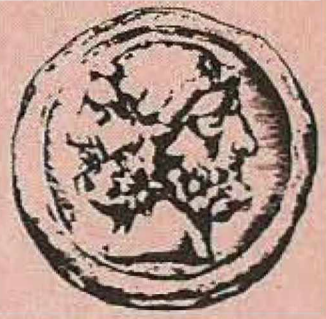


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A Journal for the Modern Discerning Adult

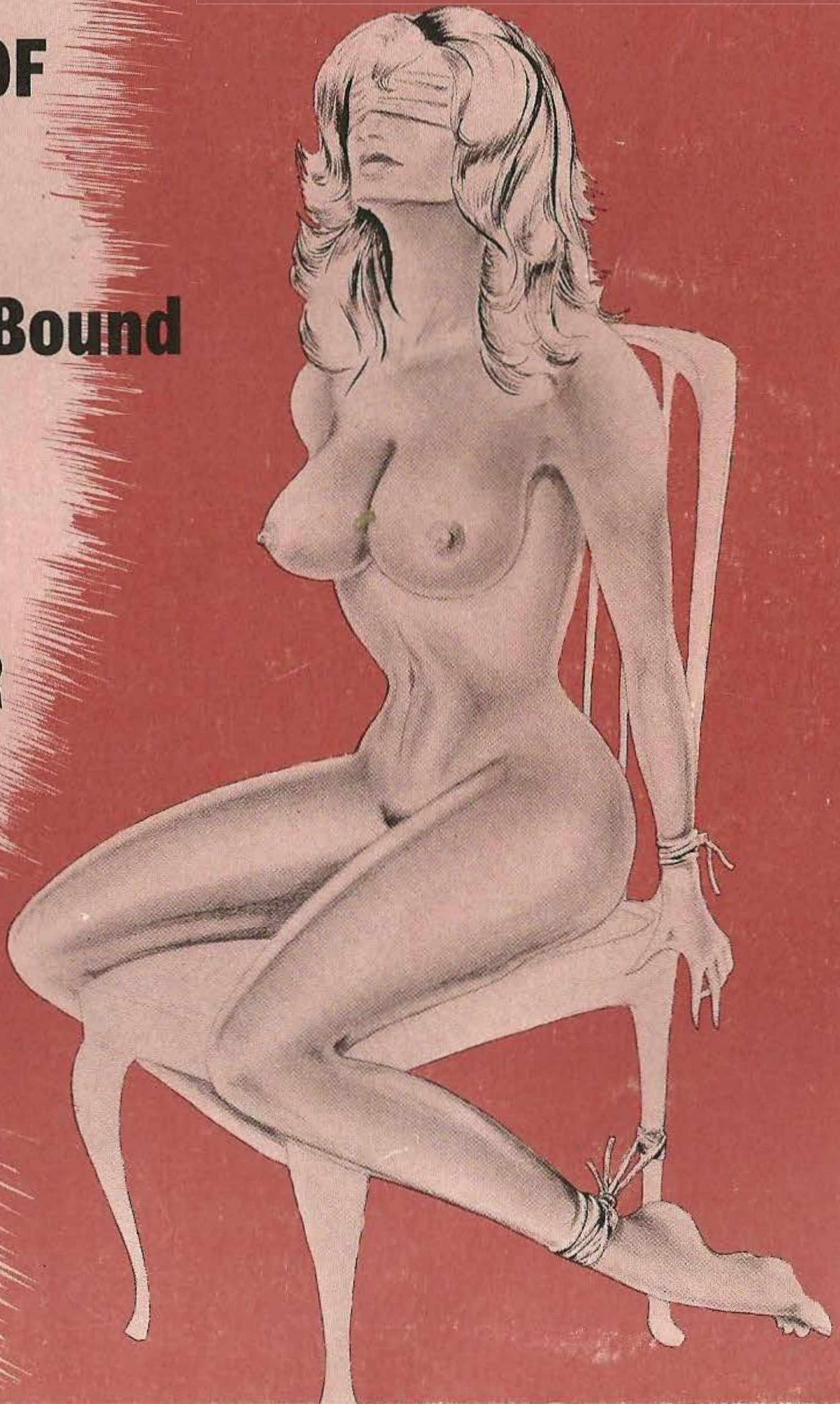
Vol 2 No 11

**THE POWER OF
HAIR**

Breastward Bound

**FANTASIES &
REALITIES OF
RUBBERWEAR**

**Readers'
Letters**



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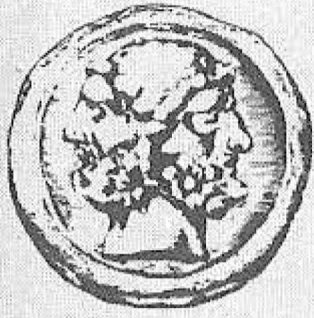
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JANUS

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RUBBER=fanta

Dr. Maurice North, author of The Outer Fringe of Sex, and the forthcoming Which Way is Up?, and an expert in the field, discusses the conflicts between real-life rubber experiences and the fetishist's dream world.

“ . . . the male prisoners are marching round and round the exercise yard watched by vigilant young wardresses each armed with a long thin flexible cane. A tall blonde wardress stands in the middle of the circle of marching men and drills them in a sharp harsh voice. She barks out her orders: ‘left, right, left, right. Knees up, up, up, get them right up. Higher, higher. Heads up, shoulders back. Keep your eyes front.’ The prisoners are all dressed alike: black rubber wellington boots, belted black rubber maxi-macks with high collars and mob-caps with elastic headbands. Under their polished black rubber garments, the men are naked. As they move, so the shiny black rubber uniforms rustle and swish. Each prisoner is gagged with a rubber gag shaped like a scold's bridle and has his hands handcuffed together behind his back. A pair of trumpet-link leg-irons joins each ankle to a steel ring locked tightly round the scrotum and his testicles not only have to bear the weight of the irons but they are also jerked backwards and forwards as his legs piston up and down. Each prisoner's penis protrudes from his mackintosh. It is ringed with steel at the base and again under the glans penis; a chain is attached to the latter ring and the other end of the chain is fastened to a steel collar around the prisoner's neck and over the collar of his shiny black wigan mack. The chain is short and taut and the penis is pulled up perpendicularly and the prisoner has to bend his head and hunch his shoulders but even this does not prevent him from stretching his penis; a painful procedure that he cannot avoid. The drill wardress orders the prisoners to keep their heads up and their shoulders back, an impossible task as she knows but so great is their fear of the wardresses that they try desperately to obey and only succeed in pulling their penises up as hard as they can bear. Six inches of rubber catheter protrudes from each penis and each catheter is closed with a steel clamp. As the prisoners prance madly round the exercise yard their macks rustle and their irons clank the their gags do not entirely suppress their moans of pain. I am one of these wretched convicts. I stumble and lose step. Immediately a pretty red-haired wardress steps forward, grabs the chain that joins my penis to my neck and yanks me out of the line. She takes me to one side, orders me to bend over, lifts up the skirt of my rubber mackintosh and administers a summary punishment of thirty biting strokes on my bare bottom with her cane. Then, while I am still smarting and burning from the beating and blubbering with pain, she pushes me back into the circle of marching prisoners and as I pick up the step again and begin to march, she flicks me across the penis with her cane and I scream in agony in spite of my gag . . . ”

sy and reality

This is an extract from an account of his fantasies written by a man of 38. He told me that he narrated long and involved stories to himself while masturbating, and sometimes he wrote them down either before or after masturbating and doing so gave him some relief and a great deal of pleasure. The majority of rubber fetishists are masochistic and the themes of being made helpless by women and then subjected to humiliating punishments figure very largely. Common features of such fantasies, whether they accompany masturbation or not is relatively unimportant, are: the subject, i.e. the 'I' of the story, wears rubber garments, there is always an exhibitionistic element as in the one already mentioned (the exposed penis), the body orifices are usually closed, i.e. the mouth is gagged, very often the anus and penis are blocked or the penis is tied (many fantasies concern control of urination by catheters or plugs or by tying-up): masks feature prominently. In the extreme form of such fantasies, the subject is dressed in rubber, usually black and very often the garments are 'feminine' in the sense that a mackintosh (equivalent to a skirt) replaces the traditionally masculine trousers and jacket, fettered, made dumb by a gag, rendered anonymous by

a mask, and with his genitals bound. In this condition he is beaten and tortured by women. The women are rarely described in detail; they are pretty, young, and mostly blonde and usually tall, but except for these details they are not precisely delineated; their clothes are usually like those of a policewoman, nurse, or nun; sometimes they also wear rubber clothing such as mackintoshes but this is rarer than one would be led to expect. Occasionally the fantasies are in the third person and sometimes the central character is a girl instead of a man but even in these cases the tormentors are still women. I have never come across a fantasy by a male sadistic rubber fetishist in which he imagines that he is torturing a rubber-clad girl; in fact I have never come across a fantasy by a male sadistic rubber fetishist of any kind. This might well be because such individuals do not discuss their aberrations freely rather than because they do not express themselves in fantasies. I have rarely met a sadistic fetishist willing to talk about himself to any extent; the only evidence that I have of such fantasies appears in the correspondence columns of magazines and they might indicate that such fantasies do exist but are only expressible through the remote medium of a letter to a magazine.

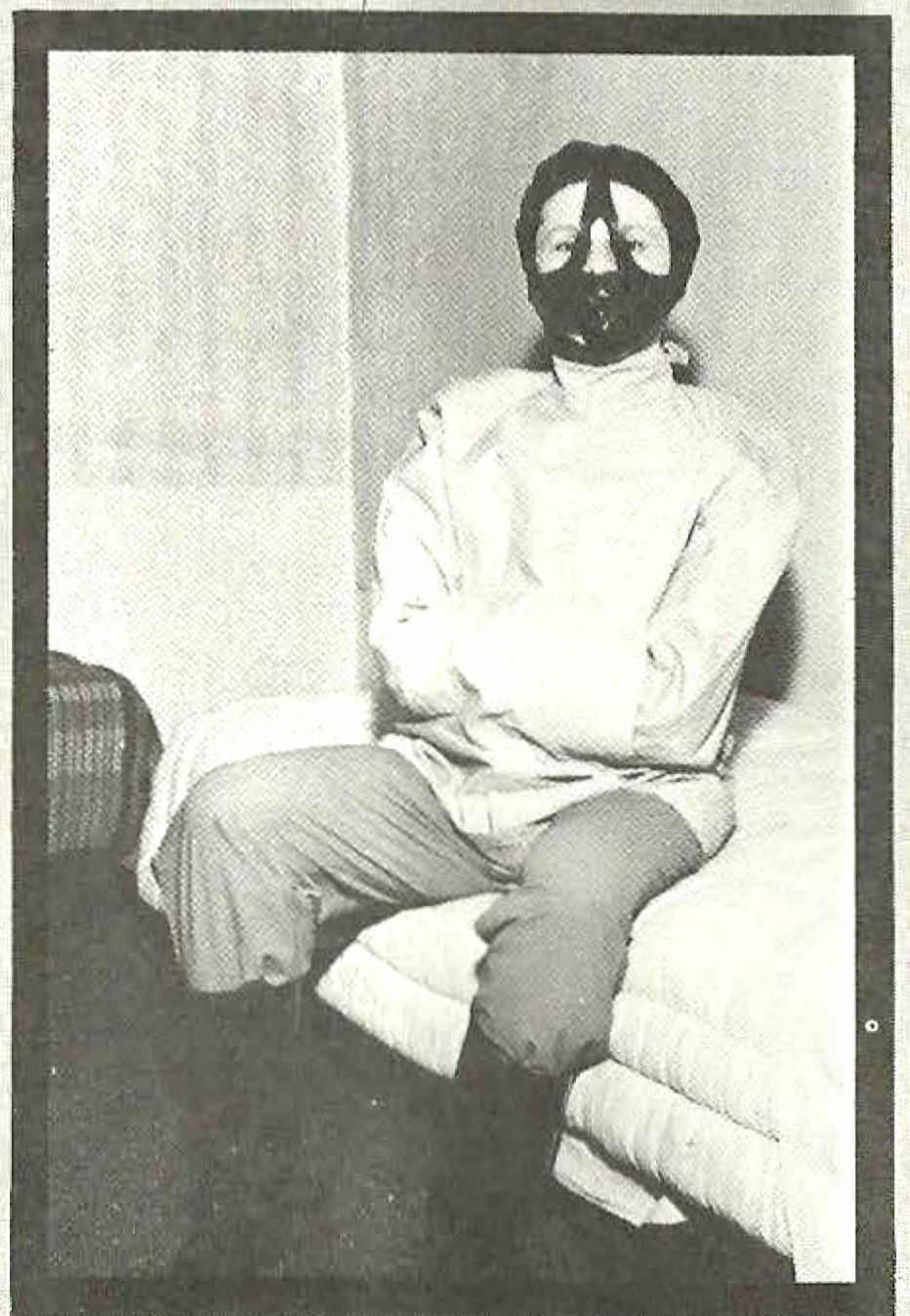
But fantasies are not realities. This fact is not of much concern to the investigator of the phenomenon of sexual aberrations. What a fetishist imagines, either during actual masturbation or at other times, is as significant as anything that he may do. Given the fact that masochistic fetishists can rarely achieve their desires, their fantasies become even more significant as perhaps the only 'true' indicators of what they want. Apart from the difficulty of satisfying such wants, there is the added factor that the imagined pain is bearable and enjoyable while the real pain of the fantasy put into practice is to some masochists far from enjoyable. A woman who specialises in services to masochistic clients informs me that more than half her clients ask her to 'go easy' with them once they have experienced at her hands something akin to their fantasies. But from our point of view, the fantasy tells us as much or more about the fetishist than an account of his actual practices.

Here are a few typical accounts by fetishists of their aberrations:

1. Male, in mid-forties, married, no children, wife knows nothing of her husband's fetish as, finding early on in their marriage that she was not interested in rubber or bondage, he ceased making tentative efforts to interest her. When about 12 years old, he became intensely stimulated by women in mackintoshes and rubber boots (This was in the days before women wore leather and plastic boots as they do today). He remembers going to great lengths to follow girls wearing mackintoshes and to admiring them from a distance. He was particularly attracted to riding-mackintoshes and claims that then and now he regards a girl in a tightly belted riding-mackintosh as the prettiest sight there is. He had and has no strongly masochistic or sadistic fantasies or imaginings; usually he thinks how nice it would be to have sexual intercourse with a mackintoshed girl and he sometimes imagines her with her hands tied behind her back, but

other than this, there is little 'abnormal' about his day dreams.

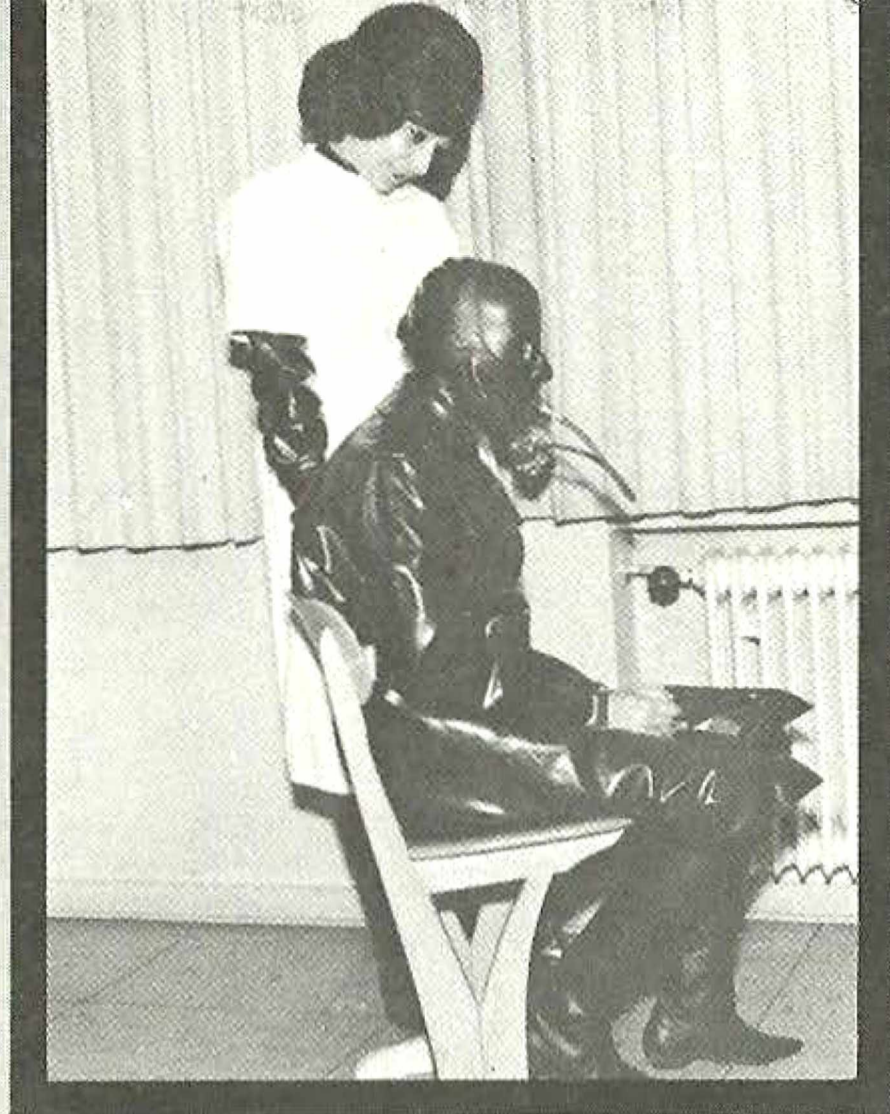
2. Male, about 35, bachelor. This man is a competent draughtsman and artist and he expresses his fantasies in well-drawn and cleverly executed drawings of men and women in rubber clothing. The figures are usually in black rubber and the sado-masochistic elements are very strong. His usual subject is a man being mistreated by a woman, but unlike the first case mentioned, the women as well as the man is dressed in rubber. The rubber outfits that he draws range all the way from simple mackintoshes to the most bizarre and outré outfits. He has a considerable, probably unrivalled, knowledge of methods of punishment and torture and depicts these with very great skill. He rarely draws women suffering at the hands of men. I did not find it possible to obtain much information from him regarding his own habits and practices though he indicated that he had girl friends who had intercourse with him while dressed in rubber mackintoshes, and in this he resembled my third case.



3. Male, unmarried, early thirties. He claims that he obtains his satisfaction from intercourse with mackintosh girls whom he ties-up and whips. The whipping consists of caning or beating their bottoms with a strap and the tying-up of binding their hands together. He claims that they enjoy this and that there is no shortage of girls willing to submit to his attentions and he indicates that his own good looks play a considerable part in his success. As evidence he offers photographs that are alleged to be those of his partners. These photographs, which have his own flat as their backgrounds, do not look like the commercially produced 'bondage' photos and have an indefinable air of being genuine, but, of course, they might be specially posed products and the whole account might be a fantasy.

4. Male, about 50, married, two children. Speaks freely of his fetishism that he feels is 'normal'. Wife has no interest in rubber, but gratifies her husband by dressing up, making her own rubber clothes, and even wearing them in public; for example, she is willing to wear a heavy rubber mackintosh on a hot day in summer or go to a restaurant in a rubber dress or a rubber skirt and blouse. Husband has a mania for photographing girls and women in rubber, mostly the shiny black rubber wigan mackintosh or riding-mackintosh. He seems to be adept at persuading women to pose for him in mackintoshes but otherwise quite normally, i.e. there is no bondage and nothing 'sexy' about his pictures. He has an immense number of such photographs and a large store of rubber garments. He denies any interest in sado-masochism and denies ever having masturbated to rubber fantasies.

5. Male, unmarried, late fifties. Admits to masturbatory fantasies about being punished by strongly-built girls. In these fantasies he is always dressed in humiliating rubber outfits and is subjected to shameful punishments by these imaginary girls. He traces all this back to his schooldays when he was



waylaid by a group of schoolgirls older than himself. He was wearing a shiny black rubber mack and wellington boots and was about eleven years old. The girls tied him up and gave him 'sexual treatment' and although it was painful and terrifying he enjoyed it so much that he contrived to fall into their hands on several subsequent occasions and to receive the same kind of 'treatment'. Since then he developed a rubber fetishism and strong masochistic inclinations that he can only satisfy by going to 'professionals' who are very expensive and not always very skilful, so he contents himself mainly with books, pictures, and masturbation while dressed up in rubber and often wearing fetters that he puts on himself.

6. Male, married, early fifties, two children. Rubber fetishist from childhood; remembers that as a boy he used to count the number of women and girls that he had seen wearing mackintoshes and rubber boots on any given day. In wet weather he would roam the streets counting happily and occasionally following a particularly attractive woman or girl so as to enjoy the sight longer. He never attempted to interest his wife or anybody else in a passion that has remained secret. He buys books and photographs and anything else that concerns itself with rubber garments such as the catalogues of rainwear firms.

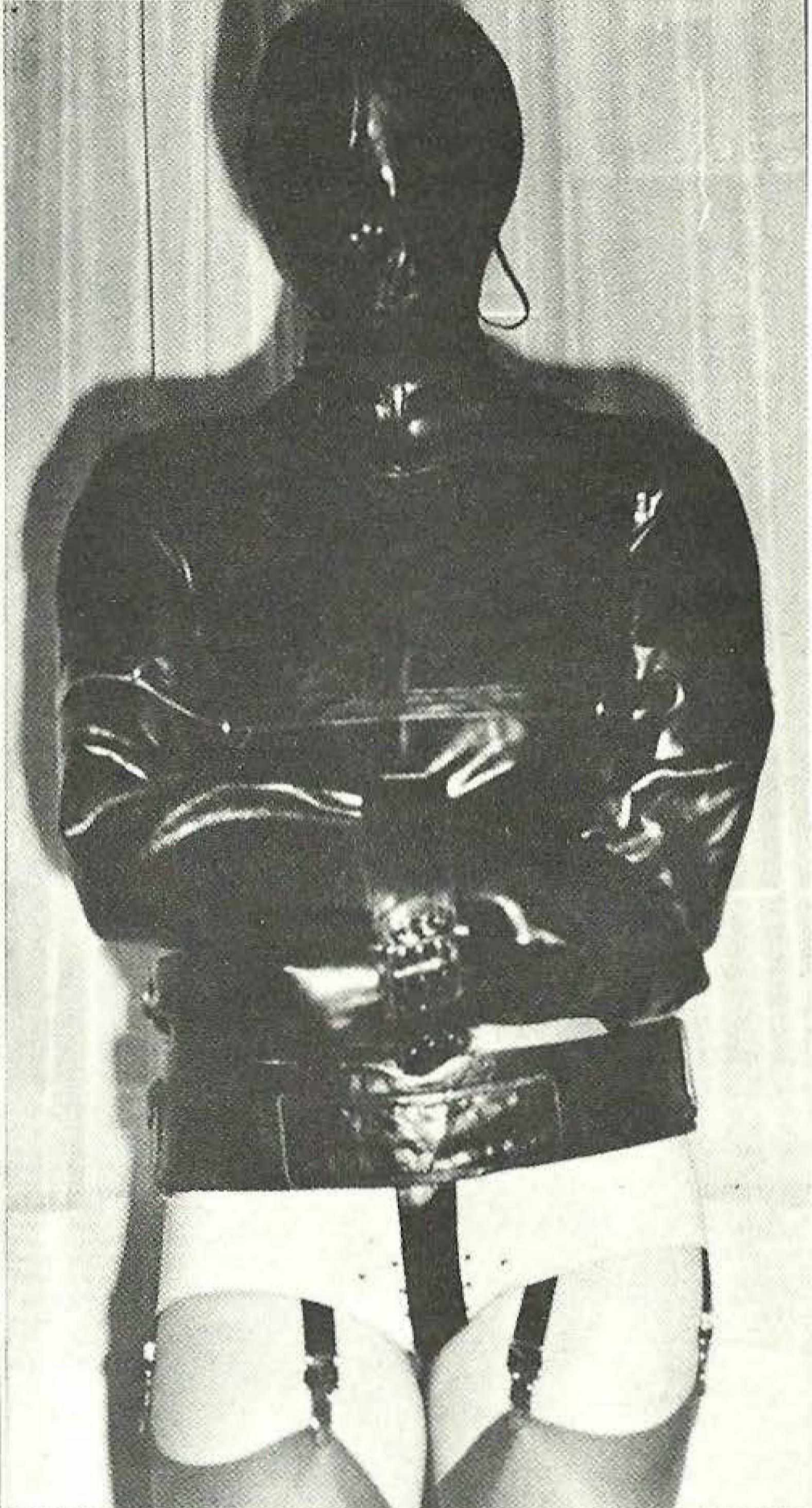
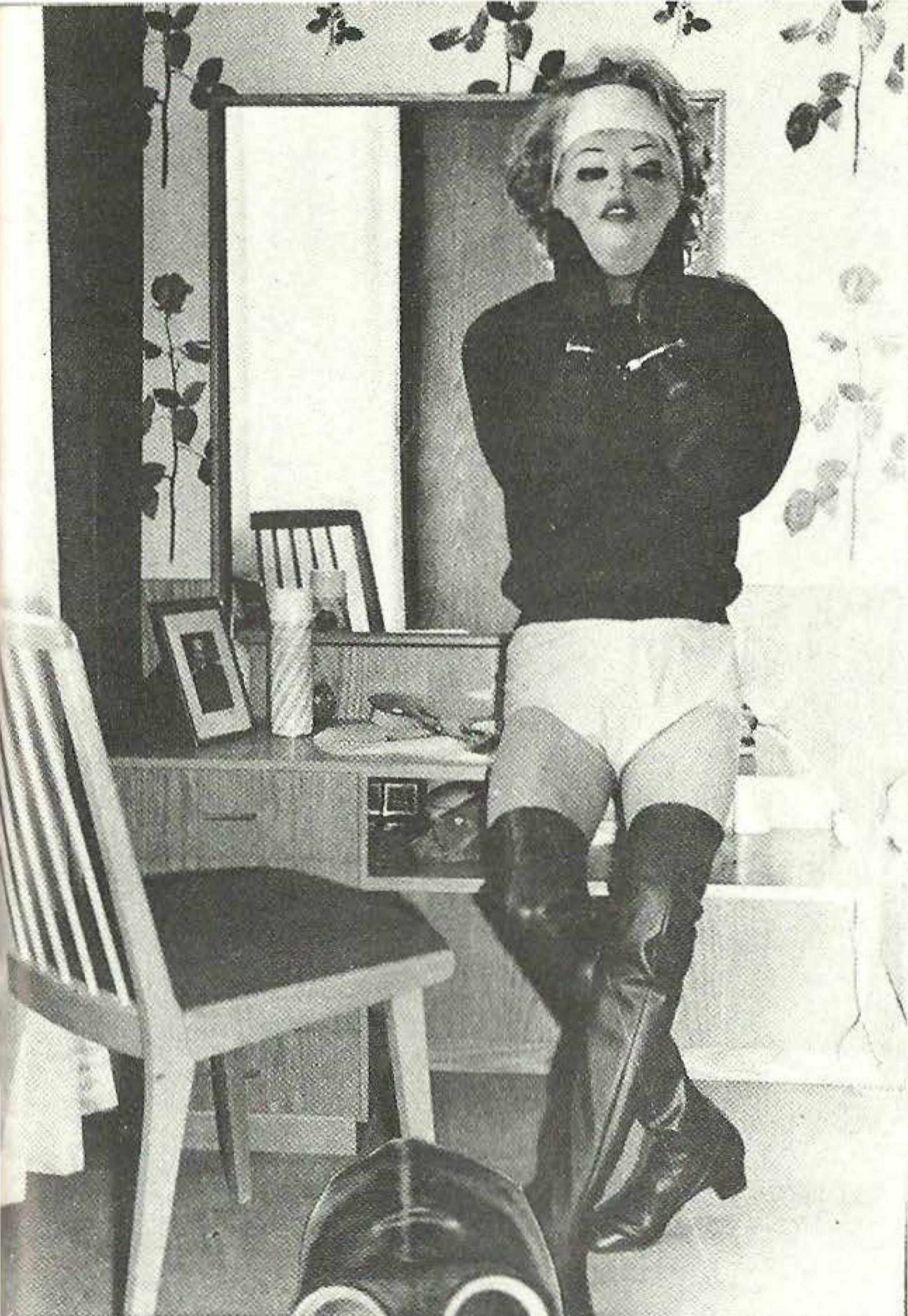
7. Male, early thirties, bachelor. A

rubber fetishist from boyhood; has attempted to find women who are interested but has failed. Has masturbated from childhood and the accompanying fantasies are mainly concerned with himself dressed in rubber, fettered the ill-treated by women. Is obsessed with madness and nurses. His masturbatory fantasies are more and more concerned with his confinement is a lunatic asylum run by women. The nurses put him in a rubber uniform and a rubber or rubberised straitjacket and punish him cruelly, especially by torturing his sex organs. He is put into their hands as a punishment for being a masturbator and a pervert. This man exemplifies a typical reaction of guilt towards his own masturbation that takes the form of a fear of madness, but at the same time he is enabled through his fantasies to convert this fear into a source of pleasure. Thomas S. Szasz in his book *The Manufacture of Madness* draws attention to the part played by 'masturbatory insanity' in the medical history of the last two hundred years and blames medical practitioners for creating this fear and punishing its victims with 'lifelong imprisonment in a hell on earth, called the madhouse.' Certainly this fetishist bears out the observations made by Szasz and it is perhaps fortunate that he has found a relief from his fears of going mad by masturbatory fantasies of lifelong imprisonment in a hell on earth, for the madhouse of his fantasy is a hell created by sadistic nurses who punish him in the name of health, morality, and womanhood and who tell him constantly that through their tortures and punishments that they are making a 'man out of him'. Alex Comfort in his *The Anxiety Makers* refers to mental patients and children being adorned with 'grotesque appliances' that encased them 'in plaster of paris, leather or rubber' in attempts to control their habit of masturbating and in the fantasies of this fetishist, the nurses use similar painful appliances on him.

Elsewhere (in my *The Outer Fringe*

of Sex) I have already drawn attention to the rarity of women rubber fetishists. Their rarity in this sphere is only in keeping with their alleged scarcity among fetishists of any kind. Various reasons have been adduced for this but the most important seems to stem from the alleged fact that women differ psychologically from men in such a way as to make fetishism and similar forms of sexual stimulation unnecessary for them. There may, of course, well be a physiological basis for this as the male requires a stimulant to bring on an erection whereas, to quote S. G. Tuffill, 'a woman is *physically* capable of sexual intercourse at any time . . .' But there may be quite a lot of female fetishists of one kind or another and among them there may be rubber fetishists, though we do not know. It seems relatively easy to contact rubber fetishists if one goes about the task circumspectly and patiently but it has to be admitted that it is very difficult to find any females who have this interest. The reason, however, may lie in something quite different from the absence of fetishism among females. Furthermore, medical literature contains few references to rubber fetishism among males so it is not altogether surprising that the same literature makes generalisations about women and fetishism that are based on the absence of cases. The only thing that is apparent is that fetishists of either sex seldom approach a doctor or psychiatrist for 'help' and seldom figure in legal cases but this does not prove their non-existence. If the fetishist does not 'suffer' and if he does not make anyone else suffer, then, I submit, we are unlikely to hear anything much about him or her. For the record, I have met only one female who claimed that she was a rubber fetishist and made no secret of the pleasure that she derived from it.

8. Female, mid-thirties, unmarried. In letters written to another girl, she wrote, "I have a passion for rubber underwear, rubber clothing and bondage. I possess straitjackets and



head-masks in rubber and leather and quite a collection of different types of fetters, handcuffs, leg-irons, gags, and blindfolds. I love everything connected with these, what is to say: rubber underwear, leather jeans and boots . . . First I liked only rubber, but now I am becoming fond of leather too. I love high leather boots, especially thigh-boots. I have both rubber and leather straitjackets but I cannot put myself into them and I must rely on my boy-friend to fasten me in." She has marked lesbian tendencies and seems to prefer women companions to men but she has male friends with whom she has sexual relations and practices her rubber and bondage fetishism. She also masturbates and dresses herself up in rubber and fetters herself (she is adept at freeing herself from handcuffs in the most ingenious manner, e.g. by holding the key in her mouth or fixing it into the edge of a drawer so that she can place the handcuff lock over it though unable to hold the key. She uses this method when her hands are behind her back or when wearing 'escape-proof' Figure-Eight handcuffs). "I love to hear about the punishments and imprisonment of girls and about lesbianism among girl prisoners . . . I have often tried sleeping with my hands handcuffed behind my back; it is very exciting but it is not possible to masturbate and self-satisfaction is not possible . . . I love to dress up in rubber and go around the flat and work in handcuffs, with standard handcuffs on, one can do almost everything. What pleases me most and excites me most is to be manacled and fettered for a long time and unable to get hold of the keys. Sometimes my boy-friend leaves me alone in my flat from Saturday night until Sunday midday after handcuffing me, masking and gagging me, and putting my legs in irons while I'm wearing a full rubber suit — and he takes the keys away with him!" She is not entirely masochistic and she described how she dresses her boy-friend in rubber boots and trousers and then puts him

into a rubber straitjacket, and puts a rubber mask, gag and blindfold on him "so that he can neither speak nor see and then I can do what I wish with him and he must be my slave." She has an additional fetishism for gas-masks which she often wears instead of gags and ordinary masks. I have never had any reason to doubt the veracity of this young woman but I have to admit that she is one of the very few female rubber fetishists that I have come across and possibly the only genuine one, i.e. not claiming to be one because of pressure from another person or for some pecuniary benefit.

So, one may comment, what does all this mean? How can one explain these curious aberrations of the sexual impulse? Frankly, I do not know. As I have already indicated in a previous article (*Janus* Vol. 2 No. 9) orthodox psychology is manifestly inadequate though some chance happening in early childhood must be supposed, something in the nature of a 'miscarriage' of socialisation that results in a faulty 'conditioning' seems to be an inescapable supposition in any explanation. But it requires more than this to account for the prevalence of rubber fetishism among males in the Anglo-saxon world. One can only assume fairly widespread occurrences of a similar nature that take place in early childhood and that affect certain persons who, for some reason or reasons as yet unknown, are predisposed to be influenced by them while others undergo similar experiences without being markedly influenced. As John Grey observed, rubber fetishism 'is a powerful erotic aid to two of the Lone Star myth-figures of our Aquarian age — the dominant woman and the emasculated man.' There is something archetypal about the fantasy figures of the rubber fetishist's imaginings and needs that is in some way representative of the role reversal that seems to play an increasing part in what is referred to as 'normal' life.

Certain conclusions seem to be

inevitable from the study of the material in the earlier part of this article, and it must be emphasised that this material is replicated in numerous other cases not here mentioned, and they are: (a) a great deal of guilt associated closely with shame and it is fairly certain that both are connected with masturbation and latent (even unconscious) homosexuality: (b) a tendency towards the reversal of the sexual roles prevalent and considered 'normal' in our society; (c) the protective and infantile nature, i.e. the regressive nature, of this fetishism.

All three strands tend to come together in the same individual thus making a highly complex 'syndrome', portions of which are contradictory and certain aspects of which are likely to be emphasised at the expense of other aspects at any given point in the biography of the individual fetishist. Thus the fetishist can be strongly

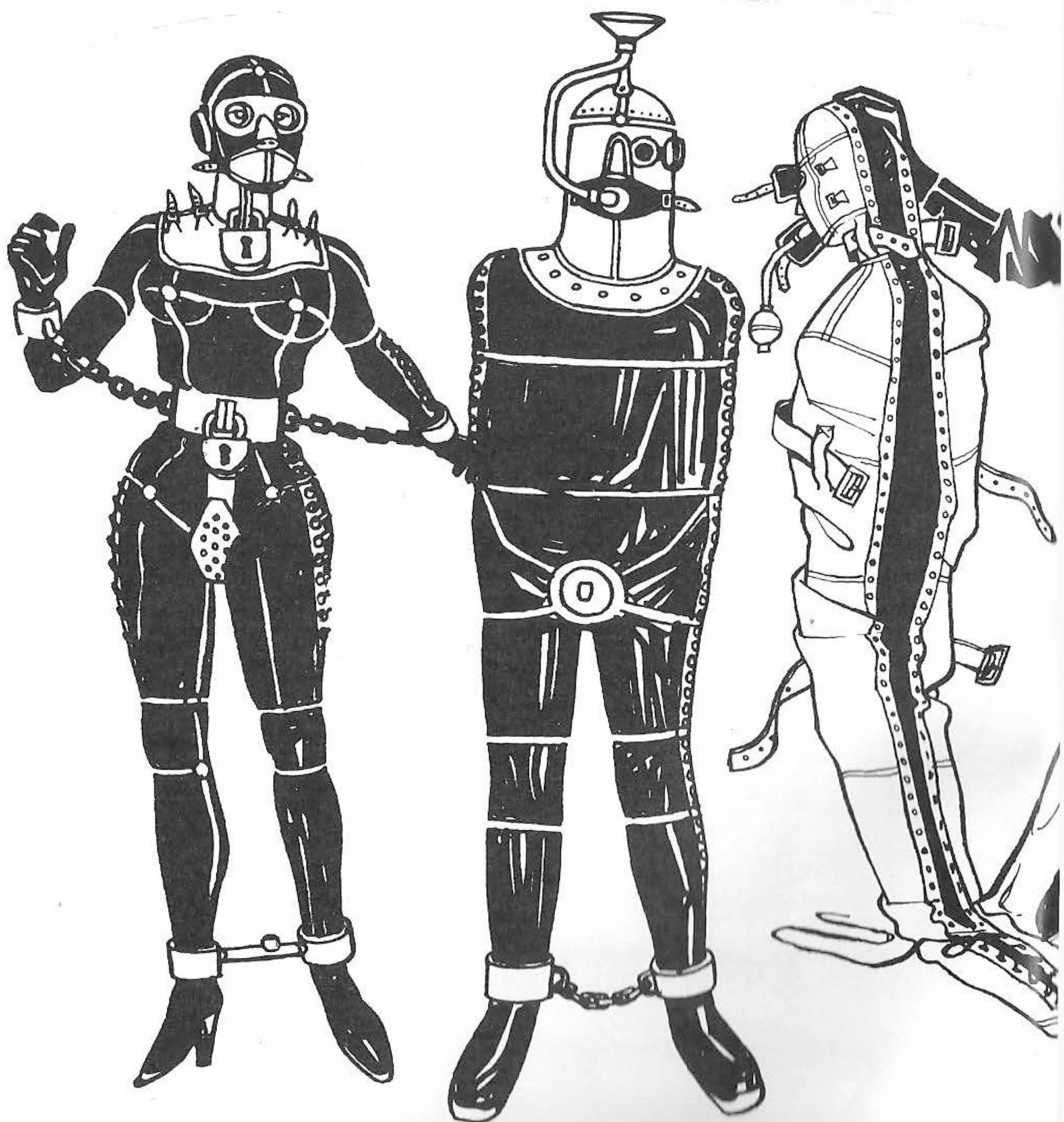
masochistic and at the same time sadistic, deeply ashamed and at the same time exhibitionistic, and so on.

In the fetishists' fantasies we find again and again the theme of punishment. This is not just plain sadism or masochism (if such terms can ever be used in the sense of some 'pure' forms of them) but essentially based on the punishment of crime, wrong-doing and moral turpitude. Very often the fetishist has a considerable knowledge of the history of penal methods and in his fantasies or expressed wishes, the articles he buys or makes manifests this. Over and over again, we find these recurrent fantasies of bondage, of the fetters and appliances used on criminals and malefactors both in the past and in the present. Whether or not rubber clothing is regarded as 'infantile' (i.e. associated with infancy as in the form of panties or rubber cot-sheets) or as merely protective (i.e. against the



climate or against soiling) the wearing of it by an adult male is shameful and degrading. Fetters (or to use the language of the trade that caters to the fetishistic market 'bondage') are not only confining, they are also humiliating insofar as they render the wearer helpless and therefore 'emasculate' him. Fetters are also 'regressive' in that they deprive the wearer of responsibility, and the fettered adult is like a child and cannot be held responsible for what he does. In *The Outer Fringe of Sex* I cite the case mentioned by a prostitute of a client who was impotent in any 'normal'

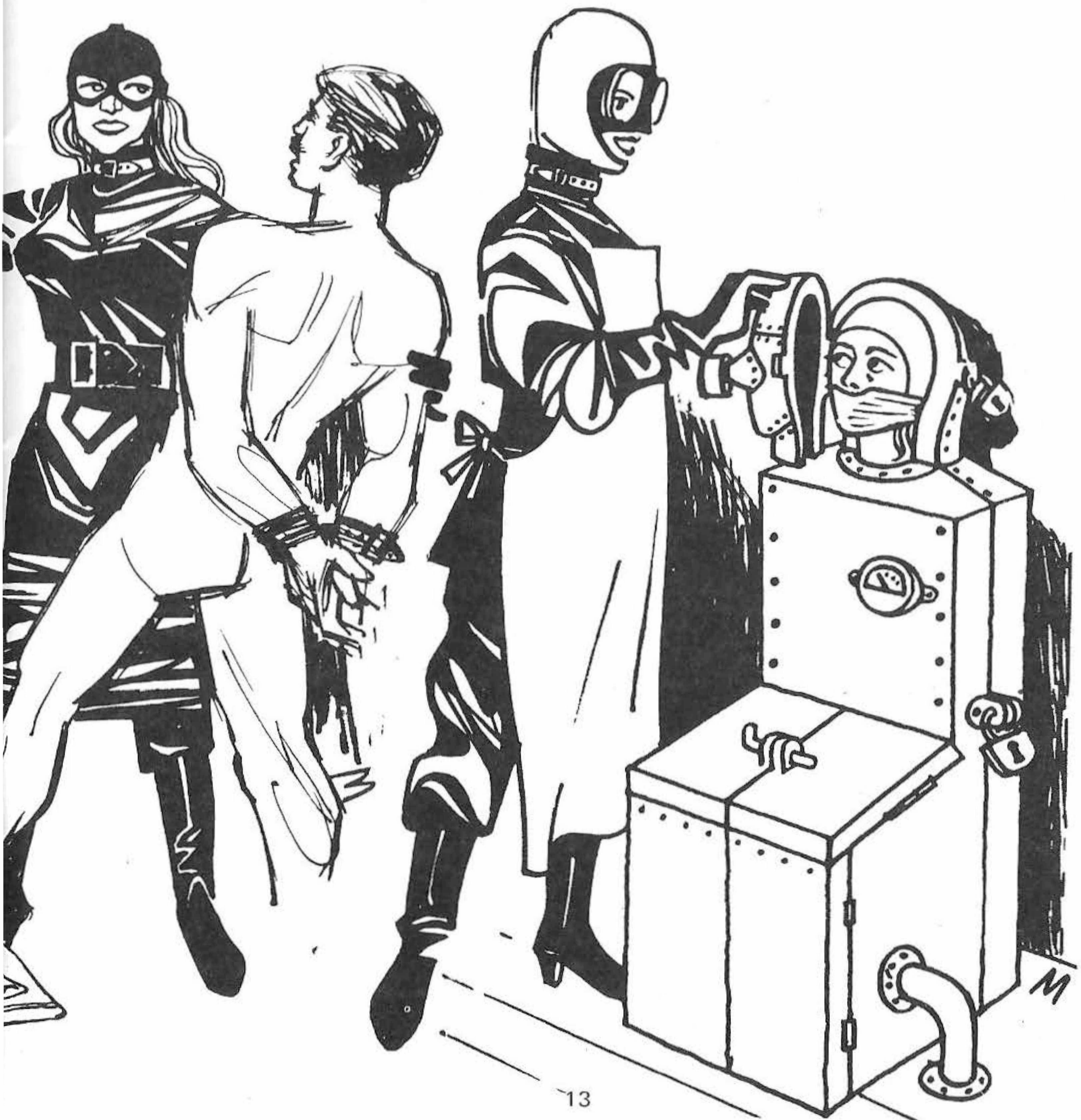
situation but when she had dressed him in a shiny black rubber mackintosh, wellingtons, and full head-mask, gagged him and handcuffed his hands behind his back, was more than adequately virile. Although his situation was a contrived one (as he was paying he was, in fact, still master of the situation) he had been rendered temporarily helpless as well as anonymous, speechless and without facial expression so that he was a 'passive' subject that could perform the act of sexual intercourse without any inhibition because he was no longer the responsible initiator. Such an



instance might well indicate the overcoming of a blockage that would otherwise be insurmountable.

Much of the symbolism of rubber fetishism seems fairly clear. As in the case quoted above the masks, gags, and fetters are ambiguous, they can symbolise restraint and freedom, degradation and also be the symbols of social authority. In example (2) above, the artist frequently depicted the punishing woman as dressed in rubber, high boots and masked while the man she was punishing would also be masked and dressed in rubber, the only real

differences being that the punished man was shackled while the 'punisheress' was unfettered and dressed more elegantly. The mask is highly ambiguous: in the past executioners often wore masks, while at various times prisoners have been made to wear masks and persons about to be hanged or executed have often been hooded or masked. Boots have always seemed to be symbolic of mastery and domination, e.g. 'the jack-booted terror', it is also alleged that they are feminine sexual symbols and if this were to be true this might account for the liking so many rubber fetishists



have for wearing rubber boots themselves, possibly hinting at homosexuality by this. The prevalence of black as the favourite colour of fetishists may well be accounted for by its denotation of evil. The theme of restraining the sex organs that appears so frequently in fantasies and in the literature of the fetishist needs little explanation: the offending parts of the body that are the cause of the shame and guilt as well as anxiety are not only punished but also rendered impotent and harmless.

So often the women that figure in fantasies, and to some extent the 'professionals' with whom certain fetishists satisfy their needs, tend to be oddly indistinct. They are almost, one might say, faceless and are frequently only described in the most general and perfunctory way. They can, in a way, all be described as mother-figures. Whether they be nurses, nannies, aunts, older sisters, school matrons or such like, they are all types of mother (it is highly significant that these creations of the fantasy are *never actual mothers*). When the fantasy women are governesses or wardresses or asylum nurses or even nuns (what could be more indicative of the nature of some of these fetishistic fantasies than the idea of punishment by a nun? The nun represents not only the mother but the very embodiment of purity so that punishment of the erring male by the symbol of female chastity becomes so self-evidently just as to require no further comment) they represent a mother that is far from all sweetness and kindness. As the later theories of Freud demonstrate, the mother (or woman) is not only the most important element in the child's world but she is just as important even if the unlovely aspects of her role are stressed. The woman is of paramount importance even when she is constraining and restricting and a *vagina indentata*.

The medical profession has traditionally regarded sexual aberrations as needing treatment and the law has regarded some forms of sexual aber-

ration as needing punishment. Neither of these positions is self-evidently justified. The case of the law seems only to be self-evident when some person other than the deviate clearly suffers and requires protection, but the law has, at certain times, dealt harshly with deviants even though there has been no suffering second party. Today, in most of the West, the law does not recognise as crime most sexual deviations that have no second party sufferers; medical practice is, however, still not so enlightened and tends to lump as 'sick' and in need of treatment persons who do not complain of suffering themselves and against whom no second party is complaining. Psychiatrists and psychoanalysts as well as social workers still, in general, keep to the view that those exhibiting symptoms, neurotic or perverse, require treatment. Szasz, in the work mentioned above, says, *'The point I am making here is that when a person does not complain to a psychiatrist and indeed wants to be let alone, it is illogical and unwise to claim that he is "suffering" from an illness or problems, and that he wants "help"'. In such cases, those who suffer are the people whom such an "involuntary patient" disturbs. Thus, addicts, homosexuals, psychopaths, juvenile delinquents, and so forth, do not suffer from anything; they make others suffer.'* The fetishist rarely complains to a doctor, so he clearly neither 'suffers' nor requires 'help'; he equally as rarely makes anyone else 'suffer' and certainly does not come within the category that includes addicts, psychopaths, juvenile delinquents and homosexuals who corrupt minors.

Is the fetishist mentally ill? The whole concept of mental illness is so confused, so bedevilled with illogic, so deeply embedded in the vested interests of certain professions and certain groups that it does not bear serious consideration. If fetishism is a 'problem' to the fetishist, then it is a problem in living, and neither the medical practitioner nor the psychiatrist nor the social worker

has, by virtue of his training, any expertise in this field; to treat problems of living by medical means as if they were diseases is like trying to put out a fire by dancing to the rain god.

Does the rubber fetishist offend against a code of morality that is widely supported today? The answer to this seems to depend on whether or not we believe that we live in a society in which there is a deep consensus regarding sexual morals. Some of us doubt that such a situation exists today. Even if it did, one could still ask if we have any right to enforce conformity. Enforced conformity accords ill with a society that prides itself on its high degree of civilisation. In an article in *The Psychoanalytic Review* for Fall 1971, Richard C. Robertiello puts forward a plea for 'a more positive view of perversions'. He argues that in former times the amount of guilt and shame associated with what are generally called sexual perversions was very great and the 'law took a very dim view of perversions and, if caught, the patient might be incarcerated for many years, as well as being publicly ostracized. In view of this, the treatment of a perversion became almost a necessity.' Today, he claims, 'the situation is different. The current sexual revolution and a more enlightened legal and social outlook have reduced not only the penalties but also the subjective discomfort felt by the deviate;' 'many people,' he writes, 'can now flout, or at least publicly display, their perversions without any strong sense of guilt and without any fear of legal or social reprisal'. I think Robertiello exaggerates but basically he is correct. While few rubber fetishists appear to go around telling everybody or displaying their oddity in public, it is probably quite true that in this particular matter (in which legal reprisal never played any part) the degree of subjective discomfort has diminished over the past few decades.

Robertiello argues that if a perversion (as he calls it) causes no suffering to

another person and 'little subjective discomfort' to the pervert, then treatment is not indicated, 'if a perversion causes little subjective discomfort, there may be very little motivation to invest all the energy that is required to unearth the unconscious root of it and work through all the resistances and defences involved.' But even more important as an argument against treatment is the fact that the perversion might even be positively beneficial to the pervert. It might, in Robertiello's words, 'serve such an important function as a "neurotic compromise" that the ego will not mobilize itself to work it out. This is very much on the order of a hysterical symptom and the "belle indifference" to it.' He concludes, 'In all instances these perversions are safe, not self-destructive, not dangerous, not truly compulsions or irresistible impulses but indulgences which do not interfere with the patients' lives or their social, marital or professional relationships. The guilt about them is minimal and they actually represent an excellent way for these patients to handle neurotic conflicts that would otherwise cause a great deal more trouble.' He is, of course, not writing about rubber fetishism but about what most of us would regard as more serious matters such as homosexuality, pederasty, and some others such as exhibitionism. But even admitting that rubber fetishism is a lesser matter (and it is significant that Robertiello does not list any form of fetishism among the troubles of his patients and this is in conformity with the psychoanalytic literature) and that it does sometimes appear to cause more than minimal shame and can interfere with marital relationships, one can still support him in his contention that it, like so many perversions, is not a matter for treatment, and one can take his argument a stage further to its logical conclusion and that is that some forms of perversion are in themselves therapies. Rubber fetishism, it can be argued, is its own therapy.

M. North.

BREAST- WARD BOUND

Breasts are often the special object of bondage activities. Anthony Mitchell has thoroughly researched this deviation and documents his essay with a number of unusual case histories.

Ever since humanity first tore itself apart in war and prisoners were taken in those wars, people have been tied and bound, shackled and chained, to prevent them escaping the will of others. The circumstances have been many but the means have always been the same. Rope and thong, cord and chain, to hold the limbs confined and to prevent freedom of movement.

Because this has always been so, binding and tying have sado-masochistic connotations. The criminal on his way to the gallows and the block, the miscreant at the whipping post, all had their limbs confined. The free act, the bound are acted upon. Bondage is shorthand for submission, for the acceptance, willing or unwilling, of the decisions of another.

These associations run so deep that they have stamped themselves in the very language we speak. A contract to perform a certain action, make a certain payment, or provide a certain service, is often known as a "bond." We speak of "children being a tie," or of a hard worker being "tied up at the office." The politicians pontificate about "The chains of tradition," and so on.

However, to the true lover of bondage, the bondage fetishist, these figures of speech may be enough almost in themselves to turn him or her on. One correspondent on the subject said:

"It took very little to thrill me. I was brought up on a ranch just south of Dallas. Cattle and cattle raising was the basic conversation, and the tools of the ranch lay about the house. As I grew up the sexual thrills that lay in ropes matured and became stronger till even the foreman's casual 'Going to rope in some steers for branding,' could send me into hot flushes."

A bondage fetish can be general. It can, on the other hand, be concentrated on one area of the body. One man may like to see bound legs, tightly lashed together at knee and ankle, thighs touching. Maybe he even likes to make love to women who are in this state.

Others again may like to see all the body placed under some form of restraint — legs, arms and body. In the case of the body, the "binding" may take the form of tight restrictive clothing of some kind, perhaps of leather.

The breasts are often the object of bondage fetishism. Very often the bondage fetishist is fully satisfied by the sight of large straining breasts held in check by a tight bra. One such man writes:

"I am probably very lucky in that, to get my kicks, I do not have to buy expensive pornographic photos or go to any extremes. All I have to do is to go out in the street, especially in summer, or go to a dance. Formal dances are best because formal dresses and frocks are invariably low cut.

"What I really enjoy is to see a tiny bra, so tight that it looks as if it is hardly holding back the bouncing breasts enclosed by it. I can remember once dancing with a very generously endowed girl. She was slightly taller than I, and it was easy to tilt my head forward and gaze right down her dress. What a beautiful sight! Big, soft rosy breasts, held up and supported by a tiny black bra whose half cups con-

stantly threatened to slip down and let the whole gorgeous mass slip free. Of course it never happened, but it always seemed about to happen. I got the most fantastic erection just dancing and looking and, of course, she noticed it. However, she was a very affectionate, sporty type and made nothing of it but took it as a compliment — which it was. When we walked off the floor she smiled down at me and clung to me tightly. I knew then that I would be well away if I could get her alone afterwards — nor was I wrong!"

Another man recalls a childhood experience:

"I was conditioned into being a breast fetishist. I can even remember the key experience which determined it. I was visiting an aunt out in the country — I'll call her Aunt Susan, though that was not her name but then I don't want to embarrass her. I was ten at the time. She was a sister of my father's, and aged about twenty-five at the time. She was well stacked, as they say, with two great mounds which pushed out the front of her sweater into the most shapely curves. It was the age of the Sweater Girl then, I remember, and she looked just as good in one as did Monroe or Jane Russell, or any of the famous ladies of the screen.

"Well, we were outside one day. She ran a smallholding, raising poultry and did all the work herself. I enjoyed helping her and did a lot of the lighter jobs while I was there.

"On this particular day a lorry had arrived laden with poultry food and she was stuck with unloading it because the driver was an old man with a bad back. He had gone off to the pub for a pint and she was trying to get the lorry cleared before he returned. I could not really help, being too small, and she had to work really hard. Sweat was stream-

ing down her face, and I could see her shoulders shifting uneasily under the sweater she wore.

"At last she glanced at me, grinned, and said:

"Well, my lad, I don't suppose you'll report me to the League of Decency if I strip down a bit, will you?"

"And with those words, she reached down, took hold of the hem of her sweater with both hands and pulled it off over her head.

"I gulped and stared, averted my eyes and then took another peek. Her breasts were really most unusual. My first sight of a woman's bosom and I was seeing something that the average breast connoisseur goes for years without seeing — at least in the flesh.

"She had a lovely skin, with a beautiful pink glow about it. Her breasts were rather pointed, and saucily uptilted, with great rosy nipples on the end of them surrounded by a deep brown halo. I could see all these details very clearly because she wore a very fancy bra of red and black silk with holes in the centres of the cups so that the nipples poked through.

"This bra pulled arrogantly at the delicate flesh of the breasts and the breasts pulled back, straining the material delightfully. To complete the beautiful picture, every time Aunt Susan moved, her breasts swayed inside their constraining case.

"I was really fascinated by them and my delight was completed when she took a break, still stripped off, and sat down on an upturned pail. She was always affectionate towards me and when I came near her she pulled me in between her legs and kissed me. I was captivated by the warm perfume of her breath, the softness of her skin and the great heavy feeling of her breasts caught in their silky prison, nuzzling against me. I allowed one

hand to drop as if by accident and touched the soft nipple of her right breast as it forced its way out through the saucy hole in the material. It rested in my hand like a little warm animal.

"From that moment on I was completely fixated on breasts held in tight bras. I also enjoy breasts which are tied up but a tight bra gives me just as much pleasure. Any girlfriend I may have is sure to have large generous breasts and I purposely give them lovely tight bras to wear so that I can revel in the look of them when we go to bed together. Very often I ask them to leave their bras on while we make love, and not remove them as is the general custom. This gives me additional pleasure, feeling the enclosed boobs shift under my chest. The women who give in to my wishes are nearly always rewarded with an extra vigorous spell of love making."

This man is obviously a bondage fetishist of a fairly mild kind. Let us turn now to his more extreme brother for whom bondage is a more bizarre and complicated affair.

It is this type of man who occasionally breaks into the news headlines charged with assault. This rather vague heading conceals the true nature of the offender's interest. He is not a rapist, except by after-thought. He wishes to feel, pummel and maul a woman's breasts and, if possible, cause pain and fright. Very probably he will seize the woman from behind, slip his hands round her breasts, squeeze violently and then run away as she screams. Sometimes that is all he desires and the whole affair goes down as "a plucky woman who scared off a vicious attacker."

However, whether he is just a mild feeler or a more vicious character, the man who wishes to upset the woman whose breasts he has, however temporarily, in his power, is a sadist. But a specialised type of



sadist. It is highly probable that he is endeavouring, in a dim and groping kind of way, to take revenge on an over-strict and possessive mother. In early life he was dominated and restricted by a woman and probably a woman with a prominent bosom. Now he tries to hit back at the offending bosom and punish the mother figure by mis-using her most prominent features.

Sometimes the matter goes deeper. Hatred of the breast and a wish to destroy it may be a symbol of a death wish. The breasts give milk and life to the recently born baby and thus become a symbol of life. Attacking them is a sign of deep laid dissatisfaction with life and a wish to leave it; a wish that has probably not penetrated to the conscious mind. A correspondent writes:

"I was conscious from about the age of twenty that I harboured a deep laid hate for the bosom. Walking along the street I looked at

women's breasts with envy and malice. I longed to crush them, annihilate them. I wanted to seize them with my hands, pull them out of their protecting clothing, and fondle them . . . only to crush and squeeze them cruelly later on.

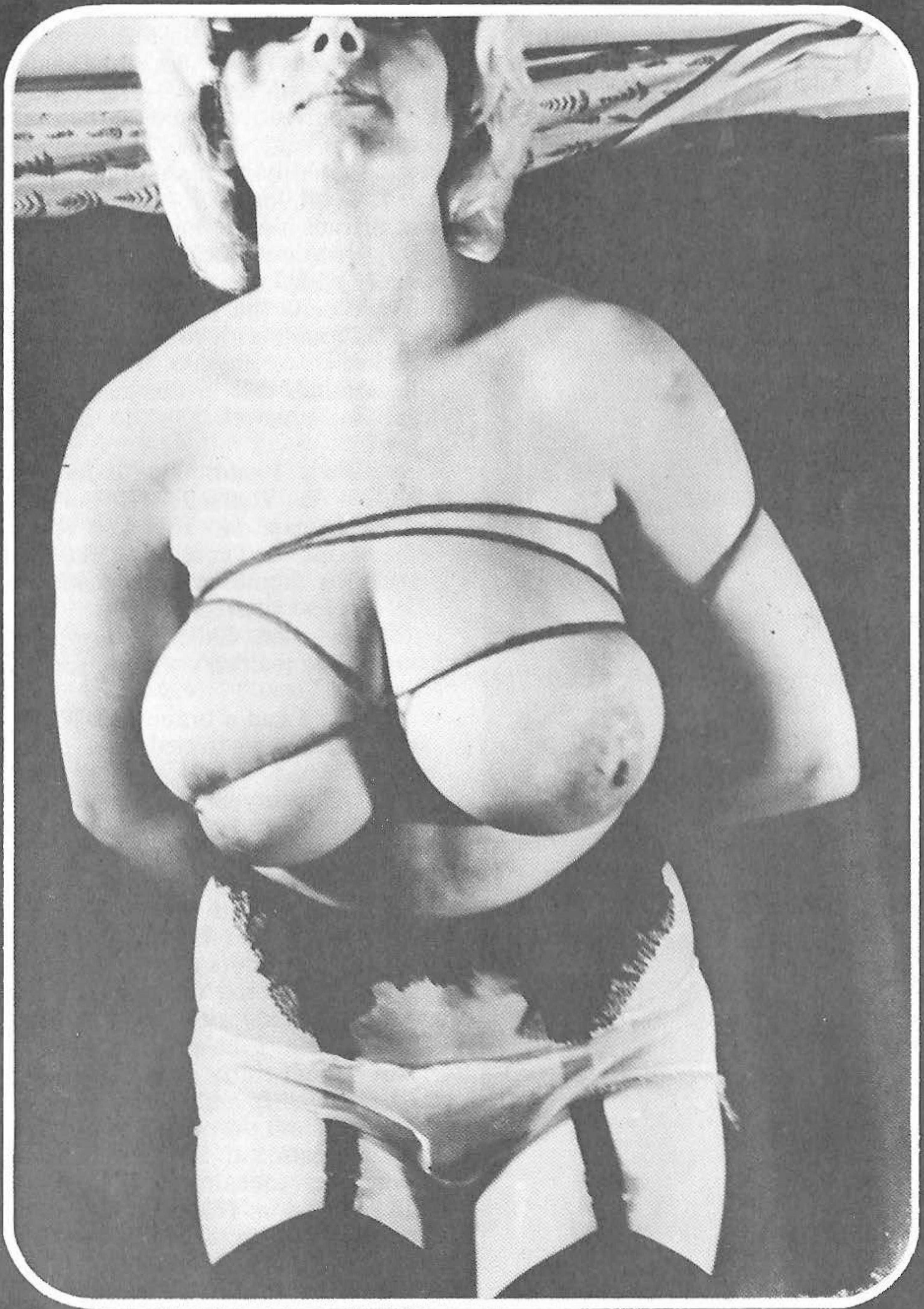
"Naturally, this desire, which I could hardly translate into reality gave me a good deal of trouble. I was unable to indulge in normal sexual behaviour at all. I could only feel any interest in a girl who had large breasts and when I found my ideal and went out with her, I found that I could hardly behave naturally because I was always conscious, every minute I was in her presence, of a desire to strip her and torture those great bulging hills of hers. Apart from this, my abnormal outlook on life meant that I often went out with a girl who had nothing in common with me. I went out with girls who smelt, girls who were illiterate, girls who were obvious, blatant gold diggers.

"More than that, I began to have fantasies, fantasies that even invaded my dreams. Fantasies of women with enormous bulging breasts which beckoned and swayed underneath their clothing. I dreamed that they stripped in front of me and that their breasts were open to my desire. Immediately I tied rough, coarse ropes around their big milk white globes and drew the knots tight so that the bonds cut into the flesh. After that I would tie their hands too, so that they could not loosen their breasts . . .

"After that I would generally wake up in a sweat. For a long time I thought that this really represented the bounds of my sex life. But I was lucky. I met a girl who not only had a very large pair of Bristols, but was also a masochist. It was some time before I found this out and then only by accident:

"I had gone to a party with her where she and I had a good deal to





drink. When we left, I felt I was too drunk to risk driving, so we walked back through the streets, and ended back outside her flat. And then . . . we found that she had lost her key. My flat was really quite a long way and there were no taxis to be had so I was faced with the prospect of a very long walk home indeed.

"She just giggled over the whole thing and I got very exasperated with her. In the end I just got hold of her handbag and emptied it out on the pavement. And there, sure

enough, was her key. She had just been too drunk to find it in the bottom of her bag.

"Well, we went in. She was still drunk and I got more and more irritated with her.

"'You really deserve to be punished,' I said to her. 'Women like you should be tortured in public.'

"'Oooh, no,' she said 'Torture in private is a lot more fun.'

"'You are cheeky,' I replied, 'I really wish I was a mediaeval king. You'd be in the Tower in no time.'

"'Trouble with you is, you've got no initiative,' she said. 'You want to lie around, call in the guard, and get someone else to do all the work.'

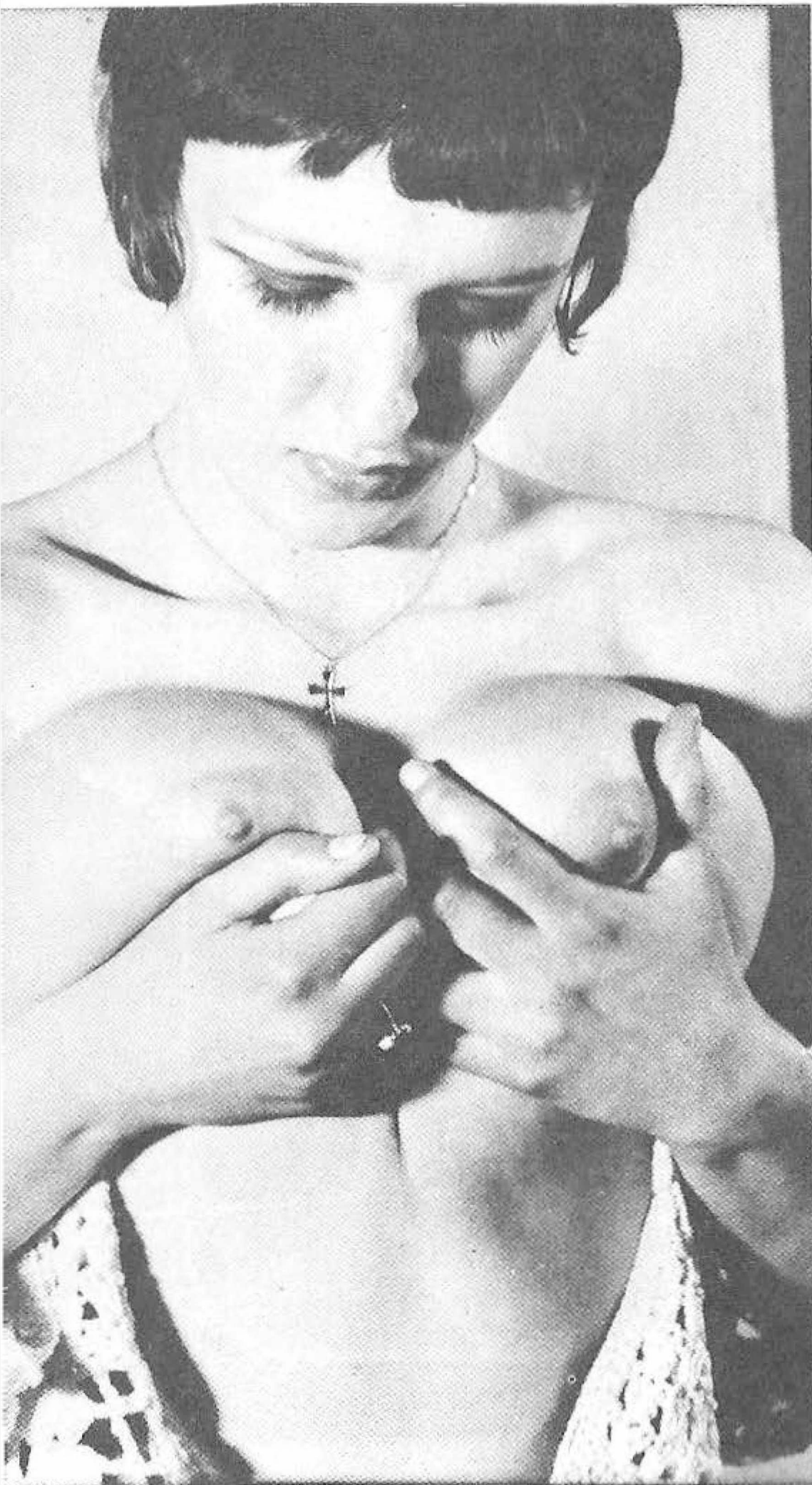
"'Well,' I said, 'This is the age of Do It Yourself, I'll put my thinking cap on.' I looked round the room, but could not see any racks or thumbscrews. She looked at me, and tittered again.

"'Come on, Chief Torturer,' she said, 'The maiden's waiting for her torment.'

"'Then I had a brainwave. 'Come over here,' she trotted over obediently.

"'Off with your blouse and bra,' I said.

"'Off they came. Her great breasts hung down. I opened the door a crack and pushed her up against it. Then I reached over and flipped one of her breasts through the door crack and closed the door on it — hard. She squealed and wriggled around but I held the door fast. After about thirty seconds pressure I released her and sternly ordered her to submit the other breast to the same treatment. She obeyed, and began her squealing and wriggling all over again. However, there was no doubt of her basic attitude. She really enjoyed it. After I had finished with the "door press" I pushed her over to the bed and went through into her kitchen. I had been there before and I knew



where she kept her clothes line.

"I brought it back with me. It was good nylon cord, nice to handle. I ran it through my fingers.

"Before I did anything else I got some strong string and bound her hands behind her to increase her sense of helplessness. Then I tied both ends of the clothes line round her breasts in two slip knots. I tied them tight, so that the breasts bulged out beyond the knots. Then I looked up at the ceiling. Yes – it was there, my memory had not failed me. There was an old hook up there, firmly embedded in an old beam over the disused fireplace.

"Climbing on a chair, I passed the cord through the hook, so that I could, by pulling on the loop in the middle, exert a pull on both breasts. I got back to the floor, and tugged gently on the cord. She moaned gently and moved over so that she stood exactly under the hook. I pulled again, and she lifted on her toes. Again, and now she was standing on tiptoes, like a ballet dancer.

"She was crying softly and shaking her head from side to side. I was going to let her down but she looked at me and shook her head and I lifted her further, so that she was actually off her feet, swinging, suspended by her breasts.

"I could not keep her like that for long, of course, and I soon let her down. Her breasts were sore because of the rope, but she obviously felt very sexy and we were soon in bed together.

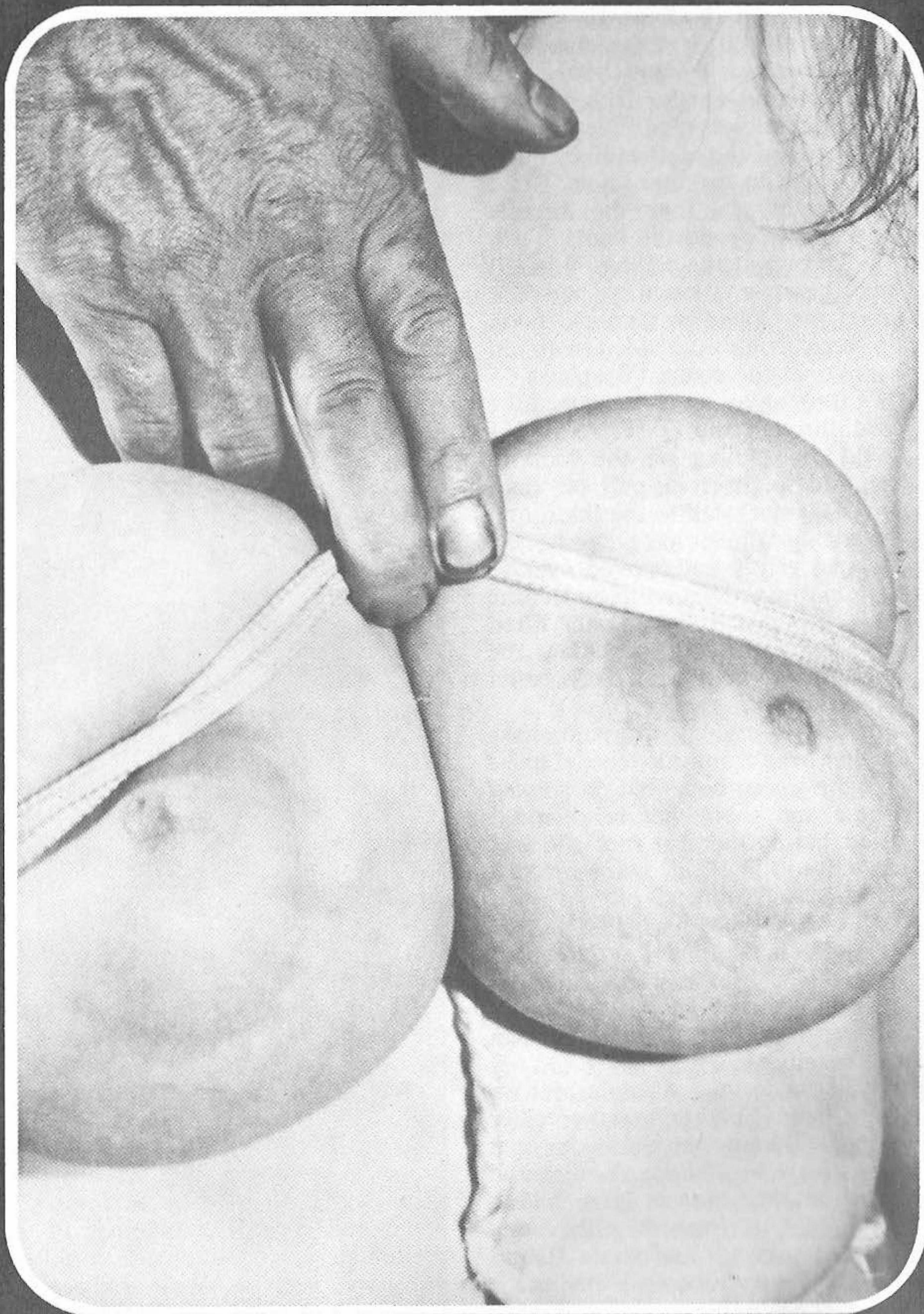
"We made love all night and we spent many nights together after that. I still know her and in our own way we are very happy. You can be sure that her breasts have had a good deal of torment since then. But she enjoys it and so do I. And what is more, I know I am lucky. I've met a suitable partner, someone who enjoys what I do. What do other people do – people who have

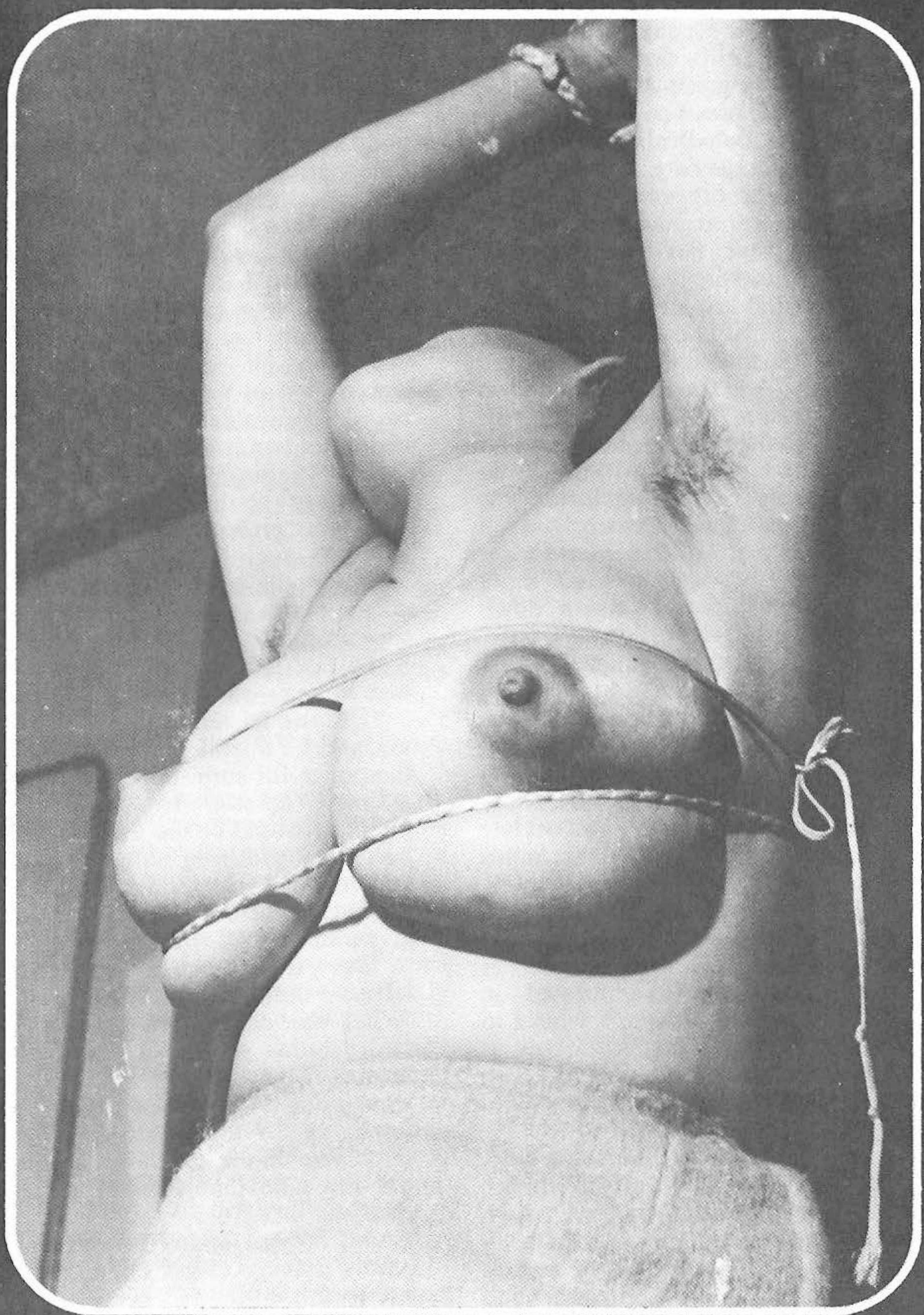


my desires and do not have my good fortune?"

What indeed? It is very difficult to live in society if you do not accept the basic rules and assumptions of society. Even if you differ in one particular, life can be very difficult indeed. In some ways, it is harder to be a sexual deviate of a really bizarre kind than to be a 'dosser', a down and out, or a member of an unpopular and suspect minority grouping, such as West Indians or poor Irish.

The reason is very simple. The problems of the coloured man, the





down and out, or even the homosexual, are recognised by at least a sizeable section of society. The ideas of tolerance, everyone-is-equal, are given at least lip service in most quarters. Such groups have spokesmen, charities, pressure groups, working on their behalf. But the really bizarre sexual deviate whose drives may be just as urgent as the homosexual, or the poor man who wants a house or a wage, has no one to turn to except himself.

Perhaps that last statement has one qualification. He can, of course, go to his doctor, the modern priest of the pill bottle. And the doctor can, in turn, send him to the psychiatrist. The psychiatrist can sometimes find what causes his patient to want to do the things he does – and turn his sexual interest into more normal channels. If that fails, there are tranquilizers, and (just recently) more powerful drugs which damp down the entire sexual drive.

These alternatives are hardly satisfactory. Even a bizarre sex life is very precious indeed to the person possessing it. It is also very possible that he does not want it changed. He prefers himself as he is. But society thinks otherwise, and the deviate may easily find himself in the hands of the law:

“I nearly copped it once, I had this girlfriend – she was really wild to try bondage, and when I told her I was particularly interested in binding her breasts, she was wild to try it.

“I went to her room one day with my gear, and she undressed – completely willingly.

“I had brought some leather thongs with me. It has to be leather, I don't really know why. Anyway, I tied a couple of them round her breasts – she has really nice firm ones, and it wasn't too easy, but I managed it in the end. I tied them good and tight, and she gasped a

bit, but that was all. Her breasts really looked sexy with that leather around them. After that I took a long flat leather band and passed it round her body under her arm pits and drew it tight, so that her breasts were squashed back against her body. Then I put another band outside that, pinning her arms to her sides. She said she felt fantastic, and I helped her up. She walked up and down the room, and did a little dance. Then I laid her on the bed, and made love to her like that.

“We had just finished when her bell rang. Of course we did not answer, but as we were lying there, two people walked straight into her bedroom; two friends of hers. Of all the stupid things to do – I had not made sure the door was locked.

“It was embarrassing but I was ready to laugh the whole thing off. However, the girl immediately tried on the oldest female self protection trick in the book – cried rape, said I had tied her up and took advantage of her – the lot.

“Her two friends grabbed hold of me, and for a while I thought it was the police for sure. Fortunately she managed to stop that – said the publicity would be too awkward for her, there had been no harm done, and so on. In the end they let me go, but not before one of them had given me a good thumping.

“I saw the girl again, a few weeks later – she apologised, but said: ‘What else could I have done?’ I told her that she could have stood by me. We were both involved in what we had been doing and it was totally unfair for her to throw all the blame on me. However, she just did not take that view of it, and that was that.”

At least these breast bondage addicts did manage to get some kind of satisfaction, however fleeting and temporary. Many people who feel this way often have no sexual con-

tacts at all. They just drift through life, existing from day to day, getting satisfaction out of pornography, perhaps, or just forgoing sexual fulfilment altogether.

Alternatively, they may indulge their fantasies on an unwilling victim, and end up with a long prison sentence. As yet there seems no sign of a "Fetishists Anonymous," or "Deviates' Society" to further their interests and help them either seek help for self change or find suitable partners so that their desires can be harmlessly discharged with willing mates.

Sometimes the "contact mags" which have sprung up in such numbers in recent times can supply an answer:

"Couple, like bondage and breast restriction, seek similarly inclined couple or single male."

However, this is rather a leap in the dark for the timid, though better than nothing. It is getting more common, however, as the contact mag habit, once an exclusively American custom, spreads in Britain.

A man who has taken advantage of it says:

"I did it rather as a last resort, after years of despairing of finding anyone who shared my interest in breasts and their restriction.

"I wrote a letter to a promising couple and got invited round. They did not live too far away and when I got there I found a perfectly normal middle aged couple with their living room obviously ready for entertaining. I got a drink and a toasted snack and dug in. After a bit of preliminary conversation and a few more drinks, we began to talk about our interest and I found that they had originally advertised a few years back for the same reason that I had. They just wanted to meet someone with the same sexual angle on life that they had.

"They asked me whether I had brought round my "gear". Of course

I had and brought it out. As a matter of fact it was the first time that any of it had been used. I had originally got it because the sight of it gave me a certain amount of pleasure and also on the off chance that one day I would be able to use it. There was a complete restraining harness which fitted over the woman's breasts — my hostess could not wait to try it on and I must say that she looked fantastic in it.

"I had designed what was, in effect, a big leather bra with a big hole in the middle of the cups, through which the nipple and the end of the breast projected. If the woman was well endowed, and my hostess certainly was, the rough edges of the leather chafed and rubbed against the delicate flesh of the breasts, tormenting them deliciously.

"Her husband helped me strap her hands to her sides and I attached two thin strings to her nipples and led her, protesting and deliciously tortured, round the room. The little silver bells I had attached to her harness rang delightfully and at my suggestion, we had her trot like a circus horse, round and round in a circle, while I guided her with the two strings, tugging gently at them all the time. She had lovely nipples, very pink and prominent, and they swelled with excitement under the gentle torture I was applying. After a while we were all so randy that we just could not wait any longer and we both made love to her there and then, on the floor."

Another lucky one. How many more are there unsatisfied, unhappy and maybe a reluctant menace to society? We cannot say — yet there must be many, for the situation of the bondage fetishist could be that of practically any minority deviate. Only homosexuals seem to have attained some kind of place in the sun. It is time that other groups, too, made their way in out of the cold.

AN ABC OF CLOTHES FETISHISM

L

LEATHER. A very frequent fetish and one which is well catered for by advertisers and film-makers and though often in a disguised form. Girls in long leather boots and leather jackets and skirts are commonplace. Partly this is a reflection of Society's general cultural attitudes. In fact, if a civilization can be said to have a clothes fetish it could be argued that today it is leather. The tight-fitting, glossy, tough yet smooth to the touch quality of leather explains its appeal and its relevance to contemporary mores. It is a 'hard' fetish, associated with power, aggression and dominance. Women take to leather today (however unconsciously) as a way of asserting their urge towards liberation and power. Generally too, ours is an age of violence. Note the confident stride of miniskirted girls in their knee-length leather boots and the symbolic association with power-

assertion becomes undeniable. Leather-fetishism is also often connected with bondage and flagellation – the leather-clad girl with a whip.

LIQUIFACTION. A beautiful word used by the 17th century poet Robert Herrick (a clergyman) for the sound and movement of silk on a woman's body: 'Whenas in silk my Julia goes, Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows The liquifaction of her clothes'. It could equally apply to the lovely swishing sound of a woman's thighs moving under her skirt – the brushing of nylon stockings against each other, and the rustle of petticoats.

LONG-LEGGED PANTIGIRDLE. Most men find this a graceless garment, smooth hard material encasing the thighs almost to the knee, and suspenders, where they exist at all, hidden under the material. But the fact that they so completely encase and protect the genitals makes them attractive to those who require a really powerful block between them and the actual face of the petrifying Medusa – the genitals.

M

MASTURBATION FANTASIES. It would surprise many women to know how many men when they masturbate, sink, not into a particular woman, but into an ocean of clothing, be it leather or knickers or whatever. Photographs, drawings, memories, dreams, the garment itself, either looked at or actually as a masturbatory aid, are all employed. All the knickers in London can be stored easily in one man's mind.

MYSTERY. Deeply valued by the fetishist — who is, in his way, like a poet or a priest. Skirted, petticoated, suspended, stockinged, knickered thighs mean much more to him than a miniskirted crotch freely displayed. But ours is a pragmatic and unmysterious age, hence the modern fashions which strip the mystery from womanhood. Ages which appreciate mystery and enshrine womanhood create more enclosing fashions — such as the ancient Cretans, whose women were tight-laced and had long flounced skirts. It will come again.

N

NYLON. With the major exception of its use in stockings, nylon does not seem, as a texture, to have the fetish appeal of traditional materials, like silk, satin, etc. Possibly it is too new: in another ten or twenty years one can anticipate a rash of nylon fetishes.

NURSING BRAS. This very specialised fetish usually stems from seeing a woman, mother or wife, suckling a baby. It is thus a back-to-the-cradle regressive fetish. 'When my wife was suckling our third child, her breasts were full of milk. She used often, especially at lunchtime when I was home from work, to open her nursing bra and let me suck her off. Now she

will still often wear it for me in bed, as she knows I like to undo it and plunge my mouth to her pouting brown tits that seem crying out to be sucked off.'



OPEN-CROTCH KNICKERS. Three elements of this fetish-interest seem to be: a voyeuristic desire to catch a glimpse of the naked vulva if a woman shows her knickers, accidentally or on purpose — and more likely to be the latter if she is liberated enough to wear open-crotch; the isolation, and accentuation, of the vulva caused by the surrounding knickers; and enjoyment at being able to penetrate a woman without removing any of her clothes. In this last element we see the frequent paradox of clothes fetishism clearly revealed: clothes are a psychologically needed barrier against the too exposed genitals of the Earthmother; yet they are a barrier which also needs to be overcome.

'I had this girl once who was really hot on for it all the time. She would wear crotchless knickers so that any time of the day, with only a minimum of privacy, she could hoist up her skirt and I could ram it into her. Sometimes she wouldn't wear any knickers at all, but I really preferred her to wear crotchless ones, as I liked the way the knickers round her sex seemed to thrust the juicy hairy crotch straight out at me. If we weren't actually doing it, she would give me a good time by sitting with her legs wide apart, giving me and anyone else who was around an excellent view of everything she'd got.' The fetish is also sometimes associated with an interest in Urolagnia (q.v.), for the obvious reason that the open crotch draws attention to a woman's need to urinate.

OSPHRESIOLAGNIA. This fearsome term describes an obsessive interest in bodily odours. Smell is the basic sexual 'call', lover to lover, and even though

human beings have lost much of the primitive power of their sense of smell, it appears that every man and woman has his or her own unique smell, and consciously or unconsciously we react to each other's when seeking a mate. Scent often plays an important part in underwear fetishism, as can be seen from the number of men who must have *soiled* knickers, stockings, bras, etc. Osmophresiolagnia in its more extreme forms can lead to such practices as searching through garbage cans in suburban areas to find discarded tampons. The primitivism of smell leads one to believe that its fetishists have, in childhood, associated strong female odours with sexuality.

P

PANTIES. See Knickers. Linguistically it is a little odd how so many women's underclothes have been given infantile names, e.g. panties, scanties, undies, pettis, knicks. The strong fantasy- and abstract-element in fetishism is illustrated by the fact that many a man will be roused almost to orgasm by the very word 'knickers', yet react with irritation to 'panties', or vice-versa.

PANTIGIRDLE. Many men find this garment aesthetically displeasing, as well as sexually frustrating, from the all-constricting nature of the elastic. Especially when worn with tights, it makes an almost impregnable chastity-belt! With stockings, there is at least — unlike the long-legged version — the feminine bulges of thigh-flesh to add a touch of vulnerability. But the very constriction and all-embracingness of the garment appeals to those who need the feeling of 'distance' between them and the object of their desire.

'My landlady had a gorgeous collection of pantigirdles and stockings, and used to parade them for me. Feeling her up in the pictures, I would pass the soft flesh of her thighs and come to the exciting harsh barrier of her pantigirdle.'

Finally we got over the problem of making love while she was wearing the garment, by cutting a slit in it.' Again, the paradoxes of fetishism! — he loves the barrier, and doesn't want her to remove the garment, so solves the problem by means of making a slit! It is gloriously illogical, but so is most of what is really interesting in eroticism and life itself.

PERFUME. Breathing a subtle perfume that a woman has secreted into her most intimate garments, knickers, corset or bra, is like listening outside the house of a great musician!

PETTICOAT. There appear to be two quite separate appeals, fetishistically, in this garment. The first is the appeal of the ultra-feminine: a petticoat's layers of flounces and frills, ideally setting off stockings, suspenders and knickers, the petticoat free-floating and swirling frothily around the other tight-against-the-flesh garments. A recent *Janus* correspondent eloquently and lovingly describes this appeal, in recalling the great age of the frilled petticoat, the rock-and-roll dancing of twenty years ago: 'Faster and louder, twisting and stamping, then skirts and petticoats — all those lovely frills! — horizontal from the waist, and the whole incredible view — flashing nyloned legs, stocking tops just indenting the thigh, white skin above and panties hugging dear little bottoms! Skirts wing again, whip round, petticoats inside out, taffeta slips and frills going vertically up their owners backs.' The other appeal is of the childish, of the nursery: all that is suggested, erotically, in the term 'petticoat government'. In this regression-to-infancy fetishism, petticoats play a not unimportant part, along with rubber sheets and knickers.

PLEATED SKIRTS. The appeal of this garment lies in the way it can be suddenly swirled out into thigh-revealing generosity. It can alternate between being a leg-concealing and a leg-revealing garment; its expansion and contraction is the basic sexual rhythm. This appeal is well



illustrated in another recent *Janus* Letter: the correspondent has been tied in a chair by a girl in a navy-blue box-pleated skirt, who then 'for the next hour teased me by sitting on my lap and letting her skirt rub my private parts. Some of the time she walked in front of me swirling her skirt around. Eventually she stood over me letting the hem of her pleated skirt rub the tip of my penis until I had the most shattering climax.' The pleats, in fact, can be used in a very tantalising way; however demure the girl, you know that, if she cared to, she could open her skirt right out and reveal all. The man who loves pleated skirts loves being tantalised.

Q

QUIVER. What gorgeous plump female flesh does when bloomer-elastic is pulled out, at waist or thigh, and allowed to rebound! Or watch her plump and gleaming back when you snap her bra-strap, or her thigh when you — snap! — bounce back her suspender! If a man has a good arrow, women are all quivers.

R

ROCK-AND-ROLL. Under-the-skirt fetishists' delight! The supremely orgiastic, knickers, suspenders, and stocking-tops-revealing dance.

ROLL-ON. Containment, smoothness, tightness — these are the elements which attract the lover of roll-ons. It is obviously a softer form of the 'hard' corset fetish (See *Corsets* for a definition of 'hard'): no desire for cruelly strangling love, but rather a wish to be evenly and inescapably contained by a woman. The short suspenders of the roll-on are perhaps less aesthetically pleasing than with other foundation-garments, but the way they pull the front down over the vulva provides an attractive 'hard-to-attain' effect. A *Janus* correspondent comments that

when he puts on feminine underclothes, he prefers a roll-on to suspender belt, as the strictness around his thighs and penis provides an exciting sensation. This is understandable, and is a significant comment on the roll-on fetish, in which a gentle but firm imprisonment is enjoyed.

RUBBER. It shines. It rustles. It slides sleekly under the fingers. Pungently yet sweetly it smells. It is also one of the first materials we are likely, as children, to come into contact with. The former elements amply explain its sensual appeal; the latter explains why it is so psychologically powerful with so many men and also why its fetish is so often connected with passivity and masochism, and also often with urolagnia. As a recent series of articles in *Janus* has pointed out, it is vegetable and passive, and thus complementary to leather, which is animal and active, aggressive. This is a generalisation, and every fetishist is unique; nevertheless, this basic pattern occurs very frequently.

RUSTLE. Knickers being hoisted up over stockings and thighs do this. So do petticoats as a woman walks. It is the most feminine of underwear sounds.

S

SATIN. Rivals silk as a fetish material in underclothing. Its smooth glossiness adds considerably to the excitement of knickers, especially directoire. Its aristocratic character makes one associate it with luxury and lust.

SCHOOL KNICKERS. For the general fetish, see *Knickers*. A delight in school knickers in particular owes a lot to one's early views up girls' skirts, as they romped in the playground, did somersaults, or allowed their skirts to be raised for a look — or more — on payment of a few pence. School knickers are also for the man who prefers his sex basic and earthy and sweaty, and who finds sexuality-beneath-demureness thrilling. He enjoys

the rough-and-tumble good-humour of sex, and has, perhaps, remembered visions of girls being sat on firmly and made to shriek with giggles as comrades, male or female, tickle them up under their gymslips and don't let them go till long after the tormenting tickling has made the pinned-down girl cast all modesty to the wind and thresh her stockinged — and navyblue knickered — legs wildly in the air: And she doesn't resent it after, for it's only natural they should want to see her knickers . . . and besides, she'll get her own back! Not unnaturally, a fondness for spanking often also accompanies this fetish.

SEAMS. A specialised, and common, form of stocking-fetishism is the preference for seamed stocking. Early association obviously must play a large part in this fetish, since seams would appear to most people not to make very much difference to the look of the stockinged legs. Yet it is also possible that the lover of seams finds sex most exciting when it is hidden under a formal, severe, and even prim exterior. Seamed stockings are associated with formal dress: they have a kind of head-mistressly image. Formal severity often, as we all know, hides the most rampant of sexual imagination and behaviour; and it may be that the seam-lover is stirred by this possibility.

SHOES. Shoes are traditionally associated with the sexual organs. The Hebrews referred to the foot when meaning the penis. In the book of Isaiah the 'hair of the feet' is interpreted as pubic hair. The time-honoured custom of drinking champagne out of actress's shoes is surely linked to this symbolism. Shoe-fetishists are frequently masochistic; symbolically they see the shoe (especially if it is spiked with high heels) as coming down onto their prostrate body, grinding into their flesh. The very word 'stiletto' heel conveys what high-heeled shoes mean to many me. It is not unknown for nurse-maids and other teasing grownups to titillate children's genitals with the heel or toe of their shoes, thus laying the ground of the

fetish. The shoe-fetishist if he is masochistic, may have a subtler, less physical form of it than the lover of boots.

SILK. This ultra-smooth, glossy material is a classic fetish texture: the 'soft' fetishism of plunging- or sinking-into womanhood: hence in knickers (especially directoires and french).

STAYS. Very much a 'hard' fetish interest (See Corset). Extreme tight-lacing is the attraction. The garment gave way so long ago to other forms of corseting that there can be few men left with a precise fetish interest in stays.

STAY-UPS. Stay-ups were a temporary phenomenon around 1966, just before the invasion of tights. They were designed to appeal to the contemporary woman's urge to simplify her clothing to a minimum. Readers may remember an advert for stay-ups, with the slogan THERE'S NO SUSPENDER LIKE NO SUSPENDER. There are, it appears, a very small number of men who like stay-ups more than tights or ordinary stockings — men who like the flesh gap, but like it 'pure', uncrossed by any other clothing.

STOCKINGS. One of the basic fetish garments. Aesthetically, not many would deny that most women's legs are enhanced by wearing the shimmering silk or nylon stocking. Blemishes disappear; white unsunburnt legs are given colour. Fetishistically, attention is normally concentrated on that part of the stocking which is hidden; in former eras, all of it; in recent times, the part above the knee, and especially the stocking-top itself, so thrillingly set off in its darker hue, and tugged into arcs, flesh-overhung, by the suspenders. Unusually, then, this fetish is concentrated on the point where the garment is 'losing itself' in something else. Intense excitement is induced by the differing amounts of exposure allowed by differing circumstances, such as wind, crossing and uncrossing legs, climbing stairs, stretching up, bending over. For a woman to expose the tops of her stockings has always been ambiguous, since it could often be claimed — and

truthfully — that it was accidental; and even were a woman to unclip her stockings in public and take them off — say on a beach — it was rather slightly daring than immodest. Stockings are so varied — in texture, colour, seams or non-seams, stretch or unstretch, broader or narrower welts, welts which have gradations of colour and thickness — that a multitude of fetish preferences within the basic preference is possible. This variety of appeal, and their major contribution to thigh- and suspender-interest, suggests that stockings will come back in force, despite their present minority position. Older readers may recall a scene in the pre-war version of *The Thirty Nine Steps* in which Madeleine Carrol unclips her suspenders and removes her stockings while handcuffed to Robert Donat. At the time it was considered very daring and erotic. In this more daring age the scene would still be considered erotic.

STRIP-TEASE. Strip-tease has contributed greatly to clothes, especially underclothes-fetishism: a naughty but generally tolerated and indulged spectacle, involving a woman's slow and ritual undressing. The original strip-teases, in France at the beginning of this century, offered the sensational view of an apparently 'ordinary' woman getting ready for bed. Later strip-teases added dance spectacle and more glamorous underclothes; but it is doubtful if the erotic effect of an ordinary, modest-looking woman taking off normal underclothes can be exceeded. The contemporary strip shows in London are not really a tease at all; there is no appeal to underclothes fetishism — a minimum of garments — usually only bra and g-string — are worn under the stage-robe. These are discarded as quickly as possible, and the spectators are left facing the naked vulva. The tease has been taken out of strip, largely; and this seems a mistaken exploitation of the greater freedom offered by present laws allowing nakedness on stage. Many many men would prefer watching the slow,

tantalising removal of stockings, suspenderbelt, knickers, to the blatant revelation of a tame-looking pussy!

SUSPENDER. A few comments taken at random from letters to *Janus* celebrating this fetish article will help to indicate the reasons for its enormous popularity: 'Gymslips held high, suspenders straining, bottle green knickers creasing and writhing or stretching . . .' 'I personally would much prefer midi or even maxi length skirts which hide seductive underwear than the shortest mini which cover tights . . .' 'First the stocking tops, darker bands, then the suspenders, black against soft, soft, white flesh, then the knickers . . . stockings pulling, straining suspenders, dear little bottom shaping divinely the sheer knickers . . .' The main elements of suspender-appeal are: variety, the marvellous privilege of being able on occasions to look up a woman's skirt and see a variety of sensuous underclothes; contrast — the contrast of suspenders against soft, white flesh, set off by the dark band of the stocking tops and by the knickers; and tension — nearly all suspender-fetishists refer to 'straining suspenders', as in two of the examples quoted. Variety, contrast, and tension, are all related qualities; suspenders and stockings (and frilly petticoats too) provide a kind of sexual drama below the skirt, a pageant of varied experiences. The suspender, consisting of elastic with metal clips, contains even within itself (not to say in its relationship with the other clothes and the bare, bulging thighs) variety and contrast: the hard, cold metal, the tense elastic, and the nodal point of the suspender button, tugged two ways. Length, colour — these too are variable, as also is the different suspender-flesh relationship when one compares the back and front suspenders: the former, more cutting into the flesh. Symbolically, the suspender-lover loves tease relationship, colour, drama, ritual. He is not the quick-on-the-bed type, but a man who likes to lead up to bed by slow, exciting degrees. He likes a woman

who can titillate, tease, withdraw, and seduce by being seduced.

SUSPENDER BELT. All the above remarks will apply, of course, to the suspender belt. Added, are the variety, tension and contrast provided by the front panel, tugged downwards by the suspenders and stockings slightly below the waist, which in a rounded woman will bulge over it slightly; by the way the panel and the front suspenders form an arch framing the bush of pubic hair; and by the further tension of the straining waist-band, hook-and-eyed at the back. The linear strains of a suspender belt, out of which the ample glowing womanflesh bulges in beautiful soft curves, are delightful, aesthetically as well as sensually. The stretch of knickers horizontally across the vertical lines of the tense long suspenders completes the aesthetic delight. It is also obvious that the tension of the suspenders and belt imitate the tumescence of the penis, it is an emblem of the erect male organ. The highkicking, suspended legs of can-can dancers make obvious play with this symbolism. Such a superb garment cannot die, even though it has been quite ill for some six years! More and more women are realising the powerful erotic force of suspenders and suspender belts, and returning to them.

SUSPENDER BUTTON. In the days when all women were suspender-wearers, it was a pleasure to suspender-fetishists merely to see the outline of suspender-buttons through women's skirts as they sat; or one could innocently hold a girl's hand on her lap — placing your hand instinctively or by keen vision on the button of the suspender. No girl could object to this, yet it gave one a tiny intimacy with her luscious suspenders.

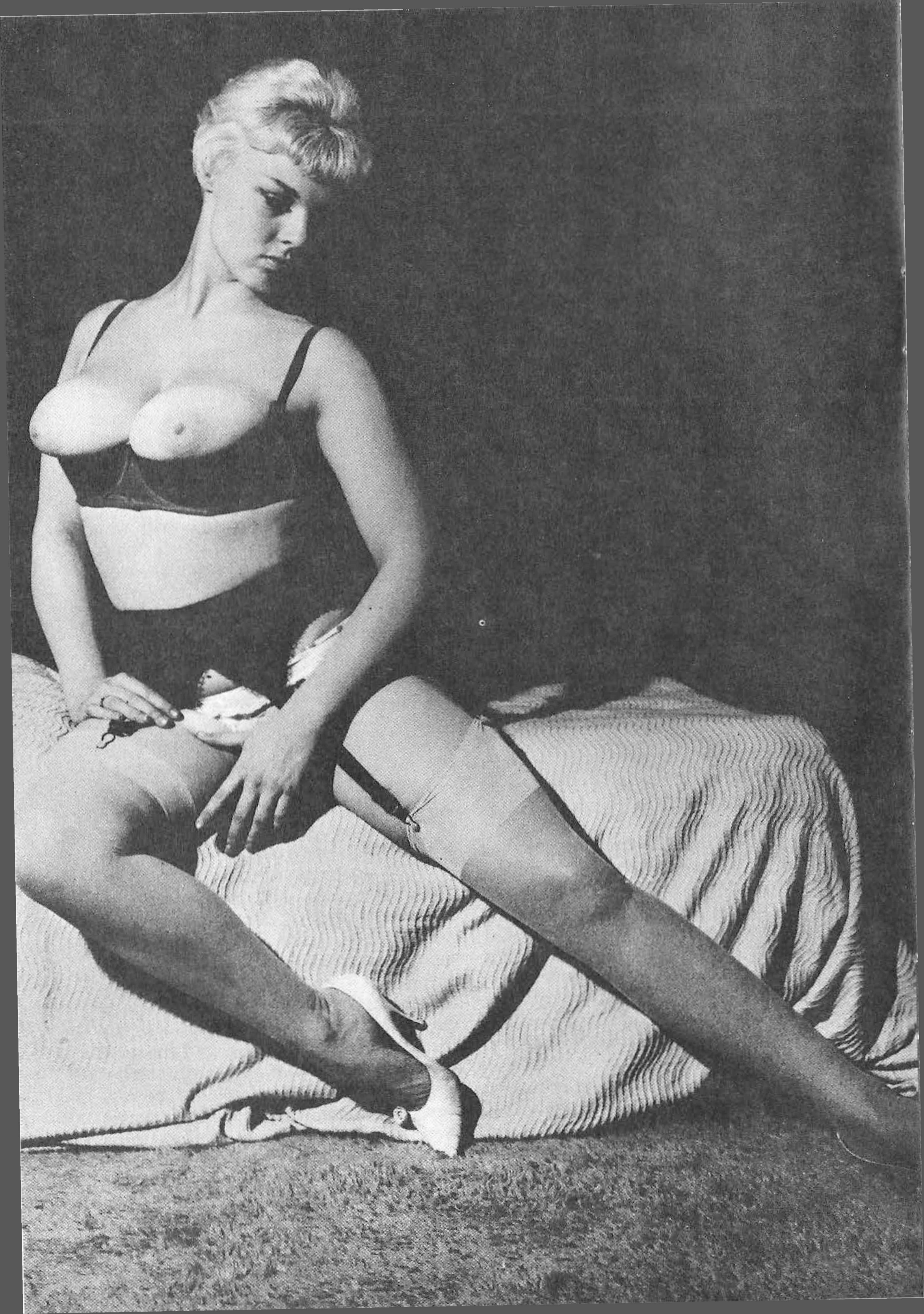
SYMBOLISM. Two factors normally come together in all fetishes, including clothes: a circumstantial one — some experience in one's early life, often reinforced at a crucial stage of sexual development; and a psychological one — a predisposing tendency in one's make-

up. The fetish-object becomes a symbol of the fetishist's sexual psychology. Thus, for example, I have suggested that the lover of *directoire* knickers loves to be engulfed by motherly femininity; the lover of stockings and suspenders loves tension and variety; the lover of shoes may wish to be 'stamped on', psychologically; etc. There are also, obviously, fetish-women, women who are psychologically suited to wear a particular fetish garment. Thus, a dramatic, moody, sensuously variable woman, who herself likes tense rather than calm relationships, will wear suspenders more excitingly and naturally than a woman who is domestic and equable. A plump, maternal woman may excite in *directoire* knickers much more than would a worldly-wise, self-sufficient young typist. Happy is the man who finds his fetish-woman. Hence the many letters in *Janus* which express loving delight at having found at last a particular woman who enjoys satisfying his fetish-taste.

T

TIGHT-LACING. Characteristic of the 'hard' fetish, desire to constrict and strangle, bind, confine. See Corset.

TIGHTS. Far from being a fetish garment, this is one that most men resent for having (temporarily at least) replaced stockings. All the elements that make stockings and suspenders so desirable — variety, contrast, tension — are absent in tights. They are so freely and almost totally revealed, under mini-skirts, that they have practically taken the under-out-of-clothes, removed all the titillation of 'finding out', feeling up. Their tendency to sag, and the ugly seam running under the crotch, also seem aesthetically displeasing. One can foresee, though, that in future years there will be some men, perhaps men who need a fine, transparent but all-covering barrier between their hands and eyes and the loved-but-feared vagina, who will develop fetish interest



in them. A recent *Janus* letter spoke with pleasure of the sight of a barely-veiled naked vulva under tights; and there are men who like the total spread of nylon over legs, thighs, buttocks and belly.

T

TRANSVESTISM. If a garment is fetishistically desired, it is obvious that the fetishist will often wish to experience the wearing of it himself. So many a man will be walking round with bloomers, or suspenders and stockings, on under his city-suit: evidence not of homosexuality but of fetishism. Semi-transvestism is perhaps a better term for this, since the wearer has little desire to be completely dressed in women's clothes.

U

UROLAGNIA. Sexual enjoyment involving urination. It is often associated with knickers; in fact, readers of this magazine will have noticed that letters about urolagnia frequently associate knickers with their pleasure, but rarely or never any other fetish clothes. This reinforces my belief that knickers-fetishists enjoy yieldingness, sinking-in — what I have termed a soft fetish. Urinating is supremely 'yielding', a relaxation of muscles. There is one little-known example of knickers-urination in literature, which may be worth quoting for its rarity. It occurs in C. Virgil Gheorghiu's Rumanian post-war classic, *The Twenty-Hour*, a novel which graphically describes the horrors of Europe in the Second-World war. In this passage, an attractive young Jewess has been confined in a cold prison cell and left there. She is presented with an overpowering urge to urinate... 'An electric current seemed to shoot through her body — a warning signal. Suddenly her muscles refused to obey her any longer and she lost control

completely. She felt the wet spreading, first her knickers that were so fine and brief, then her suspender belt, then her stockings. Something warm and wet was oozing down her thighs and along her stockings right into her shoes. She made one last effort to restrain herself. But it was as if her muscles, her flesh, her whole body were no longer hers. She squatted down further. As her knickers grew warmer and warmer, there overcame her gradually a sensation of pleasure and relief, such as she had never known before in all her life... it was more than just pleasure. It was delight. Even stronger, perhaps than delight: it was sheer ecstasy... She felt she had been urinating for hours on end without stopping.' The whole description is an amazing mixture of horror — she later tries to mop up the copious urine with her scanty soaked underwear — and sensuousness.

UNIFORMS. These have fetish appeal either from individual association or from their contrast of formalised severity and the soft, clinging femininity underneath: e.g. gymslipped schoolgirls, blackstockinged, starched nurses, khaki-clad service-girls.

W

WET-LOOK. Texturally and clingingly exciting, in leather, rubber, or occasionally in sexily-clad underclothed women thrown into the sea.

XYZ

X-RAY EYES. Even the most innocent woman loves a man to have them — it makes her go all weak and warm and moist in her knickers.

YANK. What a woman does to her stocking, when she stands up and finds it has moved slightly and is cutting into her thigh.

ZIP. Not of any fetish interest, but useful to unseal a dress, skirt, or girdle — and to close down this feature!





THE POWER OF HAIR

Her hair is said to be a woman's crowning glory and Samson's strength resided in his hair. Although hippies made themselves unpopular because of their long hair and beards, today long hair is not only accepted but fashionable. Society's attitudes have always been ambivalent towards this controversial subject and Jack Powell surveys the power and paradoxes of hirsute fetishes.

From time immemorial it has been generally agreed that HAIR is an important secondary sexual characteristic. Almost all men and a considerable number of women will frankly admit that the colour, length and texture of the hair is something which they take into account when assessing the desirability of a potential love partner. And if this were not so it would be a poor look-out for the many beauty

parlours and hairdressers who now thrive in every society throughout the world.

According to the Bible a woman's hair is her "crowning glory" and the Old Testament prophets were unanimous in their injunctions to the faithful to refrain from cutting it. Lorelei and the sirens who lured hapless sailors to rocky destruction were always depicted with long blonde flowing locks which seemed



to exert a magnetic pull. By contrast the malignant Medusa was reputed to have had snakes on her head instead of human hair, which no doubt appeared to the ancients as the height of repugnance.

What of it, we may say? Of course, soft silky hair — especially in a woman, is a source of attraction. What's so kinky about that? And the answer is nothing as far as most of us are

concerned. But there are — and have been in the past — quite a number of people to whom hair is a sexual end in itself. This is fetishism pure and simple as much as if the sexual object were a shoe or a fur coat, which is somewhat analagous to the desire to stroke real hair. In fact many sexual behaviourists believe that fur fetishism is nothing more than an aberration of the more common reliance on hair for sexual stimulation.

The great English poet, John Milton, is reported by novelist Robert Graves to have addressed his young wife on their wedding night in the following terms: *"Your hair became an obsession of my mind: for it wreathed itself between my eye and what book soever I studied though it might be the Holy Bible itself, coming with a gadding or serpentine motion until it choked the sense of my reading.*

"Yours was neither the first nor the only hair that ensnared my eyes but certainly it drew its snare the tightest. I found experimentally that by no act of ratiocination, or any ascetic exercise, could I circumvent or remove that strange affection of the eye and also that only the hair of virgins had the same grand compulsion for me... and so (I) enter into wedlock for thus I should be able to gloat upon your hair legitimately and soon (because of its daily and nightly familiarity) I would be no more plagued with it."

The most extreme remove of this fixation in men will result in an immediate erection on the mere sight of long hair followed by a potent ejaculation upon the slightest touch. Frequently this sexual arousal comes when making normal heterosexual love with a woman and stroking or fondling her hair during the act of coition. In some cases the hair itself attains the primary role as the love object, transcending in its force even the breasts or the vagina in its stimulating influence.

A case came to my attention some years past which illustrates this phenomenon. A husband in his middle thirties had been married for five years and he and his wife had always enjoyed the best of sexual relations, both of them being fulfilled and their mutual love increasing as the years went by. The vagaries of female fashion then decreed that the "feather cut" was to be all the rage and the wife promptly

presented herself at the beauty parlour. Hitherto she had had shoulder length hair, brown and with a particularly silky texture. When she was first encountered by her husband in the new guise he flew into a rage and attacked her physically, something which he had never done before. He demanded that she return to the hairdresser and recover the lost tresses, but unfortunately they had already been disposed of. When the quarrel had somewhat abated they attempted to make love but the husband found himself incapable of erection although the wife used every oral and manual technique she knew which in the past had never failed to give them satisfaction. The purchase of a theatrical wig partially arrested the frustration but it seemed the complete sexual harmony they had previously enjoyed must wait until the wife had grown her own natural hair back.

This was an instance when the only satisfactory fetish was his partner's God-given attribute. Others excited by hair are not so particular, although they will generally have some pronounced preferences. For some it is the length and in these cases the longer it is the more excitation it will arouse. There is nothing in the legend to disprove that the unfortunate Peeping Tom, who was the only one to look at Lady Godiva as she made her famous naked ride through the streets of Coventry, was not impelled to his deed by the desire to feast his gaze on her long golden tresses. For other hair fetishists the colour is the most important aspect and in this respect it seems that red hair is way ahead in the popularity stakes. The comparative rarity of truly red hair and the inability of the dye manufacturers to successfully counterfeit it will perhaps account for this.

Opposites attract so that blonde Nordics have singular success in Latin countries and among the darker peoples generally whereas the Asian girls with jet black hair reaching to the buttocks will exercise a great fascination for the fair man. Prostitutes throughout the

ages have been well aware of this inherent desire for something different and exotic and have resorted to dyes and wigs in order to enhance their attractions. In ancient Rome prostitutes were compelled by law to dye their hair blonde or wear wigs of that colour.

Texture is another dominating factor with comparative fineness the desideratum. John J. described his own case in this way. "I don't particularly care what colour hair is but it has to be long and fine — like silk." Although sexually normal in all outward respects he was unable to achieve an orgasm with his penis penetrating any of the bodily orifices. It appeared that this was due to a dread which he had had since childhood of being emasculated. He also retained an inordinate dependence upon his mother who "used to take me in her lap when I was hurt and if her long hair touched the bruise it was like a poultice". John had a few unfortunate experiences with prostitutes until he was lucky enough to meet a girl who cared for him sufficiently to help sexually. She would spread her abundant hair completely around his genitalia "like a soft cloud" and fellate him. Even with her however he did not have his ejaculation in her mouth but would withdraw at the moment of highest arousal and spurt in her hair. He then derived further satisfaction if she would rub the semen laden portions of her locks around his testicles.

Although preference is high for loose, flowing hair of more than average length the German psychiatrist Moll cites a case which proves an interesting exception. "A man, X., becomes intensely excited sexually whenever he sees a woman with her hair in a braid; loose hair, no matter how beautiful, cannot produce this effect". Other cases have been recorded where kinky coarse hair produced an erotic effect, including that of a middle-aged man who achieved erection and ejaculation merely from viewing pictures of Fiji islanders of either sex, the excitation being caused by their great crops of bushy hair.

Contemporary fashions have seen a dramatic resurgence of the wig as an article of feminine adornment. However, its use goes back into antiquity, wealthy Egyptian ladies wearing silver ones to the grave. The Roman poet, Martial, wrote:

*The golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers — who would have thought it?
She swears tis hers, and true she swears,*

For I know where she bought it.

With the advent of Christianity wigs — and indeed any full display of natural hair — were frowned on as sinful. Holdovers of these repressive doctrines are with us even today. In *The Unconscious Significance of Hair* Dr. Charles Berg links haircutting with castration and the denial of sexual freedom while equating long hair with sexual freedom and enjoyment. A glance at the youth of today's "permissive age" would seem to confirm this opinion.

One woman found on her wedding night that when her husband fumbled with her meagre tresses he was unable to consummate their marriage. The same debacle occurred on the second night, but on the third he produced a thick long wig which he asked her to wear. He immediately achieved potency and there was a succession of wigs, all long and abundant. At the end of five years the couple were blessed with two children and a wardrobe containing 72 wigs.

There flourished in Edinburgh in the 18th century the notorious Wig Club. Their proudest possession, and even *raison d'être*, was a wig which was alleged to have been made up entirely of the pubic hair of the mistresses of Charles II. Another society, Beggar's Benison, attempted to collect a rival wig but were unsuccessful for it was barely able to fill a snuffbox on which was the label "Hair from the Mons Veneris of a Royal Courtesan of George IV". Pubic hair wigs were called "merkings" in England in the 17th century and "bowsers" in the 19th. During World War II Neapolitan prostitutes wore

blonde merkins to appeal to German customers and they are sometimes obtainable from certain hairdressers today in large western cities.

Pubic hair, not surprisingly given its locality, is more sexually arousing than that of the head or the epigamic (legs, arms and under-arms). Being short and usually curly there was comparatively little could be done in the way of adornment save leaving it on or removing it. In the 1500's though, according to a contemporary historian, Court ladies applied a special pomade to their private parts to make the hair grow abnormally long so that it might be "curled like a Saracen's moustache" and decorated it with coloured bows.

In the Middle Ages crusaders brought back the Arabic idea of depilation for women but this practise was said to have been terminated by Catherine de Medici. In Roman times shaving of pubic hair in both men and women popular at various periods which, rather than religious prudery, affected much Renaissance art and accounts for the lack of it in their statues. Perhaps with see-through garments modern style may highlight pubic hair. Fashion designer Mary Quant has predicted that this will be so and has stated that her husband once trimmed her own in the shape of a heart. But those who consider her an innovator might like to consider Aristophanes' lines for Lysistrata:

... and meet the men

With our dear Venus plats plucked trim and neat:

Their stirring love will rise up furiously,

They'll beg our knees to open.

Out and out fetishism with pubic hair seems to have existed as long as anybody has taken note of it. Many men have collected the pubic hair of women with whom they have had intercourse and some are able to relive the sexual experience merely by fondling and touching their souvenirs. The mass murderer Christie, who admitted to killing 11 women, was found upon the search of his premises in Rillington

place to have collected pubic hair. There were four sets, carefully separated and arranged, which he kept in an old tobacco tin.

One of the most unusual cases of fetishism for pubic hair was documented by the famous German psychiatrist Krafft-Ebing. This patient found his greatest delight in tearing out the hairs from the mons veneris with his teeth. He kept a collection of these hairs and by chewing on them at home was able to recreate his sexual pleasure, getting an erection and ejaculation without resorting to physical masturbation. This same man would bribe chambermaids in hotels and rooming houses to allow him to search the sheets for stray hairs and upon their discovery had a powerful sexual reaction.

In extreme cases we run across what the psychiatrists call "hair despoilers". They are motivated not only by the excessive attraction of the hair itself but also by a desire to possess it, often in a clandestine or violent manner. One man of 40 had always been attracted by hair and from the onset of puberty if he could take a girl's hair in his hand he would have an erection and ejaculation without touching any other part of the girl's body. As he was not particularly attractive and this premature ejaculation played havoc with his love life, he began to masturbate at home. At first this gave him release as he accompanied his manipulation of his penis with "hair fantasies". Later, however, this too became unsatisfactory and he could only complete the process with actual hair in his hand. To this end he armed himself with a pair of pocket scissors and began snipping the crowning glory of girls in the buses and tubes. This he would take home, comb and fondle, and thus had an intense orgasm. When he was finally arrested and his home searched 65 switches and tresses were found neatly assorted into packets.

Another despoiler's fetish began when he was seduced at the age of nine by a twelve year old girl. Although he did not understand exactly what was



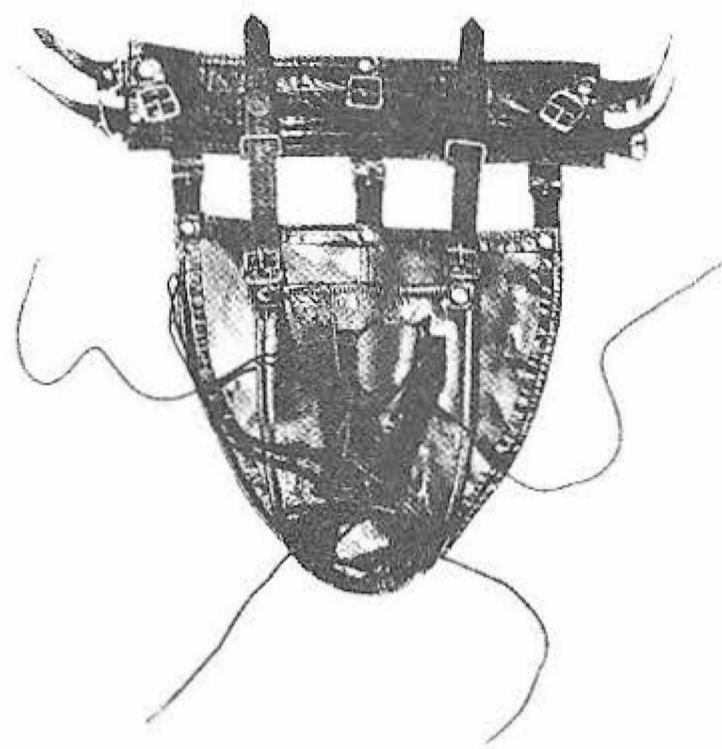


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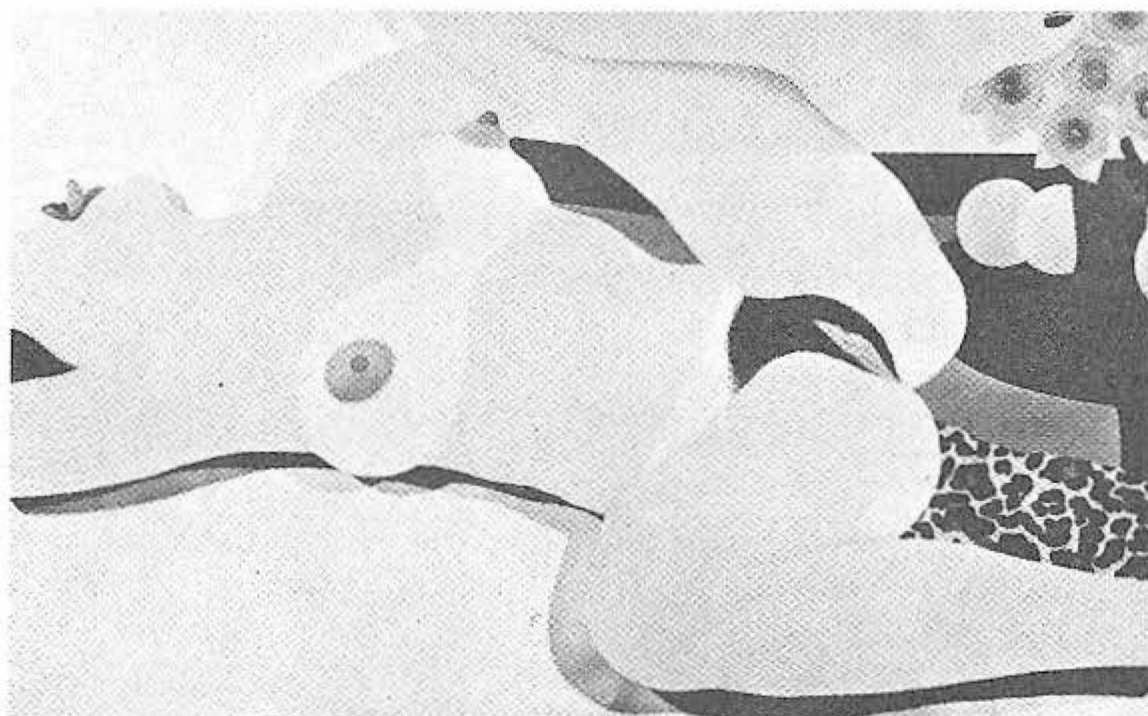


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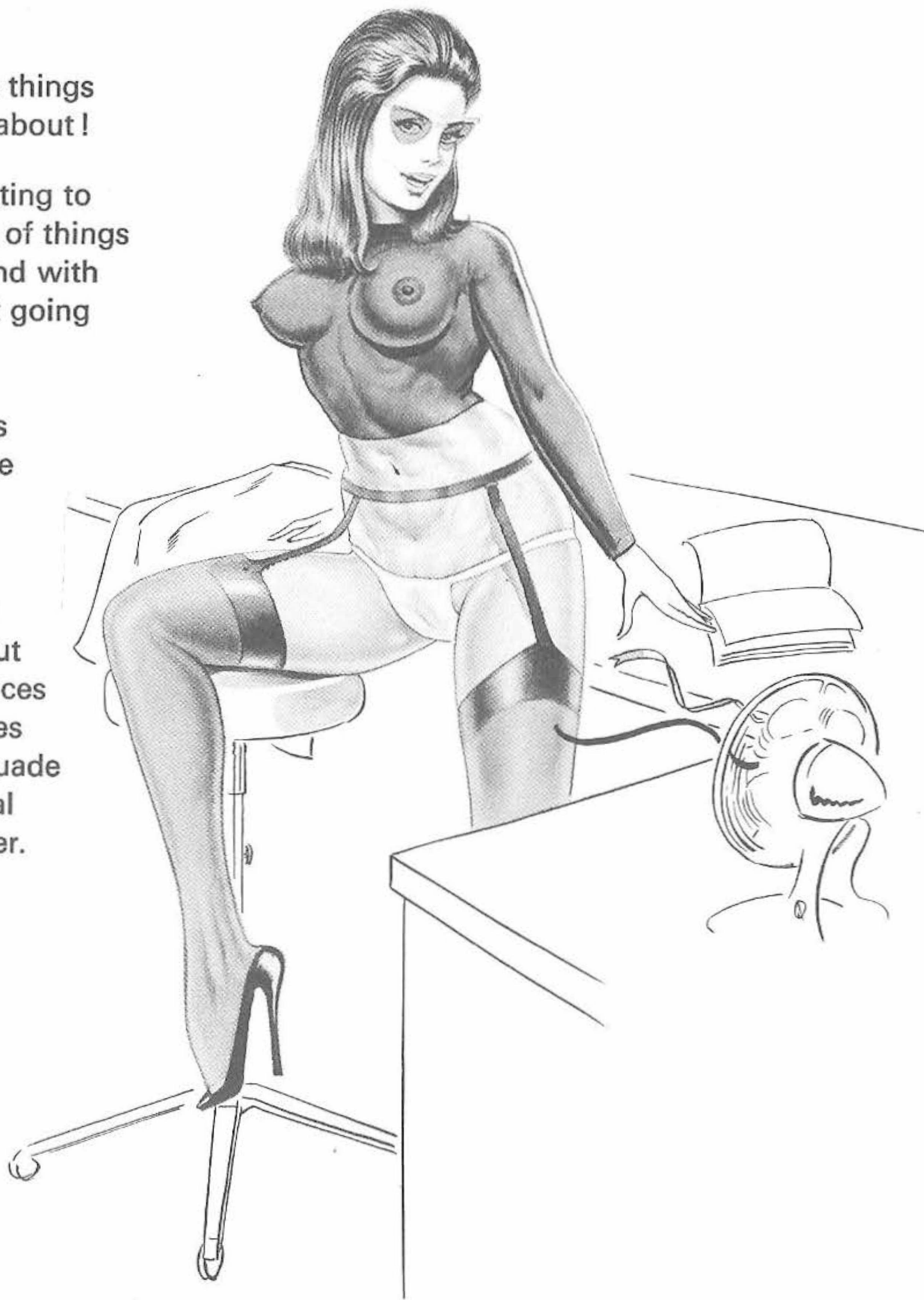
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Really! Some of the things
you men want to talk about!

Not that I mind chatting to
you but I do have lots of things
to do and if I get behind with
my work the Ed. is not going
to be very pleased
with me - so please
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problem or other why
not drop me a line?

Just keep the letters
coming. The ones about
your personal experiences
I mean, and the pictures
too, and I'll try to persuade
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Love,
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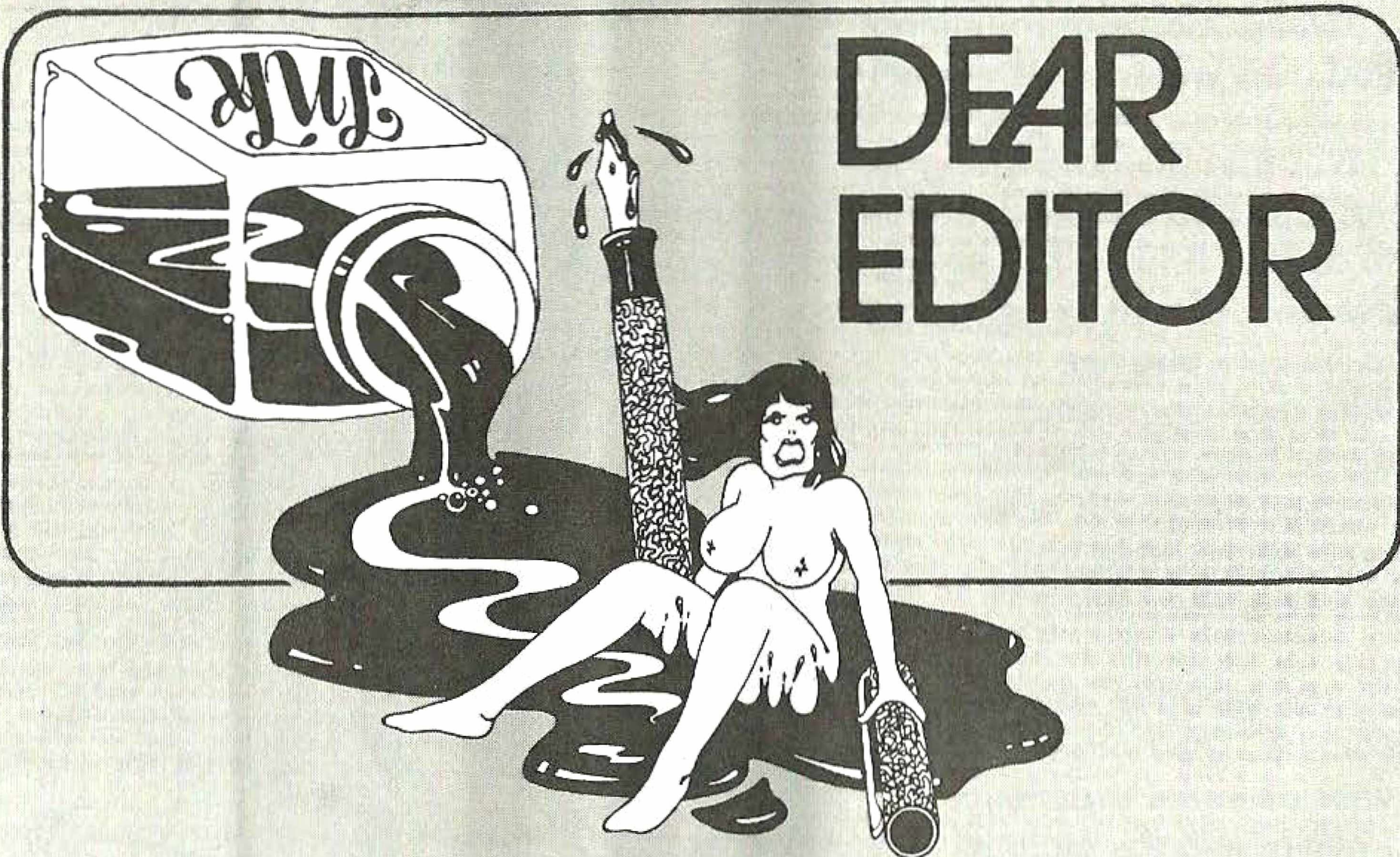


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Prize letter of the month

Transvestite Group Sex

Thank heavens for a magazine that treats fetishists as rational people and not a lot of freaks. The *Janus* Special on stockings and suspenders was a fantastic issue and reminded me of my own initiation into a world of pleasure that has for years given me an excitement not to be compared with the ordinary sex life which also occupies a certain amount of time.

When I was fifteen I was sent to stay with some friends of my family and although this sounds like the usual story of fetishistic beginnings as you will see there was an unusual development and this is what certainly started me on the 'upward path' to the delights of suspenders, stocking tops and exciting corsetted rumps.

The couple I was staying with were in their late thirties. She was handsome and slightly domineering and her husband was well built, a keen footballer and sportsman and I remember him as being very agreeable and kind to me as a young man.

I had long before this visit developed a passion for women's underwear and had had many exciting sessions with items stolen and borrowed from my mother's wardrobe. I particularly liked the pink satin corsets which she usually wore and I would get very worked up when dressing up in these shiny things with the suspenders creating marvellous feelings in the thighs. However, while on this particular visit to my parents friends, they went off, as indeed they did very often for a cricket match, leaving me at home for the day as I didn't enjoy sports very much. As the car drove away I remember going to their bedroom and the

excitement of finding some of the most exotic underwear I had ever seen. I was in the highest ecstasy. I closed the curtains knowing that they would not return for several hours and dressed up in the most beautifully sheer silk stockings (this was before nylons were invented) and laced myself into a pink satin corset with six suspenders. It was very long and came well down over my behind, (not like the modern corsetry of today) and then I put on some white satin cami knickers which tickled the inside of my thighs and I was in heaven. I lay on their bed and could smell the perfume on the pillows and began to have the most incredible sensations, when to my horror I heard the car arrive in the drive and I rushed to the window where I saw that behind the closed curtains there was rain pouring down and the skies were as black as ink. Obviously no cricket and they had returned. Of course I was caught as there was no time to undress completely. I managed to get out of the cami-knickers but I had laced myself so tightly into the corsets that it was an impossibility to get them off.

My hosts assuming I was not in and that there was a rainy day to cope with came upstairs together with the obvious intention of going to bed and I stood horrified as to what they would say when they saw me. That they were surprised is the understatement of all time. And yet although they were completely taken' aback they did not seem to be as angry as I had expected. The husband was stern and said that I was far too young to be carrying on like this and that they would have to tell my parents what sort of a boy I was. I pleaded with them not to tell my parents anything as my father would have killed me; then the husband said that if I wanted it kept a secret, I would have to do as I was told to the letter and then it would be forgotten. I said I would do anything but anything as long as my parents didn't get to know about it and then they explained what I would

have to do. I was a bit embarrassed about it at first but it was better than having my secret discovered. They did not make me take off my beautiful underwear but decided to add to it. I was dressed in a shiny satin bra, my stockings were pulled as tight as the suspenders would allow and then I was put into a maid's dress with a little lace cap. The husband said that he'd always wanted his wife to have a trained maid and I would be just the right person. I was then told to undress his wife. At the tender age of fifteen I was shocked but decided to do everything they told me as I was so scared of the consequences. When I had taken off her dress and unbuttoned her cami knickers from between her legs, this put me into a state of excitement that must have been obvious through my dress as I was also wearing loose fitting knickers and there was nothing to control my erection. I then began to unlace her corsets but was stopped by the husband. He said she would stay in her corsets for the time being and that now I had to undress him. Why I should have been embarrassed I don't know but as I took off his shoes and then his trousers, very strange feelings came over me. I thought that they would be going to make love in front of me and the excitement almost made me faint. I took off his shirt and then his vest. He was then wearing only his underpants and white silk socks with shiny sock suspenders. These also stirred me somehow and I remember thinking if women could wear tight suspenders why shouldn't men. Ever since I grew up I have always worn sock suspenders and often remember this first experience of them. I then undid his socks and took them off very carefully as they were very fine silk and then he told me to take off his pants. As I took them off I couldn't help seeing his penis which was large and stirring up under some kind of impulse. I remember being incredibly embarrassed at this point. I thought "Oh please get on with whatever you are going to do and leave me

alone". But it did not stop there. The husband said, "I have always wanted a maid to dress me and that is what you are here for." I did not understand what he meant as I had just undressed him but he went to the wardrobe and collected a pile of women's underwear and the whole thing became quite clear. I felt so relieved but also thrilled that this very virile and masculine man had the same excitement as I had from ladies underwear that I would have done anything for him. His wife was obviously completely in the know and told me as I performed my maid service exactly how to do it.

First of all, I put him into a satin brassiere. They were at this time fairly flat and his well-built chest filled it out superbly. Then on went a long satin corset which reached up over the bottom of the brassiere and went well down over the seat although the front was high enough not to cover his penis which was now getting bigger. He then sat down and I carefully pulled on his stockings which were very shiny I remember. I then had to fasten each suspender very carefully but not at this point, I was told, to tighten the metal adjusters. I then had to lace up the corsets. The lacing was at the front as the corset was fastened at the side by hooks and eyes and as I started to lace him up his penis began to erect itself in a startling way. By the time I had pulled the laces so that the sides of the corsets were meeting and by the time I had adjusted each suspender clip to its ultimate point this man was bursting with sexual desire. I had never seen anything like it. His wife was lying on the bed feeling herself and moaning and for one moment I thought she was ill. When I had done with his corsets he wanted to put on satin cami-knickers which I had to hold out for him. He stepped into them and in a moment he was on the bed with his wife and they were going crazy like nothing I'd ever imagined. He then called me over and told me to undo his knickers between the legs. They had three little buttons

and while they were thrashing around it was not easy but after I had undone them he drove himself into her and I remember standing there wishing it could be me. They were two incredibly handsome people, both corsetted and stockinged with long very wide suspenders straining at their thighs and having the most fantastic sexual experience. They did it over and over again and by the time they had finished they suddenly remembered I was there and invited me over to join them. The wife played with me and I ejaculated and had no feelings of guilt for the first time. They explained afterwards that if I ever told anyone about it they would deny it and say that I had made it all up because I had been discovered as a women's underwear stealer. I assured them that it would always be a secret among us and in fact we repeated the performance many times during the next few months. When they left England to live and work in America I felt the greatest desolation I ever felt in the whole of my life. Now I am well into my forties I realise that with all the fun I've had and also some quite amusing fetishistic experiences, there was never anything like this. I write only that someone else may get a bit of pleasure out of a period of my life which was as fantastic as it was ecstatic and never to be forgotten.

Mc.M.

London, S.W.

MORE ADVICE ON HUSBAND TRAINING

I have been reading *Janus* regularly now for the last six months and must congratulate you on this publication and on the frankness and value of its articles and letters.

I have been particularly interested to see the recent letters on the subject of husband training insofar as misbehaving themselves in bed.

I was particularly interested in the letter from Miss K.S. in Vol. 2 No. 7 and in the way her husband is made to wear a long-legged pantie girdle in bed. In my view this is an excellent preventative and David has been made to wear one for about two years now — in the daytime as well as in bed. To ensure complete security I have sewn strong loops round the waistband and, in bed, he has a leather belt with rings at each end threaded through and the rings are joined at the front with a small padlock. The legs are, of course, tight but for safety I strengthened the elastic round the bottom of the legs so they fit very tightly round his thighs and it is thus quite impossible for him to gain access to his penis through the top or bottom of his girdle.

A pantie girdle is, of course, very tight and confining between the legs and whilst this is desirable we have found that by far the most comfortable way for David to wear it is with his penis pressed up and back against his tummy. This felt strange for him at first but he soon got used to it and always has it this way now. To add to the security however, I boned the front panel of his girdle to keep his tummy flat and his penis is held neatly between the two front bones and is thus kept very firmly in position. In this way it is kept absolutely "imprisoned" and there is no way at all in which he can handle it.

He has the girdle on all the time except when he is actually at work where it would be difficult and embarrassing for him. I make him put it on as soon as he gets home each day, however, and at night he has it locked.

I am quite sure this is the most effective and easiest way to prevent a husband misbehaving himself and in addition, it helps to control his figure and in David's case, since I plan to put him into corsets next it is proving very useful as preparation for this.

For myself the problem is rather more complex since a female can get gratification from her body in so many

more ways than a male. A pantie girdle helps and I have worn one since a young teenager, not just for security but as a step in figure training. To guard against bad habits however, at night, my girdle is locked round my waist like David's but I also have a sort of "chastity belt" on over it. This is a leather strap joined to the belt at the back and this passes between my legs and up at the front where it is locked to the belt rings by the same padlock. This strap fits very tightly so when it is locked in position I can feel it firmly guarding my vaginal entrance and making it impossible for me to handle myself.

The important thing in restraining a wife at night is to make sure her arms are kept well away from her body and at the same time to keep her legs apart and my husband now does this with me by strapping my wrists and ankles to each side of the bed. So it is as comfortable as possible for me the straps which actually fasten round my wrists and ankles are wide and are lined with flannel on the inside so they do not chafe and these are linked to the bedframe with short chains which, although limiting my freedom quite strictly as they must do, still gives me enough freedom to move about a bit and sleep comfortably.

S.S. (Mrs.)
London, S.W.10

UNUSUAL TREATMENT FROM NURSES

On reading in your magazine about Peeping Toms and of a certain reader's desire to be sat upon by the opposite sex you may be interested to hear about an experience I had as a young hospital porter in London some nine years ago.

Two nurses came to me in an excited state one night. They told me that they had caught a Peeping Tom. The man it appears had been pestering the Nurses' Home for some time and they were in a pretty angry state. Imagine my surprise

when entering the Nurses Lounge to see six nurses sitting astride a man on the floor. He was struggling quite a bit but to no avail with the six buxom nurses on him. I questioned him on his reason for intrusion into the hospital grounds and told him I would go for the Police if he did not state his reason. He begged me not to call the police and confessed he had been trying to peep through the windows of the house in order to see what colour knickers the nurses had on. There was an immediate angry outburst from them.

I must admit by this time I had become strangely excited. The sight of this dominated man was having a sexual effect on me.

I then suggested to the nurses that I either phone the police or they could punish this man themselves.

"Well, I think we should punish him ourselves," said one. I was asked to lock the door of the room (certain whispering was going on between them). Then one girl spoke up. "We've decided. If he wants to see our knickers he shall!" She hitched up her dress showing black stocking tops, suspenders and brief white panties. Then, even I was not prepared for this, she sat squarely on this man's face. What a sight! The man was uttering muffled cries. "Well!" She cried, "Can you see the colour of my knickers? You're going to see all our knickers and bottoms before this night is through." Sure enough as she got off another girl took her place. There was a lot of giggling going on and the wretch was obviously getting weaker. How he was able to breath, I don't know. Occasionally they allowed him to take a couple of gasps but a large bottom soon plonked down hard again on his face. After all eight had sat on him he was eventually let go amid hoots of laughter.

I had had by this time a large erection and had ejaculated earlier on during the man's humiliation.

I often think about this experience and why it should have had such a dramatic effect on me. I suppose with

regret I shall never witness anything like it again.

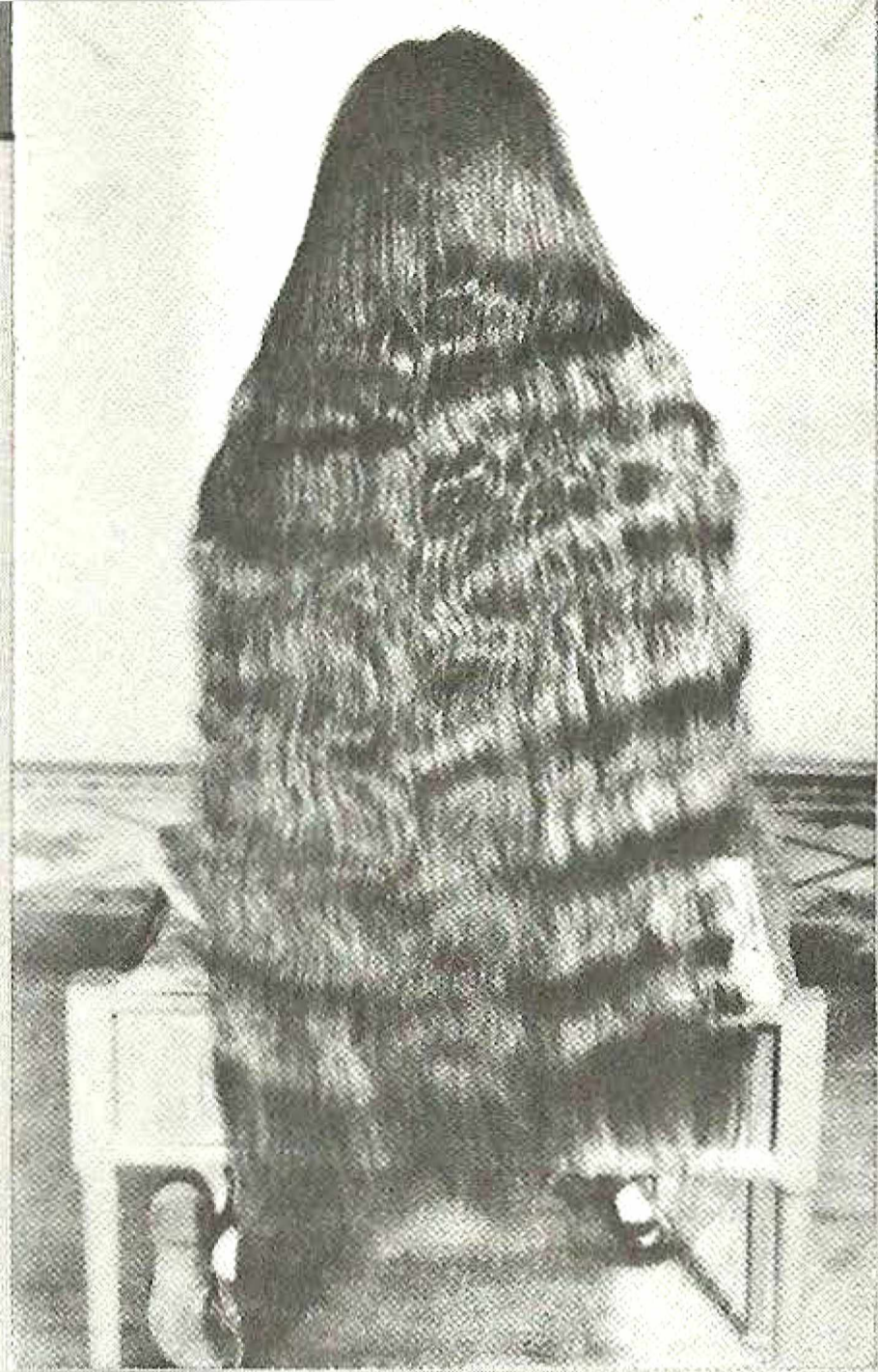
C.P.
Yorkshire.

LONG TRESSES FOR EROTIC EXCITEMENT

Apart from being a marvellous lover with the most gorgeous great penis I've ever seen (must be why I married him!) my husband is stark crazy about girls' very long hair. I can sit on mine easily (must be why he married me!) and I enclose a photo to show I'm not romancing. He's bad enough when we're out together for a drink in the evenings when I tend to wear it up but when I let it down for him, he's a raving (and rampant) madman. Usually, of course, this is at home and he makes love to me while he bunches my hair in his hands and pulls it so that he nearly scalps me. Sometimes, while my hair is still up I kneel or stoop down for him so he can get his penis into it and work himself off.

When I'm going to wash my hair after one of these sessions and a visit to the local I love it when he gets over me and urinates on to my neck and into my hair, or sometimes I let it down and stoop until it hangs into the loo and let him loose over it.

I have a niece who spent a week of her holidays with us when she was twelve. She had six, fat, glossy brown curls reaching a long way past her waist. She's turned sixteen now and no longer has her curls. We have them. The bobbing session was really something. She had agreed and so had my sister to let us lop her curls off. When her curls were off I had to do a little trimming to make her head neat and it was agony for Mark and me to wait until she'd gone. But it was worth waiting for because hardly had the front door closed than his raging monster was ready as I knelt on the settee for him. While he took me staring at his glossy plunder draped over the back of the settee he pulled my hairpins out and my heavy plaits



slithered over one shoulder and snaked over the cushions. I heard his breath whistle through his teeth as he grasped it close to my neck and strained it upwards from my head. His rampaging penis drove into me with suddenly increased ferocity, and for a startled moment I thought God Almighty he's gone scissors-mad! He's going to cut my hair off! But then I saw the shears lying out of reach on the table and breathed again — faster and faster as the feel of my thick plait in his hand and the clinging of my vagina brought him to an eruption that slammed into me like a hail of rubber bullets.

Later on we laid my niece's shorn curls out on the settee and measured them. They averaged twenty-two inches but when pulled out straight they were over thirty inches long. After only a few minutes of playing with them I could see his trouser-front bulging. We rushed up to the bathroom, me loosening my hair as we went. It was his turn to pee for me and I knew he'd have plenty. We shed our clothes like lightning and if he was like a stallion which he certainly was, I felt like a mare on heat! I got into the bath and crouched down and he

stood up on the sides of the bath and peed all over me. He had such a huge erection on that he had to force it downwards towards me and he did a real gusher for me. I swivelled about under his hot, golden stream until my hair and face and breasts and the whole of my body were soaking. I could see that he was raving. I lay on the floor to be taken, parting my hair, drawing it over both shoulders and piling it between my legs.

When he was in me I whispered in his ear — 'A little time ago, just after Jennie had gone I thought you were going to shear my hair off too!' He drove into me even more urgently and he gripped me hard under the shoulders. I whispered again — 'You got a real thrill out of cutting Jennie's curls off, didn't you?' He grunted and gasped. 'Perhaps some of her friends — schoolgirls with long plaits, or women with big buns like mine! You'd like to feel your scissors crunching through their hair wouldn't you? 'Oh, Christ!' he shouted and he came.

Sex had suddenly taken a new turn for me. I wanted to encourage him in everything that would produce as often as possible these fantastic erections of his and long hair was one of those things as I well knew. I cruised round the town keeping my eyes open and, when the quantity of my own hair aroused direct comment, made discreet enquiries. With results! Mark and I now have a collection of long tresses, none shorter than young Jennie's and some very much longer, with which we have a lot of sexy games.

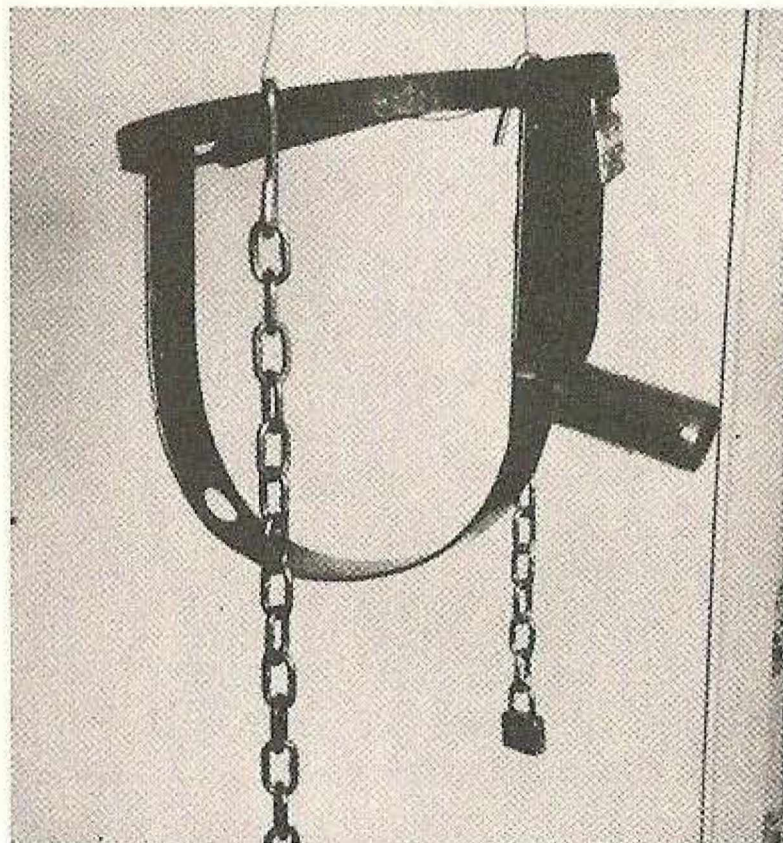
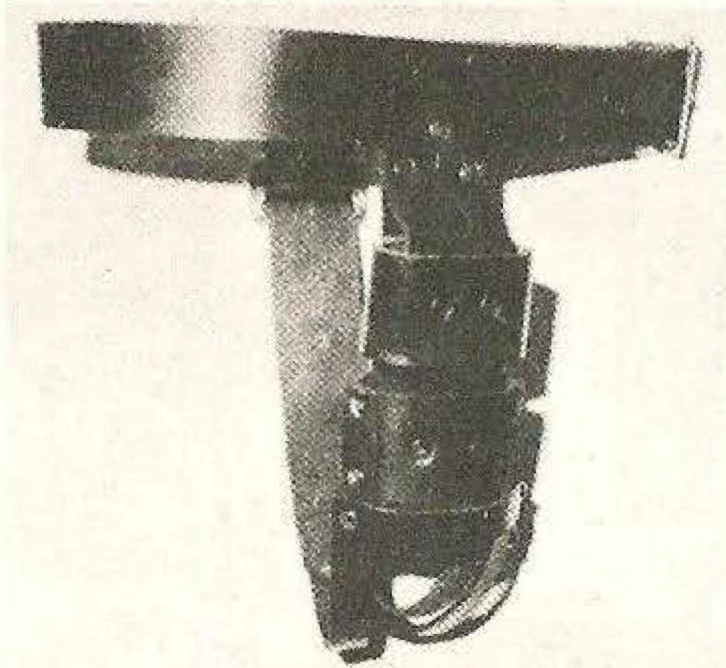
W.B. (Mrs.)
Oxford.

HUSBAND IN CHASTITY BELT

I have just read a copy of *Janus* for the first time — Vol. 2 No. 7 and my congratulations. I was surprised to read the letters regarding male chastity devices and rings and that your next issue will be on chastity belts. I thought I was alone with my affliction but it seems that I am not.

I have been made to wear a chastity belt for some years now and I am still embarrassed about it and because my wife is the only one that has a key to the padlock and therefore the only one that can take it off, I cannot rid myself of it or face the embarrassment of having it cut off. I still wear the original belt as it is made from $\frac{1}{8}$ " mild steel and will not wear out. It is reasonably comfortable to wear but cumbersome. If I am to be in it for some time i.e. when I go to work then I wear it next to the skin with a device — a metal tube over my penis — as shown in the photo. If, however, it is evening time and I am going out, then I have to wear a long-legged pantie girdle first and the belt over the top. This way I do not need the penis device but have to wait for release from the belt before I can use the toilet. I do not wear it in bed or at home unless my wife is displeased with me then she sometimes delays my release and fastens my wrists to chains on either side of the belt's waistband. As far as its purpose is concerned I certainly couldn't have relations with another woman, not that I want to but my wife doesn't seem to realize this and says that she enjoys the knowledge that I am secure.

G.M.
Kent.



NO MERCY FOR UNFAITHFUL HUSBAND

I really must congratulate Mrs. A.M. of Norfolk (No. 7) on the truly ingenious chastity devices which she uses on her husband. Best of them all, I liked her idea of imprisoning him in a pantie girdle, as the essentially feminine nature of such a garment effectively prevents in itself any attempt at misbehaviour on his part.

I liked very much too her idea of pinafores him about the house and in the garden which has killed off any interest her neighbour may have had in him as the use of a pinafore like this demonstrates at once to outsiders that he is her property and not to be shared. But I think she has been too kind to him in allowing him to wear a plainer type pinnie in the garden as the frillier and more ornate ones worn in the house would make his position even more clear, both to her husband, himself and to her neighbour.

This subject is of especial interest to me as, some two years ago now, I discovered to my horror that my husband was having an affair with one of the girls at his office. I had no intention of losing him but I had no intention either of allowing the affair to continue and some form of chastity device which would ensure his future faithfulness was obviously needed. And

it was then that I happened just by chance to see in a woman's magazine a pattern for a child's romper suit and instantly it occurred to me that here was the answer to my problem.

Of course, a few changes were needed. One of the most important was to omit the little flap buttoning between the legs which allows for a baby's nappies to be changed without undressing it so that the lower part of the suit was really now much more like a pair of rather full and baggy bloomers with extra strong elastic in the legs to which as a further humiliating touch I added a crisp frill of cotton lace. The bodice part was sleeveless rather similar to a child's vest with a draw-tape at the neck, and this of course was what mattered. I made it to fasten at the back, from neck to waist, with a double row of tiny pearl buttons.

I would defy a contortionist to unfasten himself from that! He might, with a terrific effort, get one or two of the top buttons undone but even that wouldn't help him, for the draw-tape at the neck is always fastened in a tight double knot, impossible for him to untie himself. And I couldn't somehow visualise him asking his girlfriend or any of his colleagues to untie it for him, especially as I had taken the precaution of trimming the neckband with another little frill of cotton lace!

Obviously, if he was going to stay imprisoned in his rompers all day, there was a toilet problem to be considered but again this was very easily answered. Each morning, before going to work, he is pinned into two big, very absorbent nappies which I have made for him; then, over these go a pair of heavy quality pink rubber baby pants with very tightly elasticated legs; and finally he is buttoned and tied into his rompers. And I can let him off to work secure in the knowledge that he will behave himself for the one thing in the world which he wants is to avoid his humiliating secret being discovered.

However, because his diapered condition is concealed there are, as Mrs. A.H.

rightly says, always other women who do not realise that he is controlled. So, in order to overcome this the discipline has been extended to within the home. His rubber baby pants and rompers are no longer necessary as he is under my supervision and he knows better than to interfere with his nappies which is strictly forbidden. Instead he wears a short, infant-type frock and ruffled frilly petticoats and to further complete his humiliation and baby appearance he is given a dummy to suck and must wear a floppy baby bonnet which I tie under his chin with ribbons.

Thus attired he is presented to my various women friends and neighbours. And, believe me, after seeing him in nappies and baby dress with a dummy in his mouth there is no chance of any of them mistaking the position or not realising that he is my property and under my control!

I have not put him out in the garden in his nappies but adopting Mrs. A.H.'s excellent idea he does wear a child's starched and embroidered white lace pinafore outside to the considerable amusement of passers-by and his own great discomfiture and shame.

I do not believe in 'ringing' which I believe can be dangerous physically and it is not necessary as complete control can be established even when he is away from me, using the methods I have described. The great advantage is, quite apart from the fact that sexual misbehaviour is completely denied him by his imprisonment in nappies, that the sheer humiliation of wearing them is, in itself more than enough to drive any such thoughts out of his head. He still has to meet his former girlfriend daily as she works in the same office as he does, and I often wonder how he has explained to her his 'change of heart'. But of one thing I can be very sure! He isn't going to allow any advances from her that might lead to the discovery of his diapered condition!

Many of your lady readers of course already believe in petticoat and nappy discipline in the home but so far I have





not seen this suggested as a means of ensuring good behaviour outside where there may easily be temptations. But having proved for myself how effective it can be I can most strongly recommend it and look forward to seeing other views on this subject.

S.D. (Mrs.)
Hants.

STEP-DAUGHTER CANED AND SEDUCED

I bought a copy of your magazine for the first time last week and was particularly interested in the various articles, etc. re Spanking/Caning. This is an interesting subject as it seems to have two aspects, viz. Discipline and Sexual pleasure.

My own interest really developed from discipline which at the time and to my surprise produced strong sexual desires.

Some time ago, I married a widow who had a girl of about 14 who was very wild. After a time I told her she had to be taught a lesson and I proceeded to put her across my knee and spank her over her dress. About two weeks later I raised her dress and spanked her over her panties. This happened a number of times. Then defiant as ever she said it didn't hurt so I pulled her panties down. As her bare bottom revealed itself and my hand came down time and time again, I found myself getting quite stiff.

Her attitude was still rude so one day I bought a cane. When I got home I ordered her to bend over and I caned her on her bare bottom. My wife stopped me and said; "no more!" Later that night when going to bed I told my wife that I was the boss and would cane her daughter if I felt she deserved it. We had a row which finished with me caning, for the first time, my wife. We then had a very passionate session of love-making.

The caning procedure both of my wife and her daughter continued from

time to time. Then one day my wife had to visit her mother and was to be away for a couple of nights. The girl was then a week over 16. She came to me in just her dressing gown and not a stitch on underneath. She said she wanted to discuss things with me. She said that now she was 16 would it be permissible for her boyfriend to have intercourse with her? He had been asking her for a long time but although she often took her panties off with him and played with his penis intercourse had so far not taken place. I told her to bring the cane. She did so and removed her dressing down and I gave it to her really hot and strong. But she roused me and knew it because she observed that I was getting really stiff. She then said it would not be incest for me to have her as she was my step-daughter and suggested that as mother was away for two nights why not sleep together. Within ten minutes we were in bed and I had the best time I had ever had. She said my penis was much bigger than her boyfriend's and was excited that I was the first to be in her. We dropped off to sleep with each other. On waking up she said, "You are very, very naughty, what would Mum say if she knew!" She told me I was so naughty that I deserved to be caned and jumping out of bed got the cane and ordered me to get out of bed and bend over. She then caned me and she really did lay it across me. This was the first time I had had it since I was at school. Then we went back to bed and another very passionate session.

Those two nights my wife was away were indeed memorable as on the second day I decided to stay at home. We were naked most of the time and had intermittent sessions of sex and caning each other.

So discipline turned out very different to what I intended.

Some time later she said what would I do if I found her and her boyfriend together stripped off. I said I would give him a real caning across his bare behind. She said she would like to see him being caned and would arrange it. A few

nights later she said she was going to her boy friend's place as his parents were out and knew that he would get her into bed, so suggested I came round. I did so and of course caught them and proceeded to cane him until he yelled for mercy. Afterwards on the way home she told me that she had enjoyed it. We were going home by car and at her suggestion we pulled into a sideway and she took her panties off and asked me first to spank her and then to have sex with her. I did not want any second asking.

W.A.S.
Surrey

IMPRISONED BENEATH HER BOTTOM

I echo the view expressed by C.N. of London in your Vol. 2 No. 7 issue that the topic of 'queening' deserves more space in *Janus*. I refer of course to the female practice of subjugating men by sitting on their faces.

This is a most enjoyable activity as I myself can testify. My own mistress spends much of her time sitting astride me in this fashion and it never fails to arouse me to an enormous degree.

Only last night for example she roped me down to the bed in a spread-eagled position then with her knees across my biceps proceeded to lower her crotch slowly down on to my upturned face. This was all the more humiliating for me as despite all my protests she insisted on tying a pretty blue satin bow from an Easter Egg around the top of my erect penis and then added to the decoration with a vivid red lipstick.

What made it all the more enjoyable for me was the fact that she was wearing a beautiful full length silver lurex evening dress at the time which completely shrouded my head and arms whereas I myself was completely naked but for the satin ribbon.

To begin with she always wears her soiled panties along with black stockings, high heels and a suspender

belt and I never fail to get extremely worked up and excited as she thus imprisons me beneath the skirt of her dress. She then proceeds to rock herself gently to and fro whilst busily teasing my nipples with her long silver fingernails. This gives me a variety of delightful sensations not the least of which is the almost suffocating pressure invading and dominating me with the exciting fragrance of her body.

Often she will sit there for quite some time with me utterly intoxicated and overwhelmed by her scent below. Using my face as a cushion she flicks through the pages of a magazine on my bare chest. Last night for instance she was reading to me aloud from this month's *Janus* whilst continuing to subjugate me in this delightfully erotic manner.

Finally she always removes her panties and then orders me to 'service' her with probing tongue whilst she pours cool skin lotion all over my penis. Then as my tongue locates her clitoris bud she proceeds to masturbate me whilst continuing to titillate my nipples with her free hand.

This treatment never fails to bring me to a rousing climax but despite repeated arguments she will not permit me to wear a contraceptive as she likes to feel my ejaculation and see my juices spurting high in the air and usually all over her hand into the bargain.

I always find this delightfully humiliating experience at least equal to full sexual intercourse and from the man's point of view at any rate far less exerting.

However, I cannot for one moment agree with C.N.'s somewhat sweeping statement that dominant ladies in leather and high heel boots are a purely male fantasy. This is absolute nonsense! In the first place it is by no means exclusive to males and in the second place it is no fantasy!

Why, in London alone there must be hundreds of dominatrices in black leather who will be only too willing to prove to C.N. that they are no fantasy provided he pays the appropriate fee.

Admittedly they cater for what is perhaps one of the most powerful of all male fantasies but they themselves are very real as I myself can sorely (sic surely) testify! One has only to glance through the personal advertisers to see pictures of dozens of such women in their attire.

Indeed there are several firms who specialize in leather and rubber gear as well as all types of bondage and restriction devices. There is even a company which manufactures nothing but chastity belts and I understand that business is booming of late (particularly for the male version!).

No, C.N., the dominant ladies are no more a fantasy than the girls who get their kicks from sitting on guys' faces and most of them in my own experience do both.

T.W.
Suffolk.

PROBLEMS & REGRETS FROM THE PAST

It all started about 60 years ago as a small boy with an erection brought about by watching the "lady's help" undressing and fondling herself. The erection was painful as the foreskin was not fully back and was very tight. Many a night was spent trying to pull it back clear of the glans. But when I finally succeeded it would not go back again and I was obliged to go to sleep like it until the next morning when everything was back to normal.

The next problem I had was riding a bicycle and wondering whether it would be painful if I went over a bump. I need not have worried. I had one large and one small testicle. The large one would disappear up into the groin on the right side and the small one did not seem to matter.

Things developed as trows, typical to my Scottish childhood, grew shorter and tighter as I grew up. As already mentioned, the testicles did not seem to matter but the penis began to hang

down the left side and unless there was plenty of shirt tail to tuck in, it was most uncomfortable. There were no 'Y' front pants in those days and 'combs' were useless. My first idea was to use sticky tape to hold the penis up but this pulled off easily and even started pimples.

Then came the problem of going to dances. My mother was a great socialite and the children had to appear with her. My father was never strong and so I, aged 15, in a dress suit had to accompany my mother and sister to various functions.

During the waltz it was and still is the custom to put the sporran, when one is dressed in a kilt, to the left side so as not to annoy your partner. Although only 5' 6" tall I was in good demand as I could dance well but this left me very vulnerable with sexy females and I would come many a time behind my sporran.

Then I hit on the idea of tying my penis down. As the skin was very sensitive this was a painful business but at last I was able to go out to a dance and then to a 3 hour show, not in comfort but able to stand it. I was thus fully equipped to go to dances in safety.

The arrangement was to cut enough cotton string to go around the waist twice. Fold this length in half and tie a knot near the middle leaving a loop 6" or 7" long. This is passed over the end of the penis and drawn tight but not enough to stop circulation. The string is then pulled down between the legs and up the back to fasten around the waist. I was able to dance all night like that and no female could bother me.

There was no *Janus* for a randy youngster like I was to turn to. I was still a virgin when I married at 29. My wife was never interested in sex and how we ever had any children shows how easy it is. I never really roused my wife in 40 years and now we are both too old. What would have been my life if I had had the information obtainable today!

G.M.L.
Glasgow.



ENGLISH LESSONS FROM AN EXPERT

For the past few years, I have been taking English lessons from a lady who was introduced to me through a newspaper advertisement. At the time I felt the need to improve my command of the language, especially for speeches I had to deliver and letters I had to write. The notice she had published in the daily paper noted that her lessons were strictly private.

As a graduate of a private boys' boarding school I must admit that the word 'strictly' did bring back to mind my strict upbringing at the school where corporal punishment with strap and cane were the accepted mode of correction. My very first visit to Miss Brown, my teacher, confirmed the thoughts and perhaps even hopes I had had since first telephoning her to make an appointment.

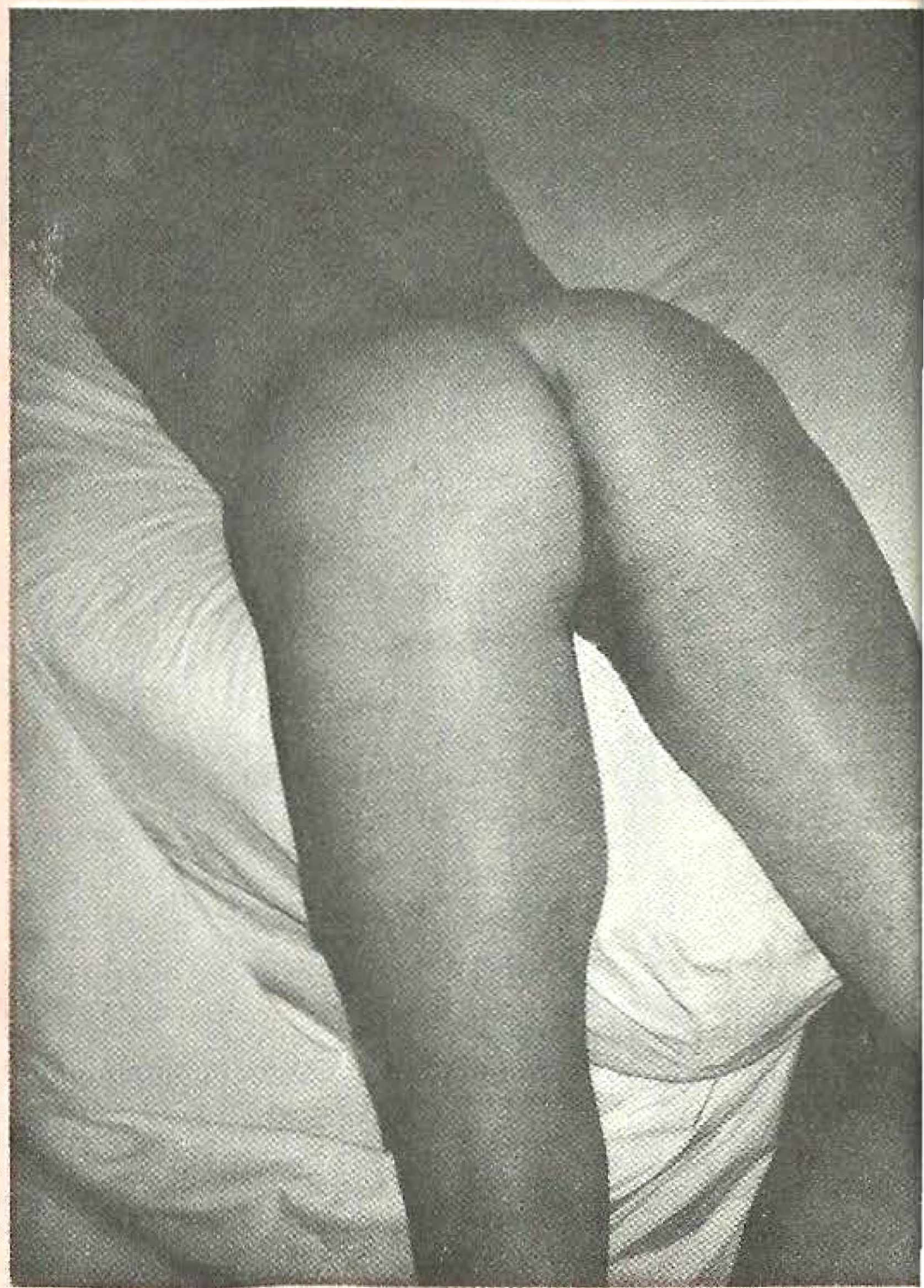
She first enquired about my schooling then I had to give her a full report on my educational standing and finally she had me explain in complete detail all aspects of the discipline I had received while at school. Having obtained the information that my background included corporal punishment she explained that she would only accept me as a pupil if I would agree to give her the full authority to give me any type of corporal punishment that she might think was necessary in addition over and above my tuition fees, I would have to give her a two hundred dollar deposit that would be forfeit if I ever ceased taking lessons without giving her three months notice of my intention to stop.

I quickly agreed to her terms and have now for a number of years visited her every second week for a two hour lesson with the exception of the odd holiday that one or other of us has taken but these have never been longer than one month. From the very start Miss Brown discovered that I was a poor speller and thus my lessons have been divided into three periods of forty

minutes each. First period is speech making, followed by writing and ending up with spelling.

Over the years the routine of my lessons and punishments have changed from time to time. At the start my lessons were all given in the living room and Miss Brown had a wooden paddle, a wide leather strap and a cane which she used with me either bent over touching my toes or bent over across a piece of living room furniture. Miss Brown soon began to fear that the noise of the paddles might bring complaints from the neighbours and so she quickly adopted the cane as her only spanker.

As I earned punishments during the first year or so I would be told that I had earned a spanking of so many strokes and would be told to take down my pants and undershorts and assume a given position. Flinching, trying to protect my bottom with my hands or failure to count out the strokes would result in extra spanks and I soon learnt





would be duly noted and would be paid off at the end of the spelling period when I was prepared and ready. As an added punishment I had to request these canings myself as I was made to read from the notes I had taken stating the fault, the number of strokes allotted and finally asking Miss Brown to please carry out the punishment.

The most recent change was when Miss Brown decided that the arm of her sofa was showing slight signs of being soiled even though she had taken the precaution of placing a towel over the arm before my getting into position. She decided her bed was the best place to have me place myself and in order not to risk the danger of crushing or soiling my clothing decreed that at the start of the spelling period I would retire to her bedroom, strip naked and then place myself face down on the bed. Due to her being left-handed and also to the placement of the furniture in her bedroom I was made to lie diagonally

to accept my corrections without question. After the spanking I would replace my clothing and the lesson would continue until the next fault when I would have to again lower any clothing covering my bottom take up the proper position, be spanked and then re-dress. This routine was first changed during a spelling period when I seemed to be spending more time undressing and dressing than spelling. Miss Brown decided that after misspelling the first word I would bare my bottom and then place myself face down over the arm of her sofa with my upper body on the sofa seat. I would then receive the required number of spanks but from then until the end of the period I would remain in place with my bare bottom constantly ready to pay penalty of any mis-spelled word.

The next major change was that Miss Brown decided that canings earned during the speech and writing periods



across the bed with my hips just on top of one corner so as to give her space enough for a full swing of her cane.

I'm enclosing a coloured Polaroid picture of me in position at the start of the spelling period with my unmarked bottom. Another taken after the spelling period which I would guess had earned me two dozen or so swift little cuts from her cane. The last picture is after having received the canings noted during the speech and writing periods. These you can see are given lower down and in addition are much harder than the spelling cuts.

P.H.
Montreal.

EXPOSURE NEEDED TO ENHANCE CHASTISEMENT

As many of your readers must be aware, it isn't only the pain that makes a smacking or caning effective but the humiliation involved in exposing the young lady's bottom. And I really do mean "exposing" it. A simple spanking with the girl across one's knee and her knickers taken down is all very well as a mild chastisement but it isn't good enough if she needs a whipping she will remember. For that, her skin must be tautly stretched and she must be positioned in such a way that her behind is well opened.

My girl-friend Susannah is well-trained in these matters. When I tell her she is to be caned, she automatically adopts the "caning position" i.e. kneeling on the bed, knickers down, knees about a foot apart with her head on her folded hands and her back arched so that her buttocks are forced apart. Thus she is fully exposed. Sometimes I keep her waiting in this humiliating posture for twenty minutes before giving her the cane. She knows quite well, of course, that the most embarrassing part of her posterior zone — the anal area — is completely visible and this adds to her blushes.

Recently I have tried another way of stressing the element of shame involved

in chastisement. I engaged a Finnish au pair girl to do housework for me and in conversation with her I found out that although she had never been spanked herself, she didn't disapprove of the practice and thought it might produce good results — even in grown-up girls. The next weekend Susannah was staying at my flat. On the Saturday morning while we were still in bed I told her that because of a pointless lie she had told me the previous week, I was going to give her a caning. "How many?" she asked. "Six strokes" I said. She grimaced ruefully "Okay" she agreed. "Now?" I nodded. She got out of bed and fetched the long school cane from its hook on the bathroom door. She placed it on the bed and knelt beside it. Taking down her pyjama trousers, she bent over and "presented" her bottom to be whipped. As always I watched with interest while her firm white buttocks spread apart. First the russet-brown oval of tender flesh surrounding the anus appeared and then the wrinkled little orifice itself bravely outstretched. Any girl will tell you that a spanking in that area hurts much more than on the bottom itself.

I then rang the bell for Helga the au pair. Susannah heard the ring and turned her face imploringly towards me. "Keep *still* young lady" I said sharply. She obeyed looking woebegone. Within seconds there was a knock at the door. "Come in", I called out. Helga's face as she entered was a study. She could see Susannah only in profile but it was clear that she was bending over in an extremely compromising position, the purpose of which was made obvious by the cane that lay beside her. Controlling herself, Helga asked what I wanted. "We'll have breakfast in bed, Helga," I said. "Grapefruit, coffee and toast."

"Yes sir," she said.

"You can bring it in in about 10 minutes," I said, "after I've punished Miss O'Sullivan."

"Very good sir," said Helga and as she left I thought I saw a trace of a smile on her lips.

I won't describe Susannah's punishment in detail. Let me just say that she got what she deserved — four swishes horizontally across her bottom, followed by two delivered vertically down the opened cleft between the cheeks. When I had finished she was a well-marked young woman. I carefully placed the cane so that it rested between her striped buttocks. "Stay in position, miss" I warned her, which she did.

Before long there was another knock at the door. "Come in" I called out. Helga entered with the breakfast tray. "Put it on the table by the window" I told her. As she crossed to the window her eyes could not help wandering to the spectacle presented by Susannah whose bottom criss-crossed with weals

she now had a head-on (or rear-on) view of. It is to Susannah's credit that she did not move or attempt even to squeeze her buttocks together to reduce the visible area. When Helga had placed the tray on the table, she asked "Will there be anything else sir?" I gave her some shopping instructions for the weekend and then added "Before you go, Helga, you remember our talk last week about spankings for young ladies?" "Yes sir." "Well Miss O'Sullivan and I believe in old-fashioned methods of discipline. Last week she was an extremely naughty girl and, as you can see, she's had her bottom well whipped." "I can see that sir" said Helga, again with a faint and mischievous smile. "I hope you aren't shocked?" I asked. "Oh, no sir" she said. "It is not the first time I



see a bare bottom." I continued chatting on this subject for several minutes and discovered that Helga had two girl friends in Finland whose "teen-age bottoms were no strangers to corrective treatment" — "although" she explained, "in Finland we use the birch rod on the bottom and not a stick like that." All this time, of course, Susannah was painfully aware that Helga was standing about two yards away from the cane-marks on her exposed bottom. She told me afterwards "I didn't mind her knowing that I'd been swished. It was what she could see that I minded. You know what I mean."

Before Helga left she said that although she wasn't a bit shocked by what she'd seen, she was surprised that grown-up girls in England were willing to accept punishment on their seats. I thought I had better prove to her that there had been no coercion. "Susannah"

I said addressing her for the first time, "What do you deserve when you're naughty?" "A good . . . er . . . caning" Susannah muttered hesitantly. "Where?" I persisted. "On . . . on my bare botty" she said. "Do you think you deserve to be whipped today?" "Ye-yes". I turned back to Helga. "Very well Helga, that will be all," I said. As she was going through the door I added "Oh there's just one more thing. When you're laying the table for lunch, put an extra cushion on Susannah's chair." She smiled wickedly. "Of course sir" she said, "I quite understand" and pertly left the room.

Before long I hope to introduce Miss Helga to the "delights" of spanking. She has a prominent bottom that fairly cries out to be reddened. I will let you know if I have any luck.

F.J.
London, N.W.

TEACHER TURNS THE TABLES

My wife and I were reading Vol. 2 No. 5 Janus and after reading the letter from W.W.W. Suffolk, my wife suggested that I write in about us.

5 years ago when we were courting, my wife obtained a job as a trainee teacher at a girls' boarding school in Twickenham, Middlesex. The girls were allowed out after tea until 8.30 p.m. and the trainee teachers until 9.30 p.m. Monday to Friday. I picked my fiancée up at 6 p.m. one evening but on our way back, I had a puncture which delayed her return until 10.15 p.m. I said goodnight to her at the gate and we made a date for the next evening at the same time. She proceeded to the staff annexe and rung the bell. Who should open the door but the Headmistress who asked her what she thought the time was. My fiancée explained the position and the Headmistress told her to come to her study at 4.30 the follow-

ing afternoon after classes. She duly presented herself there and the Headmistress informed her that she was under the same discipline as the girls and if she should disobey orders then she must expect to receive the same punishment. The Headmistress told her to hold her hand out for six strokes of the cane. My fiancée refused and the Headmistress said if she refused her punishment she could go and pack and leave right away. As she didn't want to leave, she decided to take the 6 strokes, 3 on each hand. When I saw her as usual that evening, the strokes were still visible. I told her to leave and move in with me until we married which she agreed to do.

When I met her again the next evening, she had that cane down her slacks declaring that the Headmistress would not be able to cane anyone else. She told me that she had gone

to the study on her way out and had taken the cane. We put it in the car and took it home. A month later we married and my wife made the announcement that as she was punished for disobeying orders, the same would happen to me. I suggested to her that we tape record any punishment sessions.

About 3 weeks later, I can remember it was 5 p.m. on a Saturday, my wife summoned me and told me to stand in front of her. She informed me what I had done wrong that week and what my punishment would be. We had switched the tape recorder on. She said I was to get 8 strokes which I could take either on my hands or behind. I chose the bottom. We went into the bedroom taking the tape recorder with us and I stripped for my punishment. Afterwards, we played it back and listened to the swish of the cane which came over very clearly but my wife was disappointed because I had not exclaimed loudly and often enough. After three Saturday sessions the tape sounded lovely and I told my wife that in future I would keep a record of her misdeeds and then she would have to go on the tape. She agreed, but to no more than 6 strokes.

The following Saturday it was her turn to stand in front of me and I informed her that her misdeeds had earned her 6 strokes and she could have these either on her hands or bottom. She agreed to her bottom and I told her to go and strip off and lay face down on the bed. I got the cane and swished it down in front of the recorder. My wife remarked she hadn't felt a thing and I warned her that I hadn't even started yet. I then gave her 6 medium strokes which she really enjoyed. This was the first time that I had ever caned her. Afterwards we made love and the tape when played back was fantastic.

The following Friday, I reminded her we were going out early on Saturday asking whether I had any

punishment to come and if so, then I would have it right away. She got the cane and sitting flexing it noted what I had done wrong that week. "As you have done so and so and so, you will receive 10 strokes" and she administered them.

I must point out to everyone that these canings are not brutal, but love play. On the other hand, the day when the cane was found to be missing the Headmistress had asked everyone at assembly who had taken it. Needless to say nobody owned up and the Headmistress said that if she discovered the culprit, the latter would receive from her a severe thrashing on her buttocks.

Mr. J. & Mrs. R.M.
London, S.W.5.

NAUGHTY GIRLS MUST BE SPANKED

Keep up the good work of girls being soundly spanked. Men are the stronger sex and most real females acknowledge it. But, there are a few who seem to delight in trying to dominate men. The following is a true incident which happened recently.

Jean is my young niece of nineteen and I visited her home last week. The whole family were involved in a quarrel over Jean and her younger brother Fred whom she had been trying to dominate as usual. Fred is only 11 years old and I remarked to her father that it was a shame she was always picking on him. Jean interrupted me telling me I was a silly old fool. Her father ordered her to behave herself but she turned round and told him to get knotted saying that she belonged to Women's Lib and soon all the men would be properly under women's dominance.

That did it and my brother really lost his temper and before his daughter knew what had happened, she was face down over his knees, mini skirt up, knickers down and was getting the soundest spanking I had

ever seen. She twisted, kicked, bawled and screamed but he spanked her bare bottom crimson. At last he released her and she fled up to her bedroom yelling and rubbing her sore bottom. But that spanking did that girl the world of good as she now respects a man for what he is. So, let's have more spanking of naughty girls. Bottoms up.

G.R.
Essex.

SPANKED & GAGGED BY HER SISTERS

My husband and I have been fans of your magazine now for over a year and look forward to our newsagent getting each edition. One article that interested me very much was the one in Vol. 1 No. 6, the story of Vanessa who took revenge on her sister.

I myself was once in the same position as Vanessa but unfortunately, never got my revenge. I was living at home with my twin sisters five years my junior and my mother. As my father was dead there were just the four of us. I always seemed to be getting into trouble over the twins and took many a spanking from my mother for things that they had done. On the weekend after my 18th birthday my mother went to stay at my aunt's over the Saturday night. I had a date with my boyfriend (who is now my husband) and was getting ready in my room when the twins, who were thirteen at the time came in. I had laid out my clean underclothes and stockings on the bed and stood in just my bra and pants. One of the twins remarked that they were the pants Jim had bought me for my birthday. "Why don't you let him see you in them" she said. I said no but they laughed and insisted that he would. One of them grabbed me from behind. Although a lot younger than me, they were big girls and I was unable to break free from my sister's

grasp. The other one took one of my new stockings from the bed and pulling my hands behind me, she tied them together very tightly. I started to call them everything I could think of. "Let's gag her" was their remedy and my clean pants were taken from the bed and forced into my mouth with the other stocking tied round it. They pushed me down on the bed and finding two belts, strapped my ankles and knees together. I was furious but could not move. I heard the bell ring and they went out. I next heard quite a noise coming from downstairs and about ten minutes later the doors opened and Jim almost fell into the room. He had on only his briefs and his hands were tied behind him with cord and he had a pair of red panties which I recognized as mine stuffed in his mouth. His face was almost as red as the pants and had a look of amazement on seeing me but the twins pushed him in and on to the bed next to me, tying his ankles together. We had to stay like that for three hours, both receiving a spanking before we were untied. I didn't dare tell mother about it and had to let them get away with it but what really decided me to leave home and get married was when my 21st birthday was only a week away and I had an argument with one of the twins. They were by then fifteen and my mother as usual declared them in the right and told me to apologize. I refused and she said, "Old as you are, I can still give you a spanking." I was furious that she would even think of spanking me at my age and felt foolish when she pulled me across her lap in my mini skirt and black high boots. I managed to wriggle free but this annoyed her and she called to the twins to hold me down. One of them grabbed me and pushed me over mother's lap but I still managed to wriggle free. "Hold still and let me spank you" she screamed "or I will get the twins to tie you down." I started to swear



at her and she turned to the twins and told them to find something to gag me with. I tried to run out of the room but one of them caught me and twisted my arm up my back and dragged me over to the table. The other had found some nylon cord in a drawer and she came back with it. Mother said "All right. She won't hold still so you two tie her up". The twins were delighted and holding me down across the table they tied my hands behind me, then my ankles together. I was so glad I had boots on as the cords would have cut into me. When they had me tied Mother came over and pulled my pants down. I started to scream and she told them to find something to gag me with. One of the twins found some sticking plaster and stuck it across my mouth. My mother then gave me the hardest spanking I had ever had and I was taken up to my room by the three

of them and left bound and gagged till they went to bed.

Very shortly afterwards my husband and I were married and I was very glad indeed to leave home.

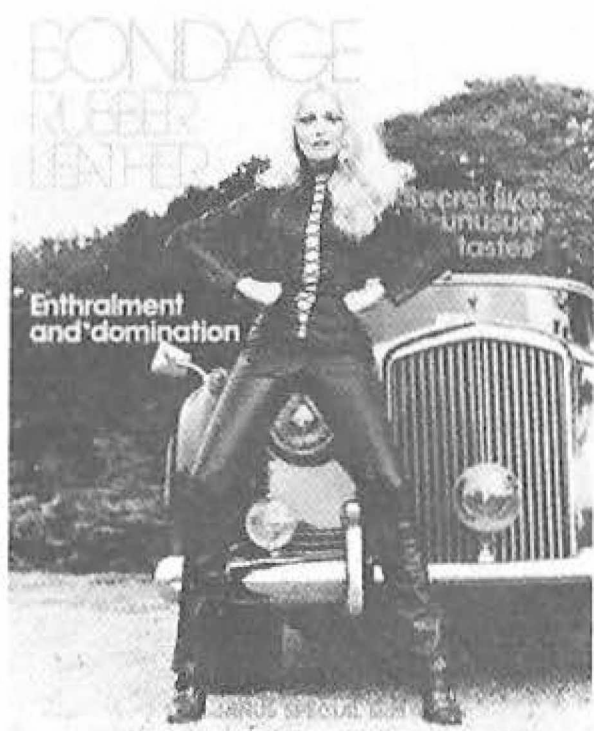
E.M.
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NEWS OF NEW FILM SPANKING SCENE

There is a bare-bottom spanking (of a sort) in the film "I am frigid - why?" which is showing at the time of writing at the Jacey Theatre, Charing Cross Road. At one period of the story, the heroine Doris becomes a call girl and finds that some of her clients have strange desires. (But not so strange to readers of Janus). In one sequence she plays the part of a mother with a colleague dressed as a little girl. The mother is trying to get the girl to take off her dress but the girl says she won't do it in front of 'that man' - the client who is watching from a chair. The mother threatens the girl with a spanking but in the end the girl says she "won't" to everything and is made to slip off her dress (her only garment) and lie on the bed with her pretty bottom upwards. The client gets up and comes across and slaps her bare bottom, first with one hand on one buttock and then with the other hand on the other buttock in a brisk succession of slaps. The girl cries in a "little girl" fashion while her mother tells her she deserves it etc. This goes on for quite some time until the girls catch each other's eye and begin to giggle. The little girl has to turn her giggle quickly into another cry. This, of course, is not a real spanking, only a game. The slaps are quite smart but obviously do not bother the girl a bit. However as a game that is enjoyed then obviously it is justified.

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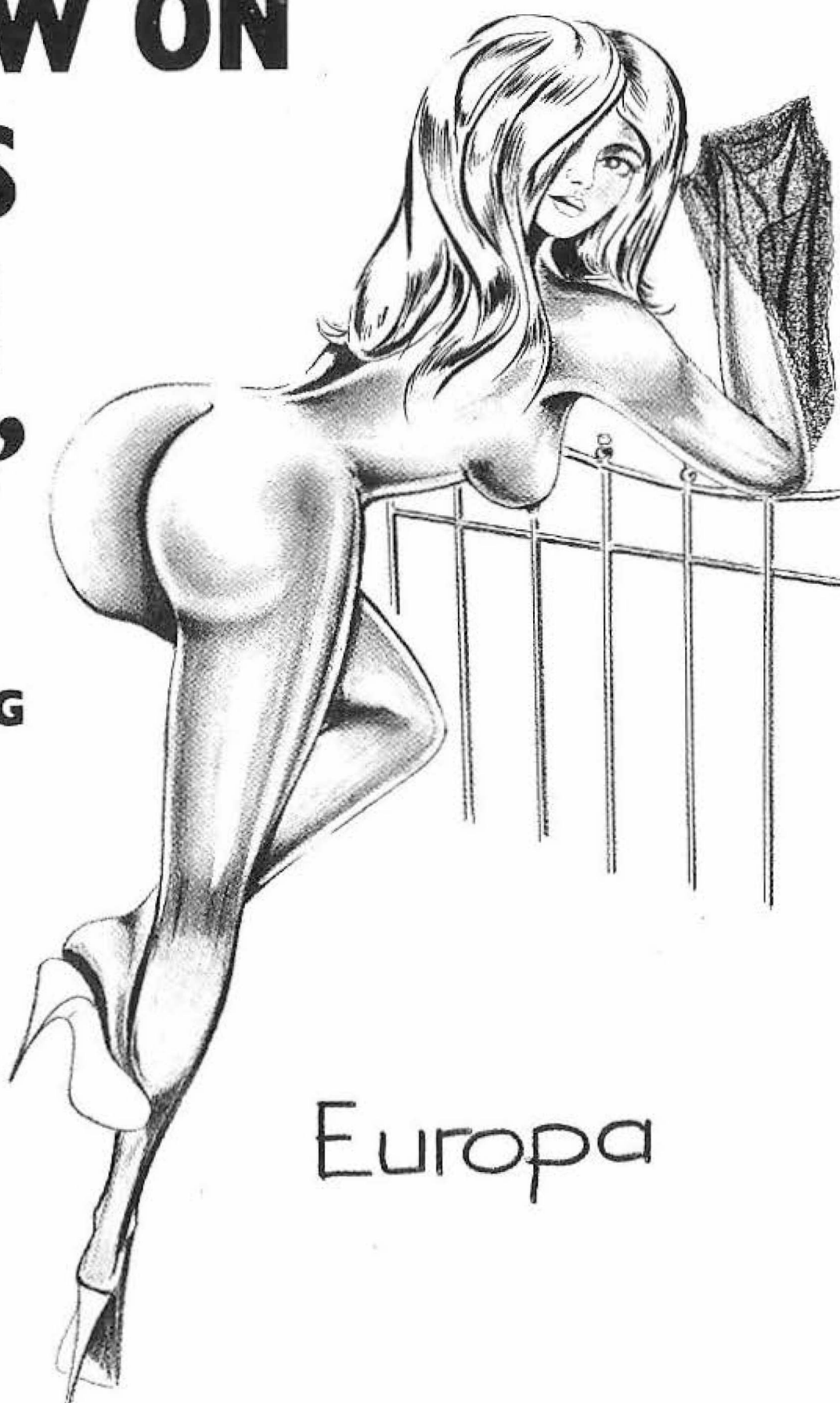
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