out the water of invitation.

“I haven’t met today’s girl yet, but I hear she’s a good kid.”

“Yes, she is. I’m thinking about how to shoot her best,” the director replied. Just as I thought, I immediately made a suggestion.

“It’s a trope we’ve done many times before, but what about this: a girl who yearns to be bound, who dreams of being tied up beautifully and pleasurably. A man (could be her lover) finds out about her and brings her and brings her to Nureki Chimuo’s place to make her dreams come true... How about that? After that, it just becomes the girl and the man, and, well, you can figure out what happens next...”

At my suggestion, the director immediately brightened up, saying, “Let’s go with that. That’s the best idea,” and smiled. I may have boasted about my suggestion but, truthfully, it was all I could do.

We went up to the third floor studio and began the shoot. Though it was our very first meeting, I found formal greetings a hassle (I'm like that everywhere, all the time, with anyone), so I simply grabbed the rope in one hand and said in an extremely casual tone, "Come over here. Now, you're going to be tied up."

And once the rope was tied, all the strength drained from her body, and she nearly collapsed limp.

Actually, before Director Kawamura's drama shoot began, the still photography for packaging and other materials was handled by a different photographer, lighting technician, and producer. The first time I tied her up with rope was during that phase.

However, explaining these details would make things messy and difficult for readers to understand. Since this also involves internal company matters, I'll omit it.

Director Kawamura, however, had been diligently rolling the video camera since the shoot for this package. Therefore, this scene will naturally be edited into the video footage.

(If I wasn't in it, I'd be pretty bummed too, Director. Please put me in. But you were probably shooting from quite a distance, probably out of consideration for the still photographer.)

Anyway, this scene is fresh and powerful. It's a great moment where the inner world and overall character of Nagai Natsu, this beautiful girl who's being tied up for the first time and reacts instantly, comes across effortlessly and naturally. It was shocking for me too.

(Oh, I really want this scene included. And I want all the true bondage enthusiasts to see it. I want to shock them, get them excited. Director, please, include it! Don't cut it out!)

But you know, if the producer decides that scenes of a beautiful girl getting naked, spreading her legs, and shoving a vibrator inside her sell better than scenes of her getting tied up and passing out, then my wish will be in vain.

If someone told me that a three-minute tape of a beautiful girl whimpering and crying with a vibrator shoved between her legs would sell better than one showing her ecstasy while bound, I'd have no choice but to be silent. How many times have I endured this kind of heartbreak?

After all, this is an era where you find SM magazine editors declaring things like "I don't believe in the beauty of bondage." But "beauty" is just another word for "eros," you know.

I had intended to write this as a private letter to Director Kawamura, but somehow it ended up becoming an explanation for readers of "The Talking Theater" and then a private letter to the director again. It lacks consistency.

At this point, I'll write whatever I want, however I want; no particular order (meaning no particular order of filming), and for whoever happens to be reading. So, this section continues.

2007.09.12

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第十二回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 12

縄自慰

Rope Masturbation

I'll continue the story of "Nagai Natsu, a beautiful girl." It's about a girl, who when bound by me, responds honestly and intensely, feeling so deeply that she's on the verge of fainting.

First, we took still photos for packaging and promotional use by the distributor. However, when I tied her up and stood beside her, she became too overwhelmed to follow the photographer's and producer's posing instructions.

The pose they instruct, to my eyes, is an utterly stereotypical, commonplace, and utterly unremarkable to put it harshly - "dead pose." Yet for those who believe such photos are essential to make the "product" sell, it remains a crucial "standard pose."

However, when I watch up close, she reacts more than necessary, or rather, instinctively, and can't hold the pose. All the strength drains from her body and the pose collapses.

In that pose, crumbling as it loses its true form, I feel a raw, visceral reality and cry out in my heart, "How wonderful!" I think to myself, "If they used a photo like this in the packaging, it would absolutely sell to the fans!" But the producers who have long believed that packaging photos must be a certain way, commanded her into the usual, formulaic pose.

However, as I just mentioned, when I watch her up close, she becomes too overwhelmed to hold that pose. She just can't help but writhe. I moved far away from her. Far, but still in the same studio. At most, seven or eight meters away. Then she could maintain the pose as directed by the producer and cameraman.

This was a rare experience even among many photo shoots, so I decided to record it here.

(But honestly, anyone who isn't into this stuff probably won't understand a word of it and won't find it the least bit interesting. It's a world of specialized senses and sensibilities themselves, after all.)

Director Kawamura personally handled the camera for the drama shoot, which began after everyone moved to the fourth floor of the studio.

Before me, seated on the sofa, appears Nagai Natsu, a beautiful girl who desires to be bound by me.

From here on out, I'll be the one talking to her, delivering all the lines, and keeping the conversation going. No one else gives me orders. The dozen or so staff members surrounding us never interfere. They know that when dealing with a girl like this, letting me do exactly as I please makes for more interesting footage. I've appeared in countless videos for this production company. Even when my face or figure isn't shown, I'm part of the staff as a bondage specialist.

I wish I could write down each and every one of her fresh, innocent, honest, and erotic reactions to my rope from here on out, but I lack the ability to express them.

Watch the footage directly and enjoy her wonderful reactions, her expressions, her body language, and the tantalizing sound of her voice. Well, it's no exaggeration to call this the pinnacle of bondage realism. Not a single second of it is staged.

During a break in filming, Director Kawamura said something to me that was incredibly heartwarming.

"How's it going, Director? Is the pace okay?"

In response to my question: "Oh, it's fascinating. What makes it interesting is that I have absolutely no idea how she'll react to your movements, what kind of pleasure she'll show. There's an element of surprise. Even when I start rolling the camera, I get so excited I can hardly contain myself, wondering what kind of wonderful expression she'll make next and how her whole body will react," he said, eyes sparkling.

"Even with the run of the mill SM story, you can see the incredible drama within her mind and body, right? Her mind and body, drowning in the pleasure of ropes; that itself is the drama. When she lets go so completely, immersing herself in pleasure, just as she feels it, simply filming her feels like capturing the essence of human drama, a true depiction of the soul," I said, getting carried away myself.

Then the director's face grew even more delighted, "You're absolutely right, Sensei. It's more dramatic than any skillfully crafted drama. Somehow, it stirs a trembling emotion. That a single rope could deliver such incredible pleasure; it's a drama beyond imagination. Though it's a documentary, it's unlike any ordinary documentary. I feel the power of your artistry, drawing out and expressing her unique personality."

The director praised me even more, but I'll refrain from writing that here because it's embarrassing.

After a slightly longer break, the producer instructed them to strip her completely naked and tie her up. She showed little hesitation in removing her clothes and displayed no shame. She really is a girl of this generation.

“Aren’t you embarrassed to get naked in front of so many men?” she was asked, replying, “yes, I am.”

Her pale, flawless, luminous, clean-shaven body draws murmurs of admiration from the staff. “How beautiful.” Her buttocks are youthful and plump. Her slender, long neck flows smoothly into her shoulders, forming a beautiful line.

It is extremely rare for male staff members, accustomed to seeing well-proportioned women nude, to utter remarks like “how beautiful.”

However, the flesh from her shoulders to her arms is a bit thick. Not only thick, but to the touch it’s muscular and firm. As an arm fetishist, I’m particular about the shape and texture of a woman’s arms.

“Do you play any sports? Swimming?” When I asked, it turned out she’d been an ice skater in high school. I thought swimming would be a problem, but ice skating should be fine, though it gradually became clear that wasn’t the case.

I tightly bind her hands behind her back, leaving the rope ends long and securing them high. This pose will be used frequently in the latter half. The rope slung over her upper arms digs in deeply under her own body weight, gradually becoming unbearable.

“Ah, it hurts, it hurts!” she let out a small cry. Moderate pain naturally becomes the pleasure of masochism, but when it goes too far, the pleasure vanishes, leaving only the sensation of pain. The way ten women who like rope feel pain is different. But each has their own unique personality. They may look the same, but there are differences.

I always gauge the other person’s pain while tying them up so it doesn’t hurt. (What kind of sadist is that? I’m unfit to be a sadist.)

I don’t understand the logic behind how arms thickened by sports become more sensitive to pain, but I know it from experience after doing this kind of work extensively for a long time. It’s common among women who are swimmers. That’s why I don’t like broad-shouldered, thick-muscled women who used to swim.

But why does ice skating make your arms tough? Isn’t that a sport that doesn’t require arm movement? I didn’t understand.

However, by chance today, while eating breakfast and watching TV, that question was answered. A woman who used to be a snowboarder was appearing on a talk show. Sure

enough, her shoulders and arms were abnormally thick and stiff, and she was explaining the reason why.

The reason is that at the start, in order to get ahead quickly, you bend your arms and tense your entire body, repeatedly practicing that posture. This causes your arms to become stiffer and thicker.

I see, that's how it is. Today, my question was finally answered. But since I tied her up yesterday, I still don't understand why her arm hurts. The strain on her upper arms had increased significantly in the latter half.

"There's a way to tie the hands behind the back without letting the rope touch the arms, let's do that" I said, threading the rope from her wrists behind her back, under her armpits, around her chest, and securing her hands behind her back. I wouldn't let her complain about her arms hurting anymore.

Who would have known? This beautiful girl's erogenous zones, stimulated by the ropes, were generously hidden from her armpits to her chest. After finishing tying in that manner, "Ahh, it feels so good!" she cried softly, bending her knees and nearly fainting again. Falling would be dangerous. But this time, the rope's end was already tied to a beam near the ceiling, so she couldn't collapse. With her feet still on the floor, she dangled loosely.

She was suspended in that pose, exaggerating the beauty of her naked form. It became a well-shaped, erotic suspension pose that even I found mesmerizing. Finally, I looped ropes around both arms to adjust the shape. Since the ropes were merely wrapped around, they didn't dig in.

Visually, it's a harsh, gruesome suspension, but the person themselves feels no pain. Not entirely none, but the pain should be minimal. I observe now, she is all pleasure.

I was so entranced by the breathtakingly beautiful, magnificent scene of her suspended in midair that I forgot about work and gazed at it (this is what self praise is all about). Director Kawamura crawled right under her suspended body, lay flat on his back, and shot relentlessly; her ecstatic expression drenched in pleasure, the eroticism of her entire body writhing and twisting in agony from the digging ropes.

She kept moaning in a low voice, "It feels so good, so good," and the young naked body suspended in midair grew increasingly white and luminous, radiating light.

Hmm..... What's going on?

As I wrote this scene of tying her up and pleasuring her, it gradually started to feel dull. My enthusiasm waned. Why? I paused my writing.

I don't know why. Maybe I'm getting bored. Maybe I'm tired. Maybe my mind and body are both tired.

No matter how detailed my descriptions get, I just can't seem to get the point across to readers. I find myself wanting to say, "Director Kawamura shot this footage with such passion; just watch the footage." That would be quicker. Well, I suppose my own lack of expressive skills is part of it. My own descriptive abilities frustrate me.

"Imagine two boys you like standing in front of you," I said to her. I don't remember if it was before or after I started the suspension.

"Yes, like identical copies of the same boy?" she replied, a bit witty.

"One is a boy who's good at sex. The other can't have sex; meaning he's impotent. But he's strangely skilled at tying people up. If you had to choose just one, which would you pick?"

Before this question, I'd asked her if she liked normal sex.

"I do," she answered clearly.

She pondered for a moment, "I'd choose the boy who's good at tying," she said with a cute smile. I wondered if it was flattery or a compliment meant for me, but it didn't seem like it.

When it comes to playing along, I sometimes deliberately move far away from her so the director holding the camera can shoot freely. In other words, I position myself outside the camera's frame. Then she searches with her eyes for my figure, now out of her sight.

When she spots me standing in the dark corner of the studio, a look of relief and joy flashes across her face for just a moment. (Though this is probably just my imagination. Probably an illusion.)

"Why did you start liking being tied up so much? Do you know what caused it?"

I always ask this question to women who enjoy being tied up at photo shoots. But not a single one has given me a clear answer. Most pause for a moment, then reply,

"I don't know."

I truly believe they don't know. I myself have absolutely no idea where my own rope fetish (I'm the one playing with ropes) comes from. Honestly, I have no clue why I became this kind of rope-obsessed guy, and I don't understand the reason. Sometimes I wonder if it's genetic, but there's no clear evidence for that either. There's no way to investigate it.

“When did you first start having this kind of desire to be tied up?”

To my question, she replied, “Hmm, probably since elementary school.”

“Even back in kindergarten, there were girls who, well, not exactly pleasure, but felt kind of good when their bodies were restrained. Quite a few of the girls who I have tied have said that.”

When I said that, she looked serious and said, “Hmm, come to think of it, maybe I’ve been like that since kindergarten too.”

Let me clarify; she possesses a sharp mind (she’s a student in the economics department at a certain prestigious university) and is a beautiful girl with common sense. There’s not a trace of any dark shadow about her.

After lowering her from the suspension, I laid her pleasure-drenched, nearly-unconscious body directly onto the concrete floor. I untied the ropes binding her hands behind her back.

After resting a little and regaining presence of mind, I threaded a rope between her thighs. She remained lying down. I placed the rope in her right hand and had her grasp the other end, which I led around to her rear, in her left hand.

Then I said, “Now stroke this rope with your own hands. That’s right, move it back and forth.” This was the first time I’d ever done this kind of direction.

She obediently and faithfully performed that “rope masturbation” as I instructed. She rubbed the rough hemp rope back and forth against her sensitive crotch. Right before her eyes, I deliberately made three knots in the rope and showed them to her. This too was part of my staging.

She instantly let out a low moan of pleasure, her young hips writhing in agonizing ecstasy.

“Ahh, it feels so good, so good!”

Her lower body twitched and her buttocks stiffened slightly before she came immediately. I had been carefully observing her expression, so I could clearly tell she had reached the peak of pleasure through this “rope masturbation.”

I made her repeat it over and over. She moved her hands left and right as I commanded, stifling her voice, and came again and again. What an obedient girl, I thought, feeling something hot welling up inside of me.

“I’ll give you that rope later,” I whisper in her ear.

After a short break, we moved on to the final “enema” scene. Her fresh, innocent reactions gave me a precious experience, but I’ll save the details of that moving moment for next time.

2007.09.13

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第十三回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 13

真実の羞恥

The Shame of Truth

Yesterday, I introduced a beautiful girl named Nagai Natsu. I held the rope, and under Director Kawamura's direction, we filmed a video. I wanted to write about the filming while the excitement was still fresh, so I started writing with great enthusiasm. But by the time I got this far, I'd written thirty-four sheets of 400 character manuscript paper. I'm exhausted, to say the least.

I collapsed on the bed and slept for an hour, then sat back down at my desk to start writing again. I absolutely must finish this today. My physical strength is nearing its limit, but my willpower is strong.

However, Director Kawamura, I have never felt so keenly aware of the poverty of my own writing skills, descriptive abilities, powers of observation, memory, and expressive capabilities as I do now.

I should have been able to describe and record the entire situation at yesterday's documentary filming location more skillfully and accurately. I had that confidence. I have fifty years of experience as a writer.

The result, as you can see, is a dismal failure. I was overwhelmed by the raw presence and power of the subject matter. I was overwhelmed by the sheer presence of that footage from yesterday's documentary, "Nagai Natsu." I feel I couldn't even capture a tenth of the genuine, honest reactions of that moving young beauty experiencing pleasure.

I, who am usually brimming with confidence, am admitting weakness. Her reactions to my rope, 10 times, no, 20 or even 30 times more delicate and vivid than anything in my writing, were exquisite. She showed not a shred of that typical "pleasure expression" you see in models or actresses, that blatantly AV-style, contrived performance (for enthusiasts, nothing is more unpleasant).

(After all, she's still an amateur, so it's only natural.) From start to finish, she let out the true cries of pleasure from her body, moaning and writing with her soul. Yet I cannot convey it in words now. It's unbearably frustrating.

I put down my pen and rested for a moment. But having written this far, I couldn't stop now. I had to describe the scene of the "beautiful girl enema" (which was supposed to be the final scene) before this section could end.

Director Kawamura.

To be honest, I felt that yesterday's documentary footage was already more than enough. I don't think we need to shoot any more. Anything beyond that would be superfluous. When it finally came time to give her an enema, I was honestly fed up. Doing anything more felt like toying with her honest heart, and it all seemed pitiful.

(It may be painful, but if someone says that doing it is what makes one a sadist, then that's that. Perhaps I am just someone who lacks the true spirit of sadism, merely acting the part.)

"What?! After all that bondage, tormenting, and hanging her upside down, you're going to give her an enema too?!" I blurted out without thinking. Being selfish, I always speak my mind immediately.

The director overheard it and said, "Yes, please. This is her first enema. I'm sure she'll show us a completely new reaction of shame." The kind, sincere Director Kawamura gave me an apologetic look and bowed his head deeply.

I've made up my mind to do it. If I don't, the day won't end. I won't be able to leave this studio. It must be night outside already.

The typhoon was approaching, and the rain, which had been falling in heavy bursts at times, seemed to have stopped now. Even inside the sealed studio, you could sense the presence of the rain when it fell heavily and in large quantities. Let's finish up quickly and head home before the typhoon hits.

The preparations were complete. I tied her hands lightly in front. Using rope worn soft from frequent use, I bound only her wrists loosely in front. I made her raise her hips high.

I felt there was no longer any need to show "bondage." For true enema enthusiasts, the presence of "ropes" is actually more of a hindrance.

Not limited to enemas, many practices labeled as "SM" are better off without bondage. Restraints actually dilute the focus, blurring the theme. Yet SM filmmakers unfamiliar with the genre insist on tying up models and actresses indiscriminately. These uninformed individuals

fail to realize that immobilizing a woman's limbs through bondage halves the effect of this particular inclination.

(Ah, I've written another unnecessary snide remark. It's fine to just write it, but I can't stand seeing it on set, so I end up saying it out loud and getting on people's nerves.)

I'll just write the result first.

This "enema" scene was a huge success, thanks to her genuinely intense expression of shame. No, it wasn't just genuinely intense, it was genuine itself. Over the past fifty years, I've seen countless expressions of shame from models and actresses on sets like this, but so far Nagai Natsu's expression was literally the best.

(Ah, in moments like this, how wretched is my writing ability, capable only of expressing the most vulgar and tasteless word, "the best!")

Anyway, she was endearing. Painfully so, yet adorable.

Trembling with shame, I turned to her and ordered her to look at the colorful mass of her excrement.

(Was my mindset at that moment truly that of a sadist? No, that's not it. I ordered her to perform the "cruel" act of "staring at her own excrement" precisely to draw out the painfully distorted expression of shame Director Kawamura was hoping for. In other words, it was to enhance the "quality" of the documentary footage.)

She turned around like a dog, completely naked, on all-fours, as I had ordered, and gazed at it, which had just emerged from her anus, with a face that looked like it might cry at any moment.

And then her expression became even more painful, pitiful, drenched in shame. Seeing this I thought, "This scene needed an enema!"

I was deeply moved. Thank you, Director Kawamura.

After the shoot ended, she entered the shower room and began washing herself. I handed one of my ropes to the hair and makeup girl, and said, "Give this to her." It was the same rope I'd used in the masturbation scene.

And then, without seeing her or saying goodbye, I left the studio. It wasn't raining, but a humid, sticky wind was blowing.

That's all for today's shoot report. I'm exhausted. Somehow, I feel terribly tired. Writing this is more draining than actually tying up and suspending girls on set. Being on set keeps you moving around, so it's less tiring. It's actually good exercise.

I ended up writing nearly fifty pages just about the shoot for "Nagai Natsu." Writing nearly fifty pages in one go tired out my arms and wrists, but my mind is also tired too. I think I'll take a little break from the "Talking Theater."

Starting tomorrow, I'll begin rehearsals for another play. It's titled "Evening Walk."

Every evening, Golden Bat comes to pick up the 98-year old man, takes his hand, and they fly through the sky together for an evening walk.

It's a fantastical play, yet there's not a hint of SM anywhere. It's a short play I wrote and will perform myself. Starting tomorrow, I'll begin rehearsals. The truth is, the day of the play is drawing near.

The members of this theater troupe have no idea that the day before yesterday, I stripped a 19-year old girl naked, thrust a thick glass enema into her anus, and injected a litre of enema fluid into her.

No one in this theater troupe would believe that the man who dresses up as a 98-year-old senile man and puts on a show flying through the sky with Golden Bat is the same man who strips beautiful young women naked, shoves his fingers in their ass, and forces them to defecate.

That's why life is fun. Theater is interesting.

Once this senile old man's act is over, I'll immediately take on the role of a pure-hearted old man who spent his entire life loving only his wife. This too is a play I wrote. In other words, it's a one man show.

I'm always putting on a show, everywhere I go.

2007.09.29

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第十四回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 14

池のほとりの楽園で

In the Paradise by the Pond

While writing about our time at the love hotel called “Paradise by the Pond” with Rakka-san, I somehow drifted into talking about my regular “photography” work. I’ve written about two-thirds of what happened with Rakka-san that day and shared it with everyone, but the remaining third is left.

I have to write it.

Lately, while writing about several recent “shoot” experiences, I’ve occasionally found myself thinking, “I still haven’t finished writing about that day with Rakka-san. I really need to write it soon. I want to write it soon.”

When I tie up Rakka-san, I always start by placing the rope over her clothes.

If I walked into a love hotel room from outside, and said, “Alright, get naked so I can tie you up.” Even if I said something like that, she’d be too embarrassed and refuse to take her clothes off by herself.

Even for me, tying someone over their clothes feels more sensual. If they were suddenly stripped naked, how utterly deflating that would be. That’s not what deep, pleasurable bondage play is about.

She wears the same clothes she had on when walking outside with me. Yet the very casual attire of that everyday world instantly transforms into an utterly extraordinary, otherworldly fetish garment the moment I bind her hands behind her back with rope, though I prefer to use a special cotton cord when restraining her. It begins to radiate a dazzling, bewitching glow. I twist her arms up behind her back.

Crossing her slender wrists, then grasp together with one hand.

Though Rakka-san never takes off her clothes by herself, she doesn't resist much when her hands are tied behind her back. She obediently brings both wrists behind her and places them together.

When it comes to performing "bondage play" as realistically, pleurably, and diversely as possible, tying someone up over their clothes is stimulating.

If a woman suddenly strips naked, there's no room for emotion or anything else.

The great pleasure of "bondage play" lies in slowly lifting the hem of a woman's skirt, her hands bound behind her back, rendering her helpless. But in Rakka-san's case, she doesn't undress for that effect; she simply does it because it's embarrassing.

For bondage enthusiasts, the greatest joy and delight lies in her simply blushing without overthinking it. A woman who's not embarrassed about being tied up is actually the worst thing when it comes to bondage play.

Once again, I've written something unnecessary. In short, I just wanted to say that my play begins when I enter a love hotel, tie her up over her clothes, and kiss her. I just wanted to say that it's more stimulating when she's still dressed than when she's suddenly naked.

Grabbing her hair roughly, I forced her face up, sucking her lips, sucking her tongue. I twisted my hand into the nape of her neck, grasping her breast, kneading it, pinching her nipple between my fingertips and twisting it, sucking that nipple, sometimes biting it lightly with my teeth, pulling on it while biting. Then I slid my hand into her panties, probed her crotch, pressed with my fingers, inserted just a little, moved them, then sucked her lips again, sucked her tongue, sucked her nipples again, bit them, biting while reaching my hand down to lower abdomen and moving my fingers.

When I slide her shorts down to her knees, she lets out a low gasp and twists her thighs together tightly. They were pressed so tightly that not even a finger could slip between them. Yet she offered no further resistance. The shape of her tightly clasped thighs was unbearably beautiful. It was intoxicatingly sexy.

I press my face into her crotch. Her soft thigh flesh covers my eyes. I extend my tongue to lick and suck. I too shed what I wear below the waist.

I lay on top of her body, her on her back, wrapping my arms around her thighs. I pressed my face against her crotch again, licking thoroughly. Then I placed my crotch on her face, my hardened member pressed against her mouth.

She opens her mouth and takes it in. I push my tongue deep into her crotch. My nose and mouth become coated in my own saliva and the viscous fluid seeping from her body. I repeat this act over and over again. I never tire of it.

She kept letting out short shrieks, her whole body twitching in tiny spasms, clearly “feeling” it, but she never let out that final, high-pitched shriek.

And I, too, never ejaculate. As long as I don’t, desire continues unabated. No matter how aroused I become, however, an old man no longer possesses the animalistic power to ejaculate with the fierce intensity of a young man.

Therefore, as long as their strength holds out, the desires of the elderly persist relentlessly and without respite, never ceasing, pleasure never ending. I selfishly interpret it in the best possible light, that this old man’s phlegmatic temperament might, by chance, perfectly match Rakka-san’s sexual sensibility.

Or perhaps, while enduring my relentless onslaught with lips, tongue, and fingers, Rakka-san remains bound in a takate kote. The pleasure of that restraint, combined with this old man’s slow, teasing caress, might subtly harmonize or intertwine, creating just the right degree of pleasure for her. That is my hopeful conjecture.

“Gentle, teasing caress” means not obsessively pounding away at a woman’s crotch like a young man, nor ejaculating. “Gentle, teasing caress” encompasses the entire female body, reaching every corner of her form, even between her toes.

Even so, she, possessing a young body, should be able to show me the sight of her reaching the peak of pleasure, sometimes crying out as she climaxes.

Responding to the varying pressure of my caress and breath, her entire body trembles in tiny spasms; there’s no way she isn’t feeling it.

I know, but I pretend not to.

She finds it embarrassing when she makes a sound. When it comes to matters concerning her own sexuality, she possesses an almost abnormal level of shame. She also has a strong sense of self-respect.

Therefore, I simply conclude that no matter how good it feels, she cannot openly make a sound, and everything comes to a climax. I understand. But regarding this matter, I don’t want it resolved, I don’t want it to come to a climax. I don’t want to understand.

Once you’ve climaxed and satisfied, isn’t everything over? As long as you remain unsatisfied, there’s no stagnation. Once you understand everything about the other person, stimulation and eroticism vanish.

Ahh, I’ve written yet another endless bed scene. Readers must surely be bored stiff. For me, though, as I write, I’m ruminating on the pleasure I shared with her a few days ago,

replaying it in my mind. So I'm not bored. The pleasure with her comes back to life. I get hard as I write.

Her figure, bound tightly in a takate kote, was so incredibly beautiful, erotic, and stimulating that it remains etched in my memory, refusing to fade from my mind.

What remains seared into my memory is not the sensation of her body's sexual parts, but the entire pose of her bound, lying on the bed.

Her wrists bound high behind her back, her body glistening with shame, the eroticism of her form sends my heart into rapture.

For a time, I gazed at her body without touching it. Just looking at her never grew tiresome.

At that moment, she too must surely be lost in ecstasy. Even when I ask, "Does it feel good, even with your wrists tied high behind your back?" she never answers with a "Yes" or "Mm-hmm." She remains silent, her eyes closed. I ask again and again, but she never has once responded.

I interpret her silence as being simply too overwhelmed with pleasure to speak. Even without a reply, her body, turned away from me, laying down, expresses the ecstasy brought by my "restrain" (or so I believe.)

With a light touch from my hand, she reacts sensitively, transforming her entire pose in a variety of ways.

I slowly make contact with her breasts, abdomen, thighs, and crotch, launching a sexual "onslaught." It's because I want to see her writhing on the bed, her clothing erotically disheveled, her hands bound tightly behind her back, and her ever changing form.

I touch her genitals because I want to transform the allure of her, bound so cruelly and lying before me, into an even more agonizing, bewitching, and sexy body.

Our desires lately are easily understood by fellow enthusiasts with the same inclinations, but it seems utterly incomprehensible to other, "ordinary" people. No matter how much we explain, they just don't get it.

Even if it's inevitable that people can't grasp it intuitively, they also don't agree with it conceptually or theoretically.

What's truly sad is that even the editors of "SM magazines" and the producers of "SM videos" don't understand. They continue churning out products labeled "SM" without ever grasping the true feelings or genuine desires of enthusiasts. They simplistically believe that

bondage enthusiasts tie up women's bodies simply to restrain their freedom and have access to their genitals. Enthusiasts are not that simple or straightforward.

Why do they refuse to acknowledge that the world of enthusiasts exists as a distinct realm? So, we're just a "minority" after all.

Oh, somehow the conversation has gone off on a tangent again.

That day, I went to Rakka-san's office on the eighth floor of a building along the Saikyo Line, and then entered a love hotel I have been frequenting lately.

I had planned to "experiment" with the method of applying the "peasant rope" described in Dr. Itatsu's book from the photos titled "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques," using Rakka-san as my model. For that purpose, I had specially prepared several thick hemp ropes.

However, after watching a rather dull DVD with Rakka-san at her office, I somehow lost all motivation and gave up on the "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques."

I sat Rakka-san on the bed, twisted both her arms behind her back, and began our usual bondage play. I had already written and published two-thirds of the evening, so I intend to write the remaining third.

(That day, I spent five hours in the room of a love hotel.)

After stripping her completely naked, I tied her hands behind her back, in a takate kote, intending to record both my feelings at the moment and her reaction.

But before I got to that nude scene, I got carried away and wrote too much.

I've run out of time. I have to go to rehearsal again.

"Bondage play" is fun, but "acting play" is also fun. No, since acting is already acting even when called "acting," calling it "acting play" might be strange. "Play" already means "acting."

What I'm currently rehearsing is a one-man show I wrote and performed myself.

This is what is fun. Work you don't get paid for is always fun.

Since it's a play where I'm the only performer, it suits me perfectly. I can do anything freely.

Since no one else will say it, I'll say it myself. I'm actually quite good at acting. When I perform alone, I become intoxicated with my own performance, falling into a state of ecstasy.

“Bondage” is called perverted, but even if you’re completely absorbed in acting, you won’t be called perverted.

I wonder why.

I suppose it’s because bondage is still more of a niche than acting. In terms of pleasure, though, it doesn’t make much difference to me.

2007.10.10

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第十五回

Nureki Chimui's Talking Theater Chapter 15

美少年美少女切腹幻影

The Illusion of Beautiful Boys and Girls Committing Seppuku

In 1940, I was in the fifth grade of elementary school. I was ten years old.

At that time, my family lived in Asakusa Ryusenji-cho. We lived in an old two-story wooden house, my parents, my younger brother and sister, and myself. Five of us in all.

Though poor, there was first and foremost a peaceful atmosphere of family.

I was given a cramped three-mat room on the second floor of the north side of the house, where sunlight never reached. Or rather, because I liked that dim, damp little room, I had taken it over for myself.

I pasted two pictures cut from a boy's magazine onto the ceiling panels of the room and gazed at them every night.

In the evening, I took the futon out of the closet and spread it out on the tatami mat to sleep.

When I lie on my back, those two pictures on the ceiling come directly into my line of sight.

One depicts a handsome young man in a short-sleeved shirt and shorts, bound behind his back with thick rope and tethered to a large tree.

The other depicts a handsome youth with bangs, clad in kendo practice gear, opening the front of his sashiko-stitched uniform, exposing his undergarment, and preparing to thrust a dagger held in reverse grip into his abdomen. His abdomen exposed, he is clearly wearing a hakama¹⁶.

¹⁶ A hakama is a pair of pleated pants, often worn in formal attire or martial arts garments

Both illustrations are from novels in boy's magazines. One novel was a popular adventure-themed boy's novel of the time, while the other was a period piece centered on themes of loyalty and patriotism.

It was an era when war with China had become a quagmire, and the threat of war with America was looming on the horizon.

Monthly magazines for boys and girls published at the time also strongly reflected the militaristic era.

We were called "Young Citizens," and we sensed the atmosphere of being unwillingly recruited into the war organization.

Even elementary school students underwent bayonet training. This involved attaching a short sword to the tip of a rifle and practicing stabbing enemy soldiers with it.

A ten-year old boy couldn't handle a real gun because it was too heavy. So he was given a wooden training weapon modeled after a gun fitted with a dagger. He was taught the "stance" and "thrust" to kill enemy soldiers with it.

I was made to wear special armor that completely covered my left shoulder for training, but the middle-aged male instructor shoved my chin so hard I flipped over and slammed my head hard into the floor, giving me a concussion. It was a terrifying memory.

My fear and hatred of militarism began with that concussion.

Bayonet training remains a dreadful memory, yet the two pictures I pinned dead center on the ceiling and gazed at nightly while laying on my back linger as sweet, vivid recollections. I even recall their exact designs.

Though over 60 years have passed, this memory remains as vivid as yesterday. Precisely because it is so vivid, I now feel compelled to write about that strange fluttering in my chest back then.

I clearly remember that one of the two pictures, the one depicting a passionate adventure novel, was by the artist Kashou Takabatake¹⁷.

¹⁷ I did a great deal of research, and if this is not the exact image, it is very close.



I don't quite remember the name of the other artist, the one depicting the young swordsman on the verge of seppuku¹⁸.

But he was a beautiful, "sensual" young warrior, no less striking than Kashou Takabatake.

(Or, perhaps, it was one of Kashou's paintings as well.)

Lying on my back in a dim, gloomy, three-mat room where the sun never shines all day, gazing at the two pictures, a sweet, poignant, strangely helpless feeling slowly filled my entire body, bringing a dizzying pleasure.

Though I hadn't yet reached the age to clearly recognize it as sexual pleasure, it was unmistakably pleasure.

¹⁸ Seppuku is the Japanese ritual suicide where someone disembowls themselves with a sword.

The two images entered my field of vision simultaneously, sometimes overlapping. As I gazed at them, a sweet tingling sensation spread through the back of my head, and I felt my body gradually sinking into the futon.

The fact that a ten-year old boy went to the trouble of cutting them out of a magazine and putting them on the ceiling suggests he must have felt a particular fascination for those two pictures.

There was something so compelling that it stirred an obsession within me, a desire to gaze at it while lying down, to keep watching until I fell asleep.

At times, the blood in my body would grow hot, and my hands and feet would feel warm. I didn't know yet that this warmth in my body was related to sexual desire.

Was I erect at that moment?

Was I erect or not? It's important, yet I don't remember. Since I don't remember, I must not have been erect.

If he had an erection, the boy naturally would have started masturbating. At that time, I didn't even know masturbation existed in the world.

The boy, bound with his hands behind his back, tethered to a tree, was beautiful.

His head was shaved bald, as is customary. After all, the protagonist is "military youth." Yet even with his shaved head, he is by no means fierce. He is "handsome and well-featured." His cheeks are full, almost seductively so.

And the lines of his entire body are gentle. He is full-bodied, yet flexible like a woman. If he had long hair instead of a shaved head, it would be the body of a girl.

He wears a short-sleeved shirt. The collar is slightly torn. The boy's bare skin peeking through the torn shirt looks alluring. Soft lines that seem to glow.

However, I remember almost nothing about the story in the novel. But I do recall it was a tale of a courageous boy who achieved great feats for his country.

The one bound is undoubtedly a boy, yet he could be mistaken for a girl whose breasts haven't yet swollen.

It doesn't matter either way. Boy or girl, it doesn't matter. You can see the painter's intention; just look at it however you like.

As a boy, I didn't understand the word "perversion."

The young swordsman, moments away from being disemboweled, stood in a crouching stance, as if something were supporting him from behind.

He spread open the front of his sashiko-stitched kendo uniform, untied the hakama sash to expose his lower abdomen, and stroked that white belly with his left hand.

The scene is of him about to thrust the tip of the dagger held in his right hand, gripped in reverse, into his abdomen right at this moment.

The gentle, beautiful lines of his abdomen are the very embodiment of a young woman's smooth, taut flesh. The resolute expression on the young swordsman's face, his bangs standing up as he faces death, brims with tragic beauty filled with tension. A rapturous aura hovers over this youth, no longer a boy nor quite a girl.

It might have been a story where a beautiful girl dressed as a man, defeated in battle and cornered by an enemy army, took her own life. I've forgotten the novel's plot.

The wild, tangled strands of hair falling across her face held a fierce beauty, while the fingers of her left hand, caressing her own belly, possessed an almost sinister beauty.

Whether a boy or a girl made no difference. Each night, my heart was stolen by that pairing, suffused with pathos and melancholy. On the right side, where two panels were affixed side by side on the ceiling, stood a modern-day boy in a short-sleeved shirt and shorts, bound with his hands behind the back. On the left, a beautiful young swordsman in period attire, the collar of his kendo uniform spread wide, poised to thrust a dagger into his own belly. These two figures would sometimes shift eerily in my field of view, or overlap into one, drawing me into a captivating world of illusion. I repeat; I did not yet know the word "perversion," but at ten years old, I was clearly drowning in the beauty found within it.

Around this time, I was listening to a radio drama I still cannot forget.

Back then, there was only one radio station: NHK. To be precise, it was an era when the name NHK didn't even exist.

Naturally, radio programs became increasingly focused on boosting morale, promoting bushido, and emphasizing military themes.

The unforgettable radio drama was a period piece.

In a desperate situation, a young samurai resolves himself to commit seppuku for the honor of his clan, just moments before the act.

The conversation between the boy and his mother left a lasting impression on me, and it still lingers in the back of my mind.

The brave mother said to the young samurai who had resolved to die, "Before you leave this world, I've prepared your favorite food. Eat this first, then take your leave." Then, the boy replied, "Mother, though I appreciate your kindness, I must decline. They say if you eat before committing seppuku, it makes for a messy sight."

This line sent a shock through me at the age of ten. It felt like electricity coursing through my body.

After eating something, if you cut open your stomach, the food spills out from inside... What a terrifyingly realistic image.

"Musai" is a word that isn't used much anymore, but it means "shabby" or "tacky."

I imagined that scene. And my fantasy trembled with excitement. In my fantasy, the young warrior boy transformed into a young beautiful woman, disguised in dashing clothing.

The excitement I felt then remains unforgettable to this day. Because I can't forget it, I am writing it down like this. Auditory delusions spread endlessly. Memories persist.

Perhaps the reason I made several seppuku videos featuring massive amounts of entrails at Kinbiken was also due to the sweet aftereffects of my youth.

I went to a nearby field, made sure no one was around, picked up a sharp stick, crouched down in the grass, and said aloud, "If I cut my stomach now, something ugly will come out." I said it with inflection, like a young warrior in a radio drama. Then I thrust the tip of the stick into my stomach and fell face-down in the grass.

I became a corpse, spending several minutes in the thick summer grass.

Come to think of it, I don't recall ever playing with the neighborhood kids. I disliked playing in groups.

In the empty field, I enjoyed indulging in all sorts of fantasies. No, I didn't go out much.

I shut myself away in the three-mat room at the end of the second floor, secretly pulling books from my father's bookshelf that my parents told me "you mustn't read," and lost myself in them. I read Edogawa Ranpo, Yumeno Kyuusaku, Ooshita Udaru, Koga

Saburo, Unno Juzo, and Tanizaki Jun'ichiro over and over. My father was also an avid reader of Shin Seinen¹⁹.

45 years later, Heibonsha's Bessatu Taiyo published an art book of "Kashou Takabatake." It was titled "Illusions of Beautiful Boys and Girls" within the Picture Book Masterpiece series.

Of course, I bought it immediately.

The world of Kasho has been resplendently revived. Two sketches are casually printed on an inconspicuous page within. I stared in amazement.

Two sketches of nude women were displayed side by side.

A strand of rope lies across the breasts of a voluptuous naked woman seated with one knee raised. Upon closer inspection, the rope is revealed to be the woman's own long hair.

The other nude woman sits with her knees spread wide apart, her back and butt facing us. This too is a voluptuous body.

Clearly on her back is a visible handprint. It is the handprint of a man's open-handed slap. Had this handprint been positioned just a little lower, it would have clearly indicated a situation where a man had forcefully slapped a woman's ass.

In this era, paintings showing traces of a bare woman's back being slapped with an open hand were permitted, but spanking the buttocks was likely forbidden. There's an unmistakable eroticism to a woman's buttocks.

The two sketches are intriguing, offering a glimpse into Kasho's inclinations.

¹⁹ Many publications have used this title. This is in reference to a publication that ran from 1920 to 1950, publishing literary and modernist works.

2007.11.02

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第十六回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 16

「女相撲」の資料すこし

Some Materials on “Women’s Sumo”

The cardboard boxes containing books and documents from when I moved here in 2004 (Heisei 16) are still piled up all over my workroom. I haven’t had time to unpack them.

When necessary, I occasionally open one box at a time, take out only what I need, and leave the rest untouched, piled up as it is.

That mountain of books collapses suddenly for some reason. Then, an unexpected document pops up. Today, it surfaced again. It’s part of the materials about women’s sumo. For those in the minority, it should be invaluable.

I too have written several novels about women’s sumo wrestling for SM Select magazine under a different pen name in the past.

Though it was only a small amount of material, I felt I had to entrust it to my manager, R.

I’ve got no time left. I might make it through this year, but I could die next year. I’m old, after all.

What are you saying? Don’t speak such ominous words! R-san would surely raise her thin eyebrows in anger, but I’m nearly 80 now, so it can’t be helped. R-san’s age doesn’t even reach half of mine.

I’ve been gradually entrusting her with my “SM materials” up until now, but I thought I should hand over this “women’s sumo” while I still can.

Having worked in this field for so long, I’ve built a wide network within what you might call the “SM community.” But my manager, R-san, is the only one I trust enough to entrust with these materials. R-san possesses a greater capacity than I do to read and comprehend these documents. She also has the discretion to make effective use of them.

Having someone who I can trust to cherish my most treasured possessions to is a source of happiness to me. I know quite a few stories of people whose families threw away the materials they had painstakingly collected over many years the moment they died.

For the bereaved family members, these mementos must sometimes feel like cursed objects. They are often discarded as if they were trash. The “obsessive collector” is, in the end, forever alone.

It is a blessing to have a comrade I can trust with my documents. I must express my gratitude to my manager, R-san, more often.

To my knowledge, I have never encountered a case where the deceased’s hidden “hobby” was passed down to their children.

Though I call them materials, the items related to the suddenly emerged “women’s sumo” are only a small part of what I have collected.

The materials concerning women’s sumo should still be quietly hidden somewhere in my room.

For example, somewhere hidden away must be the bag containing the old poster (a copy, mind you) of the banzuke²⁰ from a past women’s sumo event, given to me by Kyoko Nakamura, the “women’s sumo actress.”

That extremely rare ranking chart was given to me by Kyoko Nakamura when she lent me her home for an SM video shoot. “Here, I’ll give this to you, Nureki-san,” she said as she handed it to me.

It has become one of my most treasured and carefully preserved materials.

Looking at the names of the female wrestlers all lined up in that ranking list, the story for a novel about a women’s sumo begins to bubble up inside me.

When I was about third grade in elementary school, my mother took me to stay overnight at the home of distant relatives. It was summer vacation. The place was a large farmhouse on the outskirts of Tsuchiura City in the Ibaraki Prefecture, and a festival was underway at a nearby shrine.

Inside the temporary booth erected on the temple grounds, I am watching a genuine “woman’s sumo” performance. I am also witnessing the atmospheric scene of the town procession, with its drum-beating performers.

²⁰ A banzuke is a ranked list of sumo wrestlers

Next to the women's sumo ring was a freak show displaying monstrous creatures, and I watched that too.

After becoming an adult, I became obsessed with such peculiar things and started touring freak shows, but I believe this inclination had already begun to take root during this time.

I felt like writing about my childhood days following the drum-beating procession around town for the women's sumo wrestling show, but since it would take too long, I'll save that for later.

Now I must write about the "materials." Kyoko Nakamura generously gave me such valuable "materials"; she is a woman of great spirit and a big sister type. Her shop in Shinjuku Golden Gai is always bustling and thriving. About ten years ago, we also shot several videos at Kinbiken, starring Kyoko Nakamura. She gave passionate performances.

I've gone off on a tangent again. This won't do. I had intended to write about the materials on women's sumo this time.

Among the documents that came out, there was a program for "Women's Sumo," Longing for the Hawaii Tournament, performed at Minatoza in 1994 (Heisei 6). This play toured 22 theaters and halls nationwide. I saw it at the Tokyo Metropolitan Theater in Ikebukuro.

Within this program, there is a passage that concisely summarizes and introduces a Yomiuri Shimbun article about women's sumo wrestling held in November 1890 at Ryogoku, Tokyo, titled "Women's Sumo Wrestling at Ekoin Temple."

This is incredibly fascinating to me. It has become one of those invaluable materials that conjures up all sorts of images. It allows us to vividly bring back to life the figures of real female sumo wrestlers, figures we can absolutely never see again.

This program is sold exclusively at the theater, so it's likely a text few have had the chance to read. Therefore, with respect and gratitude to the person who created this program (listed as editor Ichiro Murooka), I am publishing the full text here.

Women's Sumo. According to the elders who lived in the Meiji Era, these were beautiful and formidable female wrestlers. Relying on a Yomiuri Shimbun article covering a November 1890 event at Ryogoku Ekoin Temple, we too wish to glimpse a little into the world of women's sumo.

First, the event preview article (dated the 8th)... The twenty-odd female wrestlers who have now appeared from Yamagata, not only engage in sumo wrestling, but also perform other disciplines such as sword

fighting, jujutsu, and strength feats... Particularly the female wrestler known as Ozeki Toenada possesses remarkable strength, She can bite down on a 27-kan²¹ sumo ring with her front teeth while simultaneously pulling a 4-to²² bale of rice in each hand, slowly traversing the ring. She will perform at Ryogoku Ekoin Temple starting on the 9th. The banzuke are as follows...

East		West	
Ozeki	Fujiyama Yoshi	Ozeki	Toenada Take
Sekiwake	Hokkaido Kiwa	Sekiwake	Tokaido Moto
Komusubi	Imoesayama Gin	Komusubi	Hidakagawa Kuno
Maegashira	Karashishi Kin	Maegashira	Shachihoko Nae
Maegashira	Kinryuzan Kan	Maegashira	Nikkosan Yasuki
Maegashira	Awajishima Nami	Maegashira	Sango-shu Saki
Maegashira	Shokisen Haya	Maegashira	Hachijojima En
Maegashira	Dento Waka	Maegashira	Senkokubune Tsumu
Maegashira	Otorizansan Tome	Maegashira	Denjin Ima
Maegashira	Kongosan Kiku	Maegashira	Irifune Tori

Steamships, electric lights, and telegraphs, these Meiji-era terms are quite interesting, but this announcement has undergone an unexpected change (dated the 10th). ...Due to a scheduling conflict involving the sumo wrestlers and others, a telegram arrived yesterday morning stating they boarded the train from Naoetsu and will arrive in Tokyo that same night. For this reason, the opening day has been postponed to the 13th...

Touring performances are always prone to unexpected mishaps. In any case, let's look at how the first day of this run, which began on the 13th, went. These are two consecutive articles headlined "Flower Tower Maiden Sumo" (dated the 14th and 15th).

²¹ A kan weighs approximately 3.75 kilograms.

²² A to is a measurement of volume, approximately 18 liters.

Women's sumo wrestling will finally commence on the thirteenth day of the month. The outline is as follows: a raised earthen ring will be set up, and the wrestlers will perform the ritual hand-washing, and other preparatory rituals to regular sumo. However, the wrestlers uniformly style their hair in a ginkgo leaf twist, apply rouge to their cheeks, and each wear a half-length hakama over a padded undershirt covering their lower body. They cinch a gold-threaded decorative belt bearing their name high on their chest. They begin with a ceremonial ring entrance, followed by two bouts of sumo, totalling six matches.

Next up was Imoseyama, where she received three sumo bales weighing 20 kan, 22-kan, 500-kan, and 23-kan on her stomach. To which Kongosan Kiku received great applause as she mounted them, and then the second match began. Next in the flying three-person elimination match, Imoseyama won the victory prize. Both bouts were spectacular and spirited, greatly thrilling the audience, resulting in a rare, large turnout on the opening day. Now, briefly summarizing the main matches: First, Hokkaido had a slight advantage in the initial standoff with one or two decorative stances. However, as both wrestlers fiercely thrust forward or separated to challenge each other, Tokaido won with a single-shoulder carry, followed by a counter-throw.

The second bout saw Tokaido win with a splendid back throw. The third bout saw both wrestlers wildly scrambling about, briefly locking in a left-handed four-point grip and pushing against each other. Both bodies suddenly arched, collapsing the bridge position, resulting in no clear winner. They restarted the bout, and Hokkaido won with a neck throw.

Nikkoyama's Shachihoko won the first bout with a left-handed four-point grip and a single-shoulder carry. The second bout was a back throw, the third a failed attempt and Nikkoyama won.

Hidakagawa and Imoseyama: first they drew even. Next, they twisted, and Imoseyama prevailed.

Kinryuzan won the first bout against Shokisen, first with a cross-step and then with an inner thigh throw.

Fujiyama and Hachijojima first clashed heads, then kicked each other back, and both times Fujiyama prevailed.

Imoseyama and Toenada, the former's beauty surpasses the latter's.

Next, we present a list of the wrestlers' powerful belly-lifting techniques, followed by the showdown between Fujiyama and Tokaido. As they

clash and separate, testing each other briefly with wrist locks, Fuji initiates a single-shoulder carry, only for Tokaido to counter with a decisive back throw.

Second, as both wrestlers fiercely clashed, Tokaido concentrated all her strength, pressing with shanimu (rushing ahead with all her strength). Fuji, already in peril, arched her back at the edge of the ring to narrowly block the attack. As she pushed back, Tokaido, now being pushed, lightly seized her opponent's left foot and threw her back with a splendid throw. Thinking victory was assured, unexpectedly, Fuji spun around and thrust forward from behind. Tokaido, enraged, lunged at Fuji in a spectacular display, but the referee intervened to call a draw and order a rematch. Ultimately, Fuji emerged victorious in what proved to be a truly thrilling contest.

Toenada first claimed victory over Hokkaido. Next, she thrust through Hokkaido's clasped hands, and Toenada's victory was splendid indeed. Then came a flying strike that took down three people, and the match entered the middle phase...

...After the intermission, the five-woman act of Fujiyama was performed. First, one was carried on her back, two were held on either side, one clung to the front, and another mounted above. Thus, five sumo wrestlers were borne by one alone, who, accompanied by musical instruments, traversed the ring with remarkable ease.

Next came the renowned skill of Toenada: the tooth lifting technique. First, the weight of the dohyo ring was inspected. The master herself advanced to the center of the ring, bent down, and clamped a 25-kan bale of rice between her front teeth. She seemed to summon diamond-like strength throughout her entire body, suddenly lifting the heavy dohyo ring onto her knees. From there, arching her back, she gradually raised it to chest level, slowly circling it around three times. Throughout, she used no hands whatsoever earning the thunderous applause "Bravo, Ozeki!"

Then came the Sumo Jinku Teodori²³... As a final act came the strongwoman Imoseiyama, a resident of Sendai. First, the master of ceremonies faced upward. Upon her belly they piled six bales of straw and a mortar weighing 32-kan. From the sides, rice cakes were pounded with pestles. These cakes were offered to the audience as a treat. On the second day, flowers were thrown at the spectators, creating a splendid atmosphere...

²³ A ritual sumo song and dance

Fierce training and brute strength, song and dance. The spirited female wrestlers and the audience's fervor come alive. Days spent giving their all, seemingly without a moment's rest. Let's catch glimpses of the wrestlers' expressions outside the ring.

Since the wrestlers were raised in the countryside until now, they wore freshly cut robes and haori coats, donned geta sandals with wooden soles, applied rouge to their faces, and tied their hair into topknots; all things they had never done before, as if it was the very first time since birth. The day before yesterday, the priest at the gate of Ekoin Temple and the owner of the chicken shop in Maruya invited the female sumo wrestlers and treated them to a lavish feast of their merchandise, leaving everyone thoroughly satisfied (dated the 18th).... On that occasion, the owner, mindful it was a female sumo wrestler event, took special care with the food and drink. Beyond the usual offerings, he presented seven pieces of chicken, piled high on a koban²⁴-shaped half-tray, urging them to eat heartily. However, as it was their first banquet since leaving Kyoto, they seemed somewhat reserved. Among them, two or three appeared quite skilled at drinking. Someone turned to Fujiyama Yoshiko and asked, "You seem to drink quite well, but how much can you handle?" Fujiyama smiled faintly and replied, "I'm not much of a drinker myself, so perhaps about one sho²⁵. But Hachijo-san here is quite the drinker, a sho or five shouldn't interfere with her training." (19th) When I was in the countryside, I asked the wrestler if she could easily handle a four-to-bale load. She replied that skill and strength are entirely different things, and that her own strength is actually weaker than her appearance might suggest (dated the 20th).

On the 27th, the Ekoin performance, literally putting their bodies on the line, abruptly drew to a close. It was an injunction order from the Metropolitan Police Department. The yagura drums and the hanging banners bearing the wrestlers' were removed. Sumo was banned; only strength feats and hand dances could continue. For women's sumo, often viewed merely as a spectacle, how must the wrestlers have felt, unable to engage in the very sumo that was their essence? Thus ended the 1890 Ekoin event. (Punctuation and old characters in the quoted text have been appropriately added or corrected.)

The above is an excerpt from the program for the play "Women's Sumo," written by Akira Hayasaka and performed by Minatoza at Tokyo Metropolitan Theater in Ikebukuro in 1994.

²⁴ Oval shaped

²⁵ A sho is a unit of volume, around 1.8 liters.

A text spanning eight sheets of 400 character manuscript paper is crammed onto a single page with the characters shrunk to fit.

Finally it notes in parentheses, "Punctuation within the quotation has been corrected," but I have further rearranged the lines for this reprint. This is to make it easier to read. However, I suspect even this would have been difficult for modern readers.

Yet it is fine writing. As I copied it out, my eyes welled up time and time again at the sight of those female wrestlers living their lives with such utter dedication. How powerful, earnest, endearing, and beautiful they must have been as they wrestled and performed their feats of strength.

Their beauty, transcending commonplace eroticism, is fully conveyed through this writing. If this newspaper article from the Meiji area were rewritten in modern prose today, it alone would become a female sumo novel that would delight enthusiasts. I think I'd like to try such a task someday.

And I plan to publish it in my upcoming doujinshi, "The Aesthetics of the Minority." If it were like before, when "SM magazines" existed for SM enthusiasts, my "women's sumo wrestling novel" would surely be published immediately.

Nowadays, "SM magazines" featuring things like "women's sumo" are practically nonexistent. If someone wrote a novel about female sumo wrestlers competing with vibrators inserted between their legs, maybe they'd publish it.

Of course, doing such a thing would destroy the true beauty and eroticism of women's sumo. It would be like forcing a vibrator into a beautifully and erotically bound female body.

I forgot to mention it. Frankly, the stage production of the crucial "Women's Sumo" fell short, in my view, of the text about the "Women's Sumo Ekoin Performance" contained within a single page of the program.

Above all, the actresses lacked the dignity, spirit, and emotion of female sumo wrestlers. It was disappointing. Yet one page from the program remains a valuable resource for me.

I purchased three copies of this booklet near the theater and sent one to Hirahiko Yumatsu-san, a Kyoto-based researcher of women's sumo. My friendship with Yumatsu-san, author of the substantial and excellent book "Research on the History of Women's Sumo," is a subject I shall write about in a separate section.

2007.11.03

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第十七回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 17

ひどい写真を見て、それから.....

After seeing that awful photo, and then...

What a terrible photo.

Neither the photographer nor the model asserts anything in this photograph. It's a photograph that expresses nothing. Because it makes no assertion, no expression can be felt either.

I've been staring at it for a while now, but nothing here speaks to my heart.

Is my sensitivity fading? No, no, I don't think it has yet.

My ability to react to this kind of photograph hasn't diminished with age, I believe. Far from fading, I'm aware it has grown sharper and more acute as I've gotten older. It feels as though distractions have vanished, leaving my reactions pure and unadulterated.

Looking at the photo, I wept silently in my heart. I wept profusely.

Photography, have you fallen so low?

Depravity is not this model's sin. This woman is without a shred of guilt.

I know this woman too. I bind her with my ropes. She possesses nerves terrifyingly sensitive to the very touch of rope. She's not a woman who offers mere superficial, feigned reactions. The moment she receives the rope, she radiates a vivid, rich luster and expressive power that captivates those around her.

Well, what do you know. In this photo, isn't that tuna? Isn't it practically a dead fish? This woman isn't lying there in such a pathetic, lifeless pose, like some tuna laid out in a fish market.

This is terrible. Absolutely terrible.

Where does this emotionless form come from? Why has this body, which shone with such raw eroticism in my ropes, scattering the sinister beauty of a bound woman's masochism, turned into such a soulless, cold corpse? Who reduced it to this wretched state? Whose responsibility is this?

My anger subsided, and sorrow welled up in my heart once more, and I wept bitter tears of regret.

This woman despairs at the existence of the black cotton rope, which coils listlessly around her body without any life of its own, coarse rope with narrow strands.

This rope, at times, is a god-like presence to her. The god of pleasure.

Through the ropes, her spirit is sublimated, her flesh radiating a shimmering, scale-like glow. Through the ropes, her expression is enveloped by infinite joy, stirring awe and excitement in the beholder while offering profound peace.

How about that? The ropes now binding the woman are mercilessly trampling upon the vitality of her flesh and soul with their utterly slackened, hideous blackness.

A woman's beauty has become dead. No, if only there were beauty in death. Not even the shadow of death remains.

Those dark, gem-like eyes that once shone from within now see nothing. They are glass marbles. What they see is only disappointment. Only the deepest despair.

A body consumed by despair. In this form of despair, there is neither beauty nor emotion.

What meaning could such a photograph possibly hold? What value could it possibly have? What could have caused her such profound despair?

I know her body and mind's reaction to rope. Because I, too, bound her a few days ago.

Thinking of her disappointment, tears once again stream down my face.

Who could have bound this woman's body so filthy, so ugly, so lifeless with ropes? I hate that person. I hate them intensely!

Those without hearts should not hold the ropes that bind women!

What a betrayal to the goddess of beauty, whom I revere.

And I hate the person who pointed the camera at this pitiful (ah, even describing her as “pitiful” feels distasteful) female body bound in this lifeless rope, pressing the shutter without a shred of emotion. I despise them. I despise them intensely, from the depths of my soul. What on earth is so interesting about photographing a female body bound in such pathetic ropes!?

When the female form, bound by rope, radiates with a fresh allure that enhances its inherent eroticism, it is a moment blessed by a goddess of beauty beyond human will.

Therefore, the photographer must capture that moment. Isn't that the photographer's mission?

What's so interesting about photographing a woman's body lying there like a cold tuna, devoid of any will? Where's the emotion in that?

She is beautiful. She has beautiful eyes. Yet in this photograph, her eyes show not a trace of the intoxication brought by the ropes. The eroticism that makes my crotch hard is no bigger than my pinky finger.

Those who gaze upon the photograph are moved by the color of her eyes, filled with a single thread of intoxication. It stirs sexual desire. The color of intoxication that appears in a woman's eyes is the color of intoxication.

No, it wasn't just her eyes, the unconscious sway of her shoulder, the faint twist of her waist, the sinuous allure flowing from her hips to her thighs, then down to her calves.

The intricate expressions appearing on each individual toe. They coalesce into a single entity, condensing and radiating an intense masochistic beauty.

A woman who creates that masochistic beauty with her own flesh, sinking deeper and deeper into pleasure, becoming utterly absorbed. As she sinks deeper, becoming more and more absorbed, the masochistic eroticism becomes increasingly intense and released, right up to the point of near fainting.

Well, what do you know? This photograph conveys neither the beauty nor the eroticism of a bound woman. Such a beautiful face lies dead and ruined. A dead beauty lacks any sense of soul.

This photo, modeled after a woman who is exceptionally sensitive to the pleasure of ropes, one who becomes intoxicated the moment she's bound and nears the brink of fainting, isn't it just too much?

Ahh, I'm such a pain in the neck.

But please forgive me. I'm a fanatic. I'm persistent, that's why I'm a fanatic. No matter how old I get, fanatics are persistent.

What a shallow photograph.

This photograph does not depict a female body. What is captured is only a hollow shell. It does not portray a human being.

The "heart" of the woman in the world of masochistic pleasure is not depicted. Since the "rope" itself lacks power, it fails to convey any emotion to the woman. Consequently, the photographs, merely the act of pressuring the shutter, lack any sense of intensity, which is perhaps only natural.

I repeat. Who could possibly be moved by such a photo? Who could possibly be satisfied with such a shallow photo?

Who would think it was worth the high price paid?

Who would get aroused, who would get an erection, who would want to masturbate looking at such a lifeless photo that expresses nothing?

Such a stunning masochistic beauty who looks so good in ropes, and a female body still harboring untapped potential (as I've personally verified), to apply such listless, loveless, sloppy ropes to her is sheer insensitivity. (Let me say it plainly; this binding style is the work of someone who absolutely detests tying women up. The photos clearly show it.)

Let me give one specific example. This method of tying the rope clearly shows that the women's wrists behind her back are not bound, it stands to reason that there is no tension in her body. There is no photograph that mocks enthusiasts more than this one.

Despite being "restrained" like this, I can't help but despise people who hold a camera and press the shutter as if it were convincing.

I feel so sorry for this woman who had this photo taken of her, it's unbearable. Thinking about what she must be feeling inside, I feel like crying again.

I despise to no end those who can shamelessly and brazenly present such photos to enthusiasts. I loathe them.

It goes without saying, so there's no need to mention it now, but since we're on the subject, let me state it plainly.

The ropes tied by someone who absolutely detests binding women, no matter how skillfully the photographer tries to capture it, are instantly recognized by enthusiasts of this craft.

No matter how skilled the photographer may be, if the person holding the rope is reluctantly tying up the woman's body, there's no way a work capable of moving enthusiasts could ever be created.

(Ah, how persistent. Old people's complaints are persistent. This persistence is practically pathological. I know it's pointless to keep complaining like this, but when I see something awful, I just can't help saying something again. It's a bother. Still, writing all this down calmed my anger a bit. I'll stop now.)

Having written all this in one go, I grew tired and decided to take a break.

And so, I decided to have Rakka-san, who was nearby, read this text up to this point.

I wrote that I'm nearby, but I'm actually a little ways off. This is Rakka-san's office, and she's working at her desk in the back.

I'm designing promotional posters for a shopping district along the Saikyo Line, and it seems like a rush job.

I am writing this manuscript at the table in the reception area just inside the entrance door.

"I'm exhausted from writing part of the script for the Talking Theater. I need a little break," I said to Rakka-san. "I'm done with mine. Let me read it," she said, lifting her face while still seated in her chair. "Ah, I'm still in the middle of it," I replied, grabbing the draft manuscript and standing up, then approaching her desk.

Today is Sunday, so it's just me and her. Usually, there are three or four female staff members, like commercial designers and copywriters, and it's quite lively.

The room is on the 8th floor of a building, with no other tall structures nearby, making it a pleasant environment. Occasionally, the roar of trains on the Saikyo line can be heard. Running alongside the Saikyo line is the Shinkansen. It's a clean, elevated track.

Peering through the gap in the window curtains, I see trains on the Saikyo Line and Shinkansen racing each other down the tracks.

The rumbling sound of heavy wheels rolling along the rails strangely arouses me.

Why is that?

After thinking for a moment, I understood.

When I bind Rakka-san in a takate kote, and kiss her lips, the sound of either the Saikyo Line or the Shinkansen always echoes in my ears. Because of that, whenever I hear a train alone with Rakka-san in this room, I become aroused as if by reflex.

“Let me read it,” she said, swiftly clearing her own work off the desk and spreading out my manuscript instead. Then she read the portion I had written so far.

Lifting her face, she straightened her back and neck to face me, and murmured, “I have a question.”

“Question?”

“You keep saying how pitiful this model is, feeling sorry for her and even shedding tears, but I think that’s wrong.”

“Huh?”

“But this woman is a professional model, isn’t she?”

“Ah.”

“So basically, you get tied up, photographed, and get paid for it, right?”

“Yes.”

“Then no matter how poorly you tie it, when the camera’s pointed at you, you have to put on a convincing expression and strike the pose the sponsor wants.”

“I see...”

“If I genuinely enjoyed being tied up and went to the shoot expecting that, but they didn’t tie me up in the way that I hoped; it was a shoot where they only focused on my crotch. So if I say I were disappointed and only struck a listless pose, isn’t that a form of workplace abandonment?”

“You’re being harsh.”

I groaned inwardly. I wanted to say that this kind of photography demands realism that can’t be faked with such acting, but I kept silent. The model and Rakka-san are in different positions.

Despite using a model who genuinely enjoys rope play, the failure to capture the realism of her reactions was likely due to the photographer’s lack of understanding and their poor technique in interacting with and handling a genuine rope enthusiast model.

Only a genuine rope enthusiast can draw out the authentic charm and eroticism of a genuine rope enthusiast rope model.

Genuine rope-loving women are highly wary of the authenticity of those who bind them.

“Even if I’m tied up in a clumsy, insincere way that’s just for show, if it’s a job that pays, I think I have to put my heart into it as much as possible. I have to create those intoxicated, sensual expressions and poses while being bound, meeting the sponsor’s expectations. Otherwise, I don’t think you can call yourself a professional.”

Rakka-san, who passionately emphasizes the value of money, is also the managing director of a design group composed entirely of women.

“But you know, if you go out all excited only to find the shoot is just loose, sloppy wraps and they won’t even tie your wrists, it’s only natural you’d lose motivation, get disappointed, and have it show on your face and body...”

While nodding in agreement with Rakka-san’s opinion, I still feel sympathy for the model.

“Even when you go to a shoot, if the model you’re working with is someone you dislike or finds unpleasant, you wouldn’t cut corners when it comes to tying them up, would you?”

“Ahh, I do tie them to satisfy the connoisseurs, mind you. But if the model dislikes ropes, well, the ropes might just lack that soulful touch.”

As we exchange these words, desire stirs within me. The urge to bind Rakka-san’s hands behind her back surges up, growing stronger and stronger.

I boarded the JR Saikyo Line and came all the way up to the 8th floor of this white building for one reason alone: the sheer desire to twist her slender, supple arms behind her back and bind them tightly with all my strength.

In my hand, I hold a special cotton rope with a fine pattern, used solely for binding her. This rope, reserved exclusively for her, offers a soft yet firm constriction when dug into her arms and chest, a sensation that feels pleasurable to tie with. Though the phrase “soft yet firm” seems contradictory, I find no other words to describe this feeling. Another advantage is that even when tied tightly, it rarely leaves marks on her skin.

The fact that I, the one doing the tying, find it exceptionally pleasurable means that the woman being tied also experiences the same kind of pleasure.

I stopped talking and pressed myself tightly against her right side. I grabbed her left hand and twisted it up behind her back. "Ah, ah" she murmured softly, her body offering no resistance. Sensing my arousal keenly, she let me twist her left hand as I pleased.

Then I twist her right wrist up behind her back too. Even though I'm not using much force, both her wrists raise high behind her, near the nape of her neck, forming a takate kote position.

I bind her slender wrists together with the cotton rope I've prepared. Bondage without restraining the wrists is something I simply cannot believe in.

The rope that binds the wrists is then wrapped around the left arm and then the chest. The pleasure point for her lies now in the upper arm.

Tie a rope around that pressure point and apply pressure, pulling it tight with a firm tug. There's a trick to how you pull it tight at this point.

If I apply this much force, it will feel good, and if I squeeze this hard, it will hurt a little, but the pleasure will increase; this calculation, confirmed by her reactions, lies within my grasp. I squeeze down and lock her wrist in place.

As I tie her, I feel pleasure equal to hers. If I feel no pleasure, she should feel none either.

I wrap it around the upper arm to the upper breast, pulling it tight with a firm grip. Tie the wrist with a single rope, loop it from the arm to the chest, tighten it sharply, then bring it back behind to secure it at the wrist section of the takate kote. Here this single rope ends neatly, it is just the right length.

Still clad in her everyday clothes, she was tightly bound in a takate kote. Face down on the desk, her chest pressed against it, she endured this stimulation. Or perhaps she savored this pleasant pressure. No words were spoken.

I too am lost in ecstasy, silently watching her wrists bound to her painfully exposed back. Though silent, I am aroused, hard.

After a moment, I gathered her hair and grabbed it firmly with my left hand, tilting her face upward.

She closes her eyes. I press my lips to hers and suck. Long and hard. The sound of a train passing by. Roaring, my body trembles. I keep sucking the lips of the woman bound with rope.

I pry open her lips with the tip of my tongue and twist it into her mouth. I thrust my tongue deep inside her mouth, swirling it around to lick and torment her, thoroughly humiliating her. Her tongue swells inside my mouth.

She offers no resistance. Nor does she respond. My tongue moves freely, licking and exploring, and it seems she's even stopped breathing.

The sound of trains passing by again. Is it an upbound or downbound train? While the Shinkansen's terminal is Tokyo Station, where does the Saikyo Line's upbound train end? How quiet and pleasurable is this Sunday afternoon lust in an empty office.

Her tongue moved. Slightly, but it showed a will to entwine itself with mind. My tongue remained swollen inside her soft mouth.

I grasped her wrist with my left hand, pulling her entire body close to embrace her. Her ten fingers were already cold.

I don't know how much pleasure this takate kote is giving her right now. But I can tell conceptually. I can sense the degree of pleasure more than I can see its reality. If I don't know this, I won't be able to restrain a woman.

I sucked her lips fiercely, twisting my tongue around hers. With my left hand, I gripped all ten of her fingers tightly, while my right hand grasped her breasts through her clothes. She went limp, her whole body losing all strength, and began sliding slowly from the chair to the floor.

Bound by my takate kote, she has lost all freedom. It is too heavy to support her, and she cannot return to the chair. Completely lost, she slips and slides downward.

The floor is covered with carpet. So even if you fall flat on the floor, it won't hurt much.

The carpet is always vacuumed meticulously. She is a clean freak.

However, every day except for weekends, four or five women walk around in their shoes on the office carpet. That fact somehow bothers me a little.

Her body, having slid down onto the carpet, feels heavy. Bound in a takate kote, she cannot support herself.

It takes considerable effort to lift her and sit her back down in the chair. I lack the strength. I try several times, but her body has lost its will, become too limp and floppy, and no matter what, her bottom will not go back onto the chair. She's half unconscious.

Why is it that when she's tied up, she collapses from the chair onto the carpeted floor? And then lies down on her side, half conscious?

Honestly, I don't understand why her body becomes so limp and floppy. I can't imagine my ropes possess such power. I'm not that conceited.

In her daily life, Rakka-san always stands tall and straight, acting more like a man than a woman, giving crisp, decisive instructions to the women in her group with a sharp tone.

I have bound five thousand women in my past. But this is the first time I've encountered someone who reacted so intensely to my ropes that they lost their very essence. For me, it is truly a "first experience."

Until I loosen this cotton rope reserved for Rakka-san and untie the bindings on her wrists, her half-conscious state will continue. It will continue indefinitely.

The words "please untie me" have never once escaped her lips, even though I've bound her over thirty times (or more).

I too kneel behind her large desk, my knees pressed together, and lie down beside her. I wrap my left arm around her neck and suck her lips again. I slip my tongue into her mouth.

She moved her tongue slightly, responding to my tongue. Tongues entwined. So she wasn't completely unconscious. A state of intoxication, perhaps? Or ecstasy? In any case, she was conscious.

I have only tied a single rope around her chest. For a single rope is the most beautiful.

With only one rope, it is easy to lift the hem of her blouse, slide the bra down, or pull it to grasp the breasts.

She doesn't resist. I grab her breasts.

The office is quiet on holidays, but the female staff members should each have a key to this room's door. In case of urgent business, they might come to this workroom. Thinking about that, this act is quite thrilling.

Is that why it feels so good? To be honest, I've tied her up in this office over a dozen times already.

In the space beneath her desk, or rather, directly underneath it, I would perform the same act on her as I did on the bed in the love hotel, bound in a takate kote.

For two or three hours, we remain tangled together on the narrow, hard floor (even with a carpet laid down, it's still hard.)

I lifted her skirt, exposing her two white thighs. The natural light inside the office was more stimulating than the lighting in the love hotel room. The color of sunlight filtered through the curtain fabric was utterly sensual.

Black shorts, like a black cat writhing beneath them. I press my lips against those shorts and suck. I lower my face. At this moment, I think, oh, what a scandalous sight this must be. I've pulled down my pants, exposing my lower body.

The following comments were submitted by Mika Suzume-san and are reproduced here with her permission. These comments were partially excerpted and quoted in "The Talking Theater Chapter 19"

Comment from Mika Suzume

"As we exchange these words, desire stirs within me. The urge to bind Rakka-san's hands behind her back begins to surge within me."

Reading this passage, I couldn't help but recall the final scene of "Afternoon Affair."

Audrey Hepburn tearfully saying "you mean nothing to me" while putting on a brave face to hide her sadness at parting.... Gary Cooper watching her wave goodbye to the departing train... I remembered this scene where he was going to leave her, but his love for her was so strong that he ended up taking her away on the train.

I don't think Rakka-san is putting on a brave face, but I think Nureki Sensei's feelings are similar to Gary Cooper's at the time.

"She murmurs 'ah, ah' yet her body offers no resistance."

This is SM. This development isn't romance... it's SM.

This is the moment when the once formidable Rakka-san falls into the role of weak woman... Perhaps this very instance is the most enjoyable part.

At least, this is the point where I feel it most intensely when she's playing the dominant role.

"In her daily life, Rakka-san always stands tall and straight, acting more like a man than a woman, giving crisp, clear instructions to the women in the group with a sharp tone."

When Rakka-san is bound with rope,

“Honestly, I don’t understand why her body becomes so limp and floppy. I can’t imagine my ropes possess such power. I’m not that conceited.”

I find Rakka-san’s reaction to this contrast far more compelling than any boastful writings of intense play involving harsh suspension, candles, whips and the like.

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 18

モデルはマニアではないのか

Isn't that model an enthusiast?

I was surprised.

I knew that the moment I bound Rakka-san in a takate kote, she would instantly fall half-conscious.

At first, I didn't understand.

I thought Rakka-san was putting on that kind of act for me.

After all, she's a smart woman. She's a highly sensitive woman who feels a great amount of shame. Feeling shame means revealing one's weaknesses. People who know their own weaknesses are bound to be intelligent individuals capable of self-analysis.

I thought she was pretending to be half-fainting to hide or distract from the shame she felt. But that wasn't it. It wasn't that at all, which is why I was so surprised.

I realized that while talking to her on the phone.

She and I talk often on the phone. I rarely make the first call.

She has a job with strict time constraints, so calling her unexpectedly might be inconvenient for her.

My work involves writing manuscripts without time constraints. It's what you'd call freelance work. If I spend an hour chatting while working, I can just write an extra hour's worth of manuscript later.

However, when she calls at night, it never ends in an hour. She talks nonstop for two to three hours straight.

There was a time when she called around ten at night, and before I knew it, the Eastern sky was turning pale with dawn. In other words, we'd been talking to each other all night long.

My bed is right up against the window. In the morning, when I open the glass window, sunlight fills the entire bed.

The conversation always involves “SM.” We never talk about anything other than the psychology of “SM.”

In other words, she is someone who can engage in deep, thorough discussions about the “SM” world on par with mine for hours on end.

Incidentally, I absolutely refuse to discuss SM with anyone who has a shallow understanding or knowledge of it. It only makes me feel miserable.

That said, I’m not particularly well-versed in the “science of SM” myself. But having been deeply immersed in this world for so long, I do know plenty of concrete examples drawn from experience. That’s why I can barely manage to respond to Rakka-san’s sharp questions.

Still, whenever Rakka-san poses her logical, sometimes philosophical questions, my shallow knowledge leaves me flustered and at a loss for words. So I reply, “Even if it seems irrational, for an enthusiast like me, there’s an undeniable rationality to it. That mysterious pleasure born from the slender gap between irrationality and reason. It’s the fascination with that sense of pleasure, incomprehensible to ordinary people, that keeps me from ever leaving this world.”

I blurt out things I don’t even understand myself, dodging her sharp questions. Dodging like this is fun too. It’s a kind of sexual pleasure.

What on earth? I’ve gone off on a tangent again. Let’s get back to the main point.

Let’s get back to what I learned from her phone call.

The moment I tied her up, she went half-fainting. I figured it was partly an act. I’d known a few women like that before.

But to my surprise, it seems Rakka-san really does nearly faint.

This was embarrassing for her, so she “confessed” to me during one of our phone chats where we couldn’t see each other’s faces.

Actually, I too had begun to think that her “half-fainting” might not be an act at all, but the real thing.

Once I started engaging in bondage play in this all-female office where she’s the managing director, a rather thrilling situation to say the least, I’ve come to realize a few things myself.

“Ah, I’m getting deeply drunk here,” I feel as I repeat the intense embrace over and over.

She was never the type to engage in that sort of sexual performance, and in that sense, she is an extremely “pure” person.

During the following phone conversation, I learned that her “fainting spell” had been genuine, and I was honestly surprised.

“Um... that story in the seventeenth chapter of ‘The Talking Theater’ where I slipped off my chair, is that really true? It’s not made up, is it?” she asked in an embarrassed voice.

Rakka-san is reading this “Talking Theater” I am writing. Naturally, she might be the most devoted reader.

“Is it true that I keep sliding off the chair, so you desperately try to hold me and pull me back up, only for me to slip off again and end up lying on the floor?”

She wasn’t pretending to be clueless or joking around; she asked seriously, in a shy, low voice.

“Huh? Huh? Hey, hey, this isn’t fiction. That’s exactly how it happened. It’s the truth. Huh? Huh? So you mean you have no clear awareness when you slide off the chair? You really pass out completely at that moment?” I ask, startled.

Indeed, as I held her limp body, a thought flashed through my mind: could she really be unconscious?

But I also can’t help but feel a sense of disbelief.

After all, it’s just a simple handcuffing with a single rope. I can’t imagine such a simple act could give her such intense pleasure.

Having lost her bearings, she fell from the chair defenselessly. Below was the floor. A somewhat high-quality carpet was laid down, and as befits an office staffed only by women, it appeared to be meticulously cleaned every day, giving no sense of uncleanness.

It’s not dirty, but it’s a floor where people walk around in their shoes every day except for holidays. It’s not like a love hotel bed. It’s not a place where men and women lie down together.

But it’s already a done deal.

I lay down on the carpet and held her.

To tell you the truth, I don't dislike this kind of thrill. I like it. I prefer doing unusual things in unusual situations rather than doing ordinary things in ordinary ways. It excites me.

Doing ordinary things in an ordinary way won't make a novel. It won't make a drama. Unless you do extraordinary things within extraordinary settings, the "performance" won't come together.

When extraordinary events unfold under extraordinary circumstances, the essence of what it means to be human becomes strikingly clear.

It's hidden behind her large desk. Even if someone opens the door and enters, the room isn't immediately visible because there's a screen and a reception set.

Walking around the partition into the office, there were four desks with computers. Rakka-san's spot at the very back was hidden behind a tall filing cabinet.

By the time someone unlocks the door, enters, and reaches this spot, I'll have untied the rope binding Rakka-san (it takes less than thirty seconds), pulled on my boxers and pants, and smoothed out my disheveled clothes.

I can quickly return to normal, but I suspect it won't be so easy for Rakka-san. Her intoxication with pleasure runs deep, so it always takes time for her to sober up. The disarray of her clothes and hair is no ordinary mess.

In a typical affair, a woman would lift her skirt, pull down her panties, and straddle the exposed crotch of a man to achieve pleasure. The office affairs between a company president and his female secretary often seen in comedy sketches usually take this form.

In that regard, pleasure games involving bondage are always thrilling.

It must be the sheer thrill that delivers such pleasure as to make the intelligent and sharp-witted Rakka-san faint.

That's right. Inside this office, I suddenly... (well, not really suddenly). I'm waiting for the chance. At a certain moment, fueled by a certain resolve, I grab her wrist. And in the blink of an eye, she's swallowed up by that resolve. When I twist her left hand behind her back, then twist her right hand, and finally grasp both wrists together, she's already slipped into a state of ecstasy.

Her fainting began the moment I twisted her wrists behind her back.

By the way, what was I trying to write this time? I feel like I'm going around in circles. I keep writing the same thing. My head is tired right now. My thoughts are all jumbled up.

Yesterday, I was stuck with a completely boring shoot all day, and my body is exhausted. Then the body gets tired, the mind gets tired too.

From morning till night, I bound the beautiful, adorable model, her face and body, as the director commanded. I was a tying machine. Nothing but a bondage machine. I bound her silently. Silently binding her was my only job.

I bound and unbound, bound and unbound. I faithfully followed the director's orders.

He was a director who believed that stripping young women naked, binding them with ropes, and forcing them to perform extreme acrobatics constituted the ultimate form of "SM."

The model's limbs are bent into extreme positions, her crotch spread wide and secured with rope. The bound model possesses neither form nor emotion. She was like a piece of material. (Ah, my approach in this kind of scene focuses solely on the bound woman's will, emotion, and reactions, that is where my attention lies. I believe the eroticism of ropes lies in the feelings and moods radiating from the woman's own body. Or rather, that is all I have.)

Today's shoot left me feeling absolutely no trace of "SM" style eroticism. So the time dragged on pointlessly, and I grew weary.

I was amazed only by the model's endurance in sustaining those unnatural and grueling contorted poses. But that's the same as marvelling at the acrobatics of the Chinese circus troupe. So, I'm tired again.

My rope lacked its usual vitality, remaining nothing more than a mere material rope.

The succession of circus-like poses robbed the rope of its emotional power. I was reminded anew that the rope possesses its own will. The woman's body, cruelly contorted, appeared at first glance to be "SM-like," yet it lacked the lewd, bewitching allure inherent to "SM."

The young woman's genitals and anus, spread open without shame, struck me as nothing more than a bizarre sight. No matter how exaggeratedly she exposed and flaunted her genitals and anus, if she herself felt no shame, they were nothing more than mere flesh.

Rakka-san states that any woman who consents to being bound in front of photographers, editors, directors, and other staff members, and to having made that public, is a woman labeled as a "model."

Rakka-san says that true bondage enthusiasts, women who genuinely love being restrained and derive pleasure solely from that act, never show themselves bound in front of others.

Being bound is a shameful thing. Shameful things must never be shown to others. They must be kept absolutely secret. The woman who guards that secret, Rakka-san says, is the true enthusiast.

A woman who can casually expose her own shameful, bound form before others may be an SM model, but she is not a true enthusiast, says Rakka-san.

But, I disagree.

I wonder if those female enthusiasts who once attended the Kinbiken meetings just to be bound by me, and who modeled only once, should we call them enthusiasts or models?

What did she say in response to this counterargument...? I've forgotten. I can't remember.

I guess my head is just tired right now. My writing is becoming incoherent.

Sliding from the chair onto the carpeted floor, she lay sprawled there, her body bent like a shrimp. Her appearance, intoxicated by the ropes binding her in a takate kote, was pure masochistic eroticism.

I lay down beside her, wrapped my arms around her neck, pulled her close, and kissed her lips passionately.

I unbutton the blouse, pull up the bra, and grab the breasts. I suck the nipples voraciously. I bite them with my teeth. Alternate biting the left and right nipples. Lick, suck, and bite again.

Each time, her body twitches and jerks, and she lets out a sound. So she isn't completely unconscious. She is still in a state of semi-consciousness.

Her body, arching back in ecstasy, its eroticism intoxicates me too. Or perhaps I'm half-fainting myself. It feels like I'm in a dream.

I slide down her pantyhose and pull down her panties. I reach my right hand between her thighs. She pressed her thighs together tightly, resisting my hand's intrusion. Her inner thighs are soft.

My fingers pry open the flesh at the junction of her thighs, pushing forward single-mindedly. As my fingertips move, she resists with a slow moan of shame. The flesh of her thighs clamps tightly around my hand. That pleasurable sensation.

Her thighs, half-conscious, offered neither strong nor weak resistance, only inflaming my desire. I buried my face between them. My crotch was positioned above her face.

In the quiet office on a holiday. Hidden behind the desk, a secret bondage game unknown to anyone.

It should be getting toward evening by now, but it's still bright outside the window. Is that the Saikyo Line or the Shinkansen roaring past outside this building right now?

Her exposed buttocks glowed with a round, white, bewitching eroticism. I cupped those buttocks with both hands and pressed myself against them. I extended my tongue and probed.

In the shadow of a desk in an empty office, my desire endlessly persists, knowing that the flame of her eroticism won't burn out.

She won't say "stop" until I pull away from her body. For two, three hours, sometimes even four, I keep licking her body.

The following comments were submitted by Mika Suzume and are reproduced here with permission. These comments were partially excerpted and quoted in "The Talking Theater Chapter 20"

Comment from Mika Suzume

"A woman who can casually expose her own shameful, bound form before others may be an SM model, but she is not a true enthusiast, says Rakka-san."

Rakka-san is partnered with Nureki Chimuo, arguably the finest rope artist of our time, so you might be able to fully enjoy the world created by both the master and his partner. But what about situations where such a partner is not available? Or if your own partner desires strongly to be featured in a magazine?

Or when considering an M with exhibitionist tendencies... I don't think whether or not they can casually expose their embarrassing self in front of others is a reliable way to distinguish between an enthusiast and someone who isn't.

Of course, I understand what you're saying, Rakka-san, but if we draw that line to separate enthusiasts, I feel it would only make the world of enthusiasts, already a minority, become even more narrow.

Crossdressing encompasses a wide range, from physical modifications to wearing women's underwear.

A cross-dresser who had hormone therapy and vaginal reconstruction surgery once declared, "I've become something different from those half-hearted people who merely cross-dress." I retorted, "If you keep thinking like that, you'll lose all your friends. To the world, you and the cross-dressing people you dislike are exactly the same. It's like the pot calling the kettle black, if you ask me."

I digress, but even if you have body modifications to look like a woman, it's not the public who will understand you but ordinary cross-dressers who will understand your feelings.

So if you keep breaking things down into even smaller differences, eventually you'll be left with only yourself.

Though I may be completely off base in my perception of Rakka-san based solely on your writing, please forgive me. I am an enthusiast too.

As you say, I pay attention to even the smallest details.

Therefore, I take issue with the statement that "a woman who casually exposes herself in embarrassing situations before others may be an SM model, but she is not a true enthusiast."

If you say "women who casually expose themselves in embarrassing situations in front of others often lack the spirit of an enthusiast," I might think, "that could be true." But when you draw a line saying they aren't enthusiasts, I can't help but feel a sense of unease.

The characters and words written in a text are abstract concepts, so even when sharing the same perspective, how one perceives these abstractions can lead to completely opposite interpretations. I'd rather not write anything that feels like a personal criticism, but knowing your

deep understanding, Sensei, and the wonderful sensibility you speak of in Rakka-san, I believe you'll understand even if I write something like this. That's why I've dared to write the comment that might sound critical.

If I made a misguided criticism based on a big misunderstanding, I'm sorry.

I hope you'll consider this the ramblings of a foolish enthusiast and laugh it off.

2007.11.12

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第十九回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 19

落花さんの落差

Rakka-san's Difference

Regarding the 18th chapter of this “Talking Theater” series, “Isn’t that model an enthusiast?” I received a letter of “protest” via fax from Rakka-san.

(Nowadays, maybe it’s more accurate to call it an email rather than a letter. As an analog person, I’m not quite sure. Anyway, the text typed on a computer was sent via fax. Since I’m a writer, I barely keep a fax machine with a phone attached just to send my manuscripts. This fax machine is always acting up, and I’m constantly causing trouble for my manager, R-san.)

No, it’s not really something that warrants being called a “protest.”

Her counterarguments were regarding the slight difference in our respective opinions during the conversations and in my interpretation.

The email Rakka-san sent via fax is introduced next.

Along the way, I- that is, Nureki- may insert my own annotations or impressions. When I do, I’ll put them in parentheses. Readers may find this somewhat bothersome, but I ask for your understanding.

Now, a letter from Rakka-san.

“(Omitted)... Next I would like to write about some points that I think are slightly different from those of ‘Rakka-san.’”

(I’ll insert a note here already. The “I” in her letter refers to Rakka-san herself, while the part written in double quotation marks as “Rakka-san” is what I, that is Nureki, wrote = described = “Rakka-san.” Ah, this is complicated. Will the reader understand? The actual Rakka-san is writing that what I wrote about “Rakka-san” is “different from what I said.” In other words, I (Nureki) am misunderstanding.)

“First, regarding the line from the 17th chapter of ‘Talking Theater,’ ‘After seeing that awful photo, and then...,’ where Rakka-san says ‘Since models get paid, they have to make appropriate expressions and meet the sponsors’ expectations.’ I don’t particularly like this statement from Rakka-san, who seems to pigeonhole the profession of ‘model.’”

(Note by Nureki. Rakka-san says she doesn’t like the “Rakka-san” written by myself. That means the “Rakka-san” I am writing about isn’t Rakka-san herself, and isn’t the real Rakka-san. This is complicated, after all. I wonder if the readers will understand. But I can’t stop here. I’ll keep going.)

“For me, models represent something far more unknown and unfamiliar, and everything I say is pure ‘imagination’. It’s nothing more than my own personal “impression,” and I have no intention of stating any kind of ‘it must be this way’ determinism. As for the content, what I told you at the station had a slightly different nuance in mind.”

(Note from Nureki. I’ve almost forgotten what she told me at that bar in front of the station. I’m sorry. I often have chances to chat with her at coffee shops, restaurants, or bars. The topics are always exclusively about “SM.” She usually takes the lead, digging deep into the issues and asking questions with real passion. I respond, but to be honest, I’m usually just staring blankly, mesmerized by her vivid, troubled, captivating expression at the time, so I don’t remember much of the content. Sorry!)

“I did indeed say, ‘I don’t think models are ‘pitiful,’ but the reason for that is that I believe gravure photography not just the photographer and editor, but also the model, who possesses equal power as an artist.

Sensei said, ‘Models don’t have that kind of power,’ but I can’t help but want to believe that those who deliberately choose modelling as a profession possess a certain pride in ‘expressing themselves for others to see.’

It might be just a theoretical idea, but I can’t help thinking that gravure is a ‘work of art’ created by everyone who possesses the ‘sensitivity to express SM.’ I don’t know if the actual photo shoot environment is such a place, but I wish it were. And if it is, then sympathizing solely with the model as ‘pitiful’ feels like shirking responsibility as a creator/artist; essentially positioning them as inferior, or lacking equal power. It strikes me as disrespectful to professionals in expression.

Before, you wrote to me about a model named 'U-san.' You mentioned she was a model you met during your photo shoot, and that she was a truly excellent model who genuinely enjoyed being tied up.

In response to that letter, I wrote down my own thoughts and imaginings about 'a model's sense of shame'. Though I wrote that letter about half a year ago, it expresses almost exactly what I feel now.

Since it was an electronic letter, the data remains exactly as it was on my computer. I'll quote that text here (though it is quite lengthy.)

--(omitted)... The model's story about shame really made me think. I can only imagine, but even if you're wearing clothes and keeping your legs tightly closed, I don't think you could do a job where you're tied up and photographed in public if you had even a hint of shame. If being bound is part of the responsible 'job' of modeling, then elevating that emotion to a level of expression is what makes one a professional, and I feel that connects to one's own pride (it might sound idealistic, but if it were me, I'd want it to be that way; otherwise, I couldn't do it).

However, I also believe that one's entire life experience inevitably seeps into their work. I think true expression stems from the shame that person inherently feels. Whether that shame can be sublimated into an expression grounded in intelligence, rather than mere acting as a 'lie,' depends on that person's own way of life and their imagination. What you wrote in your letter about 'expressing not just the surface of the suffering woman, but her innermost feelings' applies not only to the photographer but to the model herself.

Recently, I finally became a member of Sugiura Sensei's website and watched the behind-the-scenes videos (short clips) distributed there. Without any criticism or denial, I simply realized modelling is impossible for me. Absolutely impossible. Unless it's voyeurism, I believe bondage photography is still an 'artwork,' and modeling is a 'job.' I realized modeling is an incredible profession.

In such an intense environment, I realized that if I kept feeling tense, fumbling around, and panicking based solely on my personal emotions, it would only cause trouble for everyone else. To immerse myself in that world at that moment, I felt it was a job that could only be done with passion, reason, and intelligence strong enough to overcome any sense of shame."

(Note by Nureki. Rakka-san's writing in this section is truly masterful. The expression "overcoming shame to such an extent—" is particularly brilliant. I agree completely. However, in the case of real-life models, it's not reason or intellect that overcomes their shame. To put it plainly, what overcomes their shame on our shoots is endurance, and to put it even more bluntly, it's their masochistic tendencies. Without masochism and endurance, one couldn't endure being a model for Sugiura's eight-hour shoots. To put it bluntly, possessing intellect or reason would make it impossible to be Sugiura's model. I don't want this to be misunderstood- this is my heartfelt praise for the models who come to Sugiura's shoots. I'm always amazed and astonished by their physical and mental resilience. It's only natural Rakka-san writes, "This work I could never do." I'm always silently gasping, "Amazing!" inside my head. I'm forbidden from speaking aloud on this set. Apparently, I'm not supposed to be here at all. It seems my voice getting into the footage is unacceptable. So I'm always screaming "Amazing!" inside my head. I've experienced this kind of scene so many times it's almost embarrassing to admit. I've assisted with filming under every conceivable circumstance. And yet, it's the work of cameraman Sugiura over this past year that makes even me say "Amazing!")

"I didn't want them to be forced into it; if they chose modeling as a career themselves, I wanted them to use their imagination to express the aesthetics they aspired to. If they were so-called M women, I wanted them to fully embrace that proud sense of themselves, that attraction to a world of suffering that was both pitiable and melancholy. I don't believe you need to abandon your sense of shame just because it's work. On the contrary, I felt that if it's work, you must consciously embrace it even more intensely. Models who possess the sensitivity to immerse themselves in the world of rope bondage already have remarkable qualities. Even if it stems from an exhibitionist inclination, I believe that is itself a happy quality that absolutely becomes a strength."

(Note from Nureki: That's right. That's exactly it, Rakka-san. Just because it's work doesn't mean you have to abandon your sense of shame at all. I apologize for suddenly changing the tone of this piece, but Rakka-san, while I am certainly drawn to your fresh, beautiful form, your clean, smooth skin texture, and the supple feel of your bones and flesh, ultimately, I, that is, Nureki Chimuo, am drawn to the "shame" you possess. For me, the natural expression of that "sense of shame" is the greatest element of that masochistic eroticism.

No matter how beautiful a woman may be, if she lacks a sense of shame, she is nothing more to me than a rain-soaked cardboard box lying on the roadside. A wet, rotting cardboard box holds no eroticism.

If someone finds eroticism in a wet, rotting cardboard box, well, that's pretty amazing in its own way.

Mika Suzume-san, who always reads this “Talking Theater” and shares such kind thoughts, has once again found just the right words.

“...the thrill of SM lies in the contrast, doesn’t it? Mika finds Rakka-san’s reactions - filled with such stark contrast - far more arousing than boasts about intense play like harsh suspension, wax, or whips. This feeling often goes unrecognized. In short, Mika is a pervert belonging to the same minority as Nureki Sensei.”

Oh, I see...

Am I “the pervert in the minority”? I’m overwhelmed. Indeed, someone like me who fixates so intensely on “shame” might well be in the minority.

And then there’s Mika Suzumae-san’s sharp analytical skills and expressive power, stating definitively, “This isn’t romance - it’s SM.”

This “development” is the one between me and Rakka-san, the one I’ve been writing about all along.

Thank you, Mika Suzume-san. You’re absolutely right. The conversations Rakka-san and I occasionally have:

“Mika Suzume-san is wonderful, isn’t she?”

“She certainly is. She understands complex, nuanced SM psychology so well.”

If you have any thoughts, please write again, Mika Suzume-san. I’d love to learn from you.

By the way, let’s talk about “shame.”

Perhaps God took pity on me because I was so consumed by shame, and brought me together with Rakka-san.

Now, shifting gears again, the pure “shame” felt by Rakka-san, a woman who loves rope, never diminishes- no matter how many times we engage in bondage play together. We’ve done it about fifty times so far, yet it never wanes. It remains undiminished. “Pure” means there isn’t a shred of acting involved. In other words, there’s no such thing as “getting used to it.” For me, it’s fresh every single time. Every time, it feels like the first time.

When I get used to something, it becomes a problem for me. Once I become accustomed to the ropes and my sense of shame fades, I rapidly lose interest in the subject. This is just my personality, I lose interest completely.

Rakka-san, far from growing accustomed to it, felt her shame regarding the ropes deepen with each session. The depth of that shame was extraordinary. Here again, I must lament my own lack of expressive power, but the more she was bound, the more innocent she became.

This is actually the first time I've met someone like this. Where does this layered depth come from?

Huh? What was the theme for this chapter of the "Talking Theater" again?

I've gotten confused again. My usual wandering off track. Right, I meant to write about the "protest" letter Rakka-san gave me in the 18th chapter of "Isn't that model an enthusiast?" Rakka-san never said anything like "Isn't that model an enthusiast?" It was my own jump to conclusions. I'll write about this next time.

The letters Rakka-san wrote to me are still continuing.

I long to hear the sound of trains running on the Saikyo Line again. That sound is good. It stirs my desire.

"She murmurs, 'ah, ah, ah,' but her body offers no resistance. ...This is SM. This isn't romance - it's SM."

Mika Suzume-san sure has a way with words. She's so mature. Throughout this "Talking Theater" that will eventually reach three hundred pages, I've never once used words like "love" or "romance" when referring to Rakka-san. I may be a lowly third-rate hack writer, but I refuse to resort to such cheap, facile expressions.

I get the feeling that Mika Suzume-san is standing beside me and Rakka-san, observing us.)

2007.11.15

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第二十回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 20

しゃべっても、しゃべっても.....

Talk and talk and talk...

Following on from last time, I'd like to introduce a letter of "protest" addressed to me by Rakka-san (this "Rakka-san" is not the Rakka-san who always appears in the "Talking Theater," but the real, actual Rakka-san. Ah, this is getting complicated after all. Readers, I apologize, but please read carefully. I am trying to write the facts as they are, to the best of my ability. That's why it ends up like this). I will introduce a letter of "protest" written to me.

That "protest," to put it simply, is essentially saying, "I never said such a thing, Nureki Sensei. Please don't write strange things about me without permission." And it concerns the model's "sense of shame." Furthermore, the conversation moves on to discuss "shame" and eroticism.

The letter Rakka-san sent to me by fax.

"...Though I know nothing about actual photo shoots, I once read in a shooting diary by Nureki Sensei for an old SM Select magazine that Sugiura Sensei said 'All of us here right now are going to get drunk on this world.' I read it with excitement, imagining a process where the passion and worldviews of everyone involved collide, creating incredible synergy that builds tremendous intensity. I felt the incredible atmosphere of that set – where everyone's passion, including the Master's, drew out each person's expression and elevated them mutually. In his writing, the Master referred to that shoot as 'Mad Photography.' I realized bondage photography is the product of everyone's imagination present on the set.

Perhaps models who appear to have 'no sense of shame' – whether they are submissive women or not – either abandon intellectual imagination or possess a taste that favors such expressions (where the hidden emotions of 'shame' is not tied to the world of bondage). Unfortunately, they might only possess a stereotypical, crude, and shallow view of SM. As you mentioned in your letter, it might simply be

a matter of 'preference.' Not limited to sexual matters, perhaps their tastes in novels or films are completely incompatible with mine.

Sensei, do you still have the pamphlet for Švankmajer's Lunacy that we went to see together? The words on the back cover left the deepest impression on me, and I still remember them perfectly.

'As long as imagination exists, the world remains unfinished.'
Nureki Sensei once said, 'Movies I find interesting are always related to my work.'

I truly felt this film's philosophy resonated directly with people like us. As long as we keep thinking and hold onto our imagination, even bondage gravure can become something far richer, something beyond mere predictability."

(Note from Nureki. Transcribing this letter from Rakka-san like this reminded me. It's also her reply to when I once got worked up and insisted, "Recent bondage photos aren't interesting – it's because the models have no sense of shame."

After finishing the bondage photoshoot, I met with Rakka-san. We talked about the situation at the location that day. I'll write a little bit about that location here. If I don't write it down, you won't understand why I got so excited.

The model was an adorable girl who hadn't even turned twenty yet. She was petite. Just before shooting began, in a corner of the studio, she spotted the AD preparing five or six types of vibrators, pearl rotors, and dildos. The model, cute as can be, said to the director in a pleading voice, "Wow, there are so many thick ones. Hey, can I try one out?" she asked the director sweetly. Amused, the director said, "Sure, go ahead." The model happily lifted her skirt, pulled her panties down to her ankles, grabbed the extra-large vibrator in front of the dozen or so staff members, licked the tip, and shoved it into her crotch.

And then, three times, four, five times, let out loud cries, screamed, and came. Writing this, people who weren't there will think it's a lie. That's only natural. That bastard Nureki is lying again.

But sadly, truly sadly, it's true. If she's already been so willingly subjected to such things before the story of being kidnapped, imprisoned, and subject to various humiliations, then there's no need to tie her up anymore, is there? Even the legendary Nureki Chimuo lost the will to pick up the ropes. But in the drama, I tied her up properly, as it should be. That's my job.

What shocked me was that this sexually mature girl wasn't so much a genuine "submissive woman" as a "rope bondage enthusiast." And she had such a great personality.

How was her personality great, you ask? No, I'll stop. If I start explaining it here, it will take too long. I'll write about that another time.)

Rakka-san's letter continues.

"Somehow as I write this, I've become quite confused. No matter what reasons I imagine, I myself cannot actually cross the barrier of 'becoming a model.' I could never write to Sensei like 'Lady Hide Ishitani of Yokohama' and ask him to 'meet me just once.'

Even if a model is an exceptionally emotional person, there may be times when they must take on demanding blatant expressions they find distasteful. Still, I believe something genuine will seep through.

Like the line spoken by 'Rakka-san' in the Talking Theater, 'since the model is getting paid, she has to put on the right expression and meet the sponsors' expectations.' To state it so bluntly still feels rather harsh.

If I were 'Rakka-san' (though that's a strange way to put it, or rather, if I were the 'Rakka-san' I would prefer to be), I wouldn't use the phrase 'an expression that appropriate' in the negative sense of 'acting = something artificial.'

I believe gravure is a 'work of art' born from the collision of sensibilities, intellect, and passion between the photographer, editor, and model. My fundamental belief is that models are not merely pitiable figures deserving sympathy, lacking power or responsibility. Rather, I want to believe they possess the power to move the very atmosphere of the moment through their own expression.

And then, for the 18th chapter of the Talking Theater, once again the lines from 'Rakka-san' (the lines that Mika Suzume also found puzzling...):

'Rakka-san says that any woman who agrees to be bound in front of photographers, editors, directors, and other staff, and to have it made public, is simply a woman labeled as a 'model.' She says that a true masochist woman, who genuinely loves being bound and finds pleasure in only that, would absolutely never show herself bound in front of others. Because being bound is shameful. Shameful things must not be shown to others. They must be kept absolutely secret. Only the woman who guards that secret is a true enthusiast, says

Rakka-san. A woman who casually exposes her shameful, bound self may be an SM model, but she is not an enthusiast, says Rakka-san.'

...I don't like this 'Rakka-san' who makes such definitive statements either."

(Note from Nureki. Yeah, that's right. The real Rakka-san wouldn't say something so narrow-minded like "Rakka-san" did. The real Rakka-san has a deep understanding of "SM" and is therefore a woman with broad tolerance. So she'd never even think of making the kind of definitive statements "Rakka-san" made...)

So, please rest assured, Mika Suzume-san. After reading my 18th chapter of Talking Theater, you wrote this.

This time, it's Mika Suzume-san writing. I'll share an excerpt from part of it, but it's sharp and well written.

"...I've been observing Rakka-san through your writing, so perhaps my impressions are completely off the mark, but please forgive me, I am an enthusiast too.

As Nureki Sensei says, I pay attention to even the smallest details.

Therefore, I take issue with the statement that 'a woman who casually exposes herself in embarrassing situations before others may be an SM model, but she is not a true enthusiast.'

If you say, 'Women who casually expose themselves in embarrassing situations in front of others often lack the spirit of an enthusiast,' I might think, 'That could be true.' But when you draw a line saying they aren't enthusiasts, I can't help but feel a sense of unease.

The characters and words written in a text are abstract concepts. So even if we share the same perspective, how we interpret these abstractions can lead to completely opposite interpretations. I'd rather not write anything that sounds like personal criticism. But knowing how deep-hearted you are, Sensei, and how wonderful Rakka-san's sensibilities are as you describe them, I believe you'll understand even if I write something like this. That's why I dared to write this comment that might sound critical."

The above is an excerpt from Mika Suzume-san's writing.

Mika Suzume-san's questions and criticisms are entirely justified, and I can only say that she is absolutely right.

"SM models aren't fetishists." It might have been me who said that. Since Rakka-san would never utter such an unreasonable thing under any circumstances, it was probably me who blurted it out after all.

Yet, as Rakka-san said, why did I write that in that "Talking Theater?" There were circumstances surrounding it, and there are reasons too. As for those reasons (which ultimately concern the model's lack of shame), I intend to write about them little by little going forward.

Next is another letter from Rakka-san to me.

"...Personally I could never show myself in public the way I do when I'm alone with you. But I think that's simply because I have no desire to be seen by others. Even if I'm wearing clothes, I can't be tied up in front of people. But that's really just a difference in 'tastes.' I don't think it's 'how it should be,' nor do I believe only those who do it are 'true enthusiasts.'

I have no intention of criticizing the preference for being seen while bound, much less denying it. Especially in the case of the 'models' I refer to, I even wish such preferences existed.

This might just be my own way of thinking, but when I say 'model,' I don't just mean the 'professional models' you mentioned. I also think of the models at Kinbiken (even if it's not a commercial magazine photo shoot, but a gathering of a small group of genuine enthusiasts bound by deep trust – even then, for that moment, that place is still a 'stage' where she alone draws everyone's gaze, and she still is a 'model.') I think she's a happy 'model' surrounded by warm gazes, but she's also a crucial person fulfilling the role of a 'model' in the sense of being an expressive artist who captivates the audience with her own sensibility. I believe she is both an enthusiast and a model.

And when I imagine that 'scenario' as a happy one, I want the model to have a preference not only for 'being tied up' but also for 'enjoying being watched by others.'

The idea that someone has no desire to 'show off or be seen' yet secretly longs to be tied up where no one is watching, but lacks such opportunities, so instead 'reluctantly' fulfills their wish in public as a trade-off... it feels a little poignant and sad. Earlier, I awkwardly used the term 'exhibitionist tendencies,' but I certainly don't mean it in the

negative sense of 'exhibitionism.' Rather, I believe such preferences make them true enthusiasts.

I've written quite a bit. I truly agree with Mika Suzume-san's comment. We've received an order to publish a new town magazine, and I really need to get started on the planning and preparations now. But once I start thinking about it, I just can't stop, and I end up writing a lot."

The letter I recently received from Rakka-san is mostly as above (I haven't included the parts I can't disclose, of course).

As I copy her writing word by word with a pen like this, her perspective, her thoughts, the warmth of her blood, even her very breath, all come through clearly.

Ah, I see, I found myself nodding in agreement. This was the first time I'd met a woman who held her opinions so clearly and could express them so well in writing.

It's not that we can't meet often and so we talk through letters and phone calls. We see each other all the time and talk endlessly, yet we still exchange letters like this. If we combined all the letters between us, we could probably fill a whole book.

When it comes to SM, there's so much to talk about that we could never exhaust the subject. For her and me, the themes we discuss are almost limitless.

If a woman is only interested in going to love hotels, being tied by me, kissing, and doing whatever else, I actually have no interest in her. I might go out with her once or twice, but it wouldn't last. I too want companions I can talk to. I too am lonely.

2007.11.16

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第二十一回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 21

「縄師」を名乗る気持ち

The Mindset of Calling Oneself a “Rope Master [Nawashi]”

Iidabashi Station is now served not only by JR but also by the Tokyo Metro and Toei Oedo Line, making it extremely convenient. I received a call from [Nakahara Rutsu-san](#), the director of the Sex Industry Museum²⁶ near Iidabashi Station.

The question was, “I don’t think it’s a good idea to describe you as a ‘rope master,’ but how should we phrase it when writing your introductory profile?”

Actually, we have asked Nakahara-san to write the commentary for the sixth paperback edition of my work, “Kinbaku: As Long as I Live,” which will be published by Kawade Shobo Shinsha.

Nakahara-san has read nearly all the novels, short stories, and essays I’ve written over the past fifty years. She is truly a blessing to me.

After all, I have over a dozen pen names, each tailored to different tastes. She meticulously reads all my writing, long and short, under these various pseudonyms. As the director of the Sex Industry Museum, she is absolutely the perfect person for the job.

Not merely reading, but possessing exceptional comprehension of the work’s content and even greater analytical skills. The sheer breadth of knowledge, depth of understanding, and sharp sensibility across the entire spectrum of “SM” astounds me. Someone who is utterly immersed, up to their neck, in this complex and bizarre (as the world might see it, though I do not) yet elegantly heretical world brimming with obscene beauty.

This isn’t flattery, she genuinely knows the ins and outs of a wide range of SM preferences. When she talks, she keeps hitting the nail on the head. Sometimes I’m left speechless and amazed.

²⁶ The Fuzoku Museum in Iidabashi, also called the Abnormal Museum, or the Museum of Sexual Entertainment, collects and stores publications from the Japanese SM industry and acts as a reading room.

I'll stop praising her here, it could go on forever.

In other words, I felt there was no one more suitable than him to write the "introduction" for my new collection of essays, published as a single volume. Knowing full well how busy she is as the museum director, I insisted she take on the task. Fortunately, she agreed, and she is currently writing that "introduction."

"Nureki Sensei probably dislikes being called a 'rope master,'" said Director Nakahara.

"It's not so much that I dislike it, but I think that term is wrong. A dollmaker is someone who makes dolls. Someone who manipulates dolls is called a puppeteer. A rope maker is someone who makes ropes, someone who braids ropes. Someone who ties up a woman's body with ropes, hangs her, beats her, and gets paid by their employer for that; is that some kind of 'master?' A 'master' is someone who teaches and guides others. The dictionary says it's someone admirable, a role model. What's admirable about a man who gets off on tying up women? It's utterly ridiculous. The term 'master' was originally a title of respect for those in religious positions. Like a priest, pastor, Zen master, a great master..."

This is the same old nonsense I've been spouting over and over again, in various magazines, in books, and even when appearing in video footage.

It might be a flimsy excuse, but I truly mean it.

If you don't understand the meaning of the phrase "utterly ridiculous," please look it up in the dictionary. It's in every dictionary.

"Then what should I write?" asked Director Nakahara.

"Well, as you know, Director, in the texts I write about myself, I simply describe my role as 'bondage specialist'²⁷..."

For the past twenty-odd years, I have frequently been used on the sets of what are referred to as "SM videos."

On a video shoot, besides the performers, there is a producer who bears full responsibility for the work, a director, a cameraman, a lighting technician, a sound technician, and a costume and makeup artist. Each of these has assistants.

Among such people, there are also "persons in charge of restraints." In terms of authority, they are entirely on the same level. They aren't particularly great enough to be called "masters." They don't even have assistants.

²⁷ 縛り係: shibari gakari is the term.

Their role is simply to tie up the actress with rope when necessary, at the director's instruction.

Unlike lighting or sound recording technicians, who are responsible throughout the entire drama production, actresses are not bound from the beginning to the end of filming. Therefore, the need for a "bondage specialist" is extremely limited in time.

Sometimes, I appear in the drama myself, capturing the movement of the ropes binding the actress on camera, but most of the time I'm the "behind-the-scenes" crew who never appears on screen.

Binding the actress's body with ropes to make it look authentic may be an important role, but then again, lighting, sound, recording, makeup, and the cameraman all have equally vital tasks. If even one person is missing, filming cannot proceed.

Yet why on earth did they give the "restraint technician" such an ill-fitting stage name like "rope master?"

Who the hell started calling a mere rope technician something as pretentious as a "rope master?"

I know exactly who it is. The very first to speak up and identify himself was, in fact, Minomura Ko.

Minomura Kou, who under the name Reiko Kita worked as a bondage artist and erotic illustrator, wielding numerous pen names to depict every facet of the abnormal world, and who further delighted niche readers by writing SM novels under various pseudonyms, at his regular bar in Shinjuku.

"I'm a rope master."

At that table sat Tanaka Komasa, [Fukai Toshihiko](#), [Yoshimura Heikichi](#), and [Tako Hachiro](#). Of course, I was there too. Next to me sat Odagiri Sou. There were also guests I didn't know. For the sake of the unknown guests, he introduced himself.

"I'm Suma, a perverted guy who's a rope master. Su for pervert (sukube) and Ma for fool (manuke), that's Suma. Nice to meet you."

Minomura Ko's real name was Suma Toshiyuki. At that time, Minomura Ko was the editor-in-chief of Kitan Club, 1958.

I was a contributor who wrote several short stories each month for "Kitan Club."

I realize this explanation alone may be difficult to grasp, but behind the term “rope master” lay the loneliness, self-mockery, self-flagellation, obsession with bondage, and even the humble dissimulation of a man who created Japan’s first “SM Magazine” while facing oppression from those in power, Director Nakahara.

After that, he often used the word “rope master” in speech and writing, but he didn’t write it to boast or show off. On the contrary, he wrote it with the opposite sentiment.

The night he first declared himself a “rope master” before the drunken patrons, once we were alone, he suddenly murmured, “Hey, Fu-san, I think “rope master” is a pretty good name for myself, don’t you? It’s kind of mysterious and a little pretentious...”

Back then, whenever we were alone, he called me “Fu-san.” At the time, I often used the pen name Fujimi Iku. “Fu-san” was a shortened version of that name.

“A rope master? That’s a new word, isn’t it? Well, maybe not so much as new as it’s unusual. If I told someone, ‘My job is being a rope master,’ they’d probably be confused.” I said. I was twenty-seven at the time. This was exactly fifty years ago.

“Is it an unusual word? Yeah, it’s an unusual word. It’s a good word, hiding the embarrassment.” he said.

Around this time, he began inviting me to practice “bondage play” with him.

The performers were dancers from the Shinjuku N Music Hall, managed by Fukai Toshihiko. Fukai was originally a light theater playwright and show director. Occasionally, Fukai himself participated in the “bondage play.”

“Does calling yourself a rope master make the shame go away?” I asked.

He hummed, thought for a moment, then said, “I don’t think it does. I feel like it just makes me feel even more embarrassed.”

Then he added, “But since the women being tied up feel embarrassed, I guess we who tie them must feel embarrassed too. Even though I keep thinking ‘embarrassing, embarrassing,’ I just can’t stop doing this stuff, I love it.”

Minomura Kou laughed and said, “What about you, Fu-san?”

“Me? When I’m tying someone up, I get so excited, my head gets all hot and fuzzy, and I can’t think straight. But somehow, what I’m doing feels incredibly embarrassing.”

“I figured. That’s a good sign.”

After that, until the day he died, Minomura Kou never once called me “rope master,” not even as a joke.

Thinking back now, I realize that right up until the moment he died, I was tying up a young, beautiful actress right before his eyes. It happened on the set of a video production called “Rope Flame,” produced by Cinemagic.

“We always have to do this work with a sense of shame, Fu-san.” Minomura Kou often said.

“Without that sense of shame, that fear, that lack of modesty, the ropes you bind with won’t have any allure.” he also said.

Well, that’s how it is, Director Nakahara.

The word “rope master” holds such sentimental memories for me.

But since I’m getting on in years now, I don’t really mind anymore. I’ve been called and written about as a “rope master” quite a lot over the years.

It’s childish to say “stop now.” But if they start calling me a “rope master” again, the real bondage enthusiasts would surely look down on me. I suppose I deserve their contempt. It’s not exactly a job that commands respect.

Ahh, I’m tired.

After finishing the 20th chapter of the “Talking Theater,” I immediately dove into this chapter and poured my heart into it, so I’m a bit tired now. Somehow, my head feels all fuzzy.

To be honest, I began writing this out of pure sarcasm, finding it utterly incomprehensible that people in this industry would casually use terms like “rope master” and “trainer” without a shred of doubt or hesitation.

But before I could reach “trainer,” I got tired.

I’m feeling like I don’t care anymore. But I’ll try writing again a little later.

2007.11.21

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第二十二回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 22

「調教師」、そして昨日縛ったモデルのこと

The “Trainer” and the model I tied yesterday

I dislike being called “rope master,” but I dislike being labelled a “trainer²⁸” in adult magazines even more.

(Here again is that “master [師]” kanji I detest. I know I’m repeating myself, but I’ll write it once more. What kind of “master” is this, one who grips ropes, lusts, binds women in excitement, and secretly makes his own genitals erect?)

Fortunately, as far as I know, no one in this industry has called me a “trainer.”

Regardless of the type of training, I have never once “trained” a woman. I have absolutely no memory of ever doing such a presumptuous thing.

I have always appreciated women who share my love of ropes with a spirit of service. I have never once bound a woman with the arrogant notion of training her.

When I tie women for work, I always feel a sense of shame alongside the desire to tie her for her pleasure.

Actually, yesterday, I was on a shoot all day, tying up a young girl. It wasn’t for a drama; the main focus was “bondage,” so I kept tying and untying her, over and over. That girl endured the difficult work patiently and cheerfully, letting me tie her up until the very end.

Her smooth, white skin was covered in rope marks, and though not clearly visible to the eye, it was undoubtedly covered in countless fine abrasions.

When all the filming was finished, I sincerely thanked her, “Thank you, you did a great job,” and bowed my head.

²⁸ The word in question is Choukyoushi, meaning animal trainer.

She responded with a lovely smile, “thank you.” Then, still completely naked, she walked into the shower room.

Once filming wraps, I swiftly gather my scattered ropes and stow them in my bag, then leave the set faster than anyone else, saying “I’m off.” It’s lightning-fast, without a moment’s delay. I don’t even stay for a cup of tea after work.

And once outside, I breathe a sigh of relief. It’s rare for me to leave the studio together with the staff.

I want to escape from the scene where I’ve been restraining women, even if it’s just for a minute or a second. That’s because of the shame I feel for having done that disgraceful work again today.

I want to escape the atmosphere of the workplace and breathe different air. Leaving the workplace always feels like an escape to me.

But...

I probably shouldn’t be writing something like this.

I probably shouldn’t make such a confession. It would betray my many readers.

I suppose I must describe the art of bondage in a titillating, sensational manner and offer it to my readers. Isn’t that the role of Nureki Chimuo?

But, shamefully, this is my true feeling. Even if I bind five thousand people, I cannot escape this sense of shame. I have repeated this shame five thousand times.

The reason I cannot stop is due to my innate disposition, to desire; in other words, my karma, and because I have made a living binding women.

Please do not call some like me a “rope master.” Please refrain from casually using terms like “trainer,” which are easily misunderstood by the general public.

Actually, I was once introduced this way at a gathering of about thirty people.

“This guy’s main job is being a rope master, you see. Whenever he’s alone with a woman, he immediately starts training her. Any woman who gets close to him gets trained in no time. He’s a scary guy.”

Of course it was a drinking party and meant as a joke, but I felt unbearably uncomfortable as everyone looked at me strangely.

Since I'm at it, I'll write this. One day, I was scheduled to perform on stage at a certain variety theater. The moment I stepped out, "We've been waiting for you, Rope Master! Trainer!" a voice called out from the audience. The other patrons had no idea what was going on. But I froze on stage. I was called "rope master!" I don't have the kind of performer's spirit that would turn that into a weapon.

I was wearing a kimono at the time, with a haori over it. It was what's known as a "stage kimono."

In the dressing room, a middle-aged female entertainer approached me, stared intently at my figure, touched the cord of my haori, and asked, "In an emergency, do you use this cord to tie up women?" She wasn't joking; her expression was serious. What kind of emergency?

I shook my head and ran away.

One more thing to write.

The flyer for my performance featured a cartoon of me holding a thick candle instead of a fan, dripping wax tears onto a naked woman's buttocks.

I felt a sense of unease. But I endured it. The person who made the flyer meant no harm. There was no choice but to endure.

I felt sorry for this woman who was happy to have wax tears dripped onto her buttocks.

I know how deeply, how desperately they are shedding tears of wax onto their bare skin. I don't want to make fun of them.

I stopped performing on stage after that flyer.

If I were to hold a rope or a candle on stage, and that image were to be depicted on a flyer, I suppose there's nothing I could do about it.

However, I absolutely would never do such a thing in front of ordinary people. That would be an insult to "SM" itself.

I don't want to make a laughingstock of "SM." I don't want to turn it into some lighthearted show. I don't want to make a laughingstock of the people who are seriously involved with "SM."

(But nothing is as easy for ordinary people to laugh at and despise as "SM." And conversely, there is nothing that people are more tempted to ridicule and despise as "SM.")

But having written this far, I've changed my mind a bit. I had intended to frankly express my thoughts to those who casually, sometimes even smugly, use terms like "trainer" or "training," terms easily misunderstood by the general public, without much thought.

I also thought that this might be one of my duties, given how long I've been provided for in this world.

But I stopped. I stopped criticizing.

I'm starting to think it's okay for people to exist who genuinely believe what they're doing is "training," and who promote it in a lighthearted way. Like "How about that? Pretty amazing, huh?" Then make a business out of it.

No matter how much they tout the "amazing skills of trainers," people won't believe it unless they clearly and concretely demonstrate the details (and honestly, even enthusiasts won't believe it).

Whether you believe it or not doesn't matter. There are people who insist this is simply training. I thought, well, they have a right to exist. I realized that someone like me has no business standing on the sidelines making a fuss about unnecessary things.

More than that, I have something else I want to say right now.

That's about the girl who modeled for yesterday's shoot, which I wrote about earlier in this installment. Readers will surely find that more interesting than reading about my badmouthing of the "trainer."

She was a girl with a good personality. Let's call her K for now. As a model for a photographer who favored unnatural, demanding poses, she never complained, obediently doing her best. Bound with ropes behind her back, she performed a series of extraordinary, acrobatic poses.

Her body floated in the air several times. Ropes dug viciously into her young skin in various places. And then, as usual, came the relentless torment of her crotch, the continuous humiliation of her genitals.

A contortionist-like torment: suspended upside down with her legs spread wide (buttocks up, head down), while simultaneously having a vibrator forced into her crotch and switched on.

It's clearly a form of punishment, so this must be "SM." Anyone can see the cruelty. It's an utterly inhumane, brutal torture of the female body.

But somehow, I can't feel the "SM" eroticism. The rope wrapped around her belly bears the weight of her entire body, digging in painfully as model K endures the agony. A groan escapes her lips.

I wonder. Could this pain be her pleasure?

From my vantage point observing her suspended nearby, I can't see any pleasure in her state right now. Only pain remains.

No matter how effectively the phallic vibrator twisted deep within her crotch continued to pulse, no matter how skillfully the brush-tip-like antennae attached to the base of that thick artificial penis trembled to caress her clitoris, all she felt now was pain.

I watch her expression carefully. If her pain exceeds the limit, I must immediately release her suspension and lower her down.

The photographer ordered her to be hoisted up like this, but I was the one who took the rope and carried out that order. Should anything happen to her, I suppose I would be the one held responsible.

She endured the long, agonizing time, letting out low moans. If she didn't endure it, she wouldn't get paid.

The photographer subjected her to even more intense "torment." This too was carried out by the young editor.

Model K, bound with her hands behind her back and spread open in a M-shaped position (I performed all the rope work up until this point), had her labia pinched closed by the editor's fingers. The editor then used chopsticks to wedge the soft flesh vertically.

Then, the clitoris, located at the top of the labia, was exposed. The small, vivid pink piece of flesh protruded sharply, as it was firmly clamped between chopsticks.

The disposable chopsticks were held firmly together at both ends with rubber bands. The clitoris, pinched and exposed, gleamed, revealing its inner flesh.

The photographer issued further instructions, and the editor dutifully, or rather with gleeful enthusiasm, dripped red candlewax onto the exposed clitoris.

(Could such a tiny, delicate piece of flesh not be scaled by hot wax tears falling upon it? Wouldn't it feel the heat?)

Having no experience with such acts, I found it utterly bewildering, yet the editor, brimming with confidence (or perhaps not, but regardless, working silently and without the

slightest hesitation), kept dripping red wax tears onto the clitoris, while the photographer frantically took pictures.

Even under such “torment,” model K endured without screaming, merely letting out a groan.

If I were a spy captured by the enemy, forced to confess, and had hot red wax dripped onto the tip of my penis, I’d instantly scream and cry out, spilling every secret about my allies and everything else.

Model K’s endurance is nothing short of incredible.

Or perhaps she secretly takes pleasure in being subjected to this kind of “torment,” I thought. I observed her very carefully, but there was no sign of that.

(If there were any hint of pleasure, I would be so happy. And how excited I would become.)

Simply put, her expression can only be described as remarkably resilient. Her very body seems resilient, and her character must be equally patient.

The “torment” inflicted upon her was actually far more intense, far more obscene, and carried out over a much longer period of time, but I’ll omit that part.

What I mean to say here is this: if she possessed any masochistic sensibilities in her mind and body, wouldn’t she have found pleasure in submission somewhere, revealing to me that intoxicating expression of ecstasy unique to a captivating submissive woman?

However, from her facial expressions and physical reactions, I never sensed the M aura I had hoped for until the very end.

She only reacted when a dildo-shaped vibrator was forced into her crotch and switched on.

Her expression at that moment was one slightly plump, full lips parting in a round shape, “Ah, ah, ah, ahhhhh.....”

She emitted a sweet, poignant, adorable voice from deep within her throat, her white lower belly flesh twitching and quivering; truly erotic. In other words, she was a perfectly normal girl who felt pleasure from her genitals being stimulated.

Though I possess extraordinary endurance for physical torment, it never translates to pleasure. Pain remains pain.

However, the fact that genitalia provide pleasure is proof that most girls are perfectly normal. It's truly wonderful that the majority is called "normal." It's wonderful because the majority has plenty of men to be sexual partners.

Minorities have few allies. After all, they are in the minority. That's why they become frustrated.

Huh?

What am I trying to say?

That's right, after finishing the shoot yesterday, I parted ways with the staff and left the studio alone.

(Today's model K had a really great personality. She stayed bright, cheerful, and energetic right until the end, enduring the harsh demands. The shoot went smoothly. But in the end, she just wasn't an M. She was a good SM model, but she never gave off that M aura, not even at the very end...)

Tilting my head, I muttered.

That feeling somehow lingered until today, and I wanted to write about how I've been carrying it with me. To an exceptional, high-quality SM model like K, I bow my head and say, "Thank you for your hard work." I was expressing my heartfelt gratitude and acknowledging her efforts. I am grateful. But the moment she leaves the studio, she becomes a girl completely unknown to me, the one who tied her up.

However, some models who come to the shoot and get tied up by me react by radiating an M aura from their entire body. Naturally, I tie them up with all my passion. Bondage photos of such women possess genuine emotion and they delight true enthusiasts. Genuine ones are rare.

On set, I secretly feel my heart race, thinking, "this is going to be some real good bondage photography."

After it was over I said, "Thank you, I had a great time. I'd love to see you again. And I'd like to talk with you properly sometime."

Then, letting my affection show, I ended up hugging that female enthusiast. The presence of female enthusiasts stays with me even after the work ends. I know the lonely feelings that well up inside them after work. I can't help but feel for them.

Using disposable chopsticks to clamp the labia vertically, exposing the clitoris like shellfish meat, and dripping red wax onto it, this video work from yesterday's shoot can be viewed by anyone, provided they pay the fee.

Throughout the entire shoot, I was the one in charge of the bondage. But rather than following the cameraman's orders, it felt like his personal preferences led to many acrobatic, extreme poses (though the final edit might give a slightly different impression).

There are many poses far more incredible than the ones I introduced in this article, poses that are extraordinary, acrobatic, like forcing limbs into unnatural contortions.

In my opinion, these are unrealistic, rope-tied acrobatics and stunt nude photos that stray far from authentic bondage photography. While they might be a must-see for those who prefer such things, enthusiasts seeking bondage photos filled with a quiet, sensual allure and lingering emotional depths, will likely shake their heads.

After finally being lowered from a series of grueling suspended poses, model K's pose when she relaxed her entire body and returned to her natural state was wonderful. It held genuine emotion, not something forced or stiff. The M aura flashed for just an instant in that moment.

The moment I saw it, I couldn't help but exclaim, "Ah, this is perfect! I can pull it off!"

I can't pull off aerial acrobatics photos.

Model K from yesterday's shoot was truly a brave, cute, good girl. Her body was beautiful too. She pushed herself to the brink of fainting. But while there was a sense of grimness and pain, I felt it lacked the masochistic eroticism we enthusiasts crave.

For bondage enthusiasts who dislike tying up a girl with her legs spread wide and manipulating her crotch, this is not particularly recommended. No matter how much you manipulate her crotch, it simply will not generate bondage eroticism.

But when I describe groin torture like this in writing, somehow the scene starts to seem really interesting. How strange.

No, it's not strange.

Reading a text allows you to freely incorporate your own favorite images into the scene. Even without conscious effort, you end up reading it through your own imagery.

After watching this video of model K being brutally tormented, I would be grateful if you would read my text again.

I'm sure you'll understand that I'm not lying.

2007.12.01

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第二十三回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 23

私に「忠告」してくれた人たち

The People Who “Advised” Me

I've received “advice” from various people over the years.

Looking up the word “advice” in the dictionary at hand, it reads, “Kindly admonishing someone about their faults.”

So that's it; people were kindly trying to correct my “bad points.”

I'll write a little about those “kind” people.

Since they were advising me, the other person was older than me. I was young. To summarize the “advice” I received from those people, it would be as follows.

“You know, you can't keep getting involved in this SM stuff forever. You're a talented person, so you need to get out of this world quickly... If you don't stop now, you'll ruin yourself...”

It was often said at drinking parties. The other person, drunk and relaxed, offers me their opinions and advice.

“Once it becomes a habit, you won't be able to quit. If you don't quit now, you'll become a real maniac.” I was told.

At the time, I was hired for most of the shoots in the dozen or so SM magazines, tying up thirty female models a month. That meant I was tying up models almost every day. On top of that, I was writing almost two hundred manuscripts a month.

After such shoots, I'd be invited by someone with years of editing experience to a bar, where I'd receive “advice.”

Even with a long career as an editor, his experience editing SM magazines was at most two or three years. This was back when the very publication of SM magazines was still in its infancy.

“Huh, if I don’t stop now, will it be bad?” I nodded and bowed my head silently. He was the type who, if you foolishly argued back when he was drunk, would keep pestering you forever.

“Yeah, you’ll be ruined. You won’t be able to live a normal social life.”

As the “bondage specialist” on set and simultaneously as a writer of novels and essays, I’ve been working with this person for two years now. Yet they still don’t understand me at all. And I thought they didn’t understand SM either.

“So, does A-san not enjoy his current company?” I asked. I’ll refer to that person as A-san for now.

“Well, I like women, so getting to see plenty of them naked during shoots is fun for me,” A-san said, his eyes narrowing happily at that moment. He’s not a bad guy, I thought. He’s honest. But I knew I wouldn’t be able to get close to him.

I’ve received this “advice” from three or four people since my late thirties through my forties: “If you don’t quit SM now, you’ll end up becoming the real thing.” Some said it earnestly, their faces showing genuine concern, so I remember it well.

All of those people were involved in “SM magazines” or “SM videos.” That is, they were creators.

Even though I thought it was pointless for the creator to say such things, I replied, “Yeah...”

After all, no one would say such things to me now that I am elderly. SM itself, perhaps due to the flow of time, has crept into ordinary social norms in a strange way, gradually losing its heretical nature.

According to someone, “SM has gained mainstream acceptance.”

That’s how it is. SM, which has gained acceptance, is no longer SM. I often use the term “minority,” but minorities, contrary to any inferiority complex, secretly harbor a “pride.” They possess a “self-respect” that won’t yield to any authority.

But, thanks to you, I can now tell young people, “If you keep reading SM magazines, you’ll become a real enthusiast.”

No one would offer such “advice,” nor would anyone receive it.

(It's lonely when there's no one to say it to...)

SM has degenerated to the point where no warning is needed. Look right or left, and it seems to have fallen into decay. Yet I have a feeling it will gradually crawl back up again. SM's vitality is tenacious. After all, it's human sexuality, and life itself.

Back in my youth, I took about forty manuscripts to the editorial office of a certain SM magazine.

The editor immediately spread my manuscripts out on his desk and read it. Then he gave some “advice.”

“Hey, what's this manuscript? Using such difficult characters won't get readers to read it these days.”

Speaking of which, that editor rewrote every instance of the character [縄] (rope) in my SM novel with a pencil, changing it to “ナワ.” The difficult character in question is 縄.

It's a novel I wrote. “Rope” appears many times. Right before my eyes, he carefully rewrote each instance as “nawa.”

It might have been a dig at me. Just a few days earlier, I had been rather enthusiastically praising Kitan Club's editor-in-chief, Yoshida Minoru, for his sincerity in the way he interacts with enthusiastic readers.

Even as he changed each instance of “rope” to “nawa” right before my eyes, I protested not, enduring it silently. The editor-in-chief's tone was hysterically harsh, feeling less like “advice” and more like “rebuke.”

Each time a stroke of the character “rope” was erased, I felt a pain like a knife stabbing my chest. I will never forget the humiliation I suffered at that moment for the rest of my life.

I felt this was not only an insult to SM, but also an insult to the Japanese language.

This editor not only changed my written “rope” to “nawa”, but also rewrote every instance of “bind「縛る」” as “shibaru「しばる」.”

Printing “binding with rope「ナワでしばる」” doesn't evoke the image of a bondage novel.

However, this manuscript was typeset and published in the next issue of that magazine.

If you go to the Sex Industry Museum in Iidabashi and search the magazine shelves from over thirty years ago, you should be able to find my novel there. “Rope” is written as “nawa.” Unfortunately, I’ve forgotten both my pen name at the time and the novel’s title. This was an era before “SM Select,” “SM Fan,” or “SM Collector” had even appeared.

That old magazine from over thirty years ago...

Oh no, this is bad.

Whenever I write like this, Nakahara Rutsu-san, the director of the Sex Industry Museum, will undoubtedly drop whatever she’s doing and start hunting down magazines from over thirty years ago that featured my novel where “rope” was written as “nawa” (that’s just the kind of person she is!).

That would be a problem.

The reason is that I have asked her to write the “explanatory essay” for my sixth book in the Kawade Bunko series, “Bondage: As Long as I Love,” which I will be publishing next.

And yet, even after a month has passed, the “explanatory essay” still isn’t finished. In other words, it’s delayed. Please wait until you have finished writing that “explanatory essay” before searching for that old magazine from over thirty years ago.

That old story is water under the bridge, so to speak, and frankly, I couldn’t care less about it.

Do you understand, Director? Please, Director. Please write the commentary quickly.

Huh?

What was I writing about? Before I knew it, I’d gone off on a tangent again.

Oh yes, I was writing about the “advice” I’d gotten from various “seniors” in the past.

And I intended to write about my own fate for not heeding that “advice,” and then from there, to write about the person who said, “SM has gained acceptance,” which appears midway through this installment.

Let’s keep going.

“You really like SM, don’t you? Well, you certainly don’t seem to dislike it. But surely you’re not a fanatic? If you keep doing this forever, you’ll become one.”

That’s what I was writing about, the “advice” I’d been given.

Their tone, of course, carried contempt for enthusiasts. At the very least, there was no sense of respect or affection toward them.

Why do I keep getting such “advice” from others? I’ve thought about it.

The editor-in-chief of a certain SM magazine at the time looked at my face thoughtfully and said, “Someone like you, bright, sociable, straightforward, with a healthy, positive outlook, and always so decisive, simply couldn’t be an SM enthusiast.”

I felt a bit annoyed and retorted, “So you’re saying ‘enthusiasts’ are melancholy, gloomy, pessimistic, unhealthy, and indecisive people?”

Then he replied, “Hmm, well, not all of them are like that, but there’s a certain gloomy, shadowy image associated with them. Somehow, I feel like there’s a common thread of being miserable and gloomy.”

Come to think of it, the first words Yoshida Minoru, editor-in-chief of Kitan Club, said to me were, “There’s a brightness at the core of what you write, and that’s good. There’s a sense of salvation about it. Given the nature of the magazine, things tend to get gloomy and heavy, so your brightness is precious. Please write a lot. If you’re willing to change your pen name, I’ll publish you as much as you like.”

That’s what he said.

1953 (Showa 28). I was twenty-three years old. The reason I began writing about various tastes using over a dozen pen names was because of these words from the editor-in-chief of “Kitan Club.”

I appear cheerful at first glance (though it’s only at first glance), and I’m upbeat. I don’t cling to women either. For instance, after a shoot ends, I don’t hang around the model forever. I just say “Goodbye” and leave promptly. I’ve been like that since I was first hired as a bondage specialist. Maybe that’s why people thought I didn’t seem like a typical enthusiast.

I was born and raised in Asakusa, and my parents were also born and raised in Asakusa.

I wouldn’t go so far as to say I’ve never encountered anything uncouth or seen a bald head, but my father raised me saying, “There are two kinds of men in this world; dullards and sophisticated men. Never become a dullard, even if it kills you.” (This guy is even more frivolous than I am.)

Thanks to that, I’ve spent my entire life with an extremely cheerful, fickle, and care-free personality. Care-free, but never sophisticated.

Lacking any orthodox scholarship and devoid of substance, I excel at talking endlessly and obfuscating to confuse my audience. That's why such "Talking Theaters" can be written effortlessly and smoothly.

My SM stories lack depth or intensity. They're bland. That's why they're not very interesting. I'm aware of it. I've been covering it up with the plot.

Wait.

I've gone off track again. That's the mark of a frivolous person like me. I meant to write a bit more about those who "advised" me, saying, "You're really not an enthusiast, are you? Quit while you're ahead," and secretly despised me, and then write about the person who said, "SM has gained acceptance."

But I'm too tired today.

Director, please hurry up and write the "explanatory essay." I beg you.

With the kind permission of Mika Suzume-san, we are reprinting the feedback she shared with us. Inspired by the expressions in this feedback, the story expanded into Chapter 24 and Chapter 25.

Comment by Mika Suzume-san

Sensei, I feel that the SM practiced by those who have gained social acceptance deviates from the essence of SM.

SM as a form of sex, if you will – accessories like ropes and collars exist, but its essence is sex.

No matter how harsh the torment, since it's sex, it's different from the SM I imagine.

My perception of SM carries a dark, deathly image. It's a repulsive, terrifying world that lays bare humanity's ugliness and arrogance. Precisely because of this, I fear becoming completely immersed in the negative world of SM. I feel drawn to this world, but I might do something utterly reckless if I don't hold back.

Such SM practices will never gain acceptance, and a society where they gain acceptance and can be openly practiced is, I believe, a dark society.

People who take pleasure in tormenting or bullying others are the worst kind of human beings. But I have a kink where I feel aroused by doing or having such things done to me. More than happy expressions, it's the look of sadness or pain that makes my heart race.

But strictly speaking, it's frightening when they truly seem sad or distressed. So in an S's case, seeing an M's expression, finding a look of joy within their sorrowful or pained expression, brings relief. It allows the S to believe that while they're tormenting and teasing the M, they haven't violated the M's heart.

I don't think rough play is bad and gentle play is good. Whether rough or gentle, anything that doesn't feel like SM is no good. There's SM that's no good even if you spank hard enough to leave bruises or perform acrobatic suspensions, and there's SM that feels good even if you're tied up simply with a single handkerchief.

SM without elements of torment or abuse is uninteresting, and I don't just dislike, I even feel hatred, toward those who focus solely on torment and abuse without any consideration towards the submissive.

I think the "[Kidnapping Prince](#)"²⁹ is the absolute scum of the earth, and I despise such foolish people, but I understand the feeling that draws one to such things. At the very least, I feel more drawn to the Kidnapping Prince than to SM as a form of sex. But I hate him, and if it's SM like his, then SM as a form of sex is far preferable. That's why I want to engage with SM as "play" or acting; as fiction, not reality.

While I was jotting this down, it turned into something incomprehensible, but I'm sure you'll understand, Sensei.

Delving deeper into SM talk, I find it difficult to express and get frustrated.

²⁹ I am fairly certain, though not entirely, this references a kidnapping case with SM themes. I've linked the relevant Wikipedia article.

The words of Minomura-san introduced in the 21st chapter, “The Mindset of Calling Oneself a ‘Rope Master,” “Without a sense of shame, fear, and modesty, the ropes you bind with won’t have any sensuality,” are truly wonderful words, aren’t they?

Somehow, I felt my thoughts on SM were succinctly expressed in this phrase, and it became one of my favorites.

Thank you Mika Suzume-san.

Please feel free to share your thoughts and impressions after reading it.

2007.12.05

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第二十四回

Nureki Chimuo’s Talking Theater Chapter 24

紐一本の快樂

The pleasure of a single rope

This time, I had intended to continue writing about “the people who gave me ‘advice’” from last time.

At first, he’d put on this look like he was really into SM, enthusiastically running his “SM business,” and while he was making decent profits, he’d wait for the right moment to say, “Actually, I’m not that interested in SM at all. I’m really a perfectly normal person.”

I wanted to write more about those people who would start saying things like that, then turn to me in a kindly tone and advise me: “If you keep getting involved in SM forever, you’ll become a real maniac. If you’re going to quit, now’s the time.”

The editor-in-chief of that SM magazine who, right before my eyes, changed every instance of the kanji “繩” in my novel manuscript to katakana “ナワ”, he was actually one of the people who “advised” me, saying, “If you keep working so hard at this, you’ll turn into a real maniac.”

Some people even said worse things.

I think it's only natural for an ordinary person to say that, and it's only to be expected when told.

(After all, it's a job where I get paid to strip women naked, tie them up with ropes, and drip wax on them.)

But since it's someone who's making a decent profit from "SM" saying it, there were times I just couldn't stand it.

"I never imagined I'd end up making a magazine like this, more vulgar and lowbrow than porn magazines. I've really hit rock bottom." One editor said this.

Thinking about these people, I could go on forever. I feel like writing more, but I'll take a break from this story for now. I'll write about it once again when I've regained my energy.

Right now, suddenly, somehow, out of the blue, I felt like writing about Rakka-san.

Writing about Rakka-san is, first and foremost, much more enjoyable.

Rather than writing about those who deceived me (though of course the fool is the one who gets deceived) or betrayed me (though of course, the insensitive one is the one who gets betrayed), writing about my SM games with Rakka-san is ten times, a hundred times more enjoyable.

So, I'll save the rest of the story about "the people who 'advised' me" for a little later and write about Rakka-san instead.

Oh no, not again, you might be thinking. Am I really going to have to read old man Nureki's lovey-dovey stories?

(Nothing's more boring and infuriating than hearing about someone else's romantic conquests. What the hell, you bastard? Getting all cocky at your age? Just drop dead already.)

But hey, that's the beauty of this kind of writing; if you don't want to read it, you don't have to.

(A light press of the index finger on the button instantly erases the text)

So it's easier for me to write.

Because I feel at ease, I can write the truth.

I don't have to write lies or flattery.

Only those with the broadest hearts and greatest generosity who are willing to indulge my lovey-dovey stories need to read this. The choice is yours. Completely yours.

But why do I write about her as “Rakka-san,” using the honorific “san”? It’s a bit strange, isn’t it?

In fact, even when speaking directly to the person in front of me, I address her as “Rakka-san” with deep affection and respect.

When other people are present, for example when she’s doing her actual job, that goes without saying, but it’s the same even when it’s just the two of us alone in a love hotel room.

At any time, no matter what, whether on the bed or off it (sometimes I do things under the bed), I address her with respect as “Rakka-san.”

“Rakka, put on my socks for me..”

I would never say such a thing.

Would she be pleased? If I put it that way?

No, I don’t think she’d be happy about it.

I actually dislike women who are overly cheerful.

One member of the design group led by Rakka-san, a veteran salesperson named W-san, found a new job opportunity. The entire team decided to divide the work and tackle it together. Incidentally, this W-san is not only a salesperson, but a photographer.

My job involves planning, editing, and publishing a “town magazine” for a shopping district in a certain town along the Saikyo Line.

Actually, I’ve also joined the editorial for this new town magazine as an external writer. My section will feature articles and photos introducing local attractions and historic sites throughout this area.

W-san will be in charge of photography. I should mention that W-san is a woman. Everyone belonging to Rakka-san’s office is female.

I had edited a PR magazine for a single company back in my early twenties, but creating a town magazine involving all the shops, companies, and other businesses in the entire town was a first for me, and I found it rather interesting. And by “businesses,” I mean places like hospitals, temples, and funeral homes too.

Since the sponsor is the Chamber of Commerce, payment seems reliable. If things go smoothly, it could become a solid source of income for Rakka-san's office. I'll also receive my manuscript fee, of course.

While I'm certainly happy about the writing fee, what I'm even more grateful for is that from now on, I can proudly come and go from Rakka-san's office during the day as a writer.

If any staff member happens to see me and Rakka-san alone together when the office is closed, we can simply say we're having a work meeting.

As long as no one sees me with my lower half exposed, I can manage to fool them, as long as I bind Rakka-san with her hands behind her back and my hands on top of hers.

Before you start talking about deception or whatever, the women in this office would never believe that a hideous old man like me and a young beauty like Rakka-san, who handles her work with such efficiency that she puts men to shame, could have some kind of strange relationship. They might not even believe it if they saw it with their own eyes.

Rakka-san has a slender, long neck, elegant and beautiful legs, an erotically slim waist, and a strict attitude towards work. Even when communicating with staff, she speaks with a clear tone, bluntly and precisely.

This may sound a bit self-deprecating, but I'm a short, potbellied, ugly old man. Clearly a bad match for anyone who sees me.

Mika Suzume-san, whom I believe is the biggest fan of this "Talking Theater," said something really clever.

"That's what makes it SM, isn't it? That contrast is the real thrill of SM."

The expressions and their meanings differ somewhat, but when you get down to it, that's pretty much the gist of it.

The title of the 19th chapter of "Talking Theater," "Rakka-san's Difference," was actually taken from Mika Suzume's writing.

Perhaps among the preferences of Rakka-san, "a masochistic tendency to derive pleasure from being bound by an ugly old man," may exist.

If I were to write something like that, she would undoubtedly snap back immediately, “That’s not true! What are you talking about?” with her willow-like eyebrows arched in anger (this expression is old-fashioned too, isn’t it? Sounds like something an old person would say).

Or maybe she’ll just grin and say, “What’s this old geezer talking about? He’s cracking one of his usual bad jokes again.” (Well, that’s probably more like it.)

But why would a woman like her surrender so willingly, so painfully, so helplessly, so beautifully to a man like me?

It’s strange, but women often say there’s something about the way I tie things that makes them feel good.

That something, what is it?

I don’t know, of course.

To the women who clearly say that, I sometimes ask, “Why? Where exactly feels good, and how?”

But, I have yet to meet a woman who can give me a clear answer to this question of mine.

Tilting their heads, they say, “Hmm, I don’t know.”

“I don’t know why, it just feels good,” she says. Just to be clear (those who know already know), I don’t touch their lower bodies.

(Though there might be light hand contact when applying a thigh rope, etc.)

In other words, just rope. Just tying. That is my pride, if you will.

During the filming of SM videos in the adult video industry, I’ve sometimes been instructed by the director to insert a dildo-shaped vibrator. But that act, whether it’s meant to be “punishment” or “caressing,” I can never quite tell. It’s something I can’t bring myself to like, no matter how many times I do it.

Well, it’s “work,” so if I’m told to do it, I’ll do it. But I just don’t find it interesting, and it doesn’t move me at all. But, I suppose it’s just a matter of “preference,” so there’s nothing to be done about it.

Once, the owner of a porn shop that stocked and sold many of my “Kinbiken Videos” watched one of those videos in his store and said to me with a look of utter disbelief.

“Just with rope, huh? I’d heard about it, but seeing it like this, I can really tell she’s coming. I’m surprised.”

This is my boastful story.

But, according to the “industry,” videos where they use vibrators to make women squeal and scream actually sell better.

Therefore, this boast of mine doesn’t actually serve as a selling point. In fact, it’s a liability.

No, I didn’t start writing this chapter just to say something like this.

I wanted to write about how I couldn’t understand, how it was a mystery, that a woman like Rakka-san, intelligent, cultured, well-bred, refined, proud, and highly capable at her job, would willingly let a poor, insignificant man like me tie her up whenever and wherever I wanted, whenever I felt like tying her.

This is a question I ask myself. I always think about it. It really is strange.

Perhaps there really is something about my ropes that gives women pleasure, making them wear expressions and adopt poses of erotic rapture.

Well, even as I approach eighty, I still get requests for “bondage work,” so there must be “something” that meets the demand of “professionals.”

To be honest, I really don’t know what that “something” is myself.

“Why does it feel good? Where does it feel good, and how?” I ask Rakka-san this over and over.

“Tell me, please. I’m begging you, tell me. I need to know.” I keep asking, over and over. It’s practically become my catchphrase.

But she’s too shy to answer.

As I’ve written before, her reactions to the ropes I tie her with (though lately I’ve been using handmade cotton ropes when binding her) are extraordinary.

The moment her wrists were bound tightly behind her back, she nearly fainted. Her body went limp like a person without bones, unable to sit in the chair. She slid down, slipping and sliding, until she lay sprawled on the floor.

Looking at her expression, naturally, both eyes are blissfully closed, seemingly lost in a state of ecstasy. Her entire being, body and soul, is surrendered to Nureki Chimuo, her expression and posture saying, "Do with me as you will." My sense of superiority as the "Rope Master" at that moment is unparalleled, the absolute best. It's thrilling.

It's more stimulating and pleasurable than inserting one's own genitals into a woman's vagina and rubbing them together (which is probably why they're called maniacs, I suppose).

I've tied her up over twenty times now, yet this state of intoxication remains exactly the same as the very first time, I never grow accustomed to it. So for me, it feels fresh every single time. Because her reactions are always fresh, I never grow tired or bored. I just want to tie her up again and again, and my desire only intensifies. If I ever grew accustomed to it, the desire would fade.

Come to think of it, I believe I have bound women's bodies driven by the desire to please them, to give them pleasure, and to see the expression on their faces.

What I do, tying women up and suspending them, is undeniably sadistic behavior to anyone who sees it, yet my heart is that of a "servant" who offers women pleasure.

(Of course, my partners are exclusively women who are commonly referred to as masochists.)

I dislike the term "slave," a hackneyed slang word that, like "trainer" or "rope master," has lost all its stimulation and emotion, so I use the peculiar term "servant." But it's not just the word; I am a "servant" from the bottom of my heart.

No matter how cruel my actions may appear, I can only ever be a "servant." For fifty long years now, the people in the "industry" who have hired me as a "restraint technician" may vaguely appreciate this attitude of mine as a "servant."

So naturally, I end up calling Rakka-san "Rakka-san" with the honorific "-san." Perhaps Rakka-san, too, sees through this "servant" nature of mine and lets me bind her willingly, just to make me "serve" her.

I absolutely never do anything a woman dislikes. When I realize she's pretending to dislike it but actually wants me to do it, I'll do anything to serve her.

So then, my true nature is M, and Rakka-san's is S, I suppose. No, I feel categorizing people as S or M is fundamentally wrong to begin with.

With ulterior motives to tie her hands behind her back, I entered her office, waiting for the moment we'd be alone to seize the opportunity. At that moment, I was clearly consumed by sadistic desires.

On a Sunday afternoon, sitting alone at the design desk in the empty office, I casually placed two "strings" meant just for her right before her eyes.

She caught a glimpse of it and exclaimed, "Huh? What? What is this? No, no! What is it? I don't know!"

Watching her chest heave with shame aroused me, and I became acutely aware of the thing between my legs instantly hardening.

At that time, I was clearly sadistic.

But I don't really understand. There's also a genuine desire to serve her, to somehow satisfy her hidden desires. My burning lust is a chaotic mix of S and M, raging out of control, I can't make heads or tails of it.

Mika Suzume-san's request for feedback captures this psychological state quite well.

"When delving into SM, I find it difficult to express and feel frustrated."

That feeling of frustration is aptly and skillfully captured. You know it's there, yet it remains just out of reach. Just when you think you've got it, it darts away or vanishes.

Mika Suzume-san's feedback contains sharp expressions regarding SM that make you go, "whoa!"

"There's SM that's no good even if you spank hard enough to leave bruises or perform acrobatic suspensions, and there's SM that feels good even if you're tied up simply with a single handkerchief." That part, for instance, is a truly memorable quote.

When I bind Rakka-san, it's just with a single "rope," exactly like Mika Suzume-san says, "just one handkerchief."

However, the SM effect hidden within this single cord is powerful. More powerful than suspension, whipping, or dripping hot wax.

After all, she's practically fainting.

With just a single rope, how can one sink so deeply into the pleasure of being bound? Until I hear it from her lips, I will not cease binding her with this one rope.

2007.12.08

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第二十五回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 25

花紐とMオーラ

Flower Cord and M Aura

Mika Suzume-san, the foremost reader of this "Talking Theater" and someone who always gives me stimulating and appropriate advice, shared this impression with me: "There's also SM that can be felt even when simply tied up with a single handkerchief."

That is indeed the case.

I wrote about this last time, but I'll write about it again.

Even if you suspend a woman from a height using using a dozen or so visibly coarse hemp ropes, beat her so fiercely her butt swells, expose her anus and thrust an enema syringe inside, injecting copious amounts of glycerine solution, if no M aura emanates from her body or expression, then no matter how bizarre it appears, it remains a spectacle for ordinary people to say, "Wow, wow, how can she do that?"

No matter how extreme the forms of torment we witness, it is not what we call SM. For it to become SM, the aura of M must be cultivated there; otherwise, we cannot become intoxicated.

Watching a vibrator forced into a woman's body hung upside down doesn't arouse me in the slightest, nor does it give me an erection. Even seeing a man twist his wrist into her forcibly spread labia, I might think, "Wow, that's something, how can he do that? Doesn't that hurt?"

I might be impressed, but I'm not moved. In other words, I'm shocked, but I don't feel sexually excited. After all, what I need is that M aura.

(Some might say no, they don't need an M aura. They just want to see a woman relentlessly tormented, crying out in agony while looking utterly wretched; and not just watch, but actually try it themselves. But the pleasure such people derive and the pleasure we derive, though seemingly similar, are fundamentally different. It's precisely because they seem similar that we find them troublesome and a nuisance. I intend to write about such unpleasant experiences from time to time going forward.)

We cannot accept abusive acts that mimic SM as SM. If it does not emit the M aura, we do not wish to call it SM.

Before I knew it, the conversation had gone off on a tangent.

This time, inspired by Mika Suzume-san's words, "Even tying someone with a single handkerchief can be SM," I thought I'd write a little more detail about the "rope" I always use when tying Rakka-san.

When I use "bondage" for others to see, I use hemp rope. But for the pleasure of bondage that I never show anyone (meaning when I'm not hired for work), I use cotton "cords" that I keep hidden away.

This cord measures 160 centimeters in length and 4 centimeters in width, forming a pouch-like shape. In other words, it offers the texture of two cords in one. The edges are neatly machine-stitched. When held in the hand, it has that characteristic cotton feel, slightly thick and slightly rough, which is quite nice.

Rather than pouch-shaped, it might be more accurate to call it belt shaped. This cord, if we're talking about belts, is indeed, a long, narrow belt.

About five or six years ago, I went on an overnight location shoot for a video drama at an old hot spring inn deep in the mountains of Kosshu.

I've stayed at that inn many times for filming, so I've become close with the proprietress there.

"Madam, there's a closet at the back of the large hall upstairs filled with lots of cute cords dyed with pine, bamboo, and plum patterns. Are those no longer used?" I asked one night.

"Ah, now we use Western-style pajamas with strings for nightwear now, so we don't use those anymore. It used to be the string for the women's guest yukata, you see."

"If you're not going to use it, would you mind if I have it? I really like that little red pine-bamboo-plum flower and the black background pattern, I'd love to have it." I said.

"If you want it, I'll give it to you. No need to pay." she said.

I offered to pay, but the proprietress refused to accept it.

So, I got twenty of those cords for free.

At the time, I hadn't intended to use this cord for "tying." Its simple, rustic pattern of red, black, and white is charmingly balanced. And it feels wonderful to the touch. Soft and supple, it nestles comfortably around my fingers. Just holding it lightly in my hand and gazing at the pattern soothes my heart and lifts my spirit.

Simple and pure, with the warmth of handmade craftsmanship and that quintessential cotton feel. The slightly faded areas from use are quite nice too.

If it feels this good, I thought, it might be okay to use for "bondage."

That means the person being tied up (if she's a woman who enjoys being tied up) will definitely feel good about it.

However, it cannot be used for "business" purposes.

As restraints featured in photos or video, they lack any sense of roughness. Their appearance is simply too adorable.

I kept that flower-patterned cord hidden away, never using it.

Occasionally, this cord peeks out from among the bags holding my vast collection of ropes. When it does, I pick it up as if to say, "Hey, long time no see," and it soothes my heart. I don't think I've ever had a particular fondness for collecting or admiring such things, but this cord alone, whenever I see it, strangely softens my heart and makes me happy.

When tying Rakka-san, I started with hemp rope.

We used new hemp rope that was sufficiently softened, though not the kind typically used on film sets.

That's right, I initially planned to use lots of hemp, take Rakka-san as my model, and practice by trying to replicate the techniques from Dr. Itatsu's "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques."

For that reason, we once copied the photo pages from Dr. Itatsu's book and took the copies with us when we went to a love hotel together.

But before studying it, we became engrossed in our own private "game," drowning in it. In the end, we accomplished nothing, neither study nor research.

When a woman like her radiates such an intense, powerful aura of masochism, I simply can't focus on my studies or research anymore.

(To avoid any misunderstanding, let me clarify: the M aura Rakka-san emits towards me is silent and motionless. That is, she simply sits on a sofa in the corner of a love hotel room,

saying nothing, not moving a muscle. Precisely because it's an aura emitted in silence, it's intense, deep, and possesses incredible pull.)

Incidentally, let's look up the definition for "aura" in the foreign language dictionary published by Shueisha.

"Aura." A fluid substance believed to emanate from living beings. A term from spiritualism. It is said that photographs can be taken using special fluorescent plates. A distinctive atmosphere. A subtle mood.

That's it. But this alone is insufficient. In Rakka-san's case, I feel there is something akin to magic, something that transcends common sense.

The aura she exudes is completely unimaginable from the resolute, stern demeanor she displays while working as a designer in her daytime office.

I've gone off on a tangent again. Well, what can you do? I'm laughing at myself.

It was about hemp rope.

It was said that Rakka-san also used hemp rope at first. I must write that she stopped using it partway through.

No, before that, what happened to studying "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques?"

Actually, I haven't done it yet.

As I've written repeatedly, simply grabbing her wrist and pulling it behind her back causes her entire body to go limp. She gets faint and collapses.

Experimenting with "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques," which uses complex techniques and many ropes, is simply beyond me. I can't even manage to stand her upright with her torso straight. But I haven't given up. I believe the day will come where I can experiment on her. Rakka-san, mark my words; someday I will definitely experiment with "Ancient Rope-Tying Techniques." Remember that.

And I stopped using hemp rope on her.

I decided to stop using hemp rope and instead use the cotton cord with the floral pattern I had been saving.

The reason.

The way I restrain her is that while we're having normal conversations alone, suddenly, though it's neither sudden nor unexpected, as I'm waiting for the moment, I grab her wrist and twist it behind her back.

At first, I tied the rope over her everyday clothes. I like this kind of dramatic prologue.

"Shall I tie you up?" "Yeah, tie me up." That's far too bland. No thrill. No hint of SM.

But when you put hemp rope over your clothes, after the "game" is over, the fine hemp fibers clinging to their clothes is a real pain. You can't brush them off with a brush or hand, so you have to use duct tape to peel the fibers off. If you don't remove them carefully, the hemp fibers stand out so much you can't even ride the train without looking like a slob.

Tying with that cord I got from the inn in Kosshu eliminates that worry.

However, there is another reason I stopped tying with hemp rope and started using the cord.

Having carefully preserved it with such devotion, this rope truly lives up to my expectations. It feels good even for the one being tied.

Twisting both wrists behind her back, I wrapped the rope around them just once, cinching it perfectly, tightening snugly. The sensation and feel of this tightening are exquisitely satisfying. Better than hemp rope. The density of the binding is just right.

Tie the wrists just once, then pull them up as high as possible, then wrap the cord from around the arms to the chest. The way it digs into the arms and the tightness against the chest, this cord does so much better than hemp rope.

It bites in tight, grips her body solidly, stays still, never returning to its original state. The cord clings to her body, whispering to her.

"Ahh, that feels good!" I can hear the cord whispering. This cord is no ordinary cord.

Right, from now on, let's call this cord that binds Rakka-san a "Flower Cord."

Yeah, I have to admit, that's a pretty good name.

As I wrap the flower cord around Rakka-san's chest and tighten it, in rhythm with the cord's breath, Rakka-san's breasts press against the inside of her bra, "It feels so good!" she moans.

Wrap it around her chest once, and bring it back behind her again, and this 160 centimeter flower cord will end right around her wrist.

For hemp rope, you wrap it around the chest twice, but the flower cord achieves the same effect in a single wrap.

Effect refers to the sensation of tightness experienced by the bound party. To put it politely, it's the pleasure derived from being restrained.

In other words, this flower cord is made like a long, pouch-like belt. Furthermore, since cotton fibers have a finer texture than hemp fibers, the density of the constriction is also finer and more substantial.

Wrap the flower cord around her chest, tighten it, then bring it back to her back and lightly fasten it near her wrist.

Hemp rope won't stay tied unless you bind it tightly, but the flower cord stays neatly in place simply by slipping it between the strands. This is because it's made of cotton, with its fine fiber density.

Using just one flower rope, the takate kote comes together with surprising elegance, even to my own eyes.

No, it's just my tying technique.

The way Rakka-san is bound is also quite something. She never lets her wrists drop from the high position. It's this very spirit of Rakka-san that makes her M aura radiate an ever more captivating light.

Rakka-san didn't utter a single word or make a sound. She didn't move a muscle. She remained seated in her chair, her face and chest pressed against the design table.

And at this very moment, I am erect. The painful yet delicate sight of her wrists tightly bound, rising nearly to her neck, the beautiful whiteness of her ten fingers stretched straight upwards.

In my weakened state, the thing between my legs rejuvenated by young, hot blood, miraculously becoming erect.

"More than love or romance, it's about SM, isn't it?" Mika Suzume-san remarked, hitting the nail on the head. It was a sharp observation and analysis.

That's right. That's certainly true. Love and romance alone won't make an aging body get hard.

A sensation distinct from love, distinct from infatuation. Yet here lies the raw power of SM, imbued with the scent of love, yet also carrying the odor of infatuation.

Stripped naked and suspended in midair, legs spread wide as a vibrator is inserted and set to pulse, my body remains utterly unresponsive to this scene. Yet, gazing at Rakka-san, sprawled face-down on the table, her wrists bound in a takate kote, and her ten white fingers, I feel an M aura trembling with soul, and my cock hardens.

What on earth is it about women who, fully clothed and bound with a single flower cord, keeps her face down in silence, makes me feel a far stronger M aura than the naked female body hung upside down in a cruel position using nearly twenty hemp ropes.

To say that liking or disliking a particular shape is merely a matter of personal preference would make the matter simple.

Even if you factor in the personal feelings of liking or disliking, have you ever considered the aura of SM?

Let me repeat, cruelty alone does not define SM. And by the way, this is something I say in a hushed voice, bondage is an art.

This is inside Rakka-san's office.

Today is Sunday, and none of the female staff members are here.

Only Rakka-san and I are near her large desk at the very back of the office, separated by a partition.

There's another thing about being bound by just a single flower cord.

I extend my right hand, and with the tip of a single finger, gently trace her spine through her clothes.

She groaned, and her entire body convulsed. She was sensitive. Or perhaps her whole body had now become an erogenous zone.

Twice, three times, I lightly trace my fingertips along her spine.

She trembled, shuddered. And then she couldn't hold back any longer. The strength left her hips, and she slid down from the chair.

I supported her body in a hurry. Though the floor is carpeted, a proper fall would cause injury. In fact, she falls from the chair with such force that it wouldn't be surprising if she were injured. That's why I assume she's fainted.

Even if you try to make her sit on the carpet, her spine is limp and her lower back has no strength. She just flops over. After all, her hands are bound tightly behind her back. She might even injure her arms if she falls sideways.

I hurriedly support her body and gently lie her down. I take off her shoes. Then I take off my own shoes.

The all-female staff keeps the place spotless, and the carpet is pristine. I sit down on the carpet, wrap my arms around her neck, and suck on her lips. She doesn't resist. Even as I keep sucking on her lips, she remains unresponsive. Not even a breath. This lack of reaction in this stimulation makes me feel good. The act of sucking a woman's lips to my heart's content while she's unresponsive is quite stimulating. There's also a sense of superiority in having made her pleasure-faint with just a single rope. "Pleasure-faint" is a term I coined myself.

But she actually hadn't fainted.

"Open your mouth," I say, and she parts her lips. I thrust my tongue inside her mouth. I lick around inside her mouth with my tongue. Her tongue entwines with mine. I get harder and harder.

I sucked her tongue hard, licking her lips persistently while my hands groped her breasts. I grabbed them through her clothes.

The other advantage of binding with a single flower cord lies precisely here.

Her clothes are easy to remove. You can unhook the back clasp and slide the dress off her shoulders. You can push her bra up to expose her breasts.

Binding the upper body tightly with hemp rope makes this impossible. Since only a single flower cord is binding the chest, achieving a semi-naked state requires no excessive force.

And the contrast between her disheveled clothing, bound tightly in a takate kote by a single flower cord, with all the exposed white skin dazzlingly beautiful and erotic. To call this an SM scene would be accurate; it was indeed an SM sight brimming with masochistic beauty. Rakka-san's half-naked form radiated an even more intense and bewitching aura of submission at that moment. I lift the hem of her skirt.

The following comments were submitted by Mika Suzume-san and are reproduced with her permission. Expressions from these comments were quoted in the 27th chapter.

What a delightful story.

...And as usual, I ended up writing another long comment, because I wanted to ask you how I was moved, delighted, and inspired. Fortunately you don't seem to mind, so I'm glad.

Without the aura of M being cultivated, we cannot get intoxicated.

Sensei, you're absolutely right. The term "M aura" really hits home, doesn't it?

I nodded vigorously, my thoughts drifting to that indescribable joy of M, which could only be called an M aura.

The M aura doesn't assert itself as intensely as a sexual orgasm.

The M aura doesn't react if the pain and suffering are truly unpleasant.

The M aura doesn't mature without an S who can sense it.

I still haven't fully described the M aura, but just talking about this aura would take quite a while, so I'll stop here. Still, as a word to describe the M demeanor, the M aura is a good one, isn't it?

We cannot accept abusive acts that mimic SM as SM.

Yes, yes, yesssssss. That's right, I strongly feel that way as well.

The sensibilities of people genuinely dominated by the dark side of SM, those who casually enjoy cruel acts, are indeed similar to mine in how they feel about such things, more so than those who only see SM as foreplay.

But I dislike those types even more than people who engage in SM as foreplay (though I don't think people like that have the mental capacity to actually feel SM... that sort of so-called fake SM).

Hearing people boast about such things and brag about being genuine SM enthusiasts makes me feel such intense disgust I could vomit.

Though I share a similar SM mindset, I doubt the aura of masochism descends upon these individuals' play.

Like Nureki Sensei, I also don't want to call these people's cruel acts "SM play," but since there's no suitable term, I rarely use the word "play." However, it goes without saying that this is fundamentally different from the SM play performed by you.

"Shall I tie you up?" "Yes, tie me up" That's far too bland. No thrill. No hint of SM.

Suddenly, out of the blue, that's just the way I like it.

I believe that prearranged harmony doesn't suit SM. SM is more enjoyable when it involves unexpected things happening.

For the M, it's not so much about saying, "Please take care of me, Master..." but rather about someone unexpectedly entering the SM dynamic from an unexpected direction, and they want to resist it a little.

If SM had such surprises, I might be able to make a face that looks both startled and shy, saying things like, "Oh... no... I can't... stop..." or rather, I'd like to try making that kind of face.

I don't dislike it (actually, I like it), but if I actively say "yes," it kills the M mood. If it's a forced "reluctant" scenario, the acting feels too fake and ruins the mood... And if I'm really forced to do something I hate? I get angry.

The aura of M is utterly unimaginable from the resolute, stern demeanor she displays while working as a designer.

Sensei, I'm sorry if I'm wrong, but after reading this part, I imagined that you might like Audrey Hepburn in "Afternoon Affair."

For some reason, the image of Hepburn overlaps with that of the resolute, stern-looking Rakka-san.

Rakka-san's breast pressed against the inside of her bra, "It feels so good!"

Is this the moment when Rakka-san's surprise (and bewilderment) turns into emotion?

There's an English word "wonder," which means "surprise" or something like that. When you add "ful" to it, it becomes "wonderful," meaning "excellent."

Would you call it wonderful, SM? If it's just about startling someone, it's merely a jack-in-the-box. But to create SM that truly moves the M, the S requires precisely that spirit of a "servant" you mentioned earlier, Sensei.

Using just one flower cord, her hands in a takate kote.

Sensei, there's no need for elaborate ropes in your interactions with Rakka-san.

I also believe a simple, yet fully dedicated restraint, takate kote, is most fitting.

And while the "flower cord" is unsuitable for filming, it holds your deep passion. Given that she's bound by such a cord, it's no wonder Rakka-san experiences "pleasure-induced-fainting."

I supported her body in a hurry. Though the floor is carpeted, a proper fall would cause injury.

Seeing people who lack any consideration for such accidents call it "hard S" and thoughtlessly engage in dangerous play makes me furious.

While they're not the same as those who commit deliberate acts of cruelty, people who are careless about safety are also quite troublesome, aren't they?

If only half of the people would pay attention to the M's safety, then they could have much more fun playing...

I saw the image of the flower cord. It's lovely, isn't it?

The sight of Rakka-san bound by this rope, fainting from pleasure, must be quite a picturesque scene. And it must be SM, I suppose.

But even paintings or photographs may not be able to fully capture the true, delicate emotions of the moment, you know...

Thank you, Mika Suzume-san.

Please feel free to share your thoughts and impressions after reading.

2007.12.11

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第二十六回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 26

縛られた手首への欲望

The Desire for Bound Wrists

Even if the cleaning is thorough, it's still a carpet on the floor.

The female staff members, of course, and all visitors come and go wearing their shoes. On the floor of that office, Rakka-san lies defenseless, hands bound behind her back.

Even if someone is half-fainting, a normal person (though normal people aren't usually tied up by men in the first place) wouldn't do that.

No, I don't dislike her being like this at all. Far from disliking it, I actually like it. I'm delighted.

After all, Rakka-san's state of unconsciousness, this complete abandonment of everything, is proof of the power of my "bondage." I even take pride in her "pleasure faint."

But I first worry about whether her hair might get dirty.

So I took off the fleece jacket I was wearing, lifted her head and upper body, and laid it down beneath her. I spread the fleece as wide as possible and rested my head on it too. In other words, I lay down beside her, close to her body. I took off my glasses and placed them on the desk.

Then I cradle her head in one hand and suck her lips. Even just her upper body is heavy as she's half-faint. It's squishy, soft, and heavy. While continuing to suck her lips, I stroke her butt over her skirt with my right hand. The round elasticity of a young woman's flesh.

She twists her waist in slight resistance. A faint sound escapes her lips, a voice a shame. Not completely unconscious, her hips, thighs, and breasts move subtly.

She offers no strong resistance, yet she isn't feigning the unresponsiveness. She never resorts to such frivolous, theatrical gestures towards men. She lacks the clingy, vulgar, and base qualities commonly seen in women. I detest that clingy feeling. She never flatters men.

Bound by my flower cord, no matter how persistently my lips sucked and licked the flesh beneath hers, she never showed a flattering reaction. Yet her body continued to radiate an M aura with an intense magnetic pull.

She possesses an honest nature. When interacting with men, she never displays any scheming behavior that uses her femininity as a weapon. Yet she possesses an exceptionally strong sense of shame, and when this manifests, the unforced sensuality that radiates from her entire being is both refined and intensely powerful.

I have never before met a woman I could believe in so straightforwardly when facing her. Just as she always walks with her neck and back straight, her spirit is equally upright.

As a graphic designer in her main profession, she produces excellent work, but whenever she has free time, she paints her own fine oil paintings. Her watercolor sketches are also intuitive, possessing razor sharp intuition.

Where does this sincere and honest character come from?

I unhook her bra. I push it up over her breasts with my fingers. "Ah, ah," she moans softly.

I show no mercy. I grab her breasts. The warm scent of her body, trapped inside her undergarments, wafts up softly. The flower cord digs firmly into the base of her breasts. The cord lives and breathes. It painfully shapes her breasts, making them bulge and swell large and round.

I bite down on her breasts, pressing my lips to her nipple and sucking. Suddenly, I suck hard. The only time she makes a sound from deep in her throat, reacting clearly, might be when her nipple is sucked. Her whole body trembles minutely as she makes a sound like "uuuh, uuuh."

Her most sensitive spots might be her nipples, I think. Sucking alternatively on the right nipple, then the left nipple. Of course, the nipples harden.

And she seems to enjoy having her lips kissed. She has never once tried to avoid, escape, or refuse my rather forceful and persistent kisses.

However, she has never pressed her lips against mine of her own accord. She considers such proactive actions embarrassing. That aspect, too, suits my tastes.

If someone were to throw themselves at me, an old man like me would probably be frightened. No, even since I was young, I've never been able to like women who came at me with raw passion laid bare.

I suck her lips while pinching her nipples with my fingers, rolling them, occasionally pinching or squeezing them. I bite her nipples with my teeth. Applying slightly more force than gentle, I bite the base of her nipple.

“Ugh” she groaned, but didn’t say stop. She didn’t twist her body to escape either. I still bit down hard with my teeth. Her nipple came between my teeth and swelled. My teeth dug into the base of her nipple.

Even so, she won’t say it hurts. She won’t say stop. I wonder if I should inflict more pain on her nipples. But I lack the courage. I release the pressure I’d been holding in my teeth.

The pain surpasses her limit, and I fear it might sober her current intoxication. I suck her lips, entwine my tongue with hers, and bite her nipples again to make her feel good, to deepen her intoxication further. Keeping her intoxication long and deep is my pleasure. As if to heal the pain inflicted on her nipples, I gently lick the soft flesh of her nipples and breasts.

“Are your hands okay?” I said, feeling for her wrists bound behind her back, touching her fingers. Her ten fingers were slightly cold. But she was still okay.

I lift her skirt. With a gasp, she bends both knees and twists her thighs together. I lean over her, pinning her thighs down with both hands. Her white belly is before my eyes. Her gently rounded lower abdomen, black panties, shapely, full thighs.

I lift my face, averting my gaze slightly to look at her lower body, which I’m holding down. This view isn’t something I’m seeing for the first time. The white flesh of her lower abdomen and the black panties digging tightly into her crotch. No matter how many times I see it, the eroticism of this contrast remains vivid.

“Beautiful! How incredibly beautiful!” That’s the only reaction that comes to mind.

It’s an embarrassingly ordinary phrase. But it’s the only one I have.

Why is it so beautiful!

The expression of awe that could make a boy scream as if seeing the hidden white skin of a woman’s body for the first time. That is not a word I, who have tied up over five thousand women, should utter.

Is the M aura truly inherent within this beauty? Is this person’s naked body so beautiful because of the radiance of the M aura? Am I being bewitched by the M aura?

“Beautiful! How incredibly beautiful!”

Being beautiful means being erotic.

I couldn't help but reach out and stroke the area around her naval. I lowered my face, sticking out my tongue to lick her all over. She responded by lifting her hips slightly. A low moan escaped her throat. But no matter how erotic the pale skin of her lower abdomen covered only by black panties might be, I was no longer erect at that moment.

The excitement, of course, persists. I'm drowning in her beauty, my emotions so high I feel like crying.

But the shocking sexual excitement of that moment, when both wrists were bound together high upon her back, has already faded. To be specific, the thing between my legs has already lost its vigor.

Her alluring black panties, and the soft flesh pressed against the inside of those panties, lack the power to keep my erection going.

Even without an erection, I press my face against those black panties. I bury the tip of my nose deep within the crotch. I slide them down to mid-thigh, press my face tightly against her once more, and let my tongue invade the soft flesh. Yet my withered member shows no sign of recovery.

No matter how beautiful a woman's genitals may be, they cannot be genitals to me. No matter how deeply I bury my nose, lips, and tongue within her soft, warm genitals, I can no longer get an erection.

What excites me more than a woman's genitals are her wrists, bound together savagely behind her back. Those bound wrists are the woman's genitals that captivate me, arouse me, make me hard.

When I stated this, someone looked at me with an expression of disbelief.

It was a time when dozens (or perhaps even more than twenty) "SM Magazines" were flooding the market.

He came to me saying he wanted to launch a new "SM Magazine" and asked me to teach him what the true essence of SM is.

I said that for bondage enthusiasts, a woman's bound wrists are the most alluring, arousing point; you could even call them a woman's genitals. So please post photos like that. Please post lots of reading material like that.

I repeated it quite earnestly, persistently, almost as if praying, so the person looked at me with a contemptuous expression.

“A woman’s wrists bound behind her back are her genitals? What on earth does that mean?”

He frowned in puzzlement, his eyebrows knitting together as he stared intently at me.

I explained it. I carefully drew a picture to show where the rope was securely fastened around the wrist.

With an ambiguous expression, he left.

The “SM Magazine” he launched as editor-in-chief lasted about three years. I helped out a little with photography and wrote articles.

He said, “I don’t really want to see that sort of thing. You don’t need to see that stuff to edit a SM magazine.”

He never once showed up at photoshoots.

I wrote about “The people who ‘advised’ me,” but looking back now, the editor-in-chief of that “SM magazine” also occasionally offered me advice-like remarks.

“You said at first, Nureki-san, that seeing bound wrists gets you more excited than seeing a woman’s crotch. But you’re wrong about that. Once you’ve bound a woman and made her helpless, the next step is to take her; that’s a man’s way, isn’t it? What’s so interesting about looking at bound wrists?”

Rather than saying it’s wrong or whatever, I just can’t help getting excited. So that’s it; I’m a man who’s strayed from the path of manhood.

“Sure, some people might actually complete the act, but others say that masturbating while staring at a bound woman’s wrists feels several times better.”

“I just can’t believe it. I mean, you tie a woman up to violate her, right? You tie her up because you have that clear intention to violate her, right? So then, once you tied her up, raping her is only natural. As a man, isn’t that just a normal desire?”

I was about to say, “Aren’t you making a magazine that’s anything but ordinary?” but I stopped myself. My energy drained away, and I muttered in a low voice.

“Some people just tie women up to observe them, you know.”

“You’re not just staring blankly, are you? You’re watching because you want to violate them, right?”

“There are people who get pleasure just from watching, who satisfy their desires that way.”

“Well, I suppose there are a few like that, but they’re a tiny minority. Commercial magazines couldn’t survive catering to such a small minority.”

If someone tells me that magazines can’t survive by catering to minorities, there’s nothing I can do about it. I can only remain silent.

It’s only natural that this type of niche magazine, edited and labeled as “SM,” should drift away from the desires of its original enthusiasts and become a distant presence.

However, even if it’s shunned by true enthusiasts, there are indeed readers who prefer this kind of pseudo-SM. As that editor said, they seem to be quite numerous. Broadly speaking, this pseudo-SM might even be considered a genre of “SM.” (Incidentally, I detest it.)

Supported by readers who engage in pseudo-SM, such magazines can sustain themselves commercially to a certain extent. However, as the pander to this kind of pseudo-enthusiast readership, the content of these SM magazines drifts further and further away from authentic SM.

It’s drifting, but the magazine itself doesn’t realize it. It doesn’t even try to notice. Perhaps it believes itself to be the true SM.

Oh?

What was I trying to say? I’ve lost my train of thought again.

Wasn’t I writing about Rakka-san’s slender wrists?

Where did it go wrong?

Ah, yes. I wrote about pulling down Rakka-san’s black panties, who was in a state of “pleasure-fainting,” down to mid-thigh, pressing my face against her, then licking and sucking.

Despite being granted such a generous act, I couldn’t get an erection. That’s how far the conversation had progressed.

When her wrists were bound, I was so aroused I got hard, but when it came time to push my face against her crotch, I couldn’t get it up.

That's how far I had written.

But I wanted to get hard again and thrust inside her. I wanted to penetrate her, even if it was in form only. I wanted to thrust inside her, even if just for ten seconds. If I didn't do it, I felt like I wouldn't be able to stand tall on that "man's path" the editor-in-chief had spoken of.

As an old man, I no longer had the physical strength to produce semen. That's why I didn't ejaculate. Even without pleasure, I wanted to enter her. I wanted to confirm the fact that I could get hard and penetrate her.

I wanted to cling to that "man's path" the editor-in-chief spoke of, even just a little, now that it's all over. Inserting it was proof I was still alive.

2007.12.12

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第二十七回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 27

コーヒーショップの中で

Inside a Coffee Shop

Of course, Rakka-san is reading this "Talking Theater" of mine.

I wrote before that Mika Suzume-san is the primary reader of my writing, but perhaps Rakka-san is the primary reader after all. That would make Mika Suzume-san the secondary reader.

If asked what criteria I used to determine first or second place, I'd say it's the level of interest in this text.

Mika Suzume-san delves deeper than my own perspective, contemplating and feeling more profoundly. She shares her impressions after reading and offers me valuable insights. I am grateful.

Rakka-san is naturally the most interested, since it's about herself.

There's no doubt a watchful mind lurks within, ready to show no mercy if you write something wrong. In that respect, she's a strict person. You can't write carelessly.

That same night, I got a call from Rakka-san.

“Is that really how I’m portrayed in the twenty-sixth installment?” she asked.

“Huh? What part of my writing are you talking about?” I asked, though I pretty much knew which part she was questioning.

It’s a scene of my actions toward her, behavior that would seem utterly indecent to any ordinary person who reads it.

I looked up the adjective “shameful” in the dictionary just to see. It was in the Obunsha Japanese Dictionary.

Unbecoming (compound word.) Not as it should be. Inappropriate. Typically used in phrases like “an unbecoming appearance” to describe a woman’s ill-mannered attitude or behavior.

“Am I really like that?” she asked. The part of my writing that Rakka-san pointed out was a scene she’d rather not have written about, given how shy she is.

But she never says, “Don’t write,” or “Please don’t write.” She absolutely never says that.

It is because she possesses extraordinary intelligence.

Because she knows that for a writer, there is nothing that must not be written. Because she knows that to say something must not be written is to kill the writer.

She is one of the few people who recognize Nureki Chimuo as a writer.

“Sensei, rather than writing about me, please write about the plays you’ve been involved with since your youth, the very plays that inspired the title ‘Talking Theater,’ and about you, the plays, and SM. Since these events happened before I was born, they fascinate me. Please hurry back to telling me about your younger days.”

I’ve actually been urged like this by her quite often.

“Yeah, that’s right. I started writing this piece because I wanted to write about that, and I intended to write about it. So I’m always thinking, of right, I need to get back to the original theme and write about the plays. But I still end up writing about what’s right in front of me. What’s unfolding right before my eyes feels more vivid, more urgent, more interesting to write about than things from days gone by. When it’s something happening now, I can even capture the subtle movements of my own heart. I really want to write

about you. If I don't record it now, no matter how deeply moved I am, that feeling of awe and emotion will fade away after a little while."

"Is this just a fleeting feeling that will fade if you don't write it down now?"

"Don't nitpick. If I don't write it down now, I feel like I won't be able to later. You know, I'm going to die soon."

"No, you can't say that. What are you talking about? You won't die."

"I'll die when I die, Rakka-san, do you mind me writing about you?"

"I don't mind, but it's embarrassing."

She actually said as far as "I don't mind," but she didn't actually say "embarrassing".

The word "embarrassing" itself is something she, being shy, cannot bring herself to say. The very word "embarrassing" is embarrassing to her.

It's hard to imagine this coming from the same person, that figure at work, standing tall and straight, chest thrust out with such poise it almost feels fierce. It's almost impossible to believe it's the same person.

And the sheer intensity of the contrast in her aura when she's drenched in this kind of shame. This contrast holds an almost mystical eroticism that sends shivers down my spine. She's my treasure.

I imagine her presence on the other end of the phone. Her expression and body radiate an M aura, pressing against me through the phone line. Even when she's not before my eyes, the M aura intensely stimulates my sexual desire, and I get hard like a boy.

(So that's it, the M aura and her sense of shame really are closely connected after all.) I couldn't help but reaffirm this to myself.

Regarding the "M Aura," Mika Suzume-san provided an interesting and easy-to-understand explanation. More than an explanation, this is practically a collection of famous quotes. I would like to record it here.

This "Talking Theater" will eventually become a book (currently it's 400 pages of manuscript paper). When that time comes, I hope to ask Mika Suzume-san again for permission to adapt it.

“The M aura doesn’t assert itself as intensely as a sexual orgasm.”

“The M aura doesn’t react if pain or suffering were truly something to be hated.”

“The M aura cannot mature without an S who can sense it.”

I haven’t quite exhausted the M aura yet, but just describing this aura alone would take quite a while, so I’ll stop here. Still, as a word to describe an M’s presence, “aura” is truly the perfect term, isn’t it?

Mika Suzume-san, please don’t say things like “I’ll stop around here.” Keep going in this clear, easy-to-understand format.

You truly have a sharp, excellent way with words. I sense that your analysis, interpretation, and expression stems not from abstract concepts but from your own lived experience, and they possess a delicate precision that is invaluable to me. I want to learn from you. Please, continue.

I truly wish to hear these words, spun from the sensations of my skin, spoken by Rakka-san herself. But when it comes to anything sexual, she becomes extremely shy, so that’s impossible.

As the most direct party involved with me, she is currently on the M side and therefore unable to maintain objectivity.

Telling someone experiencing “pleasure fainting” to objectively and calmly observe themselves and express it is wrong on the part of the speaker.

“Am I really like that?” she asks me with a serious expression.

This conversation took place the day after a long phone call lasting two hours late at night, in a coffee shop inside the station building at a large station where the Saikyo Line and three or four other lines intersect.

“That’s right, just as I wrote it. In such crucial scenes, I never write lies. I don’t exaggerate either. I write the facts as much as possible. If I don’t write the facts, there’s no point in writing at all. But due to the inadequacy of my literary training, I can’t fully capture it. As a result, I inevitably end up holding back.”

“Um... Sensei, is it true... that you use your teeth?” she asked hesitantly, as if it were difficult to say.

“Eh? Teeth? What do you mean by teeth?” Startled, I asked her to repeat herself. I had no idea what she was talking about.

“Teeth? Teeth, this tooth? What’s wrong with this tooth?” I pointed to my own mouth with my finger. I wasn’t playing dumb. I genuinely didn’t understand.

She still seemed reluctant to speak, “The one that appears in the twenty-sixth chapter I read yesterday...”

“Ahhh...”

I finally understand.

“Eh? Oh, right, I get it. You mean that scene where I bite your nipple with my teeth, and your nipple gets hard and swells up in my mouth?”

Then she reacted immediately, “No! Eh, eh, eh, yes. That’s right, yes!”

When the conversation turns sexual, she becomes extremely bashful. Yet she doesn’t blush like a typical girl. In that respect, she still seems remarkably strong-willed. She’s a strong-willed shy girl.

“Do you dislike it when I do that? Does it hurt? If you dislike it, I won’t do it anymore.”

“No,” she shook her head. “I didn’t even realize what you were doing.” she said.

This isn’t the kind of conversation you’d have in a coffee shop inside a busy station building. Music echoes incessantly from somewhere.

But thanks to the surrounding commotion and chaos, no one overheard us, allowing us to continue this conversation in peace.

It’s a blank zone in the city center, a place devoid of people despite the crowds of commuters and shoppers.

She said she didn’t know I had bitten her nipples.

Her expression held no falsehood, nor was she one to lie. She was a rare person who possessed absolutely no deceit, vanity, or bluff.

“I truly didn’t notice.” she said with a serious expression.

I think she was indeed in a state of “pleasure fainting.”

And I wonder if something like “pleasure fainting” really exists.

Even though I coined the term “pleasure fainting” myself, I still can’t bring myself to believe it.

Even if it exists, I cannot fathom the depth of that “pleasure fainting” state. Because I am the giver, not the receiver. For the giver, frustratingly, there is no such thing as “pleasure fainting.” I have never experienced it once.

(That’s why I want Mika Suzume-san to teach me about this kind of psychological state.)

I want to know how much pleasure my “flower cord” gives her.

Wanting to know might be because I feel uneasy.

“My flower cord is absolutely amazing!” I don’t actually have the confidence to boastfully declare that myself.

Though I always write and speak with great confidence about the power of rope, deep down I harbor anxiety.

And if you delve deeper into your heart, you’ll find that this sense of unease is also part of the “SM pleasure.”

In a corner of the bustling coffee shop, Rakka-san and I had even gotten to talking about orgasms in SM. She’s too shy to say anything specific about herself. I’m the only one talking. I keep talking because I lack confidence.

But I did understand one thing: my “flower cord” was by no means unpleasant to her. I grasped, at least to some extent, that my persistent actions, beginning with the “flower cord,” were giving her a little pleasure.

Mika Suzume-san told me, “The M’s aura doesn’t assert itself as intensely as a sexual orgasm.”

I will apply these words to Rakka-san and believe them.

Before I knew it, only Rakka-san and I remained inside the coffee shop. It was closing time.

I parted ways with her and got off at a large station on the Saikyo Line, on the platform opposite hers. It was a station where the Special Limited Express stopped. According to the timetable, that train would arrive soon.

In the middle of the platform stood a vending machine selling express tickets. For five hundred yen, it would get you to Tokyo faster on that train. But I didn't buy an express ticket. I wanted to ride the train through the darkness of night, returning to Tokyo as slowly as possible.

I bit down quite hard on her nipple with my teeth. I didn't just bite once and let go right away.

I slowly bit each nipple in turn, pulling on them while biting, then suddenly opened my mouth wide to suck the entire breast, biting again with my teeth and pulling. I repeated this over and over.

Yet she claimed she didn't know.

She's not someone who knows but pretends not to. She's an honest person. She must have truly been in a state of "pleasure fainting" and genuinely didn't know.

Then, after biting and sucking her nipples relentlessly, burying my face between her thighs, sucking hard and teasing her, biting down on the fleshy part deep inside, and at the same time, pressing my body against hers and making her suck mine too; did she not know any of that?

She sucked so hard it hurt, so I pulled my crotch away from her face, paused for a breath, and then put it back in her mouth. Then she sucked hard again, kneading it with her tongue. Perhaps she was doing this unconsciously.

I know.

She truly does it unconsciously. Unconsciously, she opens her mouth as I silently direct, takes me inside her mouth and moves her tongue and the inside of her lips with rapt attention.

I am consciously moving my tongue and lips deep within her lower body, yet she is doing it unconsciously, completely absorbed.

That is fine.

That's why she is Rakka-san.

My thoughts, my writing, my feelings; they're all contradictory. I think they're full of contradictions.

I think that's fine.

This very contradiction is the pleasure of SM.

2008.1.8

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第二十八回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 28

ごてごて縄は嫌いです

I Don't Like Excessive Ropes

At the Sex Industry Museum in Iidabashi, I was shown some wonderful photographs by the director, Nakahara Rutsu. This is an old photograph believed to have been taken approximately sixty years ago; or perhaps even earlier.

Since it's a photo I see and I say "wonderful," it naturally has to be one of the "bondage" variety.

Approximately one hundred 6x6 cm negatives are filed alongside their contact sheets.

Among them, I had about sixteen copies of the ones I particularly liked enlarged using the museum's photocopier.

The small 6x6 cm original was enlarged to 20x20 centimeters in the blink of an eye and printed onto paper.

It's only natural for a copier with the latest performance, but even so, the enlargements were so vivid and clean that I couldn't help but pick up each one and say, "Hmmm, this is wonderful!"

I moaned.

What's truly remarkable is not only the copier's excellent performance, but also the fascinating content of the enlarged photographs.

Staring intently, all sorts of fantasies well up inside me, sending shivers down my spine.

Among them, the series of photographs depicting scenes from period dramas is particularly interesting. Both the men and women appearing wear period drama wigs, and their costumes are, of course, kimonos.

Both men and women have large tattoos covering their shoulders and arms. This means they are both outlaws, yakuza members, by design.

This tattoo is obviously not real; it's clearly drawn. The drawing is somewhat crude.

The woman's upper body is also bare, clearly revealing the swirling pattern of her tattoo. In other words, she has been stripped bare from the waist up and bound with her hands tied behind her back.

And the setting for this performance is the tokonoma³⁰ alcove in a slightly aged Japanese-style room, and the adjacent chigai-dana³¹ shelf.

The sheer joy of preparing such elaborate, time-consuming, and luxurious settings just for the sake of taking photos of "bondage," this playful spirit delights me beyond measure.

Sixty or seventy years ago, the passionate, single-minded determination of those who conceived such elaborate ideas, made plans, prepared, and took bondage photographs; that spirit resonates deeply within my heart seventy years later.

Amidst such thrilling, joyful moments, I can almost hear the pulse of those people, excited and engrossed as they operate their cameras. They don't feel like strangers at all. They are truly "comrades."

The kind of cruel photographs taken from the simplistic notion that it's enough to simply twist a woman's body, sometimes injure it, and inflict pain; such images are utterly unrelated to the emotional essence of the SM I find pleasurable.

Even if someone shoves a photograph in my face, taken without any artistry or restraint, exposing a certain kind of male sexual outlet in its raw state, and says, "How about that? Pretty amazing, huh?" such things bring me no pleasure. Even if "rope" is used in that photograph, I refuse to call that sort of thing "bondage photography."

Even if shown a photo of a woman stripped naked, bound hand-behind-back, with only one leg hoisted high to ostentatiously expose her crotch, I simply cannot muster any interest in it as an "SM photograph."

The photographer's intent is painfully obvious, that showing a woman's crotch alone will make all men happy, yet at times it even invokes disgust.

³⁰ A recessed alcove in a Japanese home that serves as a focal point for art and other aesthetics, often seasonal.

³¹ A staggered Japanese-style shelf

Enthusiasts turn their noses up at things like magazine editors proudly showing off, saying “How about that? Pretty amazing, huh?” They reject it outright. Even if they don’t go so far as to reject it, they push back. That’s what enthusiasts are like. Editors just don’t get this enthusiastic psychology, do they?

Deep within the heart of every enthusiast lies a passionately hidden, profound, and poignant desire that no editor could ever understand.

I don’t expect you to understand all those painful desires. I won’t ask you to understand, that’s too much to ask, but I do want you to come closer.

(Far from drawing closer, it only grows more distant...)

I’ve gone off on a tangent again. I should stop complaining.

The “SM photography” we favor is more about emotion and sentiment than acrobatically displaying a woman’s crotch.

Let’s return to the seventy-year-old bondage photographs I had enlarged at the sex museum. (Come to think of it, back then, the term “bondage photography” didn’t even exist yet. They were simply called “punishment photos.”)

The woman, stripped bare from the waist up with tattoos covering her shoulders and arms, was bound behind her back with a single rope.

The way her arms are bound high up on her back has a masochistic intensity that’s unbearably good. That’s the best part of this photo.

Though the camera angle hides the wrists, the upper arm is twisted high behind the back. This arm position alone clearly shows the severity of the takate kote technique.

Naturally, the woman’s upper body is bent forward, radiating genuine masochism, not something fabricated. In my view, this is the beauty of masochism.

The reason I call it “artificial” is that when I look at what is currently called bondage photography, the photographer’s and director’s instruction and guidance to the model are far too detailed and cumbersome, constraining the model’s natural bodily reactions and causing the raw masochism to be lost.

The model is restrained from moving freely, moving and posing only as directed by the photographer.

To be restrained in movement is to be restrained in spirit. You are nothing but a puppet manipulated by the cameraman.

No matter how convincingly a doll strikes a pose, it remains nothing more than a “contrived creation” directed by the photographer, incapable of evoking the masochistic beauty that captivates enthusiasts.

The ropes binding the tattooed woman are crossed over her neck and chest, extending from under her armpits to her back. Only one rope is tied around her arm.

This rope arrangement was likely designed to avoid obscuring the carefully drawn tattoo. Though the rope’s presence is subtle, a single strand achieves maximum effect. The model’s expression and the pose, with her upper body bent forward and contorted, perfectly showcase the excellence of this bondage.

I’m glad it’s not one of those overly elaborate, gimmicky binding styles you see so often these days, with an excessive amount of rope.

Actually, I don’t really like “bondage” with lots of ropes. That sort of thing is a sham.

I prefer ropes that can be effectively used with just one strand. Using a single rope to bind someone’s hands securely behind their back is more sadistic.

Allow me to offer a brief explanation here.

I have produced countless bondage photographs and bondage videos over the years.

I carelessly wrote “countless,” but I actually counted up to five thousand times. When it exceeded that, I stopped counting.

I finally understood that no matter how many I tied up, it was worthless. Whether I hired actresses and models by the thousands or tens of thousands to be tied up, it wasn’t real “bondage.” I finally understood that. That sort of thing is ultimately just a display of tying techniques.

In the course of such filming work, I, too, have tied quite a lot of elaborate ropes.

(It just occurred to me: there isn’t a single photo of Minomura Kou using elaborate rope work. He consistently used minimal ropes, focusing on clean, well-formed, powerful, and emotionally resonant bondage. Moreover, photographers of this era fundamentally possessed an attitude focused on expressing the “heart” of the bound model, rather than the quantity of the ropes applied. Neither the magazine editors nor the photographers of this time harbored any desire to capture the hearts of enthusiasts through sheer rope count. Everyone understood that the number of ropes and the beauty of surrender are

never proportional. What must be expressed above all is the “heart” of the woman being bound; her surrender.)

Here is my defense.

Even if I make excuses now, it won't make much difference, but I'd like to offer an explanation anyway.

The excessive amount of rope I occasionally use is not actually my own choice. I am only using so much rope because of orders from the sponsor behind me.

In most cases, my employer, that is, my sponsor, is not a pure enthusiast. They believe that the more ropes tied around a woman, the more impressive the bondage is. They lack the sense that the more ropes there are, the less impactful the true power of bondage becomes. But even if I told them that, they wouldn't understand.

I tend to comply with this sort of orders from employers relatively meekly and faithfully. Unless something extraordinary happens, I tie the ropes exactly as instructed. Part of me doesn't want them to think I dislike tying many ropes because it's troublesome and requires too much effort.

My employer is also someone important who pays me. I try to comply with their requests as much as possible.

And then there's another thing, I have a secret pride. A single rope is enough to beautifully restrain a woman's body. Any more becomes wasteful, superfluous. Yet I add ropes, driven by the desire to show off the techniques of binding (if I may call it an art) that prevents them from looking like unnecessary, wasteful ropes. Following the sponsor's orders, I apply rope after rope, sometimes as many as twenty, to a single woman's body.

I tie it on, thinking this rope is useless for restraint. It's a fake, showy binding technique, but whether this useless rope looks useless or not is entirely up to the viewers to decide.

The expression “usoppachi” caught my attention. Having been born and raised in Tokyo's downtown area, I sometimes unconsciously use old downtown slang passed down from my parents. Since it doesn't always get understood, I looked it up in the dictionary. It was actually there.

Usoppachi: A term emphasizing a lie. A blatant lie. (Obunsha Japanese Dictionary)

Ah, I've gone off on a tangent again.

I wasn't supposed to write this.

I was in the midst of writing about the seventy-year-old punishment photographs hidden away in the sex industry museum.

Let's get back to the original topic.

The tattooed woman being tormented by the thuggish-looking gangster is by no means beautiful. Her breasts, as far as can be seen in the photo, are small. Though it's hard to tell clearly because she's posed slightly face-down, they appear to be poorly shaped. No matter how you look at it, her physique doesn't seem particularly attractive.

But that's okay.

Compared to today's "bondage photography," with its meticulously applied makeup, voluptuous breasts and buttocks, and deliberately provocative poses, the bound form of this tattooed woman, physically frail as she is, possesses a far more profoundly SM quality, a deeper emotional resonance, and a more potent eroticism.

She truly has the air of a woman being punished. There's an authentic aura of masochism about her.

From this old photograph, you can see that photographers and editors would say things like:

"Do this, do that."

"Turn this way, turn that way"

"Spread your legs, show more between your thighs"

I don't hear any such instructions.

I can't hear it, so it's fine.

Photos where we can almost hear the flippant instructions of non-enthusiasts barking orders at models only make us feel cold.

We don't want people who aren't enthusiasts to get all excited. We want to tell them: don't pretend to understand when you don't.

More than cameramen, more than editors, more than video directors, we enthusiasts possess a far deeper passion for "bondage." They have no idea how deep our passion runs.

The yakuza man and tattooed woman appearing in this old photograph were probably actors in what we'd now call a popular theater troupe.

The travelling troupe of actors at that time were contracted by enthusiasts of "punishment" to perform such plays. They were, of course, aware they would be photographed.

Dedicated enthusiasts convey the general storyline to the actors, who then perform it with all their might. For actors of that era, such stories were second nature.

"The restraints, however, won't be the kind of theatrical restraints you always impose on stage. I'll handle them myself, I want you to leave that to me."

That's surely what the leader among the amateur photographers said to the actors. Of course, the actors understood.

And then, being the enthusiast he was, he grabbed the rope and, with excitement and anticipation, bound the tattooed woman, played by the actress, with her hands tied high behind her back.

(I know this from experience. The excitement and pleasure of restraining a woman you've just met under these circumstances is beyond description.)

The practice of commissioning travelling theater troupes to photograph such a "punishment scene" for enthusiast groups began in the era of Itoh Seiu and appears to have occurred several times thereafter.

Given the nature of the subject matter, these types of photo sessions were conducted in strict secrecy, leaving no accurate records behind. The old photographs now treasured in the sex museum are among them.

Actually, I also have photographs of this kind taken during that era.

I wrote a bit about those circumstances in my paperback book "'Kitan Club' and Its Surroundings," published by Kawade Shobo Shinsha. Those interested may wish to refer to it.

In a pamphlet titled "KK News³²" published on October 1, 1953, there is a passage written by Itoh Seiu about when he contracted with a travelling troupe to stage a "shame

³² KK is a common shorthand for Kitan Club.

play³³.” I have already introduced this in the Kawade Bunko publication, “The Illustrators of ‘Kitan Club,’” and though it is redundant, I will write it again as necessary.

On the “Theater of Shame” by Itoh Seiu

(From KK News, Issue 13)

The first performance was held on June 4th at the Suzumoto Entertainment Hall in Ichikawa City. Despite the heavy rain and wind that day, which kept many away, it achieved results beyond expectations. The second performance was held on the second Saturday, July 11th, at the Nakamura-za in Higashikatamachi, Bunkyo Ward. Several well-known individuals attended as members. The program featured the first act of “Bancho Sarakura-shiki Tetsuzankan” and added a sentimental story by Hayashiya Shozo. The photo shows the front of the stage. Next month’s performance is scheduled for the second Sunday, again at the same venue. We will stage three acts of “Yokohama Kibun: Shin Shiraishi Monogatari.” Given the peak of summer heat, and at the members’ request for snow and water torture scenes, we constructed a rather elaborate well on stage (digging a pit about ten shaku³⁴ deep beneath the stage and installing a long bucket and rope). For the onnagata³⁵ wig we employed a technique called kakemono: the Shimada topknot is deliberately disheveled; the original knot is cut to create scattered hair, and then a generous amount of water is poured over it. For [O-kiku](#) in [Sarayashiki](#), we followed the historical account: after O-kiku is lowered into the well, we used copious amounts of blood-red dye to create a truly terrifying effect.

The Nakamura-za theater is a small venue built by a friend of mine, seating about five hundred people (packed in tightly). It measures five ken³⁶ wide, three ken deep, and eleven shaku high. Such a small theater is more convenient for our purposes, so we intend to hold performances there monthly going forward.

Background production, prop carving, scriptwriting, directing, all done by me alone. On top of that, I even calligraphed the curtain. At seventy-two years old, my back started to ache a bit. Fortunately, members began arriving steadily each day, and we were fortunate to

³³ This term shame, 責め, also can mean torment, torture, or blame, is the same we use in semenawa.

³⁴ A shaku is approximately 30.3 cm

³⁵ An onnagata is a male actor in a female role. In tradition Kabuki, only males perform. Much like in classic Shakespear.

³⁶ A ken is five shaku, approximately 151.5 cm.

have the likes of Edogawa Ranpo, Murakami Motozo, and Hasegawa Shin join us. Due to the unexpected expenses, we set the fee at three hundred yen per person, but starting next time, it will be five hundred yen. We will film at the venue, and it has been decided that this fee will include an average distribution of five stage photographs (cabinet prints) to each member. We are keeping the number of characters as small as possible to maximize the time spent on each role. We intend to increase the number of actresses to be punished going forward, but finding suitable ones is proving difficult. Actresses who merely put on a show are no good, so training them is proving quite a challenge. It's what you might call "women and children"³⁷."

That is all.

A photograph of O-Kiku from "Sarayashiki," bound hand-behind-back and suspended above a well, is attached to this text.

O-Kiku's hair is disheveled, styled as described in the explanation of the "casual" hairstyle.

Incidentally, about twenty years later, a production of the "Sarayashiki" directed by [Takechi Tetsuji](#) was staged at the Shimbashi Enbujo theater. I wrote about that viewing experience in the magazine "Uramado" at the time.

This was the "Sarayashiki" from the "Jitsuetsu" version of Itoh Seiu, and since it was directed by Takechi, it used copious amounts of fake blood and real water, making it a gruesome scene of torment.

Apart from "Jitsuetsu," [Okamoto Kido's](#) "Bancho Sarayashiki" is frequently staged. However, this is a strangely pedantic pure love story based on a new interpretation, and I find it utterly uninteresting. There are no ghosts, nor is there a "scene of torment."

Incidentally, I should mention that I wrote a historical novel titled "The Mysterious O-Kiku Insect," based on the legend of O-Kiku of Sarayashiki, under the pen name Yagiri Shuhachi for the magazine "Uramado." At the end of that novel, I introduced several Sarayashiki legends still preserved throughout Japan today. This novel can also be read at the Sex Industry Museum.

³⁷ "Women and Children" is a reference to a Confucian saying from Analects 17:20 and 6:29: "Women and children are difficult to raise," referring to the difficulty of instilling women and children with virtuous values. In this context, Itoh Seiu is almost certainly expressing frustration at trying to find actresses who respond to punishment in a natural way, rather than putting on an act.

Itoh Seiu wrote that in June 1953 he performed “Sarayashiki” at the Suzumoto Theater in Ichikawa City.

I have not seen this version of “Sarayashiki” directed by Itoh Seiu, but I did see “The Burning” (written by Suzuki Sensaburo) at the Suzumoto Theater in Ichikawa City, also organized by Itoh Seiu. Moreover, I happened to sit next to him in the audience. The theater’s seating area was laid out in the old style with tatami mats. At that time, I was twenty-three years old.

I have written in some detail about my memory of watching that famous “The Burning” alongside Itoh Seiu in Kawade Bunko’s “The Illustrators of ‘Kitan Club.’” Those who are interested, I hope you will read it.

And on July 11, 1953, the second Saturday of the month (meaning it was likely a one-day-only performance), Itoh Seiu performed “Sarayashiki” at Nakamura-za in Higashikatamachi, Bunkyo Ward.

(Higashikatamachi is pronounced “Higashikatamachi.” The place name Higashikatamachi is no longer found today, but the town name [Nishikatamachi](#) remains.)

The following month, on the second Sunday of July, the same Nakamura-za theater staged a play titled “Yokohama Kibun Shin Siraishi Monogatari.”

(This is read as “Yokohama Kibun: The Story of the White Stone.” I’d like to say a little about this play too, but doing so would lead me down yet another tangent and I’d never get back on track, so I’ll skip it.)

Since it was a play created and directed by Itoh Seiu, the content would have featured ample scenes of punishment. And the actors hired by Itoh Seiu were undoubtedly well aware of this, performing exactly as he directed.

I’ve always been deeply curious about the existence of the Nakamura-za, a small theater in Hongo and Higashikatamachi that has now vanished without a trace.

The figures appearing in the old 6x6 cm punishment photographs now housed in the Sex Museum seem to me to be none other than the actors who performed at the Nakamura-za.

In Itoh Seiu’s article “Regarding the ‘Shame Theater Troupe” for KK News, it states: “The Nakamura-za theater troupe was founded by my friend,” and further: “We keep the number of characters to a minimum and maximize the time spent on torment. We intend to increase the number of actresses to be punished, but it’s quite difficult to find suitable ones. Actresses who merely put on a show are no good, so training them is proving quite a challenge.”

I can't help but feel that the actresses appearing here have some connection to Nakamura-za.

The theater owner is said to be a friend of Itoh Seiu.

(That's precisely why they could dig a hole about ten feet deep beneath the stage and lower a long bucket into it. Normally such construction work would be impossible.)

And they could probably have borrowed actors performing at the theater.

I had recently learned about the existence of Nakamura-za, which I had been curious about for some time.

Actually, I wanted to write about that earlier in this installment, but as usual, I'm a chatterbox and kept getting sidetracked, so it got delayed. I'll write about that next time.

2008.1.9

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第二十九回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 29

快樂妄想のネタ

Pleasure Fantasy Material

I recently came across a text written by someone other than Itoh Seiu that discusses the Nakamura-za theater, where Itoh Seiu hired male and female actors to stage “shame plays,” performances he created and enjoyed as he pleased, under various titles.

It is the eighth issue of “Hongo,” a community town magazine.

Studio 609's “Hongo” editing room produced this issue, which was published on March 10, 1995.

The magazine was first published on November 10, 1985, so it is not that old. It is a 66-page booklet.

Here, a former TBS³⁸ announcer named Chiaki Suzuki, born in 1925, has written a 14-page essay titled “That Day in Hongo.”

(Some of you may recognize the name Suzuki Chiaki as a television announcer. I, too, have a memory of this name.)

I would like to introduce only the section concerning Nakamura-za from “That Day in Hongo” written by Chiaki Suzuki-san.

“It wasn't a movie theater, but what I still vividly remember is the Nakamura-za. This was after the war.

The location was Higashikatamachi along the Nakasendo (National Route 17), around present-day Mukogaoka 1-chome 8-banchi.

A single-story wooden and plaster theater building, usually so plain it could easily be mistaken for some repair shop or small factory. Yet

³⁸ Tokyo Broadcasting System

occasionally, as if suddenly remembering, it becomes adorned with a forest of flashy banners that catch the eye.

Actually, I once took an 8mm camera (though this was still the era of 8mm film, before video existed) and went inside to film. I recently dug it out from the back of my closet and projected the film. The film box has "May 5, 1963" written on it in my handwriting. Thinking about it, the phrase "It's no longer the postwar era" became popular around 1955, and the term "atmosphere of peace and tranquility" emerged around 1960.

In other words, it's necessary to clarify that this play and the theater itself were deliberately designed to evoke nostalgia in people during a time when they finally had some leisure time, by recreating the atmosphere of an old travelling troupe.

The first banners that catch the eye have the words "Nakamura-za May Performance" in black on a white background. Below that, in red on a blue background, is "To Toyoji Nakamura-san," and beneath that, "From Tokyo Theater and Performance Association, Shinohara Entertainment Hall." Further down, banners displaying the names of the performing actors stand in a row, fluttering in the wind.

At the entrance, there were photos of the performers posted, and a sign that read "Adults 80 yen, Children (ages 7-12) 70 yen, Young Children (ages 6 and under) 50 yen."

Having been immersed in memories of the pre-war and immediate post-war periods, I initially wondered if the "yen" mentioned for the entrance fee might actually be a mistake for "sen" (a smaller unit of currency). However, as mentioned earlier, although the theater looked like an old playhouse, it was actually the post-war period, specifically 1963 (Showa 38), so it must indeed be yen.

I remember when a beer mug (what we'd now call a large mug) at Shinjuku Musashino Beer Hall and an admission ticket to Shinjuku Moulin Rouge both cost about 50 sen. Then one day, both prices were raised to about 70 sen. That was when I was in my first or second year of high school, meaning around 1941 or 1942. (Both closed soon after due to the intensifying war.) So, that's how the money from that era became roughly equivalent to yen by 1963.

Now, stepping inside, the majority of the audience are women, particularly middle-aged and older. They're all regulars, dressed casually in everyday clothes, many with bags of sweets in hand.

Centered prominently is the Harima family's swallowtail butterfly crest. Below it to the right is the phrase "From a patron in Fukagawa, Tokyo," and below to the left is the inscription "Nakamura Toyoji San'ei" dyed onto the curtain. Then, on the stage left wing, stands a massive shitodaro³⁹ sake cask for the celebration.

Now, act one is essentially a special feature on the highlights of Kabuki and [Shinkokugeki](#). While the ladies and grandmas might expect a succession of familiar showstoppers, tearjerkers, and famous scenes to leave them spellbound and deeply moved, that's not the case at all. This is where grassroots theater truly shines: all sorts of things get hurled from the audience toward the stage. Sure, there's the customary throwing of money, tips, but also quite large items, the size of small parcels, flying in and out. Cigarettes scatter everywhere.

So every now and then, someone who looks like a stagehand in work pants dashes out, hurriedly gathers up the stage props, and dashes back in.

Now, the second act takes a sharp turn in tone, becoming a lively song and dance show.

In the blink of an eye, all the performers transformed into an All-Star Light Music Band.

Kanpei, who had just committed seppuku, shakes maracas, Kunisada Chuji pounds the bongos to the rhythm of rumba, mambo, and cha-cha-cha. Is Okaru's song "Besame Mucho"?

After all, 8mm film doesn't capture sound, so everyone just mumbles and mumbles in front of the microphone, and you can't really tell what they're saying. But their versatility in tackling anything and their dedication to entertaining the audience are truly awe-inspiring.

I had to get back quickly or dinner preparations wouldn't be ready in time. But here's the thing. For some particularly devoted fans, the real highlight of the day was just about to begin.

³⁹ Approximately 72 litres.

Gathering in front of the Kagami-yu public bath across from Nakasendo, they wait in ambush for their favorite actors to arrive. In other words, they're stalkers. For the ladies and grandmothers, it must be a moment when they feel like young girls again, all excited.

About an hour must have passed. Finally, the actors seemed to have arrived, and a group of fans began to stir. "I've been waiting for this," I said, rolling the camera.

However, the outcome fell far short of expectations.

First, perhaps because the surroundings were too dark, the only thing visible in the photo was the light at the entrance to the bathhouse, labeled "Men's Bath" and "Women's Bath."

And, well, this is only to be expected, but there were no shrieks of delight, no clamoring for autographs, only the sound of quiet conversation drifting through the air. Whether it was sweets or fruit, or perhaps homemade bento boxes, it was unclear, but all that could be heard in the dim light were murmurs of "It's nothing special, just a small token of my appreciation" and "Oh, thank you, as always."

The above is an excerpt from "That Day in Hongo; As I Recall It," written by Chiaki Suzuki and published in Issue 8 of the town magazine Hongo. I have transcribed the only portion concerning Nakamura-za. It is a straightforward, easy-to-understand, and fine piece of writing. Fourteen 35mm contact prints, close-up, unedited photographs capturing Nakamura-za's exterior, curtain, and stage are included within the text, effectively conveying its atmosphere. The source of these photographs is credited as Takeo Kanie of Hongo 6-chome.

I suspect there is some connection between the 8mm film shot by Chiaki Suzuki-san and Takeo Kanie-san's small photographs, but there is no annotation regarding this.

The name of the troupe leader seen on the banners and curtains in the photograph is also Nakamura Toyoji.

I'm also a fan of this kind of popular theater and watch it often. I didn't know about this Nakamura-za in Hongo, but whenever I had the chance and time, I'd often go see shows at various small theaters.

(More than just a fan, I have some connection to them. I plan to write about that eventually.)

Just three days before writing this, I actually invited my manager, R-san, to see the "Kyushu Otoko Theater Company: Ryotaro Okawa Troupe" at Asakusa's Mokubakan theater.

Due to time constraints, we could only catch the final dance show, but even so, it was enjoyable to soak in the unique fervor of this kind of troupe.

Watching the actors dance in their splendid costumes and beautiful makeup, I become intoxicated by their movements, songs, and colors. A nostalgic, warm feeling washes over me, like slipping back into my mother's womb.

Even after the curtain fell and we left the theater, R-san and I remained utterly exhilarated. If we had the time, we would have talked about the appeal of the popular theater troupe all night long.

R-san was thrilled to shake hands with the beautiful actor standing at the exit of the hut, bidding farewell. I also shook hands with Ryotaro Okawa.

Somehow my story has veered off course again, and I seem to be writing unnecessary things. No, they aren't unnecessary. Ever since I was little, I've felt admiration and affection for a troupe of popular theater performers. I can't help but feel that the same blood flows through my veins as those actors.

I am fully aware that this particular inclination of mine has been profoundly influenced by the novels of [Mikihiko Nagata](#), such as "Decline," "The Story of Ogi Noboru," and "Mio." All depict the lives of travelling actors and I immersed myself in them during my youth.

(I still find myself returning to these novels time and again, reading them over and over.)

And somehow, this longing for the travelling actor seems connected to a tendency to be drawn to SM.

However, I must return to the old "punishment photographs" that I had enlarged at the sex museum.

As evident from the essay "On the 'Punishment Theater Company,'" from the prewar period through the postwar era, Itoh Seiu was widely active in the theater world and associated with many prominent figures.

He was also said to be friends with the proprietor of the Nakamura-za theater. If so, he could certainly have hired actors performing at the Nakamura-za to put on a one-day "punishment play" for him.

And at that time, the enthusiasts who gathered out of admiration for Itoh Seiu could likely have used actors as models for their "punishment photography" sessions through those connections.

Before me now lie sixteen “punishment photographs” specially selected and enlarged from over a hundred in the sex museum’s collection. I am writing this manuscript while looking at those photographs.

The actress, wearing a period wig and with swirling tattoos drawn on her shoulders and arms, was clearly not tied up so skillfully and securely by Itoh Seiu.

In other words, Itoh Seiu was not present at this photoshoot. If he had been there, he would have been the one doing the tying and the way the tattooed woman was bound would have not been like this. With Itoh Seiu, the binding and form are quite crude and rough. Looking at the photographs, most of it is just simple coiling.

Itoh Seiu, a hair fetishist, pays considerable attention to how a woman’s hair is tousled.

The hair of this tattooed woman shows no sign of that kind of obsessive disarray. This alone makes it clear that Itoh Seiu had no involvement in this shoot.

Her hair isn’t messed up in a maniacal way, but her hands, bound behind her back, have a maniacal, pleasing shape. Due to the camera angle, only her fingers are visible on the back of her wrists. Probably her right hand’s fingers, but the fact that only the fingers are visible is also good.

Both wrists are raised nearly to shoulder height. Consequently, the left elbow is also raised high. Though not visible in the photo, the right elbow should be raised high as well.

This is a tight restraint. Because of it, the woman endures, wearing a sorrowful, beautiful expression. It’s not staged or acting; it’s a natural expression, and that’s what makes it alluring.

As I mentioned last time, this must have been tied by the leader of this photography group. It’s bound with just a little rope, tied with a maniacal cruelty and strictness.

Behind the bound woman, a man with a vile, snarling face sat with one knee raised. Completely naked, he bore tattoos from his shoulders down his arms. The typical white cloth wrapped around his torso from belly to chest added to his yakuza-like appearance, heightening the atmosphere of this torture chamber.

The man held a lit candle in his hand, bringing its flame close to the woman’s buttocks.

The woman’s ankles are spread apart and bound to a single pole. In other words, she cannot close her legs.

The pain of being bound by ropes, the fear of the candle flame touching her bare skin; these make the tattooed woman appear like a masochistic, alluring beauty.

The composition follows a standard pattern, yet it carries an atmosphere rich with emotion, distinctly evoking a “punishment scene.” Such imagery is something every bondage enthusiast possesses. It embodies the universal image of a bondage scene.

That is precisely why there is a sense of ease and emotional depth. That sentiment or emotion permeate this kind of composition, which should generally be considered a cruel scene, ultimately stems from the organizers and performers having a sense of ease and a playful spirit.

Enjoying formulaic compositions is proof of a playful spirit, and it’s precisely within this relaxed atmosphere that enthusiasts can safely savor their pleasure. Performers, too, trust the organizers and can perform with peace of mind.

Without a sense of playfulness, this kind of hobbyist activity takes on a grim mood and becomes utterly unbearable.

It’s only natural for actors, but the yakuza man’s posture as he berates the tattooed woman is so theatrical, it’s absolutely brilliant. It feels as though I can hear the dialogue these actors are performing, from a night over seventy years ago (it must have been night).

“Well, Otomi, how does it feel? Bound like this, hands behind your back, wrists and ankles tied tight? You can’t even run away. Give up on that Yosaburo fellow and just accept it. Why not become mine, Angoro’s?”

“What the hell are you talking about? Who the hell would listen to a scummy little worm like you? Damn it, you tied me up so tight, ahh, it hurts, it hurts! Just you wait, I’ll remember this.”

“Hmph, you’re really something, aren’t you, you stubborn woman? Tied up like this, and still so defiant. No matter how much you adore that Yosaburo, you’d better give it up now.”

“Ah, ah, damn it! What the hell are you doing?! It hurts! It hurts, I tell you! Stop it! Damn it! Don’t pinch me there!”

“What a cute little nipple. After Yosaburo sucked and licked it so much, you should start feeling good as I knead, punch, and pull it like this. Come on, how’s that? How’s that? Feels good, doesn’t it? How’s that?”

“Ah, ah, it hurts, damn it, you bit me, you bastard!”

“What? You call that dirty? Just biting a nipple? How is that dirty? This is what dirty is, you hear me!”

Among the enlarged copies of the old punishment photographs obtained at the Sex Museum, there is also a scene depicting the same male and female actors performing in the same room, bound in the agura⁴⁰ position.

“Gu-gu-gasp! Why are you binding me so tightly!”

“Why tie you up? It’s obvious, isn’t it? I wanted to see Otomi’s special parts, so I tied you up like this, in the lotus position.”

“Oh, no, no, no! Don’t look! Don’t look! Damn it, go away!”

“Hehehe... You showed everything to your beloved Yosaburo, but you won’t show anything to me? What a stingy woman. Yosaburo, me, and you, we’re all fellow scoundrels with notorious reputations. Let’s all get along, scoundrel to scoundrel.”

“No! No! Who the hell would be friends with you? Dammit! I’d rather bite my tongue and die than let you have me!”

“Whoa, you sure talk a big game. See if biting your tongue hurts. Let’s see if you can actually die from biting your tongue. Do it right in front of me. Hey, Otomi, you bitch Otomi, this finger of mine, I’m not bragging, but it’s called a viper finger, you see. It’s no ordinary finger. There, there, see? It slithers in like this and moves like this. How’s that? That’s it, that’s it. Stick your ass out toward me more.”

“Ahh, ahh, ahh, s-s-such a thing, wh-what the hell are you doing. Ahh, ahh, no, no, no, please, p-please don’t move your fingers so much!”

“Hey, hey! This isn’t some house out in the boonies. What if someone hears you yelling like that? Alright, I’ll gag you. Open your mouth!”

Among the enlarged copies of the old photographs, there’s also a scene from the same play where the tattooed woman remains bound in a cross-legged position, gagged. Moreover, it is a gag made from a spotted-patterned hand towel.

Here I’ll add a little extra comment. Using a spotted-patterned hand towel as a gag is only appropriate when the setting is a period piece like this. Using a spotted-patterned hand towel as a gag in contemporary bondage photography (or even in video footage) is clearly a mistake. From the heyday of SM magazines to the present day, on any shoot, when someone says “gag,” directors, staff, and photographers alike blindly will pull out a spotted-patterned hand towel as if it were a rule. It’s wrong, and actually, I bear some responsibility for this. They don’t understand the meaning of Edo-period spotted-patterned hand towels. But writing about that now would lead me off on another tangent. So I’ll save it for later.

⁴⁰ Agura means sitting with legs crossed, i.e. the “lotus” position.

“Hehehe, how about that? I’ve shut your mouth tight. No matter how loud you scream now, it’s useless. Cry, yell, scream, you won’t make a sound. Your throat just twitches. Oh my, putting that gag in has made your eyes look even more alluring. Those eyes full of resentment are unbearable. Hey, Otomi, stop struggling around. Just give in and be quiet!”

“Mmmph, mmmmphhhhh...”

How nice.

I really like the natural movements and expressions of the man and woman. This kind of SM scene has real emotional depth.

I suppose it’s good that the photographer doesn’t direct poses, but instead lets them do whatever they want freely.

Both the man doing the taking and the woman being taken are fully into it, moving their bodies and wearing expressions perfectly suited to the moment.

You don’t hear the photographer shouting things like, “Turn this way, turn that way” or “Twist your shoulders more, stick your hips out.” That’s the beauty of it. Those kinds of commands, no matter how harsh, actually have nothing to do with SM. They’re just shouts for making the product. We enthusiasts sense that keenly.

In that regard, this couple’s acting is good. They seem to be enjoying themselves, taking pride in it, freely playing out their roles. That’s why, just looking at the photo, I can hear the kind of lines I just wrote.

The ability to be happy is the ability to believe in illusions. The ability to feel pleasure is the ability to expand illusions and fantasies.

But without any basis or material, neither illusions nor fantasies can arise or expand.

The old “punishment photographs” at the sex museum provide me with a rich and valuable source of material for my pleasurable illusions and fantasies.

And, though I may sound repetitive, I must say this: SM photography that focuses solely on intense physical forms while neglecting to express the psychology of the person being restrained, no matter how beautifully or masterfully shot, fails to inspire any fantasy or illusion in us enthusiasts.

The following comments were submitted by Mika Suzume-san and are reproduced here with her permission. Expressions from these comments are quoted in Chapter 30.

Mika Suzume-san's comment

Watching recent Hollywood movies, they use CG to the max, one incredible scene after another. But I just don't feel moved.

There should be a story they want to tell, and the CG technology should exist to recreate that story. But to me, it feels like it's just a spectacle to satisfy the sponsors.

Those kinds of Hollywood movies, no matter how amazing the visuals are, no matter how high-grossing the actors are, are just boring.

SM photography that focuses solely on intense physical forms while neglecting to express the psychology of the person being restrained, no matter how beautifully or masterfully shot, fails to inspire any fantasy or illusion in us enthusiasts.

That's right. Just like my recent dissatisfaction with Hollywood movies, a lot of SM these days involves acrobatic sex where you can't even tell if it's supposed to be rough play, or if it's even rough play at all.

The depiction of sex, intended as a measure to prevent SM from becoming a cruel spectacle (or as a service to popularize it), may have transformed SM into something entirely different.

When I watch foreign SM DVDs, I notice that so-called sex scenes are often almost nonexistent. That's why I feel like Japanese SM alone has an extreme abundance of explicit sex scenes.

Because these sex scenes exist, it does allow people beyond the hardcore fans to empathize and connect with the content. So, you could say sex scenes are a necessary evil. But I can't help feeling like I'm lending my roof only to have the house taken away. Sex, which should be the bonus, is at the center of SM, with SM elements like ropes and whips added as mere garnish. No, even if it's a bonus, if it's SM-oriented, it can still be enjoyable. But it seems like many products labeled as SM don't even have SM elements as bonus parts.

I, who have been dissatisfied lately with how SM feels different somehow, read your “Talking Theater” and I feel incredibly happy. I can talk about SM so eloquently, and somehow it makes me feel at ease.

2008.1.29

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第三十回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 30

セピア色の幻夢

A Sepia-toned Dream

The “punishment photographs” from about seventy years ago, now stored in the sex museum, were shot using actors from popular theater troupes. Beyond the tattooed men and women from the period pieces mentioned above, there are still more.

There are six sequential photographs depicting a merchant's wife (or perhaps a maid) who was robbed, stripped naked, bound with hands behind her back with rope, and threatened.

These are also enlargements made for me by Nakahara-san, the museum director, and they are now laid out before me.

This, too, is fun.

It's an old photo, so naturally it's black and white with blurred details, yet it strangely gives off such an SM vibe that I wonder why it's so enjoyable to look at. Staring intently, all sorts of things come to mind, sending shivers down my spine.

Being bound in a wide-legged spread, suspended from the ceiling with a thick vibrator forced inside her, this excites me far more than the recent color photographs, by several times, no, dozens of times over.

The man disguised as a robber wears black clothing. Over his clothes, he wears a long-tailed black coat (meaning this is set in modern times). He wears black gloves, a black flat cap (called a birdshot cap back then) on his head, black sunglasses, and even meticulously dons a black mask.

In short, he was dressed entirely in black. Upon closer inspection, he wore black tabi socks on his feet. He must be someone who really doesn't want his true identity known.

This means the man in black attire is likely not an actor, but one of the enthusiasts who gathered for the photo session that day.

The way they try to hide their identities in such exaggerated outfits is part of the fun. You can feel the enthusiast's mindset, that they're doing secret "bad things" they don't want anyone to know about, and you can't help but sympathize. These enthusiasts from over seventy years ago are undeniably comrades-in-arms with us enthusiasts today.

The current "punishment photos," created by exposing faces, figures, shapes (and even genitals), inevitably feel devoid of emotion, sentiment, interest, or impact.

In the case of such photographs, perhaps "what is hidden is the flower"⁴¹.

This man dressed as a black-clad robber wouldn't have hidden his face so thoroughly if he were a hired actor. Showing one's face and figure is the actor's trade. The woman playing the bound role, however, clearly shows her face. In other words, she is obviously an actress.

I think this actress looks like the same one I introduced before with the tattoo. But she looks like a completely different person just by changing the angle a little, so it's hard to tell if it's the same person.

Moreover, the terrified expression of being bound and threatened by the robber is so convincingly portrayed, as only an actress could, that it makes her features even more unrecognizable.

(Come to think of it, the models in these bondage photos these days don't really have any expression, do they? No matter how rough they get with them, you can't tell what they're thinking. Telling me to get excited looking at that face? No way...)

I wrote "a burglar who broke into a merchant's house," but the merchant's house in the photograph appears to be more like a pawnshop.

Across the hallway from the tatami room, the door of a large safe is visible. Or rather, it's less a safe and more a dark iron door.

It appears the entire room has been converted into a storage space. For several years now, I've frequently visited a studio housed in an old residence that was actually a pawnshop built during the Meiji era, helping with bondage photography shoots. Just four or five days ago, I was at that studio again for a bondage shoot.

⁴¹ This is a phrase from [Zeami](#), a Noh master of the Muromachi period, meaning "Value and charm arise precisely through concealment. If everything is revealed, its value is lost." This phrase originates from the [Fushikaden](#). It is not merely about the beauty of restraint, but rather a secret teaching of Noh: strategically concealing how and when to reveal something heightens the audience's curiosity and anticipation, thereby creating the greatest emotional impact (flower).

(Incidentally, the town where that pawnshop studio is located is, believe it or not, “Hongo.” It’s right near Nakamura-za. I plan to write about this again.)

So when I saw the structure of the iron door in this photo from seventy years ago, (ah this photo shoot location is a pawnshop), I knew immediately.

Among the group of enthusiasts was a pawnshop owner, and they must have gathered secretly at his house to hold this kind of fun photo session.

The actress playing the pawnshop proprietress wears a traditional Japanese hairstyle wig. This suggests the photograph was taken in an era when men harbored admiration and eroticism toward women sporting Japanese hairstyles. If so, this might be a photograph from not just seventy years ago, but eighty, meaning around 1930.

(I was born in 1930. A photograph of my mother at seventeen, still kept in my home, shows her smiling with her hair styled in a traditional Japanese fashion and holding a parasol. I was in her womb at that time. In other words, in the working-class neighborhoods of Tokyo in 1930, young women still wore traditional Japanese hairstyles as part of their everyday lives.)

With that in mind, this photo is all the more precious.

This actress’s body looks supple, her arms raised high behind her back. In other words, she’s bound in a takate kote.

She’s completely naked now, with no tattoos visible anywhere. Or perhaps this photo of the robber and the pawnshop owner was taken before period-style tattoos became fashionable.

The rope binding the woman in a takate kote is tied to a pillar in front of the iron door of the photoshop. This composition is interesting. The woman has her back to the camera, so her pubic hair is not visible.

Her buttocks are thin and somewhat underdeveloped. Despite being slender, they have a strangely realistic appearance, exuding a mysterious aura.

The black-clad robber is whipping the woman’s buttocks with something resembling a whip. The motion is terribly blurred, making it impossible to discern the whip’s shape. The man’s hand is so blurred that at first glance, it’s unclear what he’s doing. Yet this blurring lends realism, creating a sense of speed and intensity.

The resulting images exhibit effects that cannot be achieved with today’s sophisticated cameras.

(No, it’s not about the camera’s quality. The inability to express this kind of SM-like realism might ultimately be down to the photographer’s lack of SM sensibility.)

Her bare buttocks were spanked, and the woman twisted her face in pain, her lips contorted, casting a glance at the man behind her. Her eyes held a hint of sensuality beneath that look of frustration.

The way her hands are positioned, behind her back, is clearly visible, and the shape of her wrists is so appealing. It's truly an enticing photograph. They're raised so high it looks painful, making it masochistic. I really do feel it, that takate kote positioning. The presence of the arms and wrists, bent and twisted behind her in a slightly irregular shape, is truly wonderful.

This wrist is far more erotic and sexy than photos showing genitals exposed in a wide-legged pose. (People who don't get this shouldn't be editing SM magazines!)

Probably just one rope, and I like that it's not cluttered with extra stuff.

The pose of the man in black spanking the woman's butt looks so amateurish it's funny. He's trying desperately to look the part, but it just doesn't come together. Rather than a robber, his pose feels more like the leader or caretaker of this photo shoot. There's something awkward about it.

The shoot's feverish yet relaxed atmosphere comes across so naturally it makes you smile.

(I bet it was fun) I think. I feel a bit envious too.

Frankly, what's interesting is that I can't quite figure out why a man whose goal was robbery would go out of his way to strip a woman naked and tie her up.

The robber is probably trying to get the woman to open the lock on this iron door. Inside the vault are many valuable items. Jewelry, antiques, and such, held as collateral.

The man broke in to steal it. But the pawnshop owner's wife was so alluring that he ended up stripping her naked and tying her up. And now he's tormenting her for his own amusement. That's the only way to interpret it. He's a burglar with a sense of humor.

"Where's the key to this storehouse? If you open the door, I won't harm you. Now, hand over the key."

"No way. Everything stored in the warehouse is precious items entrusted to us by our customers. If thieves were to take them, we couldn't possibly continue the business."

"Hmph, you said it plainly enough. But it's only natural you'd say that. I knew that's how you'd react, which is why I stripped you naked like this."

I'm a man and you're a woman. And you're naked and bound. If you don't open the storehouse, you know what I'll do, don't you?"

"Oh, please don't be violent! My husband will be home soon. I don't know where the key is. Please leave quickly!"

"I've checked and confirmed that your husband has a meeting tonight and won't be back until late. Hey, madam, if you keep being stubborn, I can make things difficult for you like this."

"Ah, ah, what are you doing? Stop, stop! Don't put your hand there! That, that.... don't do that!"

"If I just said 'Okay, I'll stop' when told to stop, I couldn't run this thieving business. Hey, you got a cute ass there, madam! Spread your legs wider!"

There's also a photograph showing this woman's ankles spread apart and bound with bamboo.

There's also a photo showing a woman face-down on an armchair, pinned down by a man. The positioning of their hands in this scene is perfect. The man's hand is blurred and not clearly visible, which gives it a strangely realistic quality that's quite arousing.

There is also a photo showing a bamboo stick pressed against the woman's lower body. This image is blurry and unclear, but the whip the man is holding might be this bamboo stick.

There's also a photograph showing a gag made from a spotted-patterned tenugui towel. In any case, the fact that it's not clearly visible is what sparks the viewer's imagination.

"Huh? Don't... don't lick there! Stop it, stop it, stop it! Ahh, what a dirty thing to do!"

"Hehehe... You keep saying 'stop, stop,' but your lower belly's twitching and convulsing, isn't it? You're enjoying this. Once we've gotten this far, I can't hold back anymore. I'll put the storehouse on hold for now. First I'll take care of you, madam."

"Oh no, help me!"

If I get carried away and write lines like this that sound like some kind of play, that editor from that SM magazine would surely sneer and say something like this:

“See, I knew it. Nureki Sensei ties women up because he wants to have sex with them. Yet he keeps spouting lies, saying he gets pleasure from the ropes themselves, that just seeing a woman in all her bound forms satisfies him. In the end, he just wants to have sex with the women he ties up. He ties them up because he wants to have sex. But he wants to look cool, so he tries to cover it up with nonsense about the beauty of bondage.”

I don’t know how to explain it to someone like this.

Explaining the psychology of enthusiasts who find satisfaction simply in tying others is truly difficult.

No matter how much you explain that some women find satisfaction simply in being bound, those who don’t understand will never grasp it.

For fellow enthusiasts, they can understand each other perfectly with just a few words, but this level of understanding is simply impossible for people who are not enthusiasts.

That’s why I only discuss SM topics with fellow enthusiasts.

No matter how openly curious an ordinary person might approach and speak to me, I’d say “I don’t understand anything” and run away.

Not knowing anything at all, well, that’s actually true.

(I really don’t know why I’ve come to like ropes so much.)

A sexy landlady is left in charge of the pawnshop when robbers break in. They strip her naked, tie her up with ropes, and threaten her with lewd words while tormenting her relentlessly. Up to this point, they use an actress to make it seem somewhat real (though of course, it’s just acting; it couldn’t actually happen. If they did it, it would be a crime and wouldn’t feel enjoyable.) The erotic developments that follow all enter the realm of fantasy or delusion.

In other words, we act out the first part of the play, then indulge in a world of delusional pleasure. When it comes to actually doing things, there are all sorts of restrictions. Many troublesome things arise. It’s more enjoyable for us to enter a world of fantasy, where we can freely do whatever we want.

If I were to actually insert my penis instead of just fantasizing about it, my body would be pressed against the woman’s body, and the “restraints” that I find so appealing would disappear from my view. The ropes I’ve used to bind her would cease to exist. That’s unacceptable. I want to see them.

For enthusiasts, the presence of “rope” is such a crucial element.

Even after binding her with rope and robbing her of the freedom to resist, the enthusiast's desire is not to violate her immediately. Instead, he wants to stand slightly apart from that female body, to admire it, to become aroused, and to remain lost in rapture forever.

A reader who frequently reads my "Talking Theater," someone using the pen name Mika Suzume, wrote: "Sex after being tied up is like a bonus."

I was impressed by how well-put that was. It truly is a bonus. Therefore, it's not necessary.

If the main product itself is satisfying enough, then extras are unnecessary.

But, I guess people who don't get it just won't get it.

You'd probably think they're a species that says utterly ridiculous things, like sex is just a bonus.

If you tied me up and didn't take advantage of me, what was the point of tying me up in the first place? You worthless pervert. I'd despise you.

I've been thoroughly looked down upon by editors and people who make "SM videos" who think that way.

Even if they pretend to be convinced and act like they understand on the surface, I can tell they secretly despise me, thinking, "What the hell is this guy talking about? What a pervert."

I fully understand that such desires are abnormal and belong to a minority. That's why I think it's only natural to be looked down upon. You probably won't believe me, but I've experienced a great deal of terrible discrimination and contempt.

Therefore, I have made every effort to protect the privacy of members, especially those from the Kinbiken era. There are many enthusiasts with whom I've had deep connections for over a decade, yet I still don't know their real names, where they live, or what kind of work they do.

However, it's not all bad. I'm experiencing a profound, human ecstasy and a world of blissful pleasure beyond the imagination of normal, sensible people.

They secretly despise the sexual acts of ordinary people who simply rub genitals together and thrust in and out for the sole purpose of release, though they don't show it on the surface.

Oh? The conversation has veered off in a strange direction again. Where did it go wrong?

Oh, right. It was about those “punishment photos” from seventy or eighty years ago that I found at the sex museum.

These types of “punishment photos” should still be in the archives, so I’ll ask Director Nakahara again to make enlarged copies.

And gaze upon them, immersing myself in a world of fantasy and delusion, playing alone.

Tomorrow, I’ll be assisting with another “SM video” shoot, spending the entire day, from morning until night, tying up a young, beautiful model. This isn’t fantasy or delusion; it’s my actual “job” to tie her up.

Binding and untying, binding and untying, binding and untying again...

The model I’ll be tying up tomorrow is, by common standards, ten or twenty times more beautiful than that actress from a travelling troupe eighty years ago, the one with small breasts and a puny behind. She’s an undeniable beauty: large breasts, a full behind, a well-defined waist, and long legs.

And without a moment’s hesitation, she spreads her legs wide open, generously and energetically revealing what should be hidden.

Seeing that, the director is delighted.

But, but...

Enthusiasts are utterly hopeless creatures. They dream of, fantasize about, and become hopelessly aroused by photographs of actresses, those women who seem to have the grime of travelling performers ingrained in them, being bound and tormented.

The sepia-toned photograph, worn and scarred, carries a potent scent of SM. This is by no means mere nostalgia. I believe it touches upon the very essence of the sensory world of SM: a realm concealing infinite pleasure....

2008.2.6

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第三十一回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 31

継子いじめ劇はおもしろかった！

The Stepchild Bullying Drama was Entertaining!

In my last two entries, I wrote about a photo shoot featuring what I imagine to be “punishment photos” of an actress from a travelling theater troupe eighty years ago, bound and taken away. That is to say, it’s a story born from the imagination that bubbled up, surged and swelled within me while gazing at the old photographs now treasured in the sex museum.

Looking at these old, story-driven “punishment photos,” SM-like emotions well up endlessly, one after another, and character concepts and background instantly come to mind.

And thus one can immerse oneself in the pleasure of fantasy. This very spark of imaginative power is the greatest joy, the supreme delight, in viewing “punishment photos.”

Therefore, the so-called “SM photos” of today, incapable of evoking such fantasies or delusions, hold little appeal for us. (Ultimately, photographs that focus solely on exposing the crotch and labor over such details are not bondage photos, but ordinary erotic photos. The creators are producing mainstream pornography, not bondage photos that delight enthusiasts. Thinking of it that way, it doesn’t make me angry).

While writing the previous entry and the one before that, I recalled something.

It was about the stepchild bullying plays performed by traveling theater troupes.

This is neither imagination nor delusion; it’s a story I actually witnessed during my boyhood.

In April 1946 (Showa 21), I was sixteen years old. Our house had been burned down in the indiscriminate bombing of Tokyo’s downtown area by the U.S. Air Force the previous March, and our family had moved to company housing for Hitachi Ltd. employees in Shimo-Yahgiri, Matsudo City, Chiba Prefecture.

Toward the end of the Pacific War, under the government’s compulsory order, my father was assigned to work at Hitachi’s Kameari factory. This was called conscription. Had my father

been a little younger, he would have been drafted as a soldier and sent to China or the southern islands.

I too was forced to work at the same munitions factory as my father, under compulsory student mobilization orders. Thanks to my father being employed by an organization aligned with those in power, although our home and school were destroyed in the air raids, our family was able to live in the factory's company housing.

Over thirty minutes' walk from the current JR Matsudo Station, atop a hill, stood a hastily built housing complex of over a hundred units. The roofs were flimsy, covered with thin cedar bark. The foundations were extremely crude, consisting only of rows of round stones, forming single-story structures. Each building was divided into four units. In other words, it was a row house where four families lived together in one building.

Even after the war with America ended, our family lived on this land for a very long time. We had nowhere else to go. At that time, our family consisted of my parents, myself, and my younger brother and sister. Five people in all.

My father continued working at Hitachi Ltd. until retirement. There was also the matter that if he didn't, he would be evicted from the company housing.

In the years following defeat, from the summer of 1945, the world was in the midst of utter chaos. Though suffering from hunger and poverty, the common people stubbornly clung to life.

(What was I living for back then, day after day?)

The hillside where over a hundred company housing units stood was surrounded almost entirely by farmland and mixed woodlands. It was enveloped by a rural landscape.

There was a village of local farmers who cultivated that field for their livelihood. Some farmhouses resembled the grand estates of feudal lords seen in period films, while others were humble peasant dwellings that looked distinctly like tenant farmers' homes.

Outside the earthen-walled mansion lay a vacant lot overgrown with weeds. In the spring of 1946, a troupe of traveling actors arrived there from who knows where.

And so, using the vacant lot outside the wall, they strung up tarps and began putting on plays.

My family's situation right after the war must have bored readers, but now I'll get to the main topic of this chapter.

As I watched actors dressed in costumes, wearing topknots and thick white makeup, parading through the streets lined with company housing, beating drums on rickshaws with a deep, rumbling sound during their “town rounds,” I felt as if I were in a waking dream, my heart racing.

They were dressed to the nines, beaming with charm, promoting the play they were putting on, but to my eyes they never looked beautiful. They seemed like “monsters.”

Captivated by the procession of those “monstrous beings,” I would go to the vacant lot beside the mansion at night. A small theater had been built there. Well, not quite a theater, it was simply an enclosure.

The auditorium, stage, and dressing rooms were enclosed by a tent made of thick, coarse, dirty brown fabric. The tent on the stage left was pressed tightly against the earthen wall of the mansion. Because of this, half of the theater appeared to be leaning against the wall. In fact, it might actually have been leaning against it.

Only over the stage and dressing room was a roof constructed from the same brown tent material as the enclosure. Black cords stretched long from the mansion over the wall, and several bare light bulbs dimly illuminated the stage.

The seating area had no roof. It was open-air. There were no chairs; instead, mats were laid out on the cut grass.

I don’t remember the admission price for this play. I only recall that it was cheap. My father and mother, born in Tokyo’s working-class neighborhoods and known for their sharp tongues, called it “beggar’s theater.”

However, there was no hint of contempt or pity in those words; rather, he called them that with a sense of familiarity.

The script for the “beggar play” changed every night. It was a serial drama. The admission fee was extremely low because they wanted customers to come every night.

The stage consisted merely of some kind of platform about fifty centimeters high, with boards laid across it. Even so, a curtain hung between the stage and the audience. When opening or closing the curtain, the wire stretched overhead and the metal rings attached to the curtains would rub against each other, producing a strangely melancholy, jangling sound.

On the stage of this travelling troupe, I saw a play about stepchild abuse for the very first time.

The troupe leader was Sakura Sennosuke. The star actress Sakura Kyoko was Sennosuke’s wife.

The couple had a daughter named Koume, who was thirteen or fourteen years old, and a son named Matsutaro, who was about ten years old.

There was also Ichimura Nagamatsu and Ichimura Namie, a middle-aged couple, and all six of them were actors who also worked behind the scenes.

There was one more man, a fifty-something year old called “Den-san” who was known as head of the office and managed all administrative affairs.

Why I remember the names of the actors in this “beggar troupe” will be explained later.

The Sakura Sennosuke troupe, with a mere six actors, specialized in plays about stepchild abuse. By “specialized,” we mean these plays drew the largest audiences. They were wildly popular.

The story is extremely simple: a couple takes in a little girl around ten years old as their foster daughter. The girl’s biological parents met an unfortunate end, either from an epidemic or an unexpected disaster.

The girl, orphaned and destined to be raised in another household, is abused by her new step-parents. In other words, she is bullied. The “stepchild bullying” drama is precisely that insidious form of bullying crafted into a tearjerker.

During my boyhood, that is, until around the 1950s, such plays, known as “stepchild bullying” stories, served as part of the common people’s entertainment.

I looked up “stepchild” in the Kojien dictionary.

“Stepchild” A child not biologically related, not one’s own flesh and blood.

“Stepchild treatment” Treating someone like a stepchild, deliberately singling them out and treating them like an outcast.

“Stepchild abuse” Bullying a stepchild.

“Stepchild mentality” A stubborn, resentful attitude, like that of a stepchild.

There’s more, but I’ll omit it.

The stepchildren appearing in plays were usually girls. It stands to reason that girls are more pitiable, more poignant, and more alluring than boys.

I have since seen the play “Bullying the Stepdaughter” performed by troupes other than Sakura Sennosuke’s company several times in various places (mostly at vaudeville theaters), and the victim of the bullying is always a girl.

In Shitaya’s Negishi district, there was an old vaudeville theater that had escaped wartime destruction. The stepmother-bullying play I saw there featured a young man dressed in women’s clothing. This was strangely perverse and fascinating.

A young actor dressed as a girl is beaten with a bamboo cane by his spiteful mother. In the scene where he writhes and cries with his kimono hem wildly disheveled, the actor’s inner thighs, whitewashed with powder, were visible, creating an ethereal eroticism.

In the Sakura Sennosuke troupe, Kyoko, nearly forty years old, played the role of the bullied girl.

Kyoko was petite with a round face and slender limbs, so with the right makeup, she could easily pass for a child around ten years old. More than just dressing up, to my eyes, it felt more like she was transforming.

Her delivery was realistic and innocent, and when it came to portraying a pitiful girl mercilessly bullied for being slow-witted, her skill was astonishingly masterful.

And Sennosuke plays the middle-aged stepmother. This troupe leader is also skilled at playing female roles. He becomes a truly spiteful, hateful stepmother, tormenting the adorable young girl played by Kyoko with every trick in the book.

At the time, it was a play about stepmother cruelty, rooted in the so-called [Shinpa](#) tragedy that was popular, influential, and deeply ingrained in the public consciousness, yet it was well-received by audiences.

Peep-show mechanisms, their pictures and narrations, and even [kamishibai](#) shows persisted as enduring forms of entertainment.

The term “rough-and-tumble” must refer to the kind of acting Sennosuke’s troupe does. It’s a gritty art that sometimes makes you want to laugh, but it keeps the audience on the edge of their seats and brings them to tears. What I still can’t forget is the scene where Oka, played by Kyoko, wets the bed, and her angry stepmother punishes her.

Just now, on a whim, I looked up “punishment” in the Obunsha Japanese dictionary and found something interesting written there. This is a bit of a tangent, but I’ll transcribe it here.

“Punishment (折檻: kekkan)” To severely reprimand. To inflict physical punishment as a form of discipline. This term originates from an

incident during the reign of Emperor Cheng of Han, when he became enraged by Zhu Yun's admonishment and attempted to have him removed from court. Zhu Yun resisted by clinging to the palace gate's bars, causing them to break.

Huh, I didn't know that. Looking things up in the dictionary is educational.

However, the Kojien dictionary is straightforward.

"Punishment" To severely reprimand. To express strong criticism.

Only the source is listed: "The Book of Han: Biography of Zhu Yun."

The Kojien dictionary is several times thicker and larger in format than the Obunsha Japanese dictionary, yet it provides insufficient service.

Well, anyway, the stepmother played by Sennosuke slaps the buttocks of the daughter who wet the bed with a ruler: smack, smack.

"How many times do I have to tell you? You really are a badly behaved child. If you keep wetting the bed night after night like this, it won't just ruin the futon, it'll rot the tatami mats too!"

"Mom, please forgive me! I was wrong! I won't do it again, so please forgive me!"

The girl pleaded in a pitiful voice, crouched motionless as the ruler lashed her shoulders and back.

"It's this ass, this ass is the problem."

The stepmother would grab the hem of her daughter's kimono, pull it up to her thighs, and slap her with a ruler, making a sharp, stinging sound.

The setting is likely intended to be the late Taisho or early Showa era. All the characters wear kimono, and the stepmother wears a Japanese-style wig. There are no plays in this troupe where the actors wear Western clothing.

The punishment scene unfolding under the dim light of a bare bulb appeared so eerily stimulating my sixteen-year-old boy's eyes.

On the surface, it's a play about a stepmother tormenting her stepdaughter, but if you disregard the roles, it becomes a scene where the husband, Sennosuke, is scolding his wife disguised as their young daughter.

When the audience clapped or shouted encouragement, Sennosuke would intensify his portrayal of the spiteful stepmother, rolling up his wife Kyoko's kimono to her hips and snapping a ruler.

When I first saw it, I naturally had no idea that the two people on stage were actually a real married couple.

From the conversations of the regulars around me, I gradually began to understand the inner workings of this troupe. Then, a more perverse, intensely stimulating hue was added to the simple story of stepchild abuse, making my heart pound.

As I wrote before, this troupe excelled at serial dramas. That is, they would build up the stage action to a certain point, and just when things were getting good, the actors would suddenly stop the play.

Then, kneeling upright on the stage, she bows toward the audience and declares:

"The rest shall be told tomorrow night. From this point on, this play will unfold with ever-increasing suspense and excitement. What fate awaits this poor girl? Whether she meets misfortune or finds happiness depends entirely upon you, our honored guests. Please do come again tomorrow night, inviting your neighbors and friends. I will bow repeatedly and humbly beg you."

This is how they pull at the audience's heartstrings. The audience is willingly drawn in and comes back to watch again. I, too, was drawn in and went to watch every night.

The audience is limited. It consists only of those farming in the hills away from Matsudo's city center and residents of the military factory company housing. Without them coming every night, this kind of play simply wouldn't work.

No matter how much she was punished, her bedwetting habit wouldn't stop, so as a punishment Kyoko was tied to a tree in the garden.

(Oh, how lovely, heartbreaking, beautiful, and erotic it was to see Kyoko Sakura, nearly forty years old, dressed in a kimono, disheveled, tied up with her hands behind her back, and bound to a tree!)

Sitting in a corner of the room on a mat laid directly on the floor, I held my breath and gazed at Kyoko Sakura in a state of rapture. Under the dim light of a bare light bulb, Kyoko's fragile beauty, as she writhed and let out faint cries, tightening my sixteen-year-old heart with a sharp, painful ache.

The stepmother withdrew into the house, and a travelling medicine seller appeared before the daughter, who remained tied to the tree.

The character is a medicine peddler from Etchu-Toyama, played by one of the troupe members, Ichimaru Chomatsu. He is portrayed as a kind-hearted old travelling salesman.

The medicine seller took pity on the girl, untied her ropes, and told her to come with him, promising to help her escape.

As he tried to grab her hand and escape, the stepmother appeared, clutching a kitchen knife in one hand, "I won't let you escape! I plan to sell that girl as a geisha once she's a little older!"

She made a dramatic gesture, her face twisted in a demonic grimace.

Here, the gong sounds, the play is interrupted, and the announcement is made: "The rest will be performed tomorrow night."

The next night, the plot thickens: the daughter, having failed to escape, faces even harsher punishment than before. There's no way I'd miss such a compelling serial drama.

2008.2.19

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第三十二回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 32

桜仙之助一座

The Sakura Sennosuke Troupe

Sakura Sennosuke's troupe play "Bullying the Stepchild" featured various ingenious touches within its simple storyline.

Careful consideration was given to ensure that patrons who came to watch every night would not grow bored. It must be the wisdom of daily-changing plays.

As punishment for constantly wetting the bed, the girl was tied to a tree in the garden. Though she was briefly rescued by an old medicine peddler, she was dragged back by her demonic stepmother, played by Sakura Sennosuke.

And they will face even harsher punishment.

"Damn it. How could she forget all the kindness I showed her? What an ungrateful brat. I was planning to sell her off to a brothel for some cash once she got a bit older, but this little ingrate... Well, it's infuriating. Just you wait and see what I'll do."

The stepmother once again bound the poor girl's hands behind her back with rope and dragged her to the center of the stage. The girl cried out in a pitiful voice, "Please forgive me, have mercy!" and offered no resistance. She remained quietly bound.

She is an obedient daughter who resigns herself to her stepmother's anger, thinking it cannot be helped. She believes that because she is a stepchild, no matter how badly she is treated, she cannot defy her stepmother.

That innocent, fragile demeanor, the heartrending sight of the girl being scolded in such a way, drew me in with an irresistible charm as a boy sitting in the audience.

"I'll never run away again, so please, Mother, forgive me!"

Kyoko, Sennosuke's wife, played the part of the pitiful eleven or twelve-year-old girl writhing her body and begging for forgiveness with the skill of a veteran actress. She delivered

an over-the-top performance, so skillful it was almost obscene, winning the audience's sympathy.

I was half-amazed and half-appalled by how terrible an actress she was, yet I couldn't help but be captivated, both visually and emotionally, by the heartbreaking sight of Kyoko struggling while bound.

Looking back now, the other audience members besides me must have enjoyed this play about stepchild bullying purely as a play.

Only I felt eroticism in the sight of the girl being punished, secretly indulging in the sadistic pleasure within my heart.

"No matter how pitifully you whine, it won't do any good. A twisted brat like you won't learn from words alone. The only way is to teach it to your body."

The stepmother, her rage still unchecked, pushed the girl, her hands bound behind her back, down beside the brazier and pinned her beneath her. Then, grabbing the girl's ankle, she dragged her back and forth a few times. With a hateful twist of her lips, she spat out a terrifying line.

"I'll burn the soles of your feet so you can never run away again. Prepare yourself."

Inside the brazier, a poker with its tip painted red is thrust in.

The kote, though no longer seen today, was a small iron tool resembling a miniature iron with a long handle. It was a device for smoothing out wrinkles in fabric and could be found in every household before the war.



(kote, or yakigote)

The stepmother grabbed the iron tongs from the brazier and pulled them out. The tips were painted red. That is to say, they were already heated by the charcoal fire.

The stepmother held the scorching tip close to her own face, pursed her lips, and blew hot air onto it. "Oh, hot, hot, it's well heated. I'll use this to burn the soles of your feet, so brace yourself."

Though the audience all know the red is merely painted on, and not actually hot, they tremble at the horror of this punishment devised by the stepmother. Even at sixteen, I trembled and my heart pounded.

"What a hateful mother she is. Poor thing, that girl."

The farmer's grandmother behind me uttered this in a groaning voice. The other grandmother beside her nodded in agreement, covering her nose and mouth with a tattered hand towel:

"Poor thing, poor thing. We must do something for that girl. She's just too pitiful."

Tears stream from eyes full of wrinkles.

The audience's reaction instantly reached the stage: "It's hot, hot! Mom, have mercy! It's hot, hot! Please stop!"

Kyoko gave a heart-wrenching cry and acted with all her might. She tried to escape, but her stepmother's hand gripped one ankle, leaving her only able to struggle. The hem of her kimono fluttered, revealing a glimpse of her thigh above the knee.

The stage is dimly lit by bare bulbs alone, yet it is precisely this darkness that makes the poor girl's thighs appear to glow white.

Under the hazy, phantom-like glow of the dim light, the scene of the stepchild abuse played out. Though staged, it was imbued with an otherworldly, eerie eroticism that seemed beyond this realm, born of the indistinct darkness.

A warm spring night breeze blows through the small tent theater, gently swaying the bare lightbulb hanging from above.

Then the shadows on the actor's faces subtly shift, creating a vividly eerie effect that the actors themselves are unaware of.

"Hmm, no matter how pathetically you wail and cry, I won't be fooled anymore."

The stepmother gives her stepdaughter's body a sharp kick. Then, raising the iron she holds high above her head, she strikes a dramatic pose and declares, "This red-hot iron shall touch the soles of your feet!"

With a smug, mocking laugh, she sets the tone, and at that moment, the clapper strikes with a sharp “chooooong!”

“To be continued tomorrow night,” and with the sound of the clapper, chon chon chon, the curtain falls.

What an awful ending, but its unique rhythm and tempo are strangely satisfying, and the audience gets swept up in the flow of the play and can’t help but applaud.

And so the stepchild bullying continues night after night.

“Going again tonight? You’re really dedicated, aren’t you?” Mom said to me with an exasperated look. She had told Dad that I’d been going every night to see the traveling open-air theater troupe that had come from somewhere.

It wasn’t a tone that seemed to criticise me; on the contrary, it was a cheerful voice that made me want to go.

“Is that so? Do you really find these travelling beggar troupes that entertaining, out here in the sticks?” Father asked me with a laugh.

Actually, both my father and mother are even more fond of theater and the performing arts than I am.

“Nah, it’s not really that interesting. It’s just a play where the audience sits on mats laid out on the ground, with no roof, and gets cancelled when it rains, though that’s pretty rare. I figured it’s something you don’t get to see very often.” I replied, hiding my true feelings.

A couple nights later, while I was watching a performance by the Sennosuke troupe, I turned around and suddenly saw my mother and father sitting side by side in the back..

(They came) I thought. It wasn’t surprising. I’d had a premonition ever since my father asked me, “Is it really that interesting?” Both my mother and my father loved theater and were eccentric.

What surprised me was that after the performance that night, my father went out of his way to visit the dressing room beside the stage and gave Sennosuke and his wife a congratulatory gift.

It was the immediate postwar period, a time when everyone was poor and there was nothing to eat, and my family too endured a life of hardship.

Our family couldn't possibly afford to give a gift to a travelling actor who'd be gone tomorrow. What foolish parents I have, I thought, utterly exasperated.

That night was a Saturday, and my father had the next day off work. Around noon, just as he was getting up, Sennosuke and Kyoko came to my house to thank us for the gift we'd given them the night before.

"We didn't give you anything worth coming all this way to thank us for, yet you're so polite," said both my father and mother cheerfully as they entertained the travelling actor couple.

For the common folk of that era, steamed sweet potatoes were the ultimate delicacy, served as their midday meal. Having endured the hardships of wartime and postwar austerity, I feel compelled to describe how precious that food was, how wretched the fare of that time truly was. Yet, since others have already chronicled their experiences in various accounts, I shall refrain from doing so here.

Mother said, "Take these for the two child actors," wrapped up the remaining sweet potatoes, and gave them as a gift.

As mentioned earlier, this troupe has two children named Koume and Matsutaro, both of whom work as child actors on stage.

When Kyoko accepted the gift package my mother had given her with both hands and thanked her, my stomach growled loudly, craving those sweet potatoes.

I thought to myself, "what a terrible mother she is, only letting her own children eat sweet potato dumplings made by rolling and hardening powder from dried sweet potato leaves and vines."

(There I go again, complaining about how hungry I was back then. I should stop. I really ought to avoid writing such dull, unromantic stuff... But still, when I compare longing with hunger, shamefully enough, hunger comes first.)

On stage, Kyoko had played such a frail, delicate girl that she thrilled me, yet in the brightness of daylight, she only looked like a small, shabby, middle-aged woman worn down by household chores. I felt a little disappointed.

To put it dramatically, it felt like my dreams had been shattered.

The stepdaughter on stage and the woman bowing obsequiously before my parents while eating sweet potatoes with relish were completely different people.

But this, I thought, is what theater is all about.

Well, how should I write this? No, no matter how I try, I have no choice but to write the facts as they are.

I too have a little vanity. It's not something I'm particularly proud of, so I've never written about it anywhere before. But I always knew I'd have to write about it someday.

After that, the Sennosuke couple visited my house two or three times. My father, who loved the performing arts, welcomed their visits and coaxed out all sorts of stories about the hardships of travelling actors.

Business at the theater gradually began to slow, and the troupe decided to leave the area and move on to their next performance location.

From the stage of a certain village in Ibaraki Prefecture, where the troupe was touring, I found myself being called Sakura Sentaro and had become an actor in a beggar theater troupe.

It wasn't me who asked Sennosuke to let me join his troupe. Sennosuke himself bowed his head and said, "Just for three months, please help out with my troupe." "Help out" means to assist, to act as a supporting actor.

But I have neither the experience nor the skill to take on such a role. I refused, yet Sennosuke bowed excessively low, head down, hands pressed together, pleading with me. It was pure beggar's theater.

I groaned and couldn't make up my mind for quite some time.

(Performing is fine, but I'm not too thrilled about being in a troupe like this.) I had that pride.

I didn't have the confidence to perform unscripted improvisational theater on a daily basis, as is common practice on the so-called "touring circuit."

Actually, when I was taken to a munitions factory under some order from the authorities called the Student Mobilization Order, I never worked on producing weapons at all. Instead, I only performed entertainment acts to cheer up the workers and put on plays.

Hitachi's weapons manufacturing plants were not only in Kameari, but also scattered throughout the Tokyo area at the time, each employing thousands of workers.

I was assigned to an organization that toured such factories to provide entertainment for the employees working there.

(This incident is briefly mentioned in Kawade Bunko's "'Kitan Club' and its surroundings.")

That entertainment troupe was assembled by conscripting men too old to take up arms and fight, then selecting entertainers, actors, and theater professionals from among them. It was a group comprised of seasoned veterans. I, being fifteen at the time, was included simply because the troupe lacked a child actor.

Sennosuke, having learned of my stage experience, asked if I'd perform for him. It must have been my father who told him about it.

Any ordinary, sensible parents would likely have declined, but both my mother and father readily accepted Sennosuke's invitation.

Rather than consenting, my parents were completely laissez-faire with their children. Laissez-faire sounds nice, but it was irresponsible. No matter what mischief we got into, they never complained, never scolded, just left us to our own devices. They were people who held absolutely no convictions or confidence about how to live their lives. In a word, they were weak-willed cowards.

(I feel like I must write about my father's peculiar character someday.)

In the end, I agreed to Sennosuke's invitation. The school I was supposed to return to still had not recovered from the devastation of the war.

Joining the travelling troupe meant I would leave my parents' home and entrust my food, clothing, and lodging to Sennosuke. During this time of food shortages, my participation in the tour would ultimately become one fewer mouth to feed for my family.

"Since I'm always travelling around the countryside, I can always get rice to eat," Sennosuke told me.

In a word, Sennosuke was a good man. He had a kind heart. Though his eyes were small and his nose and mouth were large, giving him a less than refined face. His way of speaking was gentle and never vulgar. I was drawn in by Sennosuke's sincere character.

Even so, I was sixteen at the time. I couldn't play the leading man, and I was no longer cut out for child roles.

I worried that even if I joined the troupe, I might be useless. I'd come to feel that if I couldn't make it as an actor, I'd be content with menial tasks or running errands. An adventurous spirit and curiosity welled up inside me: the urge to dive into the life of a travelling actor.

The anxiety about whether I could stand on stage as an actor was quickly dispelled.

My first stage appearance was, as mentioned earlier, with a theater troupe organized at a massive munitions factory, and I actually played an onnagata role.

In the period drama "[Blood Smoke at Takada-baba](#)" where Nakayama Yasubei (later Horibe Yasube) avenges his uncle's death, I was made to wear a wig and a [furisode](#) kimono to play the daughter of Horibe Yasudo.

I still remember the words spoken at that time.

"For a vital vendetta, a rope sash is unlucky. Take this obi instead..." so it was said.

When Sennosuke heard this from my father, he may have invited me to join the troupe as a young female role performer.

I wrote that the next performance location for the Sakura Sennosuke Troupe was in a village in Ibaraki Prefecture. It was one of the villages along the line of a private railway originating from Toride Town (now Toride City).

I think it would be interesting to explain these matters accurately, including private railway station names, place names, and village names. But since it seems likely to cause trouble, I'll deliberately keep things vague.

But, ahhh, counting back, it was sixty years ago.

Sixty years have passed since then. After sixty years, you might think you could write about anything, but that's not really the case.

For me, it's an unforgettable past, sometimes a nostalgic memory as fragrant as blooming roses. But others may not feel the same. I mustn't cause trouble. So I'll keep the place, people and other details vague.

Kyoko, Sennosuke's wife, was the daughter of a prominent figure in the region who served as stationmaster at a certain private railway station located northwest of Toride Station on the Joban Line.

To put it simply, the stationmaster's daughter fell for a travelling actor, Sennosuke. She ran away from home and joined him. She herself became a travelling actress, and together with the two children she had with Sennosuke, they're now touring the countryside. That's the story.

I learned this after I left Matsudo and moved to Ibaraki Prefecture with Sennosuke and his group, where we began staying at the stationmaster's house.

“This is my wife’s family home,” Sennosuke told me, wearing his usual kind smile. “At first, they disapproved of our line of work and opposed it, but now they understand and are our grateful supporters.”

At first, her parents opposed it, but now they reluctantly accept their daughter’s way of life. With two grandchildren to boot, they’ve become patrons of the troupe, a situation I vaguely understood. I hear he’s since retired from his role as stationmaster.

That concludes my rather lengthy account of how I came to know Sennosuke. I never intended to write in such detail about the circumstances that led me to become a lowly travelling actor. Hardly something to brag about.

Readers must surely be bored by now. But if I don’t write this down now, the rest of the story will just feel like a lie.

I’ve spent fifty years writing nothing but popular fiction, so I’m extremely afraid of boring my readers.

(I know full well that I can’t write decent novels because I’m always afraid of my readers.)

So, things are about to get a little erotic. Actually, I’ve been droning about Sennosuke and my father just to get to this part. It’s the story of how Sennosuke and Kyoko’s daughter, Koume, causes me nothing but trouble.

Koume is, of course, a stage name. She is thirteen years old. Sakura Sennosuke and Kyoko, are of course, stage names as well.

When it comes to stories like this, I somehow feel at ease writing them. I guess I’m just the kind of person who likes these kinds of erotic stories.

2008.3.19

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第三十三回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 33

小梅の赤い米粒乳首

Koume's Red Rice-grain Nipples

Note: This chapter references many forms of Japanese music and dance forms, as well as historical figures. I have provided links to these for additional context, and hopefully immersion. Some of the songs have actual recordings to which I have linked, and while the music may be different from what was played by the Sennosuke troupe in Toride City, hopefully they can help capture some small essence of the nights of Nureki in his youth.

Before confessing my conversation with Koume, I suppose I ought to explain a bit more about this travelling troupe (among us, we called traveling troupes “dosa,” with a tinge of contempt or self-mockery, we called it “dosa-mawari”⁴².)

Sakura Sennosuke's troupe didn't just perform plays about stepmother cruelty. They did everything from imitation kabuki-style plays to sentimental tearjerkers and Soganoya-style sentimental comedies.

They constantly adapt to the tastes of the local audience. After all, it's a daily-changing play. Explaining the Shinpa or Soganoya-style plays here would take too long, so I'll skip that.

Oh, and then there are many plays stolen, no, borrowed, from the swordplay troupe led by [Noboru Umezawa](#) and [Osamu Kanai](#), which enjoyed immense popularity until the early Showa era. Those swordplay performances by Umezawa and Kanai were also offshoots of Shinkokugeki, but explaining that would take us down a never-ending rabbit hole, so I'll skip it. There's no point in me showing off my knowledge of Japanese popular theater history here.

I should just note that as a child, my father frequently took me to the theaters where these plays were performed. In other words, I actually saw their performances.

Oh dear, I've gone off on a tangent again. Such digressions are surely not very interesting for readers. Let me get back on track.

⁴² ドサ回り: meaning travelling troupe, but can also mean local hoodlum

Sakura Sennosuke's troupe performs a "dance show" with recorded accompaniment and singing for about thirty to forty minutes right after opening (they gauge the audience's reaction while doing this. If they judge the audience to enjoy this kind of dance, they'll keep going for over an hour).

Sennosuke and Kyoko's eldest daughter and son, that is, Koume and Matsutaro, will be the stars of this dance show.

There are many yakuza dances in wandering minstrel enka⁴³ songs like "[Akagi's Lullaby](#)," "[Tonegawa Moonlit Night](#)," "[Three Men on the Road](#)," and "[Journey of Longing for My Wife](#)."

Koume is thirteen, and Matsutaro is ten. The sight of these two children, wearing the gangster's wigs, dressed in costumes, swords at their sides, dancing in full regalia, is endearing, and the audience applauds and cheers unconditionally.

Especially for the petite Matsutaro, cheers of "Cute! Cute!" erupted from the audience, and tips flew toward the stage. The contents of these tips were, of course, cash, which became one of the troupe's main sources of income.

My first stage performance with this troupe, as I mentioned briefly before, took place in the garden of the stationmaster's home at a certain station along a private railway line originating from Toride City, Ibaraki Prefecture (which was still Toride Town at the time).

The two-story gatehouse featured a spacious garden where seating was arranged. However, just like in Matsudo, the seating consisted only of mats laid directly on the ground.

The stage is set in an eight-mat room facing the garden and its veranda. A curtain is drawn between the audience seats and the veranda, giving it the semblance of a stage.

The night the troupe moved from Matsudo to the stationmaster's house in this Ibaraki village, while Sennosuke was hanging black curtains on the walls of the room that would serve as the stage, he said to me: "This is Kyoko's family home. When Kyoko and I first got together, her father was furious and banned us from coming here. But once we had a grandchild, he forgave us."

The travelling actor who came to the village, Sennosuke, made the stationmaster's daughter, a prominent local figure, fall in love with him. She ran away from, and eventually she herself began performing on stage. It was only natural that her respectable father, a man of status and honor, flew into a rage. For a time, they were estranged, effectively disowned.

Now that he has two grandchildren, he's even offering up his own backyard.

⁴³ "Enka": traditional style Japanese popular ballad.

"He's a good man, my father," Sennosuke said, offering a grateful smile as he bowed his head toward the inner living room where his father was.

The chairman's kindness is something even my father understands, I murmured to myself. A sixteen-year-old rookie actor couldn't possibly say such a cheeky thing to the chairman out loud.

Sennosuke asked me to appear in the dance show featuring Koume and Matsutaro.

"I can't dance," I immediately shook my head and said.

"Learn from Koume. Practice for just an hour and you'll be able to dance," Sennosuke said with a light laugh. Then, calling Koume who was laying out the mats for the guests in the garden, he said, "Before tonight's curtain rises, teach Sentaro one or two things."

"Yes," Koume replied curtly, her face sulky. There were only two hours left until the curtain rose at seven. I was terrified.

Koume ordered me to put on a yukata, and she herself changed from her red skirt into a yukata.

Then she summoned the manager, Den-san, and ordered him in a haughty tone, "Teach Sentaro how to dance. Play the record."

It was a side of Koume I hadn't seen before. Den-san was a senior figure in this industry, likely well past his mid-fifties.

Den-san casually replied, "Sure thing," and got ready for dance practice.

(So she's acting all high and mighty just because she's the troupe leader's daughter.) That's what I simply thought at the time.

I knew Koume could dance skillfully, having seen her perform nightly during the Matsudo show. Though she was thirteen, when she danced she deliberately made an adorable face to win over the audience. Then, with an almost lewd innocence, she would flirt with the patrons.

I did find Koume adorable, but back in Matsudo, my attention was drawn to the intense drama of Kyoko being painfully bound and tormented, writhing in agony; a stepmother's cruel treatment.

Sennosuke and Kyoko have visited my home in Matsudo several times. While I've seen their faces and demeanor outside of their stage performances as a couple, this was my first time getting a close look at Koume's everyday self.

Koume's manner when teaching me to dance was oddly mature and damnably insolent. She was stiff and stilled, and at times felt less arrogant than outright haughty. It couldn't be helped, really, she'd barely finished elementary school, spent her life traveling from stage to stage, and knew nothing of the world. But first and foremost, her speech was rough and insolent.

Koume taught me "[Kantaro Tsukiyo Uta](#)" and "[Tabigasa Michiyuki](#)." Surprisingly, while Koume naturally wore panties when outside the stage in her red skirt, she wore absolutely no underwear when she put on her yukata for practice.

(I accidentally wrote "panties," but back then there were no such thin, small pieces of fabric called "panties"; instead, there were loose-fitting undergarments called "bloomers." A few years ago, "[no-panties cafes](#)" became a topic of discussion, but if such a place existed in this era, it would probably be called a "no-bloomers cafe.")

Though it wasn't cold as the season moved toward summer, Koume wore only her yukata over her bare skin, without any undergarments.

In Japanese dance, it is forbidden to wear Western-style undergarments even during practice. Particularly for female dancers, it is said that wearing shorts or similar garments beneath the kimono while dancing diminishes the sensuality.

However, even for Koume, it was bold to suddenly appear wearing only a yukata, without a waist sash or a skin-colored undergarment.

For male roles in dance shows, since they often portray traveling yakuza, wearing pants under the yukata during practice won't get you scolded. This is because on stage, they wear half-length leggings with patches or arm guards and leg wraps.

The male actors of Sennosuke's troupe (though even with Den-san included, there were only three of them) always wore a single fundoshi⁴⁴ as their only undergarment. (I too began wearing a fundoshi as my undergarment starting with the next day's rehearsal.)

On the lower part of the veranda where the stage is set, Den-san spins the record and rehearsal for "Kantaro Tsukiyo Uta" begins. First, Koume dances and, using her as a model, I move my limbs and shake my head. Koume, who had been looking bored and unmotivated, suddenly gets into the spirit of things when it counts, occasionally raising her voice sternly to instruct me.

⁴⁴ Traditional Japanese undergarment

It was frustrating to learn the basics of yakuza dancing from a girl three years younger than me, but I figured, “When in Rome...”

Suddenly, I realized. The collar of Koume’s yukata had come undone, and the scent of sweat seeping from her skin brushed past my nose. The collar opened wider, and Koume’s small, rounded breasts came into view. Their cuteness made me gasp for breath and feel dizzy for a moment. I was overwhelmed by the eroticism of the shape of breasts belonging to a young girl.

Until then, I had thought Koume was just a child. My object of eroticism was her mother, Kyoko. No, not the real Kyoko. I was drawn to the image of that pitiful, wretched girl in the play. Kyoko bound on stage, endlessly tormented in a stepchild abuse drama, and it could be said that image was what led me all the way to that small village in Ibaraki.

But right before my eyes, the small yet plump, rounded breasts of Koume emitted a tantalizing scent of sweat, breathing vividly. Precisely because they were small, they possessed a raw, fresh, and erotic quality.

Kyoko’s large breasts swayed heavily, a mother’s breasts, no longer an object of eroticism. Koume’s yukata collar, now further disheveled and spread open as she pressed her body close to mine to teach me the dance with fervor, carried the scent of sweat mingled with sweetness.

I felt Koume’s rough breathing right before my face, and at the same time, I saw the red, rice-grainlike nipples on the peaks of her small breasts hidden beneath her yukata. The shocking eroticism made my knees tremble. Trying not to succumb to that shock, I moved my limbs and hips as Koume instructed.

At the climax of the dance, Koume twisted her upper body, flung her sleeves wide, and boldly spread her legs to strike a pose. The hem of her yukata split wide open to the sides, revealing her thighs.

Actually, it was at that moment I realized Koume wasn’t wearing any underwear. My eyes caught sight of her pale crotch. I was utterly knocked off my feet by the eroticism emanating from her.

The rehearsal for “Kantaro Tsukiyo Uta,” in which I must dance alone, is finally over. Though “rehearsal” might be overstating it, it was more like learning the choreography. Or rather, it was just learning the sequence of how to move my body and limbs.

“There’s no time left, so that’ll have to do. It can’t be helped,” Koume said to me in a mature tone.

Koume suggested we dance another “Tabigasa Dochu” together. She and I would dance as a pair.

The man she loved set out on a journey. It was a dance of a woman who followed him and travelled together. This too was a yakuza’s wandering enka song.

“Sentaro-san, you just stand right in the middle of the stage and move around as if you’re keeping the beat. I’ll dance around you to the music,” Koume said this in her usual sharp tone while retying the loose obi of her yukata.

But the stern expression she’d been wearing until just now had softened considerably. Come to think of it, this was the first time Koume and I had ever faced each other like this and exchanged words.

Koume was nervous in her own way. I thought maybe her tension eased because I’d learned one dance.

“Tabigasa Dochu” is indeed a dance performed by the duo of me and Koume, but I just stand around aimlessly while Koume alone moves to my right and left, comes to the front and circles around to the back.

Learning two dances at once was beyond my amateur abilities, so perhaps it was the daughter of the troupe leader’s thoughtful consideration that I only had to stand still for one of them.

Midway through the song, Koume boldly threw her arms around me while dancing. She clung to my chest with both hands, batting her eyelashes as she peered up at my face from below. At times like that, I couldn’t meet her gaze and felt flustered.

Koume is about fifteen centimeters shorter than me. Seeing me flustered, my face surely red, Koume might have found it amusing. While teaching me to dance, Koume was tormenting my heart.

That night, Ichimura Namie from the troupe did my makeup and dressed me in my costume. A veteran of this industry well past forty, Namie was originally a wig-maker who also played the shamisen in the orchestra pit, beat the drums, and acted. A truly versatile woman.

As she applied white powder to my face, she said things like: “Things must be tough sometimes, but in times like these, you just have to endure it. These days, being able to live each day without worrying about putting food on the table is something to be thankful for.”

On the night of the Tokyo air raids, she was the unfortunate one whose parents, husband, and three children all perished in the flames. She had met her current husband,

Ichimura Nagamatsu, a year ago, though they were not yet legally married. Yet, she told me with a bright smile, “You’re young, so you’ve got plenty of interesting things ahead of you.”

About seventy people gathered in the stationmaster’s home garden. The dance show began, starting with Koume and Matsutaro performing the “[Nozaki Folk Song](#).” Koume danced the Oshome role, while Matsutaro danced the Hisamatsu role. Hisamatsu was significantly smaller than Oshome, which drew bright laughter from the audience.

After that, I somehow managed to finish dancing “Kantaro Tsukiyo Uta.” As I retreated to the wings, Koume came up beside me and whispered in my ear, “That wasn’t dancing, it was radio calisthenics!” and called me names.

Next, Kyoko danced “[Murasaki Kouta](#),” followed by Sennosuke performing “[Otonegetsuyo](#).” Then came the duet by Koume and me, “Tabigasa Dochu.”

Nervously waiting for the troupe leader’s dance to end, my heart pounding, Koume, who had been standing beside me, suddenly threw her arms around my chest. Then, “Let’s get along from now on,” she said, pushing her lips forward. Since I was about to go on stage, I was startled and reflexively pulled my chin back to avoid her lips.

Koume stared intently into my eyes and flashed a mischievous grin. Then, twice, thrice, she pursed her red-painted lips and lunged at mine. I recoiled and dodged. This girl was terrifying.

Perhaps because she was wearing the makeup of a gangster woman chasing a gangster man, Koume’s smile was terribly seductive and mature beyond her years. Her presence, pressing close to me while waiting for her cue in the dark corner of the stage wings, felt eerie. She began to seem like a little devil.

I was stiff with fear and trembling. Koume smiled and said to me, “That’s a lie. If we kissed now, my lipstick would smudge. Of course it’s a lie. You silly goose, Sentaro-san.”

The girl from the traveling troupe used the old word “kiss (接吻: seppun)” instead of “kiss (キス: kissu).” That alone remains vividly in my memory, but I don’t recall how she danced “Tabigasa Dochu.”

After eleven thirty that night, I was soaking alone in the bath, where the powdered soap scum glistened and floated on the surface after everyone else had finished. The bathroom in the country house was dim. The firewood in the bath stove had nearly burned out, but the smell of smoke lingered.

Then, from the other side of the glass, Koume called out to me.

“Sentaro, are you in there? I’m coming in too.”

Before I could answer, the glass door to the bathroom opened and Koume entered, completely naked. Her naked form appeared in the steam and approached me. I panicked. Koume should have finished her bath two hours ago.

With a childish gesture, she straddled the edge of the tub and sipped one leg into the water, deliberately bringing her crotch close to my face. I saw her pubic hair, faintly visible like wisps of smoke.

Koume pressed down on my shoulders from above, innocently yet mischievously, as I tried to scramble out of the bath in a hurry.

“Sennosuke and Kyoko always do this sort of thing in the bath. And Nagamatsu-san and Namie-san get in together too.”

The girl refers to her own father and mother simply as Sennosuke and Kyoko.

As I sank my body into the water, she wrapped both arms around my back. Water gushed over the edge of the tub. White steam filled the bathroom. I wrapped my arms around Koume’s back too. It was a wooden tub meant for one person. We couldn’t both fit unless we pressed our bodies close together.

The girl’s body felt neither stiff nor soft, but supple like the stem of a plant. Had holding her in the bath made her feel so pliant? My chest cradled her small, swelling breasts. It felt like we’d been embracing in the water for a very long time, though in reality it must have been only five or six minutes.

As I held her close, the girl’s flesh seemed to melt away bit by bit, until only her bones remained inside my chest, like a single wire.

More than sixty years have passed since then.

One day in mid-March in 2008, I was again at the scene of a bondage photo shoot.

But I’ve forgotten the model’s face from yesterday, the shape of her body, and what we did. Only her name is jotted down in my notebook, so I could look it up, but I can’t recall her face anymore. The sensation of touching her body has vanished from my hands. For instance, if I happened to bump into her on the street, I’d be so forgetful I wouldn’t recognize her (it actually happened once. Embarrassing, I know.).

But I still clearly remember the names, faces, voices, and stage presence of those members of the Sakura Sennosuke troupe from sixty years ago.

That night, we embraced in the murky, glistening bathwater where melted white powder, grease, and grime floated, but we never had sex.

Even without sex, the sweet sensation of that night, the excitement, the intoxication, and the dizzying pleasure remain vivid and clear in my memory, as if it happened yesterday.

Ah, her tiny nipples like red rice grains. I licked that red rice grain with my tongue just once.

Perhaps it's precisely because we didn't have sex that this memory remains so vivid. The experience of me, completely naked, embracing a completely naked female body for the first time. Early summer at sixteen. I didn't penetrate her, but I did kiss her. No, I kissed her deeply.

Life with the traveling troupe ended after three months, and I returned to my home in Matsudo. It had been agreed from the start that it would only be for three months.

The pleasure with Koume was delightful, yet terrifying to me as a boy. I couldn't say why, but it was terrifying. The plays and dances changed daily. That is, the repertoire changed every day. Every day, Koume taught me song and dance.

Hands touching, the scent of Koume's sweat, it was a pleasure. A pleasure tinged with dread. The boy I was feared that such joyful days couldn't possibly last in this world. There was a terror that a terrible reckoning would surely come.

I think the reason I never tried to see Koume again after that was because of that fear.

2008.3.24

Talking Theater: On Chapter 33

Correspondence between Mika Suzume and Nureki Chimuo

Below are comments received from Mika Suzume-san regarding "Talking Theater Chapter 33"

Though 13-year-old Koume is still a child, the daughter of traveling performers is no amateur. She's a pro, you see.

It might be a way of raising children that would cause serious problems in this day and age, but perhaps it's precisely that upbringing that allows her to perform arts that amateurs couldn't possibly imitate.... That was my thought, but what drew me in the most was the part starting with:

"The pleasure with Koume was delightful, yet terrifying to me as a boy."

I understand that feeling perfectly.

Around the time of transition from boyhood to young adulthood, sexual matters become strangely terrifying.

The tug-of-war between the desire to seek and the desire not to seek, it somehow resembles SM, doesn't it?

After my first experiences with women, gay encounters, and my introduction to SM, I also tasted that kind of "pleasure tinged with danger" during my adolescence.

For me, it was an indescribable feeling, a jumble of conflicting emotion. The urge to push them away, knowing this was wrong, and the sweet temptation to drown in it even more.

I sometimes find myself suddenly remembering those days when songs popular from back then came on at karaoke or elsewhere. When I get lost in those memories, I sometimes feel the bittersweet, fluttering excitement from my youth all over again.

Right now I'm doing things far more risque than that, but the excitement is lower compared to back then... or rather, it's more accurate to say there's none at all, isn't it...

Looking back now, I realize I didn't need to feel so guilty. But that sense of guilt, paired with the thrill of danger, even now, feels like a treasure to me.

This time, "Koume's red-rice grain nipples" brought back those precious memories of mine, and it made me feel incredibly happy.

Thank you very much.

A Letter from Nureki Chimuo to Mika Suzume

To Mika Suzume-san. From Nureki Chimuo.

Thank you for reading the "Talking Theater." I'm delighted you've read the thirty-third chapter.

I haven't written any explicit scenes involving SM in the last few installments, so I'm sure those who enjoy such descriptions must be bored. But honestly, it's because of instructions from my manager, R-san. I have no choice.

No, I shouldn't say things like "it can't be helped." R-san would scold me. I'm writing because I have the desire to write; without that, I couldn't possibly write.

By writing about this era, I believe my subsequent SM experiences will come to life.

Whenever I write this sort of "resume" or "memoir," R-san always says, "good, good, this is fine, it's interesting," and seems pleased. Perhaps R-san, too, is laying the groundwork by exposing my various youthful embarrassments, aiming for the effect of the later, more extreme (though I don't particularly think it's extreme), direct descriptions of mine.

She's probably working behind the scenes, trying to add a bit of weight to the flow of my frivolous writing.

Even so, I can only admire Mika Suzume-san's consistently astute reading and sharp intuition.

Every time, you pinpoint the very passages where I pour my heart into the writing, delve deeply into them, and send me your thoughts. As an author, I couldn't ask for a more grateful reader.

On stage, when an actor strikes a pose at the seven-three point of the [hanamichi](#), seizing the moment, they call out without missing that instant, truly a connoisseur among the audience.

The core of the thirty-third chapter lies in the "sweet terror of pleasure tinged with crisis" experienced by the boy. Without conveying this, the entire work would become a mere "reminiscence."

In each instance, Mika Sensei keenly and accurately discerns what I am trying to convey and what my intent is.

For a writer, nothing is more gratifying. And nothing demands greater vigilance. For if I let my guard down and write carelessly, it will be seen through immediately.

Having readers like Mika Suzume-san truly motivates us writers. It sharpens our focus.

Thank you very much.

2008.3.28

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第三十四回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 34

父も母もバカ

Both my father and my mother are idiots

I once wrote about my parents, "What idiotic parents they are, I'm appalled."

It was during the immediate postwar period of food shortages, when they were struggling to feed their three children properly, that I happened to meet a travelling actor. I saw that parent, who had steamed precious sweet potatoes for the actor and given him a gift of money, rejoicing. One of those "three children," of course, was me.

Several months later, I reaffirmed that my parents were idiots. They absolutely must be.

My three-month stint with the Sakura Sennosuke Troupe, touring the countryside, was a youthful folly. Those days were filled with all sorts of joys and sorrows, and constant tension, but now they're all fond memories.

In my life, which is now nearing its end, those three months seem to have shone like a rose-colored glow. The fact that I still remember them so vividly is proof of that.

Anyway, I was young. I think a young person can do anything. It was fine for me at sixteen, but now my father, who must be over fifty, has become an actor in the Sakura Sennosuke Troupe in my place.

However, my father was an employee at Hitachi's Kameari factory. Though forcibly conscripted by wartime authorities, he was still officially employed by a legitimate company, and our family lived in its company housing.

It's impossible for the members of a travelling troupe, who move from place to place and live together morning, noon, and night, to lead a normal life.

I later learned that my father had asked an acquaintance who was a doctor to write him a medical certificate for some illness, obtained a month's sick leave, and apparently became an actor.

My father loved theater that much. He loved it more than I did. He yearned for it more than I did. It stands to reason that I, inheriting that blood, would love theater too.

If he had actually joined the traveling troupe and left his family behind, you'd have to say he was more than just foolish. But after a month, my father returned to our home in Matsudo and resumed his work life at the company.

However, he seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed his life as an actor with the Sennosuke troupe, and would often cheerfully recount episodes from that time.

I listened intently to my father's story, but he showed no interest in Koume's existence and remained unaware of the girl's achievements. He only boasted about how his presence as an actor had benefited the troupe.

My father occasionally participated as an actor in the comfort theater troupe organized within Hitachi Ltd., which I mentioned earlier, and took to the stage.

Sennosuke, who had heard about it from my father and knew the situation, pulled my father out after me to fill in for the understaffed troupe. My father's acting skills were passable, he could handle anything with some dexterity, but he wasn't particularly skilled. If anything, his art was rather crude.

As I listened to my father's trivial boasts, I thought of Koume and felt my heart grow warm.

Just as I finished writing this, I got a call from my manager, R-san. She said that Mika Suzume, who reads this column, had sent in a comment, a very thoughtful and excellent review, and she was faxing it over.

In other words, she occasionally urges me on in this way, concerned about my fickle nature. My tendency to slack off on writing and immediately go off to see plays or movies instead.

During the latter part of that phone call from R-san, something happened that left me completely dumbfounded. I'll interrupt the main text to jot that down briefly.

"Did you publish a poetry collection when you were younger, Nureki Sensei?" R-san asked.

"Yes, I did. I was also part of a poetry club and wrote a lot."

"I just remembered, about five or six years ago, I saw a poetry collection at a used bookstore that included poems written under your real name. At that time, I knew your real name because it was listed as the editor of Uramado in the colophon of the Uramado magazine

itself. So, when I found that old anthology poetry collection in the used bookstore and discovered that real name inside, I thought, 'Hmm, could this be the same person? Surely not?' Do you remember, Sensei?"

"Yes, I do. That's definitely an anti-war poetry collection. The poems were written during the 1950s, when the American military intervened in the internal conflict in Korea and it turned into a war. What? You found such an old poetry collection from back then at a used bookstore?"

Given my current relationship with R-san, if she were to discover my real name in an old publication, she'd naturally think "Oh?" and pick it up.

However, it was five years ago that R-san discovered that poetry collection at a used bookstore. She couldn't have known me personally. And of course, I had no idea R-san even existed.

In other words, even back then, R-san was aware of my presence popping up all over the SM industry.

From my perspective, it is truly an honor and a privilege. But that is not what I wish to write about here.

Sixty years ago, my poetry was published. Five years ago, R-san browsed it at a used bookstore (apparently she didn't buy it; it was quite expensive, she said). And she remembered the title of that poem of mine.

"Wasn't the title 'The Wives of the Harmonica Row'?"

"Huh? Wha--?" I blurted out without thinking.

"Yes, you remember well. That's right, exactly, that harmonica row house you mentioned is actually the Hitachi company housing that appears in the current 'Talking Theater.' It's the row house I lived in."

At sixteen, I became engrossed in a traveling troupe's play about stepchild abuse, eventually joining the company and becoming an actor myself. At the same time, I was also involved in anti-war activities as a low-level member of an organization.

"I think that should be written into the Talking Theater too, but if I wrote that much, the story might veer off course even further and stray from the theme. It's beyond my ability to write that," I told R-san.

On the other end of the phone, R-san seemed to think for a few seconds before saying, "But I suppose you should write it. More than 'should,' I'd like you to write it."

“Hmm. If I were to write it, I’d depict myself sixty years ago, at sixteen, living my daily life fueled by the fervent humanism of the anti-war movement, while simultaneously agonizing over the contradictions of being utterly absorbed in plays like ‘Stepchild Bullying.’”

When I muttered, R-san said, “The image of Nureki Chimuo agonizing over that contradiction in his youth... I’d like to read that, wouldn’t I? Though I don’t particularly see it as a contradiction myself.”

“I’ll think about it,” I replied. But whether I should write or not, my mind is still undecided.

The above story sounds unbelievable, but it’s true. R-san’s character is truly sincere and honest, her judgement is sound, she’s meticulous and has a strong sense of justice. She’s not the type to lie.

Well, what to do, I wondered, and as I pondered this, I decided to return to the original topic of “my foolish father.”

To put it simply, my father is a good-for-nothing coward. He has a short temper and will yell and scream when something displeases him, but he hates conflict. He’s always grinning and nodding along, a spineless coward, and naturally, he lacks any real ability to support himself.

(Ah, this is truly me as a person. Genes are truly formidable.)

My father’s father, that is, my grandfather, founded a Japanese confectionery shop that apparently thrived for a time, but my father, in the end, simply shut it down due to his obsession with the arts.

His passion for the performing arts led him to become completely engrossed in Kiyomoto and Tokiwazu, which are forms of [Joururi](#) (narrative singing accompanied by shamisen), and he neglected his family business to dedicate himself to their study.

Even after getting married (his wife, that is, the woman who gave birth to me) and having three children, he disliked the business and left everything to his employees.

As the eldest son, burdened with the responsibility of protecting the family business, I eventually found myself practicing Japanese traditional dance. Perhaps a different life would have unfolded if I had become a professional dance instructor, but I lacked both the decisiveness and the talent for that. In the end, I was nothing more than an amateur who simply enjoyed the performing arts.

Because of the kind of person he is, if he’s invited to something, he’ll readily jump at the chance whether it’s an impromptu, makeshift theatrical performance or a

low-budget travelling show that gets canceled if it rains; he'll happily agree to participate without hesitation.

My mother was just as foolish as my father, and the reason she was foolish was that when my father said, "I'm going to be working as an actor at Sennosuke's place for about a month, so I'll be away from home," she didn't show any signs of worry but instead smiled and said, "Oh, you're amazing! You'll look so handsome with makeup on!"

She was the kind of woman who would send you off with a cheerful, enthusiastic voice. Yet, she was too lazy to go and see her husband's "moment of glory." Even when I was performing on stage with the Sennosuke troupe, she never came to see me. She was completely indifferent. To put it negatively, she was dull-witted; to put it positively my mother had a truly generous and magnanimous personality.

When I start writing about my father and mother, there are so many anecdotes that it becomes impossible to organize them. I think that's quite interesting in itself, but I end up getting sidetracked and straying from the main theme.

The more I write about my parents, the more they start to resemble me, which is becoming quite annoying.

When I think about it (or even without thinking about it), it seems that the fundamental qualities of who I am as a person come from the blood I inherited from my father.

However, my father did not have the same preferences as me, the so-called SM tendencies. This is a conclusion I reached after carefully observing my father for a certain period of time. So I can say this with certainty. I think I will have an opportunity to write about this later.

A couple of days after my father returned from the Sennosuke troupe, I was still worried about Koume, so I asked about her just once.

"Hey, remember that girl over there named Koume?"

"Koume? Oh, Sennosuke's daughter, the child actress. Her dancing has that crowd-pleasing skill, but she's so proficient it comes off a bit vulgar."

My father, who has paid quite a substantial monthly fee for dance lessons, has a lot to say about it.

"Didn't you say something to Koume?"

I avoided eye contact with my father, deliberately acting nonchalant, though my heart was pounding inside. My father replied.

“Ah, that child was a bit cheeky, but kind. When I was bathing at night, she’d come in after me and often wash my back. Such a sweet child.”

I felt conflicted and remained silent.

In that dim bathroom, the white, naked form of the girl washing my father’s back, enveloped in steam, appeared behind my eyelids.

The scent of the murky bathwater, thick and muddy from the actors’ white powder melting on their faces, collars, and limbs, came back to me. It was more of a stench than a scent, yet it felt nostalgic. What emotions had driven Koume to wash my father’s back? As she scrubbed his back with a towel, did she ever think of me? I felt a pang of sorrow, an urge to cry, and never asked my father about Koume again.

Why on earth did I go and write down all these embarrassing, trivial memories from long ago? When it comes to romantic affairs in old age, one can write about anything with brazen abandon, but for some reason, the things from one’s youth and immaturity are just embarrassing.

What was it that suddenly brought back memories from over sixty years ago?

I looked back. Ah, I see. I get it.

A collection of old, small bondage photographs kept in the sex museum’s archives. I asked Director Nakahara to make enlarged copies of over a dozen of them.

I was utterly captivated by an old, battered photograph, presumably taken in the early Showa era (I think), of a group of bondage enthusiasts who hired a traveling troupe to pose for them.

A photograph of an actress bound and tormented and an actor tormenting her with theatrical flair. It’s a human photograph where you can sense the scent of rope, the breath of excited enthusiasts, voices of emotion and rapture, and the actress’s body heat as she earnestly portrays fear and sorrow while bound.

In an era before color film existed, everything was monochrome. As I gazed at them, I found myself transported into a world from sixty years ago.

What comes across from these contemporary bondage photographs is only the editor’s and photographer’s voices directing the model’s poses and expressions, the light

professionally and flawlessly cast upon the model, and the precision of highly developed printing technology.

The very soul, the core essence, is missing. Not a trace of that most vital, heart-stirring thrill of masochism that resonates with true enthusiasts. The model is undoubtedly a living human being, yet she appears no different from a mannequin. These are mere, soulless, formulaic bondage photographs and videos. Nothing more than empty shells.

But really, there's no point in saying this now. It's futile. I'll stop complaining.

The old photographs I saw at the sex museum sparked a conversation that somehow jumped to my experiences traveling around performing in small towns. But actually, before I was hired by the Sennosuke troupe, I had some stage experience. I think I'll write about that someday too.

Though it was only three or four years, my actions during this period were chaotic for someone so young, or rather, for someone still practically a child. My eating and sleeping places changed constantly, and even I've forgotten most of it and can't quite make sense of it.

In the November 1953 issue of Kitan Club, I wrote a novel titled "The Traveling Actor of Pleasure and Torment" under the pen name Aoyama Mieyoshi.

Taking that as my first work, I subsequently wrote many pieces on the theme of travelling actors. My experiences with the Sakura Sennosuke troupe were undoubtedly a major origin point for this.

But what I really want to write about is the present. It's my current state of mind and my actions.

This is easy because I can just write down what I'm doing and thinking right now. I remember things from sixty years ago quite well, but I forget what happened yesterday. That's why I must write it down immediately.

And so, right here, Rakka-san suddenly appears.

(Well now, Rakka-san. You were reading comfortably, thinking I was only writing about things from sixty years ago, when suddenly your own name appeared. You must have been startled huh? Hehehehe...)

Would you believe it? I just recently received a "Late-Stage Elderly Medical Insurance Card." I'm officially a "late-stage elderly person!"

They're more important than ordinary seniors!

(Not that great, is it?)

I, a late-stage elderly person, spent four hours, from five in the evening until nine, at a love hotel called "House of Horror" with Rakka-san just three days ago.

We spent an intensely rich time together. I intend to write about that richness now.

Lately, I've been tying up Rakka-san mostly inside a building near a certain station on the Saikyo Line, that is, at Rakka-san's office. This setup has its own tension, and the pleasure level is extremely high.

However, the bed at the love hotel is soft, while the carpet laid on the office floor is still hard. It had been about three months since I'd tied her up on a white, soft bed.

I intend to write about this faithfully and in detail from now on. If what I write becomes "literature," Rakka-san won't get angry no matter what I write. If it doesn't become "literature" she will get angry.

Whether it becomes literature or not lies in my state of mind. The time spent with Rakka-san was so utterly delightful that I let all my mental tension slip away, and as pure pleasure continued uninterrupted, if I let my guard down, I would drown in it and drift away from literature.

I must write with my mind focused and my nerves concentrated.

Her naked body was young and fresh and extremely beautiful.

Especially when she lies on the bed, the beauty and allure of the line from her slender waist to her hips is enough to make you drool just looking at it.

The pleasure I feel when caressing with both hands from the perfectly plump thighs to the buttocks, from the waist to the back, is almost ecstatic.

"How beautiful, how beautiful."

And every time, after tying her up, I keep muttering like a fool, as if in a trance, while continuing to stroke her all over.

Though I'm easily bored, I never tire of Rakka-san's body. No, it's not her body that never tires me, it's her reactions.

It's the sheer intensity of her reaction to the rope. Frankly, if she didn't react this strongly, I wouldn't feel compelled to write about it over and over again.

2008.4.5

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第三十五回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 35

お転婆な叔母澄子

My Tomboy Aunt Sumiko

When I bind Rakka-san, I usually stand diagonally to her right, behind her.

When I observe her, Rakka-san is usually facing her desk, seated in her chair. She has both hands on the desk, working on something.

During that work, a small opening appears. Or she pauses to take a break. I bind her by seizing that opening.

First, I grab her left wrist with my left hand, bend her elbow, and forcefully twist it up behind her back. Next, I grab her right wrist with my right hand and twist it up behind her back in the same manner. From this moment, her upper body leans forward slightly.

“Huh? Oh, what is it? What are you doing?” she murmured softly, her voice low, though she must have already known what I was about to do, what would be done to her. No, the moment she sensed me approaching from behind her, she must have already understood.

Crossing her wrists high on her back, I grasp them together. Her wrists are slender, so I can hold both sides with just the strength of my left hand's five fingers.

I grabbed both her wrists and twisted them upward, pressing them along her spine toward the higher position behind her, near the base of her neck.

Twisting her wrist upward with a series of tiny, quick motions. I'm certain this subtle rhythm is stimulating her pleasure nerves.

Her elbows are soft, and the tips of her slender, long fingers stretch all the way to the nape of her neck. Or perhaps the joints in her shoulders and arms are more flexible than average. Both elbows bend at such sharp angles they look odd.

She offers no resistance. If she had even the slightest inclination to resist, it would be easy for her to shake off the grip of my left hand's five fingers and free both her wrists.

Far from resisting, this “takate kote” position couldn’t happen without the other person’s cooperation. In other words, she was “cooperating” with my desire. Or perhaps, and this might sound unpleasant, even if her mind hesitated, her body was cooperating.

I grabbed the black cotton rope I had secretly prepared and wrapped one end around both her wrists, which I was holding with my left hand. One wrap was enough. This deprived her of the freedom to move her hands.

I wrote that I had secretly prepared it, but in truth, even if I thought I’d placed it discreetly in the corner of the desk, she might be seeing that black rope out of the corner of her eye. Even if she isn’t looking, she always knows my desire from the slightest movement of air. She knows the rope’s appearance. She sensitively senses my heart’s movements through my breath.

She sensed my desire and immediately conformed to its actions, assimilating them. Though her body showed a slight hesitation, she did not resist.

The rope binding her wrists together is looped from her left arm across her chest. Of course, she is clothed at this time. It is dark outside, but she is still at work. Over her clothes, I loop the black rope from her left arm to her chest, then over her right arm, returning it to her wrist behind her back. The secret to the pleasure lies in the varying intensity of the pressure applied to the rope. The rope constricts the muscles of her arms, compressing the blood flow beneath her skin, creating a pleasurable stimulation.

Ah, what’s going on? I’m confused. My mind is filled with the routine actions I perform in Rakka-san’s office. What’s before my eyes now is the scene of Rakka-san’s office.

There is no desk in front of the chair where she sits in the hotel room. No computer either. Once she enters the room and locks the door, no one can disturb her. The private rooms provided by the hotel sell the experience of the extraordinary, yet they are, in truth, safe, everyday spaces.

I suppose what I really want to write about is the extraordinary acts we perform in her everyday office, rather than in some saccharine hotel.

If someone were to see us, the danger of this abnormal, non-everyday setting carries far greater negative consequences in society, yet it naturally offers deeper pleasure. The risks for Rakka-san, who oversees this office are likely several times greater than mine. The danger level is high.

It had been a while since I’d been to a love hotel. Since it had been three months since I’d been to a private room with a bed and bathroom, I thought I’d record the experience.

But somehow I find myself writing about her office again. I guess the urge to write is just too strong. I like that tension. The danger level is proportional to the pleasure level.

Well, what can you do? Since I've written this far, I suppose I'll continue describing the actions inside the office a little more.

"If I tighten this spot just like this, it'll feel good, won't it?" I ask, as I loop the rope from Rakka-san's arm to her chest. Even when I ask, there is no reply. Eyes closed, Rakka-san's brain has already entered an extraordinary otherworld. One of the pleasure nerve points lies just above the base of the breast's curve.

I can understand how she feels when the rope is applied there. Because I too experience pleasure when the rope is wrapped around that area, from my arm to my chest, and apply a gentle pressure.

Now that I have no chance to actually experience it, I've drifted far from that pleasure, but in my youth, I too had a little of it. No, not a little. I should confess I had quite a lot.

It was when I was in the first grade at Ryusenji Elementary School in Shitaya, Tokyo.

Several live-in servants worked at my family's home, which produced and sold traditional Japanese sweets. My mother's younger sister also came to help as a live-in servant. Her name was Sumiko, and she was my aunt. I believe she was about seventeen or eighteen at the time.

After a day's work, Father, Mother, Aunt Sumiko, and my younger siblings huddled together in the living room, relaxing.

I never liked that sticky atmosphere where blood relatives get uncomfortably intimate, pressing their lukewarm bodies against each other.

The two-story wooden house had a confectionery workshop and a shop downstairs where customers came and went. Upstairs, the family had divided the space into rooms for sleeping and daily life, but the cloying scent of boiling granulated sugar would creep up from below, permeating the walls and pillars of the second floor.

While the adults were enjoying their tea and engaging in idle chatter, I somehow managed to slip into their conversation.

"I'm fine with being tied up. I actually like it." I actually said something that bold.

"Hmph," Sumiko snorted. "Well then, I'll tie you up. Don't cry when it hurts, kid." she said, grabbing a long rope nearby and standing up. I reflexively tried to escape, but Sumiko grabbed my ankle, pulled me down onto the tatami, straddled my body, and attacked.

Sumiko was what you'd call a tomboy back then. I think I put up quite a serious fight, but I was exhausted and ended up tied up.

Or perhaps I was merely pretending to put up a serious fight. The psychology involved is a bit subtle, but in truth, I might have just been flailing my arms and legs in response to Sumiko's attack.

"How about that! Had enough, kid?" Sumiko said, swaying her hips triumphantly. Still straddling me, she hadn't moved away from my body yet.

Sumiko's body was large, and mine, as a first-grader, was small. I was gasping for breath, and my body ached all over, but the sensation and the pleasure of being tightly held by my young aunt remain vivid in my memory even now.

That means, in my case, I must have possessed this kind of sensibility from around the age of seven or eight. Since this is neither fantasy nor delusion, nor a made-up story. I have no choice but to acknowledge that I had that feeling. Because it was a real experience, even now, seventy years later, I remember that night vividly.

Even if I say I've had this kind of sexual awareness since childhood, it's certainly nothing to brag about. In fact, it might even be something to be ashamed of.

After that, I lived apart from Aunt Sumiko. With the terrible war and all, I haven't seen her in fifty years. Before I knew it, we lost touch, and I've even forgotten her face. But the feeling of being tied up with rope, pinned down beneath a straddling figure, and squeezed tight, that alone remains in my memory like this.

I don't think my wrists were tied at that time (embarrassingly enough, I even remember that much).

I felt as if my entire body had been tightly wrapped in a long cloth cord. But because Sumiko had wrapped it with such force, the bindings were quite tight. I struggled to untie them, but they wouldn't loosen. Perhaps I simply didn't have the strength for it at that age.

After struggling desperately, I finally cried out for mercy, exhausted, and was released. I have no memory of freeing myself.

"So stop talking back like that," said my young aunt, giving my butt a light pat at the end.

Actually, the crying at the moment was just my act. I calculated that crying here and apologizing would make me seem like a sweet, obedient child to the adults. What a nasty kid. But no matter how young they are, children possess this kind of cunning.

I wonder now whether I was erect at that time. Children these days might be different, but a seven-year-old back then should still have been a real child. Vague awareness aside, physical sexual desire should still have been immature.

So I didn't get hard. But when my whole body was sandwiched between my aunt's soft thighs, so different from a man's, and I struggled as she squeezed me tight, some part of me was definitely burning hot.

Those distinct memories have inevitably faded. What I remember is only this: there was pleasure in being bound and restrained. It is precisely because there was pleasure that it clings so stubbornly to the depths of my memory.

I've gone off on a tangent again.

Where did I go off track?

Ah, right.

In Rakka-san's empty office on a holiday, I used black cotton rope. I was writing about how the pleasure Rakka-san felt when bound by me was something I, the one doing the binding, could also understand.

If one lacks the constitution to perceive the sensation of having both hands bound behind their back as pleasurable, the one doing the binding cannot confidently restrain their partner.

(This is getting complicated. Fine, I'll just write the same thing again.)

What I meant to say was that those who bind others cannot create captivating restraints unless they understand the pleasure of being bound.

An attractive way of tying refers to a form that looks good to others, is well-balanced, and is imbued with soul.

Unless you understand the pleasure of being bound, the rope itself won't come alive. Only those who grasp the depth of pleasure in being restrained can pour their soul into the rope and give it expression.

If I may say so, this is one of the privileges of the world of pleasure.

Because it is a privilege, not everyone can experience it. Only we can taste it, become intoxicated by the depth of its pleasure, and bury our souls in the bottom of a swamp of sweetness.

We despise those meddlesome, tasteless fools who try to pry into this profoundly pleasurable world from the outside, and their sheer rudeness sometimes even makes us angry.

Missed again. That's not good.

This tendency to immediately get sidetracked is probably due to my own inferiority complex. Because I have this sense of inferiority, while writing I feel compelled to make excuses about my own nature. And then I feel the urge to complain to someone, to something.

Using only a single black cotton rope, I bound Rakka-san tightly in seven or eight seconds, hands behind her back. Her expression was completely intoxicated; her eyes closed, her upper body naturally bent forward.

(I gnash my teeth at the poverty of my own expression, where only hackneyed words like "intoxication" come to mind.)

I stood diagonally behind her, cupping her face with both palms. She offered no resistance. I tilted her face upward and pressed my lips against hers.

When we play in the love hotel, I strip her naked then strip myself naked too, and hold her close from the front and the back, sucking her lips.

Even within this "sacred" office where such things should never be done, I've already kissed her lips a dozen times over. Though I should be accustomed to it, when I finally bind her hands and feet tightly and press my lips to hers for the first time, I always feel a pang of shame. I hesitate. I become timid.

The hesitation of an old man like me, wondering if it's right to freely suck and fondle the glossy, rounded lips of a young woman, radiating a youthful cleanliness, as if they were my own.

But I think I shouldn't hesitate here. I gather my courage. Pressing my lips firmly against hers, I prey her lips apart with the tip of my tongue.

She opens her lips without resistance, following the movement of my tongue. Always obediently, smoothly opening. The tip of my tongue touches her teeth. I press my tongue harder, trying to pry those teeth open too, to entwine my tongue with hers.

She welcomes my tongue, moving hers slightly. The tip of her tongue timidly touches mine. That is the extent of her response. She is reserved. It's not that she dislikes the bold intrusion of an old man's tongue; she is simply embarrassed to initiate

the kiss herself, to move her tongue in response. It's always like this. She never gets used to it. Her sense of shame passes to me.

Rakka-san is a woman who feels shame. Nowadays, women who feel shame are rare. So rare they could be called precious. Rakka-san speaks with precise and polite language, and her appearance carries a dignified grace suggesting good birth and upbringing. It is precisely because of this that she possesses a sense of shame.

The root of Rakka-san's charm lies here. Come to think of it, I've never met a woman of such refined upbringing and breeding before.

(Ah, this alone reveals the lowly nature of my life.)

And I know that Rakka-san is a woman who loves kissing. We've pressed our lips together dozens, no, hundreds of times. When we spend the night in a love hotel, we kiss over a hundred times in a single night. No, I'm not joking. This isn't an exaggeration. It's not the ramblings of a delusional old man. We truly kiss over a hundred times.

Moreover, I've kissed her nipples over a hundred times too. No, let's drop that vague, prim expression like "kissing her nipples."

I pressed myself against her upper body, took her nipple into my mouth, and sucked on it, kneading it with my tongue.

As that position grew tiresome, I slid my left arm beneath her neck to embrace her, repeating the kisses on her lips. Next, I shifted position again, returning my face to her nipple to suckle and lick it. I sucked and nibbled, kneading and twisting. I alternated between sucking her lips and her nipples (though "sucking" is such a vulgar word, there's no other suitable expression).

She has never once objected to this act, which I consider utterly relentless. She has never tried to avoid it or refused it. She shows no sign of it. If she showed even the slightest hint of such a sign, I would immediately walk away from that woman. That is my nature.

Rakka-san always responds to me. Sometimes she seems like a soulless mannequin. Yet I can tell from her subtle breathing and the way she moves her limbs that she doesn't dislike my persistent actions (I just carelessly wrote "the way she moves her limbs," but she can move her feet though not her hands. Because she remains bound with her hands tied behind her back).

Sitting in the chair in front of the office desk, if you're still fully clothed, such sucking on the nipples is naturally impossible.

With my left hand, I tilted Rakka-san's face upward and sucked her lips, while my right hand groped her breast through her clothes.

At first, it's just groping, but soon it turns into vigorous kneading. Grasping with all five fingers, it kneads hard and fast. Both the right and left breasts are kneaded.

Then she let out a low moan, and her seated posture began to collapse instantly. Her body became limp and floppy.

And her body slid slowly down the chair.

2008.4.9

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第三十六回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 36

ハンバーガーショップの中で

Inside the Hamburger Shop

I had a conversation with Rakka-san on the second floor of the McDonald's near Station A on the Saikyo Line. Perhaps because it's a holiday, the restaurant is packed with young men and women. There are also several couples with children. Quite a few older men and women are here too.

In front of the counter where orders were taken, those people were gathered in a crowd. At the sight of this scene, Rakka-san frowned.

I dislike waiting in line at places like this that sell food and drink. I dislike waiting in line anywhere, not just restaurants, but I suddenly thought, "This is an experience too," and told Rakka-san to wait in the second-floor seating area. I stood in line alone, sandwiched between boys and girls.

Watching closely, I saw the staff efficiently divided their tasks. One took orders from behind the counter, another swiftly prepared the items, and they handled customer requests one after another with remarkable skill. I was impressed.

Before I could even flinch at the crowd of customers, a tray laden with two iced coffees, one order of fries, two hamburgers, and one cheeseburger was thrust before me.

Fries cost two hundred yen, but everything else is one hundred yen each. Cheap. I paid a total of seven hundred yen, held the tray laden with food in both hands, and slowly climbed the stairs to the second-floor seating area where Rakka-san was waiting.

At the corner table by the window, Rakka-san waited. From the large window, she could look down on the people passing by outside.

The restaurant was nearly full, with toddlers accompanied by their mothers, occasionally crying. Thanks to the background murmur, Rakka-san and I could converse freely and unrestrained, without anyone overhearing us. Most of what we discussed was the kind of thing we wouldn't want others to hear.

Therefore, on holidays, we usually talk in Rakka-san's office. As we chat away, my desire gradually builds until I eventually take out the rope and tie her up. To my desire, she responds with extreme obedience and pleasure.

When my desire grows intense, I feel as though Rakka-san is also quietly getting into that mood, waiting for my rope.

But since I'm not Rakka-san, I can't really tell what's going on inside her mind.

Ideally, I'd rather use the office managed by Rakka-san than a fast-food joint like this, but today there's a girl working on her day off among the staff, so it's useless as usual.

So we decided to go to Station A, two stops away from the station near our office, to talk somewhere quiet. But we couldn't find a suitable spot, and ended up on the second floor of this overly noisy place.

(Station A is a fairly large station where several lines converge, yet I couldn't spot any love hotel signs nearby. And on this day, neither she nor I had the time to spend several hours at a love hotel. Our game requires more than three hours. It takes at least five hours.)

I drank iced coffee while eating a hundred-yen hamburger.

We split the single cheeseburger we'd bought in half and shared it. This so-called cheeseburger was nothing more than a hamburger patty with a single slice of paper-thin cheese sandwiched inside.

Rakka-san has already read my previous piece. Among those who read my writing, Rakka-san is the most devoted reader. That's only natural, since it's about her.

"Um, can I ask you something?" Rakka-san looked at me and said after finishing her half of the cheeseburger.

“Yes, ask me anything. If it’s something I can answer, I’ll tell you anything,” I say. Our conversations usually take on this kind of tone.

Avoid using sloppy, slang language. Refrain from speaking in a familiar tone⁴⁵.

We both recognize each other as important to us. We respect each other (I think).

“In your writing the other day, you wrote that when you bind Rakka-san (she calls herself Rakka-san. She believes the Rakka-san in my writing is separate from herself. No, she’s trying to convince herself of that), you finish binding her in seven or eight seconds. Is that true?” she asks me with a straight face.

When I heard that, I couldn’t help but gasp.

“Eh, eh, eh, so when you’re bound, you have no sense of time passing?” I couldn’t help but ask.

“Yeah, somehow it feels really long. I can’t believe it was only seven or eight seconds.”

“Eh, eh, eh, I’m not lying. There’s no point in lying about something like this. It really was seven or eight seconds. It didn’t take ten seconds or anything.”

“Can you really tie someone up in such a short time?”

“Whether it’s possible or not, you’re always the one being tied up, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, that’s true... but why do you have to tie me up so fast?”

“Well... if I don’t tie you up quickly, you’ll get away.”

Tying someone up quickly is, you could say, realism. This sense of truth, I suppose, is what leads to the “pleasure of bondage,” I said, stating something she surely already knew.

The momentary tension filled with determination is crucial. If you dawdle while tying someone up, the precious “pleasure” will slip away.

Being tied up in a flash is bound to feel better than being tied up slowly and clumsily.

However, even when tying slowly, if the rope maintains a steady rhythm without any gaps, the pleasure won’t escape... I also mentioned that.

⁴⁵ For those unfamiliar, Japanese has many levels of formality. In this conversation, Nureki and Rakka-san are speaking in “polite Japanese” instead of “casual Japanese.”

But Rakka-san still looked as if she couldn't comprehend it. She simply couldn't grasp that it had taken only seven or eight seconds to finish tying her up.

She says it with a serious expression, not joking around.

"I see. I understand. So that's what it is." I said.

"The moment I tie your wrists, you lose all sense of normal consciousness. Your sense of time disappears. So that's it. Whether I bind your wrists or not, you're already half-fainting. Meaning you slip into a state of pleasure-induced fainting."

I'd suspected as much before, but never imagined it could be true.

Amid the buzz of conversation on the second floor of McDonald's, I became convinced once again.

"Listen, Rakka-san, I had a hunch about this, but now I know for sure. You're entering that state of ecstasy faster and deeper than before."

I grabbed her right wrist, which was resting on the armrest beside me, and gave it a slight twist. Her facial expression froze, and her pupils momentarily glazed over. It was just an instant, but her eyes showed that fleeting look of someone on the verge of sinking into that otherworldly realm.

The black cotton rope for her is always ready in my bag. But I couldn't possibly use that rope on the second floor of a hamburger shop. I released her wrists and said, "It's true that the level of intoxication is deeper and heavier than before."

I felt a sense of superiority in being able to dominate Rakka-san, who possessed an intellectual level and common sense far beyond my own and never wavered from her resolute stance, in this manner. The satisfaction, no, the triumph, of a lowly man conquering a noble woman normally far beyond his reach.

So that's it, wrapping the rope around her chest and pulling it tight (this is my speciality). From the moment I bound her wrists together behind her back, had Rakka-san truly been in a deep state of pleasure-induced unconsciousness?

Her intellectual level is matched by an extraordinary sharpness of perception. They are exceptionally sensitive. I have bound countless female models in the past (and continue to do so now). Though it is my job, the sheer number is so staggering that people find it hard to believe when I tell them.

But this was the first woman to react so deeply and intensely. If she plunged into unconsciousness before the ropes even touched her wrists, she'd be utterly useless as a model.

Her reaction was as still as a corpse, not uttering a single word, yet for me, there was no response more intense or more certain.

Given my strong sense of inferiority, it's only natural that I would feel a sense of superiority and be over the moon about meeting this woman.

I tied Rakka-san's wrists together behind her back with a single rope while she sat on the chair, then pulled her wrists up near her shoulders. I looped the rope around her arms and chest, letting it dig in, then brought it back around to secure it behind her.

(There are fifteen or sixteen chairs in Rakka-san's office, but every single one has a low backrest. That's why you can tie someone's hands behind their back while they're seated in one.)

I suck on Rakka-san's lips, dazed and bound. I suck intensely. While sucking her lips, I reach one hand to her chest and knead her breast. I grab it through her clothes with five fingers and knead it roughly.

Then her lower body went limp, and her butt slid down from the chair.

"Dangerous!" I cry out, rushing to support her body with both hands each time. Her body, drained of strength from the waist down, feels unnaturally heavy. I can't hold her up.

She collapsed onto the floor and lay there, motionless. As if suspended in a state of pure pleasure, she didn't move. At times, I even wondered if her breathing had stopped.

The floor is covered with thick carpeting. So it doesn't hurt much to sleep on it. But it is office carpet. Female designers led by Rakka-san and copywriters walk around in their shoes during the day. It's probably vacuumed carefully, but it's still a floor where people walk in their shoes.

But she, half-fainting, paid no attention whatsoever, and lay down on the floor, still bound behind her back. Her eyes no longer saw anything.

She's usually so fastidious about cleanliness that she seems almost obsessive. But when the ropes are applied, she becomes a different person. She becomes as defenseless as a corpse.

I lay down beside her body, continuing to suck her lips. My five fingers kept kneading her breasts. The sight of a man lying between the legs of a desk meant for seven or eight people and a chair, embracing a bound female body, greedily devouring her lips and groping her breasts. It must have been an utterly bizarre spectacle, beyond the bounds of common sense.

I revel in pleasure, occasionally becoming a third-party observer, conscious of myself and her. I find this very posture amusing. I find it wonderful. I like that it's not stereotypical. I even feel a sense of superiority toward the common sense people of the world.

But I don't know whether Rakka-san is even aware of her current state, or if she has the mental capacity to be. I can't see inside her mind.

Or perhaps, somewhere in the back of her mind, she was aware that her presence here was abnormal, and this very awareness of her abnormality was deepening her intoxication.

I lift up her skirt. Her lower body, tightly encased in black pantyhose.

The slenderness of her ankles, the thickness and length of her thighs. The gentle curve of flesh on her lower abdomen. The narrowness of her waist. All of these are the shapes I idealize. Enveloped in the fabric of sheer black pantyhose, they appear utterly sexy to my eyes. They are precious. They are the curves that stir my deepest sense of eroticism.

I stroke her lower body, encased in black pantyhose, with both hands. It feels good. It's pleasurable. Only now does she bend her knees, wriggle her hips, and show a little resistance. She's embarrassed (I think).

Oh, right, by this time, her shoes would already be off. Or sometimes, I'd take them off myself.

I place the removed shoes neatly side by side on her desk so they'll be easy to find when she puts them back on later. This is always my job, without fail.

I hook my fingers over the waistband at the top of her pantyhose and slowly pull them down from her buttocks. They slide off smoothly, revealing her panties.

"Please don't write about things like that," said Rakka-san.

No, that's not right. She never once said anything like "Don't write it." She would never say anything so unreasonable.

"Are you going to write again?" she asked, hesitantly and modestly.

I can tell exactly how she feels. She wants me to write as little as possible because she's embarrassed. Putting myself in her shoes, it's only natural she'd feel embarrassed.

I feel compelled to write. This is a record of a man nearing eighty doing such things. A record of how a human lives. It must be a record of truth.

The compulsion to write is like the writer's craft.

I never had any talent for writing. I was lazy, frivolous, and lived as a coward, always thinking only of my immediate safety. It wasn't until I neared eighty that I finally awoke. As I approached the end of my life, meeting a person named Rakka-san finally awakened me.

I answered Rakka-san, "You see, this isn't about you. It's about someone else named Rakka-san. The one having her pantyhose pulled down and her panties removed isn't you, it's the Rakka-san in the novel. Please read it with that in mind."

"Yes, I know that..." she said.

It's not just lip service, she truly understands. She comprehends the craft of writing. That is her intellect and reason. I am grateful for an intellect that understands, without anger, even when she is written about realistically. Grateful to the point of tears, For someone like me, she is one of a kind.

I also love the curve of her buttocks wrapped in panties. The shape isn't too big or too small, just the right amount of sexy flesh. I pull her pantyhose down to just below her knees.

She clasped her knees together and twisted her thighs in resistance. But it wasn't enough to stop the movement of my hands.

I don't have any particular fixation on women's underwear, but I always find the color, pattern, and design of the panties Rakka-san wears to be pleasing. I've never been put off by them.

No matter how cute or sexy a woman is, if she's wearing frilly red or pink panties, I'd be utterly deflated and my desire would be cut in half.

On the set where models are bound for photoshoots, I say all the right things because it's my job, but I don't possess that breadth of taste where I genuinely find such girls' sensibilities cute.

I run my hand over Rakka-san's buttocks, wrapped erotically in a circle by her panties, right over the fabric. A pleasant elasticity. Not hard, not too soft, just the right firmness. No, maybe a bit firm. I prefer them slightly firm. It feels clean. Soft buttocks seem somehow unclean.

When removing her panties, I use both hands. As I try to pull them down, she jerks and tenses, turning her back to me in a defensive posture. Yet her butt remains facing me. The movement of her wrists and fingers, bound in a takate kote, is unbearably stimulating.

I held her waist with one hand while pulling down her panties with the other.

She let out a pitiful sound, ah, ah, ah, and offered a little stronger resistance. Was she regaining her senses from her fainted state at this moment?

She resists, but not so much that it's impossible to pull down her panties.

Ah, ahh, ahh... the sound of crying. Be quiet. You're going to be stripped naked anyway, and I'll see your bare ass.

I don't recall struggling excessively or using more force than necessary when stripping off her panties. I enjoy the sensation of her faint resistance and the sound of her moaning as she endures the shame, all while slipping the panties off.

How many times have I tied her up and pulled down her panties in this very office?

Ten times, no, maybe even over twenty times now. I only do this to her when I'm absolutely certain the office is completely empty and no one else is coming in. Well, that's only natural.

I'd never have been able to pull down her panties if she resisted. This is only natural.

If I ever saw her genuinely resisting, I'd be so embarrassed I'd never do that to her again. I couldn't.

I'm a man who gives up easily. No, I'm a coward. My tendency to give up stems from my cowardly nature.

I absolutely cannot do things women dislike. I love seeing a woman's happy face. Seeing a woman's displeased expression is repulsive. Sometimes female models who dislike being restrained come to shoots solely for the money. When that happens, my cowardly self becomes uncomfortable and miserable, and my work becomes half-hearted. Employers whisper that when Nureki dislikes a model, he cuts corners.

Even when taking off the panties, I don't remove them from the ankles. I hook one leg over the ankle. Since it's a piece of fabric that quickly curls up into a small ball, there's a risk it might go missing when putting them back on after playtime. It might be hiding behind a desk leg three meters away.

When I accidentally pull them off completely from her ankles, I place them on her desk. Naturally, I've also removed her pantyhose by then, so I lay both the pantyhose and panties neatly on the desk for easy identification. Leaving them just lying on the carpet feels like they'd just collect dust.

As I've written before, I have no particular interest in underwear, so this is merely a matter of convenience.

Well, writing so much about panties like this, it might seem strange to say I don't have an underwear fetish. When it comes to the underwear of women who let their guard down, I think I might have a little bit of this fetishism myself.

Though Rakka-san is so clean-obsessed she could be called a germophobe, she doesn't seem particularly bothered by this underwear incident. I believe it's because she's deeply intoxicated by the rope I've tied her with and is already in a state of unconsciousness at this point.

The form of Rakka-san's lower body, bare, is truly beautiful. The raw whiteness of the flesh from her lower abdomen to her crotch and thighs is particularly erotic.

I couldn't help but moan, "So beautiful, truly, truly beautiful," as I wrapped both hands around her thighs. Not thick, not thin. The way the flesh sat was exquisite, perfectly shaped. I'd rather be called a thigh fetishist than an underwear fetishist.

Ah, here I go again, lavishing praise on her body without restraint. There's no need to string together so many compliments. I recall having already praised every part of her body in minute detail, over and over, within these very lines before.

I remembered.

With her hands tied behind her back, she slumped from the chair and lay sprawled on the carpet. By the time her pantyhose and panties were pulled off by my own hands and her thighs were being held tightly, her hair was always disheveled.

She uses several thin, colored rubber bands to tie her hair back, but they slip off and scatter across the carpet. My eyes, focused around her thighs, notice the rubber bands.

I reached out with one hand, picking up each rubber band one by one and placing them on the desk where the pantyhose and panties lay.

Since rubber bands are small, if you don't pick them up when you notice them, they get lost, and then you're stuck when you need to tie her hair later. At some point, picking up these rubber bands and placing them on the desk became my job.

I was about to say, "These rubber bands are cheap, aren't they? Why not buy them in bulk and keep them in a drawer here on this desk?" but I stopped myself.

This secret game in the office should remain nothing more than an accidental happening. I don't want it to become a rule where we play whenever we're alone. Isn't the very essence of this game the surge of desperate desire?

Why did I suddenly recall this rubber band and start writing about it?

Ah, yes.

What I meant to say was that even though I had exposed Rakka-san's lower body, I didn't charge straight for her genitals like the average man.

I don't do things like that in a hurry.

Rakka-san doesn't want that either.

Slowly, carefully, I gaze upon the sight of Rakka-san lying bound, beautiful and erotic. I hold her close, caressing and stroking her. Stroking her thighs, her butt, her back, occasionally sucking fiercely on her lips. I knead her breasts.

And I believe that my actions, never pushy or aggressive, only deepen her physical and mental intoxication (I think).

2008.4.16

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第三十七回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 37

鳴かぬホタルが.....

The Silent Firefly

I got so excited and carried away that I ended up writing only about the beauty and eroticism of Rakka-san's body.

I still haven't written everything. There's more I want to write. I must write more meticulously and carefully.

For example, when describing her wrist and fingers, it goes like this.

The balance of bone, flesh, and the blue veins visible beneath the skin on Rakka-san's wrist is perfect. The translucent whiteness of her skin makes the blue veins lurking beneath appear beautifully erotic. The way the flesh curves from her wrist to her five fingers is smooth and delicate. All five fingers are slender, supple, and long. Each knuckle displays a subtle, sensual curve.

You understand why I'm so particular about the color and shape of her wrists, and the feel when I grip them, because when I bind her, the wrists are the very first place I tie the rope. If there's no sensuality in her wrists, I simply can't bring myself to bind her.

And it is these five white, translucent fingers that touch my eighty-year-old penis, gently cradling and massaging it.

All I seem to do is praise Rakka-san's body. If I don't stop at some point, I'll look like some perverted old lecher obsessed solely with her physique.

Well, I suppose it's understandable if people think that.

They say love makes you see blemishes as dimples, but this feeling is slightly different from ordinary infatuation. It's not that simple.

To offer a slight explanation, the beauty of Rakka-san's physique and appearance seems directly linked to the purity and nobility of her spirit. It is a sharp, sword-like beauty. Yet explaining this to a third party and gaining their understanding is difficult.

My personality and Rakka-san's are eerily similar, and we get along really well.

However, my spirit is tainted. The purity and fastidiousness that Rakka-san possesses have worn away, and I possess almost none of it. In this context, "disposition" refers to a tendency toward a certain inclination.

According to the dictionary, the original meaning of "disposition" is "temperament, tendency of character, nature."

"Sexual preference" and "disposition" carry quite different nuances.

It is the similarity of our sexual preferences that binds her and me together.

I, who grew up uneducated in a poor family in the downtown area (I'm not deliberately putting myself down, it's a fact), and she, who grew up without hardship under strict, disciplined parents (this is an environment I surmised from conversations with her. Modest and intelligent, she never uttered a single boastful word about her upbringing to me. She is a truly intellectual person.) and acquired a higher education. The fact that our inclinations are so strikingly similar is, for me, an extremely fortunate circumstance.

Whether it was the whims of fate in this world, the capriciousness of the gods, or the providence of heaven that brought her and me together, it is something I am grateful and deeply thankful for.

Still fully clothed, her upper body bound with her hands tied behind her back, her lower body exposed, she lay sprawled between the legs of a desk and chair in the dimly lit office. I gazed at her pale, beautiful form, utterly entranced.

The bliss brought by eroticism makes me feel faint.

She lies with her backside facing me, her entire body bent over. Occasionally I reach my fingers into the valley of her white buttocks and stroke it. She jerks and convulses, bending her back even deeper. Every nerve in her body is heightened (or so I think). Yet if I don't touch her, she lies utterly still, like a corpse.

If it were a normal man, faced with a well-formed white ass lying exposed before him, he'd probably be thrusting his raging cock into the woman's exposed crotch. That's what's normal.

But I don't do that. How beautiful, truly beautiful. Why is it so beautiful? Repeating these meaningless murmurs, I just gaze at it. Sometimes I lightly touch it with my fingertips, but for a while, I just gaze at it.

This way, the pleasure is deeper. That's my sexual preference. No, let's drop that pretentious term "sexual preference." That's just my sexual desire. And she, too, must surely find the pleasure deeper in this state (I think. I'm not her, so I can't know for sure. But I think so.).

I believe beautiful things are erotic. I believe erotic things are beautiful. Beautiful things are pleasure. I feel it.

Taking advantage of her having her back and butt facing me, I couldn't hold back any longer and started to masturbate.

It's embarrassing for her to see me masturbating. I hesitate. But I want to. Three times now, I couldn't hold back, held my breath, and actually did it. Right here in this office.

Oh, Rakka-san, please don't laugh. Please don't despise me. Since I'm writing such an embarrassing thing, Rakks-san, I hope you'll forgive me for writing what you yourself find shameful. We're both equally embarrassed.

I hooked my fingers under the hem of the blouse still clinging to her upper body and slowly pulled it up.

She blushes at the sight of her breasts. I want to see the eroticism in her movements as she blushes and squirms. While watching, I want to touch those breasts. Not over her clothes, but directly. Just gazing would be fine, but I want to touch that elastic, round flesh, grasp it with five fingers, and knead it.

I use only one rope when I bind her because I want to pull up the hem of her clothes.

Even if a rope is tied around the chest, if it's just one, lifting the clothing from below can expose the breasts. Lift up the undershirt and push the bra up from below.

I grasp her bare breast in my hand, then press my face against it and devour it with my mouth. I suck the soft breast deep into my mouth.

Rakka-san doesn't wear perfume or anything like that. That's why it's good. I like her natural body scent. No, she's actually someone who hardly has any body odor. That's what's good. I don't like women who wear artificial scents. I can't stand women with strong body odor.

I knead her nipple with the tip of my tongue. My tongue tip moves deftly as my fingers. Ah, ah, she moans softly, her shoulder's trembling. It's a low gasp, like a sigh.

She's the type who's extremely shy about speaking up (or so I think). Speaking up at a time like this is just rude. She's the kind of person who knows the word "rude."

When filming them naked and bound, there are actresses who, at the crucial moment, suddenly start screaming and writhing their bodies.

If it's an expression that comes naturally from genuine pleasure, it's a blessing for the creator.

When all the staff get into that mood, it often results in a great work.

But there are actresses who, to curry favor with us, emit fake moans and exaggeratedly writhe their hips. To give an extreme example, there are actresses who cry out "Oh, yes, oh yes!" while spreading their legs wide open themselves, deliberately exposing their crotch.

You don't have to force your voice like that. If you're feeling it, just feel it naturally. Going that far just makes it feel fake, the director cautions the actress with a laugh. But then again, there are directors who actually enjoy that kind of exaggerated acting (actually, the latter are more common).

Why do they overact? Because it makes them seem more dedicated to their work and increases their chances of getting hired. But audiences who pay to watch this kind of film aren't fooled by such shallow acting these days.

(Far from being fooled, I'm furious.)

I still want to see the true form of a woman's heart and body that feels this unique sexuality. Nothing is more stimulating or moving than a genuine reaction. Ultimately, realism resonates with our hearts.

A renowned professor of sexual psychology once said, "It has long been understood that the volume of moans is by no means proportional to the degree of pleasure. Generally speaking, women with hysteria tend to moan loudly, and inversely, the intensity of their orgasms is low."

These days, people who seek out this kind of footage or photos already know all about this stuff. It's the people trying to make money off it who are way behind the times.

If you ask me, it's like this: "The firefly that burns itself up is more passionate than the cicada that cries out in love."

It was a dodoitsu⁴⁶. They sang it even when American bombers flew overhead. It was a time when there were no songs but military songs.

I disliked the popular songs of the time, like "[The mane of a wet foal](#)," or "[Come on, come on, little cedar, wake up](#)." Instead, I sang dodoitsu. Well, that was my father's influence. Since I was fourteen or fifteen, my songs have been dodoitsu.

Rakka-san is truly a "silent firefly." The silent firefly achieves a higher orgasm. It is high, and it is deep (as I now believe, gazing at Rakka-san's state of blissful fainting).

With just a single rope binding her hands behind her back, she's already half-passed out, sliding off the chair and collapsing onto the carpet. I knew this was no ordinary pleasure.

But I want to know. To know, and to feel even more secure. I want to be certain that I am giving her body and mind an even deeper, inescapable, decisive pleasure. I am possessed by that desire. When I repeatedly, persistently, directly stimulate Rakka-san's body, stripped nearly naked, with my lips, mouth, and fingers, is it actually more about my desire to probe the depth of her pleasure than my own? If I said that, would she be angry?

Of course, I have the desire to satisfy my own lust. That lust is what comes first. So I suddenly tie her up with rope. Then, while staring at her back as she lies naked on the floor, I masturbate (I masturbate but don't ejaculate; if I ejaculate, well, being an old man, that alone exhausts me, and I can't continue with the act afterward).

Then, the desire to explore the depths of her pleasure surges up violently.

My desire to see Rakka-san, who during the daytime office hours is so intellectually strong and rational, excelling as a graphic designer and earning acclaim as a copywriter, becomes more sexually uninhibited.

There is a small part of me that wants to make the silent firefly cry out clearly and loudly, even if just for a moment, even if just with a single word.

That desire to hear her cry out louder is the male, or rather, the male animal, instinct to confirm the woman's orgasm.

⁴⁶ Unrhymed non-metrical Japanese popular love song or limerick in the 7-7-7-5 mora pattern. A mora is a segment of Japanese language that describes how long the sound is held. For example, while Tokyo is two syllables, it is four mora.

But, Rakka-san. You don't have to cry out in a high-pitched voice.

If I see you screaming or crying, I might lose my desire to play with you. No, I won't lose it entirely, but my passion might be halved. Men are selfish creatures.

So you are perfectly fine just as you are. In fact, you just as you are, is precisely the form I most cherish.

I bury my face in Rakka-san's crotch. My body is lying on top of Rakka-san's naked form.

Oh, what on earth! I've somehow ended up taking off my pants, then my boxers, meaning I'm now completely naked from the waist down.

Those pants and boxers lie carelessly discarded on the carpet. What a vulgar sight.

By day, it's a "sacred" office with only women, dedicating their lives to their jobs. Within it, a grotesque old man, naked from the waist down, presses his face into the crotch of a young woman's body, sucking her clitoris into his mouth and playing with it.

The clitoris I sucked into my mouth, and the labia too, were soft as freshly pounded mochi.

I bite down on that soft flesh until I can barely breathe, kneading it with my tongue. And at this moment, my crotch is also above her face. Our bodies are entwined. Without me even asking, she opens her mouth and welcomes my cock inside. Ah, how grateful I am.

And then, she gently envelops it in her warm, moist mouth.

Ah, ah, thank you, thank you. Along with the movement of her tongue, her feelings make me so happy and grateful, enveloping me in a feeling of bliss.

The silent firefly, though it may not sing with its mouth, tells me with its actions of feelings far deeper than words could express (Or so I think. Since I am not her, I cannot say for certain, but I think this).

I suck, lick, and devour her clitoris with all my might. I spread her labia with my fingers and lick inside, pushing the tip of my tongue deep inside. The tip of my tongue is hot, wet, and tightly gripped. My nose, mouth, and even my jaw sink into her wet warmth.

Rakka-san is someone who carries no scent in that part. She is odorless. I am deeply grateful for that.

(This is my first time confessing.)

I actually dislike the smell that comes from that part (I really dislike it). I'm not saying this to please her, I genuinely dislike that smell. I always run away from people who smell.

Rakka-san is someone whose breath doesn't smell. She gives off a clean and refined impression. They say people whose breath doesn't smell also don't smell down there.

It's truly presumptuous for a man like me to say this, but I find the act of pressing my face against a woman's crotch extremely unpleasant. Yet with you, Rakka-san, it doesn't feel unclean. Because your scent is beautiful.

I truly want to thank God for this.

How wonderful that you brought me someone who matches my preferences so perfectly. My heart and body are so base, ugly, and impure that the gods, unable to bear the sight, brought me a woman who is the complete opposite. Pure and noble.

Because I am so impure, did God bring her to me to purify that impurity? Just like the Kannon⁴⁷ who saves all evils.

What a stylish god. What a tasteful god. Or perhaps, a mischievous god.

I never climax in her mouth. That is, I don't ejaculate. It's my nature, no, my constitution, that I simply can't ejaculate in someone's mouth (or maybe it's just a habit).

Rakka-san sucks me earnestly and wholeheartedly, so that part of me becomes sore from too much friction. So I pull myself out of her mouth.

Then, changing positions, I pressed my lips against hers once more, slipping my tongue inside.

If I were to place my lips there immediately afterward, then slip my tongue inside, wouldn't I end up sucking on my own thing?

It was such a strange thought that flashed through my mind. But I quickly dismissed that fantasy, sucked on her lips, slipped my tongue inside and entwined it with hers.

⁴⁷ Avalokiteshvara (Bodhisattva); Avalokitesvara; Kannon; Kwannon; Guanyin; Buddhist deity of compassion.

After licking, sucking, and biting her nipples, I return to kissing her lips. After kissing her thoroughly, I shift my position dramatically once more, lower my face to her crotch and lick around her genitals.

I repeat it endlessly. It feels like the relentless persistence of an old beast that has caught its prey. When I enter a love hotel, I do this over and over again, so it absolutely cannot be contained within just three hours.

Even in the office, I always keep this up for two or three hours.

Time just flies by. If it were merely a matter of inserting my penis into her vagina and ejaculating for satisfaction, it wouldn't require this much effort or time.

But, but...I still can't help but wonder just how satisfied she really is, and what level of pleasure she's actually experiencing.

Go, go, go! I scream, and when it's over, I can imagine the satisfaction, and I can feel at ease. But since this isn't that kind of game, I still can't help but worry.

2008.5.19

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第三十八回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 38

Eさんと永井なつへ

To E-san and Nagai Natsu

It's already been over a month since I wrote the previous "The Silent Firefly..." for this "Talking Theater" series.

Recently, I've been getting constant reminders from my manager, R-san.

To begin with, it's R-san who encouraged me to write the "Talking Theater," typed up all my handwritten manuscripts, and handled all the seemingly troublesome and complicated procedures for publishing it on some computer page or another.

(I know I keep repeating myself, but I'm completely clueless about this kind of electronic equipment, so I leave it entirely up to her. I don't even own a cell phone.)

If I slack off even a little in writing, the reminders from R-san are relentless.

(Thanks to that, I've written a whopping six hundred manuscript pages up to the last time.)

I find it easier to just space out and not write than to actually write, so naturally, as someone who dislikes putting in serious effort, I tend to be lazy.

No, no, I wasn't being lazy.

This past month, I've been swamped with other things and simply couldn't find the time to write the "Talking Theater."

A persistent, troublesome, and unpleasant request from a certain TV station; an equally unpleasant request from the film production company I worked with, stemming from their ignorance and lack of understanding about "SM"; and then filming of so-called "SM videos" (I was hired as the bondage specialist as usual, and since I get paid well, I can tolerate it to a certain extent, but this time their ignorance was particularly egregious. For me, it was a

particularly unpleasant shoot, one that left a bitter aftertaste. On the train home, I felt like crying alone).

Furthermore, there were many instances where the staff members were all under some kind of misconception, such as taking “SM Photos.”

My steps were heavy on the way home that time too. Since I don’t drink alcohol, I can’t drown my sorrows in a drink.

So this “Talking Theater,” it wasn’t that I didn’t want to write it, but that I couldn’t.

If the shoot was that much of an ordeal, you might think, “Why bother going even if asked?”

But I’m poor, so I want money too, and besides, I have a pretty strong urge to document this current “SM situation.” Whether I like it or not, I have this compulsion to write it down. It’s like a karmic burden for us writers.

That is my explanation.

(No, I guess making excuses is no good after all. Excuses are for cowards.)

Long ago, I wrote a serialized novel titled “The Birth of Yellow Orami” under the pen name Maki Fujio for the magazine “Kitan Club.”

I became too busy to keep writing and apologized in the magazine for discontinuing the serialization. At that time, also in the magazine, Shozo Numa-san said to me, “Everyone gets busy, Maki-san. Please keep writing.” These words pierced my heart like a dagger, even though I was still in my twenties.

R-san doesn’t say everyone’s equally busy, but she gently and indirectly urges, “Your readers are waiting,” with a kind smile.

(Well, even so, it still stings, so it’s all the same in the end.)

R-san knows exactly how to get me to write.

“We received this message from N City. Please read it.”

She went out of her way to retype it on the word processor, print it out, and then fax it to my office.

R-san spares no effort in these painstaking, meticulous tasks, handling them sincerely and accurately. I can’t hold a candle to her.

I read the letter from N city. I felt like writing a reply. I felt I had to write one.

I also felt motivated to write a “Talking Theater.” That is this piece, this very writing.

First, I will transcribe the letter from E-san in N city here. I will omit the introductory and closing greetings and present only the main points of her message.

Nice to meet you

(Name omitted)

It has been forty years since I first encountered the beauty of bondage.

For decades, I have looked up to Nureki-san as my spiritual mentor. That said, I’m still a man, not yet fifty.

I am one who deeply loves SM. No, bondage.

I’ve always loved each and every one of Nureki-san’s restraints, and the very process of applying them, and that love has carried me to this day.

I’ve probably seen most of the videos you’re involved in, including those from Fuji Planning. The same goes for the photos.

Since 2002, I have been leading a group called the N City Bondage Research Society (N-Kin Ken) in N City, holding monthly bondage photography sessions.

We have consistently held amateur female model auditions without fail.

I hate professionals. I absolutely despise the mannerisms, expressions, and acting they employ, especially when it comes to bondage.

I believe the true essence of bondage emerges precisely in the awkward expressions and movements of amateurs.

My self-taught bondage is rather crude and I’m deeply ashamed of it.

It is one of my wishes to meet you someday.

I want to meet you more than any actress, more than any celebrity.

Seeing how well Nureki Chimuo is doing in his “Talking Theater” gives me encouragement too.

Please take good care of yourself, and I hope you’ll continue to share your energy.

N Bondage Research Group. E-san.

That concludes the letter from E-san in N City.

Thank you for reading the “Talking Theater.” We sincerely thank you for watching the Kinbiken video.

E-san dislikes professional women and absolutely hates the expressions and acting they put on. I completely agree with that sentiment.

I have persistently and repeatedly written about this in various magazines, original single-volume books, and Fuji Kikaku’s website blog

But let me say this in defense of professional models and actresses.

It is the men surrounding them on set, the directors, photographers, and magazine editors, who force them to adopt those fake, artificial expressions and poses that we enthusiasts detest.

The men who give orders all around are the ones obscuring the agonizingly alluring natural expressions of the bound woman, the subtle reactions of her body. In plain terms, the beauty of genuine masochism.

For example.

During the shoot, the model’s hair fell mysteriously, draping softly over her face. I thought, Ah, this is lovely, such a great atmosphere. If I shot it now, it would be a wonderfully emotional bondage photo full of feeling.

Just as I was getting lost in the moment, the photographer or director immediately called over the hair and makeup artist, ordering, “Makeup artist, the model’s hair is messy, so fix it up nicely. The makeup is looking a bit messy too, so redo it to make her look cuter.”

The makeup artist, like me, is just an employee, so we do as the cameraman and director say.

The filming was interrupted at a crucial moment, causing the carefully cultivated emotion radiating from the model’s entire body to vanish instantly.

Posing is the same. When she strikes a naturally sensual pose, writhing her whole body in a way that makes me shiver watching from nearby, the photographer yells, “Turn more to the right, turn to the left, show your face better, lift your chin, lower your chin, wrinkle your forehead more, raise your right shoulder, lower your left shoulder, spread your legs wider and twist your ass,” and so on, which completely ruins the masochistic mood that had finally started to build.

Every time the photographer gives orders, the once-emotional, lively poses become as lifeless as a doll.

Some photographers give detailed instructions down to how the model should grip their ten fingers while bound behind their back.

And what they’re really after, in the end, is between a woman’s legs.

They want to capture that commonplace scene of a girl with cute makeup spreading her legs.

SM enthusiasts are convinced that all men want to see a woman’s genitals.

No matter how much I explain, persuade, or appeal to their true feelings as an enthusiast, they won’t be convinced. They won’t believe what I say.

The reason is that they simply don’t have that enthusiasm in them to begin with.

Models, if they don’t listen to the photographer or director, won’t get paid, meaning they won’t get their fee. So they obediently, truly obediently, almost tearfully obediently spread their legs and expose their genitals.

Some models seem to deliberately flaunt their crotch, taking pleasure in drawing the attention of the men around them. But most resign themselves to it being part of the job and spread their legs without any resistance. After all, the shoot won’t end until they spread their genitals open for the camera.

She spreads her legs so readily, so innocently, so without resistance, gliding open to reveal her most private parts, that I always think, “With girls like this, there’s really no need to go to the trouble of tying them up, is there?” In other words, there’s no need to tie her up, and even if I did, it wouldn’t be interesting.

I’ve written about this topic in various places before, and since it would just turn into me complaining in the end, I’ll stop here.

E-san’s letter wasn’t particularly long, but I understand your feelings perfectly. They came through clearly to my heart. E-san is unmistakably my comrade.

Please invite me to the gathering you’re hosting next time.

Let me demonstrate the Nureki-style binding technique for everyone.

No need for thanks. Really. Just treat me to a bowl of kishimen noodles, and that'll be fine. I'll head out with just the rope, no big deal.

Next, I'll introduce a message from a woman named Nagai Natsu, which arrived several days after E-san's message.

2008.6.10

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第三十九回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 39

縛りがほんとに好きな画家

An Artist Who Truly Loves Tying

My room is filled with materials related to what you might call “SM” and theater. Amidst the piles of documents stacked up to the ceiling, I'm writing my manuscript. There are various materials available, but when it comes to SM-related content, publications (specifically magazines) still dominate the space.

For example, back when I was writing for Kitan Club (this is an old story), I used to have them send me two copies of each issue.

During the heyday of SM magazines, each publisher released multiple issues per month, and generally two copies of each issue exist.

I was heavily involved in producing the bondage photography for those magazines, which meant I worked closely with each editorial team. As a result, I often received the freshly printed issues directly from the editors during the photo shoots.

“The new issue is out, take a look.” Like that.

In addition, since I write novels and other reading material, the same issue is sent to my home address every month as a matter of routine.

I end up with two or three copies of the same issue.

Special issues, extra issues, and photo books will also be released.

Each time, the editor hands it over saying, “It’s done. It’s got a real punch to it, take a look.” And that’s how the publications pile up.

I’ve been the editor-in-chief for publications like Uramado, Suspense Magazine, [ABMENT](#), and even the Kinbiken Newsletter, so I still have materials from that time.

For example, manuscripts and personal letters from writers and painters. Having done this work for so long, the volume has become enormous.

When I moved to my current workroom, I did a lot of organizing, but there are still some precious things I absolutely want to keep close at hand. For example, original artwork by Minomura Kou.

I also have detailed notes documenting my own work to date.

For example, a memo recording the date (year, month, and day in the Showa era), the name of the publisher, the names of the model and photographer, and the location where the bondage photography was conducted.

If I die, those documents will undoubtedly be disposed of.

But even if I die, there are things I want to leave behind.

(Come to think of it, several years ago I went to a certain place and humbly asked if they might take these materials off my hands; I had a large collection. Naturally, I said I wanted to donate them for free. But they flatly refused, saying they didn’t want such things. This person was someone who understood the importance of preserving this kind of material. I was surprised and frustrated, and I still can’t forget it.)

Just now, I accidentally wrote “without any tact,” but what exactly is this “tact?” Since I was at it, I looked it up. According to the Obunsha Japanese Dictionary, “nibe⁴⁸” (魚免) is actually the name of a fish. I had no idea. How ignorant of me. How embarrassing.

A marine fish of the Scombridae family. Body length: 90 centimeters. Grayish-blue in color, with a pale gray belly. Possesses a large swim bladder, from which gelatin is made. Its flesh is used as a raw material for fish cakes. Known as a vocal fish.

Additionally nibe is also written as “鰾膠,” referring to glue made from the swim bladder. It possesses strong adhesive properties and has extremely broad applications in food, medicine and industry.

⁴⁸ This internal discussion is from the Japanese idiom “ニべもない” “nibe mo nai.” It’s an expression that means unfriendly, curt, or to refuse without hesitation.

So, “nibe mo nai,” meaning lacking stickiness, translates to having no charm or human warmth. In other words, I was flatly refused without a shred of courtesy.

At that time, I threw away various materials while crying.

In short, the room was cramped. I didn’t have the money to rent a storage unit.

However, some materials still remain. New ones have also accumulated.

I am now gradually transporting these items to the Sex Industry Museum in Iidabashi.

Director Nakahara Rutsu accepted it, saying, “That’s fine.” I’m becoming suspicious. I don’t know if it’s really okay.

No matter how vast the space, there are limits. The curator might be unexpectedly troubled.

“If you find anything you don’t need, please feel free to throw it away,” I always say this before leaving. I fear causing trouble. Even if I keep these things around, they’ll be discarded when I die. To ordinary people, they’re worthless. My time is short.

Publications are heavy and bulky.

But I’m doing my best, carrying it on my back, moving forward.

Little by little, my room is starting to get tidier.

Five or six cardboard boxes were stacked high, and when the precious document that had been missing suddenly popped out from the bottom of the very first box, “Whoa, you were hiding here!”

I can’t help but cry out, burying my face in the box as I get lost in reading.

Well then, actually, all of that up to this point was just the setup for this time.

I ended up researching things like the fish used to make kamaboko⁴⁹ just so I could write about what happens next.

When I found the “Gekiga Select” published by Geibun-sha in Kanda Surugadai, Tokyo, in November 1973, at the bottom of a cardboard box, “Yessss, I found it!” I couldn’t help but exclaim.

⁴⁹ Fish cake. This of course is the nibe discussed earlier

A monthly magazine priced at 130 yen, comparable in size to a weekly publication, with 200 pages. Its cover features handwritten lettering proclaiming, “Yusuke Aoyagi Masterpiece Issue.” Beside this, it states:

“Part One: An Invitation to the Sadist”

“Part Two: 30 Boys’ Lullaby”

The cover illustration is also by [Yusuke Aoyagi](#), accompanied by a description. It is short, but stylish.

“Teapot clutched

By the pigtailed child

A red dragonfly perches on her nipple”

It is truly poetry. Upon opening the cover, two full-page color photographs of nudes appear immediately. Two pages, that is, the front and back of a single sheet of paper. There is nothing else.

Looking at the nude model’s makeup, you can tell she’s clearly a model from forty years ago. A sharp, distinct black line is drawn right above her eyelids.

She is not completely naked, yet her pubic hair is hidden, and her nipples are not visible. There is none of the blatant eroticism found in today’s sensual publications, yet there is a peculiar presence to her as a female body. Compared to today, the printing technology and paper quality seem crude. Perhaps that’s why it has a certain charm.

I’ve tied up this gravure⁵⁰ model. I think it was SM Select, a magazine from the Tokyo Sansai-sha group. I’ve forgotten the model’s name, but her face looks familiar.

If you check my “work notes” stored at the sex museum, you might be able to find out the name of this girl.

But back then, I was twenty, and now I’m eighty? Ugh. The passage of time is cruel. That’s why I don’t slit my wrists with a razor, burn charcoal in my car, or rush to die by concocting some foul gas in the bathroom.

Death comes upon anyone in the blink of an eye. Look at me. Just the other day, I was called a “handsome boy.”

Oh? What are you writing?

⁵⁰ In Japanese media, gravure refers to models who appear in photo spreads.

That's right. I was about to write that I like the bound women depicted in Yusuke Aoyagi's manga.

Many so-called SM manga have been drawn over the years, some becoming series of collected volumes, and I own several of them myself.

The content, much like SM speciality magazines, has recently featured prominent illustrations that enlarge and meticulously depict female genitalia, becoming increasingly formulaic.

Typical means that writers have lost their soul and no longer inspire us.

Among the vast number of SM manga being produced, to my knowledge, there is not a single one that follows in the footsteps of Aoyagi Yusuke (if there is, I would appreciate being told). First and foremost, his character depictions are outstanding.

This magazine, "Gekiga Select," features six short manga stories by Yusuke Aoyagi. They contain profound psychological depictions.

Though bound women appear explicitly in only about three stories, an authentic SM atmosphere permeates the entire collection. This deeply twisted, decadent taste seeps into the reader's heart.

The body of the woman bound within the story carries a peculiar, cloying body odor and soul that strangely appeals to my SM inclinations.

What is good about this drawing? What is good about it, and how is it good? Why is it good?

I intend to explain it in writing now, but I'm already trembling at the poverty of my own expressive abilities.

How can I convey the appeal of this drawing to the readers of "Talking Theater?"

Despite having worked as a writer for fifty years, I'm aware that my vocabulary is poor and I'm not very good at explaining things accurately.

But I intend to write as best as I can, even if I'm not very good at it.

If I write with all my heart and soul, my feelings might just come through a little.

Yusuke Aoyagi's depictions of bound female bodies tend to feature somewhat rough lines. They lack the delicacy and meticulousness found in artists like Muku Youji. At times, they are bold.

But in each and every line, the scent of blood, the scent of flesh, can be felt.

This “scent,” or perhaps, “stench” would be more appropriate.

I feel as though the painter’s earnest feelings are poured into the depiction of the female form.

The ropes binding the woman’s body seem imbued with the artist’s prayers and desires.

(How many bondage paintings of women exist these days, devoid of prayer, desire, or passion, merely depicting bodies wrapped in ropes?)

In Yusuke Aoyagi’s depictions of bound women, one senses the artist’s solitary soul and a pervasive sense of desolation seeping through.

The figure of the woman depicted is undoubtedly that of forty years ago. It has a palpable sense of lived experience.

(Because it feels so lived-in, the smell of blood and flesh must be what women sense.)

The way the rope is tied around the female body is, to my eyes, precise. It is real.

Accuracy and realism are precisely the essence of how a true enthusiast binds. These are not drawn from commercially available bondage photographs.

(Incidentally, ninety percent of Muku Youji’s bondage drawings were based on photographs of me tying someone up, which she then copied exactly. I plan to write about this separately. Not that I’m blaming her or anything. It just means she only recognized my rope work.)

Yusuke Aoyagi’s binding style isn’t overly strict; the slight slack in the ropes actually lends a strangely realistic feel that I quite like.

Just by looking at his drawings, you can tell this artist truly loves ropes. There’s no mistaking his desire for bondage. Even in the smallest, simplest drawing, that desire seeps through. That’s why he’s an artist.

A painter who creates works that don’t reveal their own desires can hardly be called an artist.

Throughout the work, it is expressed that what Yusuke Aoyagi finds erotic is, after all, the woman’s sense of shame.

Some frames bear the words “the beauty of bondage” written in his own hand. “The beauty of bondage” was a term I began using back then. The beauty of bondage cannot be born from a woman who possesses no sense of shame.

Therefore, this painter dislikes ostentatious poses featuring full nudity with legs spread wide.

What I find particularly interesting is that when this artist depicts a woman bound with her legs spread wide, he deliberately renders her in a crude and coarse manner.

The wide-legged spread is depicted as a filthy, unappealing bondage pose that cannot be an object of desire. This is proof of being a bondage enthusiast. I find this aspect particularly fascinating and intriguing.

Beyond the figure of the bound woman, I feel that each and every line drawn by this artist is imbued with his single-minded devotion to SM.

In the “Big Waves, Small Waves” column of the Tokyo Shinbun, a critic using the pen name “Monster-kun” has written the following piece. I will introduce only the main points. The title is “What Manga Has Lost.”

“---[Chiba Tetsuya](#) broke his nearly five-year silence by publishing a fifty-eight-page one-shot short story in the June 10th issue of Big Comic. (Omitted) Thanks to this short story, I read Big Comic over to cover for the first time in ages. What I discovered was the fact that manga artists far younger than Chiba are creating works in a decidedly oppressive environment. Constrained by source material and reader considerations, the dialogue feels excessive, and the peddling of external knowledge stands out. Scenes traced from photographs are precise and accurate, yet utterly dry and devoid of emotion. There’s no sense of the depth of experience that comes from the artist having lived within those landscapes.

On the other hand, in Chiba’s manga, every panel depicting Tokyo’s downtown feels vividly alive through the gaze of the characters observing it, strongly conveying the sense of a place truly lived in by people. Japanese manga has developed significantly over the past half-century, but isn’t it time we began examining what we’ve lost?”

That is all. Transcribed from the June 5, 2008 evening edition.

I am not familiar with the pen name “Monster-kun,” but as expected, the professional critic offers insightful commentary.

This applies perfectly to those who currently operate “SM” as a for-profit business.

That hits the nail on the head.

Spanning two pages, Yusuke Aoyagi’s depiction of a desolate, lonely townscape devoid of people is surely the very image of the painter’s own solitary, breathing inner landscape.

The “Gekiga Select” from forty years ago that I have in my possession now might already be in the Sex Industry Museum.

To my surprise, the museum houses a collection of rare and valuable materials, books, magazines, photographs, all meticulously organized and managed with care.

Oh yes, in the editor’s note for this “Gekiga Select,” there’s a line published as a “tongue-in-cheek” comment. I’ll transcribe that very line into this “Talking Theater” as well.

“(Omitted)... Amidst the torrent of youth-oriented graphic novels flooding the market, I intend to continue doing my utmost, driven by a sense of mission to select what should be preserved and create what should be promoted. I kindly ask for your continued support.”

That’s all. I think “for young people” might be a typo for “for adults,” but what do you think?

Subsequently, a collection like “The Works of Yusuke Aoyagi” was published as a single volume, and it may already be available at the sex museum.

But anyway, I plan to take this one volume to the museum next time.

2008.6.13

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第四十回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 40

廃墟の風景

Landscape of Ruins

I had a long chat with R-san, who's handling all the details of writing and publishing this "Talking Theater," about Yusuke Aoyagi's manga.

One of them.

In the editor's note of the monthly manga magazine "Gekiga Select" published by Geibun-sha, which I introduced last time, there is a passage that reads, "...a sense of mission to select what should be preserved and create what should be revived from the torrential flood of youth-oriented manga." I wrote that "youth-oriented" should be "adult-oriented," shouldn't it?

Then R-san said, "The genre and term 'for young adults' existed in the past and still exists today. Within that, what used to be called 'adult-oriented manga' is now labeled 'for mature audiences,' isn't it?"

Now that you mention it, that's exactly right, so I'll correct it.

R-san sure knows everything, doesn't she?

If I write something careless, I get snapped at immediately. Scary!

Last time, I wrote about the illustration of a bound woman drawn by Yusuke Aoyagi featured in that "Gekiga Select" issue, but actually, I really wanted to introduce the story along with the illustration.

A story is, in essence, a theme.

However, the task of introducing a manga's story in writing is difficult for someone like me, who lacks talent. I lack confidence.

I'm not confident, but I thought that if I just write my heart out, maybe a little of it will come across (hmm, I feel like I wrote something like this last time too). So, encouraged by R-san, I decided to give it a try.

The contents page printed on the inside cover of this "Gekiga Select" Yusuke Aoyagi Masterpiece Issue, released in November 1972 (Showa 47), list the following under "Yusuke Aoyagi Psychological Pornography Special Feature": Part One: Invitation to the Sadist' includes: Mugen, My Harem, Living in Red.

"Part 2: 30 Lullabies for Boys." The Husband's Day, Void, Camouflage.

The titles of six short manga stories are listed.

Instead of describing the manga in words, you could simply reproduce the manga itself, but copyright and other issues arise, so it's not that easy.

To avoid manga featuring bound female bodies, I'll recommend the final work, "Camouflage." It's a 22-page short story.

The first page depicts two black goldfish and a withered flower within what appears to be a gray aquarium. Above the gray is the title "Camouflage."

Turning the page reveals a large landscape painting across two pages: a few rusted rails lying in a space on the outskirts of some town far from the city. A single locomotive, decaying and shabby. Several utility poles stand like black shadows. A signal post also stands.

A shabby wooden shack. Beyond it, a dead tree. The gravel beneath the rails is depicted in meticulous detail, creating an oddly desolate feeling. No human figure is visible anywhere. A silent landscape that could be mistaken for ruins.

Explanatory text floats in the space.

When a man reaches his thirties,
He starts to think,
"Ah,
This is the extent of my abilities."

Not an age
Where I can laugh out loud
Not an age
Where I can be swept away by love
Not the age

These days,

While brushing my teeth,
I sometimes think...
What a dry and uninteresting
Age 30 is⁵¹!

These few lines of text likely represent the overall mood and theme of this work.

Reading these words while looking at the image of the dark ruins alone makes my heart grow still.

Even so, how desolate is this protagonist's state of mind, barely past thirty. And throughout Aoyagi Yusuke's SM, this desolation persists.

The story begins on the next page.

A panoramic view of the city buildings. Evening.

In one of the company's rooms, a man called "Section Chief" gazed out the window and murmured, "What a beautiful sunset..."

"Looking at clouds like these makes me want to travel somewhere..."

Beside him, his subordinate office lady, Keiko Hagio, was clacking away at the typewriter (computers weren't around yet in those days).

"Hagino, sorry about keeping you out so late..."

"It's nothing..."

"How about it? Fancy grabbing some sushi?"

"Wow! Really? Section Chief?"

"Haha.... If a little sushi makes you this happy, it's embarrassing for me."

"But..."

The town's night view. The lanterns of the sushi restaurant.

"Just order whatever you like. Though if you order too many expensive things, we'll go broke..."

⁵¹ This is written in poetic form, so this was a bastard to translate. I did my best but this may not be accurate.

"I just joined the company this year, so I don't really understand... But watching you work, Section Chief, I can't help but think it must be really tough..."

"...haha, it's nothing special. I'll probably just stay a 'Section Chief' forever anyway..."

(Here, I, that is, Nureki, mutter to myself. Oh boy, I've gotten myself into a messy situation. If I have to explain the manga like this, it's going to be a pain. Hmm... maybe I need to cut more corners. But if I do, the emotional depth of this work won't come through. Hmm, what should I do, R-san? Are you bored reading this far?)

Generally, with manga or gekiga, the order is to write the script first and then draw the pictures. But I have to do the opposite. Write the script while looking at the finished artwork. That's why it's backwards.

Today I woke up at five in the morning, sat down at my desk, and am writing this "Talking Theater." But now I have to head to a photo shoot for a certain publisher. As the bondage specialist, of course. To the studio on the eighth floor of a certain building. I'll be there by eleven in the morning.

Therefore, I will temporarily suspend work on this manuscript.

In this manga, the section chief will take this young office lady on an overnight trip.

And that night... hmm, I suppose I really should write about this. The section chief's inner turmoil that night was quite fascinating to me.

Anyway, R-san, I'll give you a call sometime during today's shoot. I'll fax you the draft up to this point.

* * *

At 7:00 PM, filming wrapped up. I'd like to jot down a few words about what we shot.

The model was a so-called amateur who had applied directly on her own initiative. She is apparently a student currently studying spatial design at a certain university.

An amateur, in other words, is not a professional model, but a woman with a fetish who desires to be bound and tormented.

She was a plain, unassuming girl with a rock-like physique. She lacked the air of a typical young person these days.

A woman with a rock-like physique, a shallow person like me can't help but assume her heart is rock-like too.

(I'd had that experience several times before. Women with bodies as rigid as rock would immediately start wailing "It hurts! It hurts!" when bound, pleading for the ropes to be cut loose.)

The photographer must have been convinced of that too. The photographer, who was in charge today, kept demanding harsh poses from her throughout the entire shoot.

And he remained true to his own aesthetic. He was a photographer who clung to the aesthetic he aspired to.

She must have her own inner personality (every female enthusiast has her own particular obsessions), but that personality was completely suppressed and ignored.

Both I and the model are, to put it bluntly, hired for money. We must cooperate as directed by a strong-willed leader. We are not permitted to voice our own opinions.

The rock-like girl endured her suffering silently, steadfastly, patiently and faithfully.

(Ah, I just meant to jot down a quick note, but this is getting long. I'll stop talking about the shoot now. I'll probably write about this shoot another time.)

Shooting wrapped up after 7pm.

As usual, I quickly stowed the rope in my bag and stood in front of the elevator, ready to leave the studio alone.

Then, she emerged from the shower room, her body wrapped in nothing but a towel, and approached me. She then bowed her head respectfully.

"Thank you for today. I've bought and read all of your books. I haven't gotten the new one yet, though."

I was astonished. The rock had spoken. The rock had feelings after all.

No, it wasn't a rock. I apologized to her in my heart.

I had placed a brown paper cover on that paperback for reading on the train. My fingerprints were on that cover.

Standing in front of the elevator, I signed my name on the cover with a ballpoint pen. I also added today's date.

“This book’s a little dirty, but I’ll give it to you. Thanks for doing such a good job today.” I said, handing it to her.

Her expression brightened for a moment, turning rosy.

“Thank you! I’ll read it!”

Holding the towel wrapped around her chest with one hand, she bowed her head politely. She was genuinely pleased. I thought again: she wasn’t a rock after all. Once filming ended, she’d return to being an ordinary girl.

“See you again, take care,” I said as I stepped into the elevator, though I thought I’d probably never see her again.

Once in a lifetime.

Currently a student studying, this is her first time modeling. It must have been incredibly embarrassing for her to be naked in front of people.

All around me were men, five - no, six including me. Their gazes were fixed solely on her.

It is the men’s duty to keep their eyes fixed on her naked body, staring intently without looking away.

During the first half of the shoot, her body felt especially stiff, so rigid that I couldn’t even bring her arms behind her. I think it was probably due to embarrassment and nervousness.

When her body is rigid, the ropes feel especially tight and painful to her own senses.

For us, it was business as usual, but for the girl doing nude modeling for the first time, it must have felt like a series of extreme poses.

Even so, she saw it through to the end.

I might be done with SM modeling gigs.

I was recalling the “Scat-Loving Beauty” from my new paperback, “Bondage: As Long as I Live.”

Today’s model didn’t engage in coprophagia, nor was she particularly a “beautiful girl.” Out in public, she was just an ordinary, plain-looking young lady.

But when she was stripped naked, her lower body spread wide, and hoisted high into the air, I sensed the same thing in her heart as that terrifying “scat-loving beauty.”

Though she didn’t cry out loud like that “beautiful girl,” today she too must have been crying inside, shedding tears of the same color.

Working in such a specialized field as mine, I encounter all manner of misfortune.

No, perhaps I shouldn’t call it “misfortune.”

What is misfortune and what is happiness, these things cannot be known now.

Today, even if only for a short time, she tasted the “pleasure” she desired and received her “model fee.”

She must have felt a sense of fulfillment and set off on her way home.

No good. It couldn’t be summed up in a single word after all. That habit of mine, digressing, has reared its head again.

I had intended to explain Aoyagi Yusuke’s graphic novel “Camouflage” here.

I’ll write about that next time.

2008.6.18

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第四十一回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 41

臆病な人たち

Cowards

While explaining the content of Yusuke Aoyagi's graphic novel "Camouflage," the conversation somehow turned to my photography work.

So, this time, I'll return to the original topic and continue writing about "Camouflage."

As before, I'll skip the finer details in my explanation. While the author's unique "flavor" shines through in the intricate dialogue and artwork, explaining it would make this overly long, so please understand.

(This manga magazine from forty years ago will be deposited at the Sex Museum once I finish writing this article, so those interested are welcome to see the actual item.)

A few years past thirty, the "Section Chief" who had come to know his own talents and the limits of his future life invited new employee Keiko Hagino on an overnight road trip. This "Section Chief" had a wife.

Conversation inside the car driven by the Section Chief:

"What did you tell your family?"

"Since it's a long weekend, she's going on a trip with friends... Surprisingly, they're pretty hands-off with me. They say they trust me... what did you say... to your wife?"

(Nureki's note: The previous scene shows the section chief and his wife engaged in a domestic conversation and imagery filled with a certain weariness. The section chief's wife has breasts and buttocks that are slightly sagging, and her lower abdomen protrudes.)

"You're such a bad husband, Section Chief... leaving your family service behind during the holidays."

"Yeah, that's right, I'm a bad guy, you know... if Hagino-kun trusts me too, things are gonna get messy, huh? Haha.."

"I trust you, Section Chief... If I didn't, I wouldn't be going on an overnight trip alone with a man."

"Haha... this is a real mess... but maybe a goodnight kiss is okay?"

(Nureki's note: After arriving at the hot spring and entering the inn, there are detailed movements and brief lines of dialogue between the man and woman as they eat...)

"But that maid earlier, even though there are two bedrooms, she mistook us for a married couple... it's so quiet, all I can hear is the croaking of frogs."

A description appears beside the night view of cascading waterfalls: "She has feelings for me... On a night alone together at this secluded hot spring, embracing her would be easy..."

"But you, a thirty-year-old man, must understand what I'm thinking right now, my brain working at full capacity like a computer..."

(Nureki's note: This line, "For you, a thirty-year-old man..." is an appeal to the reader. The author is appealing to the reader's empathy. The reason I chose to introduce this work in the "Talking Theater" lies in the resolution from this point to the very end.)

The Section Chief gazed out the window at the night view.

"Well, there are houses even up that mountain... Look," he said, and while Keiko was looking at it, he pulled her face close and kissed her.

"Section Chief...", she murmured. Keiko's face was drawn with a girlish purity as cute as possible.

"No, Section Chief!"

A picture of a spider stretching its limbs out long in the darkness.

"No more... ah... ah, stop, please stop."

Keiko, pinned down on the tatami mat, her breasts being grabbed.

"What's so bad about it? You expected this from the start... And if anyone asked, you'd probably say, 'I was forced by the Section Chief!'"

"There's no need to resist so much... I never intended to... take off the last piece." the Section Chief says internally.

“...Just as I imagined, adorable, perky breasts!”

“Just seeing these breasts is enough for me...” ... “Let’s stop now...”

“We should stop here, right here...”

“You don’t need to say anything else! When a woman says, ‘Manager, no...’”

“Just stare into her eyes and let go. She’ll delude herself into thinking you stopped because you cared about her!”

And then, the final monologue.

I know it myself
A 30-year-old man like me...
How pathetic and disgusting
And how dry and brittle I am
I know all that...

I don’t have the courage to destroy
Everything I’ve worked so hard to build up until now...
Yet, I desperately want to do something!

I know it
I’m at the point where I can no longer
Kick a ball toward the blue sky anymore
This is what a thirty-year-old man is, you know.”

A picture of a black gecko crawling on what appears to be the shade of a lamp.

And the story ends with a line drawing of an airplane flying just above the low roofs of the houses.

Well, that’s about it.

What do you think?

Eh? You don’t get it?

I see. Explaining a graphic novel with just words alone is probably impossible after all.

Without the illustrations, it might be hard to convey this manga’s dark, twisted lyricism.

No, you see, I just thought that nowadays, there aren't any erotic manga depicting the naive desires and inner workings of men like this, so I ended up enthusiastically introducing this "Camouflage" after all.

The male boss takes a new female employee on an overnight trip, strips her naked, ties her up, and spends the entire night lewdly licking, tormenting, and caressing her.

And before long, the woman starts getting wildly turned on by the caress, moaning and screaming with delight. Seeing this, the man ends up disgusted and appalled. That's the kind of punchline you often find in manga these days.

In such scenes, dazzlingly intense male and female bodies are depicted with relentless, excessive exposure, as if to say, "Here's more, and more!" So persistently and meticulously detailed that we scarcely have the leisure to indulge in our own fantasies.

When every single wrinkle in the private parts is depicted with such precision, it actually gets in the way of fantasizing and kills the mood, doesn't it?

But in Yusuke Aoyagi's manga, even though he finally invites her on an overnight trip and she might be into it (she's definitely into it!), he stops after just seeing her breasts.

"Just seeing these breasts is enough for me... I should stop now..." He muttered these words trying to save face.

I see so many timid sadists, no, bondage enthusiasts, who harbor the desire to tie up the woman they love with rope, just once, get close to doing it, but ultimately lack the guts and end up accomplishing nothing.

I think bondage enthusiasts are still pretty much like that even now.

All the enthusiasts I'm close with have kind hearts. Too kind, in fact. Most of them are like Yusuke Aoyagi's "Section Chief."

I'm extremely timid (in fact, if you're not timid, I won't consider you a true bondage enthusiast).

Well, I suppose I'm one of those timid enthusiasts myself.

My timidity stems from my own inferiority complex. A heavy, dark inferiority complex I can't tell anyone about, being a bondage enthusiast. I'm nothing but an embodiment of that inferiority complex.

Liar!

Please don't say things like that. It's not a lie. It's true.

Until just the other day, I was actually the Section Chief depicted by Yusuke Aoyagi.

(I tie up many women for work. Please don't misunderstand.)

Because I get paid for it, I can casually tie up young, beautiful women I've never met before.

(No, I'm not fine. I still feel inferior. I always cover it up with that excuse, that it's just work, which is hardly a valid excuse at this point.)

Work and personal life are completely different.

Liar!

Oh, you yelled again.

It's not a lie.

No matter how much I insist it's not a lie, people just can't seem to believe me.

The peculiar title "rope master" stems from my deep-seated inferiority complex and my will to overcome it, however slightly.

(The person who coined the new term "rope master," namely Minomura Kou, said that. That is, he called himself that.)

By adding that character for "master [師]," might someone mistakenly believe they're truly worth of being called a "master?" And thus, distract themselves, even slightly, from their own feelings of inferiority?

Just the other day, I was hospitalized for two days for a comprehensive health checkup. Naturally, I have a bit of a lecherous streak, so I observed the nurses at work quite closely. They are truly remarkable.

They truly possess the expertise worthy of being called a "master." They also have the skills. Above all, they work hard. I thought to myself, they were truly "masters."

What's more, white coats are sexy (oh, wait, that has nothing to do with being a "master").

"Bakushi"... Bakushi. A word with a dirty, unpleasant ring to it.

If someone calls me bakushi, it only makes me feel even more inferior and I can't stand being there. I genuinely start to think I'm being made fun of.

People who call themselves "trainers" are the same. I absolutely cannot believe they can train a woman's heart to do whatever they want.

People who call themselves "trainers" must have quite a complex of inferiority.

Those who have no objection to being called "master" surely cannot possess an enthusiast's heart.

Those who call themselves "rope masters" or "trainers" are merely trying to hide their obsession, yet the result is the opposite.

I still avoid being called a "master" because I don't want to be seen as an enthusiast.

I'm perfectly fine with being a day laborer "rope technician." It's clearer and more straightforward this way.

My reasoning seems to be getting rather disjointed. I'm feeling rather conflicted myself.

The story took a wild turn from Yusuke Aoyagi's manga.

Well then, I'll head over to the Iidabashi Sex Museum to donate this manga magazine from forty years ago, which proclaims "Yusuke Aoyagi Masterpieces" on its cover.

I would be delighted if this were recognized as one of the valuable documents.

In that case, it would serve as a small part of my tribute to the late Yusuke Aoyagi.

2008.6.24

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第四十二回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 42

こっちを見ないでくれ

Don't Look at Me

Dear R-san,

I've just finished writing "Pleasure Peak," and I'm feeling unusually hyped. I poured my heart and soul into writing this novel.

It'd be a shame to dampen this excitement (though I admit that's a bit stingy of me).

So, I'll keep writing "Talking Theater" without a break.

Thank you for staying with us late into the night yesterday with the "Hasegawa Takeya and Aikyoka Troupe." I am truly grateful.

Do you remember when, during the intermission, I said to you, "I'd like to talk to you about something personal."

My fellow performers in the "Kamome-kai" group, who have absolutely nothing to do with SM, ended up watching that movie I detest (Bakushi. Oh, Bakushi! I've written it many times, but what a disgusting, filthy-sounding word it is!)

My fellow performers had a vague idea that I was "Nureki Chimuo," but they never knew for certain or openly acknowledged it. I hid it as much as possible.

We didn't want our hidden paradise to be seen by mere gawkers driven by low-level curiosity (let me be clear; they are nothing but gawkers).

We don't want to expose our hidden paradise to the eyes of those who don't possess this feeling, who don't understand this feeling.

It is a hidden gem, and for me, it is a sacred place.

After catching a glimpse of who we really are, they always say:

"I get it, I get it, I understand. That kind of world, I'm interested in that kind of world too. I understand. I'm convinced."

There's no way you could understand.

Even after fifty years of being completely immersed in it, I still don't understand.

That smug look on their faces as they speak to me and draw near. I find them utterly distasteful and unbearably bothersome.

Shall we look up "shitari gao" in the dictionary?

"A smug look" or "a boastful look."

I don't want them to understand. They couldn't possibly understand.

This isn't a world of understanding or not understanding. I don't want you to be convinced either.

This is our sacred place.

I do not want the sacred site trampled underfoot by their base, vulgar sexual curiosity, driven solely by their own self interest.

After watching that unpleasant movie at the theater, sure enough, they said, "I finally understood the hearts of people in that kind of world. I understand how you felt."

There's no way you could possibly understand. I don't want you to understand.

For fifty years, I have lived right in the heart of this world, crying and laughing, suffering and enjoying, being scorned and reviled as less than human. And yet, I still cannot understand.

There is a folktale called "[The Crane's Gratitude](#)."

It is also famous for its appearance in Junji Kinoshita's play "The Evening Crane."

The crane who took human form and married tells her husband, "When you discover my true identity, I will leave your side." Then she vanishes before his eyes.

R-san, you know.

I now feel like leaving the "Kamomeno-Kai," where I've been for over a decade.

I'm not sure I can bear their curious stares directed at me from now on.

I don't want to associate with ignorant (I deliberately say ignorant) and rude people who pretend to understand when they don't, then come up to me with a smug grin on their faces.

Back when I was editor-in-chief of Uramado (a long time ago now), several men told me that masochistic women were all the ultimate nymphomaniacs, that if they had a man to torment them, they'd become any man's slave. They asked me to introduce them to such a woman, saying they wanted to enslave her and violate her from morning till night.

Even if it was half in jest, I got angry.

I've written and talked about this story so many times already that I'll stop now. There are plenty of similar stories out there.

At the Kinbiken venue, a man suddenly tried to tie ropes around the body of a woman who was packing up to leave after finishing her day as a model.

A woman like you must enjoy being restrained anytime, anywhere.

I immediately expelled that man.

Now that everyone knows I'm Nureki Chimuo and realizes I'm the kind of person who does movie-like things almost every day, like the "crane" in folk tales and plays.... Well, I'm not a crane. I might be more of a "pig" (lol), but I've decided to quit the "Kamomono-Kai." R-san, what do you think?

You say, "Can someone like me, too sensitive, too concerned with what others think, overreacting to every word from irresponsible bystanders. Can someone so weak-willed really survive in this world?"

It was clearly my fault that I appeared in that movie.

Why did I ever appear in that movie? I wish I hadn't. But it's no use regretting it now. That's what they mean by "after the fact."

No matter how many times promoters have called me, I have never stepped onto a theater stage or any other stage to show my ropes. It's because in those audience seats sit people utterly disconnected from our world. It would be fine if they simply didn't know, but there are those who deeply despise us, who feel revulsion. I don't want them to see our secret realm, our sacred ground; not even a glimpse. I want to protect my own heart.

I call it a "sacred place" and all that fancy stuff, but when you really think about it, it's a "shameful place."

Even if I exposed my shameful parts before them, I wouldn't feel a shred of pleasure.

My sense of inferiority only grows.

It only hurts my heart.

In front of our comrades, we can show our "shameful parts" as much as we want.

The more shameful the shameful part, the more marketable it becomes.

But in front of people who aren't comrades or friends, I want to put on a straight face.

"What an amazing world, I see it clearly now."

I don't want people who casually spout off half-baked opinions to easily understand it.

Looking up "half-baked know-it-all" in the dictionary yields: "A half-baked manner; the act of pretending to know something one doesn't. Also, such a person."

It is precisely because I recognized my shame and kept a low profile that I have been able to live in this world for over fifty years.

I don't want to get used to being looked down upon. I don't want to become complacent.

(Though Mimomura Kou-san would sometimes declare "Let's get familiar," and boldly become a clown.)

I suppose I'm still the same cowardly person as the "Section Chief" portrayed by Yusuke Aoyagi in that previous "Talking Theater."

R-san, you know.

Last night's traveling theater troupe (I'm sorry, everyone in the Takeya and Kyoka Troupe, I don't use this term with contempt. Please don't misunderstand. I like you. I really like you. That's precisely why, together with R-san, I went to see your play twice this month. And I promised to go see it one more time while you're performing in Tokyo. Right now, as I write this, a flyer for your troupe is taped to my desk) performed a play called "[The Tale of the Last Chrysanthemum](#)," which included this line:

"Once you've picked up the smell of the travelling stage, you can't easily return to the grand theater."

I listened to those words with mixed feelings.

For today's young actors, the term "travelling theater troupe" is probably already obsolete.

Fifty years ago, if you openly called someone a lowlife, to put it dramatically, it would rain blood.

"If you keep writing nothing but perverted stories, you'll lose the ability to write proper fiction. You're someone who can write, you should get out of this perverted world while you still can." An editor at an SM magazine once told me that. That was a long time ago, though.

Ah, this person isn't one of us, I thought at that moment. How on earth is someone like this editing an SM magazine?

R-san tells me, just by seeing my face or even talking on the phone, "Keep writing the Talking Theater. Write more. Write without delay."

I'm truly grateful.

R-san says that no matter what I write, even if it's not about SM, it still carries the scent of Nureki Chimuo's SM.

This is the highest praise.

I am encouraged.

So I keep writing.

I've actually held the belief since the Kitan Club era that the world of perversion cannot be fully captured unless written in pure literature.

I'll refrain from bringing the conversation back to the "Pleasure Peak" I just finished writing, as it would make the artifice a bit too obvious.

But I'm excited right now.

A combative, youthful blood boils within me.

But that doesn't mean I want to hang out with guys who just get all clingy around me out of morbid curiosity about perverted desires.

I want to tell them not to look at me.

To be honest, I don't even want to talk to them anymore.

That's what it means to be combative.

It's a fighting spirit to cut ties with them.

I absolutely do not want them to desecrate the sacred place within my heart.

Well, what should we do?

Right now, the rain is pouring down. It's the rainy season.

In this rain, are the patrons who favor that troupe heading to that little theater?

I'm sure they're going, aren't they?

And those beloved actors, once the play ends, will surely see the audience in this rain, just like last night, without umbrellas, with their usual charm and smiles.

Even after performing on stage for four solid hours straight.

Amazing acting spirit. Entertainer's grit.

Those actors are strong. I am weak.

* * *

To Rakka-san,

Thank you for spending almost the entire day with me yesterday. Thanks to you, my heart feels lighter.

Come to think of it, this kind of timid fear that occasionally assails me seems to stem from trauma, from being battered and wounded during that storm of the "[anti-obscenity campaign](#)" back in my Uramado days.

It was a pleasure chatting with you by the shores of Ukima Pond, known as a primrose colony in the Arakawa River basin, surrounded by the songs of various wild birds.

You told me, "This place, with its wide sky and the scent of water, appears in [Nagai Kufu](#)'s 'Katsushika Souvenir' and [Tayama Katai](#)'s 'A Day's Outing.'"

Never mind Kufu, I never expected the name Tayama Katai to come out of your mouth. I was surprised.

Learning that Rakka-san, while working as a graphic designer, was even more of a “literary girl” than I had understood, made me happy all over again.

I own a first edition copy of Tayama Katai’s “A Day’s Outing,” which I bought about ten years ago at a used bookstore in Kanda. It’s stained and tattered.

Talking with you has really lifted my spirits.

I’ll keep going to the “Kamomeno Kai” too.

I felt like I wanted to study classical rakugo with a renewed spirit.

Actually, a friend had been recommending it to me for quite some time.

“My master has been asked by some foundation to start a classical rakugo class as an instructor. Would you like to join?” he said.

“Thank you, I’ll go” and just now, I sent my reply. So I’ve decided to continue studying performing arts.

If I hear something unpleasant again, I might get really down, but for now I’m okay. I bounce back pretty quickly.

I feel like I’ve caused you quite a bit of worry.

I may not look it, but I’m surprisingly tough. After all, I was born and raised in Asakusa.

Let’s go together again to the Higuchi Ichiyo Memorial Museum in Ryusen. I was born in that area. You could say it’s my spiritual home.

R-san’s Note

The 42nd installment posted above was written in two parts, the first half, beginning with an address to myself, was written first, followed by a full day’s break before the second half, beginning with an address to Rakka-san, was written (Completed on June 24, 2008).

Though compiled as a single installment, Chapter 42 chronicles the emotional journey of Nureki Chimuo over these days. Consequently, the tense used for “yesterday” differs between the first and second halves. Please be aware of this.

2008.7.4

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第四十三回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 43

葛飾の飲み屋で

At a Bar in Katsushika

I met Sayo Uzuki again on the set.

“We keep running into each other. Guess your acting skills are finally getting recognized lately.” As soon as I saw Uzuki’s face, I teased her instead of greeting her.

“It’s not about my skills. I’m just being conveniently used because I’m an old woman nearing fifty who shamelessly strips naked and spreads her legs in front of the camera without a care,” Uzuki replied with a laugh.

I’ve been with Uzuki for nearly thirty years now. Thirty years ago, she was popular as a busty model.

“What? Close to fifty? I thought you were already a year or two older than that?”

“It’s okay, it’s okay. Don’t worry about it.”

She always has her mouth open and giggles like a slightly dim-witted woman, but she’s actually capable of engaging in sophisticated, adult conversations. She has a rich vocabulary and a deep understanding of SM.

I said we’d been together for a long time, but sometimes we wouldn’t see each other for two or three years at a time.

When we do meet, it’s two or three times a month, usually at the filming locations for adult SM videos.

“Nureki-sensei is always doing a great job too. With the rope. You never get tired of it,” said Uzuki.

“That’s right. I never get bored. And besides, I get paid for it.”

There's another reason why I readily agree to go to filming locations when asked. It's to compensate for my lack of exercise in my daily life.

"That's true. Getting paid is definitely an attractive prospect."

After the filming was over, I quickly parted ways with the staff and went out for drinks with just Uzuki.

Or rather, I'll keep her company while she drinks sake.

Uzuki is a heavy drinker, while I get bright red in the face after just a small glass of draft beer.

"At my age, the fact that I can earn money by taking off my clothes is, when you think about it, something to be grateful for."

"Just because you get naked doesn't mean you'll automatically make money. If you're not worth anything, they won't give you a single penny."

Uzuki now runs a small bar near a private railway station close to the Edogawa River in Katsushika Ward.

About two weeks after the shoot, I got a taxi and took the drunken, wobbly Uzuki all the way to Katsushika.

The second floor of the bar serves as a residence for Uzuki and her partner.

I've known his face for twenty years. His name is Osamu-chan. Twenty years ago, he was an intelligent-looking, quiet young man.

He was a pleasant presence who always seemed to follow Uzuki as if hiding in her shadow, yet also supported her. Whenever we met, he would bow his head, but we never spoke. Uzuki never formally introduced him either.

"Let's grab a drink near my place tonight. At my bar. I have to worry about other customers, which is a pain. Though, then again, you don't drink, do you?"

"I'm hungry, so I'll get something to eat," I said.

I got off the private railway train.

I was led to a small drinking establishment no more than five houses away from Uzuki's shop.

I pushed open the creaking glass door of a plain wooden house, its only decoration a faded red lantern hanging above it.

Without even saying “welcome,” the small shopkeeper, who looked to be over seventy, bowed his head slightly upon seeing Uzuki and me.

Uzuki ordered me a drink with a little shochu, carbonated water, ice, and a slice of lemon floating on top. Uzuki herself had a large mug of draft beer.

“What happens to the shop when you are away on a shoot?”

“Osamu-chan and the lady next door are running it. It's better without me around. If I'm there, I'll just drink the store's sake.”

Uzuki also ordered several skewers of grilled offal, simmered tofu, and the shop's specialty, grilled eel with a special technique, for me.

“I really shouldn't be drinking the shop's sake. Whoa, this grilled liver is huge!”

I bit into the grilled liver, which looked at least three times the size of what you'd find at a regular shop.

“Sensei, you didn't get angry at all during today's shoot. With that, there was no need to call you in specially. An assistant director could have handled it.”

“I don't get angry on set anymore. I just keep quiet and follow the director's orders. Getting angry is exhausting. It's just a waste of energy.”

The shoot completely disregarded the emotional appeal of bound women, their moods, or the allure of the ropes.

It's not just this time. Lately there's been a lot of videos with this kind of content.

The set is commonly called the “Hospital Studio,” featuring hospital examination rooms, operating rooms, and rows of beds for inpatients. Everything is designed for easy filming.

There was a director who enjoyed inflicting pain on women's bodies, and among his subordinates was a senior nurse, the head nurse. Uzuki played the role of that head nurse.

Various examination or treatment tables are available, featuring mechanisms where turning a handle causes the spread of a naked woman's legs, bound face-up. Some examination tables are designed so that the spread and bent legs press tightly against either side of her face. Naturally, these tables intended to spread the genitals and anus to their absolute limit.

It's a truly clear-cut "SM" situation. Tiny, gleaming medical instruments are lined up in rows on a stainless steel tray.

A silver metal object that would make a medical instrument enthusiast sigh is kept inside a glass cabinet.

If the story involved showing it to a woman he'd captured, psychologically toying with her and threatening her, and eventually restraining her on an examination table, well, you could call it an "SM" drama.

However, the moment the heroine appears, without warning, she is stripped naked, bound to a table, her legs spread wide, and various foreign objects are forced into her. The scene continues nonstop until the very end, filled with nothing but her shrieking and wailing.

In other words, whipping, wax-torture, nose torment, anal-sex, enema torture, without pause, one after another, endlessly repeated without a moment's respite.

Following the enema torture, the scene naturally progresses to scat play.

Five ropes I'd spent ten years breaking in to my hands were instantly drenched in a yellow liquid, a mixture of glycerin and milk, spurting from the beauty's anus.

The rope screamed, "Help me!" in my ears.

No matter how much you beg me to help, the stench has soaked in. It's beyond use. There's nothing left to do but throw it away.

"How about that? A relentless barrage of punishment after punishment. This should satisfy even the most hardcore SM enthusiast, right?"

The director said this with a satisfied look while puffing on his cigarette, but I couldn't bring myself to respond. I was utterly disgusted.

Looking up "辟易:hekieki" in the dictionary yields "to be overwhelmed and retreat, to be at a loss."

"That girl today really held her own. She was tough. I was impressed. That wasn't acting or performance anymore. It was damn close to real torture."

By the way, I looked up whether the word "hettakure" is in the dictionary.

I thought it wouldn't be there, but it was!

I found it!

“Hettakure,” a term used to scornfully dismiss something as trivial or insignificant.

Uzuki, with a trace of beer foam at the corner of her lips, said with a hint of contempt, “Do you know what real torture is, Sensei?”

“Nah, I don’t know..”

“Women are more resilient, both mentally and physically. Men are far more cowardly.”

Let me make it clear. These are the words of Uzuki Sayo. I do not share these views.

I believe all women are gentle and delicate in both heart and body, and I find them endearing.

“Ah, now that you mention it, you’re right.” At this point, there was no choice but to respond with such a nod.

Uzuki’s eyes gradually took on the glaze of drunkenness. “During the break, the director said it himself. ‘I don’t really want to do this either. But it’s the producer’s orders, so I have no choice.’ He said if he didn’t listen to the producer, he wouldn’t get paid his director’s fee.”

“Yeah, everyone’s in it for the money. I get that. But still, that director really pushes them hard. If a girl was hurting that badly and crying like that, I couldn’t do it.”

“You couldn’t do it, could you, Sensei? You’re more cowardly than most people. But you know, Sensei, that girl, when she was whipped on her back and bottom, crying ‘It hurts, it hurts,’ didn’t she actually feel good? Crying out loud, wailing, that feels good too. You’re past the age of being fooled by a woman’s tears, aren’t you, Sensei?”

Ugh, I groaned involuntarily.

But it sure didn’t look like it.

“If you really hated it, you’d have bolted out of the studio without a second thought. But you didn’t run away, you just sat there and endured it. Isn’t that fine? Even if it hurts or it’s painful, if you just endure it, you’ll get paid eventually.”

I changed the subject while eating my simmered tofu.

“I don’t really know how much girls get paid, but how much do they get for being treated that badly?”

Uzuki has been in this industry for about thirty years now, maintaining a position of being neither fully immersed nor completely detached. At one point, she even produced and sold SM videos with Osamu-chan. She has connections everywhere and is quite the industry insider.

I have absolutely no desire to become an industry expert, so I actually know very little about this field. I know especially little about the financial aspects.

The only thing I know anything about, shamefully enough, is “rope.”

“Pay? Pay’s tight these days. Well, today was a hardcore SM shoot with actual sex scenes, so even though she went through all that pain, she’ll probably only get around 50,000 or 60,000 yen.”

“Hmm, she was pretty cute and had a nice body too, but that’s all she’s worth? Poor thing. Compared to before, the prices have definitely dropped.”

“These days, more girls are stripping, right? Companies are using them to churn out low-budget porn videos, thousands of titles every month. Every studio is cranking out tons of cheap, low-budget projects, figuring that if just one hits big, it’ll keep the business afloat.”

“Uzuki, what’s today’s pay?” I asked.

I know that Uzuki isn’t signed with any modeling agency right now. So a producer can use her cheaply.

“Me? I’m an old hag now, but I still take my clothes off and can do SM scenes, so I make about thirty to thirty-five thousand yen. But selling yakitori requires money to buy the chicken, whereas AV just costs train fare. The rest is pure profit. So I’m pretty grateful for it now. Plus, I’m a toppari you know.”

Toppari is industry jargon. It refers to “same-day payment.”: As soon as filming wraps, the performer receives their day’s fee in cash directly into their hands. There are no middlemen taking a cut.

Today’s job is a piece of cake, even for someone like me. Come to think of it, I’ve been doing this job for quite a long time, but I’ve never been exploited by middlemen.

“Thirty thousand?”

I remember the days when Uzuki earned a million yen a day.

Some girls go to such lengths to get work that they flatter the staff to the point of tears. They even call them “staff-san” to curry favor...

At these words of Uzuki, I suddenly remembered.

About half a year ago, it was during a shoot for Company P.

There was an actress named G-ko. She had a particular philosophy regarding SM expression, and during breaks, we talked about it at length.

Looking up the word “ideal” in the dictionary yields this definition: “The highest thought derived from reason.”

G-ko says she wants to read a lot of books and documents about SM from all eras and regions.

I took a liking to those words and to her about the existence of the Sex Industry Museum in Iidabashi.

It just so happened that Weekly Bunshun had published a serious article densely packed with information about the Sex Museum on one page, so I had G-ko read that weekly magazine too.

“Today, after filming wraps up, we can go together. It’s right on the way back,” I said, and she was delighted, saying, “I’d love to! Please, I really want to go!”

Just as they were about to wrap up filming with one last shot, she suddenly spread her thighs in front of the male staff members while completely naked, shamelessly exposing herself.

At this moment, G-ko was not bound. She sat lightly on the studio sofa, grasping her own inner thighs with both hands and spreading them apart.

At the time, I didn’t understand what that action meant.

I just thought, “What a strange thing to do,” and looked away (it’s true).

I wondered what connection it had to her philosophy.

I turned down going to the Sex Industry Museum with her, claiming I remembered an urgent matter.

I suddenly understood what G-ko had done a half a year ago, something I hadn’t grasped at the time, when Uzuki muttered those words while drinking beer.

So that was a service for the male staff. How foolish of me. Indeed, it was a “flirtatious act.”

I now have a heart that accepts that as a kind of “artist’s spirit” in its own way.

But I didn’t have it back then. Even though I was the one who asked, I ran away.

Watching Uzuki gulp down her third large mug, I silently apologized to G-ko in my heart.

I wish I had understood her better.

But I suppose I’ll just end up understanding it.

I understand and accept it, but I cannot go beyond that. I am a narrow-minded person.

Like many actresses and models, my encounter with G-ko was ultimately a once-in-a-lifetime meeting.

“Sensei, why don’t you stay over at my place tonight? Eh? Please?”

Uzuki’s eyes are glazed over. Before she knew it, she was pouring wine into a mug and drinking. If she gets drunk and passes out here, it’s no big deal. If push comes to shove, she can just call Omasu-chan five doors down.

The conversation with Uzuki at the bar in Katsushika continues on and on.

2008.7.5

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第四十四回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 44

観光会社と原住民

Tourism Companies and Indigenous Peoples

Over a decade ago, during a shoot for a certain production company, I once borrowed the home of Uzuki Sayo, which was located in Suginami at the time.

The director wanted to shoot an SM drama using a real kitchen as the backdrop instead of a set, so he rented Uzuki's house for an entire day.

It was a typical spec-built single family home, complete with a yard large enough to park a car.

During the shoot, in the break after lunch, as I lay down in the second-floor room assigned to me as a waiting room, Uzuki came in.

"Sensei, I'll show you something nice." She spread out what she held in both hands, revealing a printed sheet the size of a newspaper page.

It is considered a rarity within SM, and precisely for that reason, it is treasured among enthusiasts as an old document.

I could clearly describe what is here, but I'll keep it vague to avoid causing her trouble.

In any case, it's a rare and valuable document that cannot be obtained through normal means.

"How did you manage to get your hands on such a rare thing?" I was impressed.

"One of my fans sent it to me. If you want it, Sensei, I can make a copy and send it to you," Uzuki said.

"I'd really appreciate it if you could do that. Please do," I said, but I never imagined she'd actually send it.

She kept her promise, made a proper copy, and mailed it to me. She is a kind, trustworthy woman.

(That's right, I should also deposit the materials she gave me at the Iidabashi Sex Museum next time. Then, I'll let fellow enthusiasts see them. The materials themselves will be better served there than in my possession.)

In a town near the Edogawa River in Katsushika, in a small, old wooden building with a tilted roof and a red lantern outside, a place very close to the bar where Uzuki now works, while I was drinking with Uzuki, that thought suddenly crossed my mind.

I don't ask about the details of why they moved from that elegant house in Suginami to this town by the Edogawa River. I don't pry into such personal matters.

Not asking is our etiquette and rule.

Uzuki kept drinking, three large mugs of draft beer and a large bottle of wine placed before her.

The conversation inevitably turned to criticism of the video footage featuring Uzuki today, with me participating as usual in the role of the person in charge of restraints.

"I'm getting paid by the piece, and I hate to say this, but that stuff just won't sell, you know Sensei?"

Uzuki's tongue is slightly slurred.

I intend to restrain Uzuki's momentum, so I deny it for now.

"We whipped her all over with a real leather whip, dripped hot wax down to her crotch, shoved a vibrator into her asshole and turned it on, and did everything from enema torture to scat play. The scenes with the male actor took so much time to shoot too. SM enthusiasts come in all shapes and sizes, but if you keep throwing one thing after another at them at that dizzying pace, any enthusiast is bound to find something that hooks them and satisfies them, right?"

When I spoke, Uzuki looked at me for a moment with an expression that seemed both contemptuous and pitying.

"Sensei, are you serious?"

I hummed.

“You know, videos made thinking, ‘any enthusiast will be thrilled’ end up with half-baked content that doesn’t please anyone at all. Hey, Sensei, you get it? Videos made trying to please every single enthusiast, with their shallow content, just get ignored by every single enthusiast. They’re not that easy to please.”

Drunk and stubborn, she talks so much that I can’t argue with her.

Ah, I just think this woman truly loves SM.

“Even if we went to the trouble of inviting you, Sensei, that setup doesn’t showcase the appeal of your rope work at all. All we get to see is naked women (Nureki’s note: Apparently that’s the term for completely naked these days⁵²), spread-eagled and bound to the examination table, with vibrators shoved deep inside them until they’re whimpering and moaning. That’s just not the least bit interesting for bondage enthusiasts.”

“So, today’s video wasn’t made for bondage enthusiasts.”

“Then why did they call you? All those scenes they filmed, just the ass floating high, legs spread wide, shoving vibrators in and out of her asshole and pussy. But with the angle the director kept aiming for, no matter how skillfully you tied them up, you couldn’t see the ropes at all. Ah, sorry. Telling you this is like preaching to the choir.”

Since she knows an expression like “preaching to the choir,” I think Uzuki must be over fifty now.

How many years ago was it that I bound this woman three or four times a month for photo shoots in the dozen or so SM magazines published back then?

“Hey, you’ve been drinking a lot. Aren’t you reaching your limit?”

“It’s okay. My place is right over there. If it closes, I’ll just have Osamu-chan come over. Right, Master?” Ugestu called out to the owner of the shop, who was in the corner behind the counter.

The small-statured master, who must have been well past seventy, opened his half-closed eyes, let out a cat-like “meow,” and nodded.

Since Uzuki talks so freely, I figure I can say whatever I want in front of this master, so I’m talking without worrying about it either.

At places like Shibuya or Shinjuku, industry insiders are often drinking right behind you, so you can’t let your guard down and blurt things out carelessly.

⁵² The term in question here is マッパ: mappa. Usually 裸:hadaka is used

“Hey, Sensei, will you listen? Please listen. It’s not often I get a chance to talk like this, pressed up against you, all alone with you. Nureki-san, please listen.”

“Ah, I hear you, I hear you.”

“There’s an island right in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and we’re the indigenous people who live there.”

“Huh?”

“In other words, we’re the indigenous people of the SM tribe.”

“The Indigenous People of the SM Tribe?”

“Well, they look just like ordinary humans, but their sexual preferences are a bit... no, quite unusual. So this tour company thought, ‘This guy looks interesting,’ and they gathered up customers, put them on boats and planes, and brought them to our island. For profit of course.”

“Huh?”

“There’s this interesting island where only perverts live, want to come see it?”

“Hmmm...”

If only perverts lived in a place, then they wouldn’t be perverts anymore. And if “normal” people became the minority, wouldn’t “normal” be the one called “perverted?” That’s what I thought, but arguing such nonsense with a drunk woman was pointless. So I just kept quiet and nodded along.

“But since tour company staff are ordinary people, they can’t truly understand the SM tribe living on the island, their real selves or inner thoughts. Without that understanding, they can’t provide commentary or guidance. That’s why they recruited people from the SM tribe, hired them as guides, and put them at the front of the tour. People like you and me.”

“Woah, wait a minute. So that means we’re guides hired by a tour company?”

I finally understood a little of what Uzuki was saying.

“As time went on, the real guides disappeared. Or rather, they grew tired of dealing with tour companies that only catered to the whims of ordinary tourists, and stopped working with them altogether. So now, tour company employees pretend to be real guides and show people around. That’s the state of things today.”

“I see.”

“No matter how much you pretend to be the real things, you’re not originally from the island, so you can’t possibly be a real guide. No matter how much you study, it’s a world where the blood running through your veins speaks for itself. There’s no helping it. Getting aroused by just seeing a rope is a trick you could never learn, no matter how much you study.”

“Hey, hey, don’t drag me into this.”

“Those people only copy the outward appearance. They’ve completely missed the point. No matter how smooth their talk is, the locals just turn away. When the tourism resources turn their backs, it’s only natural that tourists will dwindle away too, isn’t it?”

With that, Uzuki rested both arms on the counter, turned her face to the side, and fell asleep.

The large wine bottle is almost empty.

Seeing that, the shopkeeper, who made cat-like noises, picked up the phone with practiced ease and, still in the cat-like voice, contacted Osamu-chan.

“Your girlfriend fell asleep.”

Within a minute, Osamu-chan appeared.

Then, slinging Uzuki over his shoulder, he bowed his head and said to me, “Sensei, I’m sorry. From now on, we’ll take care of things at our place.”

It’s past 1:30 in the morning.

In the end, I ended up spending the night at Uzuki’s place until morning.

The wind chime hanging beneath the eaves of the second-floor roof tinkled all night long.

The relationship between the tour company and the indigenous people, it was like some fairy tale you think you understand but you really don’t. But as a drunken woman’s drunken tale, it had a certain flavor to it.

The accusation that I was an indigenous person employed and exploited by a tourism company struck a chord with me.

Come to think of it, the magazine I used to edit, Uramado, wasn’t aimed at the general public. It deliberately avoided any “normal” depictions of sex.

And the “Kinbiken Videos” I was making were not aimed at “ordinary people” at all.

Our target was only the islanders living on SM Island.

2008.7.7

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第四十五回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 45

柳井克哉氏の手紙

Letter from Katsua Kasai-san

The sixth volume from Kawade Bunko, “Bondage: As Long as I Live,” was actually the first completed book I looked through, and I thought, “This isn’t very good.”

I haven’t been able to fully express my true feelings.

Not only is it incomplete, but you can see my flattery and fawning toward the magazine serializing this piece.

Looking up “to fawn” in the dictionary yields: “To curry favor with someone by trying to please them. To flatter.”

I’m too embarrassed to write down exactly where that spot is right now. Actually, there are plenty of them.

For a writer, being mindful of the reader is only natural. If you weren’t mindful of the reader, you couldn’t write anything. There would be no need to write.

But writing while constantly watching the magazine editor’s mood is utterly unacceptable. It shows a base character. You could call it despicable.

Meanwhile, I’m currently writing the “Talking Theater.”

This is not intended for publication in magazines or other printed materials at this time.

Therefore, I write whatever I want without worrying about pleasing sponsors.

However, I will not write anything that might hurt anyone’s feelings.

When writing such things, I deliberately obscure the details, expressing them in a way that even the person themselves wouldn’t recognize. That’s why I can write honestly.

This “Bondage: As Long as I Live” just doesn’t feel quite satisfying. I’d been thinking I hadn’t quite captured the real essence of it. Yet, just like the five paperback volumes published so far, I’ve received warm feedback from many readers. I’ve gotten a lot of encouraging letters too.

As I read through those letters, a sense of confidence gradually began to take root within me.

(I hate that there are so many parts of myself that feel inadequate, that seem cheap and fawning, but I’ve come to think, well, this is just how it is, and that’s okay.)

It is common for writers to become self-deprecating or despairing, to reflect on themselves, and sometimes to become overconfident and arrogant.

At this point, I would like to share the feedback we received from [Katsuya Kasai-san](#), since you’ve written quite a bit of praise about the contents of my paperback book, (What the hell, that Nureki guy’s started bragging again. All self-promotion. What a jerk.)

You might think so.

I am aware that this may be perceived as such, but I will proceed with the reprinting.

* * *

I recently had the opportunity to read Nureki Sensei’s “Bondage: As Long as I Live,” published by Kawade Shobo Shinsha.

The first thing you notice is that this book consists of two elements.

One is a “record” of the daily practice of “kinbaku” that Nureki Sensei has tirelessly and unwaveringly continued to this day, underpinned by passion and affection. It is also, at the same time, writing so meticulous and vividly immersive that it could be called a “confession.”

It comes at us with such force that we, the readers, feel as if we ourselves are right there on the scene.

Additionally, the other piece is an essay by Nakahara Rutsu-san of the Sex Museum, written as an “explanation.” Titled “The Other Face of Nureki Chimuo: A Life of Fierce Writing,” it traces not only his role as a “bondage artist” but also the long history of his seasoned, masterful writing skills. Truly worthy of being called “masterful.” It is a precious and affectionate piece.

This new book by Nureki Sensei is a compilation of the serialized work from “SM Sniper” magazine.

Starting with the woman from Beppu and culminating in the top-secret footage of Hide Ishitan, I'm amazed at how vividly the sensations of binding fourteen models, every moment of their movements, have been captured with such palpable realism.

Even if some notes were taken, the surprise at its realism remains unchanged.

Moreover, the fact that it even documents aspects that could be described as one's own sexual impulses is truly outstanding. The way it sharply expresses the relationship between the bondage artist and the model in writing is truly masterful.

I have long been an avid reader of Nureki Sensei's crisp, sharp writing, whether in Tokyo Sansesha's SM Select magazine's "Shooting Companion Notes" or the novel SM Select magazines's "Nureki's Bondage Diary: Various Models." Reading this book, "Bondage: As Long as I Live," which combines elements of both, I truly felt the breadth of his writing skills.

I am utterly captivated by his unparalleled writing skills, combined with his rope work, often praised as "artistic bondage beauty."

Next is the commentary written by Nakahara Rutsu-san.

"As stated in 'The Other Face of Nureki Chimuo: A Life of Fierce Writing,' this work traces the footsteps of Master Nureki, both bondage artist and writer, drawing upon over 17,000 magazines, books, and other materials, including those from the "Kitan Club" collection housed at the Sex Museum, to capture his past as a "life of fierce writing."

It also chronicles Nureki Sensei's over fifty year history as a writer and the rise and fall of various SM magazines.

His pen names include Aoyama Mieyoshi, Maki Fujio, Fujimi Iku, Fujiki Senji, Yagiri Shuhachi, Shiratori Okura, and countless others. Nakahara Rutsu-san passionately traces this lineage, weaving in the footsteps of magazines like "Kitan Club" and "Uramado," as he produced an enormous volume of diverse writings: modern pieces, historical works, documentary texts, essays, and more.

This alone serves as a testament to his passion for SM, showcasing Nakahara Rutsu's dedication to the point of obsession as a veritable "History of SM Literature."

Nureki Sensei entrusted the commentary for his own book to Nakahara Rutsu-san, and he has responded to his heartfelt request with complete dedication.

This "affection," combined with pure fanaticism, and only after thoroughly reading numerous works and materials, is undoubtedly the "achievement" and the "work" known as commentary.

I had heard about the publication of this book some time ago.

And until I picked up this book, I had expected it to be like this.

Several years ago, Jiyu Kokuminsha published “A History of Japanese Bondage Photography.” Its second volume would naturally be edited around the world of Nureki Chimuo.

However, the second volume remains unfinished to this day.

Meanwhile, Nureki Sensei’s six-volume work in the Kawade Bunko series features Minomura Kou as a key figure in “The Artists of Kitan Club.”

Then, if I were to continue from there, even if it might be somewhat difficult for you to write yourself, I thought it would naturally center around “The World of Nureki Chimuo.”

Yet, as I now hold this book in my hands, I see the figure of Nureki Sensei, who, as the phrase “as long as I live” suggests, lives solely for “bondage” day after day, immersing himself in its corresponding pleasures.

This can be understood as embodying the attitude of Nureki Sensei, who is known for his commitment to “working until the end of his life.”

Though I may be repeating myself here, what truly deserves attention is Nakahara Rutsu-san’s “commentary.”

This writing, with its passionate heart and powerful force, makes me feel the true blood of humanity living in this world coursing through its veins.

The painstaking work traces the diverse flow of writing activities under the title “The Other Face of Nureki Chimuo: A Life of Fierce Writing,” meticulously examining every word and phrase to document the achievements of Nureki Sensei’s literary endeavors.

This can be considered a valuable commentary that will serve as a major guide for those seeking to explore the literary world of Nureki Chimou in the future.

* * *

The above is the first letter regarding this book, mailed from Katsuya Kasai-san to Nureki Chimuo.

The manuscript was neatly written on manuscript paper, and of course it was in his own hand. Like me, Kasai-san never uses word processors or computers.

However, after this, he sent another letter related to this book, stating, “There was still something I wanted to write.” Naturally, it was a carefully handwritten letter.

I am truly grateful. I am deeply grateful.

Incidentally, though it’s terribly rude to say so, since it also serves as promotion for “As Long as I Live,” I’ll take the liberty of reprinting the second letter here as well.

(I plan to have R-san print out all the documents for this chapter and mail them to Kasai-san.)

The following is the second letter from Katsuya Kasai-san.

* * *

Regarding Nureki Sensei’s writing, three things are on my mind.

When it comes to writing, there are many different kinds.

“Fine writing,” “good writing,” “engaging writing,” and conversely, “poor writing,” “dull writing,” and so on. Whether good or bad, various terms are used.

Even if I try to write “good writing” myself right now, there isn’t really any particularly useful method that comes to mind.

Though rarely heard today, there was once a saying: “Create much, observe much, deliberate much.”

It seems to be about creating a lot, viewing a lot, and thinking a lot. It probably means creating a lot and appreciating a lot.

In my youth, I was an avid reader of works related to haiku composition, such as [Yamamoto Kenkichi](#)’s “Modern Haiku” (Kadokawa Shinsho) and [Iida Dakotsu](#)’s “Criticism and Appreciation of Modern Haiku.” (Sogen Bunko)

(However, that doesn’t mean my haiku got any better.)

Now, regarding Nureki Sensei’s writing.

The professor is a man of many talents and skills, but in writing, he is truly a master.

In his commentary for “Bondage: As Long as I Live,” Nakahara Rutsu-san affectionately traces the literary footsteps of the author, a man who began with “Kitan Club” and “Uramado,” employed numerous pen names, and truly embodied a “fierce writing life.”

It can truly be called the “fruit” of innate ability and hard work.

Among the diverse writing activities of such a multi-talented person, I particularly loved rereading works like “On Location with the Photographer,” serialized in SM Select magazine, and “Nureki’s Bondage Diary: Various Models,” serialized in the novel SM Select magazine.

Each piece was precise, concise, and written in a vivid style that drew readers right into the shooting location.

These writings seem to me to hold value as “records” that capture the essence of each moment of filming.

It is regrettable that Sanshisha did not compile these into a single volume for posterity.

This is a passage from “Bondage Diary.”

It concerns a gathering of bondage enthusiasts.

Centered around Nureki Sensei’s bondage, many enthusiasts gathered to learn his techniques, enjoy themselves, and converse. Among them was one man who appeared to be a distinguished gentleman, who even presented his business card.

Later, when Nureki called the gentleman’s house regarding a matter he had been asked to handle, a family member answered the phone and the teacher received a harsh response.

Thereupon, Nureki wrote that he had come to believe he was indeed a “shadowy person,” someone who should not show his face in the world, and finally added this line: “One business card remained in my possession.”

At first glance, it seems like a casual line, yet it leaves a profound resonance, revealing just how effective this single line truly is.

[Seichi Funahashi](#) once said, “If you start a piece with suspense, the rest is easy.” But I believe that, just as much or even more so, the final line or phrase is truly what matters.

From this single line by Nureki Sensei, I believe I learned one trick for writing.

Published in July 2004 as part of the Kawade Bunko series, the volume “The Illustrators of ‘Kitan Club’” includes a chapter titled “The Rope, The Flames, and the End” at its conclusion.

When Nureki Sensei launched the “Kinbiken Newsletter,” two congratulatory letters (totaling six pages) sent to him by Minomura Kou-san (Suma Toshiyuki) were included in the publication.

After falling ill and becoming partially paralyzed, he wrote this with desperate determination on manuscript paper.

The letters are jumbled enough to be barely legible. You can tell they were written with every ounce of strength.

This is a heartfelt letter addressed to Nureki-san from a close ally who has shared both joys and sorrows since the days of “Kitan Club” and “Uramado.”

Each and every character, handwritten in pen, is printed and published exactly as written, and it comes at you with an indescribable sense of reality.

In “Bondage: As Long as I Live,” Nureki-san writes that if something represents a true connection between people, no matter how small or insignificant it may seem, it should be treasured and kept safe.

A handwritten letter from an irreplaceable ally, all the more so.

This letter from Minomura Kou-san and the heartfelt sincerity and genuine attitude of Nureki Sensei in his response overwhelmed me.

I was deeply moved and brought to tears by how glad I was to have acquired this volume from the Kawade Bunko series.

And I envy Nureki Sensei for having such an exceptional ally.

In the world of SM, true allies are surprisingly few. Even when enthusiasts gather together, each devotee remains at the bottom of a deep, solitary abyss.

No, it’s not just enthusiasts, that might be the true nature of humanity.

I apologize for bringing up a personal matter, but I would also like to note the following.

This concerns the reprint of my novel, “The Tragic Song of the Bee’s Body,” which was once published in the monthly magazine “SM Select” by the Third Generation Publishing Company.

In the terminology used by editors and printing companies, a reprint is referred to as a “proof print.”

Although it is likely a portion of a book or magazine printed separately, I will also refer to the aforementioned item I received from Nureki Sensei as a “reprint.”

A cover was attached, bearing the words “The Tragic Song of the Bee’s Body” written in Nureki Sensei’s handwriting.

This piece is the last of three I wrote under the name “Asano Miki,” which can be read as either a male or female name.

The story of a maniacal obsession with artificially slimming a woman’s waist to an extreme degree, I think of the broad-mindedness of Hiroshi Senda-san, the editor-in-chief at the time who published this novel. I am truly grateful.

Regarding the publication of this volume, Editor-in-Chief Senda wrote in his editor’s note, “At a time when bondage, spanking, suspension, and enemas are considered the four major forms of SM, this should offer a breath of fresh air.”

Later, I received that reprint from Nureki Sensei. I am grateful for his thoughtfulness.

A letter sent from Minomura Kou-san on his sickbed to Nureki Sensei. It is said that Nureki Sensei treasures that letter above all else.

In the same way, I too carefully store away this reprint of “The Tragic Song of the Bee’s Body.”

* * *

That is all.

As many of you may know, Katsua Kasai is a photographer.

I can confidently state that he is the best photographer in Japan (though I can’t speak for the world) when it comes to taking bondage photos. I hereby declare this in writing.

I’ve been doing this work for fifty years and know many professional photographers who shoot bondage, but no one else puts as much soul into their bondage photography as Katsuya Kasai.

Many of his photographic works are published in SM magazines. Currently, the only place where they can be viewed is the Sex Industry Museum.

The intense erotic novel “The Tragic Song of the Bee’s Body,” written under the pen name Miki Asano, can now only be read at the Sex Industry Museum.

And when I think about it, the only trace left of my own footsteps, those of Nureki Chimuo, remains in the Sex Industry Museum.

As Kasai-san wrote in his letter, I am, after all, a shadowy person, and I must remain one.

I started by promoting my new book, “Bondage: As Long as I Live,” but ended up promoting the Sex Industry Museum instead.

However, I believe Katsuya Kasai-san’s letter was well worth reading for fellow enthusiasts.

2008.7.9

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第四十六回

Nureki Chimuo’s Talking Theater Chapter 46

一期一会の真実

The Truth of Once-in-a-Lifetime Encounters

My new book was published about two months ago, but only now are the reviews from readers starting to come in, one after another.

This is essentially proof that you read it all the way through.

Those who gave up halfway through are unlikely to send any feedback after reading.

Either way, it’s a blessing for the writer. I am deeply grateful.

Given the title is “Bondage: As Long as I Live,” readers are mostly enthusiasts of this particular genre.

Currently, there are quite a few enthusiasts in this field who are members of the sex museum, so naturally, many are familiar with its director, Nakahara Rutsu.

Therefore, some readers have kindly sent their impressions not only to me, the author, but also to Nakahara Rutsu-san, who wrote the commentary alongside me, expressing their affection for him as well.

It is a blessing.

The commentary written by Nakahara Rutsu contains many generous words of praise for me, which I find quite embarrassing. Yet it is by no means limited to that. It also serves as a chronicle of the rise and fall of the various “SM monthly magazines” that once flourished.

Therefore, this commentary shines among enthusiasts as a valuable resource.

A concise yet insightful history of the rise and fall of SM magazines, truly remarkable.

Nakahara Rutsu’s commentary has added great value to my small paperback. I would like to express my gratitude once again.

So, I’d like to share a few of the comments I’ve received here.

I wish to preserve this “Talking Theater” I continue to write as a record of my living presence here.

For the sake of caution, we will withhold the names of those who have come forward.

Thanks to the internet, it seems people are increasingly getting into trouble these days because a little hint can reveal their real name, address, and occupation. With that in mind, I’ll be especially careful when introducing them.

Recently, I myself experienced something startling, though not exactly a major nuisance, that came to light due to a tiny lapse in attention, like being pricked by a needle. It made me truly realize the terrifying nature of IT devices.

While we will withhold your name and other personal information, we will accurately transcribe the content.

Otherwise, it would defeat the purpose of recording it.

There is absolutely no computer equipment whatsoever in my workroom.

Everything is handwritten.

To all who have sent their contributions, with heartfelt gratitude, I thank you.

(I will omit all seasonal greetings and similar formalities.)

* * *

I had of course read the contents of the book in SM Sniper, but reading it all together this time allowed me to enjoy it thoroughly once again.

The excellence of the writing style, which carries the reader along at a comfortable, efficient pace, goes without saying. Yet what truly moves me is how the heartfelt connection between the sensei and the female models comes across so vividly.

I just can't get into the "master and slave SM play" that's being pushed all over SM networks and media these days.

In our country without slavery, it's only natural that both S and M are actors playing roles, but the self-satisfaction that leaves the other must feel hollow.

I also sense a certain danger in those who become overly absorbed.

As you wrote in your book, even in fleeting relationships for commercial DVDs or gravure shoots, if we never forget to treat each other with sincerity as human beings, the truth of a man and woman's once-in-a-lifetime encounter can be born.

Whether you're S or M, once you face off, it's a straight-up showdown of human against human.

Since M women are putting their bodies on the line for acts that could be life-threatening, S men can't get away with bluffs or half-baked attempts either.

The difference between professionals and amateurs lies in their resolve not to run away from the path they've chosen.

Nureki's thoughtful consideration and compassion toward the women are liberating the hearts of these sexual minority individuals.

There's SM that brings women happiness, and then there's SM that pushes them in the opposite direction.

It made me think about many things.

Nakahara Rutsu-san's commentary was also a masterpiece.

Especially for researchers in this field, your insights into Nureki's literary activities under his pen names are an invaluable treasure.

He's doing a fine job as the director of the Sex Museum.

The museum director and Nureki Sensei did a great job as fellow professionals.

I look forward to seeing him continue to unravel the immense achievements of the sensei.

Having known him for so long, I am ashamed of my ignorance as one of the “blind men feeling the elephant” who knew only a fraction of his many pen names. I place my hopes in his research.

Thank you very much.

I would be delighted if I could ask you to sign my copy of your book if we meet someday.

* * *

The above is part of the feedback essay sent to us by A-san (we will refer to him as A-san for now).

Handwritten in black ink, each character meticulously penned in regular script with sincere brushwork.

Handwritten characters, when you press down with your finger, they emerge smoothly, yet they feel different from those typed with a click. You can sense the living “heart” within them.

As I carefully copied out each and every word of the letter I received from A-san, I found myself thinking that over and over again.

With a single tap, the characters appear smoothly. And if you tap somewhere else, even a long passage vanishes smoothly.

The words written on stationery retain the raw “heart” of the moment they were penned. They cannot be read carelessly.

That said, I too have been reading more and more typed text lately.

Since most of the correspondence I receive is typed, I can’t help but read it.

It goes without saying that typewritten text is easier to read than messy handwriting.

As I always mention, I write every single character by hand, 100 percent freehand. But this very act of pinching a pen between my fingers and writing each tiny character, one by one, is actually training for the delicate fingerwork required in rope bondage techniques.

(Ah, inspired and spurred on by A-san’s sincere letter, I’ve let slip a major “company secret!” lol)

To make rope cling vividly to a supple, smooth female body, unless the tips of your five fingers possess “eyes,” you cannot achieve such a lively, close fit.

When binding a naked woman's body, I sometimes deliberately close my eyes as I apply the ropes.

I bind her while observing her reactions through the sensitivity of my fingertips, using the "eyes" of my fingers.

Before I can consciously exert my will, the rope and my fingertips sometimes merge of their own accord and begin to move effectively.

At such times the woman's body, her smooth, thin skin and the soft flesh beneath it, responds to my fingers and the rope, breathing in unison.

When I feel my fingertips come alive and breathe, it's then that a momentary intoxication descends upon me, and becomes one of my pleasures.

Holding the pen and moving your fingertips, unconsciously adjusting the pressure as you write each character one by one, this meticulous task hones and trains the subtle sense required for binding.

The fingertips are densely packed with delicate blood vessels that are constantly active.

When you prick your fingertip with something like a thumbtack, a tiny red dot of blood pops out in a round shape.

When writing with soul, the blood concentrated in your fingertips becomes more vibrant and active, and the soul takes residence.

The soul flows from the fingertips into the rope.

The soul of the rope simultaneously transmits to the woman's body.

Previously, someone said, "Nureki's ropes bind not only a woman's body, but her very heart."

I recall responding in kind, caught up in the play of words at the time, but the truth is, it's not about binding a woman's heart with rope. It's about making her become one with the rope.

I have never thought of binding a woman's heart with rope.

I've often thought how nice it would be if I could bind someone's heart as well.

Even if you try to bind her and make her face you, she won't easily turn toward you. That's the nature of a woman's heart.

In A-san's letter, there was a line that made me pause and think. It was, "As you wrote in your book, even in fleeting relationships for commercial DVDs or gravure shoots, if we never forget to treat each other with sincerity as human beings, the truth of a man and woman's once-in-a-lifetime encounter can be born."

To be perfectly honest, it's precisely because these encounters at work are once-in-a-lifetime opportunities that I can pour my heart and all my skills into the women I meet.

For just one day, I can devote all my strength to serving M-type women with pleasure.

(Ah, this might also end up revealing "company secrets." Maybe I shouldn't be saying this.)

Our service to the M women we encounter through work lasts for two days, or at most three days.

Day after day, for ten days or twenty days, if we keep expending our physical and mental energy in the same way, giving it our all to keep up with others, our own minds and bodies will eventually break down.

Incorporating our work into daily life requires an enormous amount of energy and nerves of steel.

Two or three days in a row is fine, but I simply can't physically handle any longer than that.

The more intense the act, the sooner the routine sets in.

This is where the difficulty lies in how men and women interact in this world.

"The truth of once-in-a-lifetime encounters."

It certainly exists.

However, to be perfectly honest, I suppose it would be something like, "It is precisely because it is a once-in-a-lifetime encounter that it is true."

But saying that would be the last straw.

(Maybe I shouldn't have said that after all.)

2008.7.14

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第四十七回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 47

性生活ではありません

It's not about a sex-life

This time, we'll share another letter from someone who read "Bondage: As Long as I Live."

Unusually, it's from a woman.

Looking at the response to my five paperback books published by Kawade Shobo Shinsha, it seems I have quite a few female readers, yet it's rare for any of them to take the trouble to write me a letter. This one arrived in an envelope via the publisher, written in computer font on A4 paper, laid out horizontally.

Even when emails are neatly formatted with computer text, I deliberately transcribe them by hand onto manuscript paper, and then R-san retypes them into computer text for publication. This is an incredibly roundabout, inefficient process, but since I have absolutely no desire to learn word processing, there's nothing to be done about it.

As I confessed last time, gripping a familiar pen with my right hand and writing each character one by one serves, in my case, as training for the fingertip sensations required to manipulate the ropes binding a woman's body.

Once you grow accustomed to stringing words together on a word processor, the subtle sensation of rope on your fingertips as they touch the skin of a living, breathing woman's body is lost.

The sensation of fingers creating words with a pen, and the sensation of binding a woman's body vividly and tantalizingly with rope, they seem identical.

Well, this might just be my own personal belief.

Once you grow accustomed to writing with your fingertips on keys, you may feel a strange illusion, as if the delicate scent and eroticism of SM were escaping from the ropes you handle with those same fingertips.

So, this time, it's a letter we received from B-san (we'll refer to her as B-san for now.)

As usual, I've obscured any parts that might be considered personal information.

I will proceed with the utmost caution to avoid causing any inconvenience.

* * *

Once, for a magazine shoot, I had the honor of being tied up by Nureki Sensei as a model. Just once, though.

It was for a page for N Club's "Restraint Techniques Workshop," but everyone, from Nureki-san to the photographer and staff, were so cheerful and loved to joke around, making it a really fun day of shooting.

After that, during a video shoot for another company, I was subjected to terrible treatment that went against what was promised, which left me emotionally scarred, and I quit modeling.

Then once, at the entertainment hall inside Yuen Land in Koiwa, Edogawa Ward, I saw Nureki-san shaking hands with a female impersonator from a popular theater troupe, both of them looking very happy. Thinking he'd surely forgotten all about me, I kept quiet.

I purchase and read every book by Nureki Sensei as soon as it is published.

It was only once, but that shoot was truly enjoyable and remains an unforgettable memory.

This time, the book was overwhelmingly explicit in its sexual descriptions, far more so than any previous Kawade Bunko release, to the point of being downright vulgar.

I flipped the cover over and read it on my daily commute, but even on the pages with just text, I felt my heart racing, conscious of the stares from the people around me.

I've gained a clear understanding of Nureki Sensei's sex life. (?)⁵³

I thought it was pretty impressive that he always carries three thin ropes in his bag instead of a folding umbrella.

I thought to myself, there are some strange people in this world.

⁵³ This question mark is in the original blog, unclear if it was added by A-san or later by Nureki as he transcribed it.

But I thought it was a fitting appearance for Nureki Sensei.

From the sensei's sex life (?), I felt like I really understood his perspective on SM.

I felt something akin to the sensei's way of life.

I felt as if I knew everything about you (though I suppose it would be rude to say so). I felt as if I had glimpsed just a little of the profound depth of SM.

Reading Nakahara Rutsu-san's commentary gave me a clearer understanding of the breadth and depth of Nureki Sensei's life.

Among the five books I've had the pleasure of reading from Kawade Shobo, I knew you were an author, but I had no idea you'd led such a "frenzied writing life."

I haven't read any of Nureki Sensei's novels at all (though I recall reading something like a novel in a previous Kawade Bunko edition, was that his work?), so this time I definitely want to read the novels mentioned in this "commentary."

If I go to the Sex Industry Museum, will they let me read it?

Reading the commentary, it seems there are quite a variety of genres and forms within SM novels, something I was completely unaware of.

Why have all those SM novels covering various genres disappeared nowadays?

When I hear "SM," I immediately think of something that lewdly violates a woman's body and mind, inflicting pain and causing injury.

I think that's because of my one-time experience appearing in a video.

There are all kinds of SM, aren't there?

Come to think of it, that shoot with Nureki-san was incredibly warm, sweet, and enjoyable. That's why I can't forget it.

I plan to visit the Sex Industry Museum next time and read various SM novels.

* * *

That is all.

B-san, thank you for your candid feedback.

Is that so? So reading my “Bondage: As Long as I Live” tells you about my “sex life?” This is a bit of a problem.

That wasn’t my entire “sex life,” B-san. It was just a passing moment, a small scene, if you will.

I don’t do that kind of thing every single day.

Besides, even if you call it a “sex life,” in my case, it ultimately revolves around “rope.”

Without the rope, no matter how beautiful a woman gets naked and approaches me, nothing will happen.

First of all, it won’t work unless the rope exists.

Many people misunderstand this point.

Several years ago, when I discussed this matter with the editor-in-chief of a publishing house that releases numerous SM-related magazines and books, they simply couldn’t understand. Finally, they said to me, “You keep talking about ropes, ropes, ropes, but isn’t what you really want just sex?”

They said this with a blatantly contemptuous look directed at me.

I decided I couldn’t get this person to understand, so I’d stop having these kinds of conversations with him.

(I wrote about this somewhere before, but his contemptuous laugh was so awful that I couldn’t help but write about it again out of sheer frustration.)

In this “Talking Theater,” if I start writing about this kind of thing, it’ll just get ridiculously long again, so I’ll stop here.

As I wrote before, ultimately, we are the indigenous people of “SM Island,” and to the tourism operators who find this amusing and use it to attract customers, we are nothing more than one of their tourist attractions.

So, B-san, what you referred to as my “sex life” is nothing grand like that, it’s merely a “journey through ropes.”

But I was really happy to hear your interesting thoughts. Thank you very much.

Please write something again sometime. Your writing is interesting.

If you happen to see me somewhere around town, please say hello next time. I'll be happy to chat.

Still, to be caught in such an outrageous situation, holding hands with a female impersonator from the popular theater troupe while grinning like an idiot, was truly embarrassing.

Actually, this is a secret, but last night I went to that very same popular theater where you saw me, together with R-san.

2008.7.16

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第四十八回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 48

「解説」への賛辞

Praise for the Commentary

We've received various impressions and reactions to "Bondage: As Long as I Live."

It's truly gratifying to receive such a positive response. Thank you very much.

It's lonely when someone doesn't say anything or ignores you.

I'd like to thank everyone who sent me something, but given the nature of the book's content, I can't really do anything concrete.

I can only express my gratitude and introduce you here.

The email I received from C-san had a somewhat different tone than usual, and I thought anyone who read it would find it interesting. So, as usual, I'll transcribe it here while omitting any personal details.

* * *

I suppose I had a prejudice against people like "rope masters" or "trainers."

I thought he was some oddly pretentious person, wearing what looked like a suspicious-looking work uniform with an air of self-importance.

Since he was acting so high and mighty after committing the outrageous act of tying up a woman with rope, I really did think he was truly a great man.

Since he was someone who could strip a woman naked and bind her at will, I sometimes thought he must be a remarkable person, certainly different from ordinary folk.

Looking online, there are indeed "rope masters" who charge money to teach many people the art of binding women with rope.

I figure he must be someone important, since he bestows ranks and grades upon those who seek his teachings.

(Needless to say, this is ironic.)

First, I find titles like “rope master” or “trainer” to be arrogant, distasteful, and pretentious. They have a strangely dubious air about them.

I get the feeling that video producers and magazine publishers are deliberately making a big fuss about terms like “rope master” or “trainer” in a pompous, pretentious, and grandiose manner, just to somehow add value to the products they’ve created.

Reading Nureki-san’s “Bondage: As Long as I Live,” one vividly sees that even a master rope artist like him struggles with inferiority complexes on the same level as us, sometimes loses his way, is swayed by lust, and suffers deeply.

I found myself intrigued by the way inferiority complexes could be glimpsed lurking behind confidence, pride, and conceit.

The profoundly human sentiments, shared by us enthusiasts, can be sensed within the simple prose.

I came to understand that even a “rope master” is nothing more than just one of many occupations.

Just because they lead a life somewhat different from that of the average working person, it doesn’t mean they’re some unreachable figure.

Magazine publishers and the like are relentlessly hyping him up, treating him like someone from another dimension, like someone above the clouds, but it’s interesting that Nureki-san denies all of it. That’s impressive.

In his commentary, Nakahara Rutsu-san states, “Nureki-san’s literary world offers the boundless pleasure of experiencing supreme delight itself. Within it lies the pleasure and happiness of imagination, a privilege reserved for those with rich imaginations. In this sense, I am convinced that Nureki-san’s works, unchanged for fifty years, express his own profound depths and are romantic ‘pure literature.’”

However, I particularly sensed the scent of pure literature in the parts where Nureki-san reveals his own feelings of inferiority.

Reading Nakahara-san’s commentary, one can’t help but wonder if Nureki-san’s seemingly superhuman achievements are actually true.

I was aware of some of Nureki-san's pen names as a writer, but through Nakahara-san's commentary, I was able to learn the details.

Even this alone makes this commentary a labor of love that goes beyond a mere formal commentary.

Without reading the majority of the novels he published over several decades, one could not write such an analysis.

The author of the main text is undoubtedly a true enthusiast, but I was equally impressed by the commentator's unmistakable passion. I was deeply moved by this sincere and enthusiastic commentary. In fact, as an enthusiast myself, I've been aware of Nureki-san's work for quite some time.

I suppose you could say I'm just one of the fans.

From the moment the name Nureki Chimuo appeared, one can place trust in the consistency of his approach and principles regarding SM.

Nakahara Rutsu-san must have placed great value on this aspect and therefore agreed to provide commentary.

That's all I had to say, just a rambling collection of thoughts.

Nureki-san's latest book is particularly fascinating in its revealing and unflattering passages, which left a deep impression on me. I would like to reiterate that point.

Having laid their true feelings bare like this, as an enthusiast, I have no choice but to trust them.

* * *

That was all, but then C-san suddenly confessed his sexual preferences.

I was deeply moved by how much more real, passionate, and fascinating the emotions poured out in these articles are, compared to the ones often assumed to be editorial fabrications in SM magazines. However, since this is likely considered "personal information," I cannot post it here.

I will recommend to C-san that it be published in some form. Of course, anonymity is perfectly acceptable.

The truth's confession will save the hearts of many enthusiasts and heal their troubles.

Conversely, I should point out that “SM merchandise” produced based on low-level, popular understanding and interpretation is looked down upon by the enthusiast readers, who absolutely will not buy it.

Not just enthusiasts, even “normal” general readers wouldn’t buy fake, flimsy “SM products” that lack any sense of authenticity.

Looking up the word, “コケおどかし: kokeodokashi” in the dictionary. Ah, there it is, found it.

Hmm, so it’s written as “虚仮脅し.”

I see. The meaning is, “Something that’s only exaggerated on the surface. A shallow, frightening manner. An empty threat.”

Oh, I’ve gone and written something unnecessary again. I really must stop being so talkative.

We also received many other favorable comments.

I hesitate to say this here, as it might seem like I’m pandering to Nakahara Rutsu-san, the director of the sex museum, but there are so many compliments directed at him for writing the “commentary.” Seriously, there are so many.

I looked up the kanji for “to flatter” in the dictionary, and lo and behold, it’s written as “阿る”.

I had no idea!

I am, after all, an uneducated person.

Just seeing the character “阿る” written there, I simply cannot read it as “おもねる. (omoneru)”

I read it as “ある⁵⁴”.

Come to think of it, it’s the “阿” in “阿諛追従” (ayutsushio)⁵⁵.

The meaning of “阿る” is “to curry favor with someone, to flatter, to fawn over.”

Well, to be perfectly honest, I do have a certain feeling of flattery toward him.

⁵⁴ Pronounced “aru.” I’m honestly not certain why this is, unless it’s a difference in dialect.

⁵⁵ This word means excessive flattery.

The reason is that when I asked him to write the “commentary” for my book, he initially refused, saying he couldn’t write something like that.

I refused to give up, prostrated myself at his feet, and persistently pestered him until I finally persuaded him.

My persistence paid off, and I finally succeeded in getting him to write it for me.

The results were very well received.

First and foremost, the editors at Kawade Shobo Shinsha were delighted.

Thank you very much. Here again, with a touch of flattery, I will now transcribe only the portions concerning the “commentary” from the feedback sent to me.

If you read it, you will understand that I am not introducing it merely out of flattery.

After reading his “commentary,” everyone was impressed and submitted thoughtful, meaningful essays.

First, the letter I received from D-san.

“I was deeply impressed by how this book captures the historical flow of SM magazines, including the mentalities of editors and writers, while remaining remarkably accessible. The meticulous care shown goes beyond what one might expect from the nature of the work, truly remarkable. Director Nakahara Rutsu’s commentary further elevates the value of this book.”

This D-san is actually the editor of the magazine that has me write the “Nureki Kinbaku Diary” every month.

That serialized work was compiled into a single volume titled “Bondage: As Long as I Live.”

“Nureki Bondage Diary” is currently serialized monthly in “SM Sniper.”

Next, a letter sent to us by E-san.

“Nureki Sensei writes with such remarkable freedom and ease, expressing whatever he wishes. That’s why reading him is so enjoyable. There are serious moments, but overall it feels bright. And as the commentator on Nureki Sensei’s work, Nakahara-san is the perfect person. The most suitable person has written the best commentary. There couldn’t be a better piece introducing Nureki Sensei’s past and present work. The only time a better piece might appear would be if Nakahara-san himself were to write something even better.”

Next, I will excerpt and introduce only the portions concerning the “commentary” from the letter I received from F-san.

“This commentary was truly educational. During what’s called the golden age, a tremendous number of SM magazines were published. And unlike today, they were rich in content, covering a wide range of topics, and were enjoyable SM magazines closely tailored to the enthusiast reader. Learning about this from Nakahara Rutsu-san’s commentary felt like a dream. The history of SM magazines is, in itself, the very history of Japan’s SM culture. History isn’t recognized as such by future generations unless it’s firmly recorded somewhere. So the Sex Industry Museum is essentially the place where Japan’s SM history is documented.”

When I read this letter from F-san, I realized, “Ah, so that’s it. If the actual ‘Kitan Club’ hadn’t existed, then neither the existence of those postwar SM enthusiasts nor their intellectual history would have ever come into being in this world.”

As I wrote before in this “Talking Theater,” even an SM magazine for enthusiasts is ultimately produced for profit.

Therefore, once profits disappear, issuance will immediately cease, and it is destined to vanish.

No matter how lovingly an individual collects and preserves materials, once that person is no longer in this world, that is, once they die, the materials and historical records they kept will immediately vanish.

I’ve been in this world for a long time, so I’ve seen the scene of materials being destroyed time and time again.

(What? You say SM has gained acceptance? Hmph, don’t spout such nonsense!)

I looked up the word “きいたふう(kiitafu)” in the dictionary.

So it’s written as “利いた風,” huh.

Using only hiragana conveys the feeling better than mixing in kanji.

“Acting like a know-it-all with a smug attitude. Pretending to know things.” That’s what it means.

Regardless of the form, we need people who will faithfully preserve and pass on SM historical materials and resources.

Because if I die, the world I’ve been passionately involved with until now would vanish completely. That’s just too sad, isn’t it?

I know full well that when a person dies, their consciousness vanishes along with them.

But isn't it enough to simply think that after I die, there will be someone who will lovingly and properly inherit the materials I collected, risking my very life to gather them.

Just thinking that way brings peace of mind and allows me to die happily.

(Those who spout nonsense like "SM has gained acceptance!" probably have no idea how ruthlessly the families of deceased enthusiasts discarded the very materials they painstakingly collected. Due to my profession, I've witnessed this heartbreaking scene multiple times. I myself have experienced having precious, cherished materials from the Kitan Club era discarded by family members, even while I was still alive. Far from gaining acceptance, to me it seems SM is only becoming more shunned.)

In that sense, too, the presence of someone like Nakahara Rutsu is truly appreciated.

Sometimes I seriously wonder if this person might be the god of SM sent down from heaven.

Oh?

What was I trying to write?

Wasn't I supposed to be promoting my own work, "Bondage: As Long as I Live"?

Where did I go off track?

I'm just too talkative for my own good.

2008.7.28

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第四十九回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 49

縄ナシ、縄アリの差

The difference between having a rope and not having a rope

I am meeting with Masako Inoue in Company C's reception room

Masako Inoue is said to have an entire body that is a sex zone.

Generally speaking, you could say that women are all erogenous zones from head to toe.

If there are women who are not like that, it means their minds and bodies are still undeveloped, immature, or incomplete.

Masako Inoue claims her erogenous zones are fully developed.

I say things like that myself, and the manager who is accompanying her says them too.

This manager is a thirty year old man.

How is it that he, a man, knows the female body and mind that feels sexual pleasure as if it were his own?

Eventually, he would give me specific details about her pleasure. He's a cheerful, interesting manager. For me, he's easy to work with.

I should note here that Masako Inoue is a pseudonym.

I have no idea what kind of "personal information" might jump out from within this text of mine.

To avoid any trouble, I'll remain anonymous.

I am extremely afraid of causing trouble for women.

I know several women who suffered misfortune due to “personal information” that spread irresponsibly with embellishments, though it had no direct connection to me.

I sincerely hope that every woman who has ever crossed paths with me in the workplace finds happiness. I dislike hearing about misfortune.

Masako Inoue has a round, chubby face, so she looks only twenty-five or twenty-six. But she’s forty-three. She’s what you’d call a mature woman.

Women who claim to be all-over erogenous zones are young. They’re vibrant. This forty-three-year-old is far too young.

Women who say things like “sex is dirty and disgusting” or “I hate men” are, as far as I know, not young.

Both their hearts and bodies are withered.

Even though they’re only twenty-five or twenty-six, they lack vitality and look over forty.

In the reception room are Masako Inoue and her manager, along with Director Y, who is shooting an adult video starring Masako Inoue this time, and assistant director W.

She has appeared in over twenty standard adult videos to date, but this is her first time doing “SM.”

In other words, she’s never once been tied up with the rope before.

A woman with no SM experience has come for an “interview” at the reception room of Company C, renowned in that particular field. You’d expect her to show at least some nervousness or even a hint of “fear” in her expression or demeanor. Yet she never stops smiling, never once showing a shred of unease.

I imagine all the filming sets she’s experienced so far have been kind and had a good atmosphere.

“She says having sex with male actors is so much fun she can’t get enough of it,” the manager says.

She nodded with a smile.

There is absolutely no sign of him trying to curry favor with Director Y or myself, or putting on a show of charm.

Truly, she seems to be enjoying herself from the bottom of her heart.

Simply put, a woman over forty having sex with a man much younger than herself every time they shoot, it can't be anything but fun.

Having sex means getting along with a man. It's only natural that getting along is enjoyable.

"Let's try tying her up a bit, huh, Nureki-san?" Director Y said.

Director Y is actually the president of this video production and sales company. In other words, he is the most powerful person.

"Bring me my red bag," I tell Assistant Director W.

Inside my red bag, there are always over twenty ropes. They've been left in a corner of this company's production department for over a decade.

Several years ago, it was stolen once by someone. Every single rope vanished.

The red bag I have here is the second one. It has "Nureki Nawa" written large across its belly. With that, no one will take it.

W-kun brought that red bag.

"Take some pictures for reference. I'll tie you up slowly so it's easier to shoot," I asked W-kun.

W-kun immediately brought out a small video camera and got ready to film.

I took the rope out of my bag, made Masako Inoue, who had been sitting on the sofa, stand up, and turned her around to face away from me.

I twisted both her arms behind her back.

I tied her hands behind her back over her thin blouse.

"She says she's flexible, so maybe she can do the back-hand prayer pose?" Director Y said.

This director has always liked this pose (yes, Director Y and I have known each other for a long time).

Not only does he enjoy having a woman's hands clasped behind her back, but he also takes pleasure in binding her arms behind her in an extreme manner.

“No, I’ve got a bit too much meat on my shoulders and arms, so putting my hands together behind my back is impossible. When people say ‘flexible body,’ they probably mean my lower body, don’t you think?”

Despite being bound for the first time, she accepted the ropes with ease, showing little tension in either her mind or body.

It was so casual it was almost a letdown.

She’s still smiling cheerfully. Somehow it puts me in a happy mood, and I find myself smiling cheerfully too.

I conclude that a mood of masochism or tragic beauty would be beyond her.

Then, all that’s left is to compete with eroticism.

The eroticism of ropes. Exactly what I desire.

I focus my attention in that direction.

“I want to see your tits. Get naked from the waist up,” I said.

“It’s so embarrassing to undress in front of everyone in a parlor like this!” she said.

“That’s so nice. It’s been ages since I heard a model say something is embarrassing,” I said, and everyone laughed.

The atmosphere grew increasingly warm and friendly.

Her breasts possessed the fullness and firmness of a woman in her twenties. They were breasts that had never borne children.

If she didn’t say she was forty-three, the shape of her breasts could easily pass for those of a woman in her late twenties.

I tied her hands behind her back again.

I bound her breasts to make them stand out. Her nipples hardened and pointed.

“Can you feel your nipples?” I asked.

“Yes, I can feel them,” she answered honestly.

I got carried away. When a woman responds to me so readily, I get carried away.

Responding honestly means the other person understands my heart and is expressing their willingness to respond truthfully to my desires.

When the other person silently turns away, I think they must dislike it, and I no longer want to touch that woman.

(Among the models who come along with their managers just for the money, you sometimes find ones like this.)

I try not to do things that others dislike. I am timid.

Even if I do things that the other person dislikes, in my case, it doesn't bring me pleasure.

(Some people only derive pleasure from doing things that others dislike. Those are the ones who are truly sadists. I'm just the one who ties them up.)

I want to enjoy life with someone who wants to be tied by me.

When the other person shows an unhappy face, I become unhappy too. I lose my motivation.

Even when motivation wanes, the hands and fingers holding the rope keep moving.

If you don't move, the filming won't end.

I won't get paid until the filming is finished.

Though it was her first time being tied up, Masako Inoue seemed like she'd accept anything.

The rope digging into her slightly plump upper body didn't look too bad either.

I touched her nipple with my finger.

She immediately shuddered and let out a low cry. Her reaction was sensitive.

Of course, it is not a reaction of disgust, but a convulsion of pleasure.

"How does it feel to be tied up like this and have your nipples rubbed?" I asked, observing her expression.

To check the degree of her body's convulsions, I grasped her shoulder with my left hand and continued kneading her breast with the fingertips of my right hand.

"Tell me, how does it feel? Hey, hey, how does it feel?" I asked again and again.

Even without being restrained, this woman would undoubtedly show a clear reaction just from having her breasts and nipples pinched by a man's hands like this.

I wanted to know how that reaction would change when a rope was added to it.

As someone who handles ropes, it was something I had to know.

If you're one of those "important" people like a "rope master" or a "trainer," you probably don't need to know such trivial things (I say this with sarcasm).

But as the "restraint technician" receiving appropriate compensation, this was something I had to experience and recognize, a crucial matter.

If there's no difference between "no ropes" and "with ropes," I cannot accept payment as the "restraint technician."

"This is the first time you've ever been tied up, right? Tell me how you feel right now." I pressed on, still persistent.

I had a gut feeling that this woman would answer honestly.

I pressed my fingertips firmly, kneading her nipple hard, urging her to respond.

"Yes, yes, my hands... tied behind my back... I can't resist... I can't escape... somehow... somehow... I feel so... so..." Speaking in broken, gasping breaths, she collapsed onto the sofa.

Her manager, who was thirty years old, hurried over to the sofa and peered at her complexion.

"She came. Actually, she has already come five or six times since earlier. This is her seventh time. By the seventh, her legs gave out. But it's okay. She'll be back to normal soon." The manager reported this while gauging the expressions on mine and Director Y's face.

"The fifth or sixth time? You can tell just by watching from the sidelines?" I asked.

In such cases, I tend to be skeptical.

(Could it be that this model's "selling point" is that she immediately "comes" when something is done to her by a man's hands?) That is the suspicion.

It's a bit mean.

(Perhaps this woman's age of forty-three is also a lie. Since the "mature woman boom" seems to still be going strong, she might be riding that wave.) I make this even more spiteful deduction. I've been in this industry far too long.

"Yes, I understand. Observing models' expressions is my job, after all. She reached her seventh climax just now, and as she approached the eighth, her mind went completely blank." The manager answered with confidence. He's an interesting guy.

This kind of guy is easier to work with than a manager who's always scowling and looking grumpy (and surprisingly, there are quite a few of that type.)

But if the chatting goes too far, (doesn't this manager always have sex with this model?) people will start to wonder..

Well, come to think of it (or even without thinking about it), no matter what kind of personal relationship the manager and model might have, as long as the model gives it their all on the shoot, that's all that matters. That's all we ask for.

Models and those on the shoot, are, after all, bound by a fleeting encounter.

Director Y, sprawled out on the sofa and starting to drink a can of beer, called out to me.

"Nureki-san, since we're at it, how about we try a breast cross-tie?"

"Ah, let's give it a try." I say, delighted.

Director Y's words, "How about we try a breast cross-tie?" make me happy.

It's been a long time since I've heard such a suggestion come from the director's mouth.

Neither the current director nor the bondage photographer gives any instructions on how to tie or the shape of the ropes.

They think all "restraints" are the same.

He thinks it's enough for ropes to be wrapped around a woman's body.

And finally, I think they should do the "spread-eagle bondage."

They are unaware that behind the act of “bondage,” rope fetishism lurks with intense breathlessness.

Even if the photographer spreads the model’s thighs wide enough to split them and forces a foreign object inside, you’d be dead wrong to think bondage enthusiasts would get excited by such a normal (let me deliberately call it normal) spectacle.

What kind of reaction would Masako Inoue show if you applied a breast cross-tie to her?

To answer Director Y’s question, I untied the ropes binding her.

Then, from that red bag, I took out three strands of the ultra-fine rope for that purpose.

The following comments were submitted by Mika Suzume-san. We are reprinting them with her permission. Expressions from these comments are quoted in the next installment, Chapter 50.

Mika Suzume-san’s Comment

Sensei, it’s Mika.

I thoroughly enjoyed reading the new “Talking Theater” this time as well.

And as usual, I’ll be so bold as to share my thoughts in the comments again.

“It has “Nureki Nawa” written large across its belly
With that, no one will take it.”

“Sensei, if that’s the case, even more people will want to take it.” Was I the only one who blurted out that comment, I wonder?

I thought that’s what the readers of the “Talking Theater” would think, you know.

Why do I think so? Well, though you may not realize it, the name “Nureki Chimuo” is a major brand among those who practice bondage. I imagine you’d say, “Eh... really?” upon hearing that, but it’s true, you see.

The rope inside the bag labeled “Nureki Nawa” is the kind that tickles the fancy of certain collectors, you know.

The jute rope costing a dozen or so yen per meter has been transformed into something possessing a certain value simply because you happened to possess it.

Even women's underwear can become incredibly valuable if it's worn by famous idols or the like, even myself, who doesn't share that particular interest, knows that. For enthusiasts, objects have that kind of significance.

Therefore, for those who feel a fetishism toward rope, I don't think my wicked speculation to believe that a well used "Nureki Nawa" could be sufficient motive for theft.

"If there's no difference between 'no ropes' and 'with ropes,'
I cannot accept payment as the 'restraint technician.'"

It's a showdown between the "restraint technician" and the "mature woman with sensitive skin all over her body," isn't it?

Can ropes grant new sensations to mature woman Masako, who claims her erotic potential has been fully developed?

This is an interesting development, isn't it?

From my experience, being tied up with rope seems to heighten sexual sensation, but I wonder how it is for others.

Will the breast cross-tie bring Masako a pleasure she's never experienced before?

I think that what S-type people who enjoy bondage find most gratifying is when, after finishing the bondage and untying the ropes, the M-type woman tells them, "That was my first time experiencing such pleasure..."

"They are unaware that behind the act of 'bondage,'
Rope fetishism lurks with intense breathlessness."

Simply tying someone up doesn't make it SM.

It is only when the rope holds meaning that it becomes SM.

I interpreted it that way.

This might sound like a drag queen's rant, but I feel like there's too much meaninglessness in rope in SM these days.

While some ropes are neatly and carefully tied, others lack any sense of being properly secured, appearing to be hastily and carelessly wrapped around.

When I see bondage that doesn't feel the slightest bit like the "rope fetishism" you speak of, it makes me feel both sad and angry. But would I protest? No, I hate doing such vulgar things.

From that kind of SM, I just quietly slip away.

Rope, the meaning of bondage. Putting it into words makes it a very difficult task, but at a glance, you can tell whether it's dead rope or rope that's alive and part of SM.

Once again, I got so excited I ended up writing a long comment.

But as long as you allow me to do so, I intend to keep writing, however boldly.

Thank you, Mika-san.

Please feel free to share your thoughts and impressions after reading it.

2008.8.4

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第五十回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 50

縄遊びの世界

The World of Rope Play

After reading my previous piece, “The difference between with rope and without rope,” Mika Suzume-san promptly sent me her thoughts.

(I'm truly grateful. I'm always thankful.)

After reading Mika Suzume-san's letter, I thought to myself, “Ah, I see! That's what it means!”

This is the story of how my rope-patterned bag, which I had left in the care of a certain video production and sales company for twenty years, was stolen.

Even if all twenty ropes currently in use were lost at once, there are always about fifty spare ropes readily available, so filming would not be disrupted.

However, it was somewhat eerie that something that had been neatly stored on a shelf in the costume room of a video company had suddenly vanished.

I deliberately wrote “Nureki Nawa” in large letters on both sides of the large red cloth bag I had bought as a spare, making sure it stood out prominently.

Written in large, bold letters, it has a somewhat grotesque feel.

And I placed twenty ropes inside it.

I wrote last time that if it were this, no one would take it.

However, after reading it, Mika Suzume-san commented, “if that's the case, even more people will want to take it,” and I groaned.

“Why do I think so? Well, though you may not realize it, the name ‘Nureki Chimuo’ is a major brand among those who practice bondage. I imagine you’d say, ‘Eh, really?’ upon hearing that, but it’s true, you see.”

(omitted)

“Therefore, for those who feel a fetishism toward ropes, I don’t think it’s a wild speculation that a well-used ‘Nureki rope’ could be sufficient motive for theft.”

The above is a summary of the letter from Mika Suzume-san.

Hmm!

To be honest, I had never once thought that way.

It’s true.

It’s really true.

There’s no way something so ridiculous could happen, I think to myself. But if I were to get all worked up and try to explain myself here, it would probably just come across as some kind of self-conscious snide remark, so I’ll just leave it at that.

I never once imagined that my name, “Nureki Chimuo,” this vulgar, sleazy, lump of inferiority, could become a brand.

To be perfectly honest, I’ve never once...

However, I will gratefully and happily accept Mika Suzume-san’s kind words of encouragement meant to cheer me up.

After this, Mika Suzume-san’s letter shifts to the topic of “the entire body being an erogenous zone,” writing, “From my experience, I feel that being bound with rope seems to heighten sexual sensation, but I wonder how it is for others.”

This single line is something I am deeply grateful for.

Please don’t think “what’s the point of bringing this up now?” The truth is, no one actually teaches you these things, these simple things.

No one told me.

Though I pour my entire energy into it, binding their hearts with ropes, both Ishitani Hide-san and Rakka-san remain silent, saying nothing to me. Even when I ask, they won't tell me.

I suppose I could just tell myself that she's too overwhelmed with pleasure to speak, and be satisfied with that. But honestly, I don't have the confidence to believe it.

It's often said that the pleasure of SM leads to a self-centered mindset, a feeling that as long as you're okay, that's all that matters. But is that really the case?

If it's just about what's good for me, does it really matter how the person giving me pleasure feels?

What I'm hoping for from Masako Inoue, who will be modeling for Company C's upcoming video shoot, is that she'll respond honestly to my ropes and express her feelings openly.

Since it was just an "interview" the other day, I couldn't see Masako Inoue's true self.

An interview is essentially like a "hiring test."

Sometimes, without even realizing it, I might react in a way that tries to please the director, or myself.

During the actual filming, I want to know Masako Inoue-san's true feelings.

I want to see her true reaction.

Right now, I'm just thinking that.

No matter how sincerely I tie up a woman, if she remains unresponsive, I start to feel uneasy.

Even when tied up, the feeling of unease comes first, and I can't feel good.

My desire, however strong, begins to fade. This is my true feeling.

(You see, it's obvious. A man like me, who always wears such a carefree expression while restraining women, yet harbors such deep anxiety within. There's no way such a man could be a "brand.")

But, Mika Suzume-san taught me,

"From my experience, being bound with rope seems to heighten sexual sensation..."

Though brief, these words offer me important insight.

I believe in these words, and I'm heading to the set for the next shoot.

I focus my mind solely on enhancing the model's pleasure, binding her and consciously aiming to stimulate her pleasure nerves by rhythmically tightening and loosening the ropes.

Whether it's "with rope" or "without rope," if the model's reaction is the same either way, I'd be left with no standing.

If the model's reactions were more erotic when shot without ropes than with them, I'd completely lose confidence and become so repulsed by ropes that I wouldn't even want to hold them anymore.

It has long been said that it is the audience watching the stage who nurtures the actors.

Perhaps the key to training a rope technician to be truly effective lies not with the director or cameraman, but with the reactions of the model being tied up.

I have a feeling that Masako Inoue-san, a model with such keen sensual responsiveness, will surely provide me with some new kind of stimulation.

I am already fiercely resisting this idea that this filming session will consist solely of "rope-free," or normal, sexual acts in the AV.

I've secretly resolved to show them the effects and power of using just rope.

I've been using expressions like "with" or "without" without thinking, but these aren't terms we use, they're specific to Company C's site. You could say it's one of our industry jargon terms⁵⁶.

For example, during a whipping scene, the director might ask me, "Should we tie her up here? Or would it be better to do the whipping without restraints?"

At times like that, I respond with something like, "Well, how about we shoot both versions with and without, then use whichever the director prefers during editing? For the "with" version, let's bind her wrists high up, as if to whip her back and butt."

As you may have noticed, this isn't a very good directing technique.

⁵⁶ The terms in question here, are アリ and ナシ, ari and nashi, respectively. These terms, outside of the Japanese AV industry at the time, mean "ant" and "pear." I have no idea how these came to use in this industry.

If you were confident, you would have decided on one or the other from the start.

Suggesting things like “Why don’t you just take the pictures with or without?” is a form of shifting responsibility.

However, because it’s convenient, I end up speeding up the shooting this way.

The truth is, we should prioritize the flow of the drama itself, and it should be determined by the skill of those wielding the whip and the quality of the models’ reactions.

To reiterate, you must give her excitement and pleasure beyond normal sex.

However, Director Y is truly the top in both ability and influence at Company C.

This time, for his first directorial work in three years, he hired Masako Inoue. Before filming began, he had her interview with me, and she stirred my heart so profoundly.

When you think about it, this is the director who produced an uncountable number of films (truly uncountable, twenty, thirty, or even more) for “Nureki Chimuo’s World of Rope” just a few years ago.

Not only the World of Rope series, but also the magnificent drama series “Female Prisoner Fantasy.” All of these were based on my scripts.

He is a director who knows exactly how to use me effectively.

In contrast, there are magazines that only acknowledge me as a mere “binding machine.”

My role is simply to bind the model’s body. The photographer handles everything else, the poses, the expressions, all by himself.

The shoot proceeds based solely on the photographer’s preconceived notion of “SM form” while the bound model’s “emotions” and “reactions” are largely ignored.

The model ceases to be human and becomes a doll. A bound doll.

Well, if someone argues that ignoring a bound woman’s heart and turning her into a doll is itself a form of “SM,” then I suppose I have no choice but to accept it. I find myself thinking, “I see.”

“SM” is truly a convenient concept. If you say this is SM, then most things end up being SM.

Therefore, mine is likely the opposite of “doll-binding” SM, a world of “rope play” that pursues and expresses the pleasure of a living woman.

And (this is the most crucial point) I believe it is precisely this world of “rope play” that garners the support of the greatest number of bondage enthusiasts...

So, having made quite a bold statement, what will become of the photoshoot featuring Masako Inoue, whose “selling point” is her “entire body as an erogenous zone?”

2008.8.12

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第五十一回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 51

モデルの心にある「何か」

That “something” in the model's heart

I was commissioned by a certain magazine to write a short piece titled “The Unforgettable Models of Nureki Chimuo.”

The allotted space was two pages.

I carelessly wrote “two pages,” but nowadays we don't refer to manuscript length in terms of pages.

“Number of pages” refers to the number of manuscript sheets.

I know it's laughable to mention this now, but since publishers today edit on computers, they don't say “number of sheets” anymore. They say “number of characters.”

“Please keep it to 800 characters.” That's how they ask.

When given such precise word count instructions, I momentarily fall into the illusion that I must carve out each word, and it makes me uneasy.

The term “number of pages” carries a warm, traditional resonance, that of writing a manuscript by hand, in a relaxed mood. I sense a kind of expansiveness in it.

Even today, the editorial departments of distinguished, long-established publishing houses still request manuscripts using the term “number of pages.”

“Please aim for around fifty pages. It's okay if it runs a bit longer.” They leave room for flexibility. This allows the writer to compose freely.

“Please write 800 characters.” When told something like that, the image of some mechanical, flavorless string of characters flashes through my mind.

Lately, even I respond smoothly, “800 characters? Yes, understood. I’ll write 800 characters then.”

When in doubt, go with the flow.

Or rather, I’m simply used to writing short manuscripts that fit neatly into small boxes.

During the heyday of “SM magazines,” how many short pieces did I write for various publications under multiple pen names?

I’ll skip the details here to keep this brief, but essentially, they were meticulous accounts of the various preferences, inclinations and fantasies, both read and fantasy, that fall under the umbrella of SM.

Unlike today, the content in those SM magazines back then was finely textured.

The finer the detail, the larger the readership.

Today’s SM magazines focus solely on flashy, sensational content, resulting in a coarser texture.

SM preferences are inherently held by individuals with finely textured, highly attuned sensibilities. It is only natural that readers drift away from publications whose pages have grown coarse.

I wrote extensively and in minute detail about the preferences, inclinations, and secret quirks of various factions of enthusiasts, presenting them as reader confessions within small, limited-word-count and line-count spaces.

The sheer variety of fetishistic obsessions and the delicacy of their sensibilities fascinated me beyond measure.

I believed enthusiasts were the most human of all humans.

I recorded my writing situation during this period in my “work memos.”

I recently deposited those records at the [Sex Industry Museum](#). Those interested are welcome to take a look.

Now, back to the topic at hand.

I was asked to write “The Unforgettable Models of Nureki Chimou” in 800 characters. I agreed readily and wrote about a girl named [Naomi Sugishita](#), but in the end, it ended up being three and a half pages.

That means it exceeded a thousand characters.

Since cutting it down was a hassle, I just handed it to R-san and had her send it via computer.

Here's what I wrote about Naomi Sugishita.

After the shoot ended, when we went out to eat with the photographer and staff, Naomi Sugishita would curl up in a corner of the restaurant, cover her face with both hands, and cry.

She said that when a fun day of shooting ended and she thought she'd be free from the restraints for a while, she felt lonely and tears came to her eyes.

Her thin, long limbs curled up small, hugging her knees, her back hunched as she cried. To other diners, it must have looked quite strange.

"Stop it, you're making a fool of yourself," I told her.

"No matter how much you cry, the shoot is over. We can't spend all night entertaining you. Tomorrow brings tomorrow's work."

But she wept like a child, her eyelids red.

And though she must have been hungry, she ate nothing.

I packed that story into a thousand characters, but now I'll write what happened next.

After leaving the restaurant, the staff dispersed there. Since it was late, Naomi was to be driven home by the photographer's car.

I rode along in that car too.

At the time, I lived near Yutenji Station on the Tokyo Line, while Naomi lived with her parents in Sangenjaya.

So, we planned to drop Naomi off near her home first, then have the driver take me to my place.

After dropping off Naomi and me, the photographer would drive to a certain station on the Keio Line before heading home.

Once you leave the bustling district of Sangenjaya and enter the residential area, the streets suddenly narrow and grow dark.

Setagaya Ward's backstreets are lined with old wooden houses, and many of the roads are oddly winding.

"There's a shortcut. I'll tell you the way, so just drive straight ahead," Naomi said, settling into the seat next to F-san, the photographer, who was holding the steering wheel.

It was nearly 11PM, with no people around, and the road grew even narrower and darker, so F-san drove cautiously at a slow pace.

"Oh, wrong turn. We were supposed to turn left at the next street. I've never been through here before. This road looks completely unfamiliar."

"Hey, hey, pay attention. We should be near your place by now. Isn't there some kind of landmark?" F-kun's voice already sounded anxious.

He'd already taken Naomi's bondage photos over a dozen times and knew her personality pretty well.

"It's too dark to see properly. Ah, there! This time, right, if we turn right, we'll definitely come out somewhere familiar."

Even after turning right, the road led deeper into an increasingly dark area densely packed with houses.

I had absolutely no sense of direction anymore.

"Ah, I guess that was wrong after all. We ended up in another weird place." Saying this, Naomi chuckled softly.

"Hey, I'm counting on you, Naomi.

"I'm sorry, F-kun. I can't do this. I'm really confused. I just don't know anymore."

"Hey, hey, pull yourself together. Let's get out to somewhere brighter for now," I called out feeling anxious.

"But getting lost is kind of fun, isn't it? I absolutely love being lost. Let's just stay lost like this, the three of us forever." And then, Naomi laughed again.

Within that dark laughter lay something more than a joke. For just an instant, I felt a chill run down my spine.

What actually happened after we got lost on that night road? To be honest, I don't remember.

We didn't cause any accidents, and I don't recall bothering anyone, so although it took a while, the car must have made it close to Naomi's house.

Naomi Sugishita isn't the only woman carrying something heavy and deep inside her heart.

Being bound, unable to move your limbs, or being inflicted with pain, and then saying "it feels good," that really isn't normal.

The women who came to Kinbiken back then, seeking temporary solace and pleasure, each carried "something" within their hearts.

That "something," I feel, was fundamentally the same for all of them.

It might be something like the "karma" everyone carries in life, simply for being human.

Those who possess this sensibility are likely the ones who absorb it particularly keenly, deep within their minds and bodies.

Most photographers see the bound woman as unusual and try to capture only that unusual "form."

Without noticing the loneliness, desolation, and anxiety lurking deep within that abnormal form, they simply try to photograph it in various altered shapes.

No matter how skillfully one employs technique to capture only the "form," the surface alone, it can never become a work of art.

It cannot move the heart of the viewer.

Women who enjoy being bound carry a correspondingly "something" deep within their hearts, or bear it heavily upon their backs.

Unless that "something" is expressed through the camera, it cannot become "bondage photography" that stirs the soul of the viewer.

No matter how many angles are used to photograph only the form, it cannot become true bondage photography.

2008.9.1

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第五十二回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 52

ZOU氏の撮影現場で

At ZOU's filming location

I worked with [Muruzou](#) for the first time in a while. It was a video shoot.

According to an email I received from him later, it had been over twenty years since we last worked together.

We hadn't met during that time.

Since we're in the same industry, we'd occasionally hear rumors about each other's activities. But because we worked in different places, we never met directly.

We entered Studio I in Kikusaka in Hongo. "It's been a while. Glad to see we're both doing well," we exchanged greetings.

"What are we doing today? Let me see the script," I asked right away.

He said that since it wasn't a drama, there was no script.

"We're leaving today's entire process up to you, Nureki-san. Do whatever you like. We won't say a word. Just do as you see fit. We'll simply follow it with our cameras," ZOU-san said, his words carrying considerable passion.

(Since his name is rather difficult to write, and though it might be rude, I'll refer to him affectionately as ZOU-san in this text.)

The model is Miss T.M.

I'd already tied her up for a magazine shoot, so we were acquainted.

More than just acquainted, we understand each other well. She's a good model with rich expressiveness. Above all, she knows "SM."

Miss T.M. has someone with her, a manager or attendant of sorts, Naka Akira-san.

(Later, this Naka-san would also end up tying Miss T.M., but I hadn't been told about that at all. When I found out that was the plan, I was stunned.)

When I was first told, "I'll leave everything to you," my mind started working, imagining how to structure the "beginning, development, turning point, and conclusion" of today's shoot.

For the climax, what kind of bondage and poses would build the excitement? And then, to build even more excitement towards the end, what kind of rope work would be stimulating?

When I began using the first rope, guiding the model's arms behind her back, this "beginning, development, turning point, conclusion" sequence was already fully formed in my mind.

In documentary footage like this, especially when the subject has experienced my rope work before, like Miss T.M., it's particularly easy to construct that image.

No matter how unexpected or fluctuating the model's reactions become during the shoot, I utilize those changes to craft an even more effective narrative arc for the ropes.

It is precisely when I use a sensitive model's reactions to build toward a more intense, highly arousing, and emotionally impactful final scene that I, as a bondage artist, experience the greatest pleasure.

The pleasure and ecstasy at that moment are beyond compare. It's almost a state of intoxication.

The pleasure level is far greater when I see the climax build to an unexpectedly stimulating, emotionally charged bondage scene than when I insert my own penis into the genitals of a young, beautiful model, rub against her, and ejaculate.

In the bondage documentary footage entrusted to me, I have always crafted the final scene in this manner.

(For example, most of the Kinbiken videos are like this.)

The "introduction, development, turning point, conclusion" structure I envisioned had some blank time inserted midday, but even so, ZOU-san's words, "Please do as you wish, Nureki-san. Do whatever you want, freely," were deeply appreciated. I was delighted.

It was an exceptionally rare request from a director, once you'd almost never see on the set of an SM video in the AV industry.

I spoke to ZOU-san in a flattering tone.

“But since I tie quickly, if you think tying more slowly would make filming easier, please don't hesitate to say so. I'll tie it clearly and slowly at your preferred pace.”

Smiling at the cameraman too, I said it almost like flattery.

Besides Director ZOU, the cameraman, his assistant, the lighting guy, his assistant, the still photographer, and the young ADs were waiting, just like during a regular AV shoot.

“I'll tie slowly and clearly,” I said. At my words, ZOU-san waved one hand wide in front of his face and spoke in a slightly stronger tone.

“Ahh, please don't think about that at all. There are six or seven staff members here, but please imagine no one is present. Get into the mindset that it's just you and the model, alone in a private room, engaging in bondage play. Do whatever you like freely. Forget about the filming.”

For me, these words were increasingly welcome.

But no matter how much he asked me to forget it was a shoot, lighting fixtures illuminating me and the model lined the space around us, and various black cords stretching from power sources remained within my field of vision.

I've tied up over five thousand women so far, but all those experiences were on sets for commercial bondage videos, videos made to be sold. Asking me not to be conscious of the camera was simply unreasonable.

Superficial, formulaic SM videos are no longer welcomed among enthusiasts.

I wanted to create videos for enthusiasts, focused solely on Nureki's ropes.

For me, nothing could be more welcome.

Under the lights, I began binding Miss T.M., fully clothed, with her hands behind her back, applying firm pressure.

As time passed and the shoot progressed, she became bound more tightly and rigorously by my ropes.

Her reactions were good. Having already experienced my ropes, her body was more sensitive than during the previous shoot. I could feel it through my fingers.

The eroticism in her expression deepened. Even without seeing her face, I could sense her expression through the elasticity of her body accepting the ropes.

If this were truly private rope play, just for enjoyment, without cameras or lights, one rope would be enough. But this is a show for which I am paid.

In my head, I calculate the length of video tape, imagining the passage of time and the progression of context, gradually adding more ropes.

Now, I must write about her erotic, agonized form writhing in the ropes' embrace here, and her uniquely masochistic reactions, perhaps a bit exaggerated, to make it suitable for promotional material.

But over the past several decades, I've written countless pieces for various magazines that served as promotional material.

Readers must surely be sick and tired of that kind of introduction, guide, or promotional writing by now.

So this time, I'll write a little differently than before.

I don't think it will turn into the typical promotional piece I've written before.

Director ZOU, I apologize in advance.

Recently, I've grown tired of writing descriptions like: "A beautiful model was bound and tormented, crying out 'hii' and 'haa,'" or "She writhed in ecstasy, dripping lustful honey from her crotch."

First off, these days, there are no longer any dull-witted enthusiasts who would be fooled by promotional copy stacked with such exaggerated, predictable, hollow phrases.

I believe Director ZOU's work will sell well enough without needing to be dressed up with such catchphrases.

I'll write what follows to help it sell.

So, Director ZOU, if my pen slips midway and I write something that might offend you, please don't be angry.

After telling me, "I'm leaving everything to you, so do whatever you like, freely and as you please," Director ZOU sat down about three meters away from me and her, holding a small digital camera steady with both hands.

(Ah, he's determined to be the still photographer today)

I nodded.

Please take lots of great photos and use them effectively for the packaging and other promotional stuff, I silently prayed, my hands never stopping as I continued to bind her.

If the sales of this "Bondage Documentary" starring me don't go well, I'll be in trouble too.

It concerns my honor.

(Honor? Honestly, it's not worth the tip of my little finger. But I live by deceiving myself into believing it exists. If I didn't deceive myself, someone like me couldn't possibly survive.)

ZOU-san seems to be pressing the shutter while holding back, mindful of the staff and me. It almost looks like he's holding back. He's always been a shy, reserved person.

(Don't hold back! Get closer, be bold, aim for great angles, and just keep shooting!)

As I lift her skirt and tie the thong rope over her panties, I silently urge ZOU-san in my mind.

The perfect angle.

That's it. In bondage photography (and video, of course), the angle is the most crucial element.

The quality of bondage photos is determined by the subtle differences in angle.

Right. I remember now.

Over a decade ago, there was a certain "bondage photographer" whose sole job was shooting gravure spreads for magazines.

He declared with absolute confidence, "I'm a bondage photographer."

He said it plainly, without a hint of embarrassment, so I suppose that's why he was called a "bondage photographer." I didn't think so, though.

He had me tie up the models, then made them stand, sit, or lie down, taking massive quantities of "bondage photos" every single time.

This was over a decade ago, so I thought, "Taking so many photos every time must be a huge expense in film costs," though perhaps digital cameras were already common back then.

I have absolutely no knowledge about cameras. Not just cameras, I'm just mechanically challenged, basically.

When I was on a shoot with that photographer, I found myself deeply thinking, "So, it's not really a "bondage photo" unless it shows a woman tied up..."

It's not just the "form" of the bound woman. Unless the photos express the bound woman's sorrow, trembling, or fear, joy, or emotion, that unique, indescribable mood, they don't become "bondage photography." I'm taught this lesson deeply every single time.

That's why, deep down in my heart, I am profoundly grateful to this photographer I had the privilege of working with over a decade ago.

Having long inhabited this industry, I've worked with about fifty distinctive photographers to date, but it was this man who taught me, thoroughly, deeply, and profoundly, "Bondage photography isn't about the superficial form of the bound woman, it's about capturing her heart."

In a way, he is my benefactor.

Bondage photography is not something the general public readily enjoys viewing. To be blunt, the overwhelming majority find it distasteful.

It is something only seen by passionate enthusiasts in that particular field.

While ordinary people who aren't enthusiasts might occasionally stumble upon it out of curiosity, ninety percent of the time, it's enthusiasts who pay money to buy and view it.

We are, you might say, the professionals. The sellers.

If we want enthusiasts to pay (pardon the crude phrasing, but it's the truth), we must create bondage photography that makes enthusiasts think, "I'll pay to see this! I want it!"

If we don't create those kinds of photos, we (well, maybe just me) can't survive.

That means (getting back to the angle discussion here) we must first aim for the angle that matches the enthusiast's heart, the angle they want to see, and then press the shutter.

I'll write a bit more detail about that photographer I had the pleasure of working with over a decade ago, who taught me so many things firsthand and concretely.

I will refer to that person as B-san in the following explanation.

B-san had me bind the model with her hands behind her back and sit her in the position he specified.

Since it was the first time, the model was still fully clothed.

The location was an old, large Japanese-style building about seven or eight minutes' walk along the tracks from JR Meguro Station. It had a spacious garden with lush trees and stone lanterns. Originally a prestigious traditional restaurant, it was now a studio with old-fashioned storehouses.

B-san used only this studio, saying it was easy to shoot in. It had Japanese-style rooms, of course, and even Western-style rooms.

The bound model sat on the tatami mat with her legs slightly thrown out to the left, striking a pose full of emotion.

Her chin tucked in, slightly leaning forward, the natural pose and expression were irresistibly good to my eyes.

She was already feeling the ropes.

Standing about three or four meters away from her, near the wall, I watched and couldn't help but mutter, "Ah, what a great atmosphere. So good. So full of feeling."

Unlike video, this was still photography, so no sound was recorded. Making voices or sounds was allowed.

"Huh? What? That position is good? Okay, okay, then I'll go over there and shoot." B-san said, and with camera in hand, approached my position.

I instinctively moved away from B-san, not wanting to get in the way.

B-san took my spot instead and faced the model, "I see, good, good. Alright, alright, keep it up. Now, here, tilt your chin a little more to the left. Lower your right shoulder about three centimeters. Twist it as you lower it. That's it, alright, alright. But this lacks sex appeal. Hey, G (G is B-san's assistant), lift up the hem of her skirt and show her knees. That's it, lift it more. Lift it a little more. Lift it up to around her thighs. No, if you lift it that high, should we show her panties? Lift her skirt until her panties peek out. Good, good. You, wiggle your hips a bit. Stick your butt out. Oh, good, good. Finally, some sex appeal. Okay, shoot, shoot, now!"

That's how he gives instructions.

In reality, he's even more detailed, instructing down to the shape of the fingers behind her back.

Wise enthusiasts will likely already understand.

The masochistic emotion I couldn't help but admire, thinking, "How nice! What a great atmosphere!," has been almost entirely lost due to B-san's meticulous instructions.

By faithfully following the photographer's instructions, the model loses her own unique, precious emotions and becomes merely a human form bound by ropes.

She becomes a soulless shell.

(Naturally, there must be enthusiasts who prefer photos where the model is just a soulless shell wrapped in ropes. There is a specific way to shoot such photos, but I'll discuss that later.)

Though bound tightly behind her back, giving a seemingly brutal appearance at first glance, as she strikes poses according to B-san's commands, the very "heart" of the woman, what enthusiasts most desire to see, is lost.

While the photographer focused solely on arranging the model's poses, the natural beauty of her masochism, which had seeped from her entire being, had vanished somewhere far away.

As a model hired for money, it's only natural that she obeys the photographer's instructions.

Therefore, she bears no blame whatsoever.

Huh?

What was I trying to write?

As usual, I've gone off on a tangent again.

I began writing this sentence because I felt that to boost sales of the videos produced by ZOU-san, the quality of the still photos used for packaging and other promotional materials is crucial. I wanted him to create truly captivating, masterpiece bondage photos that would appeal to the discerning eye of enthusiasts.

Therefore, this text continues.

Incidentally, I haven't seen it myself, but I hear [ZOU's DVD work](#) has already been edited and is on sale. Everyone, please try and find and buy it. And then send me your impressions.

The following comments were submitted by Mika Suzume and are reproduced here with her permission.

Comment from Mika Suzume

Thoughts on the 52nd Talking Theater

September 5, 2008 00:22

Sensei, this is Mika.

I thoroughly enjoyed reading this latest “Talking Theater” as well.

In the part about B-san, you shared this observation, “While faithfully following the cameraman’s instructions, the model loses her own unique, precious emotions and becomes merely a human form bound by ropes.”

Sensei, I felt this part captured the precarious, ephemeral nature of SM, and precisely why it’s so fascinating and challenging.

What is precarious and ephemeral, you ask? It’s the very essence of SM.

The SM-like posture you sensed in the model vanished when B-san’s instructions came in, transforming into a different kind of posture. I think this is precisely because it is such a fragile, delicate thing. SM, as you also mentioned using the word “play,” involves presenting expressions of pain, sorrow, or embarrassment, that kind of presence, in a way that’s not real but virtual. I think of it as a kind of “pretend” or “acting.”

In this way, while it might be misleading to call it a lie, the element of pretense is incredibly important in SM. Yet, the heart cannot feel something that is false.

Even Hollywood’s lavish visuals, created with incredible CG and enormous budgets, become pitiful films if they lack something the heart can empathize with. The more money poured into them, the more pitiful they become compared to cheaper films.

Thus, even with enormous investment, visuals without heart are simply boring.

Similarly, in SM, if the heart isn't reflected, no matter how elaborate the bondage or how beautiful the person being filmed, it's worthless, just like a dull Hollywood movie.

I believe that the "performance" of SM only truly comes alive when the model genuinely portrays expressions of pain, sorrow, or embarrassment as her real feelings.

As I said, in "acting" those expressions of pain, sorrow, or embarrassment aren't entirely genuine. They're slightly "acted," not lies, but not entirely true either... ugh... what am I even saying. I wonder if this makes sense.

It's hard to express, but it's a subtle demeanor, not a lie, yet certainly not genuine suffering or sorrow. That precarious, ephemeral demeanor is what I consider the essence of SM.

This performance of pain, sorrow, and shame vanishes at the slightest disturbance.

When that subtle reflection of the M's heart is captured, that's the kind of bondage photo that makes me think, "I'd pay money to see this! I want it!"

However, in my opinion, it's also true that discerning such photos is difficult.

Even photos where the subject looks like a formal doll, if taken from a skillful angle, can often be mistaken for the real thing.

In fact, at live events, even an SM show that doesn't feel particularly SM-like can look incredibly SM-esque when shown in photos. So, it seems difficult to tell 100% what's real and what's fake just from a photo.

But, perhaps the reason lies in the fact that at a live show, you can clearly see the lies as lies. Maybe it's because the camera lens just can't quite capture those subtle shifts in the heart.

However, I also believe that if these fakes run rampant, the world of SM risks becoming utterly trite.

Thank you, Mika Suzume-san.

Please feel free to share your thoughts and impressions after reading it.

2008.9.5

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第五十三回

Nureki Chimou's Talking Theater Chapter 53

ZOU氏よ、ありがとう！

Thank you, Zou-san!

Good bondage photos are taken from good angles. So, if you want to resonate with enthusiasts, you must position the camera well, find the right angle, and press the shutter at the perfect moment. That's what I wrote last time.

"Good angle," of course, means the most appealing "good angle" for enthusiasts.

So, what exactly is a "good angle?" Explaining this is difficult. It's a pain.

Saying it's a pain is putting it bluntly, but this is purely a matter of feeling, making it extremely hard to explain in words.

No matter how detailed the explanation, it's hard to get the point across. It's hard to get people to understand.

It's almost something I'd like to call impossible to explain.

If you don't get this feeling, don't even ask!

Anyone who asks doesn't deserve to be called a fan!

I want to just push them away.

I specialize in tying women up, I don't operate cameras at all. No, even if I wanted to, I couldn't.

I'm mechanically challenged and can't handle the camera, so after tying someone up, I quickly step away from the model, position myself where I won't get in the photographer's way, and just watch the model.

It's strange, or rather, it's become second nature, so unconsciously, I end up standing in the "good angle" position to watch the model.

And since it's what I love, when I see the model I've bound, I can't help but honestly mutter out loud, "Ah, that's nice, such a good vibe."

Then B-san overhears me and says, "What? Is that position is good? Then I'll go there and shoot."

He approaches me and, from my perspective, starts changing the "good pose" and "good angle" of the bound model, transforming it into something different. To put it harshly, he's destroying it.

(This isn't about now, it happened over a decade ago. Just to be clear.)

The word "destroy" might be harsh, but from my perspective, it really was nothing but "destruction."

No matter how much I tied the ropes hoping to please the bondage enthusiasts, the photographer's sensibility and subjectivity instantly corrected it, erasing the model's sorrowful beauty and masochistic quality.

The subtle atmosphere that naturally emanated from her body was wiped away.

The "heart" of the ropes I tied also becomes pitifully thin.

Just as her bound body seems to have lost its soul and become a hollow shell, my ropes too become mere shells.

Of course, B-san believes that by giving all sorts of detailed instructions, he has achieved a "good bondage pose."

He is utterly convinced. That's why he presses the shutter with such intensity.

The model is tied up quite nicely with my ropes.

Therefore, B-san's work is undoubtedly bondage photography, if you can call it that.

However, it inevitably becomes the kind of work that many bondage photography enthusiasts I know well tend not to favor.

"The poses are intense and the shots feel strict, but somehow it's not quite what we're looking for," the enthusiasts say in unison, scratching their heads.

They all share my opinion.

B-san is a good person, pure of heart and dedicated to his work. He possesses the pure passion befitting an artist. I like that single-minded attitude.

One time, I timidly said, “I think it’d be better to capture the model’s natural, pained contortions while bound, that submissive posture, rather than kneading them like clay after tying them up.”

But my words fell on deaf ears.

B-san possesses unshakeable confidence.

The bondage photos B-san takes are published to the world as his work. He bears full responsibility.

I’m just a mere bondage specialist.

Looking up the word “mere” in the dictionary, it means “insignificant individual,” “a trivial one.”

On the shoot, I’m nothing more than a black-clad assistant.

A black-clad figure is a shadow, an existence in the dark.

A person who must not stand out.

Someone in a position where they mustn’t offer unnecessary input.

But having walked this path for so long, I understand the feelings of many bondage enthusiasts.

I know intuitively, not through logic, what kind of photos enthusiasts will enjoy.

What kind of bondage photos can make a man’s cock hard? I know. Because I am one of those enthusiasts myself.

Let me be clear, this does not mean unnaturally spreading the model’s crotch, inserting foreign objects, or exaggerating the female anatomy for emphasis.

I want to state clearly here that such photos are what dampen the spirits of bondage enthusiasts.

That said, bondage photography doesn’t completely ignore the woman’s crotch.

In the mind of the man who binds and torments a woman, the area around her genitals is always present.

However, desire is not focused solely on that part.

It is precisely because they do not concentrate their lust solely on a woman's crotch that bondage enthusiasts are called "abnormal."

At one point, I decided to tell B-san this.

Keeping what I always thought inside without saying it felt cowardly.

Then came B-san's answer.

"The 'good poses' and 'good angles' you feel, Nureki-san, seem a bit different from the 'good poses' and 'good angles' I feel. When I tie up a model, I move them according to my own beliefs to create a 'better pose' before pressing the shutter. Which group is larger, I wonder? The enthusiasts who prefer the 'good poses' you like, which are as natural as possible, or the people who prefer the photos of 'good poses' and 'good angles' that I create based on my own beliefs? That's the question. Since this is my job and how I earn my income, I am to please as many enthusiasts as possible and take my own style of bondage photos. I truly believe the poses I create are the best."

Hearing him say that, I had no choice but to remain silent.

He also said this.

"What you call 'good poses' or 'good angles,' Nureki-san, are ultimately just your personal preferences. There are plenty of enthusiasts who prefer and support the poses I create. Unless I have clear numbers showing which poses are favored by more people, I have no choice but to keep shooting my way."

Now that he mentioned it, he was absolutely right.

It boils down to a numbers game, which poses the enthusiasts prefer.

After all, we're professionals who create and sell these kinds of photos.

But in my case, it feels lonely if I just become driven solely by that professional mindset, that sales-oriented mindset, that attitude of "as long as it sells, it's fine."

Rather than thinking about what kind of bondage photos will sell to more enthusiasts, my stronger desire is to create photos that make me get hard (sorry for the frequent crude descriptions. I'm uneducated and don't know any better words).

Ah, I've gone off on a wild tangent again, without even realizing it.

Why did this turn into such a messy, convoluted story?

Besides, what's the point of writing about something that happened over a decade ago now?

No matter how much I ramble on, I can't actually show you that photo here, so it's incredibly confusing. I'm done with this.

It all began when I was hired by Director ZOU for the first time in over twenty years and started tying up a model named T.M. at the studio in Hongo Kikuzaka.

"I won't say a word, Nureki-san. With that model, tie her up freely. Do whatever you want from start to finish." Director ZOU said, making me incredibly happy.

I said, "Alright, let's do this!" and got completely carried away.

You won't find a director who says such a generous thing anywhere these days.

(Well, there was one other. Director Shoichi Yoshimura of CineMagic.)

Then, Director ZOU set up his camera and started taking still photos.

Wow, he really intended to leave today's entire shoot to me. That made me think, "Then I want him to take lots of great bondage photos to use for packaging and promotion."

I poured my spirit and passion into it, binding the model's hands behind her back with sharp, decisive movements and setting her poses.

Director ZOU, now the still photographer, didn't utter a single word of direction about the model's poses.

I confirmed the model's expressions and the reactions and changes in her body as I developed the bindings and poses one after another. I did it freely, exactly as I wanted.

After writing up to this point just now, I suddenly remembered a shoot from over a decade ago. That's why I went off on a tangent and ended up writing all this messy rambling.

Compared to back then over a decade ago, I've since interacted with many more bondage enthusiasts and come to understand what kind of bondage photos these dear fellow enthusiasts seek.

I studied and trained.

Even without intending to study, I'm completely immersed in this world. So experience and knowledge inevitably accumulate.

Just as B-san had absolute confidence in his "bondage photography," I too possess unshakable confidence in the "bondage photography" I favor.

My aesthetic and sexual sensibilities regarding bondage haven't changed one bit since sixty years ago.

Or rather, since this is an innate sexual inclination, it simply cannot change.

The video titled "Dream Rope" produced by ZOU seems to have been edited and is now complete.

I haven't seen it yet.

To summarize the email ZOU sent me,

"I personally feel this work is 'good enough' for this project, at least. Personally, I feel I haven't strayed from the 'perspective' that was the starting point. I want to aim for something better in this direction, something that resonates more with everyone (especially Nureki Sensei and Naka Akira-san). To that end, I believe Nureki Sensei's future 'chats' will be the best compass."

That's what it says.

What humble, modest, and sincere words these are.

In this chaotic industry we find ourselves in now, to be able to encounter such sincerity and a pure soul.

I felt my heart grow warm. Just from this passage alone, I feel I can grasp the quality of the visual work "Dream Rope."

It holds far more power for enthusiasts than any hollow string of words in exaggerated advertising.

ZOU-san apparently deemed acceptable the performance I created for this bondage video, where I freely used rope as I pleased, doing exactly what I wanted.

Good!

Thank you, ZOU-san!

Thanks to you, I was able to use rope freely and with a sense of pleasure I hadn't felt in a long time.

If there's anything I can do for you going forward, please don't hesitate to ask.

Next, I have a request for ZOU-san, or rather a request from myself.

After a little while, I'd like to borrow a corner of the Sex Museum to hold a workshop titled "Nureki Chimou's Bondage Workshop for Women."

I plan to gather about ten women exclusively interested in SM and bondage, and talk about bondage photography and bondage videos.

At that time, I would like to show a twenty to thirty minute video of "Dream Rope" as a part of the text, and give a concrete explanation of my rope-tying methods, posing techniques, and the mindset behind them.

(However, there will be absolutely no hands-on practice.)

Since the person actually tying the model in the video will be speaking, I believe it will be quite persuasive.

Furthermore, I think women rarely get the chance to see this kind of footage, so it should be well-received.

I haven't yet received formal permission from Director Nakahara Rutsu, but I believe they would lend it to us for about two hours in the evening.

In truth, I believe the inspiration gained from gatherings like this will fuel my desire to learn more about bondage, becoming the driving force for creating even better bondage videos.

Today's women clearly express their thoughts and opinions, so if this project materializes, I believe it will be a significant positive for the future.

Just imagine how luxurious and enjoyable this workshop would be if Director ZOU, Naka Akira, and the women who appeared in the videos were to attend.

However, this is just an idea that just popped into my head, so I haven't thought through any of the details yet.

The following comments from Mika Suzume-san and Maruki-San have been reproduced with their respective consent.

Comment from Mika Suzume-san

Thoughts on the 53rd Talking Theater

September 6, 2008, 00:12

Sensei, this is Mika.

The first half of this story continues from last time's tale about B-san, the cameraman.

This story really resonated with my everyday thoughts about SM.

Where exactly did I find this resonance? It was in the difference between the bondage photos taken by an enthusiast and the photos taken by the photographer. You could call them artistic photos, but ultimately, it's the difference between bondage photos taken by someone who's into it and someone who isn't.

To borrow your words, photos taken by such people "erase the subtle atmosphere that naturally emanates from her body. The 'soul' I put into the ropes becomes pitifully thin. Just as her bound body loses its soul and becomes a hollow shell, my ropes too become mere shells."

The enthusiasts aren't seeking so-called artistic beauty in bondage photos. They want to see photos that capture the quietly lingering shame, the way she endures the ropes. The photos that radiate the M aura you mentioned before.

No matter how complex or beautifully the ropes are tied, if you can't sense that M aura in the image, it may be artistically beautiful, but when viewed as SM, it is a photo utterly devoid of value.

Of course, preferences and tastes vary, so what people find appealing in SM is as unique as the individuals themselves. There are bound to be completely opposite viewpoints. But still...

But even with such differences, there lies an unbridgeable chasm between photos taken by someone without an SM inclination and those taken by someone who does.

Reading your writing, I feel that B-san is a truly excellent photographer, doing wonderful work as a professional.

I imagine he takes pride in his work and captures tense, compelling images. As photographs, they may be excellent, but viewed through the lens of SM, they likely fall short.

Even so, what an elusive filter SM is for the average person to grasp.

Those who share that inclination can nod along, “Yes, yes, that’s exactly it,” but when trying to explain it to someone without that inclination, it’s impossible to explain well. The more I try to explain, the more distant my own words feel from my own thoughts.

Nowadays, actresses laughingly say things like “I’m more of a masochist, you know” on TV, and AVs titled with “SM” are everywhere. It seems like SM has become mainstream. But to me, the truth is, SM feels like it’s still deep in the shadows.

“Nureki Chimuo’s Bondage Workshop for Women” How delightful.

“However, there will be absolutely no hands-on practice.”

That’s the best part.

If they tried explaining while actually doing it, SM might just turn into a silly comedy.

I’m not particularly fond of what you’d call a “bondage show,” if anything.

I’ve seen and participated in such shows before, but in most cases, it doesn’t feel like I’m watching (or doing) SM. It feels more like I’m watching (or doing) something that’s SM-like, but not actually SM.

The essence of SM transforms the moment it touches the audience, leaving behind only a hollowed-out, dead version of SM.

Explaining why I feel this way would take too long, and the more I explain, the further I feel I drift from my own feelings, so I won't elaborate. But I believe you understand this point, Sensei.

Given my perception of SM, when I hear the concept of "Nureki Chimuo's Bondage Lecture for Women," it strikes me as truly wonderful.

However, even though I pretend to be a woman, I'm actually a man, so I can't participate. That's a bit frustrating, isn't it?

Maruki-san's Comment

Thoughts on the 53rd Talking Theater

September 6, 2008, 19:35

I have seen "Dream Rope."

After seeing everything, my first thought was "there's no punishment." Please don't misunderstand, the "punishment" I'm referring to here isn't whipping or enemas (I absolutely detest so-called abuse videos). What I mean is that I couldn't see what the rigger wanted to do to the model, or what they wanted to convey. You could call it the "meaning" or "drama" of the ropes. In this video, I could only see Nureki-san's role as a mere "rope handler."

As someone who loves the old "Female Prison Fantasy" and "World of Rope," and above all, the "Kinbiken Videos," I was genuinely excited to see dramatic rope work again after reading about Nureki-san's "Talking Theater." I waited for its arrival with great anticipation.

But is this video really what you wanted to do?

I am also a huge fan of Nureki-san's paperback books. I was expecting visuals like those described in Ishitani-san's chapter in "Bondage: As Long as I Live." I hoped that the kind of "play" between Nureki-san and Rakka-san, the kind that makes me envious every time I read about it in "Talking Theater," would be expressed as a "drama" (not meaning a complex plot-driven drama, but rather a rope drama confined to a closed room with just the two of them).

Nureki San, likely the only true enthusiast among this video's director, performers, and staff, serves as the bondage specialist. Model T.M. and Naka Akira are giving their all to express that passion through their acting. I can feel it too. Nureki-san has always said that SM is "role-play" and "acting," and I deeply agree. However, watching Nureki-san in this video, I don't sense any desire to perform for the enthusiasts who will see it. I don't feel the "drama" he himself wants to express or act out.

In the video, Nureki says several times things like, "You look good when you're tied up," and either Naka-san or the director says, "Amazing." But is this really true? To me, it seems he's no better than the "bondage artists" he harshly criticizes.

I believe there are three types of people who tie. "Photography-focuses," "show-focused," and "play-focused." In photography, the result of the tying is captured by the photographer. Since the process and the passion behind the photos aren't directly visible, it's understandable that the person tying is just a "tie assistant." As photographer B-san says, it comes down to how many readers will resonate with that image.

However, video doesn't just show the process. Especially in a video like this one, with its enthusiast documentary style, it hinges on how well the dominant and submissive partners can exchange their respective sensibilities for bondage within the "play" of tying. I believe this is something that has been evident in Nureki-san's arguments all along.

While the other performers were putting in effort with their acting, the fact that Nureki-san only came across to me as a "bondage specialist" might be a matter of my own sensibilities, but it was very disappointing.

Naka-san has shared his thoughts (on "Talking Theater")⁵⁷. Will the next "Dream Rope" production also be this kind of work?

I hope for a work where I can feel Nureki-san's passion for rope and for his partner, much like his play with Rakka-san.

⁵⁷ Probably referencing Naka Akira's Bondage Diaries, and I am unsure if a digital record of these exist.

Given how high my expectations were, I apologize if this comment comes across as overly rude.

Thank you, Mika Suzume-san and Maruki-san.

Please feel free to share your thoughts if you've read it too.

2008.9.9

濡木痴夢男のおしゃべり芝居 第五十四回

Nureki Chimuo's Talking Theater Chapter 54

私が作務衣を嫌うわけ

Why I Dislike Workwear

I received a very kind letter from a person named Maruki-san regarding my new DVD work titled "Dream Rope," in which I appear on screen.

I am deeply grateful and moved.

I offer my heartfelt thanks and will now respond.

Before that, Mika Suzume-san also sent me a precious letter that means a great deal to me. I will write about that first.

(It seems Mika Suzume has not yet seen "Dream Rope.")

I've been promoting an event I'd like to hold at the Sex Museum sometime soon. It would be for women only, featuring a screening of a portion of "Dream Rope" with me providing commentary on the spot.

(However, this is still in the planning stage. While I have received approval from Mr. Naka Akira and model T.M., I have not heard back from Mr. ZOU. In other words, it is still undecided.)

I wrote a little about this in this "Talking Theater," as a sort of preview. In it, I added the note, "However, there will be absolutely no practical demonstrations."

Then, Mika Suzume promptly sent a very polite reply, praising that point in this way.

"If you try to explain while actually performing the techniques, I feel like SM might turn into a silly comedy. I don't particularly like what you'd call 'bondage shows.' I've seen and participated in such shows, but in most cases, it doesn't feel like watching (or doing) SM. It feels like watching (or doing) something that looks like SM but isn't. The essence of SM is transformed by touching the audience, leaving only a hollowed-out, dead SM behind."

As always, Mika-san possesses a terrifyingly sharp intuition regarding SM and bondage, coupled with clear analytical and critical abilities.

She understands my current position as if it were her own.

For example, regarding the cameraman, B-san, I wrote about, she commented,

“I believe the cameraman, B-san, is a fine photographer who does excellent work. I imagine he takes pride in his job and captures tense, compelling images. As photographs, they may be fine, but viewed through the filter of SM, they fall short.”

And that’s exactly right. She’s absolutely correct.

Generally speaking, he is a good photographer who does wonderful work. He has a pure character and is a sincere, good person.

So I, too, could never bring myself to say something like, “As a bondage photographer, from my perspective, this is what I don’t like about you.”

Even if I did say it, it’s not something that can be fixed at this point...

Even if someone is a serious, good person, conveying the taste, atmosphere, and, as Mika Suzume puts it, the “presence” of SM to someone who doesn’t possess that SM aura is an incredibly difficult feat.

I feel Mika Suzume-san sees the essence of B-san more sharply than I do, even though I actually work with him. She deserves respect.

Next, this relates to the contents of the letter we received from Mr. Maruki.

This is my reply to Mr. Maruki. Or rather, perhaps it would be better described as an explanation.

What Mr. Maruki says is one hundred percent correct. It is right.

I completely agree.

Therefore, my explanation is less an explanation and more simply an excuse.

As I wrote two entries ago, when I entered I studio in Hongo Kikusaka and reunited with Mr. Yumeryu ZOU (hereafter referred to as Mr. ZOU) after over twenty years, I found that six or seven filming staff members had already gathered around him, and preparations for filming were complete.

So, no matter how many times Mr. ZOU told me, “Don’t think of this as a shoot. Think of this as a private room with just you and the model. Do whatever you like,” the mood inside the studio had already, whether I liked it or not, settled into the posture of a “shoot,” something I’d experienced hundreds, thousands, even tens of thousands of times before.

Even if someone told me, who had just walked in, “Get into a mood as if you’re alone with the model,” it would be impossible. I didn’t understand the director’s intent.

Without any greeting or introduction, someone who seemed to be an assistant director approached me, placed some costume at my feet, and said, “please change into this.”

“What is this?” I asked.

“It’s a [samue](#). Today’s costume for the shoot.” No arguing with that.

“Eh? A samue?” I couldn’t help but ask again.

For some reason, there’s this strange tradition on film sets, whenever you put someone who ties up women on screen, they make them wear a samue. It’s been around for who knows how long.

I absolutely hate this thing called a samue.

When you wear a samue, it looks like it should be easy to move in with its loose sleeves, but in reality, the sleeves flap around, making it really hard to handle the ropes with precision.

No matter how short the sleeves are, they still get in the way of the fingers holding the rope.

The rope used to bind a woman’s body must flow smoothly from between the binder’s fingers, like water.

Let me make this perfectly clear.

The samue is unsuitable for the actual work of female bondage. It hinders the free movement of the fingertips.

Therefore, I tie up my models wearing a black short-sleeved shirt and comfortable, well-worn dark jeans.

Even when I appear on screen, I usually wear this outfit. I focus on clearly showing the tying process.

Handling the rope with clumsy, dull movements and looking unprofessional is shameful for a rope technician.

Therefore, to manipulate the rope comfortably and freely, I must eliminate anything that hinders the movement of my entire body, especially my arms, hands, and fingertips.

Once, on a shoot for a certain production company, I was handed what looked like a particularly high-quality, expensive-looking samue. "Please wear this. It's your costume," the director told me. I explained my reasons and refused.

Then, that director said, "I know you dislike samue, Nureki Sensei. But please wear this one for this shoot. Please, you're a master rope artist. A grand master of bondage. If you don't wear this and carry yourself with authority, it won't lend the proper prestige to the bondage."

"Prestige? Why does bondage need prestige? It's just bondage. Why treat it with such pomp and circumstance?"

"You may say that, but there are people who call themselves rope masters and think they're more important than ordinary folks."

"These people might be great, but I'm not great or anything. To think you can't do anything without binding a woman and restricting her freedom, isn't that the ultimate inferiority complex? How can someone who's basically a lump of inferiority act all high and mighty?"

"Don't say that. Just wear it. That's the kind of video this is."

Entering the studio, sure enough, on a white sheet over two meters long, "Nureki Chimuo Kinbaku Dojo"

Written in thick, black ink.

A set befitting a dojo was also complete.

Reluctantly, I slipped my arms into the sleeves of the samue.

The sleeves of that samue were thick at the cuffs, making them even more floppy and catching on my wrists, making them difficult to tie with.

Well, this kind of ridiculous situation has happened a few times in the past.

During the "Kinbiken" days, I absolutely refused to wear a samue.

For "Kinbiken," bondage is life itself.

Members of Kinbiken, and those who watch Kinbiken videos, should know very well that I dislike samue.

When I wear a samue, I feel my concentration on bondage somehow slips.

And another thing I dislike is that when I'm made to wear a samue, it feels like I'm donning a show costume, making me feel like a casual sideshow performer.

(To all you sideshow performers out there, I apologize for saying "casual." I know full well that behind that "casual" performance lies tremendous effort and training.)

Maruki-san also mentioned my piece "Bondage with Rakka-san."

So let me state this clearly. When I bind Rakka-san in the "closed room," I absolutely never wear a samue.

For instance, I wouldn't wear a samue to a love hotel (just imaging it makes me laugh.)

I wouldn't carry a samue in my bag and change into it inside either (obviously. That would be laughable too.)

Somehow, without even realizing it, I always end up in the most comfortable outfit. A short-sleeved shirt that lets my hands and fingers move freely.

This is the most realistic look (and if anyone were peeking, it would be the most powerful and lewd sight.)

A samue somehow creates a sense of distance between me and the woman I'm with.

Putting on a samue makes the intimacy with her vanish.

Tying up a woman in a love hotel room is about as intimate as it gets.

Wearing a samue while handling ropes not only makes rope work awkward, but it also feels like a mental hindrance.

In the sixth volume of the Kawade Bunko series, "Bondage: As Long as I Live," I wrote about wanting to make a bondage video starring Hide Ishitan-san.

I poured my heart and soul into meticulously writing out detailed scenes like a script, but in the end, it remained just a wish.

But I still have lingering feelings.

Even in that footage, if I appeared wearing a samue, no matter how intense the bondage I applied to Hide Ishtani-san, it would completely ruin the documentary mood.

But lately, I've grown up a little too.

During the filming of "Dream Rope," I put on the samue I was given with a big smile on my face.

Nearly ten people were waiting in the studio.

If I hadn't worn it, it would have ruined the atmosphere.

On a shoot, harmony is the most important thing above all else.

Somehow, I ended up writing all sorts of things about samue as if it were my sworn enemy.

I believe Mr. Maruki, the wise enthusiast, understood the feelings I entrusted to the samue.

I just wanted to mention that even something as simple as clothing can have subtle psychological effects on a man who handles rope with real women.

Of course, some might say it's ridiculous to be affected by such things; just tie her up hard and get to it.

But, Maruki-san, as I said at the start, this is ultimately just my excuse.

Nothing but an excuse.

(Who cares about that? Only the content matters.)

You'd be perfectly justified in thinking that.

I simply chatted away, hoping you might find some interest in this heartfelt confession from someone who's spent many long years as a bondage practitioner.

I'm grateful you gave me the chance to share these thoughts.

Next, I'd like to consider what Maruki-san refers to as the "photography faction," "show faction," and "play faction."

Mika Suzume-san writes, "When performing shows, I feel like I'm doing something that resembles SM, yet it's different from SM itself."

This is truly a profound statement.

Well said.

Actually, I completely agree.

The expression “something like SM” is truly a perfect way to put it.

Addendum

The following was transcribed from a link in the blog that linked the homepage of the Sex Industry Museum. I translated the page for non-Japanese readers.

The original link: <http://pl-fs.kir.jp/pc/index.html>

風俗資料館 ABNORMAL MUSEUM

About a three-minute walk up Kagurazaka from JR Iidabashi Station lies the members-only library, the Fuzoku Shiryoukan. (It has since relocated to Okubo Street.)

It holds nearly every issue from publications launched in the 1940s, like “Kitan Club,” “[Fuzoku Soshi](#),” and “Fuzoku Kagaku,” through “[Fuzoku Kitan](#)” and “Uramado,” to various current SM magazines.

While not entirely complete, it also holds prewar publications like “Hentai Shiryo” and the mass-produced cast-off magazines churned out immediately after the war. For this type of material, it is undoubtedly Japan’s most comprehensive library.

–From an introduction published in a weekly paper.

* Warning *

The Abnormal Museum collects and preserves materials centered on SM magazines. Members can freely browse its vast collection of over 17,000 volumes within the museum. To introduce part of this collection, this website also contains adult imagery.

Therefore, minors are strictly prohibited from viewing this site.

–First Director of the Abnormal Museum / Former Editor-in-Chief of Fuzoku Kitan [Takakura Ichiro](#)

The following is a translation of an advertisement for ZOU’s DVD site. The original link is no longer in existence, but I was able to pull the following from The Internet Archive.

ZOU-Club - Naka Akira Bondage Enthusiasts Club

The true essence of female bondage.
“The Sensuality of Restraint”
Slowly, intensely.

Beautiful women who love ropes.
“Rope Bliss” “Rope Intoxication”
And “Rope Madness”

All is true on location!

Rejecting all embellishment and staging, the ZOU Club seeks such a world.

Born in 1959. Around the age of thirty, he encountered “Kinbaku Beauty Research Society” (commonly known as “Kinbiken”), founded by the foremost authority on hemp rope bondage, Nureki Chimou-san. There, he first learned of hemp rope bondage. In particular, when he witnessed Nureki-san’s hemp rope bondage techniques firsthand, he felt a powerful spark of inspiration, thinking “This is it!” He was captivated by its sensuality and thus became a member of the society in one fell swoop. Since then, revering him as a master, he inherited the “Nureki-ryu” style. He further refined it with even tighter, more intricate rope work and binding, establishing a unique realm of kinbaku beauty and the sensual beauty of rope restraint that could be called the “Naka-ryu” style. This is the essence of “Aesthetic School Rope Restraint Kinbaku” (Written by ZOU)

In March 2008, he partnered with ZOU to launch the “ZOU Club - Naka Akira Kinbaku Enthusiasts’ Society,” charting a course for further evolution and deepening, a life of leisurely rope devotion. Centered around the CineMagic label, he has achieved contemporary prominence, collaborating with Director Tojiro on the Dogman label, and with ZOU on the Art label for series like “Nawa Etsu”