

Welcome to gloria-brame Interactive

[Home](#) | [Gloria's Kinky Links](#) | [Gloria's Counseling FAQ](#) | [The Well-Read Head](#) | [W.D. Brame](#)

Selected Highlights from the [Message Boards](#) of [gloria-brame.com](#)

Archivist: [Ketzele](#), property of W. D. Brame

[[Up](#)] [[All About Catherine Gross](#)] [[fetishauctioneer.com](#)] [[to be a good top](#)] [[Old Guard](#)]
[[Public vs. Private: Etiquette, Protocol and Manners](#)] [[D/s Families](#)] [[Vaughan Keith National Educator Award](#)]
[[Sub Hubby Came Out to me](#)] [[The Challenge](#)] [[Using Conditioning: Ethical or not?](#)] [[Helpless Bottoms?](#)]
[[Dominance](#)] [[Emotional Edge Play](#)] [[Hierarchal Structures](#)] [[Body Image](#)] [[Discipline and Goals](#)]

Body Image

1 [notnilla](#)

2002-11-13 11:38

How does BDSM affect your body image? How has BDSM changed how you feel about your body?

Catherine

2 [singed_phoenix](#)

2002-11-13 20:08

i am happy with my body. i am even happy with my little boobs and bird legs. Since my nipples have been pierced, my boobs are easily found using metal detector. Also, it takes less rope to tie down bird legs so that cuts down on cost.

All kidding aside, i think SM has helped me with body image. Back in my teens, i used to be extremely self-conscious about my body and i even went through a period where i wouldn't even wear shorts--let alone a bathing suit or birthday suit. When i met first owner (late teens), all of that changed because She didn't want me bundled up all the time like the Michelin man. There were lots of things i was self-conscious about and i felt like she wouldn't want to look at my ugly body all the time while i was running around serving her. i felt like i would disgust her. But she insisted on my being exposed and she didn't let me hide any part of me. And she never said anything bad about my body and she seemed pleased to have me bared and said so. So that gave me confidence.

That kind of set the stage for my body-image future and present. i have my first owner to thank for that and i am grateful. i have had 3 owners including current and none of them have made fun of my body--save for off-handed comments about my miniscule boobs, which are made in jest and are usually quite funny. i can sincerely laugh at them. It is still unnerving to wander around naked and was especially hard for first few times with new owner. But i think that is more humiliation factor than poor body image.

i think SM has definitely helped with body image. There is no need to be embarrassed by my body now since my Owner knows every inch of it and she hasn't rejected me yet. i think that a lot of people in community have different or more expanded idea of what is beautiful--beyond the 2-dimensional idea of beauty portrayed in

Vogue magazine.

3 [sweetbottom](#)

2002-11-14 09:47

Ah! My most pernicious issue!

My body image has suffered greatly over the years. Had a kid at a young age = stretch marks & saggy skin. Used to be trim, now full figured. Can't say I've ever felt comfortable in my skin.

I recently had a tummy tuck to get rid of the stuff left over from the kid. Now I have a flat tummy and a new belly button. But the scar is from hip to hip and will take time to diminish. Met a new Dom recently. We had one coffee date, and we talked for 8 hours. We seem to have a lot in common and he makes me laugh. But he's in very good shape physically and I am full and round and currently scarred from hip to hip. Our coffee date ended with some very passionate good night kisses - he initiated them. And we have another date for tomorrow night. All I have been able to think about is how extra-large I am and why would he be attracted to me? Augh! I must say that the men I've met in the BDSM community seem drawn to full figured women - there is a lot more acceptance of curves in this world. And over the summer - one very hot evening at Hellfire in Manhattan - they staged a big butt contest. The woman that won had a super large (and scrumptuous looking) butt. The whole room cheered and clapped when she showed it off.

I need to relax about my body - I know this. But I still find it hard to accept that men - especially men in good physical shape - could be attracted to me exactly as I am.

4 [Thaien](#)

2002-11-14 14:52

Well, there are those of us out here who are envious in the extreme of small breasts and wishwishwish we had them.

It's another reason I can't afford to gain weight. It goes first to my breasts.

5 [knyghtflyher](#)

2002-11-14 20:10

sweetbottom,

<<I must say that the men I've met in the BDSM community seem drawn to full figured women - there is a lot more acceptance of curves in this world.>>

i would have to agree with you there hun. "Nilla" society as a whole seems to want to shove us into the closet if we are not "Barbie dolls or Masculine Hard-bodies"

i dreaded my first public play experience, mostly because i assumed that the people there would all be the "Barbie / Hard-body" types, who would take one look at me and laugh etc,etc...

To my complete amazement though, i have come to find out that the people involved in BDSM are very down-to-earth and accepting.

knyghtsdragon

Who is not exactly "Barbie" and a charter member of the IBTC (Itty Bitty Titty Committee)38C... LOL

6 [notnilla](#)

2002-11-15 13:25

I don't think I have ever met anyone who didn't at one time or another have body issues. At one time, I was thin, muscled and had no issues because I fit the societal image of a "good" body.

I aged, I ate, things changed. I had similar issues mentioned here (not understanding how folks could be attracted). I did a really important exercise that helped me alot.

I asked myself what I knew that was factual to support my belief system that I was unattractive. I came up with several answers that were interesting and ultimately freeing for me.

I concluded my mother didn't find me attractive. I decided that didn't matter-- I didn't want to date her anyway.

I concluded some people found me unattractive. However, I also discovered that many more people did and it was a fact that I was chased by more people than I could actually manage to date/top. The scales were tipped in my favor decidedly.

It was a good thing.

Then I discovered something else. The public SM communities I have come across are realistic about bodies and appreciate all bodies. That is and was pretty amazing.

Catherine

7 [Trinity](#)

2002-11-15 17:57

Um... I have you beat dragon... 34b here

and I heart my tits anyway. Nature compensated by giving me big ol' perky nipples.

:-D

Oh, and I too was thrilled to see all kinds of bodies in public dungeon spaces.

-T

8 [rabidchihauhau](#)

2002-11-15 20:53

All,

not to let the ladies here have all the fun - I heart my cock.

Get's the job done, is reliable - when it wants to be (they do have a mind of their own as most women hasten to inform us) - and after 43 years I've grown fairly attached to it.

Doesn't talk much, but I consider that a bonus.

9 [TheirFaerieGirl](#)

2002-11-15 21:00

When i met my husband online, obviously this was before he was my husband, i tried to discourage him. Based on my body. I failed.

When i met him r/l the first time, i weighed about 60lbs more than i do now. and he worshiped every inch. i found myslef naked alot. and paying more attention to my body than ever. in a good way, it was a good thing, strong, gave me and him pleasure.

suddenly i started losing weight. i didn't change anything, i just started respecting my body, what it could do, what it wanted, needed. it worked the weight fell off.

then i met Master, he is a very very health consious man, small, but strong. i was very very self consious around him at first. but then, the first time we played, he put his thigh cuffs on me, he had bought them with his previous sub, they won't stay up on me. they fall to the floor everytime.

between these two wonderful men, i have learned to treasure my body for what it is.

faerie

10 [Hawkins's kate](#)

2002-11-16 17:30

i suppose i've had an odd upbringing. i was never taught to be ashamed of nakedness until it was way too late to start taking it too seriously.

i love my body, always have. Some parts of it are pleasing to at least my own eyes, others show the same lack of perfection you see in everyone else everywhere...

When i loose too much weight i become prone to catch every bug flying around, when i become too heavy my clothes don't fit no more...

i am small. Only 5 ft 2. Small boobs, small feet, small ears...etc. i need help in supermarkets getting something off the top shelf. i have two stools in my house that get lugged everywhere so i can reach up higher than the

average hobbit (lol) Since i am small, every pound i gain is visible. After being off the pill, on the pill, off the pill again, and now trying to ignore my body getting used to a coil, i am currently not what one would call skinny. But! i fit in every bed i have ever had to sleep in (friends recently came back from holiday in Egypt, and apart from great time had, 'he' had to sleep at a diagonal in every bed as he is too tall by Egyptian standards), and i don't have to walk around in an eternal slouch because i'm afraid i'll hit my head...(other friend must bend head to avoid losing it every time goes through standard European door)

The one thing i really dislike about my body has nothing to do with its appearance, well not really.

i cannot eat or drink anything even related to milk. It makes me very very ill, almost straight away. Very much of a nuisance, especially when people invite you over for dinner, you go out to dinner with people, you meet Hawkins's parents for the first time and his mum has gotten ready this fantabulous desert: ice cream, whipped cream, cheesecake, little individual puddings....)

And it is just generally a lot less enduring than Hawkins's body. Needs feeding and drinking more, more rest, more warm...

For the rest, it is just a body. Like my mum always said: 'There is only two kinds, there's men, and there's women, everything else is variation in detail.'

i loved reading all these stories,...women who had hangups about their appearance, who found the men they fell in love with loved them for who they were, inside, ... and out.

i have a friend, in conservatory, who is now almost heavy enough again...she is anorexic. She claims she used to be anorexic. But for someone without hangups about body image and weight she sure eats an awful lot of salads. She always makes sure we see her eat. She is always talking about high calory foods like she loves them and never eats them. If she does eat something fried she has to go to the toilet straight afterwards and she stays a long time.....

She is such a sweetie...i wish i could take her home, put her in a little velvet pouch on a string round my neck, so no harm can come to her...

She is beautiful on the inside, far too skinny on the outside with the most infectuous laugh when you manage to make her burst her shell, very intelligent, funny, and too insecure for words...

She gets soo defensive about it she won't go to a pub with the rest of her year, or with most of us. She only goes with another friend of ours, and with me.

i wouldn't love her any less or any more whatever her weight was...i would worry about her less though...

what is 'cupsize' or 'what the scales say' other than the opinion of the 'them' that nobody can define?

Ask the people who matter to you, ask them to say how they see you...ask them to be honest, and listen to all of it, don't get stuck on the phrases you dreaded if they are honest enough to mention your ugly bits...chances are you'll hear them say they love you, care about you, for the whole of you...you cannot have a conversation with a pair of tits, saggy or perky.

kate

11 [willbehis4ever](#)

2002-11-17 11:44

I have really gotten tickled at the fact that in a previous post it seems the comment about Dolly Parton boobs seemed to hit home with so many. Being a size 1 she was constantly being kidded about someone tipping her over from behind. She has hangups about that! What I was trying to say and obviously missed the mark, was that it was the "being compared" to someone else, not the actual reality of how I looked that made me feel the way I do about myself. I never wanted as large a bust as the one with which I was compared. I only wanted to be seen as me, an individual, that looked as pretty as she looked. Funny thing is, we look almost identical, she is just shorter. Luckily, I have had someone in my life that understood what those comparisons ultimately did to

my self-esteem. It really didn't matter what I looked like, having been constantly compared, I never saw what I looked like anyway. I wonder if I will ever truly see myself as I really am. It shocks me when someone, besides theBigHe, tells me that I am beautiful. Oh, how I wish people understood how the things they say and do to a child really do matter.

Now that I am older, in my rational mind, I realize the reality. I can look in the mirror and say, "Hey, you look pretty good today." But, the problem is that it takes very little to knock that confidence back down.

Rationally, I can look around me and realize that each of us has flaws, even the most beautiful (of course that is by whose standards?).

Since we embarked on this lifestyle journey, I have become much more comfortable in my own skin. I look at myself more as he looks at me. He has made sure that I have been exposed to situations that make me realize that I am ok. The requirement that I no longer hide my body from him has done wonders for how I feel about that body. I no longer wear a size too large to hide what I considered imperfections. I am actually comfortable with him looking at me. I am now comfortable with others looking at me. I don't concentrate on what I don't have, what can't be changed. I have learned to play up the "special" things that are uniquely me. The effect of how my new idea of myself has done wonders for him as well. He loves it when I don't hide from him. He says he was always kind of insulted that I didn't believe him when he said I was beautiful. He loves it when he sees me walk with self-confidence. I think this lifestyle has given him the tools to help me with those things.

It just kind of saddens me that someone would have to help someone else get past these things.

I have 4 children. I try to tell them how beautiful each of them are. I point out their unique features, play up the things that make them special (as each child truly is). I won't go into detail here, but sometimes life plays really dirty jokes on you....one of my children (after a rare illness) was disfigured, so the value of finding the "special" became paramount. I thrill at the fact that he doesn't obsess about the differences he faces. He thinks he is just fine! I know he hears the comments, but I hope that our attitude about those things (we all pretend we just don't hear and show everyone how truly happy we are, in spite of what is obviously a horror)will sort of put a bubble of protection around his heart.

me(cherry)

12 [Trinity](#)

2002-11-20 10:39

Some thoughts --

I was just wondering: anyone out there care to share their reactions to someone/the idea of someone eroticizing a part of your body that is considered really ugly or weird?

I came to wonder about this because of an experience my mom told me she'd had years ago. My mom has hammer-toes and considers them to be a very ugly deformity. When she was in college, she met a guy who thought that her "ugly, deformed toes" were the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. He told her he couldn't believe how unique they looked and how "he'd never seen feet like that" and found them really attractive. Well, my mom ran like a bat outta hell from this guy, thinking that it was creepy -- to her mind it was invalidating and oogy and weird that someone would eroticize her "ugly deformity". (Also she's just plain ubernilla -- she might not have liked someone eroticizing her feet without the deformity either. But it seemed when she described it that she felt something was very wrong with someone eroticizing such an extreme body flaw.)

On the other hand, I've always had an intense fantasy of finding someone who would eroticize and worship the scars I carry from my really big surgeries. (not quite the same as a deformity that one is born with, I know) Ever since those surgeries happened, I've had a fantasy about that -- someone finding them beautiful and sexy and unique, wanting to touch them, kiss them, etc. For me, that would be like the person saying "These marks of the things you've experienced make you even more beautiful and sexy". I've learned to see them as beautiful in a way, and I'd love my partners to as well -- but most people find them eerie and unsightly (which I can understand). I've had a guy I was involved with kiss them and lick them because I wanted him to, but I've never had someone actually feel this way about them, and I still think it would be incredible to find somebody who did.

But I also know that for many people, the idea that some marker that brings up bad memories, or some flaw that they struggle(d) to cope with, would be erotic to someone else seems horribly objectifying and disturbing. While others feel more like I do -- "I can't believe there are people who find my body sexy the way it is, how wonderful" or "It would feel so good to find someone who finds my body sexy just the way it is", etc.

So I'm just wondering if there are any others who feel strongly about this one way or the other.

<<On the other hand, I've always had an intense fantasy of finding someone who would eroticize and worship the scars I carry from my really big surgeries. (not quite the same as a deformity that one is born with, I know) Ever since those surgeries happened, I've had a fantasy about that -- someone finding them beautiful and sexy and unique, wanting to touch them, kiss them, etc. For me, that would be like the person saying "These marks of the things you've experienced make you even more beautiful and sexy". I've learned to see them as beautiful in a way, and I'd love my partners to as well -- but most people find them eerie and unsightly (which I can understand). I've had a guy I was involved with kiss them and lick them because I wanted him to, but I've never had someone actually feel this way about them, and I still think it would be incredible to find somebody who did. >>

I understand this completely. About 15 years ago there was a woman who had burns on 90% of her body. She got them by running back into a van that was on fire in an attempt to save her partner of 5 years who she heard screaming.

She had not been intimate with anyone for 3 years since that event. I gave her a twelve hour evening where I allowed her to see the "terrain" of her skin through my eyes. I spoke to her how women should be curvy and she had more curves than most. I know this one evening changed how she saw herself, how she related to her body and it was an easy, loving thing for me to give.

Catherine

Trinity,

I too understand this, from several directions. First, your mom's experience reminds me of what amputees often go through: being fairly horrified when they discover there is a whole culture of men out there who find nothing sexier and more sensual than the stump left by amputation. Those amputees who feel ashamed or disgusted by their situation generally feel exactly as your mom did when she met her hammer-toe-lover.

However, some amputees do evolve to another level where they realize that there is something very thrilling about a man who loves you not "in spite of" but "because of" your "weirdness." And many of them form very happy, satisfying relationships with men who are turned on by what they have to offer.

From another direction...I was involved with someone years back who had a disability which affected a limb, and who was ashamed of it. To me, however, the disability didn't detract--if anything it sort of added something to him, or perhaps, more exactly, it added (in my mind) to the possibilities of what I could do and be for him. Since it was something that most other people didn't have (and which he generally concealed) and which many others might shrink away from, it meant we shared something very private and special and specific to our relationship. That in itself was exciting on an emotional level. I perceived it as a greater kind of love, if you will, to feel that I loved every part of him equally and didn't see the "deformity" as a deformity, but as a unique (and intriguing, because somewhat unknown) part of his unique body.

Romantically speaking, I felt that love could make him "whole" in the realest sense: by building his confidence in his body image. I felt (again, this is the romantic poet side of me) that my kisses to this place would bring a kind of healing. I have felt this way before with subs who have had some kind of damage though those feelings were usually prompted by a psychic v. physical damage.

Had that relationship worked out long-term, I am pretty sure I would ultimately have fetishized the disability too, if only because I really do love The Strange and Unusual. :-)

Glory

Hello, Catherine.

This is a poignant subject for me, as I am both a karotype 46 woman and a long-term survivor of a severe closed head injury.

I see a sense of myself without any past references - and, now approaching my second anniversary of being physically healed (long story - all the answers can be found here in the archives), there is a durable feeling of being isolated in my physical image never lining up to my mental self-image. As I will always remain a child emotionally, this could lead to a spiral of introversion and isolation.

It does not - quite the opposite, in fact, much of the time.

My uniqueness (statistically, one has a better chance of being hit by lightning in the mountains) is and always has been a primary motivator behind the absolute Susan and I have shared these many years: she's seen an opportunity to trust someone without reservation and receive the same in return, spontaneously.

That trust enabled me to discover a sense of self-worth, and I've never looked back.

I see a wonderful realization in this thread of the mind being actualized more fully when one's body finds equality to the needs of the heart.

(quiet smile)

And remember, Dr. Gloria - to me, I'm normal...

Always, is;
Trisha

16 [GloriaBrame](#)

2002-11-21 20:29

Trisha, dear,

Did I somehow imply I thought you were not?

Maybe I'm a fatalist, or just a good sadomasochist, but human variations don't upset me or put me off. Often they intrigue me.

In life, there are two kinds of people: people who say there are two kinds of people and then other people.

(Um...starting that one again...) ;-)

Let me use an analogy with doggies (perhaps my favorite species). To some people, a 3-legged dog is less than a dog. They wouldn't want one and if their own dog risked losing a limb, they would put him down. To me, a 3-legged dog is a dog. Never in a million years would I consider putting down my dog if he lost a leg.

Is this something rational or purely emotional? Do I have a softer heart or is it just that I see life in a different way? I don't know. I just know that some people view the world very black and white and want things to be a certain way. A person who is not exactly as they wish them to be will threaten their world-view. It doesn't matter what the difference is, they just find it hard to tolerate something that doesn't fit into their picture of what it should be.

This may seem like an odd statement, but I feel that on the whole, sadomasochists have a better grip on reality in this area. We are generally willing to accept people who are different, whether it's physically different or psychologically different. We aren't turned off by things other people might consider abnormal. Some of us are even peculiarly interested in people who bring something unique to the table. It's an opportunity to learn something new, to adapt and stretch in some way, and to accept the challenge of making it work, despite what narrow-minded people might say.

Know what I mean? Catherine, what do you think?

17 [Trinity](#)

2002-11-21 23:43

<< She had not been intimate with anyone for 3 years since that event. I gave her a twelve hour evening where I allowed her to see the "terrain" of her skin through my eyes. I spoke to her how women should be curvy and she had more curves than most. I know this one evening changed how she saw herself, how she related to her body and it was an easy, loving thing for me to give. >>

Lady Catherine,

That's beautiful and wonderfully moving. It must have been incredible for her and also incredible for you to know you could give someone such a gift, the gift of repairing some of the damage to her self-image.

impressed, and so happy to have read that

<< That in itself was exciting on an emotional level. I perceived it as a greater kind of love, if you will, to feel that I loved every part of him equally and didn't see the "deformity" as a deformity, but as a unique (and intriguing, because somewhat unknown) part of his unique body. >>

nod I understand exactly what you're saying here, and that's exactly what I mean. *I've* learned to accept those scars as a part of my body -- I now feel that if I were to look down at myself and not see them, something would be taken away. They are certainly a marker of something very painful, but that is a very real part of what makes me who I am. I want a lover to appreciate that, to find them (especially) erotic, first of all because they *are* a unique part of my unique body -- and second of all because they are a symbol of some very unique and powerful shaping experiences in my life. I wouldn't be anything remotely close to the same person I am today without those experiences, and my scars are a visible marker of that.

<< I felt (again, this is the romantic poet side of me) that my kisses to this place would bring a kind of healing. >>

happy silence for a moment

Yes.

It's not so much, for me, that their being there brings up a raw psychic wound -- though there are certainly matching scars in my psyche, times that I will remember the trauma and be fearful, angry, and hurt. I'm past the stage of sheer anger and rage, and somewhere in the realm of acceptance. What I want is that acceptance reflected in my lover's attitude toward those parts of my body.

(By the way, I am thrilled to be able to say all of this here... thank you all for your comments.)

18 [willbehis4ever](#)

2002-11-22 02:32

Gloria,

<Is this something rational or purely emotional? Do I have a softer heart or is it just that I see life in a different way? I don't know. I just know that some people view the world very black and white and want things to be a certain way. A person who is not exactly as they wish them to be will threaten their world-view. It doesn't matter what the difference is, they just find it hard to tolerate something that doesn't fit into their picture of what it should be. >

I have found that differences often scare people. They are not reacting so much from a lack of sensitivity as from abject fear. If they can't fathom living with a disability, they will avoid being around someone with that disability. People often speak of how they would have handled it differently, etc., because in their mind...it protects them. They think...that couldn't happen to me...or I would never live that way, etc. It seems to be easier for people to just avoid associating with you or to look the other way as you pass (they don't have to deal with human frailty if they don't admit it exists), rather than dealing with the reality that sometimes really rotten things happen to people. The illness or disability, etc. doesn't change what is inside or their basic human needs. To feel acceptance is a tremendous thing. I am pleased to know that there are people out there like you all that would turn what some would think a horrific tragedy into a plus!

me(cherry)

19 [secret garden](#)

2002-11-22 08:18

I feel shy sharing this with you.

It hardly feels significant compared to the physical challenges some of the members have overcome.

My deformity rests more in my memory.

I was abused as a child. One of the many lies I was conditioned to believe was I could only be lovable if I looked a certain way, behaved a certain way, only was allowed to express certain emotions or I would prove to be ...unlovable.

Master has shown me, has allowed me the freedom to find what pleasures me and leaves me quite disheveled. I'm not rejected based on my appearance...wether he comes home to find me dirty from the garden in cut-offs, baseball cap and dirty knees or when I'm my most angry or hurt and spewing my darkest blackest feelings....I am safe in his love. I will not be rejected if I'm not model pretty with a smile plastered on my face disguising my true emotions. I'm allowed to be me, and he loves me for it.

jyll

20 [notnilla](#)

2002-11-22 12:23

<<I will not be rejected if I'm not model pretty with a smile plastered on my face disguising my true emotions.>>

This sentence bore repeating. I think there is SO much power in this one sentence that it blows the roof off.

Catherine

21 [Trinity](#)

2002-11-25 14:23

<< It hardly feels significant compared to the physical challenges some of the members have overcome. >>

jyll,

of COURSE it is significant.

:)

[[Back](#)] [[Up](#)] [[Next](#)]

Copyright © 2000 - 2001
[Dr. Gloria Glickstein Brame](#)

**Reproduction or distribution of any of the materials contained herein
strictly prohibited by the laws governing intellectual property rights.**

[Home](#) | [Gloria's Kinky Links](#) | [Gloria's Counseling FAQ](#) | [The Well-Read Head](#) | [W.D. Brame](#)