

NLA-DALLAS

NewsLeather

Leather: It's who you are, not what you wear

NLA-Dallas is about Education * Activism * Community



BEYOND VANILLA

OCTOBER 3, 2020 LINEUP

TC: Negotiations 101

Doc Bubbles & KitKat Ann: Scare Tactics

Maverick: Gender: Exploring the Spectrum

Lee Harrington: Intentional Relationship Design

Hardy Haberman: Amazing Feats of Magic

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LEATHER EDUCATION: Leather Traditions Old and New

Traditions, whether they are from the days of old or even more recent, play an important part in our lives. Traditions can be built on ceremony or held in private, and they have a place both with those who walk the leather path and those who don't. The best part about traditions is that they connect us and strengthen our group bonds, reminding us that we are part of something special.

Our traditions are as varied as the stars in the sky, as they have grown within each community's unique circumstances. For instance, while steeped in history, presenting someone with boots does not have one set tradition. One can find everything from making a big show of it to a small private thing to "here are your boots, congratulations," as they are just handed to someone. The Dallas tradition can include community members peeing on the newly presented boots, though accommodations have been made for those who might find that overly objectionable (apple juice makes a fine alternative). As these traditions have been passed down through time, groups and families, they have sometimes been modified to fit the individual person or group.

Many of Leather's traditions and protocols originated with military life and later came from gay motorcycle clubs. Protocols might have included actions showing respect, such as refraining from touching another's leathers without permission or waiting to be properly introduced to speak to someone. (continued)

*Continued on page 4*

NLA-DALLAS MEMBER SPOTLIGHT: Miss Velvet Steele



Miss Velvet Steele (she/her)

Miss Velvet found NLA-Dallas through a friend, so she made a point of attending the next monthly general meeting. When asked why NLA-Dallas feels like home, she explains, "The more I get to know people, the more welcome and at home I feel." She compliments NLA-Dallas for offering opportunities for togetherness, even in the COVID era, but has a desire to see the group strengthen and be more visible as a trusted source of community education and leadership throughout the year. To her, Leather means "Kinky with a code of conduct that emphasizes integrity and a sense of being true to oneself and one's people. Loyalty. Community." Since meeting Miss Velvet, there's no surprise about her growth into the Leatherwoman that she is today, considering one of her top Vanilla passions is learning. She embraces learning new skills, ideas, and ways of thinking, which is only the tip of the iceberg. Opera and friendships are especially valuable to her uniqueness. She describes excellent classical operatic music as filling her heart and soul in a way that "feels like I have touched the divine," and "experiencing it live in a darkened theatre, in communion with others who love it, is sublime." She creates flattering imagery when talking about her friends; they "give color to the tapestry of my life" and she treasures every moment spent with them.

One of Miss Velvet's first experiences with Leather was having a discussion with Miss Elizabeth where a simple idea was shared, "If you think you're Leather, you are." Having no concrete understanding of what she was talking about, her search continued for more clarification. However, in 2019 while volunteering at BED, that idea made perfect sense. One evening, with some down time to chill, she joined a group of people by the pool. As she looked around, she noticed everyone was wearing leather. Ursus loaned her his jacket to cut the chill and it settled on her like a forgotten friend. She fondly recalls, "I sat and watched and listened, and I knew I'd found my home."

When asked about her top 3 Leather or kink passions, she shared: Setting the scene, Needles, and Community. Although she doesn't plan her scenes in great detail, she does savor the anticipation of planning the broad strokes and assembling any necessary gear, as well as the quieting of her mind and narrowing her focus while dressing for the occasion. She loves the feeling of inserting needles into flesh, the reactions they elicit, and the creativity of placing and adorning them. She states that she has found a community in Leather that encourages her curiosity, values her contributions, and expects high standards. In short, it feels like family. Make sure to say hello to Miss Velvet when you see her. She can also be reached on Facebook at Velvet Steele or Fetlife at MissVelvetSteele.

Making a mask for a costume is an easy project to make out of leather! Chuck shows some simple ways to get patterns that can then be transferred onto leather, wet formed and adding a variety of decorations. -Video courtesy of Weaver Leather



UCLSE 2020 CANDIDATES



NLA-Dallas has a long history with the United Court of the Lone Star Empire, a 501c3 organization, both by supporting the mission of the Court and with overlapping membership. Current NLA-Dallas members and reigning monarchs Dan and Valerie step down soon. Voting to select the next monarchs is on October 10 in the parking lot of The Dallas Eagle, home bar to both NLA-Dallas and the UCLSE. For more info, please check out <https://www.dallascourt.org/>

“Summon Him” by Trix LotusWolf

At five feet tall and slightly plump, Sara Clarence, had a radiant smile to match her fiery hair. Never at a loss for partners, pleasing as they were, they had always left a taste in her mouth for something more. Each day, Sara passed a shabby looking occult shop across from her job but never had the right amount of courage to step inside...until today. The draw to go inside was irresistible. Her feet crossing the threshold, she found titles and herbs she had never heard of. One book in particular called to her: "A Summoning of a Lover." Her fingers turned the book of spells in her hands, nervous about the energy she felt calling. After a moment of hesitation, she brought it to the cashier and quickly slid out the door.

Weeks passed as she read the book, all the while gathering tools, candles, herbs and picking the perfect place for the ritual. Samhain (All Hallow's Eve) finally came upon her. She pulled on her most sultry black dress and made her way to the woods outside of her home - book and ingredients in tow.

Looking around to make sure all was safe, she reached the circle she had cleared out during the past week and dropped the bag, blanket, and book. She laid everything on a red pillar candle, some various herbs, some wine, and a bundle of rope. She didn't understand why the spell had called for the rope as it was used nowhere in the text, but she brought it anyway.

The sun set and the full moon was rising as she finished setting up her space and then poured a glass of wine. "The worst thing that could happen is me looking stupid, and I'm pretty familiar with that." She tossed back the last of her wine and opened to the page she had marked with the sales receipt from the store. "Summon Him" it was titled. She read aloud as she followed the steps to the spell, finishing with the last step of lighting the red candle.

The spell now complete, Sara looked around expectantly. There was no one around. No magical lover who could make her feel what she was looking for. "Figures," she scoffed as she tossed the book aside and grabbed the bottle of wine, turning it up and finishing it spilling just a little on the ground. She lay down on the blanket with her bag balled up under her head and watched the candle's flame lick the wax away. "At least it's a beautiful night," she sighed and closed her eyes.

With a bolt and a gasp, she awoke abruptly to find herself hanging in the air, suspended with some intricate pentacle of rope across her chest. Mouth open, eyes wide, she let out a silent scream. A deep voice growled, "You will scream many times tonight, but no one will hear them. You summoned me here, and here am I." The sound of claws against the grass and leaves sent chills up her spine as the speaker appeared before her. The sight of the beast pulled another silent scream from her lips. He chuckled as his sharp claws roamed across her silk black dress, ripping trails of holes in their wake until it hung off of her like a shredded rag. Nicking her flesh a few times, she whimpered as the hot liquid swelled from her skin. "But lover... I'm who you asked for." He indicated the red candle that had seemed to not burn down at all, its flame flickering against the night. "Now you have me until the flame is spent and I intend to make you cry, beg, and plead for me to stay with you."

His claws dragged against the ground as he disappeared behind her once more. A hum through the air heralded a light knife-like slice in her behind. She whimpered as she struggled to steady herself with her tiptoes. Another hum and cut. She cried out as each one was harder than the one before. Another and another, no real rhythm of the fall of the whip, nor did he seem to be counting. She became lost within each strike and time became meaningless. Her bottom welted and bleeding, her body excited and trembling for him, tears stung her cheeks.

"Beg me," he laughed. She opened her mouth, but words refused to come. Her screams had worn her throat raw. She thought as loud as she could, "Please Sir, Please give me release!" She instantly felt his hot breath against her shoulder and his teeth on her skin...and then nothing. Just ...nothing. She glanced up to see the red candle reach its spend before his arms disappeared from her waist and she fell to the ground.

The sun was bright and warm against Sara as her eyes fluttered open. Her skin was covered by some sort of fur blanket, and the air around her smelled of sweet spices and sweat. The night came rushing back to her as she sat up and immediately cried out, her hands reaching for the tender welts on her bottom and thighs. She smiled coyly as she poked them a little more then picked up her book which fell open to the page labeled "Summon Him." There she found a scrawled note in what looked like blood, **"Next time use a larger candle, pet."**



LEATHER EDUCATION (Continued from page 1)

Then, as now, they varied according to locale but typically governed interpersonal questions and behavior such as eye contact, use of honorifics, deportment, and even personal care. As these protocols thrived, they began to develop into some of our most cherished traditions.

Among these traditions are heartfelt traditions of earned leather, which often follow a particular order: boots first to signify you are walking your Leather path, then pants and a belt showing you are progressing and wrapping yourself in your Leather lifestyle, then a vest to show your community involvement, and finally a Master's cover, which always goes on straight with only 2 fingers spacing between the brim and the bridge of your nose with no one touching the brim.

Public ceremonial presentations of covers are relatively new in terms of traditions - the term Master was used for experienced Leathermen whose skill, knowledge, and experience led others to call him a master of his craft without a formal "bestowing" of the title - but they can be quite moving. In this tradition, someone is presented their cover (cap) by their community or family, and the style of presentation runs the gamut from formal to casual, from all-inclusive to intimate. One common element of many of these ceremonies is that a covered Master, an honored member of the community, will hold the cover and give a heartfelt speech about the recipient's accomplishments, place in the community, and their character, including what a difference they have made in the speaker's life. Oftentimes, several people or all present will take a turn extolling the recipient's virtues, creating a meaningful and memorable ritual.

Our traditions cover a menagerie of many items from covers to vests to boots, both earned and gifted. They can be unique to different contests and families as well as to the different groups that make up our community. Some find it useful to create their own traditions for their families or cohorts as a way to form memories and build family lore. "One tradition that I brought with me from the military to my life as a bootblack was to pass my kit to my apprentice," says NLA-Dallas Programs Chair KinkyIrishCowboy. "I filled the kit up with the basic products that she would need to get started and passed it onto her. I did that because the kit itself had history, and I wanted that history to grow with other people."

Bootblacks themselves have a unique tradition which began at Southwest Leather Conference SWLC in 2005. One of the bootblacks at the event was celebrating a birthday and chocolate cake was offered. Chaos ensued as they found a multitude of ways to share the chocolaty goodness. Thus began a tradition, and nowadays chocolate cake is often shared in a unique way whenever a group of bootblacks gather for fun and shenanigans. Chocolate cake has become synonymous with bootblacks, and it has become an integral part of bootblack gatherings.

Our traditions, whether they are new or steeped in history, are just that: OURS! But in looking at any community traditions, one can often find something in it that harkens back to its military and/or gay motorcycle club roots. Both long-standing and more recent traditions tell a story. By carrying them on we are honoring those that have gone before, building communal memories, and creating stories for those who come after. **Article written by KinkyIrishCowboy and Miss Velvet Steele**



Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence honoring Ruth Bader Ginsburg in front of the Capital (Sacramento, CA) (l-r) Novice Sister Natasha Salad (in civies)(she/her), Sister Oddrey Hestrburn, Sister Ova D'Rainbow (she/har) and Sister Agnes Flamin'Go (she/her)

BOOTBLACK CORNER: Brooklyn

We sat down with Brooklyn, a local Bootblack and Bootblack mentor extraordinaire. She has competed in all three international title contests, and four of the many aspiring Bootblacks she has trained have gone on to compete and win titles themselves.

When did you realize you were a Bootblack?

B: I saw another group doing something very naughty to a boot, and I wanted to do it, too.

What does being a Bootblack mean to you?

B: Being a bootblack means I'm an artist. [We're] very creative artists that can bring something from total devastation, bring it back to life again, and give it a second chance at a new day. I am still learning and maintaining my craft to this day.



Brooklyn (she/her)

Do you have a title or desire to have one? If yes, would you tell us more?

B: Apparently, I'm still the current Alamo City Bootblack 2017, I was third runner up twice at International Mr. Bootblack (IMBB), and I was first alternate at International Ms. Bootblack (IMsLBB). I have made history for all three bootblack competitions.

Tell us about your Bootblack journey. How did you get started? Has it been a smooth one? Bumpy?

B: I started at the Dallas Eagle back in 2011, and it's been bumpy and smooth ever since - like peanut butter, the chunky kind! It's been a wild ride, and I wouldn't change it for the world.

What's been a memorable experience you've had as a Bootblack?

B: Walking as myself at IMsLBB !

What advice would you give to someone who wants to be a Bootblack?

B: I say go for it! Welcome to the family! Enjoy your stay, and stay out of trouble...or if you do get in trouble, at least enjoy it! (and don't let TC catch you....LMAO!)

COMMUNITY FLAGS: Leather Boy/Boi



Boy Pride (or Boi Pride) flag is meant to represent Boys/Bois, a sub-group of the leather culture. The word originally denoted younger and submissive gay men, often newcomers to the community, with an appreciation for older and dominant men (these being called Sirs, Masters or Daddys). In time, it has become a beacon for anyone who identifies as a leather boy/boi, no matter the duration of time spent in the community.

The whole design obviously reflects the original use of the word "boy/boi", even though it seems to have little in common with its present-day use as the

basis for logos of some leathermen clubs which use the phrase "boys of leather" in their name.

The original design by Keith Pollanen was based off of Tony Deblases' Leather Pride flag; it retains the original's equal number of stripes, but they are diagonal from left to right, with the left higher symbolizing the Sir, and the right lower representing the boy. The heart was moved to the right to show where the boy's heart is, and the blue was replaced with green to represent the boys/bois as newbies or greenhorns. The size of heart might vary according to presented images, however the flag appears to be designed with the heart overlapping only 2 of the bars.

Roughly 3 feet by 5 feet, the first ever physical Leatherboy Pride flag was created in January 2000 by Robert Dogan. Robert had excellent sewing skills, and Keith called on him to assist in making the flag so that DCBOL could carry it in the DC Pride Parade. It took 6 hours and looked like what a 10 year old could have done in 15 minutes, but it is a grand flag. Later that year it was donated to the Leather Archives and Museum, where it still is today.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES: **New Leather Dallas**



Are you new to the lifestyle or maybe just new to the Dallas area? Well there is a group for that! New Leather Dallas is a group dedicated to education for LGBTQIA+. Originally started as a group for 18- 21 year olds so that these people have the opportunity to acclimate to the kink environment before integrating into the community, it now welcomes the new kink generation, regardless of age.

Started 5 to 6 years ago by Steven Grant, the group's current leadership took on growing and guiding the group as a love project. These 3 individuals have many years of experience between them. Giant, Laurel, and Ursus make up a great team that invites the new generation to kink, be you 18 or 45. In this leadership panel, Giant handles a lot of

their social media presence, Laurel handles a lot of the planning and coordinating, and Ursus, being the social butterfly, mingles amongst the people and is a welcoming pair of open arms.

Monthly coffees, munches, or dinners give you the opportunity to speak and learn in a sex positive atmosphere. There is no donation, charge, or age limit for this opportunity to learn and meet others. The munches usually include a lesson, and the group holds a Leather Educational panel twice a year. They choose the topic of discussion based on the ebb and flow of the community, with a beginners education course tossed in as needed. The panels are usually held at the Dallas Eagle and during South Central Leather competition and ILSB and include an opportunity to ask questions and learn more. These panels have featured names such as Hardy Haberman, Donna Dumae, Valerie, Sugar Bear, and Miss Elizabeth.

One of the group's projects for this year is an Intergenerational Mentorship Program. The basis is for the older and younger generations to teach each other. There's some backlash when the older generation asks questions about new groups or identities that they aren't familiar with, and it can lead to them feeling disconnected and ostracized for trying to understand. Our younger generation is craving stories and information from their elders that can help them navigate the lifestyle long term. This program gives a safe place for both parties to do this.

New Leather Dallas uses their online presence to offer educational posts, advertise classes offered on zoom, and answer questions for people who are new in this community. They do a vetting process for that group by asking some security questions. In this group, you will find a number of different individuals with questions and in need of advice. If you are interested in participating, you can find them on Facebook by searching New Leather Dallas.



Let's Do A Little Leather Halloween Shopping!



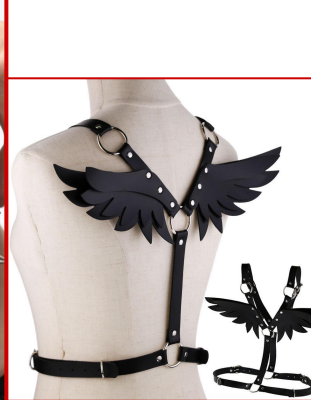
[Gothic Halloween Biker Boots](#)



[Bat Garters](#)



[Leather Face Mask](#)



[Gothic Punk PU Leather Body Belt Angel Wings](#)



[Black Lace Up Corset Choker](#)



[Spooky Butt Plug](#)

Disclaimer: We seek to introduce our members to the wide variety of kink merchants, with no explicit or implicit endorsement by NLA-Dallas.

POET'S CORNER: **Noelle Boone**

An excerpt from Noelle's poem "***I asked for this***"



It's quiet anxiety at first.

Building.

Rising.

Raising waves of succulent fear, and anticipated horror.

I've been given only morsels of insight at this point, every crumb of the terrors to come careful scraped from my own tepid requests. We are bakers of a hateful bread, unleavened and unleaving fear that sits in the back of the throat, taking residence for weeks upon my palate. We bake and break our bread to serve appetites grotesque. A hungry mouth needs to eat, and how can we leave shit behind if digestion doesn't occur?

I asked for this.

It's the hill upon which I make but another last stand. I am scared of the prayers I've offered to dark things, yet I am scared of myself more.

For all of the looming pain and misery, I asked for this.

I asked for this.

I begged for this.

I needed this.

What kind of creature does that make me?

I am here to receive, and we aim to please.

Escorted to my demise by my lover and protector, my trembling feet cross a threshold that I've only seen in nightmares. "Welcome to the dungeon." Careful lips beneath sympathetic eyes hurl these atrocities against my quaking form. I am spat upon, drenched in the mucus of their amity. Soaked, stinking and stained in the filth offered by only the truly gentle. I hate them, and they know it. I hate this, and I hate that, but most of all, I hate me.

What the fuck am I even doing here?

I asked for this.

The music is loud, the lights are low and I have sunk to the floor. My ever-watchful guardian is Judas, treasonous and dancing to the ministrations of my dark things. She seals my fate with a butterfly's kiss, pulling me to my feet just to throw me upon the altar of the iniquitous. Her beautiful, quivering liar's eyes are the last thing I see before stifling darkness swallows my sight and drinks the stagnating liquid air from my lungs. Arms wrap around the bag wrapped around me and I am pulled away.

I asked for this

The dark things lead me to a pillar, lashing my arms around it with tape to keep me firm in their clutching grasp.

I asked for this.

Claws and talons dance down my back, twirling and cascading against feverish, needy flesh.

I asked for this.

My clothes are torn off, but the dark things are so overwhelmingly gentle. I'm screaming on the inside, but my lips are disobedient to the whims of these monsters that I have submitted myself to. Tongue, cheeks, curses and pleas, I bite down on them all, crushing this weakness between my teeth until all I can taste is blood behind the arterial fear.

I asked for this, and I will give no quarter. I will not beg for mercy.

I asked for this.

**To read the poem in its entirety, click [here](#).*

Calendar of Lifestyle Events in the D/FW Area

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
<h1 style="color: red;">October</h1> <p style="color: red;">2020</p>				<p>1 7pm submissive's corner: Sensual massage with Tao Hedonist 8pm Gurls Night Out</p>	<p>2 7pm DFW-LINK \$10 Charity Party 9pm \$5 First Friday</p>	<div style="background-color: red; color: white; padding: 10px; border-radius: 50%; display: inline-block;"> <p>BV Online & BV After Hours</p> </div>
<p>4 1:30 pm TGRA Dallas Chapter Monthly Meeting 3pm NTX Littles and Friends play date</p>	<p>5 7pm NLA-Dallas General Meeting 7pm LL&K Munch (Arlington)</p>	<p>6 11:30 DFW Lunch Munch (Ft. Worth) 7pm Kink or Bust: Building your bag on a budget</p>	<p>7 7pm T-Bear Club Night</p>	<p>8</p>	<p>9 7pm: AMOK Play Party 8pm The Madwelders Hides Class 10pm Discipline Corps - Club Night</p>	<p>10 11am DFW Lunch Munch 2nd Saturday Brunch Munch 12pm Dallas Bears Membership Meeting 7pm TOP "Trick o' Treat Yo'self" Dungeon Bash 6pm UCLSE Voting 7pm NLA-Dallas Bar Night 9pm \$10 Second Saturday</p>
<p>11 3pm UCLSE Monthly Membership Meeting</p>	<p>12 7pm LL&K Munch (Arlington)</p>	<p>13 11:30 DFW Lunch Munch (Arlington) 7pm Kink or Bust: Knife Play</p>	<p>14</p>	<p>15</p>	<p>16 7pm S&M October Party</p>	<p>17 5pm Gaybingo Dallas 5:30pm Orientation - Intro to BDSM 7pm SILK Saturday 8pm Masquerade Ball 9pm Dallas Bears Club Night 10pm ONYX: Central Southwest Chapter - Club Night</p>
<p>18 3pm NTX Littles and Friends play date: Halloween Littles Style</p>	<p>19 7pm LL&K Munch (Arlington)</p>	<p>20 11:30am DFW Lunch Munch (Ft Worth) 7pm Handcuffs with KingKey 7:30pm Lone Star boys of Leather Club Night</p>	<p>21 8pm S.L.U.T.S club night</p>	<p>22 7:30pm UCLSE pillow talk</p>	<p>23 6pm Fourth Friday 7pm Howl-O-Kink 8pm Rope 101 with JP Whatever</p>	<p>24 5pm UCLSE Dallas Coronation 46 8pm CBT Class with Nerys Michelle</p>
<p>25</p>	<p>26</p>	<p>27 11:30am DFW Lunch Munch (Bedford) 7pm Kink or Bust Sounding with Gg Enigma</p>	<p>28 7pm UCLSE Club Night</p>	<p>29</p>	<p>30 8pm What's in a Toy bag</p>	<p>31 HAPPY Halloween 9pm Zombie Prom Halloween Party</p> 

***DUE TO COVID-19, PLEASE FOLLOW THE LINK TO ENSURE THE EVENT IS STILL HAPPENING!**

Calendar events courtesy of [Make a Difference](#), [FetLife](#), Facebook and individual contributions.

To ensure your event is listed, please contact newsleather@googlegroups.com



Editor's Request for the next issue:

Did you enjoy the holiday writings in this issue? Then please assist us with November! What is something you are most thankful for on your kink/leather journey? Please send your thoughts to NewsLeather@googlegroups.com by **10/24/20!!**



This issue was brought to you by Katrine, KinkyIrishCowboy, Miss Velvet Steele, Patience, Sir Tender and Trix LotusWolf