

location, location, location

*Yet all experience is an arch, wherethrough gleams that
untravell'd world, whose margin fades forever as I move.*

—TENNYSON

Nothing aids adventure as much as a change of scenery. Cinching down the safety belt and getting away with your lover for your own production of *Abducted in Acapulco*, *Bound in Barcelona*, *Kidnapped in Katmandu*, or just plain *Tied Up in Terre Haute* is a wonderful way to add a little umbrella to your sexual highball. But packing up your “troubles” in your old *domme* bag can be trouble for you unless you take certain precautions.

dante's baggage claim

I am quite certain that a special part of Hades awaits the parties responsible for airplane hijackings and the 9/11 terrorist attacks. Perhaps nothing has limited the range and mobility of the innocent fetishist more than the security checks at airport terminals. The probing eye of the X ray scanner sees all and tells all to the underpaid, overuniformed, undereducated TSA (Thousands Standing Around) agents, who wait to rifle through and drool over your very personal personables, and always in front of your traveling companions queued up in line to get to the gates.

Getting ready for these little friskings is good practice for keeping one's dark side in the dark, not exposed to the harsh light of some government agency's fluorescent lamps.