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SPANKING

SPECIAL

No. 2

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in the beginning...

Somewhere in the mists of pre-history a caveman enraged by the constant nagging of his mate but unable to lay his hands on a club with which to silence her, smote the palm of his hand hard against her protruding naked buttocks as she stooped over the fire preparing his evening meal. Her squeal of dismay, the sound of his hand striking her warm flesh and the tingling in his palm combined to bring a strange sense of pleasure. As she sped away from him he slapped her bouncing rear again, his foul mood dissipated as he chased her round the cave belabouring her pinkening bottom with a tattoo of similar smacks. Each yelp that issued from her and each contact of his palm on her nubile flesh added to his feeling of pleasure.

It was, he decided, a far more satisfactory and satisfying method of chastising her, than laying her senseless at his feet with a blow from his club; a procedure that tended to render her useless for several days! Being of a friendly and gregarious nature, he confided his findings to the other males of his tribe. Soon the air was filled with the sound of hard palms descending on upturned feminine bottoms. The shrill protests of the recipients echoed through the caves and the woods. Spanking had been invented!

Many centuries passed. Tribes grew bigger. Man began to husband beasts for food and clothing, then till the land. He had become civilized. Yet with civilization came the church and the soul. It also introduced marriage. Mates became wives. Wives began to demand better treatment.

They were heard to protest bitterly that men were brutes. They felt that it was 'harmful' to their wifely dignity to be treated like children, but continued to clutch their scalded rears as

they were flung adroitly about the nuptial couch.

Even grown daughters had the audacity to exclaim, "But daddy, I'm too old to be spanked," as they too were hauled across his knees in the now traditional fashion. But daddy only laughed as he turned up the skirts and applied the flat of his hand to rounded contours. It was useless to try to invoke the law, for the law allowed a man, any man to chastise his women folk.

It was also pointless appealing to the church for the church had taken corporal punishment firmly to its bosom. Indeed, not only did it insist on severe castigation for all its brethren, both male and female but saw to it that the adage, 'spare the rod and spoil the child' was not allowed to fall into disuse in their teaching of the young.

In convents throughout the land, the air was filled not only with the stoic gasps of the nuns as the discipline fell on their shoulders, but with the shrill protests of their feminine charges as their bared nether regions were systematically flogged by the selfsame nuns.

The female penitent too was more than likely to find herself kneeling on a form, her skirts turned up, her bare buttocks undergoing a humiliating and extremely painful birching at the hands of a lusty and far too energetic friar.

It was indeed a man's world. If a husband decided to spank his wife, his daughters, his maidservants, or his mistress he did so. There was none to gainsay him, provided he kept within the bounds of decency. His womenfolk were obliged to submit, willingly. Most accepted such treatment because it was all part of their lot. Women had to be obedient to their husbands, daughters to their fathers, maid-

servants to their masters, their vows, their whole upbringing made this quite clear! Most didn't like it very much, but couldn't do very much about it. Some were highly indignant and loud in their protests but couldn't do anything about it either! Some accepted it quite cheerfully preferring a mild chastisement to a lengthy harangue or a sullen silence. Yet others, a small minority, were only too ready to acquiesce because they knew that in indulging their husband's whims they strengthened their hold on him and in all honesty because they liked it.

Today, of course, things are different! Women are no longer subservient to men. They are emancipated. They have the vote, their own careers. They are financially independent. They are on equal terms with man at last. In some ways they are better off.

The law regards a man who beats his wife with a very baleful eye. Officially the whipping of female criminals ceased at the beginning of the last century. Men, however, can still be birched today. The Isle of Man and the Channel Islands still birch the naked buttocks of teenage youths for a variety of reasons, although their female companions are spared this indignity! Disobedient schoolgirls in State schools are no longer ordered to 'touch their toes.'

But times have changed. The female of the species can, in the vernacular, get away with murder, but wait, what is that sound I hear? Surely it is the sound of a stiffened palm meeting feminine flesh? No?

Then perhaps it is a hairbrush striking the bared bottom of a teenage schoolgirl? No?

The apprehensive gasp of a Scots lassie as the two-tailed tawse whacks her too tight panties? You think not? Could it be the preliminary swishing of a cane as a typist reluctantly lowers her knickers? You look surprised? Then it must be the shrill scream of a young woman held down over a table whilst a burly convict flogs her naked buttocks with a heavy leather belt? You shake your head. Such things no longer happen you say. Then my friend you should read your newspapers.

A few isolated cases, you say. Yes, but remember, it's only the tip of the iceberg that shows.

Perhaps we can find more evidence? That pretty teenager, who abruptly refused your offer of a seat in the train this morning? It



wasn't, as you may have thought, because her skirt was so short that she was afraid to sit down in public. Oh no, the truth is that before she left home her mother had taken her over her lap, turned up that brief skirt, hauled down her tights and laid the back of a hard hairbrush across her chubby rump in a very determined manner. After such treatment it's likely to be some time before she can sit down comfortably.

That young woman with the nice shape and disdainful air who nipped in front of you at the news-stand?

Well dressed, cool and poised, you thought as you watched her walk briskly away. Obviously a well-paid and very efficient secretary. Yes, indeed, but an hour later she wasn't looking at all cool or efficient. Quite the reverse for when the managing director said: "Lock the door Miss Soames I have something to say to you," she began to look all hot and bothered. A minute or so later, squirming frantically as his desk ruler raised fiery streaks on her shapely and very bare buttocks, her air of cool detachment had completely deserted her.

Those two young suburban housewives, taking a well-earned coffee together, their laden shopping baskets at their feet? What are they talking about? Clothes, the rising price of food? No! They're discussing the next weekend when not only will they swap husbands, but indulge in a mutual spanking session.

That father and his seventeen-year-old schoolgirl daughter walking together arm-in-arm laughing happily. She knows that if she misbehaves, daddy will cane her quite hard, but she doesn't know that tonight mummy will be the one to pull down her panties and bend over the bed for six of the best. Or does she?

Those two young nannies sitting on a park bench, watching their young charges playing happily on the grass? One of them is saying, "After I dealt with him I took her knickers down and gave her a really good strapping. You should have seen her bottom when I'd finished with it." Is she referring to the two children in her charge? No. It's her mistress and her husband who like to be punished as if they were still children.

If you are sceptical a glance through the correspondence columns of half-a-dozen magazines should convince you that spanking is not quite dead.



Indeed, some young women are very aware that most men get a very considerable thrill from chastising a shapely bottom. They also make full use of that knowledge.

That very striking, heavily made-up young woman you followed yesterday? The one in the very tight skirt that showed her lush hips and rolling buttocks to full advantage. A year or two ago she would have been called a prostitute, today she prefers to be known as a "Business Girl." She is a specialist and earns a Prime Minister's salary. Don't think she isn't aware of your eyes focused on the lifting rise and fall of her well-developed buttocks, or the way your hand itches to spank those two well defined cheeks. She is all too aware, that is how she earns her living. If you can afford her fee and make an appointment with her, she'll greet you dressed in a gym slip and navy-blue knickers, if you want to do the spanking yourself or she may appear as a prim and severe school mistress, if perhaps you have a fancy to be the one to be spanked.

You look amazed! Believe me on a score of noticeboards within half a mile of Piccadilly you will find advertisements for young women quite willing to spank or be spanked — see for yourself.



CORPORAL PUNISHMENT AN INTRODUCTORY SURVEY

Man has always prided himself on being a unique animal. Sometimes, this pride has proved unfounded. Man is capable of rational thought, but other species share this ability, though to a lesser extent. Man can communicate with his fellow creatures — but then, so can dolphins, rooks and elephants, to name only a few. Man enjoys music — but so, given a little education, can a chimpanzee.



It is possible that only the formation of religious beliefs, the comprehension and utilisation of mathematics — and the habit of employing corporal punishment may mark men decisively from the animals who surround him.

Flagellation and spanking have existed among men from the earliest times. Murals from ancient Egypt depict overseers who carry whips, and it is suggested that in Roman times the authority of the magistrate was symbolised by the "fasces" or bundles of rods topped by axes which his lictors (a combination of ushers and police) carried. They signified that he had the right both to behead and to whip offenders brought before his court, and it is from this word

"fasces" that our word "Fascist" comes — perhaps appropriately.

The word "flagellation," too, comes from the Latin, from the word "flagellus" a whip. "Spank" is less certain, but is probably onomatopoeic in origin, from the sound made when a hand connects sharply with the buttocks.

The Romans also used whipping for a more unusual purpose. At a certain time of the year, at the festival known as "Lupercalia," all women who wished to bear children in the following year came out into the streets, lightly clad, and exposed themselves to the lashes of any man who wished to administer punishment. The whipping was supposed to have a magical effect, the whips used being manufactured exclusively of goatskin — the goat having a legendary reputation as the sexiest animal of all, possibly because of its identification with Pan, the horned God of Fertility.

There has been much psychological speculation about this custom, and one view of it has been stated as follows: The man whipping the woman is extending a surrogate penis which she receives as willingly as she would normal love making. Another, more mundane theory, is that the warmth engendered by the beatings



would make a woman more sensually inclined, and thus more likely to rouse her husband to make them pregnant.

The Christian world adopted the practice of whipping with a will, and this resulted in the extraordinary excesses of the Flagellant sects which plagued the Middle Ages. They were in the end disowned by the church, but for some time enjoyed extraordinary popularity. Processions of people, men and women, went round the country, praying and whipping each other as they walked till the blood flowed. Some private devotees did not go on "whipping pilgrimages," but whipped themselves privately, with instruments of varying severity. In one old engraving a woman is portrayed as chastising herself with a feather!

Although the Church deplored these particular excesses, it did not discard whipping completely. Even today, there are orders of monks and nuns who whip themselves in the privacy of their cells to "mortify the flesh" and help them concentrate their thoughts on heaven. Throughout the Middle Ages and beyond, it was the custom for the priests to whip both male and



female supplicants, after they had confessed their sins, as a penance. The only concession female penitents received was that they were whipped in private, often in a recess behind the altar. A print dating from these times depicts a woman kneeling at the feet of a priest, while off to one side, half concealed behind a curtain, a number of other women are standing, some in the process of stripping, with one already naked and bending under the rod in the hand of another priest.

However, the Church was not the only institution to make use of the rod as a means of correction. The schools and the legal system employed it also. Again, the earliest schools in which we know corporal punishment played a part were those of Rome, but there are references to it also from Anglo Saxon and mediaeval times. This ready use of the birch continued right down to the nineteenth century, when, for the first time, voices began to be heard against it. Now, a century later, corporal punishment is definitely on the retreat. The matter is not nationally regulated, being left to the discretion of local authorities, but more and more of these bodies are abandoning the cane as a means of school discipline. Prominent among these in

recent times was the Inner London Education Authority, though in this case the decision was restricted to primary schools, and thus the cane is still permitted in secondary schools – i.e. those dealing with children of about eleven and older.

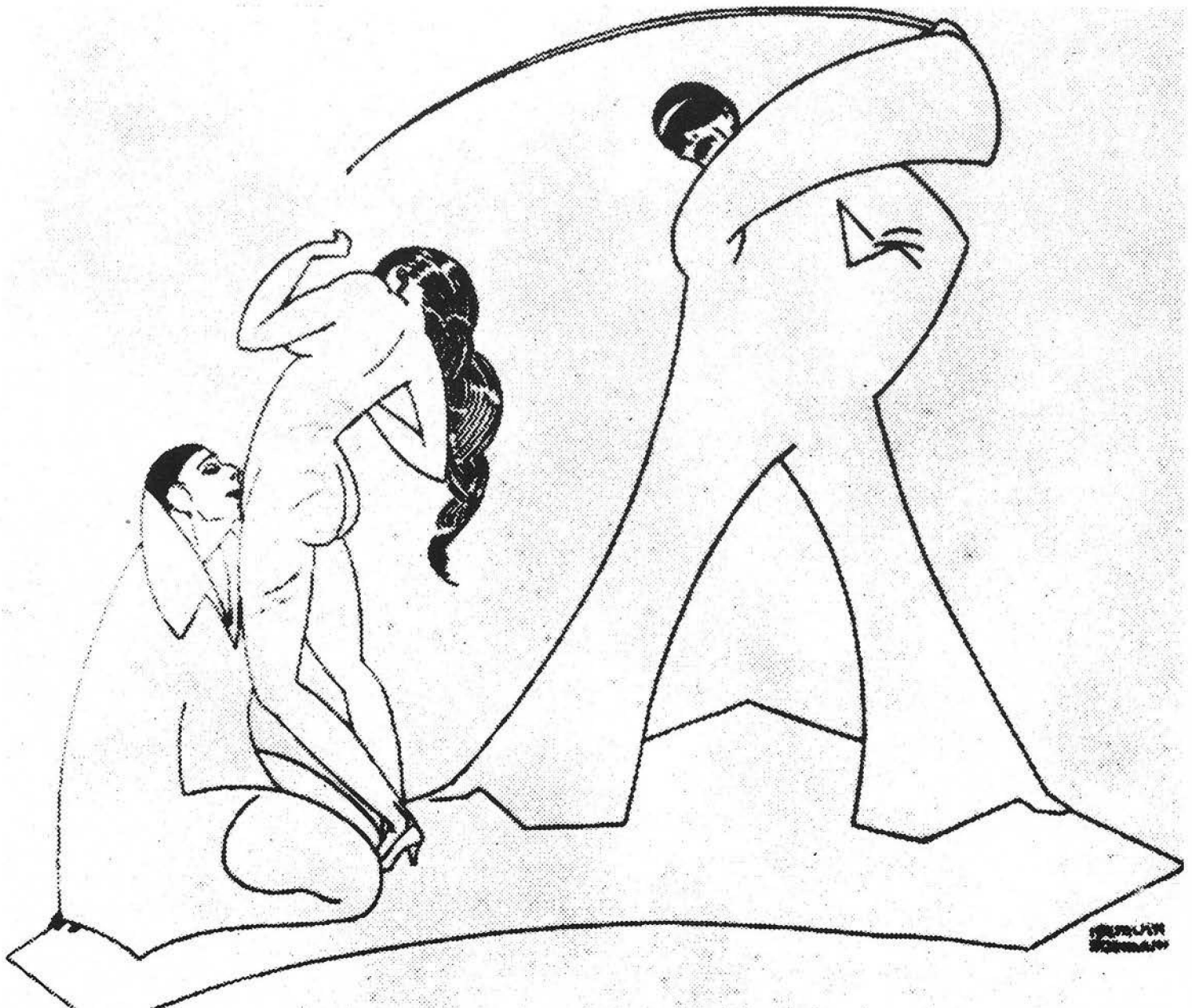
Generally speaking, the rule is that in England the further North you go, the more likely you are to find schools which use the cane, or, in the case of Scotland, the tawse. The North seems to retain a dour conservative faith in the patter of spanks falling on tiny buttocks!

Private schools, of course, make up their own minds on this important subject. Most public schools still cane – one or two still use the birch. In the case of girls' schools, probably most err on the side of leniency, or at least punish the young ladies on the hand rather than on the spot designed for the purpose by nature. The legal position is that the schoolmaster still has power to punish *in loco parentis*, or in place of the parent. The parent can generally only take action if

he can show that the schoolmaster has inflicted punishment beyond the normal parental limits. In the case of state schools, a teacher who transgresses the local authority's regulations on punishment can be dismissed – but not, generally, taken to court.

Nevertheless, the current trend is firmly against corporal punishment in this country and there is an organisation called STOP which is trying to get it banned altogether with increasing success.

The reasons for this are complex and varied. However, very probably the root cause is the enormous changes brought about by Freud and his followers in the approach to wrong-doing and antisocial behaviour generally. In the nineteenth century, it was still considered that the individual was totally responsible for himself and his acts – and totally rational. Therefore, all that was needed to prevent the individual committing unlawful acts was to ensure that the consequences would be very unpleasant. A neat and simple theory of 'crime and punishment' that



sometimes worked.

The psychological discoveries of the early twentieth century changed all that. After Freud had demonstrated that the behaviour of an adult woman could be determined by her childhood relationship to her father; when the homicidal impulses of a sex murderer could be traced to his sexually disturbed childhood, the old theories began to crumble and it was not long before school and prison authorities were forced to recognise the validity of much of the new thinking.

The whip had been used to maintain discipline in the armed services, and as a punishment for prisoners who disobeyed or assaulted prison officers. The Select Committee on Flogging in 1938 abolished whipping in prisons – and many years previously the position in the services had changed so drastically that not only had the lash been abandoned, but any officer who struck a ranker faced disciplinary action himself.

The milder spankings and canings of scholastic life have taken longer to disappear, although the general opinion among educationists seems to be that corporal punishment does not ensure better behaviour at all. It tends to create (they say) feelings of bitterness, humiliation and resentment which may very well cause more trouble than it cures. A child who is treated leniently, whose bad behaviour is understood and corrected by the channelling of mischievous or vicious energy into constructive channels, is more likely to be turned into a civilised and useful citizen. Also, it is

said, a child who is not treated brutally himself will not treat others brutally, and is more likely to avoid violence in his dealings with others – and thus make for a more peaceful world.

There seems to be some truth in this, but the child who is disciplined painfully, strictly, but fairly, is also likely to be a law-abiding citizen as an adult. Probably though he is likely to approve of violence and vengeance within the limits of the law – be a hard-liner, ready to take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The child who is disciplined harshly and inconsistently is the one likely to become a delinquent. Furthermore, it is very noticeable that in middle class families, where good behaviour is enforced more by simple disapproval and withdrawal of affection, and where the parents themselves settle their own differences by discussion, violence is less frequent than in working class homes, where corporal punishment is more frequent, and violence between man and wife more common.

However, although spanking is on the decline, it does still continue – and in one comprehensive review of the incidence and utility of corporal punishment in schools the authors made the point that though they believed it was right and reasonable that corporal punishment in schools should decline, they also believed that, such was the opposition to the compulsory school system when it was first introduced that it could not have been maintained without the use of harsh discipline:



Perhaps discipline, when it needs to be enforced, will become a home affair, without the school being involved. One scheme that has been proposed is that if the school thought corporal punishment appropriate, it should be compelled to consult with the parents before administering it, and if the parents preferred to settle the matter themselves, they should be permitted to do so.

One of the great arguments against corporal punishment is that it gives rise to "kinky" or sado-masochistic behaviour. Again, it was the new psychological insight into human behaviour which gave this argument its force. Psychiatrists discovered a considerable number of people who satisfied their sexual desires by inflicting pain on others. Generally, this could be traced back to some inadequacy in the sadist, or in his relationship with his parents. A man with a very dominating mother, for example, might subconsciously hate her. He might wish to take out his hate on her, to assault her, strike her — but would feel guilty at having such emotions about his own mother. This kind of strong motivation, however, can very seldom be abolished. Like water, denied access to one channel, it takes another. The sadist would unconsciously transfer his dislike for his mother to women in general. When he caused a woman suffering, either in actuality or in fantasy, he would triumph anew over his mother.

Sometimes the sadist's drives take the form of mental torment — but sometimes they are expressed in actual physical violence, and if corporal punishment is the accepted custom, he finds it that much easier to gratify his desires. Of course, say the educationists, if the teacher is allowed to cane his charges, a man or woman with a subconsciously sadistic drive will sometimes be attracted to teaching for that very reason.

Parelling those with sadistic inclinations are those whose drive is of a masochistic nature. Where the sadist desires to whip or spank, the masochist wants to be spanked or whipped. Although true female masochists are much rarer than males with a sadistic bent, a masochist may be a girl whose father has always given in to her wants and wishes. Subconsciously, she wants him to be more masculine, more definite and demanding. He has never spanked her, but, deep down, she wishes that he had, at least once or twice. Prevented by her guilt feelings, or from prudery, from realising this directly, she may, again, transfer her desires on to all the men she meets, and welcome those who are rough or brutal with her. Her childhood wish for her father/lover to be more masculine now projects itself on to every boyfriend she meets. For her, receiving a spanking is a signal that a man is truly interested in loving and protecting her. By punishing her, he establishes that he is stronger than she is, and therefore qualified to assume the job of looking after her. To the utter puzzlement of many of her would-be lovers, the consideration and respect that other girls welcome have a negative effect on the masochistic girl

— who may be completely unaware of her own true feelings.

Undoubtedly, such people account for the many advertisements which can be seen in the sexual contact magazines which had their origin in the U.S.A. and whose content indicates some interest in sado-masochism. Sometimes the wording is quite blatant.

Sometimes the advertiser is specifically interested in meeting masochists only, sometimes the reverse. Sometimes it is women who wish to meet other women, sometimes men who wish to meet men. These people, of course, are aware of their own desires, and are probably rather more fortunate than those who are not. At least they can seek out their own kind, and satisfy their socially awkward desires in a way which does not lead to ostracism or misfortune.

There is also, of course, the man or woman who does not seek to whip or be whipped because of buried feelings of guilt — or not apparently. Sometimes pain can act as a direct sexual stimulant in itself. Those who enjoy the actual physical pain generally like to give and receive it, and it is not usually a separate activity from normal sex.

Much medical opinion believes that there is a physiological basis for this, as in both sexes, the buttocks are themselves an erogenous zone, and are of course in close proximity to the genitals. A whipping or spanking naturally stimulates and warms the buttocks, and this stimulation may spread to the genitals. Just as a hot bath results in a rush of blood to the skin, the warmth of the whipping has a similar effect but with the further result of often producing sexual arousal. After this experience has been enjoyed a number of times, an actual orgasm can result, and this in its turn establishes a connection that makes the next experience more easily obtainable, and so on.

There seems to be no doubt that childhood chastisement can very easily be the foundation for some such syndrome, and many sado-masochists have their first sexual feelings about corporal punishment either watching another child being punished, or when they themselves experience punishment.

This, however, is not a universal reaction, and many boys and girls are caned without any sexual reaction at all on the part of either party. Why does this occur in some cases and not in others? Nobody knows, and until psychology becomes more of a science and less of an art we are unlikely to find out.

However, a few points can be usefully made to help in a preliminary investigation of this difficult area of human behaviour.

Spanking is generally a submission ritual, which can be better understood by considering the nature of touching. Only recently has it been discovered that we communicate with each other not just by voice, but also with our bodies. So obsessed has the human race been by the phenomenon of language that body language has been overlooked.

Touching is a very positive act; to touch a person is

to proclaim that you have a definite relationship with that person. Social relationships or "pecking orders" can be very largely determined by studying who touches whom how often. Thus it can be determined that older people tend to touch younger people more often than the reverse, similarly with parents and children, men and women, and even teachers and pupils and employers and employees. A secretary does not give her boss a friendly slap on the backside as she passes him and neither does a clerk clap his boss on the back. Superior status determines who touches whom and in this sense touching is a very mild expression of aggression and dominance.

And what is spanking or whipping if not an extreme form of touching? Consider the "form" of the ordinary parental spanking. The first time that an infant is spanked, the parent just hauls him or her over the parental lap, and lets fly. The next time, the infant protests, struggles, and cries, in an effort to avoid the spanking altogether. This further angers the parent, so the child gets an even harder spanking. After this has happened once or twice, the child often learns that when a spanking is due it is much better to lie quietly. In fact, quite often he even bares his own bottom to get the whole thing over more quickly. In this way a relationship of submission and dominance is firmly established.

At this point, it is interesting to look at some of the recent work that sociologists and psychologists have done on the comparison of human and animal behaviour. Desmond Morris, author of "The Naked Ape," made a number of points after studying the way that monkeys living in large family groups or tribes deal with quarrels and disputes among themselves.

Generally, a quarrel begins with the two animals facing each other, and making menacing noises and gestures. This continues for some time, until the larger and more menacing animal gains a psychological advantage over the weaker and smaller one, who



surrenders as soon as it realises this, immediately turning round and presenting its hindquarters to the conqueror.

This is obviously a sexual invitation. The weaker monkey is, in effect, saying to the stronger one: "Look, I know we've had a quarrel. But I've acknowledged that you are the stronger one, and I have surrendered. Now go ahead, make love to me and we'll be friends and forget the whole thing. I'm not looking at you, and I've put myself in a helpless position which is ideal for sex. How about it?"

And that is generally that. The stronger monkey mounts the weaker one (in a token fashion if they are both of the same sex) and the matter is forgotten. Only seldom does actual violence take place between them. It is interesting to note that when researchers separated a group of young monkeys from their mothers, providing them with an excellent diet but no maternal care, the young monkeys did not learn these rituals for avoiding quarrels. The result was that when these young monkeys were later re-introduced to the group they constantly picked fights with everyone, and ruined the group's social structure.

After this evidence, it is not too far fetched to regard punishment between human beings as a residuary submission ritual, still embedded in the social structure. The offending child or pupil, when accused of an offence against the social code, presents his buttocks for a ritual spanking/caning. By doing so, he says in effect: "I know I have done wrong — to atone for which, I am willingly bending over and submitting to a spanking, to establish how wrong I am and how right you are, and to emphasize that you are the arbiter of my behaviour and in charge of the situation." Flagellation can easily be viewed as a submission ritual, and in fact Desmond Morris does so regard it.

The question that must now be dealt with is simply whether such a ritual has any place in our sophisticated society. The answer, however, is so clouded with emotional prejudice and arguments for and against that it is very difficult to find.

On the one hand, at least one psychiatrist has gone on record as saying that he feels that spanking has got its place as a restorer of good family relations after a child has seriously offended its parents. In effect, he says, the experience allows the offender to experience a period of atonement which allows the guilt for the offence to be lifted. Normal relations can then be resumed without a long period of unhappy sulking.

Even that emblem of the liberal generation, Dr. Spock, supports this view to some extent, and cautiously gives his blessing to an occasional slap or a spanking. He feels that children need firm authority in order to feel secure, a sentiment with which many parents will agree. He feels, however, that such punishment should be (a) for a clearly defined reason well understood to the child and (b) administered on the spur of the moment, since the child will thus come to understand that the parent has a temper, like the child himself, which temper can sometimes be lost with

dire consequences. The child then finds his own humanity mirrored by the humanity of the parent, and thus learns something about adult nature.

The author would like to quote here the opinion of a friend, whose own children are models of good behaviour and charm. The word is: "Small children occasionally have to be spanked, both in order to make sure that they do things which they cannot understand — but which are nonetheless necessary for their own safety and comfort — and also in order to prevent you going crazy. So spank them. But if you don't begin to develop a relationship with them after the age of six or seven, so that they behave without the need of spanking, beware — there's something wrong."

As a general guide, that would seem to be reasonable. Those schools which still believe in the use of the cane seem to believe that it should be given, when given at all, in private, and that boys should be beaten only by men, and girls only by women. Generally, the headmaster or headmistress is the only person allowed to punish, and this practice certainly has much to recommend it. It is often hard for less experienced teachers to judge when a child is being idle or is just plain backward, when he is being cheeky or just boisterously friendly, and so on.

As for punishment in other circumstances, this is an even more difficult question. Husbands and wives are known to beat or spank each other on occasions. Generally it is the husband who has the wife's buttocks at his mercy, but sometimes the reverse situation applies. Obviously this behaviour is open to sado-masochistic interpretations, but on the other hand if this is the only way that the relationship may be kept going, it may be preferable, for both partners, to having no relationship at all.

Then there are the matters of the employers who beat their erring employees. One case was reported of an airline official who beat an air-hostess, and more recently an employer who caned (very brutally) a female clerk who was guilty of an attempt to defraud him. No doubt there are other cases which never come to light, and no doubt, too, there is often an ulterior motive, a sadistic desire to punish, on the part of the employer. And yet . . . would it have been preferable for the unfortunate woman employee to have been subjected to the humiliation and penalties of a court appearance? Consider yourself: Suppose you are accused of some offence and are almost certain to be convicted if you are taken to court. Would you not prefer a sore behind and a certain amount of humiliation to the worse penalties the law imposes? The fact that your answer would probably be "Yes" is not so much a tribute to your love of corporal punishment as to the knowledge that conviction for even a minor offence of dishonesty in our society carries penalties of social and financial ostracism which are out of all proportion to the offence.

Which brings us to the one true advantage of corporal punishment — namely, it does not prolong the agony — a few moments of acute discomfort, and the



matter is over. That is certainly a definite credit mark for it that cannot be denied. And there is no doubt that quite a few children and adults would prefer, when caught out in transgression, to have the whole affair settled swiftly on the spot rather than undergo a more prolonged, if less brutal, ordeal. However, there is no doubt that frequent application of corporal punishment often results in the recipient becoming hardened to it — and also becoming an object of admiration among his or her fellows. This was one of the reasons that penal flogging was abolished — the criminal who had received a flogging was then regarded as a "hard case" and became a powerful leader of the other prisoners.

It is very probable that, in the flux and fury of our changing society, we are in the process, as in so many other fields, of throwing out the baby with the bathwater in the matter of corporal punishment. Its use has been abused in the past — but may have useful aspects which we have neglected. Certainly no institution which has survived so long in our society can be thrown summarily overboard. Maybe it does deserve to go — yet even the most damning account can contain some loophole (as in the survey of corporal punishment quoted above) and many reputable authorities seem to lean towards some degree of retention.

In short, the case against corporal punishment is weighty, and we should proceed, there is no doubt, with caution — yet the faction who support it also have a case — which has yet to be answered.

THE SPANKING TWENTIES

To any student of corporal punishment the decade immediately following the great war is perhaps one of the most interesting of all time.

In 1918 the vote was given to women of 30; in 1920 the University of Oxford admitted women for the first time in its long history and in 1928 all women over 21 were enfranchised. In these ten years women made the most of their emancipation. They flew aeroplanes, drove racing cars, and generally let the world know that they were free.

One of the first things that happened was that she discarded her ankle-length skirts, her long hair was bobbed or shingled, and her skirts appeared above her knees.

Thanks to the introduction of rayon and similar artificial silks, all women, no matter what their station in life, were able to afford silk stockings and silk underwear, things which previously had been the prerogative of the well-to-do. The fashionable colour was "Gun-metal" and the male

population was treated to a vista of feminine legs, such as he had never dreamed possible. Thousands and thousands of legs of all ages, every size and shape were clad in gleaming tightly drawn silk, flashing provocatively beneath skirts, that in many cases were well above the knee. Quite often too, she regaled men with a flash of silken garters. These were in fashion at the time and came in a great variety of colours and styles from plain bands of elastic, to fancily frilled affairs of satin and lace. Some were buckled with bows, some had pockets for powder puffs, while others had little bells which tinkled musically as the wearer walked.

Garters were necessary because the corsetieres had not kept pace with the rapidly changing fashions. Young women at last refused to be confined in whalebone or steel. They tossed away their old thigh-length corsets, there were as yet no light-weight girdles, roll-ons, or suspender belts, therefore they could only use garters to keep their silk stockings taut and eye-catching.

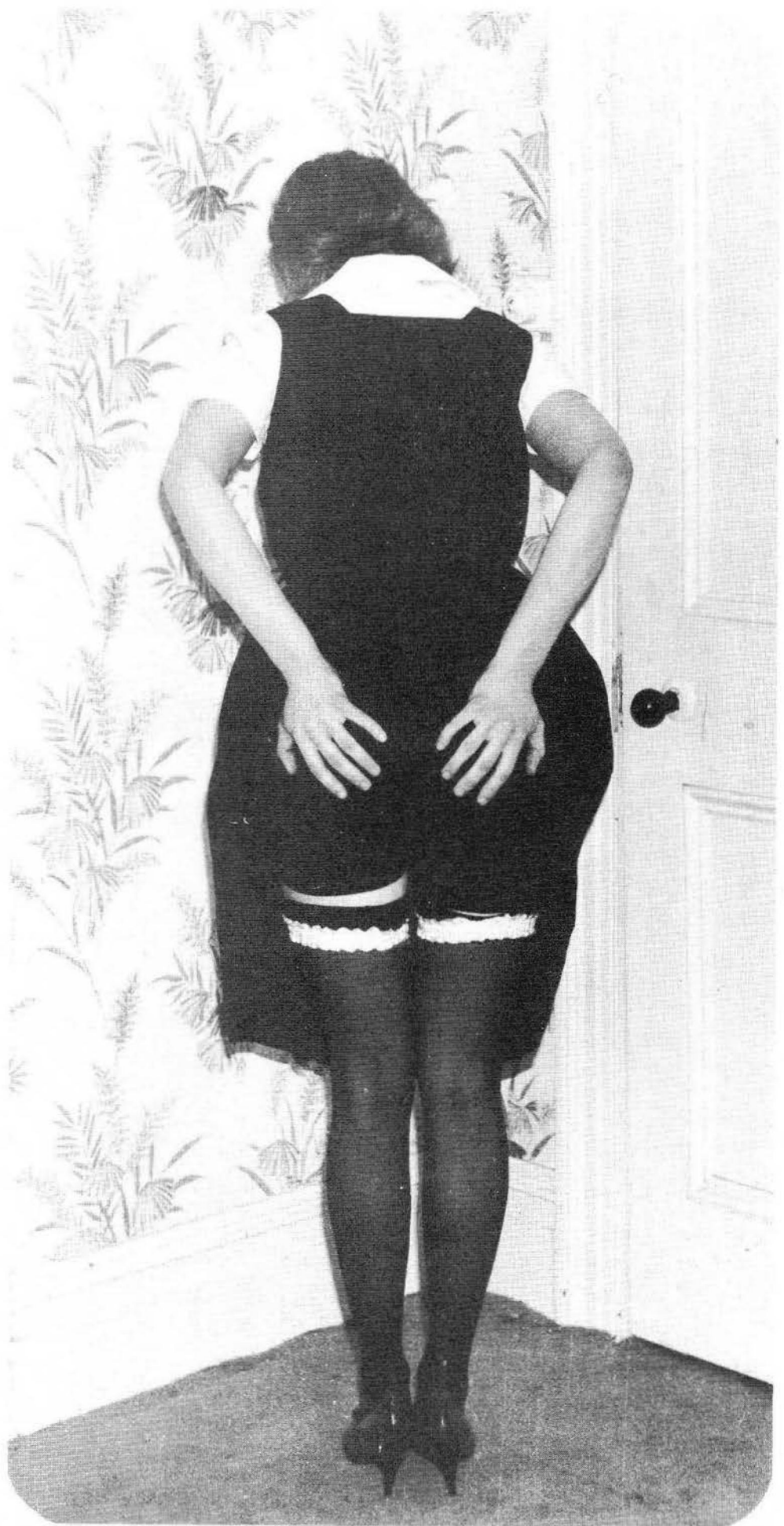
Similarly, lingerie underwent a drastic change. White cotton or cambric drawers which for so long had been the mainstay of feminine underwear were definitely 'out' as far as the 'Bright Young Thing' of the Twenties was concerned. So too were those relics of her school-days, the heavy fleecy-lined knee-length directoire knickers commonly known as 'Bloomers' or 'Passion Killers'. But what could she wear in their place? True, there were French knickers, but these delectable silken garments with their wide lace-trimmed legs were not at all suitable for wearing under very short skirts. One had to be careful sitting down or going upstairs. Some bus conductors refused to let short-skirted girls mount the upper deck, on the grounds that it was embarrassing for them to have to see what some girls showed. The only suitable garments were directoire knickers made of thin rayon. These were still too long and were gathered just above the knee, but the young women overcame this handicap by

simply pulling the legs up to the tops of their thighs, or by cutting the legs short. Later the manufacturers produced short-legged knickers to suit the short skirts and in a great variety of colours, the favourite being 'Peach'. Many were trimmed with panels of coffee coloured 'ecru' lace to accentuate their style.

For the schoolgirl of this period it was a time of paradox. True, some of the new freedom filtered down to her. Skirts became shorter, but not as short as her mothers. She was allowed out in the evening, to go to her girl-guides' meeting or even to the pictures. She learnt science and chemistry, she played 'Hockey' and 'Netball' and had lessons in gymnastics. In many ways it was a much better life than her mother had known at school, but of course there were drawbacks.

To start with, from the time she started school at five, until she left school, usually at fourteen, although it could be as high as eighteen, she was obliged almost without exception to wear that bane of schoolgirls, the gymslip. Made of thick serge, sometimes green or maroon, but nearly always navy-blue, summer and winter she wore it with a white shirt-blouse and a tie in her school colours. With this she wore a pair of black or brown stockings, woollen in winter and cotton in summer, and the ubiquitous navy-blue gym knickers, and beneath these a pair of thinner knickers known as linings. No doubt this was the beginning of the navy-blue knicker fetish.

As if this attire was not a cross enough for her to bear she soon discovered that there were other disadvantages to emancipation. 'Equality' meant not only equality of education and opportunity, but in her case equality of discipline. With acute dismay she realised that phrases like "getting the stick" and "six of the best" were no longer things that applied only to her brothers, but were of considerable concern to her too. Of course, she was quite familiar with spanking, but that was done by dad or mum,





at home. It was usually in the bedroom that this took place where nobody could see her discomfort and tears, but it was entirely different when teacher said, "I shall have to cane you. Come out here and touch your toes." At that time there were very few co-ed schools. This meant that she was spared the extra embarrassment of knowing that boys were watching as she bent over and touched her toes in front of the whole class. However, she felt her gymslip being turned up and trembled as the cane swished and stung her bottom until she squirmed and wept with the pain.

If our schoolgirl was working class and attended a Council school she could still expect this form of corporal punishment. At school four or at the most six strokes of the cane on her hands or across her bloomer-clad bottom was what she received. Yet at home a spanking from her mother or a 'clip round the ear' from dad was the only form of discipline she knew.

If she was particularly naughty Dad might take off his belt and give his daughter a leathering. This meant that the girl would dangle and squirm on his lap as she tried to miss his swipe. Only mum's voice saying, "Oh, don't be too hard on her, Bert!" could be heard against the harsh lashing of the leather belt on her bare buttocks.

The working class as a general rule have never acquired the same outlook on corporal punishment as the "Upper Class" neither do they expect the same obedience from their offspring.

The "Sang Froid" and "Stiff upper lip" that are characteristic of the British upper class, are the result of generations of tradition and discipline. The almost spartan existence bred into their sons by being packed off to public and other boarding schools explains their character.

Under such a system, where boys have for centuries been flogged by both masters and prefects alike, it is little to be wondered at that such people have developed an almost teutonic regard for corporal



punishment.

After the war a large number of Private Schools for girls were opened. Their object was to cater for the daughters of the middle class, well-to-do tradesmen and profession people who wanted a better education for their daughters than the state and church schools provided, without having to send them away to boarding school. Such schools varied considerably as did their fees, curriculums and the scholastic attainments of their teaching staff. Then, anyone who wished could open a private school, whatever his or her lack of qualifications, and many of them were run by people who were totally unqualified to take charge of young girls.

At a time when the cane was freely used in Council and church schools it is obvious that it was used even more freely in private schools. Here the girls were of a

class of people who were much more used to the idea of discipline and who had been brought up in households where they learned to be obedient and not to question their parents or others in authority. Outwardly the girls who attended these establishments differed little from their less well-off sisters. They wore the same ubiquitous "gymslip, stockings and gym knickers," even if they were of a better cut and quality. They probably learnt French, and perhaps Latin, and they struggled through a lot more homework, which they called prep. They were polite, soft spoken and imbued with a sense of freedom and the ambition to become doctors, politicians, and explorers.

There was no limit to what a girl with a good education could do. Of course, it meant lots of hard work, and sometimes the teachers seemed a little too keen, especially the Principal. She was very nice of



course, and one had to admit that she only had the best interests of her pupils at heart, but there were times when she was just a little too formidable. She expected so much and on these occasions when one had not perhaps felt like doing all that 'prep' and skimped it and just hoped, well it meant usually having to see her in her study. It was pretty beastly really. There was all that hanging about in the corridor outside her door, waiting until she was ready to see you. Passing teachers and other girls looking at you and knowing exactly what was

going to happen. Then one went in and stood in front of the Principal's desk. This was followed by a lecture on good behaviour, and was full of things like "Not taking advantage of the wonderful opportunity" and "I will not tolerate any slacking." Eventually one felt thoroughly ashamed and quite miserable, it was almost a relief when she finally stood up and said, "I deeply regret having to do this but I have no alternative, but to chastise you, for your own good."

It felt ghastly when she picked

up the cane and said, "Please take down your knickers and bend over the desk." Worse still when one's gym-slip and vest had been tucked up and one was humiliatingly conscious of being quite bare. It was so utterly "shame-making" but one soon forgot that, when the cane made that terrible "swish" and a dreadful scorching pain flamed through one's rump. One tried hard, very hard, not to be silly and childish when stroke followed stroke, but it was very difficult when they were so hard and painful that one's poor bottom felt as if it were being cut to pieces. One clung to the desk and tried desperately not to scream but could not stop the tears nor the undignified squirming and twisting. At last 'Oh, thank goodness' it was over and one was allowed to stand up and pull up one's knickers with as much dignity as one could muster and be dismissed. One always hoped quite desperately that the corridor would be empty and one could reach the toilet unseen. Locked in there one could have a good howl, then tenderly massage one's poor aching little bottom until one felt fit to face the curious eyes of one's classmates again.

When she left school, usually at 14, the girl of the twenties cast aside her hated school-uniform. She replaced her gymslip with the shortest dress that her parents would allow, and her navy-blue bloomers with the briefest and tightest of rayon knickers she could get hold of. Her black stockings she exchanged for a pair of gleaming silk stockings, gartered as high as they would stretch. Cramming her feet into her first pair of pointed-toed, high-heeled patent leather shoes, she went out into the great big wonderful world with whoops of joy. She worked in offices, in shops, and in factories. Sometimes if she couldn't avoid it, she went into service for there were still a large number of people who could afford to employ servants.

Out of her wages she had to pay Mum, of course, but there was plenty left to buy silk stockings, undies, make-up, powder, lipstick

and mascara, even if she did have to wait until she was out of the house to use them.

There was a new world of boys. Boys who were only too willing to take her out in the evening. It was nearly always to the back row of the pictures where she could gaze in rapture at Rudolph Valentino being so thrillingly cruel and masterful in the "Sheik." Of course, the boys always wanted to kiss and cuddle but feeling their hands exploring your breasts and creeping up your skirt was also thrilling. There was the "Palais" too! You could dance the "Charleston" and then it was all right to kick your legs and give the boys a glimpse of your garters. Some girls, the fast ones, even showed their knickers. Yes, life was wonderful. The only fly in the ointment was Dad. Dad was old-fashioned. He didn't understand the younger generation! Like all previous generations of fathers, Dad was reactionary and viewed his daughter's goings-on with a highly suspicious eye. Quite often he put his foot down. "No daughter of mine is going to roam the streets until all hours," he said. "Ten o'clock is quite late enough for you my girl. Just you see that you're home by then or you'll get your backside tanned."

In those far off days Dad was still "Head of the household": his word was law. If his daughter dared to defy him and bounced in at midnight, flushed from struggling with her over-amorous boyfriend and smelling of port and lemon to which she had allowed him to treat her to during the interval, she was apt to find that Dad had meant every word he said. No sooner had she taken off her coat than she found herself sprawling across his knees. In spite of all her protests that she was 'grown-up' her short skirt went up, down came those knickers, and whack went Dad's heavy work-hardened hand in a determined and very painful slap on her bare and all too prominent bottom.

If she lived in the South of England, a good spanking or

perhaps, at worst, a dozen or so whacks with his slipper were all that she was likely to get. But if she lived in the North, then woe-betide her if she defied him. The men of the North of England, the miners, steelworkers, and shipbuilders had never accepted the equality of the sexes! A woman's place was clearly defined and he wasn't going to accept any cheek from any 'chit of a lass.' He said, "Sith'ee lass, thee be 'ome by ten or I'll skelp tha' backside," and if she did try it on she found Dad waiting up for her with his shirt sleeves rolled up and his belt already doubled dangling across his knee.

"Get tha' drawers down lass," was all he'd need to say; even if she was 20 she'd do as he bid her. When she was ready she'd go across his knees as meekly as a lamb, and with the fortitude bred of centuries of submission. Dad saw to it that his

thick leather belt raised red weals all over her sturdy buttocks, but humiliating and painful as these spankings from Dad were, they could be a lot worse, for as every girl knows, 'Dads' are notoriously easy-going and usually very fond of their daughters, however naughty they might be. She knew instinctively, that if she did find herself lying across Dad's knees for a thoroughly well deserved whipping she could easily stop him. Bursting into tears as soon as two or three spanks have fallen, and squirming about frantically then crying out, "Oh don't, daddy! Please stop, daddy! I won't do it again. I promise, daddy! Oh, please stop!" Then it was more than likely daddy would stop and she'd get off with less than half of what she knew she deserved.

No, it wasn't Dad that the girl of the twenties had to be wary of, it





was Mum. Mum had had a very strict upbringing, although she was all for the emancipation of women, and was glad that her daughter had far more freedom and opportunities than she'd had, but it must be remembered that Mum was after all a Victorian and to her the phrase, "spare the rod and spoil the child," was something more than just another saying. She didn't, with vivid memories of her own girlhood to draw on, like punishing her grown daughter and usually delayed it as long as possible. When she finally convinced herself that her daughter needed a "sharp lesson" she was not to be put off by any feminine wiles. The unfortunate girl knew with sinking heart that she wasn't going to get away with anything less than she deserved, and probably got a lot more. It wasn't any good at all turning on the tears because Mum knew exactly how easy it was to bring forth a flood of tears. She'd done it often enough herself. She also knew exactly how much punishment was needed in order to make the lesson so salutary that it need not be repeated.

Reluctantly she precedes her Mum up the stairs to her bedroom. Knowing that she can only "grin and bear it" and aware that Mum has seen to it that Dad is out and that she has locked the doors so that there will be no last minute interruptions.

Slowly she undresses, whilst Mum picks up her hairbrush and waits. Totally unmoved by her daughter's woe-begone look and her

breast heaving sighs, she waits until the seat of the operation is completely devoid of clothing. She then orders her to lay herself over the two pillows she has placed ready on the edge of the bed.

If the vista of the dimpled smooth soft curves that is presented to her has any softening effect on her, it is not apparent! Ignoring its mute appeal, for kisses rather than stripes, Mum raises the hairbrush and delivers a stroke on her ever loving daughter's bottom. If it is of such force that a wailing cry of "Oh, Mum!" is torn from the girl's lips and the sharp 'slap' of its impact fills the room. With her eyes fixed on the swiftly reddening surface of her daughter's plump buttocks, Mum's arm rises and falls steadily and vigorously. Each healthy impact of the brush leaves a bright oval imprint that makes the girl heave and the smitten cheek quiver like a large milk jelly. As the pain mounts, the girl's gasps give way to shrill cries, and her buttocks, now flaming red, contort and twist as she tries desperately to avoid the stinging blows which rain down on her scalded flesh. Tears, genuine hot tears fill her eyes, and stream down her grimacing cheeks. Tears which 'Mum' ignores. She even denies the existence of the steadily increasing pitch of cries that her luckless daughter emits at each fresh onslaught of the hairbrush.

With her free hand pressed firmly on the small of the girl's wriggling back, she smites the wildly heaving

buttocks until the now vividly crimson mass is mottled with bluish patches. Only then, breathless and with aching arm, does she cease. A look of satisfaction beams across her face as she walks to the door and watches her sobbing daughter tenderly cupping her hands over her fiery bottom. It is a look of compassion and love.

Parents with old-fashioned ideas were only one of the stumbling blocks the 'modern miss' of the twenties had to contend with. There were others too, who seemed to think that they had a natural right to administer correction; especially if the girl in question was dependent on them for her livelihood.

If our schoolgirl came from a middleclass background and went to a private school, it is quite possible that when she left at 16, she would take a course at a business college. Here she would learn shorthand and typing and would then look for a glamorous office job. She would take a variety of boyfriends from the local tennis club but would only kiss them quietly when no one else was looking. Of course, her mother was very proud of her when she set off in the mornings for her job in the City. Dressed in a very business-like black suit with a crisp white blouse and good stockings, she was the apple of her eye. Life was very good to her. The boss was 'very nice,' quite a gentleman and rather good looking too, she felt 'no end flattered' that he had chosen her as



his 'Private Secretary'.

The fact that he was a 'jolly decent fellow' and had been to a 'good school,' did not of course stop him from looking up her skirt when she sat in front of him to take dictation. Very discreetly, of course, but nevertheless, she did have to remember to keep her legs closed and her skirt pulled down. There were those times too, when she had to stand by the side of his chair so that he could show her agreements and other documents. She was quite used now to the way his hand would invariably come to rest on her hip. Now and then, he would give her bottom a little pat of approval. It was all quite innocent and normal but she wasn't very keen on the way his eyes always followed her when she left the room. That was the trouble with such short tight skirts they did over-emphasise one's rear. Sometimes, when she had been a bit forgetful, he'd say, jokingly, of course, "I can see I shall have to cane your knees my dear," or with a shake of his head, "Tic, Tick, you'd better pull up your socks or uncle will have to smack that pretty little bottom of yours."

Once, when discussing an actress in the news he'd said, "That young woman needs a damned good spanking," in such an emphatic way that she'd wondered what he'd do if she really made some awful blunder. She'd shrugged it off and forgot it, after all he was a 'gentleman' – she too was a thoroughly competent and well

educated young woman, a product of the enlightened twentieth century and all that it implied. Then had come the fatal day. The day she looked back on with such mixed feelings. The day she couldn't breath a word about to anyone, not even Mummy – especially Mummy.

The day had been like any other until late in the afternoon, when it was nearly time to go home. There had been a phone call. A phone call that had changed his normally pleasant expression quickly to one of surprise, then dismay and finally, as he slammed down the receiver, to one of fury. Slowly he'd put his hands on the desk and stood up. "You silly little idiot," he'd said in a tone that made her shiver, "Do you know what you've done?" Dumbly she shook her head. "Those contracts you posted last night, you put them in the wrong envelopes and there's hell to pay. Those people are bitter rivals. God knows what I'll be able to do."

Then very quietly and in a way she could not fail to understand, he added, "But I know what I'm going to do to you young lady." Her knees suddenly felt like jelly as she stared at him in dismayed disbelief. He glanced at the clock on his desk. "Send the girls home," he said tersely and as her unwilling legs took her to the door added, "and lock the door."

She never knew how she mustered sufficient sang-froid to dismiss the typists, wait for them to get ready and then bid them a

smiling goodnight, just as if nothing had happened, or worse still, was going to happen.

Reluctantly she dropped the latch on the outer door and still more reluctantly turned her steps to the inner office. All the time she was hoping that she'd misunderstood him. He wasn't really going to give her a good spanking, was he? Perhaps he only meant to give her a good ticking off, but as she reached the door her hopes were completely shattered. Her heart gave a sickening lurch, for her chair which usually faced his desk had been turned round and he was waiting with obvious impatience beside it. What put the final seal on it was the fact that he had taken off his jacket.

All sorts of things came into her head. Desperate appeals for clemency. Varied excuses – appeals to his gentlemanly instinct – threats to tell Daddy. It wasn't right – she was too old – she wasn't well – how white his shirt was – how handsome he was with that stern expression on his face. A flood of thoughts surged through her mind as she crossed, in a dream, the intervening space between them, but not one single word would come to her dry lips.

She found herself confronting him. He was unfastening her jacket, slipping it off her shoulders, folding it and putting it beside his on the desk.

Then he was sitting down, taking her arm and pulling her gently but strongly down, down, until she was

completely across his thighs. Oh, why wouldn't her thoughts make sense? Why wouldn't the words come? Why didn't she struggle and say, "No, you can't, I won't let you. I won't be spanked like a disobedient schoolgirl. I'm grown up, I'm a young woman. I don't have to submit to a juvenile punishment just because you're my boss!" Oh dear, he's pulling my skirt up, and my petticoat! I ought to tell him to stop now, but well, he is my boss, and I suppose he does have the right really. If I refused he might sack me, I do like working for him. Yes, I suppose he does have a perfect right to punish me.

I deserve it, it was a stupid thing to do. A spanking is not much. I'm glad I've got my new satin cami-knicks on. At least I look nice. I wonder if he likes them? Thank goodness I put them on. It would be awful if I had knickers on and he pulled them down. I wish he'd start and get it over with. I feel peculiar lying across his knees like this. Wish I wasn't quite so plump behind. What's he doing? Oh, no, he mustn't, no, he's feeling for the

buttons. For the first time she found her voice. Clamping her legs tight she gasped, "No, please! No! I-I'll do it! Please let me." But it was too late, his fingers had found the two little pearl buttons that joined the narrow strip of material between her legs. Speechless again with embarrassment she could only squirm in silent protest as his male fingers fumbled against her warm soft feminine flesh until the strip parted. It was almost a relief when the back of her cami-knickers was drawn up, even if it left her nude from the waist to thighs. At least his hand wasn't searching between her legs.

Flushed and embarrassed she lay there; too acutely embarrassed to be apprehensive of the forthcoming punishment.

"Oh, dear," she thought. "I'm bare, absolutely bare. How awful, I'll never be able to face him again. I never felt like this when Daddy spanked me! He's looking at me, the beast! She felt his right leg rising, felt herself being lifted as he wedged his heel high up on the leg of his chair. "Oh no, how could he? As if it's not enough already, he's

trying to make it more obvious! I'll never speak to him again. The rotter!"

All thoughts were abruptly banished as his stiffened hand suddenly descended on her raised buttocks. She felt her bottom quiver, then heard the sharp sound of the slap, and felt a tingling sensation in her right cheek. A few seconds later, a second slap made her left cheek quiver and tingle. It seemed a long time before another one arrived on her right cheek again, and even longer before the other one got its second dose. The smacks made her jump. They left a small tingling sensation behind them but they didn't really hurt. Several spansks later she thought: "he's not really spanking me, not properly. He's doing it deliberately. I wonder why? Perhaps he's making it last so that he can keep me across his knees for a long time. Maybe he just enjoys humiliating me so that I won't be able to face him tomorrow. Could he be thinking about going — I mean actually doing it to me. Oh goodness, surely he's too much of a gentleman to take advantage of me like that,



surely he's not going to make love to me.

Perhaps he likes doing it? Oh, no, he couldn't. Well, perhaps he likes looking at my bare bottom. I wonder if it has gone pink yet. It's beginning to feel a little warm. M'm quite warm and it stings. Oh! Oh! Ooh, he's smacking so much harder now." Time passed and the spanks continued to fall with clockwork regularity. Each cheek receiving its exact quota of punishment. The slaps grew harder and harder and the warmth spread so much that she had to gather her breath. Her buttocks began to weave and wriggle in rhythm with the spanks.

"Oh dear, it stings!" she thought. "It's getting so hot, oh, it does hurt so, oh my poor bum! I wish he'd stop. Oh, golly! It's like a hot stinging fire! Oh, I must behave. Fancy making a fuss over a spanking. Ooh, I must try to stop my bum from lifting up and down in rhythm with his slaps. It's quite disgusting. What will he think of me? I've had much worse at school. Oh, aaah! Daddy says you should always take your punishment quietly! I am trying but, oh, oh, oh,

no! Please sir, oh, do stop, I can't stand any more. Oh, my poor bottom! Please, please STOP!"

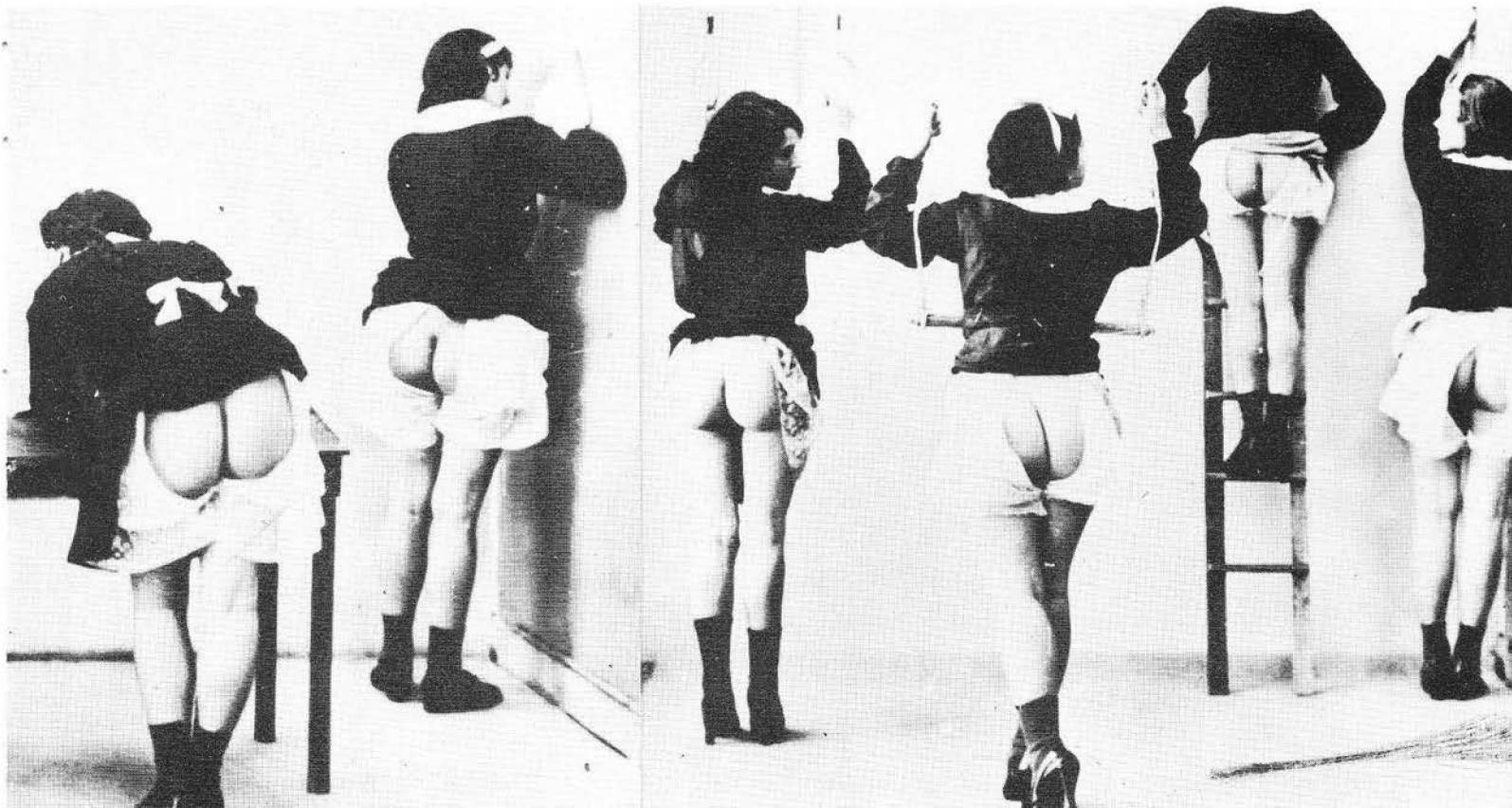
She wriggled and beseeched until like any naughty girl, at any time in history, she burst into tears.

Dazed, bewildered and sobbing, she found herself standing up, her face pressed to his chest, her tears wetting his shirt. One of his strong arms encircled her shoulders comfortingly. His voice was making soothing noises, while his other hand was gently rubbing her bottom. It was by this time a painfully smarting bottom, that seemed to be throbbing like an enormous aching pulse. She refused to listen to the little voice that was trying to remind her of something. It was highly improper, not to say very dangerous, to stand with her skirt up round her waist. A girl was completely at the mercy of a brute who had given her the spanking of her life and whose hand even now was caressing her bottom. Slowly she pressed herself against him and abandoned herself to an orgy of weeping that left her with a strange feeling of relaxed contentment. When she could no longer sustain

her sobs she turned her face up towards him. Her lips were being kissed, at first quite gently, then more and more urgently until blushing she had struggled from his arms. Shakily she had lit a cigarette, a practice new to her.

"You can't go home yet, my dear, phone your mother and tell her you are with a girlfriend this evening or something. We'll have a run out to Maidenhead for dinner and a dance or two and I promise to get you home by ten."

Oh no, that day was certainly not one she could ever reveal to her mother. Even if you could make her understand the spanking, what about the awful fibs you'd told her on the phone? It would be impossible for her to comprehend the rest of the story. After all, if a man had already unbuttoned your cami-knickers once, there was no earthly reason why you shouldn't let him do it again. After a simply wonderful dinner of lobster and champagne, you were comfortably ensconced on the wide soft back seat of his luxurious Daimler, and you couldn't possibly say no then, could you?





SCENES OF DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE

As anger and recriminations play a part in every 'normal' marriage, discipline must be seen in the larger perspective of including various forms of subtle psychological punishment. There is not that much difference between the woman who punishes her husband's unsatisfactory behaviour by with-holding her sexual favours, and the wife who more directly castigates her mate with a spanking, a caning, or whipping. We will explore attitudes to domestic, marital discipline and deal with the ever-growing number of marriages in which discipline is perceived as actually a sexual pleasure. From there, we will proceed to investigate the psychological bases and causes of such partnerships.

F. Kraupl-Taylor, the author of *Psychopathology*, writes: "In some women, sexual emotions are only kindled by the non-sexual feelings of reconciliation after a period of estrangement. This perversion has not received a special name, and is often overlooked,

perhaps because the reconciliation of an estranged couple is something that is applauded as admirable rather than condemned as perverted. The perversion is, however, obvious in the matrimonial history of such women, which consists of episodes of furious quarrels alternating with times of mutual forgiving."

One wife in an interview said: "I admit that I use spanking as an emotional release. My husband Frank is a rather docile type. He would be, for some women, the perfect husband, but frequently he gets on my nerves. I get bored, and I have to lash out at something, at someone. Frank becomes the target of my wrath, and he is so good-natured that he does not mind.

"After yelling at him, I tell him he has been bad, and that I cannot let him go without punishment. I ask him how he would like it. Sometimes he suggests that he lie on my lap, his buttocks up, and receive a good, stern spanking. I hit him as hard as I can, until the palm of my hand stings painfully with the slaps. Or else I hit him with one of his own leather belts, striking the long



leather tongue against his quivering buttocks as he stands with his back to me.

"When the punishment has been administered, I feel my anger vanish. I take Frank into my arms and comfort him, and tell him I forgive him his bad behaviour, and that I believe his promises of better conduct in the future!"

The causes and characteristics of the discipline aberration are to a certain extent inextricably entangled. Many psychologists have explained that a connection can exist between the later addition to punishment and punitive measures exacted by parents and teachers in early life. Theodore Millon in *Modern Psychopathology* explains: "If the child submits to pressure and succeeds in fulfilling parental expectations (i.e. learns . . . to avoid the negative re-inforcement of punishment) he is apt to become an overly obedient and circumspect sort of person. Quite typically, these individuals learn not only to keep in check their impulses and contrary thoughts, but, by vicarious observation and imitation, to adopt the parental behaviour model, and begin to be punitive of deviant behaviour on the part of others." This observation demonstrates the ambivalence of the 'authoritarian personality,' who can play at being both the obedient servant and exacting taskmaster. As an illustration, there is the case of a 'strict' husband who 'takes turns' spanking and being spanked by his alternately submissive and dominant wife:

"When I am feeling very much the master, I will come home and see that my wife has left something dirty. Or else perhaps she has not troubled herself to have dinner ready on time. This angers me, of course, and she is well aware of what happens when she has made me mad; so aware, after all these years, that I can only think she has been naughty in order to make me punish her. For when I put her on my lap and slam my hand against her bottom, she screams — first with fear, but with each hard stroke she twists her stomach against my lap and urges me on, twisting her behind as I hit her.

"Because I am a man, when I have failed in some of my duties, I must be subjected to harsher penalties at my wife's hand. Jean uses a thick wooden ruler on me. This excites me, sometimes to the point of orgasm."

Caning was once known on the Continent as 'the English vice,' and the early association of punishment at the discretion of a respected figure like the schoolmaster can leave a lasting impression on the child and later adult. A woman now in her forties recalls the administration of corporal punishment upon her as a child, by her male tutor. Because the tutor was a father-figure and love-object to the then small girl, she now indulges in submission to her husband:

"Mr. ——— was in his late twenties, and he had been hired by my father to tutor my brothers and myself when we lived for a while in France. I did not at the time notice anything odd about our tutor, but in retrospect I realise that he was a bit too fond of the cane. Often, on the slightest pretext, he would have me

bend forward, put my palms to the floor, and give me several strokes of the cane.

"I have engaged in a very normal sexual life since then, but it has been a special treat, always, to have a man slap my bottom playfully — and often, not so playfully — before coitus."

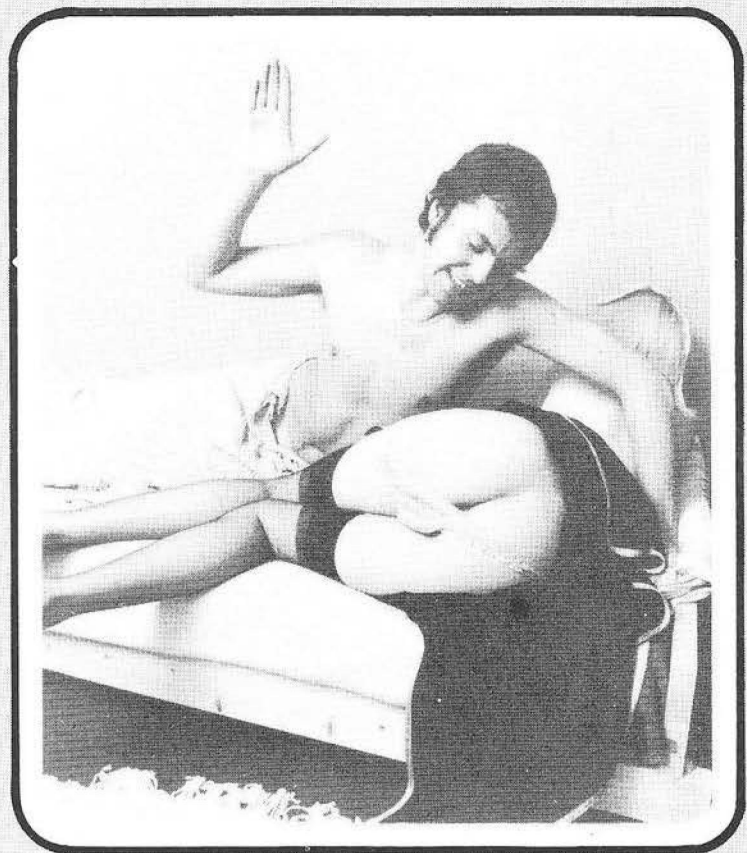
When the spanker is female, according to Theodore Reik, one of the most famous of all psychoanalysts after Freud, "The beating person . . . is a composite figure. She is the loving and loved woman but with the punishing gesture of the father. She stands in the place of the first love-object, the mother, whom the boy had coveted, but in the father's place as well, for whose sake the object had to be abandoned. The renounced and the new figure, the adored and the dreaded figure have been fused into one."

We need go no further for illustration of this point than a case-study that is now a classic in the textbooks of sexology, that of Leopold Baron von Sacher-Masoch, from whose name Krafft-Ebbing coined the word 'masochism.' Sacher-Masoch and his mistress, a married woman named Fanny von Pistor-Bogdanoff, took trips and rail journeys together; the odd thing was that the Baron insisted on travelling as her servant, and an ill-treated servant at that! Von Sacher-Masoch ministered to her every whim, and indeed encouraged her to be wildly whimsical.

Later he married Wanda Rumelin, an aggressive woman who even competed with him as a novelist — after he had written the classic *Venus in Furs*, Wanda penned and countered with *Women in Furs*. Sacher-Masoch drew up their marriage contract, and it is illuminating in connexion with our subject: "I undertake to be the slave of Mme. Wanda von Dunajew, entirely in the manner desired by her, and to submit without resistance to anything she might do to me." On their wedding night, he induced her to sleep with another man — a stranger — as a humiliation to him, while he hid in the wardrobe and observed their love-making.

The background to this seems to fit neatly within the classic Freudian categories. As a child, he had hidden in the wardrobe of the room of a well-loved aunt. She entered the room with her lover, unknown to him. Later, as the two were making love, they were interrupted by Leopold's uncle, and a violent scene erupted. A noise was heard in the closet when the young boy inadvertently moved; he was discovered and soundly thrashed. The aunt had at first been wearing over her nudity just a furcoat, and this was the garment he had Wanda wear as she entertained the stranger on their wedding night. This is a clear example of fixation; the scene was a recreation of that earlier experience. The fixated subject is compelled to re-enact over and over again traumatic experiences, only now to elicit pleasure from them rather than pain.

Certainly the climate of our times is a violent one, and one might reasonably expect violence and disciplinary control by violence to play a part in marriage, traditionally the most stable of relationships.



Some have claimed to see in advertising, in television and other media the association between violence and sexuality that can set the stage for domestic discipline. As Eustace Chesser puts it, in *The Human Aspects of Sexual Deviation*, "...many youngsters, either by direct observation or by exposure to books, TV and newspaper reports or by direct parental tutelage, come to associate sexuality with brutality and pain. The fear and tension generated by these... deeply impress children, and often result in the distorted image that sex is invariably connected with the infliction or suffering of physical and mental abuse." This was seen recently with perhaps unbearable clarity in the film, 'A Clockwork Orange.' The younger generation could be expected to suffer most from this association, and in support of this inference we have the testimony of a young girl of nineteen, describing the brutal ways in which her husband treated her:

"When he was drunk, he would come home and practically rape me. I would turn away from him, but he would slap me across the face, and tell me that it was a woman's duty to give her body to her husband, whenever he wanted it. He tore the clothing from me on several occasions, and then, because I was not passionate enough, turned me over on his knees and struck me hard on my naked bottom."

Yet it is not only such demonstrably sadistic behaviour patterns that one observes, as many marriages are based happily upon submission, dominance, and the administration of discipline. One explanation is that, though less frequently now than in other times (the Victorian period, for example), sex itself has been presented to the impressionable young

as an activity to be despised. These feelings of the need to punish the marital partner may, as Chesser puts it, "be traced to attitudes of shame, disgust and guilt toward sexual matters usually engendered by parental or religious teachings. Conditioned to view sex as 'dirty' or as a sign of degradation and sin, the youngster reinforces this image through fantasy and carries it within him into the sexual act. Both sadistic and masochistic habits may arise as a consequence. The sadist handles his guilt by venting contempt for his partner's willingness to engage in the despised act; prior to intercourse he degrades and even tortures her. The masochist, guilt-ridden for her 'lascivious' intentions, must subject herself to physical flagellation and verbal abuse as an explanatory prerequisite to the forbidden and sinful act." Chesser gives an illustrative case-history, relevant in this context, which can only be presented here in abridged form, for reasons of space:

'A,' the attractive wife of an electronics engineer, discovered tendencies in her husband, shortly after their marriage, which she thought of as 'abnormal.' (Both husband and wife had been raised in strict homes.) One night they had a mild argument; the young engineer had forgotten to book tickets for the theatre, as he had promised. When, that night, they were undressing in the bedroom, he became (in her words) 'abjectly apologetic.' She quoted him as saying: "I deserve to be punished." Producing *her* hairbrush, he told her: "Go on, darling, hit me." Thinking he was joking, she hit him lightly upon the buttocks. He urged her, however, to hit harder, and continued these importunings with each stroke. He became, as she said, 'curiously excited,' and when intercourse followed he



was 'frighteningly passionate' — again, this is her own report.

During the next few weeks, 'A' repeatedly begged her to beat him, and she finally succumbed. The administration of punishment became a nightly ritual before the couple went to bed. Psychiatric treatment followed. As a child, the young man had repeatedly been beaten with a strap; mention of sex in the household was forbidden as well. Intercourse was thus associated in his mind with strong subconscious guilt feelings. During analysis, there was no intercourse for several months, with few exceptions, when it was difficult and unsatisfying. The husband finally visited a prostitute who offered him the relief his wife would not. When the wife discovered this, divorce soon followed.

This raises the subject of the prostitute and her role in fulfilling the husband sexually when the wife refuses him the comforts of domestic discipline. Chesser suggests we think of the prostitute as, in such cases, a 'therapist,' and that troubled wives should accept her as such. As elaboration, the following case-study by a prostitute specializing in discipline will be helpful.

"Many men come to me to receive spankings or lashings. They are able to maintain erections and achieve climax as I give them corporal punishment of one kind or another. I stand above them, usually naked, perhaps wearing leather boots and a jacket, with nothing on underneath, and only the sheerest pair of nylon knickers.

"I have had certain men bring an article of their wife's clothing and actually have me wear it as I beat them; they were pretending that I was her, and they

did not want to be unfaithful, only their wife's attitude forced them to it."

What is the role of the understanding wife? It has been suggested that she accede to her husband's demands whenever possible and even that she may come to enjoy the disciplinary practices themselves whether she plays the dominant or submissive role. In this connection it may be wise to reprint *in toto* a letter quoted in *The Human Aspects of Sexual Deviation*:

(*The wife writes*) "I found a magazine hidden in my husband's drawer with pictures of teenaged girls being spanked, and amazing stories of girls who actually asked for more. One girl with her knickers removed was lying across a man's knees and he was swishing her with a light cane. Instead of screaming, she had a blissful expression on her face. 'Don't stop, daddy, it's heavenly!' said the caption. I burst out laughing, but when I asked Dick where he'd got such a magazine he was embarrassed and pretended a friend had given it to him. Later, however, I persuaded him to explain what it was all about. I was incredulous when he told me that some people were more sexy after being spanked. Jokingly I said, 'Let's try it.' He refused at first. But I had a feeling he really wanted to, and I insisted. When I fetched the dog's lead and handed it to him his manner changed and it was as though a load had been lifted off his mind. I lay face downwards on the bed and his heels trembled as he flicked the strap across my bare buttocks. As he continued, less gently, I felt a strange tingling sensation that was partly pain and partly pleasure. I wanted intercourse as never before, and he felt the same. We suddenly knew that we had made a



discovery. Crazy as it seems, the soreness didn't matter. I wanted him to . . . take me as no other man had. A new meaning had come into our lives. We shared a secret and an intimacy of complete understanding. I knew that this would bind us together for life, that nothing either of us wanted to do need be concealed or refused. The relief was indescribable. But there was no cruelty about it. We approached each other gaily, and I would hand him the strap as though it were a drink to toast our love. I realise that not everyone would feel like this, but we seemed to belong to a select few — almost a secret society."

We have just seen one example of how domestic discipline can come to be practised; but often such sex-games can arise more accidentally. For, make no mistake about it, there is no clear line between normal sexual aggression and the kind of dominance required for home discipline and punishment. As Dr. Kinsey put it in his study of American women: "Towards the peak of sexual arousal there may be considerable slapping and heavier blows, biting and scratching, and other activities which the recipient never remembers and which appear to have a minimal, if any, effect on him at the time of occurrence. Not only does the sense of touch diminish, but the sense of pain is largely lost. If the blows begin mildly and do not become severe until there is definite erotic response, the recipient in flagellation or other types of sado-masochistic behaviour may receive extreme punishment without being aware that he is being subjected to more than mild tactile stimulation."

The noted anthropologist Malinowski supports this comment upon the strong aggressive nature of women in his researches on the Trobrianders, *The Sexual Life of Savages*: ". . . in the rough usage of passion, the woman is more active. I have seen far larger scratches and marks on the men than on women, and only women may actually lacerate their lovers. It is a great jest in the Trobrianders to look at the back of a man or girl for hallmarks of success in amorous life." In the following case-study, we see how a couple accidentally discovered the delights to be had from what Malinowski above calls 'the rough usage of passion':

"I told my wife that I liked her when she was aggressive in bed, when she tried to be dominant and even rough. She took this as a suggestion, and we then came to the logical conclusion. She would have a small wooden implement that she'd keep in her hand, and when I was inside her, and she felt herself ready to climax, she would spur me on by slamming the wood against my thighs or buttocks. My eyes would burn with fire and being to go moist with the pain.

"While she was in a loving mood, she associated sex with the pleasure she got from beating me, and that I got from being beaten. So her way of suggesting that we have sex in, say, the middle of the afternoon, would be to ask me if I thought I'd been 'a good boy'. And I'd answer: 'Well, no, Mama,' I'd say, and then I'd tell her about some infraction of our household 'rules.' The rules were unwritten, and sometimes I would make

them up just to receive punishment. Then I'd get on my knees, my buttocks pushing up toward her, and she would hit me and satisfy me."

Yet there is another line of thought that sees the more typical situation of male-administered punishment as a natural result of woman's position in our male dominated society. Dr. Helen Deutsch, writing in *The Psychology of Women* says: "Women's cultural and psychological preparation for the sexual and reproductive functions is closely associated with masochistic ideas. In these ideas coitus is closely associated with the act of defloration, and defloration with rape and a painful penetration of the body . . . acceptance of pain associated with pleasure, or of pleasure associated with pain, may result in such a close connection between the two that sexual pleasure becomes dependent upon the pain."

Corroboration comes in these words from a London housewife:

"It is always a great relief to be beaten by Ralph, my husband, as punishment for things I've done wrong. Otherwise I feel so guilty, and there's no way to get rid of that terrible weight. When he spreads me out on the bed, my stomach pressing into the mattress, and whips me, though it hurts me, it is thrilling, and I feel shivers of pleasure crawling up from my legs and buttocks to the small of my back and then through my spine. Sometimes I yell out, "Yes, hurt me, hurt me!"

In the case of the famous philosopher, Jean-Jaques Rousseau, light is cast upon the relation of discipline to exhibitionism and also masochism; and though his particular case did not occur within marriage, it may be useful in our studies. Rousseau felt compelled to show his naked buttocks to passing ladies. This, comments Theodore Reik, shows the provocative nature of masochism, which invites sexually gratifying punishment.

Indeed, it is with Reik's exegesis of masochism that we may logically draw to the close of these investigations: "being beaten and loved are fused into one single masochistic expression . . ." This is so because the child, seeking to be punished for the Oedipal crime, substitutes his mother for his father as the agent of his punishment, because, in his castration anxiety, he cannot afford to expose himself to the male parent.

"Is the male's goal," he goes on to ask, "shame and punishment? No! He does not enjoy pain, but what is bought with pain. He does not strive for discomfort, but for lust. He has not given up his position, but only changed it. Not before the end-phase will he definitely elevate pain and disgrace to the place of pleasure, find his lust even in pain. Masochism is a roundabout way to the original goal . . . only a temporary diversion . . . the character of masochism testifies that the power of sadism is mighty; it shows at the same time that it is not almighty. Its boundaries are determined by respect for the superior strength of other persons, by the fear of punishment and finally by feelings of guilt. The forces of destruction meet here with the power of love."



from:

A HISTORY OF THE ROD

“ I have seen marriageable girls flogged for breaches of discipline, before all their schoolfellows, the necessary portion of their dress being removed. There was a dress put on for a public flogging, something like a night-gown, and in this the culprit was exhibited before all her school-mates, to receive her punishment. She was made to stoop forward over one of the desks, her hands being firmly held by an attendant, and her feet secured in the stocks to the floor. I remember well a young lady being chastised in this way only a few weeks before she left school to be married. I will call her Miss Darwin here. She was a bad girl — naturally bad, I do believe — and she was always pilfering; nothing was safe from her fingers. We lost all sorts of things — money, trinkets, and even clothes. It was what they call kleptomania now, but we had no grand names for crimes when I was young: stealing was stealing, and there was an end of it. I forget what particular theft caused the whipping I am going to tell you about, but I remember it very well. In the midst of the afternoon school Miss Pomeroy said: “Young ladies, you will dress half-an-hour earlier than usual today, and be in the classroom at half-past-four instead of five o’clock.”

We looked at one another, and Miss Darwin coloured a little, but made no other sign that she knew anything about the alteration, and we went to our rooms. Upstairs we found out what it meant, for the maid who dressed my hair had to make up the rods, and a new one had been tied up that day, expressly for the coming ceremony. At the appointed time we were all in the classroom and Miss Pomeroy took her place. Miss Darwin was ordered to stand in the middle of the room, and then our governess proceeded to tell us what she had done, and what she was going to suffer. She was a very handsome girl, quite a woman in appearance and size; yet she stood there to take her whipping as a matter of course. She was very handsomely dressed in a gown of green brocade, with a frilled petticoat of white silk, silk stockings and embroidered shoes to match her dress. Her hair, which was only confined by a red ribbon, was frizzed and curled, and she wore a handsome necklace and earrings. Miss Pomeroy rang for an attendant, who came and stood beside her with a deep courtesy.

“Prepare her,” was the mandate, and the girl courtesied again, and requested permission to remove the gloves. Miss Darwin bowed (that was the formula), and the process of disrobing went on. Then the the punishment blouse was put on — it used to remind us of a shroud — and then the young lady, taking the rod, presented it, kneeling to Miss Pomeroy. The governess took it and came down from the dais, where her chair was placed, while Miss Darwin, between two teachers, was led to the desk, and fastened over it in the manner I have described. Then the governess, with right good will, whipped her till red weals rose in all directions on her white flesh. The castigation over, she now, trembling in every limb, and with blazing cheeks and sparkling eyes, returned the rod to the governess kneeling, and retired to make her toilet, a servant bearing her clothes in a basket.”



“Go upstairs and take your knickers down”

Being famous and enjoying a good spanking really doesn't go together. You'll never guess my name but I'm a well-known London actress. When you've read my story you will probably know me, however don't tell anyone, will you. For the purpose of this story I shall be known as Nelly Jackson.

When I first left Drama School I got a job as A.S.M. and understudy in a summer season at the seaside. The male star was famous and the leading actors well known. The play was a West End success and was put on at this popular resort by a prominent West End management. Of course, I was very lucky to get into it as my first professional job. A.S.M., by the way, stands for Assistant Stage Manager, the lowest form of life in

the theatre.

My duties were simple — assembling and attending to the props., working the tape machine for effects and interval music. I was even allowed a short period at each performance in charge of the prompt corner from which the whole running of the play is controlled. From this position I was able to watch first-class actors and actresses at work every night. I learned my two understudy roles and rehearsed them every week, though I never got a chance to go on in either part. It was a happy company and everybody was nice to me. I was, you see, learning something of the ways of the theatre and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. We swam when the weather was fine, had lots of parties



including a few midnight bathes when we all went in naked, and had all sorts of fun and games.

I went to bed two or three times with the star, though that didn't mean much as he took everybody to bed in turn, including the prettier of the theatre barmaids and a few of the fans who came around after him. He was very nice though and gave me a marvellous time in bed. Obviously he was more accomplished than the younger boy with whom I slept more regularly. One of the older actresses made a couple of passes at me, but I didn't respond to that — not then, anyway. It was all extremely pleasant and even if I didn't learn an enormous amount it was a happy introduction to my career as a professional actress.

My next job was in an important Repertory Theatre where life was taken much more seriously. The work was a great deal harder and more responsible even though I was still a junior A.S.M. — the plays being more varied and important. I did get on stage occasionally in small parts, though the Director was sometimes very tough with me but I did feel that I was making some progress.

I had been there about three months when I made

my catastrophic mistake. I was in the prompt corner with the duty of ringing down the curtain on the second act of the play. This is an important job which is not normally left to a mere A.S.M. However, my superior, the Deputy S.M., was organising the quick change of scenery and props which followed and had left it to me. I had done it successfully enough before — after all it was only a matter of pressing the red warning button half a page beforehand and the green light 'GO' two lines before the cue then down came the curtains to cut off the tag line which governed the whole of the action in the third act.

A moment's stunned silence, then the two leading players were at me in a fury of demanding actions to know what the hell I thought I was at. I had rung the curtain down too soon! The D.S.M. came tearing round from the other side of the stage. She calmed the two actors down and they went to their dressing rooms. Then she turned on me and without raising her voice proceeded calmly and methodically to tear me into little strips. I did not dare and could not answer back because I knew how right she was and how wrong I had been. I was quickly reduced to the state of a jelly. Finally, striding round the back of the stage came the Director. He stared coldly at me. "Go upstairs and take down your knickers," he said, and walked on.

That was the last straw. Veronica, the D.S.M., had made me feel what an incompetent fool I was, but this — contemptuous almost — order even though he obviously didn't mean it to be obeyed, reduced me to the level of an idiot schoolchild.

I burst into tears. Veronica, who was not all that much older than I was really knew her job and relented a little. "Don't take it too hard, Nelly," she advised. "It's his favourite way of making any of us feel a fool when we make a real boob. You'd better go and make your peace with him after the show."

So, when the performance was finished and I'd done my tidying up I crept up to the Director's room, still in a state of terror and almost hoping that he'd have packed up and gone. But no such luck. I knocked on his door and heard him bid me enter.

I went in and stood with my back to the closed door. I felt like some wretched schoolgirl facing a stern Headmaster. I even spoke like one. "Please, Peter," I said, "I've come to say how sorry I am . . ." my voice trailed off. His rather austere face did not relax much, he spoke kindly.

"All right, Nelly. I've not doubt that Veronica — and others — have dealt faithfully with you about it." I nodded miserably. "So that if you are the sensible girl I think you are, it won't ever happen again." He even smiled a little.

"Oh, no, Peter. It won't. I've learned my lesson."

I wonder, looking back, why I had to speak and behave like a naughty schoolgirl. On reflection I even pictured myself complete with gymslip, black knickers and short socks.

He nodded. "I'm sure you have. But don't think you won't make any more mistakes. Not so stupid as this

one perhaps, but remember, Nelly, that we learn from our mistakes and the more painful the lesson, the better we learn." It must have been the naughty schoolgirl feeling that made me reply – and it didn't even sound like me speaking – "You could have made it even more painful – and effective – if you'd really meant it when you told me to go upstairs and take down my knickers." I clapped a hand over my mouth as I realised what I was saying but I was too late. A flicker of interest lit his eyes.

"Do you really think so?" he asked.

I suppose I could have withdrawn even then, but some extraordinary combination of misery and bravado forced me to nod my head. I couldn't speak. As they say nowadays, I was choked.

"You interest me, Nelly," said Peter. "If you go down to the prop room I think you will find some canes. Bring me one, will you?" Now I was really terrified. I could only nod dumbly again and turn to

the door. "And if anyone sees you and asks what it's for, tell them, won't you?" he said as I left the room.

There were several canes of varying length and thickness in the prop room. I had never seen one used in a play but I knew they were sometimes used for sound effects such as pistol shots. By striking them hard across the seat of a chair, this live sound can still, sometimes be more effective than taped effects.

Still in a sort of dream I went carefully through the bundle and selected what appeared to be a genuine punishment cane. It was the thin swishy sort with a curly handle, and holding it carefully I made my way back to the Director's room. The theatre was fairly clear by this time and I didn't meet anybody, but if I had I suppose I should have said "Peter's going to take down my knickers and give me the cane for ringing the curtain down too early."

I'm sure I was in sufficient of a daze to have done that if I had been questioned. He wasted no time. A large cushion was placed in the middle of the couch – the casting couch as it was obviously called, though Peter never did any casting like that. He pointed to it with the cane which I had handed to him. "Over there," he said tersely.

I obeyed and lay full length, face down along the couch with my middle humped over the cushion. I felt him turn up my dress over my back, then his fingers against my bare waist as he hooked them into the elastic of my knickers and drew them down. My knickers slid down over my naked buttocks, I felt as if he was scrutinising every inch of my flesh looking for the right spot to cane. I could feel the cool air on my bare skin as my bottom was uncovered and I felt my knicker elastic stretched around my thighs. There was a long pause during which I almost passed out with sheer fright. Then the swish of the descending cane. The smack came like a pistol shot as it struck my naked bottom. How I felt the searing agony as it cut into my soft flesh all at once creating a simultaneous range of sensations. I squealed like a stuck pig and felt my feet fly up in a shocked reaction. The finger of pain across my caned curves was a live thing. It seemed to grow and stick up inches from my bottom, just as if electricity had been volted through it. Though I couldn't see, I could feel the red weal spring to glowing life upon my white skin. I gulped and sobbed, stuffed my hanky in my mouth and buried my head in a cushion. "He can kill me if he likes, but I won't make another sound," I swore to myself. Swish and smack, down came the cane again, but this time I made no squeal, only a strangled sob. And he didn't kill me, but goodness didn't he cane me soundly!

I could never have dreamed that anything could hurt so much. Six strokes, every one seeming more painful than the last. Then the blessed respite when he stopped. I just lay there sobbing helplessly without another thought in my head than the burning agony all over my soft tender bottom.

Then a cool hand was laid over my blazing curves. Oh bliss! I lay quite still, choking back my sobs. Then



kisses. Tender, gentle kisses all up one side of my poor aching bottom and down the other. A kiss for every mark of the cane. Six on each side. Twelve kisses. My poor bottom didn't hurt any less, but I felt a good deal better! Then my knickers were drawn further down my legs and over my feet. Gentle hands, which had been so fierce minutes before, turned me over and caressed my — well 'down there' — and I needed no bidding to allow him intercourse.

The fingers soon found their way to my clitoris. Small tangy fingers that worked away at the shimmering skin between my legs. Within a few seconds I was wet, forgetting the stinging on my rump and simply revelling in the blissful ecstasy of his movement. Knowing his rod was stiff I encouraged him still further until I felt the vigorous thrust of his engine inside me. How I rolled and rocked around forgetting the searing pain of my open wounds. My smarting soundly caned bottom made that encounter even more exciting. It made every one of those six agonizing stingers worthwhile a dozen times over.

Very little was said afterwards. I put my knickers on and he buttoned himself up. He drove me back to my digs and said 'Goodnight.' He didn't even kiss me again. And at rehearsals the next morning neither of us made the slightest sign that we'd shared such an experience the night before. But the signs were plain to see across my rump, it was a week before they faded. I continued to treasure within myself the recollection of the wild joy that my caning had added to what might have been just another pleasant sex encounter.

Life and work continued much as before, so did my relations with Peter. That is to say he as Artistic Director and Director of Productions at the top of the professional scale and I as junior A.S.M. at the bottom. We seldom spoke except to give and receive instructions, we had no relations at all outside the theatre. I did my work and made no more major bloomers and appeared in another couple of small parts in which he directed me quite impersonally, praising or blaming me as I deserved.

About two months later I was given a role which, though small, was most important and quite difficult. I really felt that here I had a chance to show (or maybe find out) that I could act. Peter devoted a lot of time to me during rehearsals, but I still didn't seem able to give him what he wanted or what I thought myself, was right for the play. He persevered and was kind and helpful, I did work hard but it still didn't bring the right results.

After a week Peter had just dismissed the rehearsal one day when he called me back. "We've got to get this part right, Nelly," he said. "You can do it. I know you can do it but we haven't found the way yet."

"I know, Peter," I answered unhappily. "I am trying. I really am."

"I know you are, Nelly," he said. "Maybe I'm not giving you the help you need. Anyway, I'm going to try something that may help us both."

He looked me straight in the face. "Go upstairs and



take down your knickers. And I do mean it this time."

Everything seemed to whirl around. I didn't know what to do or say. What I did say when things came back into focus was "Yes, Peter," and walked off the stage and up to his room. I didn't attempt to reason anything out, I just did as I was told. I was wearing jeans and a sweater as most people do for rehearsals. I shut the door, stripped off my jeans, placed the big cushion on the middle of the couch, pulled my little pants halfway down my legs, tucked up my sweater and lay face down and bottom up over the cushion.

As I lay there naked from the waist down I felt a weird sense of sexual enjoyment filter through my body. I wanted to be stripped completely naked and tied up, then lashed as if I were some sixteenth century mistress who had betrayed her Lord and master. How I wanted to feel that cane searing through my flesh! If Peter thought a caning would do me good and make me a better actress then I was willing to go through

with it. I didn't care if he caned me every day.

He came in, shut the door behind himself and put down the catch. He showed no surprise at finding me so obediently prepared, went to his wardrobe and took out the cane. Obviously he had kept it there since the previous time he'd caned me and I wondered if any of the other girls had felt it sting in the meantime. I didn't think so somehow. He swished it two or three times through the air. A shiver of anticipation chased each tremble down my spine. My loins contracted in an indescribable sensation. He stood, cane in hand where I could see him.

"You do know that this isn't a punishment, Nelly," he said. "It really is meant to help you. Help both of us, perhaps."

"If it is going to make me get the part right, Peter, you can give me the cane before, during and after rehearsals."

He laughed. "I think you really meant that. Anyway, let's see."

He took his place beside me, laid the cane gently across my quivering curves, raised it high and down it came. It hurt just as much as before. I yelped and kicked at the pain and the shock. I was determined that I would do my best to take it quietly and again I stuffed my hanky in my mouth and buried my head in the cushions. The cane rose slowly and fell fast, biting deep into my soft flesh. Again and again, but I made little noise after the initial stroke. All I did was to kick like mad which seemed to relieve the pain a bit. Then a most peculiar thing happened. The fourth stroke stung just as much, but it was a sting rather than a hurt, if one can make such a distinction. It was almost a 'nice' pain if such a silly word can apply. As Peter raised the cane once more my bottom, seemingly without any conscious volition on my part, lifted itself from the cushion as though to meet the descending swish. My bottom, independently of my brain, now wanted to be caned. And it was. I jerked and kicked, but pushed it up again to meet the last stroke. And now there was no question. There was at least as much pleasure as pain as the slender cane seared its vivid red stripe across my tender curves. Then the kisses, hundreds of them. Off came my tiny briefs, and I wanted him but knew I must wait. Then I turned myself over and pushed my pubic area up towards Peter. I opened my legs and helped him. As he made love to me his lovemaking actions were almost as violent as the cane had been. The harsh stinging sensation had left my rump and was replaced by the slow gurgling noise of his in and out movements inside my vagina. I was still elevated on the cushions where I had been caned. I drew my knees up to my shoulders to let him enter more fully. Then I knew what the sensation was I had felt in my loins before my caning. Sheer sexual excitement, though I hadn't realised it at the time. It was gorgeous and the sting in my bottom made it all the better. The sexual encounter was unbelievable. I came in the most ecstatic orgasm which was enhanced by the brutality inflicted on my buttocks.

I am not going to pretend that at rehearsal next morning I got everything right the first time, but I did get more life into the part. Peter's direction and suggestions meant more to me than previously. With hard work and painstaking rehearsal it did seem to be what was needed and I made a nice little success when the play went on.

But I didn't become a star overnight. I was still an A.S.M., doing my work and counting myself lucky whenever I was given a halfway decent part. However, I started to be a real actress and worked and learned from my erotic adventures.

There was no more mention of going upstairs and taking my knickers down, willingly though I should have been to do so whenever Peter told me, but he did give me better parts and I was able to respond to his help and direction without another caning.

Six months went by like this and then one night, after I'd given a good performance in a reasonably good part, Peter did call me to his room. No cane was produced and I kept my knickers on. This was serious business. A London manager had been in front, liked my performance and Peter had recommended me for a good (not leading) part, in London. I nearly died with excitement. I was given a day off to go up to Town and read to the manager and the director.

Two days later I was given the part. On my last night with the Rep., the Company gave me a little party and they were all marvellous to me. When the party was over and everybody was leaving, with affectionate good wishes for my future career — what do you think? Yes, you're right — "Go upstairs and take down your knickers," said Peter.

It was wonderful. I was wearing my prettiest dress for the party and the best panties I possessed, not in anticipation of this, but certainly in hope. And I didn't have to take them down myself. Peter did it for me, gently, slowly, lingering as he slid them down over my bottom and taking ages to arrange them to his satisfaction (and mine!) around my stocking tops, with kisses and caresses for every inch of bare bottom and thighs, thus revealed.

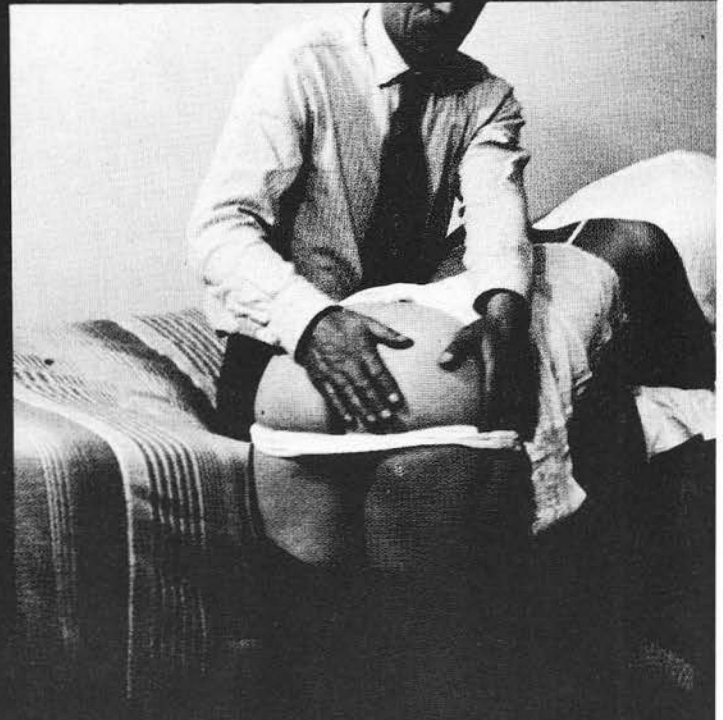
The thrill of that caning was marvellous. Six strokes again, every one a real sizzling stinger, the slender cane swishing and smacking across my willingly upturned bottom thus sending ecstasies to my skin. After he'd caned me he loved me again. I can't tell you how exciting and blissful it was, but it was to be the last time.

I made a small success in the London play which launched me properly on my career. I am a leading actress now. I see Peter from time to time and we are very good friends. But he's never told me to go upstairs and take down my knickers again. Other people have to do it now. Not using those words — they remain Peter's copyright — but they take my knickers down and cane my bare bottom soundly before making love to me and I shall always be grateful to Peter both for teaching me to be a real actress and to appreciate the sexy delight of a smarting bottom.

Der



Ruten Spiegel













THE CONFESSIONS OF A CONVENT GIRL

Several months ago my boyfriend showed me a copy of your magazine and since then I have eagerly awaited each new issue.

I am frankly amazed at some of the letters. Until I read Janus I had no idea that people indulged in so many different variations of love-making. I never realised that so many men were interested in silk-stockings, panties, navy-blue gym knickers, leather and rubber garments, and bondage; or indeed that their wives and girl-friends indulged them in their fetishes and fantasies.

The letters and articles on spanking and corporal punishment are the ones that I find the most interesting. This is a subject I know a lot about. I am sure that some of the letters are pure fantasy as it is obvious to anyone who has been

subjected to corporal punishment that many such letters are only wishful dreaming.

However, a lot of the letters are obviously quite genuine. As so many people appear to be so interested in the subject I have at last plucked up the courage to write to you, if only to put right some of the misconceptions people seem to have about corporal punishment, and the extent to which it is practiced today.

I am sure that a great many people will be amazed to learn that when I left school only a year or two ago, the cane was very much in evidence. In order not to embarrass anyone, I have changed all the names in my story and ask you not to publish my name and address.

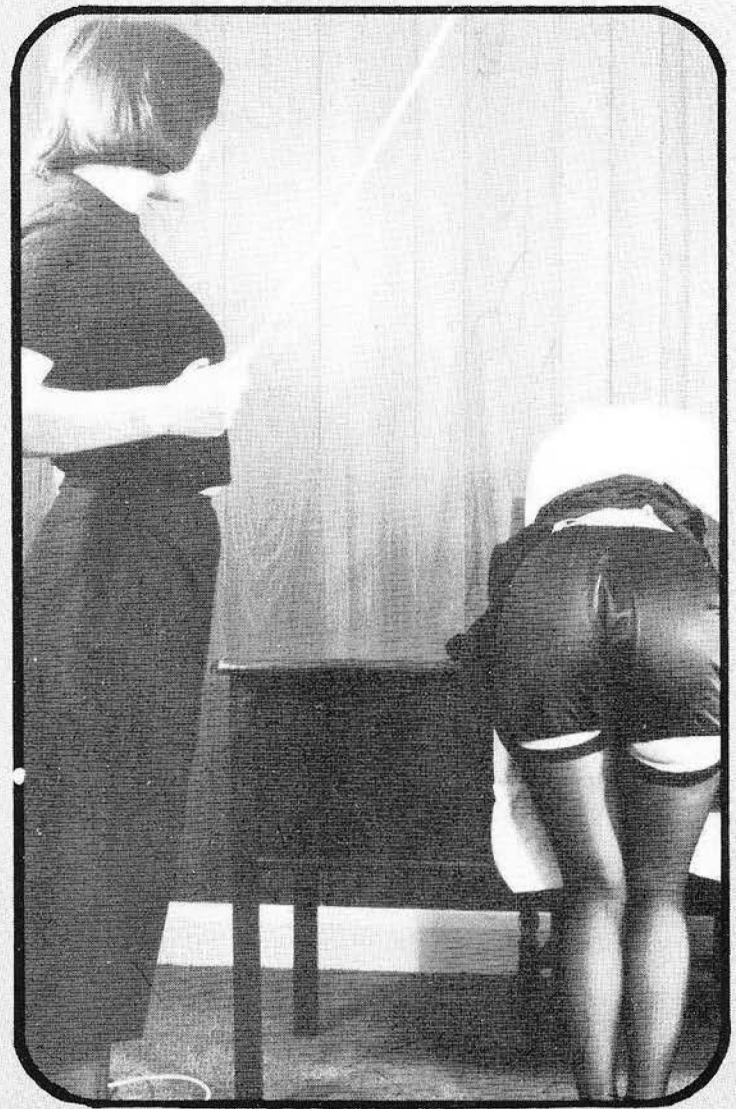
My parents are Hungarian, my father has always been very strict,

perhaps autocratic would be a better word, in his attitude to the manners and behaviour of his daughters.

My first real spanking was at the early age of seven. Up to this time my mother had given my bottom a slap whenever I had been naughty. However, the crunch came just after my seventh birthday. I had been really naughty after I arrived home from school. I threw my cake on the floor, broke a plate, spilt my tea all over my new school uniform and refused to say that I was sorry. However, my mother had frightened me by saying, "Right my girl, we will have to see what your father says about all this when he comes home."

When he arrived home he listened to my mother's catalogue of faults and told me that I had





been a very naughty girl. Consequently, he said he was going to spank me himself. With no more ado, he picked me up and put me over his knee. With his free hand he pulled down my knickers and administered a rapid number of slaps to my naked bottom. Although I screamed with pain and begged him to stop my bottom was bright red and sore before he gave in. I promised to be a very good girl in the future, and I was until the following week when I again annoyed my mother who told my father, who in turn beat me again. After this I received many spankings from my father, in fact, he seemed to find every possible excuse to spank me as often as possible.

I soon discovered that one of the worst features of his punishment was the fact that he told me that I was to be spanked. He would make

matters worse by not doing it there and then. Sometimes I had to wait for hours never knowing when he would just grab hold of me without warning, haul me across his knee and spank my bare rump.

As I grew older he took to using his belt, or even a cane to punish me with. For this I had to bend over a chair or my bed. He would lift up my skirt, pull down my knickers and give my bare bottom 8 or 10 hard stinging strokes. I used to clench my teeth and count the strokes as they fell on my poor quivering bottom. I found that by doing this I could endure the pain and not give my father the satisfaction of knowing how much it hurt me. When I reached six I used to tell myself that it was all over. The last few strokes never seemed to sting so much, perhaps because by then my bottom was burning so much that it didn't feel the extra

pain. When it was all over I would pull up my knickers, dash up to my bedroom and massage my scarlet cheeks until the pain subsided. The strap left broad red weals all over my bottom and sometimes my thighs too.

After I had passed my 11-plus exam I went to a convent school. It was run almost entirely by nuns, with the help of a few lay teachers. The mother superior was the headmistress, she was a strict disciplinarian, even worse than my own father.

I chummed up with a girl named Marie, we remained friends right through our school lives and up to the present day.

We soon ran foul of authority. It wasn't long before we had a reputation for being bad girls. The first time it happened was when we played truant one day and went to the cinema instead. Unfortunately,

we were spotted by a prefect and reported.

The next morning the sister in charge of our class called us out and told us that we had been very naughty girls and were to be punished. She said that as it was our first offence she would not report us to the Mother Superior. We were to remain behind after the last lesson so that she could punish us.

All day Marie and I were on tenterhooks wondering what was going to happen to us. We both knew about the canings which took place in the Headmistress's study. These were talked of with bated breath by our classmates, but we hadn't any idea of what the sister would do to us.

When the bell rang and the class was dismissed Maria and I sat at our desks almost wetting ourselves with apprehension.

The teacher called us up to her desk and told Marie to go and wait outside. She pushed the chair back and told me to go to her. She took my arm and drew me to her side. Looking into my eyes she began to lecture me, telling me how naughty I was and that she had to punish me for my own good. She spoke in such a gentle chiding voice, so unlike my father's ranting and raving which only made me more mulish and obstinate. I began to feel quite contrite and really sorry that I had been so naughty. As she spoke she slowly drew me down over her lap and settled me in the traditional position with which I was so familiar. Her thighs were much wider, warmer and softer than my father's and the rough material of her habit had a slightly musty odour. My heart was pounding hard as she tucked the skirt of my gymslip up and laid her hand on my bottom. Butterflies began fluttering in my tummy as I waited for her to pull my knickers down, but to my surprise and relief she only pulled them up tighter and smoothed them over my bottom with gentle brushing touches of her hand. It was so different from what I had expected that the fear and tension which gripped me began to

drain away leaving me soft and relaxed and not the least bit resentful towards her. When she said gently, "I want you to promise truthfully that you will try to be a good girl in future," I was only too eager to agree.

When she started to spank me I was in for another surprise. Unlike my father's crash, bang, wallop-type of spanks, hers seemed to be almost gentle. Soon it became evident that she had considerable experience in chastising delinquent schoolgirls. She kept a steady stream of spanks descending on my bottom, going from one cheek to the other, and in a very short time my rear was getting uncomfortably hot and stinging like mad.

As the barrage of spanks continued to raise the temperature of my already overheated bottom, I found it difficult not to cry out for her to stop. I grabbed hold of the legs of the chair, gritted my teeth hard, but not for the same reason that I did when my father beat me. For some reason I could not understand I did not want her to think that I was a baby and could not endure a little spanking. I was very thankful when she finally stopped, lowered my skirt and helped me to my feet. I was panting heavily and felt very hot and bothered indeed. I really felt that I had been soundly punished.

"You can go, Anna," the sister said in her soft calm voice. "Please don't make me punish you again. Tell Marie to come in."

I needed no second bidding. Marie gulped when she saw my scarlet face. "Did it hurt?" she asked in a hurried whisper. I shook my head to reassure her as she went through the door to her fate. The doorlatch clicked behind her but did not catch properly and the door swung open an inch or two. I started to close it, then changed my mind. To be truthful I gave it a gentle push — it opened a little more. Warily I put my eye to the gap and found that there was just enough room to see Marie standing in front of the sister. Guiltily I looked up and down the corridor, but there was no one in sight, so I

carefully edged closer to the door and looked again. Marie was being taken over the sister's lap. I could just hear the sister's low-voiced monologue as she prepared Marie for her punishment.

I was enthralled as Marie's little green skirt was turned up tidily over her back. I think I should mention here that we had to wear proper school uniform — in winter it consisted of green gym-slip, white shirt, green tie, black tights or knee high socks and white or pale green knickers. Out of doors we had to wear blazers and white gloves. The sister pulled up Marie's knickers and smoothed them neatly over her plump little bottom. I had never seen another girl spanked before and I was quite surprised to see what a round and inviting target she presented in this position. I stared fascinated as the sister raised her hand ready to begin and I jumped sympathetically when it descended with a sharp slap! On it went to Marie's bottom! If anybody had come into the corridor then I would have been in trouble, for I just could not tear my eyes away from the vision of Marie's bottom reacting to the rain of well delivered smacks that were falling on it. She obviously wasn't as used to being spanked as I was for it didn't take long before she was wriggling about on the sister's lap, her bottom was weaving in all directions in a vain effort to escape sister's flogging. Sometimes it would be tight as she tried to make it small and hard. At others it would rear up round and full, and all the time it was twitching from side to side. However, much as she tried to evade her punishment she was unsuccessful, the sister was obviously used to dealing with girls reluctant to take their punishment and had no difficulty in placing the spanks on Marie's rhythmic bottom until she was satisfied that her naughty pupil was properly chastised. When she stopped I stepped away from the door and discovered that I was quite breathless in fact, my fingernails were digging in my palms.

As soon as Marie emerged blush-

ing and breathless we hurried off to the toilets. "Gosh," she gasped, "Doesn't she spank hard? Much worse than my mum!"

She quickly yanked her knickers down, hauled up her skirt and twisted round to look at her bottom, "Coo, look! It's bright red and it doesn't half sting," she wailed. It certainly was red. Both cheeks were glowing with brilliant colour. "Let me see yours," she demanded as she stood with her knickers draped around her knees frantically rubbing her burning bottom.

Without demur I slipped my knickers down and presented my own bottom for inspection. It wasn't nearly as hot-looking as Marie's, but quite a deep pink with deeper paths of colour on the lower half of each cheek. "It's not as red as mine!" Marie boasted. "Well, it's had time to cool down a bit," I retorted defensively.

I would like to be able to say that this spanking cured our waywardness and that we became shining examples to the rest of the school. Unfortunately, this didn't happen, over the next six years Marie and I were punished more than any other girls in the school. I think we were both too high spirited and adventurous. We were always egging each other on so that our natural mischievousness was doubled. Some of the girls were awfully pi, real goody goodies, who never got into trouble which made our naughtiness even more reprehensible in the eyes of the nuns. Spankings were the normal punishments for everyday offences and were dished out by sisters and lay-teachers alike. They were administered either after classes or in the staff-room. Usually there was a sister present but not always as I will explain later.

The offences for which spankings were given were considered too trivial to bring to the notice of Mother Superior, but for anything which merited a caning she was always present. Usually such punishments were given in her study but if there were a lot of girls to be caned it was done in the hall

after assembly.

Once I remember there were twenty girls due for the cane. I was among them of course. After prayer we were told to stay behind. When all the classes had filed out we were told to bend over the front row of chairs, then a sister walked along the row turning up our skirts, followed by a lay-teacher, wielding the cane, starting with the youngest girl. I forgot to mention that if we did something that we could be caned for we had to go up before the council. This consisted of three nuns and two lay-teachers. We had to appear before them in the staff room and explain to them why we thought we shouldn't be punished. It was a sort of court of appeal and in theory if you argued your case well enough to convince them you were let off, but in practice there was a very slim chance indeed, at least for me. I was never let off.

When I was 14 a man joined the staff. He was to be the maths master. You can imagine that it caused quite a furore amongst the girls especially when we learnt that in future he would administer the canings. By this time I was quite well developed and well aware that I was attractive to boys. Although my breasts weren't very big I had a nice slim waist, well curved hips and very pretty legs. I had shortened my skirt to the very limit allowed in order to display them. Marie too had grown into a very pretty girl, we were both boy-mad which got us into trouble both at home and at school. I had also become aware that my bottom was one of my best features, the sort that men like anyway, as I was constantly reminded by pats, pinches and a little slap here and there.

Boys were always trying to put their hands up my skirt to fondle and squeeze my bottom. We were so used to presenting our knickered bottoms to the nuns that we thought nothing of it, but having to do it to a strange man, even if he was middle-aged, was a different thing entirely. Sex is one of the main topics of conversation among adolescent girls, and there was

considerable speculations as to whether the sight of a nice plump bottom clad only in thin tight knickers would 'turn him on,' and, if it would show!

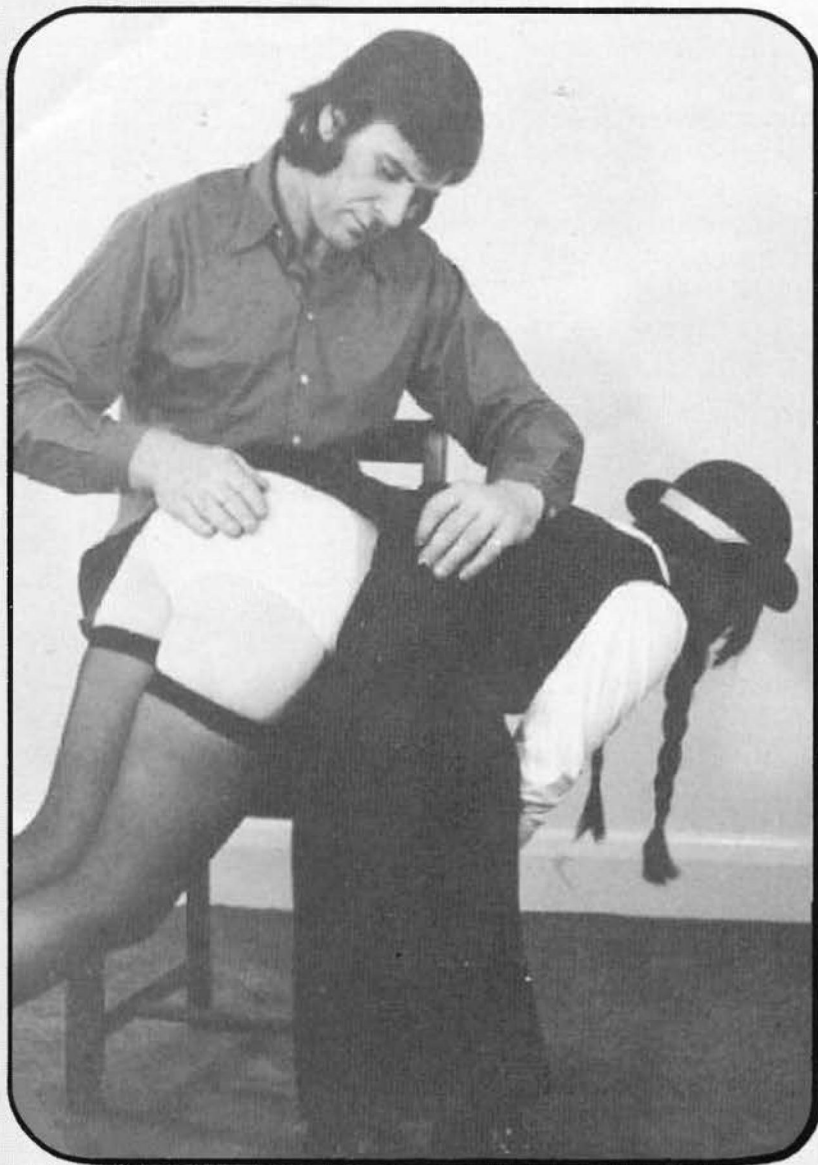
I must say that I was as intrigued as the other girls, because I already knew that I could bring out the 'beast' in a boy just by letting him feel my bum. We were all convinced though that canings were going to be far more embarrassing, and probably more painful too! How right we were!

We were all agog to question the first girl to test the strength of our new master's arm. She was emphatic that he did cane much harder than any of the women teachers, so much so that she was in no state to cast surreptitious glances at the front of his trousers to see if he had been aroused by the sight of her trim round little bottom, because apart from the awful stinging which fully occupied her thoughts, her eyes had been full of tears!

In spite of the fact that I was soon able to confirm her story, and found myself in a similar position on many other occasions, a very friendly relationship developed between me and Mr. Lee. This was mainly due to the fact that maths was my best subject. I was very good at it and he was quite proud of me. I have told you that a sister was always present whenever we were spanked by a lay-teacher and except for one occasion this was true, at least as far as I knew.

It happened during my last term at school. It was a summer afternoon and most of the girls were out on the playing fields, where I should have been, but I had sneaked off and hidden in an empty classroom where I was reading a paperback. Mr. Lee walked in. "That's very naughty of you Anna," he said. "You know very well Mother Superior takes a very dim view of girls dodging games unless they have a very good reason. Have you a good reason Anna?"

"No," I confessed. "I just didn't want to play. Are you going to tell on me, Sir?"

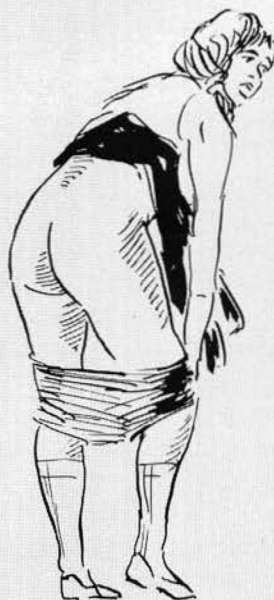


He pursed his lips and looked at me silently then said, "I ought to Anna, I really should but if I do you'll get the cane won't you?"

I nodded agreement with a woe-begone expression. "On the other hand," he mused, "If I don't report you, but decide to punish you myself, Mother Superior need never know. It would have to be a good spanking Anna, what do you say?"

He looked at me intently, waiting for my answer.

Suddenly I knew that he really wanted to spank me. Not because I was naughty but for reasons of his own. I could feel that he was desperately anxious for me to say yes. Some of his tension communicated itself to me. I felt my lips go dry and a sudden excitement rise up inside me. "What about the sisters?" I asked in a whisper. That was answer enough for him, he took my arm and led me hurriedly to the staff room which was out of the way and almost sound-proof. He must have known that there would be nobody there. As soon as we got inside he grabbed a chair and sat down still holding my arm. I could feel my heart beginning to pound as it always did when I was going to be punished but this time it was different because I knew that this wasn't going to be like any



spanking I'd had before.

"Come on, Anna," he said, urgently pulling me to his side. I went down across his knees and his hands were on me immediately, pulling me into the right position and bending my knees.

I could hear him breathing heavily as his hands took hold of the hem of my gingham dress and slowly drew it up. All I had underneath was a little slip and a pair of white cotton knickers. Nothing happened for a little while, and I realised that he was staring at my bottom, then I felt his hand on my waist and my heart gave a sudden jump, then his fingers touched the waistband of my knickers.

Was he going to pull them down? Only my father had done that. I lay petrified for what seemed ages, expecting every moment that he would slip his hand under the elastic and take my knickers down so that he could feast his eyes on my bare bottom. Involuntarily, I tightened my buttocks and that little movement broke the spell. His hand left my waist and moved down over my bottom. I went quite limp with relief and felt the softness return to my buttocks, as his hand began to explore its undulations. His touch was very light, just

a caress — not at all like the grab and squeeze I'd known from my teenage boy friends. It tickled and sent little thrills running through me, quivers of delight trickled down the rest of my body. I squirmed wondering what he would do next.

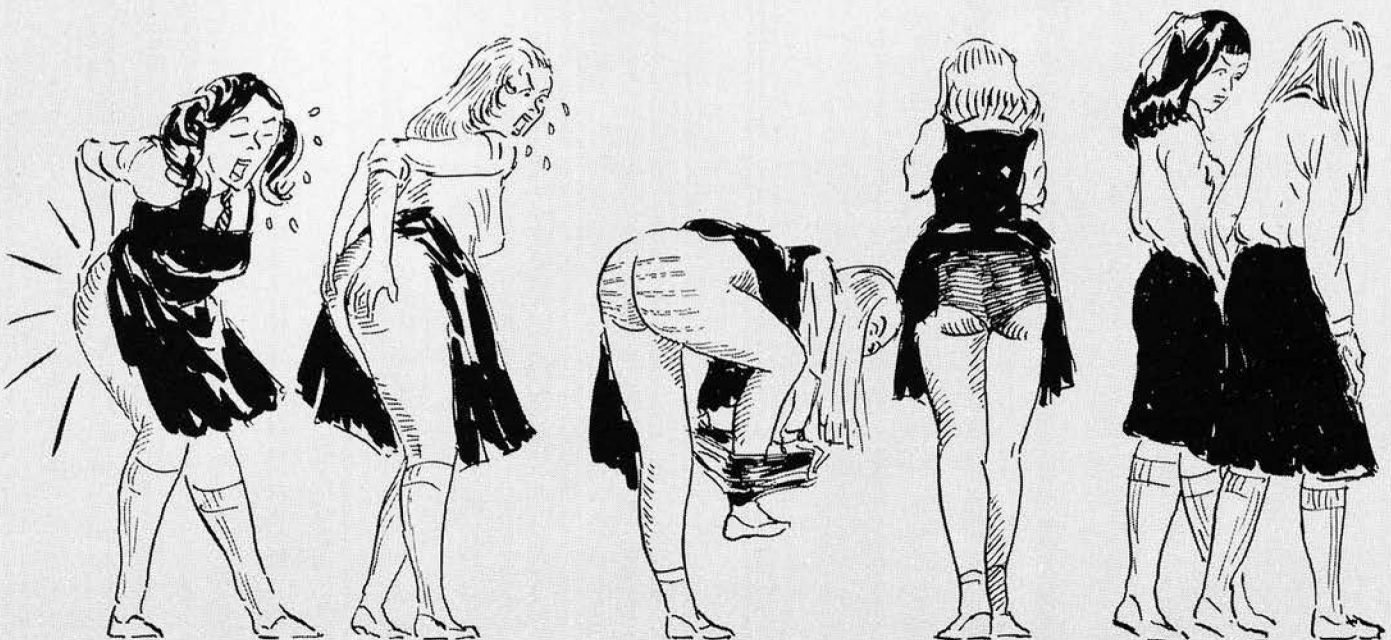
At 16 I didn't know much about the erogenous zones of the body, but I liked it and was quite happy just to lay across his knees and let him fondle my bottom. A word I didn't know, and certainly wouldn't have known, the meaning of, was *Frotteurism*, even though it was happening to me. Quite suddenly I realised that something was pressing against my hip, something that hadn't been there before, and I knew the answer to the question we had posed almost two years ago. I suppose I should have been shocked, instead I was thrilled to discover that a full-grown man was "turned-on" by feeling my bottom. I was so completely enthralled by my discovery that two or three spanks had fallen before I became aware of the fact that he was spanking me quite hard — very hard — too hard! I gasped as his palm slapped my bottom rapidly with loud stinging smacks that were as hard as any I'd ever felt. They came so quickly that in seconds my

bottom was smarting fiercely. I was squirming about frantically and protesting at the top of my lungs. He stopped as suddenly as he began. It was all over in seconds; probably only about 20 spanks, but delivered so hard and fast that when he stopped I could only lay panting and gasping for breath, my bottom still quivering from the onslaught. When I had recovered a bit I scrambled to my feet and started for the door but he caught my arm, pulled me down on his knees and gave me a hug. He was still breathing hard and his face was all flushed.

"You won't tell, will you, Anna?" he said in such a pleading tone that I could only shake my head and say, "No."

"Good girl," he murmured, giving me another hug, "You'd better go now."

I made a very necessary visit to the cloakroom, then managed to slip on to the playing field without my absence being noticed. Although I had the answer all the girls were dying to hear I didn't tell anyone, except Marie, and that was after we'd left school. When I got home that afternoon, my bottom was still glowing and when I looked at it, it was covered with red finger marks.



I often look back on that afternoon and I'm glad I let him spank me. I realise now that he must have been terribly frustrated, surrounded by hordes of nubile young girls, all of them at an age when they were becoming aware of their sexual attraction. They thought nothing of trying out their newly awakened femininity on the only male in the school. There were girls who stared disconcertingly at him with big innocent eyes while telling the most outrageous lies. Girls who deliberately parted their legs so that he could look up their skirts. Insolent girls, mischievous girls, naughty girls. It's a wonder he didn't run amok! The only time he could assuage his frustration was when it was his duty to cane the plump bottoms of these saucy little madams, but then it was always in the presence of the Mother Superior and at least one sister. Small wonder then that when the opportunity presented itself, in the shape of a girl who was not entirely unwilling to submit to an unofficial punishment he seized it with both hands.

I can't say that I tried especially hard to stay out of trouble but as the weeks went by, and the end of my last term drew near, I was beginning to congratulate myself that I was going to get through the whole term without having to face the Mother Superior again, when my luck turned and one afternoon I was up before the council.

In vain I pleaded that I had been a good girl for a long time. I said that I had good marks, and anything I could think of that might sway them in my favour, but all to no avail. I hadn't really thought it would be, so it was no surprise when they told me that I was to be caned.

The next morning after prayers in the assembly hall my name was read out. I was the only one, which made it worse, for it always seemed easier if there were two or three of you. At least you could commiserate with each other when it was all over. When we were dismissed and all the girls had filed out I was left standing there. Just one

lonely figure in the empty hall. Mother Superior descended from the stage, walked slowly up to me, gave me one of her looks and said, "Go to the toilet and make yourself tidy. Come to my study in five minutes."

She might just as well have said, "Make yourself comfy," which was what she meant. I suppose she was afraid of you wetting yourself in her room. It was just as well they did let you go because the tension always made me want to pee. After my visit to the loo I combed my hair, washed my hands, pulled my socks up and I was ready to face the cane. I walked slowly along the highly polished parquet floor, my footsteps echoing from the high bare walls, and feeling the familiar symptoms of apprehension.

My heart beat was increasing and the flight of the butterflies beginning to swoop and dive in my tummy. By the time I reached the heavy oak door of the headmistress's study, my mouth was dry, my chest felt tight and the palms of my hands were wet with nervous perspiration. Taking a deep breath I tapped on the door, hoping futilely, that there would be nobody there, but the door was opened immediately by the Sister who was responsible for my predicament. The room was not very big and rather dark, with shelves of books around the walls. Mother Superior was sitting behind her big desk and Mr. Lee was standing to the left, the cane ready in his hand. He did not look at me as I walked up to the desk. Mother Superior stared at me and said in her quiet voice. "You know how you are to be punished. Will you promise to be better in future?"

"Yes, Reverend Mother," I promised through dry lips.

She stood up. "Please proceed, Mr. Lee." She turned and went towards the window. She always stood immobile, staring out of the window, whilst we were punished. It seemed as if she wanted to disassociate herself from what was going on behind her. Without being told I leaned over the desk in the required position, and as soon as I

was settled I felt my skirt being lifted by the sister. Immediately, I became conscious of my bottom. It seemed to come alive, it prickled and seemed to grow until it was the only thing in the room. I felt that it knew it was going to be hurt, that it was the cynosure of all eyes. My ears were filled with the pounding of my heart as I strained to hear the warning swish of the cane.

The waiting seemed interminable. I hoped that he would give a preliminary swish with the cane — to warn me — but all I heard was a faint hum like the far away buzz of a drowsy bee — then the cane lashed across my waiting bottom. I gasped, perhaps cried out, as the searing burning pain streaked through me. My buttocks clenched in agonised protest. The first stroke was always the worst, the pain more intense, than those which followed. I was still gasping from its effect when the second one smote my agonised bottom with a solid whack.

I clenched my teeth praying that he would be quick and not make me wait between each stroke. I hoped that he would spread the strokes wide and not put them in a narrow band which made it hurt much more. I clenched my teeth and hands as stroke followed stroke, and the pain in my poor bottom grew fiercer and fiercer. When the last one had fallen my eyes were full of tears and it was all I could do to stay in position as I was expected to whilst the formalities were concluded.

"I've finished," I heard Mr. Lee say and then I became aware that Mother Superior was standing in front of me.

"You can get up," she told me.

I came to my feet, slowly biting my lips in pain. "There! That didn't hurt very much did it?" she said.

"No-no, Reverend Mother," I stuttered, conforming to established ritual. I could never and still can't understand why she always said the same thing, and demanded the same answer. It was obvious that it hurt. That was the whole idea of the punishment. Six strokes with a whippy cane administered



with slow and deliberate intent on the tightly drawn knickers of a schoolgirl's tender bottom is meant to hurt – and it does – like hell!

I can only think that it was either a sop to her conscience, or in some way meant to persuade the tearful girl that the smarting, stinging pain that made her bottom throb and cringe did not hurt as much as she thought it did!

The sister chimed in, "Come along, we've wasted enough time. Go to your classroom," and I was free to leave. Some of the sisters would let you go to the toilet to recover a little before sending you to join your class. You had a chance to rub some of the pain away, and perhaps have a little cry, but this one wouldn't let me, so with face aflame, walking stiffly so that I didn't move my burning

buttocks too much I entered my classroom. All eyes swung towards me and I blushed even deeper. The teacher looked annoyed because I was late and the girls stared at me; some in sympathy because they knew how I felt, and a few contemptuously. They were the good girls who had never been caned. I sat down very gingerly trying to keep the weight off my throbbing bottom and got out my books, being careful not to make any sudden moves. The first half-an-hour was the worst. After that the intense pain was gone and I was left with an ache which gradually faded into a warm, not at all unpleasant glow which lasted for an hour or so.

Mr. Lee came in to take the next lesson and after a few minutes he found an excuse to call me out. I stood beside him as he pretended to

point to something in a maths book and he whispered, "I'm sorry I had to cane you, Anna. I hope it didn't hurt too much. I did it as quickly as I could." His hand came up and gently rubbed my bottom out of sight of the class. I didn't really blame him, his sympathy made me feel better. When I went back to my desk Marie, who sat behind me, hissed in my ear. "He's been feeling your bum!"

At home that afternoon I found that the weals had gone down and were fading to pink lines. I knew that some girls had red weals for days after being caned but mine always went quickly. Marie said my bottom was meant to be tanned because it recovered so quickly.

The end of the term came and I wasn't sorry to walk through the gates for the last time and say good riddance to the strict discipline that had irked me for so long. I wasn't so naive as to think that I had been caned for the last time, for I knew only too well, that even if I had left school, my father would still demand my obedience to his own strict rules; but at least I wouldn't have to face a spanking from him with my bottom still showing the weals from a caning that morning, as I had done on several occasions.

I have been told that since I left the rules have been altered. Now there is less corporal punishment and a lot more detention and impositions. Many people will regard this as a step forward, but I'm not convinced that it is an entirely good move. Talking it over with Marie we both agreed that given the choice of a spanking or having to spend two hours in detention or writing 500 lines in our own time, we would both opt for a spanking. Strange as it may seem to some people, and in spite of all I've said about the indignity and pain of being caned, I would still rather submit to six of the best in preference to any other form of punishment.

Perhaps it's the way I've been brought up, but to me there was a sense of physical and mental relief, a feeling that I'd paid for my guilt after I had been soundly chastised.



MY HUSBAND SPANKED ME

because I refused him sex

'His hand came down on my buttocks with a resounding crash. I cringed a little as I heard the swish of his hand in the air knowing that it was going to land yet again on my flesh! The spanking had begun!'

I was very tired that night and wanted to go off to bed early. Eric stayed up to watch the boxing and when he eventually came to bed I had drifted off into a deep sleep. I felt his hand groping inside my nightdress but imagined that if I ignored him he might go off to sleep. His fingers, however, soon found my nipples and he dragged my breast from its nylon holster and I knew that we were going to have intercourse. Moving towards him slightly I put my arms around him, again hoping that my sleepy attitude might deter his sex drive. But he was determined. His fingers rolled my nipples around until they stiffened. Then he began to pump my breasts as if they were footballs. Keeping my legs closed I trapped his hand, but he wriggled it trying to free it from the clamp of my thighs. Prising my legs open his lips began to suck at my breast. Both hands acted like tentacles engaging my clitoris in play. Encouraged by the natural movement of my body he positioned me on my back. At this point I began to lose control of my temper. I felt irritated by his persistence. "Just leave me alone, will you!" My voice seemed to echo around the room and I suddenly found myself wanting to lash out at him.

The words were barely out of my mouth when he seemed to turn rigid. The once warm responsive body moved to the other side of the bed and there was a deathly silence that made me afraid to breathe. I waited patiently hoping that I would hear the long drawn out breathing that told me he was sleeping. Still

more silence, then the bedside light went on and I opened my eyes and gazed at him.

Anger spread across his face, his once gentle mouth looked hard and I felt strange waves of fear settling in my stomach.

"Look, darling, I didn't mean it like that, I'm tired, please lie down next to me."

He lit a cigarette and blew the smoke into the air. Pushing his pillow up so that it was behind his head he sat smoking for a while. Eventually, I grew bored of the silence and turned over and tried to sleep.

I heard him stub out the cigarette and smelt the pungent smell of burning tobacco waft around the room. Within a few seconds I was thrown across the bed. His hands were rough and he showed me no mercy. I tried to struggle free from his clasp, at first feeling that he was going to have me anyway. But it wasn't sex he wanted, he wanted to spank me! Pulling down my nightdress so that my breasts and buttocks were revealed I felt my feet getting caught in the layers of nylon around my legs. I pushed him away in one stroke then tried kicking him. His hands were forceful and I was thrown across his lap with my bare bottom revealed to his angry eyes. Goose pimples fled across my skin like an army in retreat. My eyes glared at the carpet in front of me and my hands fell to the ground like two sycamore leaves.

"I'll teach you to refuse me, young lady," his voice was shrill and I knew what was going to happen. A loud crash and a startled note of pain shot through my body. The palm of his hand crashed yet again against my buttocks and I felt a stinging sensation drift through my flesh.



"Take that you little bitch, take that!" Again and again his hand walloped my bottom until I felt humiliated and wanted to hit back at him. Helpless to do anything but take my punishment, I eventually went limp and allowed him to continue until his fury had been exhausted. Throwing me back on the bed he tossed my nightdress on to the floor. His own pyjamas were down and his penis was rigid, like a long stealthy tree trunk. Lying on top of me he riveted me to the mattress, I felt the searing pain of my buttocks on the sheets and yet my brain boggled with the thought of what had happened to me.

I must, to my amazement, have been well lubricated for his penis slid home without any difficulty. He thrust forward lunging like a wild stallion into my body. I winced in pain as I felt it driving home like a drill surging into the crust of the earth. My hands gripped him, my nails dug into his back and the rest of my body shook with wild frantic desires. "Oh darling," I heard myself screaming and wanted so much to thrust back into his body but I was frightened by the soreness of my bottom. Dare I push myself towards him? Would the stinging sensation that pulsated on my rump disappear if I raised myself from the bed? At last I found the courage to drive my body forward.

Our screams must have woken the children in the next house as I heard the noises of people scurrying around. By this time we had both relaxed and I had shelved myself in his arms. In a flurry of sexual enjoyment I went off to sleep forgetting the pain and anguish which had initiated our love scene.

The following morning we hardly spoke to one another. Eric seemed ashamed of his behaviour and I said nothing to deter him from these thoughts. He left the house early and I bathed and looked at my bottom in the mirror. It certainly looked quite red and I felt strangely thrilled by the red marks that he had left on my skin. That night we had friends coming to dinner. We ate and drank pretending that nothing had happened and that we were both blissfully happy. When they had gone we cleared up in silence. I washed while Eric dried.

I had purposely put on a tight fitting skirt that accentuated the curves of my rump. Standing at the sink I could feel his eyes penetrating the soft mountainous ridges that he yearned to slap. I wanted to tempt him, yet I didn't want a second performance. I had made up my mind that I didn't like being spanked; it began and ended in that sentence.

The whole scene had reminded me of the days when my father used to take me upstairs and give me a good leathering. His hard buckle belt whiping across my rump as I stood leaning over the end of the bed. Even in those days I had hated it and now I was determined that although last night's adventure had been fun, it would stop there. Eric had always been a bottoms man. I noticed him at parties, while most men were busy lusting after the breasts of the women his eyes always dropped to their rears. In lurid fascination of those dusky hillocks he would stare for hours defining which



girl had the best bottom. I chose to ignore his behaviour putting it down to the fact that he was older than me and that breasts didn't really turn him on. I knew that he liked my bottom because he always insisted on me wearing tightly fitting clothes and especially a pair of nylon ski pants.

As I let the water out of the sink I felt the heat of his eyes upon my rear.

"What are you staring at, Eric?"

My question frightened him, he turned and looked away. When I returned to the lounge he was sitting on the settee. A large brandy glass was on the corner of the arm, filled half-way with brandy.

"I want to spank you again tonight, but don't fight me, darling."

Surprised at his words I stared at him.

"It's just a fetish I have."

I laughed at him and then sat down near to him on the settee. My hands moved up his leg, clinging to his flesh, my mouth glued itself to his lips. A long exaggerated kiss smoldered between us. He began to jab me with his tongue. I reciprocated with dashing strokes at his teeth and gums.

"If you really want to I don't mind, darling, but don't hurt me, please."

I might just as well have turned on a thousand volts. He pushed me to one side and frantically dislodged my clothing so that my skirt was round my waist and my

nylon briefs around my knees. Bending over his lap I felt the hard gristle of his penis. He seemed to have an erection already; I didn't think it was necessary then to spank me, but I was too late. His hand came down on my rump with a terrific whack. I winced a little but then found that my bottom appeared to rise to the occasion. With my feet dangling on the floor he whacked my buttocks again and again, bringing down his hand with such might that I screamed out. Not content with this he drew my whole body much nearer to his own so that my buttocks felt as if they were contracting together. He told me that they were like two small hills and that he was going to redden them because I deserved to be punished. I was his wife and if he wanted intercourse he would have it.

Words seemed to flow in and out of my ears. Much as I tried to explain that I had been tired the previous evening he didn't listen. I don't think he could have heard me anyway above the noise of his hand crashing like a surfy wave against the shores of my posterior. It seemed to make the same sort of noise, the sea and the rocks, the harshness of his hand and the soft tender flesh of my bottom. Hanging my head down in disgrace I realised that there was no point in fighting him. What I didn't realise at that stage was that I was sexually excited by what he was doing.

It was only when I moved that I felt that juicy warm sensation between my legs. Being so close to him I could feel the heaviness of his penis. How he must have wanted me I thought as my bottom rose and fell in time with his hand. I got into a sort of rhythm and he knew it. All I could hear was the whacking noise of his hand bouncing on and off my rump.

Throwing me on the floor he quickly took off his trousers and got on top of me. My bottom ached and stung as he put his full weight on to me. He could not know that I wanted him so desperately and I tried to pretend that I wasn't interested in him. It was pointless! His hands anchored themselves around my breasts. The length of his body moved up and down on me and my sore bottom rotated on the carpet. Again we made love in a wild and desperate situation where I was trying to lift myself from the roughness of the carpet. The more I trust my vagina at him the more he dominated me, pushing me down and then we came together in the most beautiful climax.

This experience was not repeated for a while. We made love frequently but he refused to talk about sex and what he was going to do about his desire to spank. I thought then that the phase had passed so I chose to forget everything and lead quite a normal life. About a week or so later a long parcel was delivered to the house. It must have measured about eighteen inches and it was, or appeared to be very pliable. I took it in and left it in the hall.

When Eric came home that evening he seemed delighted that it had been delivered. Taking it into the lounge he carefully undid the string, and then unwrapped what I assumed to be something for his car. To my horror and amazement four swishing canes

appeared from the dark brown paper. I gulped as I stared at them transfixed that he should order and receive such instruments of torture. His eyes sparkled as he stared at them and then at me.

"We'll try these out tonight, darling."

"Oh, no, we won't." I went to grab hold of them in an attempt to break them in half. Being spanked was one thing, but being caned, another. I wasn't a schoolgirl anymore and didn't wish to be treated like one.

Eric was angry as he pulled the canes away from me and handed me one.

"Here, give me a caning — go on."

I was appalled at him. I hated him and for a split second I thought we were going to have a terrible row but instead he put the canes away and said he was taking me out to dinner.

That evening he told me all about his childhood which had always remained somewhat of a mystery. He had been packed off to school at an early age — a public school where flogging was quite usual and nearly all the boys went through it either when they arrived or during their first term of trial.

I was very honest with Eric and told him that I had been quite excited by the spanking episodes and that they were quite harmless, but caning really would be unbearable.

We both appeared to get very sexually excited by our conversation and at the end of the evening we were ready for a really good sex session. We made love without spanking or anything else other than our bodies. Eric had always been good in bed. He was patient, understanding and above all a really good lover. He knew how to excite me, playing, teasing, tantalising until I was screaming for the warmth and serenity of his penis. After we had made love, however, I decided that I really wasn't tired, so I decided to take him up on his offer and give him a spanking. Strange, almost lurid, thoughts filtered through my mind. Eric, of course, was delighted. He was over the edge of the bed before I had finished talking. I gazed at his rounded buttocks and the small line of black hair that grew down from his spine. I couldn't do it at first. My first smack was hardly felt at all while the second hurt my own hand more than it hurt Eric.

"Here, use my slipper," he said handing it to me from underneath the bed.

"Go on give me one, a real hard one as if I had been a naughty boy, talk to me, go on, spank me please, darling."

I raised the slipper in my hand and went to drop it on his buttocks but something stopped me. What was I doing, if my mother-in-law could see me now spanking and beating her precious son.

I brought my hand down with vengeance. He squirmed a little and I felt him wriggling. Again my hand went into the air and dropped on his flesh as if it were the tail-end of a bull whip. Four or five strokes and I seemed to get into the rhythm. I moved him across my knees and his hands clung to my breasts

squeezing them as each stroke fell.

He screamed, then almost gagged himself, embarrassed that he had allowed his true feelings to emerge. Throughout this operation I was aware of his penis, gently, slowly raising its head as if it were a spring bulb emerging from the earth after the snows of December.

Within five or six minutes he had an erection and his buttocks were red raw. The leather slipper seemed to have done the job and I'm sure he will never forget that episode. Again we made love and I must say that this treatment certainly turned him on. I had never known him have two erections in two hours.

That night I lay in bed thinking about what we were doing. How long I thought would it be before we progressed to greater things like whipping and caning. Then I drifted off to sleep and forgot about what might happen.

Naturally, we eventually got around to using the canes. What had once represented fear and embarrassment now brought tinges of pleasurable excitement to both my mind and body.

With my legs parted I stood naked across the end of the settee. I was aware of my ugly knee joints and the small hairs that grew around my ankles. For a second Eric stood quite still with the cane poised in his hand. I think he was as frightened to administer the caning as I was to receive it. His arm was ready with the blow when I turned and looked at him. Spreading my feet wider apart I took a last glance at the clear pale skin of my unmarked rump. As soon as I turned back again the first swipe was taken. It wasn't as bad as I had first thought. I moved a little and howled tossing my head back and feeling my long hair shimmering down my back. Soon, I thought, my back would be arched and my bottom would be lined with the weals of the cane. I braced myself for the second stroke. I struggled and kicked like a stallion being tamed. My hands gripped the side of the settee, my nails digging into the material as if it were Eric's shoulders.

I tried to reserve my excitement for later, and I felt a tremendous power of endurance slither through my bones. Although I was quite fragile in mind I was quite strong physically and I felt able to withstand the treatment I was getting. I was flushed and excited by the time the sixth stroke came down on me. I bore the pain and the excitement wonderfully, and didn't want to betray my feelings to Eric. Inflicting such ecstasy on me, Eric as the executioner was just as sexually aroused. I knew as I turned that his penis would look fairly eager to bite me. Dealing out several smart blows with the cane he eventually threw it down and pushed himself against me. Stinging and vibrating motions filled my body.

"It doesn't hurt so much now, does it, darling?" His voice uttered small words that seemed to slide in and out of my mind. I had been initiated into the caning syndrome. Having once detested and fought for myself I know now that I enjoy the sensation it creates within my body.



Explaining it to someone who has never tasted the ecstasy of pain and sexual arousal is very hard. After all, the two are really very similar; it is only other people who try to make this pleasure degrading.

Henceforth I shall always enjoy a good spanking or caning. I know that Eric and I will progress, we are bound to but now that I have accepted this part of corporal punishment I'm sure the rest will be easy. Who would have thought that a married woman who once fought for her right not to be spanked would suddenly find herself enjoying the feelings and encouraging her husband to practice such extremes. My power of endurance seems to strengthen with each encounter. My sex life is far more stimulating and interesting and to date we have never spilled blood. Our relationship needed a new excitement, and that is exactly what it got.

I suppose most people regard spanking and the like as a forbidden pleasure which went out with the decades of punishment and torture. We only wish that there were some kind of spanking club where we could get together with others who enjoy this form of pleasure. Pain isn't so far removed from sexual ecstasy you know!



READERS IN THEIR OWN WRITE



I have been persuaded by my English husband to write to you giving a continental view of some of the ideas expressed in 'Janus' on the subject nearest to him, the punishment of delinquent girls. We met in Germany after the war and, although I am sure he found me sexually attractive (and still does) I was aware that he was absolutely fascinated to learn of my experiences in a girls' reformatory where I taught for some years, having completed my teacher's training and expressed a wish to specialise in handicapped children — by which I meant physically handicapped and not, as was understood by the authorities, socially and morally abnormal girls. At any rate, for my first appointment I found myself removed from my family and friends to a remote prison-like establishment and felt as incarcerated as the convicted wrong-doers, especially during my

introductory interview with the Directrice in charge. May I get a few introductory facts in perspective. I am not going to talk about a concentration camp — but of a girls' training school, for girls of 13 to 18 years of age, sentenced by the courts to serve a period of corrective training to mould them better for a place in society. (On their 18th birthday, any girl with more than a year to serve was transferred to a women's prison.)

This establishment, I came to appreciate, gave the girls more advantages than most had enjoyed so far, security, and orderly life, adequate balanced diet, affection and care (when earned), the optimum number of hours sleep, training for useful employment, and a sense of moral responsibility, but by present day hypercritical standards, this was accomplished by an inflexible disciplinary system, the main theme of this letter which

results from my scathing comments on the practice of corporal punishment in England in which 'naughty girls' conveniently bend over and touch toes for 'six of the best' on their bare or knicker clad bottoms. Rubbish! and the same is true for many of the pseudo punishment descriptions of your correspondents. e.g. I would take to task correspondents W.J. London (Vol. 2, No. 4) who says that weals should never be inflicted, but advocates use of a whip! A.S. of Newcastle in Vol. 2, No. 2 is appreciative of real corporal punishment but, again, shirks the issue by writing of bygone days. But to resume my narrative and bring some frank honesty to bear.

Having been met at a 'whistle stop' I was driven to the reformatory by a member of staff who said she was glad to see me, in view of the critical shortage of staff, but expressed surprise that I

had volunteered (which I had not) to serve in such a remote part, normally not attractive to young people who would feel cut off from the community.

After passing through the inspection point I entered the foreboding building, rather like an old-fashioned hospital, and was conducted to my interview with the Directrice, an imposing severe looking middle aged lady in whose presence I suddenly felt insecure and inadequate. Sitting at one side of her desk in a rather gloomy inner sanctum, my eyes kept returning to the coathanger behind her on which were hanging a number of punishment canes (to which I was no stranger) and assorted leather straps. As this letter concerns the punishment aspect only, let me just say that our two hour conversation impressed on me the need to accept a successful system, the result of many years experience in dealing with girl offenders varying from habitual thieves to young murderesses, and it was stressed that the success of the system was that it protected the weak from the bully (here there was some reference to lesbian practices which I had to pretend to understand but was really too inexperienced to appreciate). The key to success lay in strict adherence to the system and severe punishment for any infraction, such punishment to be graded to the age of the offender, frequency of past punishment awards, and seriousness of the present offence. Punishment, I was informed, had to be just, effective, easy and cheap to administer and cause the least disruption to routine. Accordingly, offenders were punished by the application of cane and strap to the bared buttocks, normally administered by the Duty Matron during the punishment parade, after supper and an hour before lights out at 9 p.m.

"What is your experience of corporal punishment?" I was asked. My reply, confused and hesitant, was dismissed as valueless and I was told that for my first few weeks, I would understudy an experienced member of staff, who would

instruct me in the correct manner to thrash an offending bottom. This salutary experience leaves me now quite disapproving of your pseudo-whippers, some of whom, judging by their namby-pamby approach seem never to have seen the spread resilient buttocks of the female, an area well able to absorb primitive pain, and any punishment which does not go beyond the level at which the victim would choose to call 'enough' is not true chastisement.

Under the guidance of a senior staff matron, I was introduced to the proper use of rod and strap, which presented no problem, and the birch, a mandatory punishment for lesbian activities.

Attempts at escape, however elementary and unsuccessful and cases of assault, even if retaliatory action on colleagues drew a sentence of 25 to 36 strokes of the birch! Periodically, a parcel of birch twigs was received and assembled into rods by those skilled in the art. They were steeped in brine, as was the custom, and it was just accepted that a birching involved not only wealing but superficial bleeding and screams of agony.

From my initial standpoint of scarcely believing that so much attention to proper methods was necessary to administer a thrashing I soon became a devout advocate of a system, the success of which was measured by the unfortunate consequence of any departure from strictness and mandatory punishment. I took over my duties after the introductory period with a warning that I must establish my authority immediately, and to assist me, had to select a number of canes and straps for my personal arsenal.

Incidentally, the canes were straight rattans without the English crook handle, and the straps included short straps for on-the-spot chastisement of the younger girls in the over-the-knee position to genuine Scots tawses varying from 36 inch straight lengths of 3 inch wide leather to anything between 2 and 9 tailed straps, each of which was sufficiently thick to be stood on the edge of the desk!

We were duly graded by the girls, I duly learned into 'caners,' 'strappers' and 'birchers' and, apart from the obligatory birchings I was called to administer, I favoured the tawse, particularly a 2 thonged 36 inch long black leather specimen which cracked or thwacked so positively that S.T. of Yorks. (Vol. 2, No. 4) would have been enraptured had he heard it above the screams.

Of the three pairs of issued knickers each girl had always to be able to produce one clean pair on demand, but the most dreaded, however common command was 'Take down your knickers!' Apart from the 'over the knee' position for the very young, girls were secured over the vaulting horse or lengthwise along a whipping bench – I just don't believe that a girl can remain bent over voluntarily if the strokes are really being laid on, as they should be with full primitive force to weal and sting intolerably.

Next of kin to the girls were allowed infrequent visits by the Central Criminal Office, any meeting being preceded by an interview with the Directrice and conducted in the presence of a matron. Incidentally, the visitors were able to view the canes and straps in the office of the Directrice, and would be told of any recent whipping award. I well remember the mother and 15-year-old sister of a 17-year-old inmate being told that I had recently leathered the bare bottom of the older sister, and the mother agreeing that she had probably deserved it and that no doubt 'I'd have to thrash the younger girl in due course unless she mended her ways!'

Each mistress had the service of a personal maid, usually a girl trustee with less than a year of her sentence to run, and, apart from the lesbians attracted to women's services, the exclusively female society inevitably led to excursions into this area and I, normally heterosexual was no exception as I gradually became inured by conversations of my fellow matrons into accepting that there was some sensual satisfaction to be gained

from being duty mistress responsible for thrashing the day's offenders at the 8 p.m. punishment parade. The list was given to two trustees who informed the duty mistress of each offender's offence, the suggested sentence of the Directrice, and the date and extent of the offender's last punishment. The girls slept in dormitories of 12, and if it was judged that an offence had been concealed by a particular dormitory then, after dealing with the culprits, the duty mistress would be required to visit the dorm and order 'turn out and turn off' which meant that the other girls were required to get out of their blankets, drop their pyjama bottoms and kneel with face on the bed, whereupon each received a caning or belting, usually 6-10 strokes. Frequently one of my colleagues would volunteer to do a night duty in order to have the extra satisfaction of dealing herself with a girl she had put on report and reaction of particular girls to punishment was a normal subject of conversation. Girls were encouraged to admit sins of omission and commission, such as masturbation, and I well remember my particular room maid asking to have a private interview with me during which she admitted having used my shower, also my perfume because she was jealous of another girl to whom I had been paying more attention. This attention having consisted of laying on 12 strokes of my favourite tawse. She then embraced and kissed me, threw herself on my bed, lifting her skirt and pushing down her knickers. I regret to say that, instead of appreciating her psychology, I went straight to the Directrice and then stood sanctimoniously by the whipping bench while that good lady (whom, I later discovered was not averse to giving favours to selected girls) administered 25 cutting strokes of the birch and then removed the girl from her privileged position.

Early in my husband's courtship (we met during my visit on leave to a nearby town) I became aware of his interest in girls being required to lower their knickers to be fastened

down or over, and then given a thrashed bottom. First I was encouraged to talk about it, then to bring him a tawse to examine and, eventually, I was persuaded to enter into an agreement with two lesbian lovers to allow him, during a visit to pick me up, to see them being given a tawsing in return for their being allowed to use my bedroom during the evening.

Despite my careful preparations, my plan was betrayed and another matron more skilled in devious ways blackmailed me into expiating my sins over the horse where I learned at first hand the scalding agony of ten strokes of my own favourite tawse, followed by an intimate caressing which I prefer not to describe.

I do not complain that my 39 inch bottom is still frequently so marked by my husband that I cannot join my girl friends at the local sauna, and am glad that when he orders 'take down your knickers' I know that a damned good leather is another opportunity to turn on my lover and demonstrate the high regard for one particular form of ecstasy.

I have rewritten this after elimination of several errors and my husband has informed me that when I finish this he'd like me to drape myself like the girl on page 9 of Vol. 2, No. 2, which he is reading so that we can discuss my failure to master your language. If he elicits the aid of the extra heavy lochgelly tawse I won't be at the sauna for 10 days but perhaps he'll take into account the hours I've spent writing this. Oh God, he's just asked me if I know what is meant by 'a baker's dozen' so no sauna for at least a fortnight.

Just for the record (and because I am ordered to append this note) I got two extra, total of 15, for having damp knickers, but at least he spared me the two-thonged friend, selecting a 3 thonged heavy 28 inch tawse and giving three doses of five over two hours — it was absolutely bliss between the treatments but you should see my wealed bottom or perhaps run your fingers over it. H.V. Amsterdam

STRICT STEP-FATHER'S DISCIPLINE

I have only quite recently discovered Janus but I am quite sure it is the best magazine of its kind on the market.

I am very impressed with many of the letters and photographs, and I was interested too, to find that so many of them deal with the subject of spanking, caning and corporal punishment in general. I didn't realise that so many people still practiced this. Now, of course, people openly admit that it has strong erotic connections and that they become sexually aroused, either by giving or receiving a 'beating'. I often wonder if, years ago when people were not so frank in these matters, how many of the so-called punishments given by fathers to their well-built teenage daughters and the good hidings many men gave their wives to 'keep them in order,' 'show them who's boss,' etc., were in reality a form of sexual arousal?

Although I am only in my mid-forties, I can recall that my step-father who was extremely strict about everything, almost invariably used to personally remove my sister's knickers in order to give her a 'leathering' with his belt. I was 10 and my sisters were 11½ and 13 when he married our mother who was at that time an attractive rather plump brunette widow aged 34. Our mother had no objection to our step-father using the belt on us as she felt we'd all got somewhat out of hand and needed firm discipline. I got my fair share of 'strap' between the ages of 10 and 17, always on my uncovered buttocks, but it was Marjorie and Ruth who came in for far more than I did and they were punished till they were much older than I was. In Ruth's case she was 21 and even Marjorie got an occasional one after she was 20, despite the fact that she was then a nurse at the local hospital. I vividly remember seeing both my attractive sisters stripped to merely shoes and stockings and suspender belts and bend-



ing over the back of the settee taking anything up to about 15 strokes from the doubled belt on their plump bare buttocks, and the backs of their legs. The thing that makes me think that it was not only a matter of punishing two really naughty disobedient teenage girls was the fact that if he ever gave Ruth or Marjorie a beating, almost as soon as he finished he used to order our mother to accompany him up to their bedroom and he would keep her up there for about three-quarters of an hour. At first this meant nothing to me but by the time I was 13 or 14 my sisters had told me what it was all about and as they had a rather squeaky bed we were in no doubt at all as to just what our mother was having done to her!

Our stepfather was very much the 'boss' and wore the trousers in no uncertain manner, and he was as strict with our mother as he was with us and kept her under control all the time in the same way. I've often heard him yell at her, 'Go on, get upstairs, and get your drawers off, I'll teach you my girl!' and not long after this the sound of the strap landing on our mother's buttocks. Then, later, the sound of their bed squeaking as invariably after he'd walloped her he had her sexually. I'm sure she didn't mind having her backside 'leathered' as long as it led to a sex-session afterwards and she adored my stepfather as did both my sisters and years later when he was killed in a plane crash they were broken hearted.

Up to now I haven't seen any mention in Janus of a direct connection between what appears on the surface to be purely punishment beatings and sex, but I am hoping that if you publish my letter it will possibly jog the memory of some of your other readers regarding similar incidents in their own youth and adolescence.

You can thank Miranda for this as I can't resist girls in 'specs' especially if they have beautiful legs!

B.H.
Devon

MARK HER BOTTOM

Whilst agreeing with those readers who want more realistic punishment pictures, I appreciate your difficulties in complying as what such readers want to see is presumably a girl with a bottom marked by a cane and an obvious expression of pain on her face.

I understand that you cannot persuade your lovely models to receive a real caning, but perhaps you might publish any readers' photos sent in and this would surely suit the wife of M.N.O. (No. 8) who apparently enjoys exhibiting her marks.

If her canings are as severe as suggested her buttocks must be well marked by the end and I am sure she cannot hide her pain, so a photo of her still in position would be very realistic.

Personally, I would love to cane a girl but have never found one in the least bit interested, hence my desire to see such pictures to prove it does happen to others.

S.C.
Middx.

SIBLING SPANKING

I find your magazine very interesting, particularly the letters on corporal punishment, though it seems to me extremely doubtful that the female readers who profess to get pleasure from such punishment have ever been soundly beaten.

My parents firmly believed in spanking their children, and after the age of ten they used a thin pliant cane for more serious offences. Both my sister and I received canings, usually six of the best, sometimes more, but never more than a dozen.

These canings were administered in the privacy of the bedroom. We had to kneel and lower our pyjama bottoms. A bare bottom caning not only hurts like hell as each stroke finds the target, but leaves the bottom striped and sore for a long time afterwards. Neither my sister nor I got any pleasure from our punishments. We just accepted

them as the penalty for being found out.

I was caned by my father until my fifteenth birthday. My sister, however, was eighteen when she was last punished by my mother. It was an isolated incident. She came home late from a dance and smelt of gin. She got a dozen strokes that made her yell and reduced her to tears. The noise woke me as I had the room next to hers, and after my mother had left I went in to console her.

She was annoyed that I should know that she had been caned at her age. She considered she was too old for such treatment; and the knowledge that her little brother, who was only ten, was aware she had suffered this indignity upset her even more. I think this rankled with her most of all, and when her opportunity came she made the most of it.

When she was twenty and I was twelve, my father went away on a job for six months, and my mother went with him. My sister was left in charge, and I was instructed to do as she told me. One day she sent me to collect a dress from the cleaners. I did this, but stopped on the way home to play football with some friends. As a consequence, I forgot the dress, and when I went back to look for it, someone had taken it.

My sister was furious and got the cane from the cupboard. I said I would not let her punish me, but she threatened to phone my father, and I did not want that. She made me bend over a chair, and then tied my hands to the rungs. In spite of my protests, she took down my trousers and underpants, and tucked up my shirt. She gave me six strokes, taking her time with an interval between each stroke. Each stroke seemed to land on the same spot, the lower part of my bottom, and made me squirm. I was sore for a long time.

Her face was flushed when she finished, and she looked as if she had enjoyed the experience of having the cane in her hand and using it herself, instead of being on the receiving end. She pulled my trousers up and untied my hands,

making some taunting remarks while she released me.

I was so furious that I grabbed her, and although I was not yet thirteen I was well-built and stronger than she was. Though she put up a fight and slapped me, she ended up on the floor with me kneeling on her back. I soon had her skirt up and her knickers down, and then her threats turned to pleas. Although she was small and slim, she was very spankable, with a nicely rounded bottom, firm-fleshed and very white.

I took one of the slippers off her foot and then spanked her soundly for a good five minutes. Her bottom was no longer white but a flaming red all over, and burning hot. She cried, but much to my surprise did not tell my parents, and afterwards there was no ill-feeling between us.

Over the years, I have known quite a few women, some middle-aged, who bared their bottoms for punishment. None of them got any pleasure out of it. They merely accepted it as a penalty for being bad housekeepers, paying too much attention to other men, or for some other fault. After all, if it is a question of losing a husband or lover or taking a beating, most women will choose the latter.

Best wishes to your magazine.

C.K.W.
London

ADVANTAGES OF PADDLES

Having read many readers' letters in 'Janus' concerning the spanking and caning of wayward wives and secretaries, etc., I am surprised that no one has yet mentioned the use of the paddle. This is a spanking instrument of American origin and is, in my opinion, an ideal accessory for every office and home where discipline is necessary from time to time.

Most paddles are made of wood, although they are available in leather as well. They are shaped generally like a large elongated bat with a handle and a rectangular or oval spanking surface. Mine is twenty inches long overall, the

handle being bound with leather and about eight inches long, the rectangular blade being about twelve inches long and four inches wide. The whole thing is a quarter of an inch thick and is perforated with a dozen or so small holes to avoid resistance by the air when it is brought sharply down on to its target area.

The main advantage of the paddle is that it will tan the surface of the bottom without causing the deep cutting and bruising that is left by the cane or strap, but at the same time will quickly reduce the whole area of the bottom to an intense burning and stinging sensation. The pain will last for an hour or so following a good spanking but both the pain and the scarlet colouration of the bottom cheeks will subside quickly after that.

The spanking surface of the paddle is lighter than that of the back of a hairbrush and consequently will not cause the raised welts that the hairbrush leaves where the edge of the brush cuts into the bottom. Nevertheless, it will reduce even the most stoic of secretaries to tears and pleading and eventual obedience. The paddle may be applied while the recipient is across the knees or equally effectively while she is bending over a desk or stool and I have found that it is best when given across the bare bottom, or the seat of a tight pair of knickers.

My own secretary, Christine, who is twenty-four and given to occasional outbursts of petulance, has had her backside paddled on several occasions in the interests of office discipline and maintains that it is the most painful way of helping to keep her figure in trim that she knows. She usually gets it while I hold her face downwards across my knees, while sitting in an upright chair, in the centre of the office where there is nothing for her to grasp in order to pull herself free. She removes her tights beforehand and I raise her skirt (which is usually pretty short anyway) and hold her firmly in position with just her nylon knickers covering her shapely bottom. Then she is given

anything up to twelve hard whacks across her knickers, and believe me, she kicks her legs and her arms wave and she bangs her clenched fists on the carpet and cries like a child during the spanking. If her briefs happen to be of white nylon, her bottom glows pink through the thin material when I have finished and when I let her up her hands automatically go to her bottom and rub the smarting area tenderly.

On the rare occasions when I have given Christine a bare-bottom spanking, I have always made her bend over the stool so that, in the interests of expediency, I am not in direct physical contact with her. She bends right forward and grips the far crossbar of the stool with her skirt raised and her panties round her ankles.

I never give her more than six on her bare bottom but she has to remain in position and count out the strokes aloud as they are given. Only if she moves or fails to count out the strokes correctly will she get any more than six. I find that in this position, if I give her a couple of upward strokes bringing the paddle up to whack across the underside of her bottom, she nearly goes through the ceiling and howls like a banshee.

In the States, I am told, paddles are not uncommon in the home and are also to be seen hanging on the wall above the bed in some hotel rooms. They are also used there quite commonly among college girls apparently, particularly as a means of initiating a new girl into a particular club or sorority organisation. The new girl is sometimes held down across her bed while all the other members give her one or two whacks with the paddle in turn. In other cases, all the girls will stand in a row facing the wall, each with her left arm outstretched and fingertips touching the wall. The girl being initiated and usually wearing just a short nightie or shift, will then walk under the archway formed by all the left arms, bending down in order to do so. Her hands will be tied in front of her and as she passes through the arch, one of the girls who has the paddle will bring



it cracking down across her bottom as she passes. The paddle will then be passed to the next girl in the row and the initiate will walk round and back through the arch continuously until she has received one stroke or 'spank' from each of the other girls. The paddle is usually marked with the emblem or initials of the particular organisation or club and is placed prominently on view in the meeting place or club room.

I have seen paddles for sale in what is described as a "sex aid fun shop" in this country. They were a matching pair in smooth wood finished with polyurethane and shaped like long oval table-tennis bats, one larger than the other and labelled "His and Hers." They hung from hooks on an attractive wooden wall plaque and were cleverly displayed in the shop between a pair of men's nylon pyjamas with no buttons and boxer shorts instead of trousers, and a filmy ladies shortie nightie in white nylon. They were priced at £6.00 and obviously meant to decorate a bedroom wall, and at the same time, serve a more practical purpose. When I picked up the smaller one marked 'His' (obviously meant to spank 'her' bottom) and asked the dolly girl assistant in red hotpants if I could try it out, she unfortunately declined to allow me to do so.

I would be interested to learn whether any of your readers have used or know of instances of the paddle being used in this country and hope that you may find some of what I have written of interest to other readers.

H.M.
London

ARROGANT EQUESTRIENNE SPANKED

Like many of your correspondents, since discovering Janus I have become a regular reader: in particular for the coverage you give to the delightful activities of spanking naughty teenage girls and lusty young women. So many magazines either wrap up a good spanking in psychological claptrap, or run riot into sadism. Janus, thank goodness,

can be relied upon for the due appreciation of the joy and delight possible from bending a naughty girl over the knees; rucking up a tight mini-skirt; lowering the navy knickers; and then the methodical slap, slap or hand or hairbrush on a bare bottom.

Over the last few years, I have come to realise that many girls find that the thought of being spanked is too much to be resisted. However, my most satisfying episodes have been with those who have resisted although convinced they deserved a spanking.

The most memorable bare bottom spanking I have been lucky enough to administer was just over a year ago. I was on holiday at my cousin's place in the country. She is twenty and keen on horse-riding. Despite my never having been on a horse before, I agreed to go riding one afternoon, so we went to a friend of hers whose parents had three horses.

As soon as I saw this friend, I was attracted to her immediately. All that afternoon she behaved like a school-teacher, not missing the slightest error I made. As I jogged along behind her I had plenty of time to view the target of my thoughts. If ever a young woman needed a good spanking, it was this spoilt, long-legged, riding-crop expert. She had a bottom that was high and compact and her tight jeans were well polished from continued bouncing in the saddle.

Well, eventually, we returned to the stables. My cousin had a boyfriend waiting and left her girlfriend and myself with the horses. My instructions in unbridling the horses continued for some time, and finally I became irritated by her tone of voice and an argument developed. I came out with the old, 'what you need is a good spanking.' Immediately her blue eyes flashed and she redoubled her taunts. Flushed with excitement at the possibility of having her bottom upturned over my lap ready for smacking, I threatened immediate action. A few insults about my chances of applying my hand to her bottom were enough to bring her

face down across my thighs, although the struggle was quite prolonged.

I raised my hand and slapped the cheekiest parts of her bottom very hard several times. She became quieter but still kicked a little. I stopped, but she made no move, leaving her bottom provocatively poised for further chastisement. Then she turned her head and arrogantly challenged me. "That never hurt," she said.

I rolled her over and we battled again, but I managed to undo her zip and get her back into a spanking position. I gripped the waist of her jeans and she expertly raised her hips to aid me in pulling them down. I lowered them to her knees and then turned my attention to her flimsy white knickers. There were right up tight to her crutch from riding and her naked cheeks showed the clear red marks of my hand already. Down came her knickers. "Right, young lady," I said, "you're going to get the spanking of your life." My heart nearly exploded when she replied, "Yes, please," and raised her hips to offer her bottom for spanking.

I don't know how long she remained wriggling and giving little cries, but I spanked her until my arm ached. She finally went into an orgasm, opening her legs wide, while her whole body rose and fell as I slapped. We ended up in the hay in a tangle of clothes, completely spent after much gloriously lusty love-making. When we eventually cooled down, I spent a beautiful age kissing and caressing her reddened tender bottom.

So, Janus, a devoted spanking fan thanks you for your efforts so far. Keep it up and let's have more spanking stories, and more of those exquisite pictures of gorgeous girls' bottoms being soundly spanked. How about some with the pained expressions of the beautiful girls you find to spank?

Hope Miranda has experienced a spanking or two — unlike Sally, although she might get a few on the long road to Australia.

M.A.H.
Bristol

C.P. LESSONS WELL-LEARNED

Your article on 'Spanking Attitudes' was very interesting. It reminded me of the many letters I have seen in the press since the 1930's from girls attending secretarial or commercial colleges where spanking or caning on the bottom has been the main form of punishment, the theory being that to cane or strap a girl on the hand would put her out of action for typing or shorthand, and so it was better to punish her on her bottom. I attended such a college before the 2nd world war.

I was somewhat older than the general run of pupil, whose ages were in the 15- to 16-year-old age group. During the first fortnight, several of the younger girls were called to the front of the class by the teacher to be punished. There were two forms of punishment the teacher could give: either a spanking by hand on the seat of the knickers or panties, or by use of a short black strap about 15 inches long, three to four inches wide and about a quarter of an inch thick, the end of which was rounded. The teacher was limited to a maximum of twelve strokes on the seat of the knickers, and the most severe punishment could only be inflicted by the principal. He was allowed to cane the girls and he usually took down a girl's knickers to do this, but not always.

I considered myself an adult at 17 and thought that this type of punishment would only apply to the younger girls. However, I omitted to prepare some work one evening and when the teacher discovered it the following day, I was called out to the front of the class. I was very alarmed and refused to go to him and said that I was only taking the classes as a pastime, that I was 17 and too old to be spanked. He became very upset and threatened to send me to the principal if I did not obey, so I reluctantly allowed myself to be put across his knee. My one thought at the time was that I was glad I had put on a fresh pair of

pretty, frilly panties that morning. I felt my skirt and petticoat being raised, my panties being pulled tight and the wrinkles smoothed out with the palm of his hand. He pinned me firmly to his knee with an arm around my waist and then he told me, that because I had been impertinent he was going to strap me instead of just giving me a hand-spanking.

The first strokes fell full across the broadest, fleshiest portion of my posterior. I felt a burning hand streak across. The stinging pain swelled up and I gasped. Before I could recover, the second stroke fell just below the first, then the third and fourth. When the fourth stroke fell I burst into tears and began to wriggle and squirm just like the 15-year-olds I had seen punished in this way. I was ashamed to do this, but I simply could not help it. The fourth stroke took him down to the gap of bare flesh between my pantie legs and stocking tops. The fifth stroke landed on the same place and made me yelp. Then he worked his way up to his original starting place, which he reached on the sixth stroke. He did not stop then but continued upwards over the unspanked portion of my bottom. The lower half felt as though it was on fire. A further few strokes took him to the top of my buttocks, then he worked his way back. The twelfth stroke was a very special one and resounded through the classroom. I was then allowed to rise and, try as I might, I could not keep my hands off my bottom and I trailed to my seat, clutching my burning rear, tears streaming down my face, and sat down very carefully.

That was the first of many spankings I was given. I was certainly not the most spanked or caned girl in the school, but I had my very fair share.

My worst experience happened in my second year at the school. During physical training the gym master told me he was tired of my laziness and I was to report to him at the end of the afternoon when he would give me something to

smarten me up.

I reported and he marched me to a high-backed chair. Standing me on his right, he sat down, then laid me face down across his knees. My gym tunic was raised high above my waist and I felt my knickers sliding over the curves of my jutting bottom. He then settled me securely on his knee to obtain the protuberance he required, running his hand over my bare cheeks to test for firmness. He then fussed about, straightening my short skirt up my back and spreading my knickers out tidily around my knees. Then he pinned me firmly to his knee with his arm on my waist and began to spank. He covered the whole of my bottom from the tops of my stockings to my waist with hard, stinging slaps from his hard hand. It was the longest, hardest spanking I had ever had. I thought he would never stop. I was soon sobbing and wriggling and squirming on his thigh. The wriggling and squirming changed to bouncing as my burning cheeks automatically clenched and unclenched in an endeavour to avoid the punishing hand. My feet drummed on the floor as I begged him not to do it so hard. When he had finished I felt as though I had been sitting on a hot stove.

When I left the college, I joined a local firm but found I was still subject to punishment. It was not until 1940 when I was past 20 and joined the WRENS that I received my last whipping, a week before I left.

Frankly, when I look back, I see that my spankings and whippings did me no harm and much good. When I joined the WRENS I was certainly not the spoiled brat I had been when I entered college. I must confess I usually enjoyed watching my fellow pupils being spanked, even though I knew I would be bent over the knee next.

I have since raised three daughters on similar principles, with excellent results, and it is regrettable that these methods are now dying out.

J.M. (Mrs.)
Kent

STUDENT-TEACHER GETS STRAPPED

My husband gets your magazine which we both read. We are both very interested in your letters and pictures on spanking of girls and the best type of dress to be worn for this and we are surprised that no one has as yet mentioned the kilt. I had an interesting experience as a girl and my husband has suggested I write to you about it.

I went to a teachers training college in the late forties when I was a few months short of 18-years-old. I had made rather late application and could not get accommodation in the residential part of the college but had to take lodgings with a landlady who was approved by the college authorities. I discovered on my arrival that she was a widow of about 35, a friendly type with a decided sense of humour. She had three daughters aged at that time, 12, 14 and 15 and it was obvious from the first few days there that she stood no nonsense from them. Any transgressions resulted in the offending daughter being laid across her mother's knee her dress raised, her knickers taken down and her bottom spanked until it was scarlet. She never administered a spanking in a temper but always remained good humoured and unruffled, though, of course, the spankee did not. It was also rather noticeable that she thoroughly enjoyed administering the spankings. The spankings were usually given just before the girl went to bed and were given quite openly in my presence.

I got on well with her for the first two weeks and saw several spankings administered. She was very keen that her children should become experts at highland dancing and they had lessons twice a week. If their dancing master did not think their work was up to standard a letter was given to the unlucky girl to take home to her mother which invariably resulted in a hot, red bottom for the delinquent. The

girls on these occasions were dressed in their highland dancing kit consisting of a kilt, white blouse, velvet jacket and frilly cravat. I must confess, I rather enjoyed seeing them laid over their mother's knee, the kilt raised above their waists and the white ruffled knickers they wore with it pulled down to their knees and their bare bottoms thoroughly spanked. Her methods appeared to bring results as they had each won a number of awards.

College discipline was much stricter in the late 1940's than it is at the present time and although I was in lodgings outside the college, I was expected to conform to certain rules and if I did not, my landlady was expected to report me to the college authorities and she was only allowed to accept students on this understanding. At the time, of course, the supervision of girls in Scotland was even stricter than it was for boys. I had to be in my digs at 10 p.m. every night unless I had special permission from the landlady. After I had been there for about a fortnight, I came in half an hour late one night. My landlady asked for my excuse, but I was late entirely through my own fault. She then told me that if she reported me to my tutor I would be fined or confined for a time, and that if I had several bad reports I might even be ultimately sent down. If, however, I was prepared to accept the discipline she accorded her daughters, she would deal with all the disciplinary matters herself and not report me. She pointed out that all the girls she had had in the past had agreed to this and it had worked out very well. Several landladies who took in students operated this system. I was given a day to think it over. When I thought about it, I could see that this system had advantages. I could decide myself whether a certain misdemeanour was worth the pain of a spanking, and if I decided it was, I could go ahead and then accept my punishment, without risking my career. I had not been spanked since I was 12, but I thought it was worth it.

The following evening I told her I was prepared to accept the suggestion and when the girls had gone to bed, she sat down on a high-backed dining room chair, laid me face down across her knees, raised my dress high above my waist at the back, took down my knickers and unclipping my suspender belt from my stocking tops pushed it out of the way. Having cleared the decks for action she grasped me firmly around the waist and proceeded to spank me. She had a surprisingly hard hand and I soon realised I had forgotten what it was like to be spanked. I was in tears after the first minute or so, but this made no difference to my landlady. She continued to spank until I felt as though my bottom was on fire. I thought she would never stop. When she was finished she let me rise and pull up my panties and then giving me a kiss, sent me to bed. In my room I looked at my bottom in the mirror and it was bright scarlet. The following morning, however, when the smarting had died away and my bottom was almost back to normal I felt better about it and glad I had accepted her proposal.

From then on I was one of the family. I was disciplined not only for breaches of the college rules, but for breaches of domestic discipline such as untidiness, late rising, arriving late for meals, etc. She kept a close eye on my work and woe betide me if she felt I was slacking. I discovered that she also kept a strap. This was about 13 inches long, 2½ inches broad and about ¼ inch thick and if you were guilty of some particularly bad offence, you were likely to get three strokes of the strap on each hand, followed by 20 strokes on the bare bottom while across her knee. My father was working on a 3 year contract in Australia at the time and it was not a practical proposition for me to join them during vacations so I just had to stay in my digs. She certainly acted like a second mother to me and I found I could always confide in her. She had a marked sense of humour and could even make one

smile through one's tears, while clutching one's burning rear after a very thorough but well earned spanking.

Although not particularly happy about my own spankings, I always rather enjoyed watching her spank the other girls, especially when they were in their highland dress uniforms. Under normal circumstances they wore the usual school-dress of the period – navy-blue gum tunic, white blouse, navy-blue knickers, long black stockings and low-heeled shoes, and a coloured girdle round their waist. On Saturdays, unless they were competing in dancing competitions they wore print frocks and on Sundays, kilts with polo necked jersey's or jumpers. Sunday spankings I found rather exciting. They wore plain knickers of white or navy-blue and there was something exciting about seeing a kilted girl being turned over her mother's knee, her kilt raised above her waist and her knickers taken down and her bottom spanked until it was bright red, which fascinated me. I got the feeling, however, that my landlady had a preference for gym tunic punishment.

I had a brief gym tunic for physical training at college and she sometimes made me put it on before punishing me, particularly if I was to have a whipping with the strap. Believe me there is no experience more likely to show a girl in her late teens that she is not as adult as she thinks, than to have to stand in front of someone while wearing the traditional schoolgirl uniform holding her hand out for a strapping and knowing that in a short period of time while she will still be hugging her hands under her armpits, she will be across a knee with her navy-blue knickers around her knees having the same strap applied to her bare bottom. Fortunately for me I did not need to be strapped too often. During my first three years I only earned this type of whipping about four times a year. In my final year, however, the strap was applied more frequently, as I was older and should know better, she said, and in

fact I earned nine whippings that year, apart from hand spankings.

During that final year I always had to put on my gym tunic when I was to be thrashed with the strap and if it was at the weekend had to wear it during the day before being finally whipped and sent to bed at night. Hand spankings were of course more frequent but it was seldom that any of us went a fortnight without a hot bottom. No one bore any resentment. It was accepted that punishment would follow misbehaviour and if one did not want to be spanked, then one should not misbehave.

In my third year at this college, my landlady would once or twice a week go out at night and leave me in charge. If one of the girls had earned a spanking during the day, I was authorised to give it to them at bedtime (if I had been naughty, then I had to wait till the next night and she would give it to me). I was not allowed to use the strap, but was allowed to initiate spanking action for misdeeds when she was out. She said, that as a prospective teacher it was time I learned how to punish a naughty girl. She started me off by letting me give the girls one or two spankings in her presence, then after giving me some good advice, I was on my own. In my final year she showed me how to use the strap and allowed me to give one or two whippings, though only in her presence. How the eldest girl, Mary, felt about being spanked by a girl barely two years older than herself, I don't know, but she certainly accepted it and did not seem to bear any grudge.

When my time came to leave, we parted on the best terms and I corresponded with her for a number of years after that. The last time I heard from her was in 1959 and she was still making the same arrangement with her young boarders then.

My husband and I used exactly the same methods with our own three daughters, though when it comes to administering a sound whipping he prefers to thrash the girls with a light, thin, 2 foot cane, rather than use a strap. I prefer the

strap. We both share the duty of punishing our daughters. I must confess I enjoy spanking their bottoms, but most so when they are wearing a kilt. My husband on the other hand prefers gym tunics, but unfortunately for him these are no longer fashionable except when the girls are playing hockey.

I hope this letter has been of some interest to you, if only as an indication that spanking as a punishment is not a bad thing, and so long as spankings are administered for a good reason, there is no reason why the spanker should not enjoy administering the punishment.

D.M. (Mrs.)
Kent

MADE FOR THE CANE

My special interest is caning and in Volume 2, No. 3 on page 33 I think you have one of the best photos of a bare bottom I have ever seen, your model is superb, such lovely plump thighs, and a bottom out of this world, just made for the cane.

I would love to see many more photos of this model being caned, birched or tawsed. Also the studious looking girl in glasses on page 27 would look lovely over her desk, her bare bottom receiving a dozen good cuts of the cane. I have a criticism of your photos of the girl on page 33 and 27. In the first one I would like to have seen all of her legs, and the other one her bottom on the chair.

I would like you to portray either of these models in a variety of caning positions, in black stockings only, i.e. touching toes, lying prone face down, facing a wall, hand overhead resting on wall, bending over a chair-back, lying across a chair, tied to a post, in fact, any position where they could be caned or birched on their lovely bare bottoms.

Good luck to your magazine and let's have lots of caning and birching photos and stories.

A.J.B.
Dover

FRILLY KNICKERS NO PROTECTION

I'm now 18 and have escaped so far with only six cases of corporal punishment in my life. All six experiences happened within the last six years, and always at school — either my private junior school, or the senior school, which I have just left.

Looking back on these six smackings, I find it curious that, on reflection, I'm still to be spanked on my bare bottom; or caned on the hands; or overcome by hatred of the ritual and the punisher. In my six cases, I find that I associate corporal punishment for a naughty girl only with punishment on the bottom, knickers, and a close study of the carpet as the girl lies over her teacher's knees.

My first smacking was when I was 12. I had gone on talking in class despite several warnings from the History Mistress, who, in desperation, when the class was over, took me by the arm to her chair, shook me, and said: "Sheila — despite my warnings, you've disobeyed me! You need a short, sharp lesson, which I am now going to administer to you. Have you ever been smacked before, dear?"

"No," I said.

"Well," she went on, "there's always a first time." So I held out my hand.

"Oh, dear me, no," she pouted. "When I smack, which is seldom, I punish the girl on her bottom."

I blushed and stammered: "But, Miss Hamilton, surely with the clothes left in place. Please don't smack me on my bottom, and don't take my knickers down. I'll be a good girl in future!"

At this point I felt myself pulled over the teacher's knee by a strong pair of arms, so that my feet came off the ground and my face was staring at the floor of the classroom. Her left arm and hand held me firmly in place. I trembled — what next? Skirt up and knickers down? The swish of a cane? Or a ruler? Or a slipper, or what?

Nothing happened for a few seconds as she settled herself, and

adjusted my position, undignified as it was.

"Please forgive me," I gasped. "Don't smack me. I'll be good."

"I'm sure you will be after the next few minutes," she snapped.

Then I felt my pleated skirt being lifted by her right hand, way over my bottom until its hem reached my waist. I began to kick out, but I heard a voice from above threatening the cane, not on my knickers but on my bare skin, if I didn't stop.

Then I felt her right hand settle finally across the middle of the seat of my navy-blue, loose-fitting school knickers. She obviously wanted to assess the muscular tension of my bottom and she also (I learned later) did this to ensure that the naughty girl was only wearing one pair of knickers, or had not inserted a newspaper lining to minimize the sting!

Then she yanked my knickers up tight and hard at the waist, and pulled down each leg so that it was taut and my bottom shone through the tightly stretched Celanese of the knickers. Then her hand rested gently, first on the right bottom cheek, then the left, for a few seconds. "Now," she said, and I felt the hand draw away. "So your bottom spanking begins *through* your knickers! They'll give you little help, Sheila."

And suddenly I felt a stinging burn on the right cheek, and simultaneously a SMACK as her spanking hand, fingers fully extended and palm kept flat, slapped down hard on my bottom. She took her time about this, and so each smack came down with maximum impact.

Then, to my horror, the same programme of spanking began on the other cheek of my knickered bottom, and I really did begin to hold my breath. Finally the hand came down six times more across the middle of my bottom, touching the spanked flanks of each buttock, both of which were already well punished.

I gasped, and she said, "There, Sheila. There's your lesson! I'm going to put you off my knee now,

and I can tell you, my girl, that your bottom is very red and will sting — but, fortunately, not for long. Now, be good in future."

My second smacking occurred a few months later. I'd been playing tennis, and at one stage I used a lot of swear words, which the Games Mistress overheard. When we were back in the changing-room, she sent the other girl outside, and then told me she was going to smack my bottom for being naughty. I could not deny this, or resist, so I meekly said, "Yes, Miss Gardner, I'm sorry. I deserve a smacking."

Again, hopefully, I turned round so that my back was towards her. My short, pleated tennis skirt protected my bottom, which was well covered by a pair of white frilled tennis knickers.

She approached me. She put her left arm round me, held me tight and said, "Now, Sheila — tense your bottom. I'm going to smack you hard."

Marvellous, I thought, I won't feel a thing. And I didn't, because the first smack came down across my bottom, which didn't even feel the slightest thing. Alas, Miss Gardner noticed this too!

"What are you wearing under your skirt, you naughty girl?" she angrily asked.

"Only my little tennis knickers, Miss Gardner; I've not got even a pantie belt on over my bottom, I promise you! Please don't hurt me or shame me!"

"I'm going to investigate," she said, and sitting down she drew me across her knees so that my bottom was raised high in the air. My skirt rose and I could feel that she could just see the beginning of my frilly tennis knickers.

She pushed up my skirt to my waist, smoothed out the seat of my knickers and began to spank my bottom again. But the frills of the knickers absorbed all the intended force of the spanking, as well as the all-important psychological noise of the smacks falling crisply on to a bottom thinly covered by light plain nylon knickers. So — what next?

"Sheila, my girl," she said, "get



off my knees." This I did, hiding relief and thinking how lightly I had escaped punishment for my behaviour. However, my relief was premature!

"Sheila," she continued, as I got to my feet, "take off your knickers and put them on again – back to front, so that the part over your bottom will provide only minimum protection, and pull them up tight!"

Blushing, I pulled them down, turned them round, and gingerly stepped back into my knickers, pulling them slowly up my legs, until they fitted over my so far unhurt bottom like a glove. All the frills were in front, and I imagine that at the back my bottom must have shown through.

She then put me over her knees again, held me firmly with her left hand and then set to work spanking my plain knickered bottom with her stiffly extended right hand, using the fingers only and treating each cheek in turn to eight really vicious smacks. These I really felt, and was soon in tears.

When she realised I'd had enough, she slipped the knickers right off, turned them round again and pulled them up over my dreadfully sore bottom. I had to wriggle a little for her to get them up over my buttocks.

She laughingly put me off her lap – pulled my skirt back into place and said, "Well, Sheila, I hope you've learned your lesson. Don't use swear words and, in future, if I'm going to smack your bottom, don't wear frilly knickers, because if there is a next time and I'm driven to smacking, I'll take them down, and not pull them up again but will smack you on your bare bottom. Right – back to school at once!"

And that was that. But as the years went on, so did my smackings, and I've four more experiences to relate which continued through my schooldays.

The third time I was smacked I was wearing blue, check, gingham knickers; the fourth time, lace-trimmed, pink nylon briefs; the fifth time a pair of dark-blue

knickers; and the last occasion of all, a lovely pair of cream-coloured French knickers, heavily trimmed with deep lace.

K.W. (Miss)
Orpington

FANTASY PREFERENCES

I'm responding to your request for letters in the last issue.

I have been reading Janus since the early days when it was Mentor. With me it's the spanking material that turns me on – sometimes. I'd like to make a few suggestions how this could be improved – I realise that my ideas aren't everybody's but I imagine quite a few other readers will – or have – made similar suggestions. First of all what I like least:

(a) Real brutality – I'm not interested in descriptions of buttocks dripping blood (I hasten to add that you haven't carried this sort of material as far as I can remember).

(b) Men being spanked – women and girls only for me.

(c) Over-ecstatic, fantastical type situations – generally speaking the more genuine – or at least believable the better.

(d) Descriptions of spanking overtly enjoyed by the recipient. I prefer some resistance.

(e) Too repetitive or mechanical descriptions.

What I do like:

(a) My favourite fantasy is the secretary/shop girl who gets spanked, caned or slippered by the boss (slippering doesn't seem to appear very much – pity). Much more of this please!

(b) Interviews, surveys, letters about real situations.

(c) Pictures of girls bending over to be caned or slippered. You've published a number of these but too often the exact position isn't what I like best.

(i) Girls bent over and touching their toes (with straight legs if you can find anyone willing and able).

(ii) Bending over a desk or similar with the upper body as flat and horizontal as possible.

I should say by the way that it is not necessary for the girl's bottom

to be bared. Some spanking/caning scenes with knickers still in place – although generally spanking blue school knickers doesn't turn me on – or even across skirt or slacks (or hot pants) can be quite as erotic.

(d) Apart from 'Dolly Morton' I can't remember reading anything really juicy set in the slave states of America before the Civil War. Vicious floggings I can do without, but even for a humane slave owner the temptation to put a slave girl across his knee and give her a little spanking or to warm her bottom up just a little with the cane or strap must have been well-nigh irresistible – I'm sure I'd have found it so, abolitionists and anti racial discrimination views notwithstanding. There's a good field for some erotic exploration here I should think.

(e) Which reminds me. Most of the 'victims' in Janus – all as far as I can remember – seem to be European – What about a few pictures of coloured girls getting the usual comeuppance?

(f) I like your article on 'Spanking in the cinema.' Surely there is room for a fairly regular feature here with lots more stills. And what about spanking in T.V. serials? Or a guide to spankings in films likely to be shown at the members only type sex-cinema? That would really make your magazine necessary reading for all enthusiasts.

(g) School punishments but

(i) Girls only as victims; (ii) male teachers handing it out; (iii) No suggestion that corporal punishments for girls is official policy in that particular school – (too obvious wish-fulfilment); (iv) models should be dressed like the real modern teenage schoolgirls not in 1920's type school uniform, baggy bloomers and all!

Hope suggestions are of some use.

In the first episode of 'Suspender Man' reference was made to him spanking his office staff if they didn't come up to scratch with their lingerie. I should have thought we'd have heard of one or two transgressors by now!

E.J.P.
London

BOARDING SCHOOL CANING

My own interest is in spanking of all kinds and all aspects, from school days through university, young adults and into marriage. My own experiences have included all the above phases, having had my schooling in an English type Canadian boys' public boarding school. As in England the cane was used to punish the boys and always given on the bottom – never once was I given it on the hands. Other instruments such as hand, back of hairbrush, leather strap, paddles, both leather and wood, were used, but the cane was the traditional and normal thing.

The school had three houses and the one I was in for five years from the age of 13 to 18 was in charge of a young married master whose attractive wife shared his living quarters in the wing of our house. She assisted in looking after the boys as matron and nurse, and as such was permitted to spank the boys as she desired and as she felt was necessary. She was responsible for initiating me into the world of the sexual connection of spanking.

Since then I've experienced a continuation of this interest in college, in a co-ed type of club, in work, as an employee of a business owned and operated by a dominant female, in marriage, as a mutual arrangement with my wife, in extra marital meetings including trips to London where I have found two or three ladies who have most well-equipped facilities to provide me with thrilling sessions.

H.P.

Southend

PROVOCATIVE BARE BOTTOMS

Congratulations on the progress of Janus, it goes from strength to strength. May I convey a few thoughts as a regular reader? While admitting that there is no more erotic and lust provoking sight than the female bottom when it is bare, so soft, pink round so vulnerable for punishment, I must point out that

there are others equally endowed in that quarter. The old schoolmaster would confirm as they seldom lost an opportunity of denuding boys' often beautifully silky, plump and feminine bottoms to receive the brutal lashes of cane and birch.

So, why not a few illustrated series recalling those lusty days and could you serialise Swinburn's "Whippingham Papers"? In closing may I mention "The Manipulated Man" Vol. 1, No. 9 was superb.

Some of your photos are terrific but lacking in a touch more realism. i.e. marking and colouring of the smitten area. Hope this is possible.

J.S.

Bristol

STRAPPED BY A GODDESS

I have a cousin two years older than myself who lived with my family, and in my younger days I was often extremely rude to her. As a result, on her sixteenth birthday my mother presented her with a leather strap and gave her permission to thrash me whenever she desired.

My cousin immediately took me to her room, instructed me to undress, and strapped me soundly on the buttocks, thighs and upper parts of the legs. This experience effectively tamed me.

She then made me stand to attention in front of her while she gave a lecture in which she said: "From now on you will give me absolute obedience and treat me with the utmost respect. Each time you speak to me you will address me as 'Miss'. You will polish my shoes every day until I can see my face in them, and you will kneel at my feet and lick my shoes whenever I command you. You will shampoo and dress my hair, manicure and varnish my nails, lay out my clothes and put them away again, prepare my bath and undertake any other tasks which I give you to perform. Whenever you wish to do anything or go anywhere you must obtain my permission and my decision will be final."

She then stretched out one shapely leg. As always, her

beautiful feet were encased in elegant high-heeled court shoes, and I prostrated myself before her, licking and fondling first one foot and then the other.

From then on she was my mistress and I was her humble slave. I was as much part of her personal possessions as her lipstick or her toothbrush. Several times each week she strapped me, and if the house had caught fire and she had time to rescue only one item she would undoubtedly have saved the strap. It was the symbol of the power, authority and intimate friendship which enabled her to exercise complete control over me.

I had no freedom except the freedom to do her will. If she had ordered me to jump off Beachy Head I would have done so without hesitation. Yet I worshipped her as if she were a goddess. Every act of submission gave me a tremendous thrill. When she strapped me I gained enormous satisfaction from the experience; and when, after each strapping, she would order me to kiss the strap, I enjoyed doing so. I licked her beautiful court shoes several times a day, and considered it an honour and a privilege of which I was completely unworthy.

This wonderful relationship lasted for ten gloriously happy years. Then my cousin married and left home. I was completely shattered. For a time life had no meaning or purpose, but gradually I became reconciled to the fact that those wonderful days had gone for ever. Eventually, I also married, and have enjoyed twenty years of happy married life. Yet, even now, my body often aches for a taste of the strap and my lips long to lick my cousin's shoes as they did so many times in the glorious days of my youth.

R.K.

Somerset

HUSBAND A DEDICATED SPANKER

I thoroughly enjoy the spanking and bondage letters in Janus, which clearly show me that I am not unique, even though I am happily



married to my husband Bill, who must be one of the most dedicated spankers of female bottoms in the country.

On several occasions before we were married Bill had hauled me across his lap, and playfully paddled the seat of my skirt, and this should have prepared me for the day about a month after our wedding, when he complained of cold breakfast coffee; a moment later, I was over his knee with my dressing gown and nightie pulled up, and his palm was bouncing smartingly off my bare bottom. After a dozen or so smacks, he let me go, and I struggled to my feet, outraged, but not unduly sore. I stormed off to my room but Bill followed with soothing words, and got his face slapped. In a trice I was back across his knee, and this time he did not stop spanking until I was yelling for mercy, when he rolled me over on to my sore rump and made love to me!

From then on my spanking education progressed rapidly, until now I have come to enjoy this constant attention to my well rounded 38 inch bottom. Why? Because I like having a husband who is the boss; it excites me sexually. Bill never overdoes it, and although he makes my bottom fairly smart at times, I know I can trust him never to whip me really viciously.

I usually get a spanking three or four times a week. If I am wearing one of the bottom-hugging skirts or trousers which Bill likes, he contents himself with bending me well over to stretch my seat covering to drum tautness, and applying his palm, or any other smacky weapon to hand, and believe me, a tight stretched cotton skirt offers little protection, against the hard back of a clothes brush! If it is a loose skirt, this gets pulled up, and usually my panties go in the other direction, although if I am wearing tights, he has a theory that the thin stretchy nylon holds my buttocks firm and enhances the sting. I never know when to expect a spanking. Sometimes I am accused of some naughtiness, when he will take me

ceremoniously across his knee for a prolonged bare bum spanking; at other times the sight of my wiggling bottom will excite him to grab me and upend me before I know what is happening. Once when we had guests to dinner, he followed me into the kitchen, and said the soup was cold. He then made me touch my toes in the middle of the kitchen with my long skirt pulled up, so that it flopped down over my head, whilst he applied a wooden steak tenderiser to my tiny nylon panties. I was sure that our guests heard the whacks, and they must have noticed me wriggling my tenderised bottom on my chair during the rest of dinner.

About once a month we have a special session. I decide when this is to be by wearing a particular rather sexy black dress with a short flared skirt. After we have had dinner with plenty to drink, I go to my bedroom and wait for Bill. He makes me bend over a small two foot square table, my body flat on the top, my chin just clear of the far side. He puts a cushion under my tummy to raise my hips, and then ties a cord to my left wrist, which he pulls across my back to the right across under the table, up the other side to my right wrist, so that my arms are crossed behind my back and holding me down to the table. This one cord holds me helplessly bent over, as he folds my skirt over my back well clear of my buttocks, to reveal black nylon panties, suspenders and stockings. My arched bottom then gets a dozen or so smarting whacks with a wooden paddle. Then he strips my panties right off, and ties another cord to each ankle, pulling my legs forward under the table to tie them to the table legs on the far side. What a position I am in – literally curled round the edge of the table; utterly helpless with my already sore, bare and reddened bottom, pulled drum taut cocked up in the air in a perfect pose for any chastisement Bill may wish to inflict on it, its cheeks gaping wide to reveal my most intimate parts. My domination is complete.

The next ten minutes are taken

up with Bill applying any of his extensive armoury of spanking weapons which takes his fancy to my poor bottom – a couple with a strap, six with a tawse, a whack with a slipper, even some smacks with his hand, I never know what to expect next, but always he finishes with six sharp cuts with a pencil thin cane, which on my now really tender bottom makes me yell. I am by now very randy.

The consequent orgasm, as I writhe against my bonds must be experienced to be believed. Bill says that the sight of my bare striped bottom, peeping beneath my raised skirts, as I lay stretched helplessly across the table awaiting his pleasure, is the most erotic thing he knows.

J.W. (Mrs.)
Chichester

PUNISHMENT RITUALS IN SOUTH AFRICA

Nearly a year ago two other girls and myself came to the U.K. on a Sales Promotion campaign for a South African Company for an eighteen month period. During this time I came across Janus and have been a regular reader ever since, as I have had a personal interest in Corporal Punishment.

The letter from A.S. of Newcastle in a recent edition, who briefly mentioned Corporal Punishment in South Africa, has prompted me to write about my own experiences there.

While it appears C.P. has become unfashionable in the U.K. – it is prohibited for criminals, restricted in schools and practically non-existent in the home – this is far from being the case in South Africa. The average, true Afrikaner is a dour, old-fashioned person, deeply religious and consequently strict, and my mother is certainly no exception.

Just before I left South Africa, a national Jo'burg Sunday paper ran an article on Corporal Punishment in the home, and the subsequent correspondence was almost entirely from girls who had been spanked, or mothers who believed in its effectiveness.

My own mother did not use a clothes brush, but had a special 'spanker', made for the purpose and sold in department stores. It was an oblong, wooden paddle with a six inch handle, and its size was such that it pretty nearly covered the whole of one's bottom.

This 'spanker' was kept hanging in the hall, and the side facing outwards had a verse on it which was practically embossed on my bottom. I shall never forget it.

"Lay the offender on her tum

Then smack her hard across the
bum

She will yell and implore

Not to be given any more

But this is what you bought me
for

So make her bottom red and
sore."

I was a day pupil at a private boarding school nearby which took girls up to the age of eighteen. Unlike English schools which, I believe, restrict the caning of girls, in our school any girl reported to the Headmistress for such things as disobedience, smoking, cheating, and so on, was automatically caned, regardless of her age.

Usually the punishment was six to ten strokes, but the cane was very much longer than the type used here. Because of this, the arc it made when swung added considerably to its effect.

The worst caning I had was when I was seventeen. I got ten strokes across my bottom for cheating in a test. When I told mother she only laughed, and said it was no more than I deserved.

When I was nearly eighteen and in my last term, another girl of the same age with whom I was friendly, persuaded me to miss classes and take a day off to go into the town. We did this fairly regularly; but, unfortunately, we were caught pilfering from a local store. We had only done it as a 'dare', but the shopkeeper was not impressed by this! He reported it to our Headmistress, and our mothers were informed and interviewed.

They were both furious, although grateful to the Headmistress, who had managed to

persuade the shopkeeper not to prosecute. The Headmistress, however, was all for expelling us on the spot; but she decided to change her mind when our mothers suggested giving us an unofficial whipping with a small sjambok as an alternative. A sjambok, by the way, is a 2 ft. 6 in. length of real hide, tapered to a fine point, and much stronger than a normal plaited whip. It was to be provided by my friend's mother.

We were horrified by this and made up our minds to resist, but it was useless. We were marched off to the isolation room and locked in.

After some time — apparently so that the whip could be fetched — my friend was sent for. It was an hour before she returned. She looked ghastly: dishevelled, sobbing and quite incoherent.

When I went into the Headmistress's study my friend's mother was present, as well as my own. They were facing me over a low padded vaulting-box; and they fastened my wrists and ankles to the rings on either side. My skirt was raised, exposing my knickers, which were left on.

Nine times the Headmistress brought the whip down across my bottom while I howled in anguish. Then she lectured me for almost ten minutes. I paid very little attention, for my bottom felt as if it were on fire, and I was dying to rub it, and couldn't.

Finally, to my horror, she pointed out that I was going to have another instalment of punishment, and passed the sjambok to my friend's mother. She was quite merciless, and hit me so hard that I almost fainted.

Afterwards, I found out that mother had whipped my friend, and that they had decided to do this as they felt that if each had whipped her own daughter they might have been too soft.

When it was all over, I spent two hours on a bed, next to my friend, in the isolation ward, face down and crying with pain.

Eventually, we quietened down, and we both surveyed the damage: vivid, long, red weals criss-crossing

each other, and in my own case, my white school knickers were flecked with blood.

Looking back, I suppose it taught us a lesson. Had I been expelled, or prosecuted, I would not have the good job I do now. There is very little delinquency in South Africa. I was prevented from becoming one, anyway; and in closing, revert back to the letter from A.S., who said that to be effective C.P. must be severe. He or she is correct.

C. van der M. (Miss)
S.A.

HUMILIATION THE REAL PUNISHMENT

Through the past few years I have read many interesting letters in magazines, including your own, urging the retention of corporal punishment in schools. I support retention but oppose severity. As a former schoolmaster with much experience, I give you my own theory.

To cane a boy on his bare bottom strikes fear into him. He detests the very idea of lowering his trousers, turning round and exposing that most secret area of his anatomy to the master who is armed with the instrument of chastisement. Humiliation alone is a great punishment. His pride is hurt more than the flesh. The wearing of the weals for a day or two may be a source of worry to him. The actual caning is, therefore, secondary.

Many are firmly convinced that it is important for the boy to bend over to receive the cane so that the flesh is tightened. This is not necessary but it does give the boy greater pain, without question.

In my opinion the boy should stand upright and preferably naked. The cane will sting momentarily, and it will cause weals. I discovered, however, that a whipping on a wet bottom hurt far less than on a dry one.

Boys frequently wet their beds at the two schools in which I was a master. I used to order the guilty lad to remove his pyjamas and return to his urine-soaked sheets, wipe his bare bottom on the sheets,

and then, in front of his friends I would make him stand upright and take six strokes.

The boys themselves admitted that it hurt far less on a wet bottom. In fact, for other offences I used to take a sponge and wipe the bottom prior to whipping them.

Three years ago, having retired from being a schoolmaster, I came across a woman in Holland who begged me to spank her bare bottom. I sponged her delectable posterior before I carried out her wishes. She agreed with my theory, and to prove it I allowed her to chastise me in a similar manner.

I can now honestly commend this activity as truly enjoyable.

P.M.L.

London

TRUTH AND REALISM

I have only recently discovered 'Janus'. When my husband is at work I sometimes take my little son to visit my girl-friend. She is a nurse, and when she has night duty I can her for a while in the day.

I found two issues of your magazines in her lounge and I enjoyed reading them. I regret not having known about your magazine before. My girl-friend enjoys reading it, but she doubts much of its contents.

I cannot have my name or address published as my husband would strongly object to any mention of our marital life. I do not even discuss it with my girl-friend. However, bearing in mind her observations, and then reading your magazine, I feel compelled to say that others who believe in discipline in marriage, as my husband and I do, should realise what a realistic view your publication has of life.

If you desire to publish my letter, other readers may appreciate more the truthfulness of your magazine in treating life as life really is. For although my inability to disclose my name and address must be appreciated, so far as I am concerned, the contents of Janus are really true.

V.L. (Mrs.)
Oxford

SPANK HER DIRECTOIRES

Having made sure of my monthly copy of Janus at the shop around the corner for well over a year, I am now convinced that I'm not the only pebble on the beach, and that there are plenty more who share my delight at warming the seat of a pretty girl's Directoire knickers!

A few years ago, when I had just turned 35, I was out shopping when suddenly the clouds opened and the rain simply poured down. I dashed for shelter into a shop doorway, which was soon packed to capacity. I had my back to the door of the shop, my hands in front of me, and I just couldn't move an inch either way.

I became aware that a lady was being pushed into me. She was medium height, had dark hair gathered at the back of her head; she wore a rather tight skirt, light blue silk blouse, dark stockings, and rather high-heeled shoes. I'm quite sure that she was well aware of being pressed firmly into my hands, the palms of which were touching the cheeks of her firm bottom.

Whether I imagined it or not, as the rain continued to pour down and the doorway seemed even more packed than before, I felt that the lady was, in fact, pushing and wriggling her bottom into my hands. So much so, that after a while I leaned forward and said to her, "I'm sorry if I'm offending you but I just can't move an inch without touching you."

To my surprise she turned her head and replied: "It can't be helped; it's not your fault."

My hands must have wandered all over her bottom and it wasn't long before I realised that she was wearing Directoire knickers. When I tugged at the leg elastic she didn't seem to mind, but pushed into me all the more.

When the rain eased off, and people began to scatter, I simply asked her: "Have you far to go?"

When she told me that she had some distance to go, I said: "Why, you're soaked to the skin; you can't

go that far. Would you like to come to my place and dry out?"

She replied with a smile that she would, and within ten minutes we were in my flat. The poor girl was soaking, so I said: "Go into the bedroom and get those wet clothes off, then jump in the bath. Take your time, and when you're ready your clothes will be dry and we can have tea and toast."

For just a second she hesitated, then quickly turned her head and with her hands behind her, she obeyed me.

I followed her into the bedroom and watched her pulling her skirt up and over her head. I took it from her and she stood before me dressed only in a bra, powder-blue silk Directoire knickers, dark stockings and black high-heeled shoes. To my utter surprise, she stood with her head held high, eyes half closed, her hands behind her, and in a clear voice she said: "You ought to put me over the bed for a jolly good spanking for causing you all this trouble."

I tried to appear casual and replied: "Would it make you feel better?" She nodded, and said: "Yes, it would. I deserve it."

It didn't take me long to place two pillows along the edge of the bed, then turning to her I said: "Over you go then, my dear!"

Instantly she moved forward, pulling her knickers up tight, then flung herself face downwards over the side of the bed. Supported by the pillows, her shapely bottom was raised to the true classical spanking position — head inclined to the left, arms behind her, feet together, and her toes digging into the carpet.

With mock severity I said: "Are you ready then for a jolly good spanking?" She replied by nodding her head and gasped: "Ooh, yes please — now!"

Well, I certainly gave her a good one across the seat of her wet knickers, and what followed can be left to the imagination.

Did I ever see her again? Yes — and I married her! There can't be anyone happier than we are.

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