

JANUUS



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Vol 3 No 1

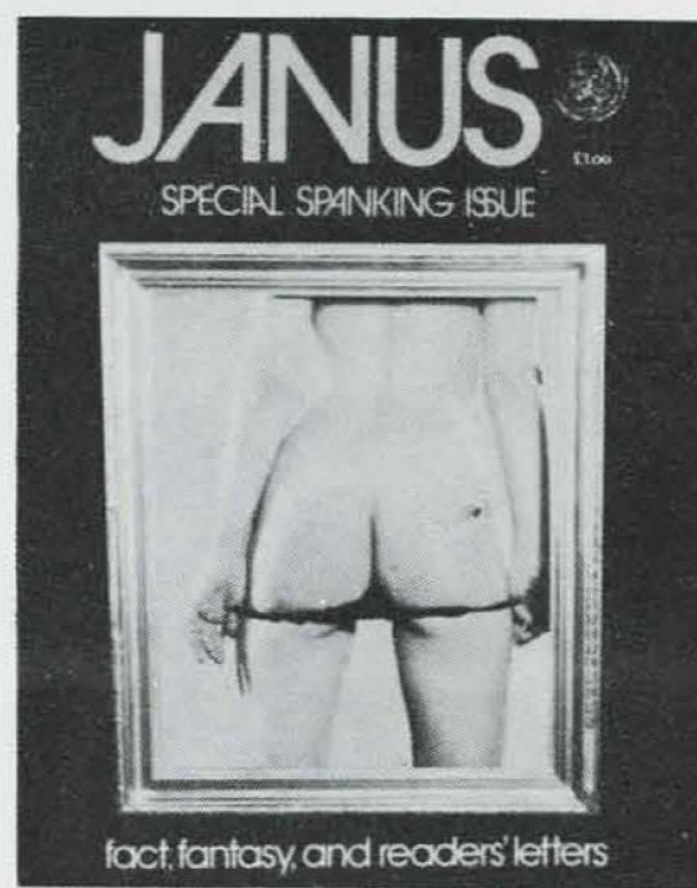
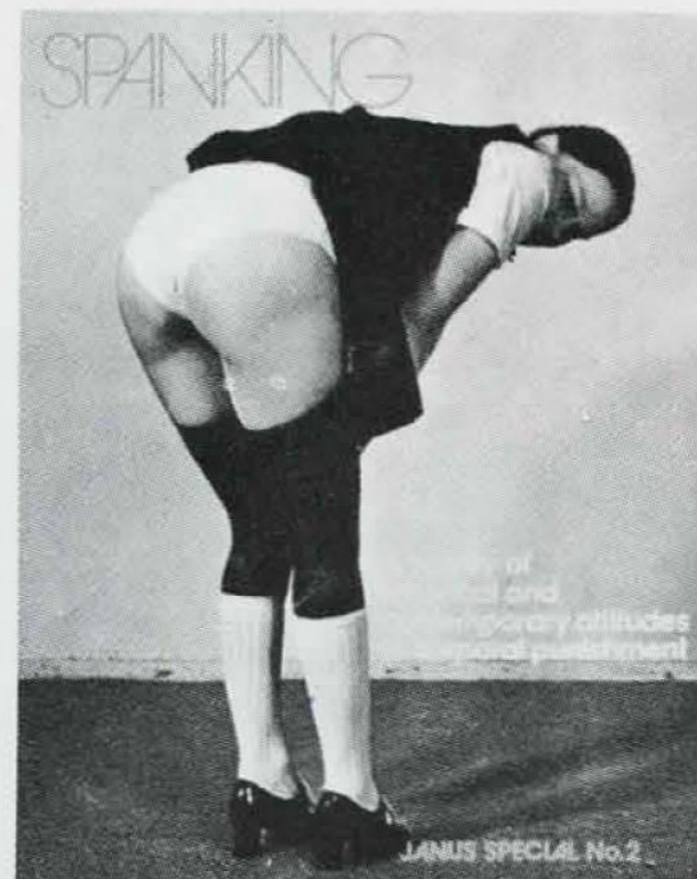
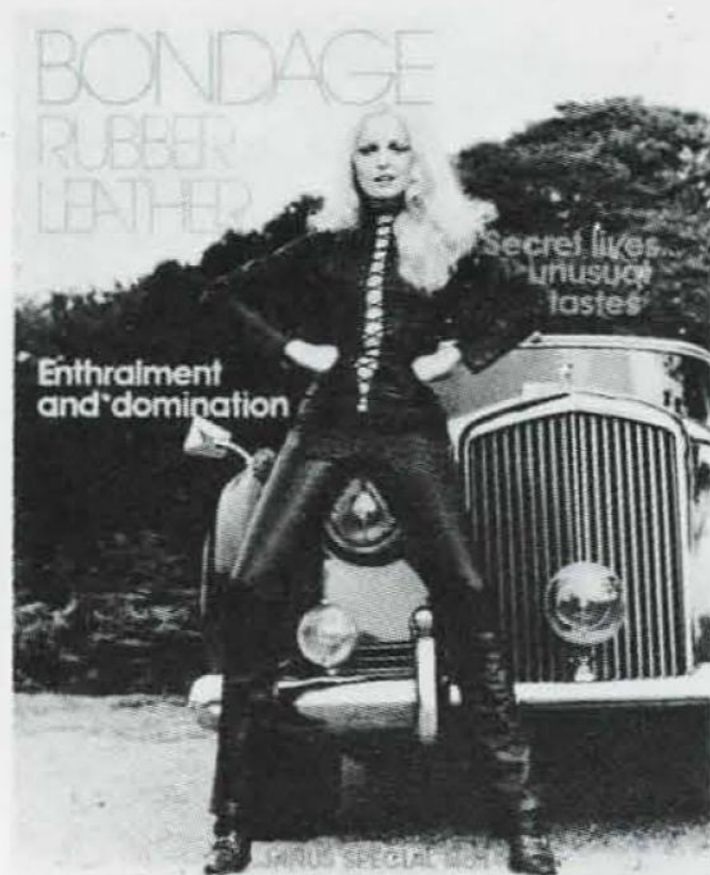
**THOSE WERE
THE DAYS**

**SOLITARY
VICE**

**READERS'
LETTERS**



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A JOURNAL FOR THE MODERN DISCERNING ADULT
VOLUME THREE. NUMBER ONE. PRICE 50p.

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JANUS OPINION

Sex for the pleasure it brings is as old as the second time Adam made love; but, by and large, this has always been a purely one-sided (male) arrangement until the current vogue of sexual freedom appeared.

Sexual enlightenment has forever been a battleground, an obstacle course of taboos and restrictions imposed on the unknowing masses by a male-dominated hierarchy who themselves as individuals were ignorant of any sexual finesse and who, through this very ignorance, imposed a doctrine under which we still suffer to a greater or lesser degree even today: the doctrine of masculine pleasure and female sufferance.

Out of date? A purely Victorian attitude?

Don't you believe it!

The wise men of old had far more awareness of the workings of the human psyche than we'll ever know; and were aware of the importance of the inner feeling of 'maleness' necessary when having to deal with enemies of the tribe.

This masculinity was essential to a man to provide the driving force to hunt and kill, and afterwards to return home triumphant and to accept deference from his fellows and take pleasure with his woman.

The taking of the woman has always been the ultimate reward of the returning hero, whether after killing a polar bear in the Arctic, or trapping a lion in Africa.

Yet after all his exertions, the woman was theoretically capable of taking her man and half-a-dozen others besides.

It was impossible for one man to bring about the same degree of sexual exhaustion in his woman as she could bring about in him.

What was physically impossible after orgasm in the male (i.e. the continuation of the erection) was all too obviously possible in the female, and without control of the feminine subconscious, very little could be done about it.

She could climax a dozen times to his once, and with a greater degree of control.

Surely such pleasure must be a sin? A sin against the god of the time. Woman, such an inferior creature, should not be allowed such pleasures of the flesh, and must be scourged because of it.

And so the taboos grew. It could not possibly be so sinful for the male of the species, for he must ejaculate forcefully in order to procreate the species; not so the woman.

The man must act so in order to fulfil his duty to mankind in general; for his mate to take pleasure from such duty was a sinful thing.

Thus male-satisfaction became the driving urge, with the true capabilities of the woman thrust into the background. She lived out her lifetime of childbearing frustration with no attention paid to her need for sexual

fulfilment.

True sexual fulfilment is now in varying stages of development around the world, and, if we examine various areas, we see clearly a correlation between freedom of the press from censorship and freedom of the female sex in the fullest sense.

Surely — today's woman is no longer subject to tribal laws, which dictate to her that sex is her duty, and her duty is to satisfy her mate and sacrifice herself and her own desires.

Janus says that those tribal laws still exist, even within the most civilized communities — laws which go hand in hand with all forms of sexual censorship and repression.

We see in Australia, for example, a severe censorship of the most innocuous sex-related material in a society suffering from an exaggerated masculinity, dedicated to keeping the little woman back at home while manhood is proved elsewhere by the pint-count.

We see in our own TV advertising the attempt to relate beer-swilling to sex-potential.

Some of our industrial areas tend to foster such tribal sex laws, where there is an unwillingness to accord the woman her rightful and equal place for the simple reason that she would very quickly demonstrate that she has the innate ability to extract sensual pleasure more often than her partner.

It is from this single biological expression of femininity that springs the whole concept of sin in the sexual context.

Examine all the history books.

The denunciations made by the so-called great men of times past (and present) have all used as a theme the assertion that all sexual sin originated with the female. Yet she is incapable of the most damnable of all, that of rape, but has nevertheless been sentenced to life confinement in all the sexual prisons, from the Seraglio

of the Turkish Empire to the repression of Victorian times. Prisons to deny her full sexuality, and, worse still, to deny her the knowledge that those rights even existed.

In many ways the Victorians built a worse sexual prison than the Harem ever was, because the Victorian woman was brainwashed into thinking that even to take pleasure in sex was sinful; and that to do more than "lie back and take it" was the absolute depths of perversion and degradation.

We at *Janus* seek to break this circle of repression which, surprisingly, is as strong today in many ways as it has ever been. This can only be accomplished if it can be seen that others are trying to break the circle too.

We try to demonstrate that all forms of sexual contact, if indulged in with basic gentleness and understanding are, in fact, normal, and to be 'abnormal' or to use the popular word 'kinky', does, in fact, need a normal standpoint from which to view such activities.

We invite our critics to define that point of normality before making further criticisms.

The occupants of the harem, on the other hand, may have been kept in seclusion from the male sex in general, but were taught the finest of sexual arts for the pleasure of the sultan if no-one else.

The erotic stimulation found within the pages of *Janus* are rather akin to the material found within the pages of a recipe book. We do not create the hunger — we only show how best to overcome that hunger.

The recipe books show how to appreciate the finer points of food: not to eat a haunch of beef raw, but to cook it slowly and well, adding seasoning and trimmings to taste.

Then, when perfection is attained, to savour it a little at a time with the right wine and in the right surroundings.

To make progress from course to

course, meal to meal, always educating the palate to accept new pleasures without being governed by external forces, is one of mankind's greatest pleasures.

One of the sweetest of all sexual pleasures, little practised in this country, is the drinking of good wine while actually making love. Not before or after, but *during* the act of intercourse.

But moderation in all things — any fool can drink himself stupid or stuff himself with food; but it takes artistic interplay between chef and gourmet to create hunger and then to satisfy it to the extent of leaving just a slight but positive hunger for more.

Janus provides the ideas, the recipes, for sexual pleasures, but we can act only as an intermediary, opening up new channels of communication between like-minded adults.

We try to teach the chef to be a good chef and the gourmet to be appreciative and, most important of all, how their rules can be reversed to suit the mood of the moment.

We try to show how to acquire the arts of creative thinking, and how to apply those arts to our sexual lives and to our overall existence.

Our files are full of letters from readers who complain of one sexual problem or another, from both men and women, who write to us in desperation because they cannot achieve sexual satisfaction in the particular way that they want.

This can range from simple variations on the normal 'on-top' position, through oral sex to the extremes of bondage and flagellation. Such letters began to arrive immediately after our first issue was published, as though we had burst the walls of a sexual dam.

"For years I have wanted my wife to spank me."

"Why won't my husband ever tie me up and take me by force?"

Typical lines from typical letters,

written by shy people afraid to talk to one another or to be sufficiently creative during physical contact.

Even after years of marriage such problems and many others leave us no doubt as to the need to lead the way in the field of sex and sexuality. *Janus* offers help in the making of that first physical and mental contact, helping to bridge the often frightening gap between desire and fulfilment in the complete sense.

It is for this reason that we devote as many of our pages to readers who *have* achieved total communication.

Occasional derogatory remarks are sometimes made that most of our



readers letters are in fact written by our own editorial staff. This is not the case. We print only a fraction of the letters we receive, editing out the too-graphic descriptive matter and occasionally improving the grammar! The photographs used are authentic and are sent with the letter concerned.

We print what is often described as way-out, or 'bizarre' material only to illustrate the point more forcefully that there is no such thing as sexual normality.

Those who remain convinced that there is such a division between 'normal' and 'offbeat' sex must also accept that any form of sexual be-

haviour indulged in purely for the pleasure it brings must also be abnormal and therefore wrong.

We are the only species on this planet which allow both sexes to separate the need for procreation from the pleasure of the act of copulation and the relief it brings to mind and body.

It has been said that certain human sexual behaviour is animalistic. It can only be so if we revert back to the situation where sex is used for procreation alone, and not in any sense for pleasure.

But possibly there are many people who want things that way!





WICKE

In the early days of the Second World War I recall a talk given to some troops by a medical officer; he advised his audience not to risk infection when they were overseas by frequenting prostitutes, but to practice masturbation as a preferable alternative.

I mention this episode solely to bring home to the reader the immense changes that have taken place in public attitudes towards masturbation. It is scarcely conceivable that a medical officer fifty years earlier would have recommended masturbation.

Not all military medical officers, however, were so favourably inclined at that time or even ten years later; Kinsey mentions that in the 1950's American sailors suspected of masturbating were liable to be made to wear strait-jackets.

At the beginning of this century, most medical and lay opinion held that masturbation was wicked, unnatural, immoral, physically weakening, conducive to madness and blindness, created a bad posture, poor complexion, stunted growth, and in males it led to impotence, while females were led into evil ways.

In fact, most doctors, nurses, teachers, and parents, as well as clergymen, would all have agreed that masturbation was a very nasty business. Indeed they and their predecessors had been engaged in a holy war against masturbation for close on two centuries: from about 1710 until the mid-1930's.

Masturbation did not seem to worry people much until the end of the 17th century; then we begin to hear of Onanism (from a biblical character), self-abuse, self-pollution, playing-with-oneself, and so on.

We also learn that this is an evil practice and leads to terrible consequences, not only for the individual but for the whole human race.

A struggle against masturbation begins, and is oddly reminiscent of

another struggle against an imaginary foe: the great witch hunt of the period, say from the end of the 15th century to the middle of the 17th century.

When all the witches had been tortured and burnt to death, it was the turn of the masturbators.

As with the witches, so it was with the masturbators: their early persecutors were more lenient than their later ones. The great witch-killings

took place towards the end of the persecution, and the most drastic measures against masturbators took place towards the end of the 19th century.

Of course, masturbators were not hanged or burnt alive, but in the last quarter of the 19th century men were castrated to stop them masturbating, and more than one little girl lost her clitoris to prevent "self-stimulation".

It could be suggested that three hundred years had witnessed considerable moral progress: in the 1580's a persecuted witch might well have had her life cut short; in the 1880's a persecuted female masturbator might have only had her clitoris cut off.

Witches were burnt; girls who masturbated were only liable to have their genitalia cauterised; in both cases there were, so to say, burnt offerings.

As far as can be ascertained from the historical records, there existed a general ecclesiastical and lay tolerance of masturbation from classical antiquity until the beginning of the 18th century.

The only really noteworthy exception was Jean de Gerson (1363-1429) who inveighed against masturbation by children in a book *De Confessione Mollicei*.

It was a novel approach and pre-saged the ferocious attack on masturbators that was to develop almost three hundred years later.

But Gerson treated masturbation by children as unwitting sin: the children did not deliberately commit this act as a sin, though the act was, in Gerson's opinion, sinful. He differed from later persecutors in so far as he made no mention of any medical or health objections.

In the following two and a half centuries, when churchmen wrote of masturbation they described it as "onanism" and confused it with *coitus interruptus*.

During the whole of this period the vocabulary of masturbation with which we have since become familiar, a vocabulary of pseudo-medical and pseudo-scientific ideas, was entirely absent.

Female masturbation in this period seems to have been associated with lesbianism and to have been related, by its opponents, to a theory regarding the possession of semen by women. As, however, most authorities agreed that women did not produce semen, they therefore could not "waste" it (as did Onan) and therefore female masturbation was no sin: an excellent example of medieval reasoning.

Those physicians who had anything to say about masturbation by males, in general approved of it; for example Arnaldo di Villanova (circa 1235-1312), who claimed that unless semen was allowed an outlet, physical harm would follow and so masturbation was therapeutic — an opinion that stemmed from Galen.

It seems that until the 18th century children and young people masturbated happily without their elders taking stern measures to prevent them.

It is difficult to discover why the situation had begun to change drastically by 1700. The hostility towards masturbation coincided with the growth of the power and influence of the bourgeoisie, whose ideology of monogamy and uxoriousness, to which lip service, if nothing more, was paid, was opposed to any practices likely to destroy or weaken the integrity of the family.

It coincided with the "discovery" of childhood and its infantilisation (treating the child not as a little adult but as a creature *sui generis*) and the "invention" of adolescence and the extension of childhood by many years.

These were, of course, gradual developments extending over the next

three hundred years, but their beginnings can be traced back to this period.

Hostility towards masturbation can also be associated with other 18th century developments, such as the decline of religion; and the rise of scientific and positive thinking, which gradually led to the ascendancy of the medical practitioner and the scientist over the priest.

Although the clergy, or rather some of them, climbed onto the laymen's bandwagon – as they have been doing ever since – the campaign against masturbation was essentially under medical generalship; though, as Jos van Ussel observes, most of the doctors who led the attack at the inception of the anti-masturbation movement tended to be little known and unrenowned members of their profession.

By the end of the 19th century, Morton Schatzman comments, most of the leading doctors, especially psychiatrists, were staunch supporters of the movement.

The anti-masturbation campaign seems to have been related to another notion that the bourgeoisie came to accept as established fact: the non-sexuality of children. Because children were alleged to be “naturally” asexual, those who masturbated were clearly unnatural little monsters from whom the tendency had to be forcibly eradicated.

It was one of Freud's contributions to human wellbeing to demonstrate the possession by infants of sexuality.

As in so many other fields, the English led the way in the war on masturbation.

An anonymous book, *Onania*, was published in London in 1710 and its author was a doctor named Bekker. It was subtitled, “the heinous sin of self-pollution and all its frightful consequences in both sexes, considered with spiritual and physical advice”.

It was, needless to say, a bestseller. By 1737 it had gone through seven-

teen editions in Britain and was eventually to reach eighty.

It was translated into German in 1736, and thence into many other European languages and it had an immediate host of imitators and supporters whose books literally poured from the presses: the battle was on.

Bekker claimed that masturbation led to stunting of growth, phimosis, priapism, fainting spells, epilepsy, impotence, hysteria, spinal weakness and many other things.

He recommended meditation, a low diet and care during the phases of the full moon. One should not touch one's genitals unnecessarily and not think about them; marriage was the best protection against the evils of masturbation.

By 1900 the consequences of masturbation cited by doctors included physical conditions such as asthma, tuberculosis, cancer, heart conditions, dyspepsia, dysuria, uterine haemorrhage, leucorrhoea, prolapse of the uterus, debility, marasmus, emaciation, cerebral exhaustion, stupor, palsy, paralysis, *tabes dorsalis*, epilepsy, hysteria, poor vision, vertigo, amnesia, coma, and death.

Among minor physical conditions were bad posture (spinal curvature and round shoulders were considered the marks of the masturbator), poor complexion, muddy eyes and a dirty tongue.

Among the mental conditions that resulted from masturbation were mental dullness, feeble-mindedness, idiocy, dementia, apathy, depression, irritability, loss of self-respect, obsessions and compulsions, premature ejaculation, aversion to coitus, hypochondria, neurasthenia, delusions, homicidal tendencies, suicide and catatonia.

Masturbation was a cause of insanity and it was also caused by insanity. It was often argued that anyone who masturbated must be insane in order to do something so dangerous.

It was also believed that masturbation "endangered the vitality of future generations" who would suffer physical deterioration as well as a weakening of their "moral fibres".

In the words of E. H. Hare: "Physicians saw themselves as the guardians of civilisation; they proclaimed it the duty of parents and teachers to prevent by all means the habit of masturbation in the young; and they believed that in adolescence an appeal to reason or the picture of future disease might suffice, in children the most satisfactory method of prevention was the threat of an immediate and alarming punishment."

The principle of punishment and prevention was to be applied for over two hundred years to children, adolescents and adults indiscriminately.

It is possible to divide the campaign into two phases according to the methods of prevention and punishment that characterised them.

The first phase from 1700 until about 1840 had attention concentrated on fetters and mechanical devices to prohibit the practice, as well as on diet, clothing and environmental conditions.

The second phase, from approximately 1840 until 1900 saw no diminution in the use of fetters and restraints but added to them surgical procedures such as castration, ovariectomy, and clitoridectomy.

The first phase was one whose slogan was: "tie them up"; the second phase had as its slogan: "tying-up is not enough; cut it off is the only sure way".

One little girl, who is famous in the literature, was asked, after her clitoris had been cut off and the lips of her sexual parts surgically removed, if she still masturbated and her classic reply was:

"No, I've nothing left to do it with."

René Spitz writes that "... between 1850 and 1879 surgical treatment was



recommended more frequently than any of the other measures . . .”

Looking at the first of these phases we see that there existed a complicated, albeit confused, intellectual approach to masturbation: in the first place it was seen as a danger to health and morals (these are invariably confused in 18th and 19th century thinking, and still are today); and in the second place it was seen as a product of the times.

The times were, needless to say, degenerate.

Living was too easy; people ate too much and their food was too rich; they dressed too warmly and their houses were over-heated; they spent too much time in the pursuit of pleasure; and children's heads were stuffed with learning too early and unwisely.

“Over-heating” was a great thing with these 18th century anti-masturbators. “Over-heating” softened the moral fibres in a variety of ways and too-warm clothing and too-warm dwellings over-heated the blood, the brain and almost everything else.

There was also, it was widely believed, a curious physical connection between the brain and the genitals by way of the spinal marrow which, if over-heated, could lead to all kinds of trouble.

Jos van Ussel points out the class nature of the anti-masturbation campaign by indicating that these factors only applied to the middle and upper classes because at this time the “lower orders” were ill-clad; ill-housed; and most of the time under-nourished: they were unlikely to become “over-heated” in the way their betters did.

From one point of view masturbation presented a polytropic disease image and from another viewpoint it was a product of multiple cultural elements.

At the same time the range of masturbatory activities was extended

in much the same way as were heretical indications in the anti-heresy movement of the Counter-Reformation.

Then, previously relatively harmless activities and beliefs became dangerous indications of heresy; so now did more and more simple everyday actions take on a sinister significance as indications of masturbation or a tendency towards it.

Bed-wetting, nocturnal emissions, homosexual leanings, lesbian tendencies, crossing the legs, putting one's hands in one's breeches pockets — even the wriggling of infants in their cradles could be interpreted as signs of the prohibited activity.

The means by which the campaign was undertaken varied greatly, and recommendations depended on the particular approach of the individual doctor, pedagogue or preacher.

One method advocated by S. G. Vogel in his *Unterricht für Eltern* (1786) was to terrify the guilty boy or girl (from whom a confession had been extracted by the simple means of making them look in a mirror: the sight of their muddy complexions was a sure indication of their vicious practices and invariably led to confession) by telling them of the horrible consequences and having the offender read books about the awful results of masturbation.

A close watch had to be kept on suspected masturbators who should not be allowed to ride or dance (both sexually stimulating), and if stains on bedclothes or shirts were to be found, then it were best to send for a doctor who would probably prescribe immediate infibulation.

Infibulation, once widely practised in the classical period of Greece and Rome, mostly on slaves, consists, in the case of the male, of pulling the prepuce over the glans penis, boring two holes through it and inserting a metal ring through the holes; any erection will then be very painful and

also prevent sexual intercourse.

For women, infibulation means boring holes through the labia majora and inserting a ring or padlock: this became a widely advocated method of preventing girls abusing themselves.

Though effective as a chastity device, infibulation does not really prevent women masturbating; though infibulation of the male does tend to prevent masturbation.

Infibulation, a means that can be classified as surgical, though not in the same field as castration, was rediscovered, it is alleged, by Dr. C. F. Börner and described in his book *Der ratende Arzt* in 1769 as an operation that was neither painful nor dangerous and was the only effective measure against masturbation.

But it only became widely recommended after the appearance of Dr. J. H. Campe's *Theophron* (1783), in which he described how a virtuous youth, after having read S. A. Tissot's works (in which infibulation was recommended), infibulated himself and wore a ring for fifteen years (Vogel claimed the virtuous youth was Campe himself).

The infibulation craze lasted for many years, and in 1827 a Prussian doctor and state medical adviser, Weinhold, proposed to the Prussian government that all soldiers (except officers) and all men under thirty years of age whose incomes were below a certain minimum should be compulsorily infibulated and subject to periodic inspection.

In this way masturbation, sexual intercourse and unwanted population increase (of the lower orders, that is) would be avoided. The Government did not, apparently, take his advice.

Infibulation for males was later replaced by circumcision (something which common-sense would indicate as a most improbable measure, especially as some medical experts claimed that circumcision was conducive to masturbation).

In 1891, James Hutchinson, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, recommended circumcision for masturbators but added that, "*measures more radical than circumcision*" would be a true kindness to many patients of both sexes.

It is probable that opinion had veered sharply against such *radical measures* by the end of the 19th century, and the relatively painless circumcision was all that most surgeons felt capable of doing.

Circumcision could also be advocated by a number of other dubious medical arguments, aside from its alleged benefit to masturbators.

But the heyday of the surgeons was yet to come.

In the 18th century it was still believed that masturbation could be prevented by proper and diligent religious observances especially when associated with a low diet. Spicy and rich foods had to be avoided and masturbators were best nourished on simple but strengthening foods.

It has to be made clear that the same measures would be prophylactic as well as therapeutic, and I am not attempting to distinguish between methods adopted after the event and those utilised before; as time went on, more and more attention was paid to prevention and, as it was felt that the times were "soft", many parents and doctors took measures against children before they were actually caught masturbating.

Things that were bad for masturbators, or stimulated them to masturbate, included: coffee, tea, punch, beer, sugar, tomatoes, potatoes, eggs, fat milk, rice, herbs, and chocolate.

In addition to avoiding these foods, one should avoid food that had too laxative an effect (when evacuating the bowels care had to be taken never to stimulate the genitals) and never to eat late in the evening.

Rooms should be kept cool. Bedrooms should never be warmed; in fact, cold was an effective deterrent



to masturbation. Young people should be hardened by subjection to cold conditions and thus not only would masturbation be prevented but the race would be strengthened. Cold had magical properties and cold baths and douches and frequent application of cold water to the genitals, it was claimed, worked wonders.

Beds were a problem. They were the very centres of danger. A great controversy raged over whether children should sleep alone, or many to a room, and as supervision at night was so necessary, the dormitory, wherever possible, was preferred.

Light bed covers were advised (or none at all by some extremists who were devoted to the cold-therapy) and woollen blankets could be dangerously stimulating. Feather beds and soft beds were to be avoided; planks or straw mattresses, sometimes in leather covers, were the best thing if horse-hair mattresses were not available. Sofas were real tools of the devil and the young were not to lounge about on them.

But there was another problem associated with beds apart from their composition: the position of the sleeper; should he lie on his back or side? Many advocated lying on the back, especially for girls.

Girls always created special difficulties: if masturbators or suspected ones, it was not sufficient to tie their hands; they had to be secured at night so that they could not rub their thighs together, so their ankles had to be tied to the bedposts or they had to wear "long-legs" (wooden splints that kept their legs stiff and wide apart) or have their legs in bed-socks. All of these measures require them to lie on their backs — so on the back was clearly the correct position.

The most frequent measure taken with boys was to tie their hands behind their backs, and in this case it was not easy to lie on the back, so many advocated lying on the side, and

to facilitate this boys often had pieces of wood, large keys or bags of pebbles tied to their backs as well as having their hands fettered.

A famous and popular German doctor, Daniel Gottlieb Moritz Schreber (1808-1861), designed a special harness that children could wear in bed so as to prevent them turning on their sides; he believed that sleeping on the back was conducive to correct physical development, whereas sleeping on the side led to uneven physical development.

Dr. Schreber was a great anti-masturbationist, a believer in gymnastics and open air living, and justly remembered as the founder of the allotment garden system that still exists in contemporary Germany; those little plots of land in which citizens can grow their fruit and vegetables are called *Schrebergärten*.

He had five children; one committed suicide, the other son went mad, and the eldest daughter was also mad.

Children whose hands were not tied behind their backs, secured in bags or muffs, or otherwise restrained should always sleep with them outside the bedcovers.

No-one should stay too long in bed. It was best to go to bed tired out so that sleep was immediate and to get up as soon as one awoke so that the half-sleep state that was so productive of early morning masturbation was avoided.

Go to bed tired and get up half-asleep were recommended preventative measures.

Clothing was also a matter for care.

Drawers, knickers, briefs, and underpants were not generally worn until the mid-19th century, but boys wore breeches and trousers and these were very bad. They created a warm damp area between the legs and led to premature development of the genitals and early arousal of sexual impulses.

Dr. B. C. Faust — who did distinguished work in the fields of medical education, dietetics, house construction, hygiene, and vaccination as well as designing hospital beds and furniture and working for peace — wrote in 1791 a book in praise of the kilt.

He claimed that the Scottish Highlanders, who had a meagre diet and crude housing, were the best and hardiest soldiers and he attributed this to their wearing kilts; they also had bigger sexual organs that were also the result of the freedom of the kilt (he considered big sexual organs a desirable thing).

Those Scottish Highlanders who had obeyed the English law against wearing kilts rapidly degenerated. Faust suggested that men and women should wear kilts and one of the benefits would be the disappearance of the area of warmth created by trousers that he believed conducive to masturbation and generally detrimental to health.

Others believed that boys should wear girls' clothing, i.e. skirts and long gowns until twenty years old; still others believed that both sexes of all ages should wear skirts; and nearly everybody concerned with medical matters, whether they were pro-skirt or not, recommended simple clothing with open collars.

Incidentally, Faust had no success with his kilt proposals.

One of the difficulties of fighting the masturbator lay in the fact that he, or she, had so many opportunities to masturbate. Bed was not the only place: many situations gave the masturbator the opportunity to touch his genitals or cross the legs or squeeze and rub the thighs together.

The school was a veritable breeding ground for masturbators, so the doors of WC's had to be either non-existent (not a good idea as, although supervision was facilitated, the sight stimulated pupils' sexual desires), or placed so close to the lavatory-pan that manual masturbation was im-

possible, or so low that the supervising teacher could look over the top: this type of door also obstructed the sight of the other pupils.

But sitting at a desk or table in school allowed ample opportunity for doing all those things that had by now been subsumed under the concept of masturbation.

In 1783, J. Happen, an influential and prominent educationist in Antwerp, designed an anti-masturbation desk for school use, especially for girls:

"When the pupil's feet have been secured in the foot-board, he or she can no longer cross the legs or rub them together and thus the excitation and over-heating of the sexual parts is prevented," reads the brochure that advertised the device.

Numerous similar devices were invented: chairs and desks, for example, in which the hands were secured so that touching the genitals was impossible.

In the late 1940's a kind of wooden box was used in certain American reformatories for girls. When the girl prisoners were not at work, i.e. manual work, but at their lessons, or in their leisure time, they sat locked into these boxes, their heads, hands and feet protruding from suitably placed holes, and were thus unable to masturbate or indulge in lesbian play.

The skill with which anti-masturbation furniture was designed and made was just one side of the coin; the other side was the skill at designing individual mechanical restraints for personal wear by masturbators.

Simple tying of the hands rarely satisfied the anti-masturbationists; handcuffs, muffs, belts with cuffs on them, and straitjackets were recommended and used.

Boys and girls suspected of masturbation often went to bed in a sleeveless night-shirt, their arms folded across their chests or behind their backs and the bag-like garment was tied tightly at neck and waist so that

the hands were trapped between those two points.

In Freud's analysis of the case of *Little Hans*, he reports Hans's father asking Hans if he still touched his "widdler", Hans replied that he didn't, but agreed that he still wanted to, so the father said:

"Well, to prevent your wanting to, you're going to have a bag to sleep in tonight."

A great variety of chastity-belts were designed and made for both sexes. For women simple types such as were in use in the Middle-Ages were quite effective but boys always created a problem where belts were concerned. Some cage-like devices were constructed and others were made rather like metal taps.

Several American ladies, towards the end of the century and the beginning of the 20th century, designed anti-masturbation drawers, the most effective of which was in the form of a kind of heavy rubber cami-knickers with a metal grill in the crotch at the front so that the wearer could urinate with the garment locked on and without touching his penis. The garment, said its inventor (a pious and well-meaning lady) could be worn unobtrusively under ordinary clothing.

In 1920 a man named Martinka designed a belt for girls that squeezed the labia majora together by a spring-loaded clamp with serrated edges. It was guaranteed to stop masturbation, bed-wetting and sexual intercourse.

Male masturbators were more likely to have their penises ornamented with rings rather than have to wear a chastity-belt.

Rings of metal, with interior spikes or serrations, or without either, were locked or clamped around the flaccid penis so that an erection became extremely painful.

Sometimes the rings were attached to a mechanism controlling a bell so that an erection would cause the ringing of the bell in the parents' room

or in that of the supervising teacher, nurse or governess.

Bed-wetting (nocturnal emissions of semen rather than enuresis) was closely connected, in the minds of anti-masturbationists with masturbation, so devices which would prevent both were in great demand.

Many a little boy or adolescent youth must have, in Victorian times, gone to bed with his hands encased in fingerless and thumbless gloves, the exteriors of which were covered with metal spikes, while his penis was gripped by one or more metal rings with interior spikes.

His sister would have gone to bed with her hands tied behind her back and with her legs secured in splints that forcibly held them apart.

Such children were the lucky ones for later in the 19th century came the craze for "surgical intervention".

Dr. Schreber treated "pollutions", as he termed them, by enemas, and they could only be described as "interventions", though scarcely meriting the adjective "surgical"; but Dr. Paul Emil Flechsig, a noted German psychiatrist and mental hospital director, castrated completely three of the patients in the hospital he directed in 1884. He claimed this helped them recover from their nervous and psychological disorders whose origin lay in masturbation.

In a book that he wrote in 1884, he claimed that total castration was justifiable as a successful treatment against neurosis and psychosis, all of which had a masturbatory origin.

Castration was or must have been relatively rare, but the threat of it was used to frighten children for a long time and, for all I know, might still be used as a threat.

I can remember being taken as a child in 1931 to a London hospital for an examination by a specialist for some childish ailment; and while I was sitting with my mother in the waiting-room, I observed that the

nurse had a pair of scissors on a piece of tape attached to her belt and the scissors lay in a pocket of her dress under her apron.

I enquired of my mother why the nurse had a pair of scissors, and the nurse overhearing us, said:

“To cut off the thingumibobs of naughty boys”.

Later I realised that this was only a joke, but I'm sure it exists yet as a jokey threat with which small boys are still frightened.

In addition to castration, infibulation, circumcision, and clitoridectomy, surgical measures included ovariectomy, infibulation of the prepuce, separation of the preputial hood from the clitoris, blistering of the prepuce, vulva, and the insides of the thighs for girls; while boys suffered section of the dorsal nerves of the penis, blistering of the prepuce, cautery of the spine and genitals and the application of electricity to the spine and genitals (called in the terminology of the time “Faradization”).

Although I have listed many of the measures against masturbation, I have left out one that was used throughout the campaign and the use of which can be taken for granted and requires no comment: corporal punishment. During the whole two hundred odd years more children must have been whipped and beaten for masturbation than for any other offence.

Gradually the campaign lost its momentum and masturbation ceased to be quite the crime that it was. But many doctors, nurses, teachers and parents still believe that masturbation is bad and “unnatural”.

Morton Schatzman writes: “(Psychoanalysis) to this day” (he wrote this in 1973) “has still not unequivocally freed masturbation from the stigmas of being, especially in children, a mark of neurosis. Formerly psychoanalysts regarded masturbation as a possible cause of neurosis.”

Schatzman is not, of course, refer-



ring to neo-Freudians such as Erich Fromm, Karen Horney, R. D. Laing and H. S. Sullivan.

It is for the historians of culture to attempt an explanation of this curious phenomenon that has been described as the campaign against masturbation, and that Alex Comfort has described as “masturbatory insanity”, on the part of the medical profession.

Perhaps masturbation was an act of freedom and defiance in the hierarchical, father-dominated Victorian family.

Maybe Sartre is correct when he describes the act of masturbation as an act of freedom in a repressive environment. The masturbator is momentarily free from authority and finds pleasure from, in, and by himself.

So, as Sartre observes, it is a dangerous act as far as those in authority are concerned.

Now it is more or less tolerated in children but frowned upon in adults as a sign of loneliness, anxiety or neurosis.

Anyway, although masturbation is still held to be “immature” behaviour after childhood, masturbators (as long as they do not do it in public) and suspected masturbators are no longer likely to be punished, castrated or forced to wear an anti-masturbation device in Western countries, though it ought to be remembered that masturbation is still a crime punishable by the law in certain states in the U.S.A.







Those were the DAYS

William Kennedy takes us back to those nostalgic days of silk stockings and French knickers when girls wore silk and did what they were told.

I became a Londoner in 1935; until then I was a Yorkshireman. I was born, bred, educated (with the exception of my Cambridge University period) and employed in the North Riding. I was born in 1900, so I am a pretty old chap now. Not that I feel it particularly, damn you!

Before the war: home in Yorkshire. During the war: public school in Yorkshire. After the war; Cambridge — as an Organ Scholar, no less — but I was never good enough or devoted enough to become a professional musician.

With my living to earn and little more to commend me than a Rugger Blue, a second class degree, an ability to play the piano in pubs and the organ in church, and a slight talent for scribbling in Undergraduate weeklies, at twenty-four I became a bank clerk back in Yorkshire.

It was respectable and socially acceptable — with my father's connections — he was the chief solicitor for many miles around — I would have become a bank manager, and on the fringe of County Society by the time I was forty.

It also gave me time for my varied and not very important amusements.

Rugger in winter, cricket in summer, conducting amateur operatic societies, first village and then City; and girls.

Girls were never a problem. Both games attracted them as spectators and followers, and amateur operatics teemed with pretty girls who fancied either their voices or their appearance to attract attention.

I was big, hefty, blonde, and enormously virile myself, as well as good-natured.

So, of course, I did all right with the girls. What with short skirts and French knickers, determination and a bit of goodwill, it was all as easy as pie.

And a damn sight more entertaining than you young fellers get nowadays. You could sow your wild oats on a bank clerk's salary in those days, and I had a whale of a time.

I carried on with my scribbling, too, and managed to get a few things printed here and there which earned me a few extra guineas; most of which went on taking girls out, and buying them silk stockings and French knickers.

Directoire knickers? Yes, they wore 'em; but not when they were going out with me, they didn't. Not the second time anyway.

Well, life went along like that year after year, very pleasantly. I was living comfortably at home, firmly remaining unmarried, to my mother's despair.

Then my Uncle Richard died and left me this house and a thousand a year.

That was a lot of money in those days, and I decided to give up the bank, come and live in London and give my whole time to writing. And dammit, within six months I had written a successful play.

Luck breeds luck, don't they say? It certainly did with me.

And I've lived here in Hampstead,

in this very house, and worked in this very study ever since. When I first came here it took two servants to keep it going with only me living here. They even got outside help if we'd more than four people in to dinner! But that's what I set out to tell you about, wasn't it: my servants.

My Uncle Richard was an old bachelor, like me, and he'd had a married couple to look after him for thirty years before he died.

Parsons, their name was, and they were the real old-fashioned kind of family servants.

I had known the Parsons all my life. My cousin Teddy and myself were sort of 'favourite nephews' of my Uncle Richard and from childhood had spent many of our holidays at the Hampstead house. (Incidentally, Teddy inherited the publishing business while I inherited the house and most of the money).

I well remember the pair of us getting our backsides well beaten by Mrs. Parsons when she caught us in some mischief in her kitchen. We wore Eton suits in those days—"bum-freezers" they called 'em—but our bums weren't freezing by the time she'd finished with us!

And Parsons would soon fetch us a clip over the ear if 'Master Willie' or 'Master Teddy' didn't behave as he thought 'young gentlemen' ought to behave!

We keep straying from the point, dammit! And the point is that when I did inherit the house, the Parsons, though Uncle Richard had left them enough money to set them up in a little country pub (and damn right, too, after all the years of devoted service they'd given him) very kindly offered to stay with me for a month or two until I had settled in and had found servants to keep house for me.

Mrs. Parsons dealt with all that and her standards were very exacting. She wasn't going to hand over the house they'd cared for for so long, nor her cherished "Master Willie", to any

modern 'fly-by-nights' (her expression).

Remember young feller, that this was 1935, and the 'servant problem' was becoming quite acute for those of us who had been brought up in an earlier age.

She advertised in 'The Lady' and 'The Tatler' and other such magazines of the day (including, I believe 'Horse and Hound'), and sorted out the replies to her own satisfaction before she let any of the applicants come near me.

She knew, of course, that at home in Yorkshire, with a bigger house and family (I had two sisters and a brother) we had done quite well with a 'cook-general' and a 'house-parlourmaid', and was quite prepared to allow me to live with this limited service, if need be, in those distressing (to her) circumstances.

So, of the four pairs of applicants whom I was finally allowed to interview, there were two married couples, one pair of sisters and a mother and daughter.

So let's skip the interviews (which I wasn't very good at) with the exception of the pair I did engage. Which were the mother and daughter.

They looked more like sisters than mother and daughter, simply because Alice, the mother, didn't look old enough to have a daughter of that age.

In fact, Janie was seventeen and her mother thirty-five. They were both attractive, well dressed, seemed very capable and willing, and their references were impeccable. I was satisfied that they could run my house admirably.

I said, addressing them both:

"Are you sure that you can work happily together? Mothers and daughters in their teens are not always the best companions or the best work-mates for each other."

"There'll be no difficulty about that, Sir," replied Alice. "Janie and I get on very well together."

I turned to Janie.

"That's true, Sir," she said. "I'm truly fond of Mother and I'm sure she knows what's best for me."

"It's like this, Sir," continued Alice. "Janie's a good girl and a good worker. She does as she's told and if she doesn't she has to answer to me and that's the end of it."

"Is that the end of it, Janie?" I asked.

"Yes Sir," she answered. "If I get punished it's because I've deserved it, and that's all there is to it."

"And are you a better and happier girl for it?" I asked.

"I'm a happy girl, anyway, Sir," she replied, "and I'm no less happy and probably better behaved for my occasional punishments."

"If you mean does she get sulky and hate me when I have to punish her," Alice interposed, "the answer is, no. She knows it's for her own good, she takes it in a sensible way and she really is the better for it."

"Do you agree to that?" I asked Janie.

"Yes Sir," she answered without hesitation.

"Very well," I agreed, "go down to the kitchen, Janie, and ask Mrs. Parsons if you may make coffee for all three of us. She'll show you where things are. Then bring it back here."

"Very good, Sir," and Janie went at once.

I turned back to Alice.

"Now, what is all this about punishments?" I demanded. "How do you punish Janie?"

Alice was quite forthright about it.

"With respect, Sir, like any mother punishes any other daughter. A good smack-bottom. Or if it's bad enough, the strap or a taste of the cane."

"And you think that's the best thing for her?" I asked.

"Sure of it. Best thing for any girl — or woman, come to that —" she checked herself hastily, realizing what she had said and then continued hurriedly, "You won't have any

trouble with Janie, Sir. Or if you do just let me know and I'll straighten her out."

I'd spanked a few girls in my time, just for fun, and I suddenly got a vision of Janie's pretty little bare bum, all warm and rosy after a hearty spanking — and not only Janie's, but Alice's too.

"On the contrary, Alice," I said firmly. "*You* will let *me* know. If you're going to come and work for me here I'd better make it clear at once that there is only one master in this house, and if there are any punishments to be handed out among my servants, I am the one who hands them out."

You could talk to servants like that in those days, you know, my boy, and it didn't seem particularly odd at the time. I knew I was taking advantage of my position as a prospective employer because in spite of the servant shortage Alice did want the job, which was a pretty cushy one after all, and I didn't feel that I was doing anything specially wrong or tyrannical.

After all, I simply wanted to have the fun of spanking little Janie's bottom, which she's have got from her mother anyway, and, maybe, if I played my cards right, of getting Alice with her knickers down as well.

They both seemed to be well enough accustomed to the idea, anyway. You couldn't do it now, but you could then — and I did, my boy, I did.

I didn't press the idea about Alice herself — I thought there was time enough for that — but I went on about Janie

"You just told me that you're sure the best thing for your girl is to be spanked — or strapped — or caned — when she deserves it, and I agree with you; but in my house, and among my servants, I shall decide, and I shall be the one who administers the punishment. Is that quite clear?"



As far as I knew then, I had a bit of fun to gain and nothing to lose. Any of the other applicants for the job might turn out perfectly well, as servants, even if Alice refused my conditions. Pretty fair bastards, weren't we in 1935?

Alice had a mutinous look on her face for a few moments, but she must have wanted the job badly enough, so at last, reluctantly, she agreed.

"Very well, Sir, if you think Janie needs to be punished, I will consent."

I siezed my opportunity.

"If *you* think Janie needs to be punished, you will send her to *me*," I insisted.

"If you say so, Sir."

"And Janie?" I persisted. "She's got to understand the position quite clearly, too."

"Janie will do as I tell her," said Alice, grimly.

You know my dear feller, I may be giving you the impression that Alice was an old dragon of a Victorian matron.

Nothing of the sort, dear boy.

She was a very pretty, young-looking girl. Same age as myself, matter of fact, and at least as attractive as a lot of the husband-swapping bits that racket around the bars and discotheques and such-like places nowadays. So don't get the wrong idea.

She was a servant. But a damn good looking servant — and a sexy piece into the bargain, too.

Only in those days people — in all walks of life — had a sense of responsibility, and Alice meant to do the best she could for her girl.

I insisted again that Janie must know, understand, and agree to my demand before I could take them into my household.

When she returned with the coffee, I tactfully left them alone for a few minutes to discuss it, though it seemed to require little discussion.

When I returned Janie was quite composed:

"I've told Janie what you say, Sir," said Alice, "and there will be no difficulty."

I looked enquiringly at Janie.

"Mother has told me that if I am to be punished she will send me to you in future, Sir," she said simply.

So I left it at that.

After a couple of days with the Parsons to show them around they moved in that week-end.

They had been in the house about a fortnight, and had proved to be absolute marvels. Both were first-class workers. The place shone, meals were excellent and beautifully served. They were bright, cheerful, unobtrusive and

both extremely decorative.

Then, one morning, I'd just settled down to work in this very room when there was an almighty crash downstairs in the hall. So I nipped out on to the gallery to see what it was all about.

There was Janie sprawling on the floor with a great silver tray beside her and smashed crockery all over the place. I was just going to call down and ask if she was hurt when Alice erupted from the kitchen in a fury.

She didn't stop to make any enquiries. She hauled Janie to her feet, plumped herself down on a chair, dragged her over her knees and in a second had her skirts up and her knickers down.

It was like a conjuring trick, I tell you my boy

One minute Janie was sprawling all over the hall-floor and the next she was across her mother's knee with her bottom bare and getting the spanking of her life.

"You stupid girl — *smack* — I told you — *smack* — to be careful — *smack* — The best — *smack* — coffee service — *smack* —! Have you no *smack* — sense —! *smack* — Silly — *smack* — Naughty — *smack* — girl — *smack smack smack* —!

It was a sight for the Gods, believe me young feller.

Then Janie was heaved on to her feet and stood for a minute in tears, clutching her reddened bottom before she pulled her little white knickers up over it, while Alice stormed on at her to clear up the mess.

I thought it best to clear off before they saw me, and I nipped quietly back in here.

Of course there had to be a sequel and it came later in the morning when Alice, instead of Janie as was usual, brought up my morning coffee:

"I'm sorry to report, Sir, there's been an accident, and I'm afraid some of the Doulton coffee service has been broken. It was very careless and I'm



extremely sorry. I'll pay for it out of my wages, Sir, if you'll overlook it this time."

"There will be no need for that," I told her, "accidents will happen, even in so well regulated a household as this."

"Thank you, Sir. That is very good of you."

She turned to go but I stopped her:

"It's pretty decent of you, Alice," I said, "to take the whole blame upon yourself. You see, I know what happened. I saw the whole thing. Including the way you dealt with Janie."

"Oh!" She flushed slightly. "I'm sorry, Sir."

"No need to be, Alice," I remarked cheerfully. "I'm sure Janie will be more careful in future after what you gave her."

She didn't say anything so I went on:

"But we did have an agreement that I was to do the spanking in this house."

"Yes Sir," she agreed. "I'm sorry. I should have sent Janie to you, but I was in such a rage with her I didn't stop to think. She'd been in a silly mood all morning and when she dropped that tray I just had to give her what she'd been asking for for an hour or more past. Actually, she got off lightly, because if I had controlled myself long enough to have sent her to you she would have brought the cane with her with a request for you to give her a sound caning."

"Which I might or might not have done," I said, just to assert my

authority really. "All right, Alice, the matter's done with now. But I shall expect to have my orders obeyed in future. Remember Janie is not the only one of my servants who may be punished. That will do."

Alice appeared about to speak, thought better of it and only said: "Yes Sir," and went.

Life went along, busily and pleasantly enough; Janie as pretty and happy a little maid as one could wish her in one's house.

Alice, calm, smiling and efficient as ever; myself busy at my desk by day and entertaining and being entertained at night.

Several weeks passed before the next episode in the Great Spanking Saga. This time Alice knocked on my door in the middle of the afternoon.

Honestly dear boy, I can't remember what it was all about. I think Janie had done something or other that she'd been forbidden to do.

Anyway, Alice thought she had to be punished and that the strap would be appropriate. I listened to her story, which sounded as though Janie really had earned herself a sore bottom and told her to go and bring Janie to me. Which she did, carrying the strap in her hand. Janie, for once, looked very subdued.

I didn't want to make an inquisition of it, but I repeated the main points of Alice's accusation and asked if they were true. In little more than a whisper Janie agreed that they were.

"And your mother thinks you ought to have the strap," I said. "Do you think you deserve it?"

A ghost of a smile.

"Serves me right for being found out," murmured Janie.

Even Alice, trying to look suitably severe, could not quite control a flicker across her own face.

"All right, let's get on with it."

I took the strap from Alice. It was old, supple leather; dark brown, about two inches wide, eighteen

inches long, slightly rounded at one end and shaped to a handle at the other. The handle end had thicker pieces of leather stitched on either side to make a grip. The business end was about a quarter of an inch thick.

I saw then, and I learned much better later on, that it could be quite a fearsome instrument; but used with discretion, could quite well be used to spank a naughty child.

Janie knew the routine well enough. She placed an upright chair in the middle of the floor, knelt on the seat and bent herself almost double over the back, her hands just touching the floor. Alice stepped forward, turned her short dress up right over her back so that it dangled forward down to her shoulders, pulled her little white drawers down to her knees, and stepped back.

She didn't say a word. She didn't make a gesture. She didn't even look in my direction and I probably do her an immense injustice, but it was almost as if she were saying:

"There you are, Big Boy. It's all yours. Enjoy yourself!"

You young chaps don't know what a pretty little maidservant looked like in 1935. In her afternoon and evening uniform, Janie wore a short black dress just about down to her knees, black silk stockings and patent-leather court shoes. White lace collar and cuffs, a little white apron edged with white lace frills, and a tiara-like cap with a black velvet ribbon holding it in place.

With her blonde hair in a short bob and shining like pale gold, she was very much an ornament when she served my guests at table.

Doubled over the back of a chair in my study with her short white silk knickers about her knees and the tops of her black silk stockings stretched up by plain suspenders; the daintiest curved bottom I'd ever seen presented for my exclusive attention; the strap in my hand to turn those tender white curves to flaming red —



By Jove, Sir, I ought to have enjoyed myself.

The funny thing is that I didn't particularly. I'm not saying I hated it. I gave her ten hearty slaps with the strap and she wriggled and squawked quite delightfully. Her pretty little bottom turned first pink and then bright red.

When it was over she clutched her burning bottom before she pulled her knickers up in the most engaging fashion.

But dammit, Sir, I didn't really enjoy it. I ought to have done, but I didn't.

Over the next few years I had her knickers down and spanked her and strapped her and caned her a dozen or more times and thoroughly enjoyed myself — and I don't think she minded much, either. But that came later.

When Janie left the room in tears, I motioned to Alice to wait.

"Well," I asked, "did I do my duty satisfactorily?"

"Highly successfully, I should say," she answered cheerfully, her stern look now replaced by a beaming smile. "The child has always liked you enormously; now, I've no doubt, she thinks you're absolutely marvellous."

"Hm," I said, "I've always thought it was one way to attract respect — even admiration — but it doesn't always work, does it? Exactly why do you suppose a smarting bottom works that way with Janie?"

"You didn't make a song and dance about it," Alice answered. "You satisfied yourself not only that I thought she deserved the strap, but that she herself agreed. You didn't ask a lot of fool questions about the why and the wherefore, you got on with it and strapped her hard enough to make her think twice before she asks for another dose. You didn't overdo it and you were nice to her throughout the process."

"Well, you can't say fairer than

that," I commented. "I hope Janie does feel like that, whatever her bottom feels like."

"You needn't worry about that. She'll be in her bedroom now and if I know anything I'll bet she's got her knickers down at this moment admiring the red patches you've just printed all over her bottom and thinking how wonderful you are."

"Splendid," I agreed. "Now, what about you?"

She pretended surprise:

"Me?"

"You," I insisted.

I dangled the strap in front of her.

"You're not going to pretend that this lovely bit of supple leather isn't old enough to have been in use long before it was needed for Janie. You've felt it across your bottom before now, haven't you Alice?"

"That's as may be, Sir," she admitted, "but circumstances are different now and nobody's got any call to give me the strap."

"Meaning you haven't got a husband to do it for you any more?"

I regretted the clumsy words as soon as I had spoken them. Alice bowed her head silently and I rushed on, trying to make amends.

"I'm sorry, Alice. I was reminding you — perhaps — of happier times?"

Servant she may have been, but Alice had immense dignity:

"Happy times: yes, Sir. But I'm over the worst. I'm happy now with Janie to care for and in a very good situation. I'm very grateful to you, Sir, for being so good to Janie and me. May I go now, Sir?"

I could only nod acquiescence. And that was the end of that little effort at getting Alice's knickers down!

'All Quiet on the Western Front' as we used to say. The next morning Janie was as pert and pretty as ever, though her bottom must still have born the marks of her spanking even if the smart had faded.

Alice was composed and pleasant, showing no signs of offence at my

ham-handed attempt.

Honestly my boy, I was a bit conscience-stricken — not at trying to get her knickers down, but at my thoughtlessness in reminding her of the times when her late husband had taken them down to strap or cane her bottom.

Which obviously she had enjoyed but wasn't yet ready to allow anybody else the same privilege.

About a month later I was having some rather important guests to luncheon in connection with the production of my first play.

I went down to the dining room about twelve-thirty to see that everything was ready and found Alice standing at the window with her back to the room, enjoying a glass of my best Fino sherry.

She didn't hear me come in and I watched her as she raised her glass to the light to admire the pale golden wine, then as she put it to her lips:

"Good health, Alice," I said.

For once she was jolted out of her normal composure. She flushed and stammered and couldn't say a thing.

"I'm glad to see that you have such good taste in sherry," I told her.

She regained some of her poise and spoke.

"I've nothing to say, Sir, except that I am very sorry."

"Like Janie a few weeks back, you're sorry you've been caught," I smiled. "See me in the study after our guests have gone. In the meantime, finish your sherry. The table looks very nice, thank you, and I know your luncheon will be as excellent as always."

"Thank you, Sir," said Alice as I turned to go.

Half-an-hour or so after my guests had left she came up here. It was a slightly tricky situation, as you can imagine, my boy.

I knew she knew that I intended to have her knickers down and spank her bare bottom; and I'd put the strap out on my desk in full view to emphasize the fact.

But I was pretty sure that she would also know that, whatever I might say, I had no intention whatever of giving her the sack if she wouldn't take it.

I was relying on the assumption that not only had she been used to being spanked, and probably caned, but that she's enjoyed it; and now that I had a good excuse for taking her knickers down she might be prepared to submit cheerfully in the hope of enjoying it again and for the sake of future good relations between us.

As it turned out, she didn't hedge much.

"Well, Alice," I greeted her solemnly, "what have you to say now?"

"Only to repeat how sorry I am and to say that I am thoroughly ashamed of deceiving you, Sir," she answered.

"And what would Janie's punishment have been if you'd caught her helping herself to the sherry?" I asked.

She smiled faintly.

"The same as you intend to give me, Sir," and she nodded towards the strap on the desk.

"I thought you'd agree with me."

It was working better than I had hoped. Her smile widened a bit. She knew perfectly well what I was about.

"It seems the — er — sensible thing to do."

"And you're a sensible girl," I agreed.

We stood and looked at one another, a bit uncertain as to how to proceed, and then it was Alice who made the move.

Like Janie had done, she went to bring the upright chair from against the wall. I stopped her.

"Not that chair. Over the end of the couch."

That couch over there, my boy! It was brown leather in those days. It was done over in blue as you see it now when I had the whole place done up after the war.

"Very good, Sir," she said.

She went and bent herself over the

arm as neatly and gracefully as you please. Arms along the seat, head sideways on the cushion, the toes of her shoes just touching the floor and her bottom the uppermost bit of her body. She caught my eye and grinned. Grinned, I tell you my lad.

"Is this right, Sir?" she asked.

"Perfect, Alice."

I stood back to admire her. There wasn't any hurry and I didn't make any.

"Now we turn your frock up," I said, and went to do so.

I should have told you that Alice wore a much less frivolous uniform than Janie. Same sort of short black frock, but no cap and a more severe sort of apron. More like a nurse's apron, if you know what I mean; plain, no frills, and went right round the back.

Well, of course, when I went to turn her frock up I didn't make a lot of progress, what with this apron wrapped all round her behind. I got it up a few inches and was trying to pull the apron aside when she twisted her head round and said:

"I think you will have to unfasten my apron — Sir."

She was pulling my leg to hell y'know, though I didn't tumble to it until later.

So I did as she told me and pulled the streamers and the apron came undone so that I could shove it aside.

Then I did turn her frock up. It was wide enough to go up over her back while the front was still trapped under her body against the arm of the couch.

Her knickers, unlike Janie's, were black. Some sort of artificial silk, I would guess, with short, close-fitting legs about two or three inches down her thighs, ending in a neat hem, no elastic, and a couple of inches of bare white thigh above her stocking tops.

Like Janie, she had plain elastic suspenders hitching up the reinforced tops of her black silk stockings.

You know, that's the sort of thing

you see in posed girlie pictures today; but it's just how they wore 'em then.

You lads tend to believe that in the Dark Ages there were nothing but directoires and Frenchies, but there were a dozen different kinds of knickers — to say nothing of cami-knickers and cami-bockers — to be shown.

Girls were getting used to the idea of showing off their undies — that was the word for 'em then — at the right time and place, of course — and they took some trouble to see that they looked nice.

Those knickers of Alice's weren't particularly meant for showing off — no trimmings or decorations, I mean; sort of close-fitting boxer shorts is as near as you'd get to describing them nowadays — but they were nice and neat and as sexy as all your frills and frou-frou's and a damn sight sexier than those scraps of nylon they wear now, even if they are edged with lace and you can see through 'em.



The shape of her bottom showed very enticingly under the fitted knickers and I gave it a couple of friendly pats — just to show I meant no harm d'ye see — and she responded with an appreciative wiggle or two.

So, just to remove any slight remaining possibility of misunderstanding, I said:

“I'll have to take 'em down, you know, Alice.”

She twisted her head round again.

“Having got me where you want me, it would be a bit surprising if you didn't.”

Cheeky with it, too, you see. I fumbled around her waist to pull them down.

“The buttons are on this side,” she offered, and arched her body on toes and elbows to let them slide from under her.

I took her knickers down gently and slowly, letting my hands linger over her bare bottom as I gradually eased it into view.

And what a bottom!

I tried to arrange her knickers round her stocking-tops but the silk knickers slid down the silk stockings, first to her knees, and gradually to her ankles.

Her bottom was warm and soft and smooth as I stroked and patted the naked curves and felt it contract and relax against my caressing palm.

Her face was now buried in her hands against the cushioned seat of the couch.

She took the first three strokes of the strap without a sound or a movement, except for the involuntary contraction of the muscles of her bottom as it struck, and the loud slap of its impact.

With the fourth stroke one leg bent slowly up from the knee and as slowly straightened again, causing her knickers to descend lower down her calves.

At the fifth stroke there was a low moan, whether of pain or pleasure I

couldn't tell; and at the sixth a gasp and a jerk of both legs which dropped her knickers to her ankles.

Her right buttock, farther from me, was getting redder and hotter than the nearer, on which the middle of the strap fell with less force than the end.

So I gave her the next two strokes with the end of the strap on the left cheek only, eliciting a couple of *Ooohs* and *Ohs*, again, whether of delight or distress I didn't know, and some frenzied kicks.

Then the final two strokes, which I controlled more carefully so that the strap fell evenly across both sides, distributing the smart over the whole available width and brightening up the already fiery red patches which covered the whole of her splendid bottom to a most attractive glow.

She really did squeal as she felt those two.

Well, perhaps I did lay 'em on a wee bit harder in my enthusiasm. Both her feet flew right up and her knickers went sailing through the air to land halfway across the room.

I thought ten strokes, the same as I'd given Janie, was fair enough.

“That's all, Alice,” and I dropped the strap.

As her toes touched the floor after those wild kicks she let her whole body relax and gave a great big sigh. Content? Satisfaction? Relief? I didn't know but as she made no move to get up I gently put a soothing palm on her burning red bottom — and My goodness, wasn't it hot! — and stroked it softly.

There was a small appreciative wriggle which extended to her shoulders, and a murmur from the depths of the pillow which could have been:

“Oooh, that's nice!”

So I went on stroking, taking in a bigger area as I went. Perhaps it was wishful thinking but it seemed that her feet, now unhampered by clinging knickers, moved slightly more apart



so I took a chance and explored a little deeper below the spanked area.

There wasn't any doubt that her legs did open wider this time and I got on with it gratefully.

It was all over in a couple of minutes, and then a few more minutes

for Alice to recover.

When I helped her to her feet she clutched her apron strings round her, grabbed up her knickers from the floor and without stopping to put them on literally ran out of the room.

MIRANDA'S PAGE

At last the Editor has given me my own column (and about time, too!) so that I can chat to you every month about the things we have in store for you and other interesting little items which happen to come to hand.

I'm going to be quite serious this morning because I've got several things to tell you.

First of all, there is a new *Spanking Special* on sale, (Janus Special No. 5), so drop me a line if you would like me to send you one.

You don't need me to tell you that our *Specials* have been a fantastic success and, now that our spanking fans are well catered for, we are going to publish *Janus Quarterly Reviews* which will contain articles, pictures and letters of special interest to all of you who like to read about Rubber, Leather, Bondage, Petticoat Discipline, Underwear and other interesting subjects.

Obviously, to keep all these different issues going we shall need lots of letters, so if you are interested in any of these subjects, or have any ideas that may help us to produce the kind of magazine that will please our readers, all you have to do is to pick up your pen and *write!*

Which brings me to a little point I've been wanting to make for some time. *Please*, when you send in typewritten articles or letters, do remem-

ber to double-space the lines and leave nice wide margins: it makes my job so much easier, and if you could do the same with handwritten letters, I'd be eternally grateful.

I'm afraid I have to apologise to one or two people who have written to me about their personal problems. Normally such letters are answered quickly, but sometimes the problems are such that they are passed on to one of our medical advisors for expert attention, and consequently the answer is a little delayed, but I promise they will all be answered as soon as possible.

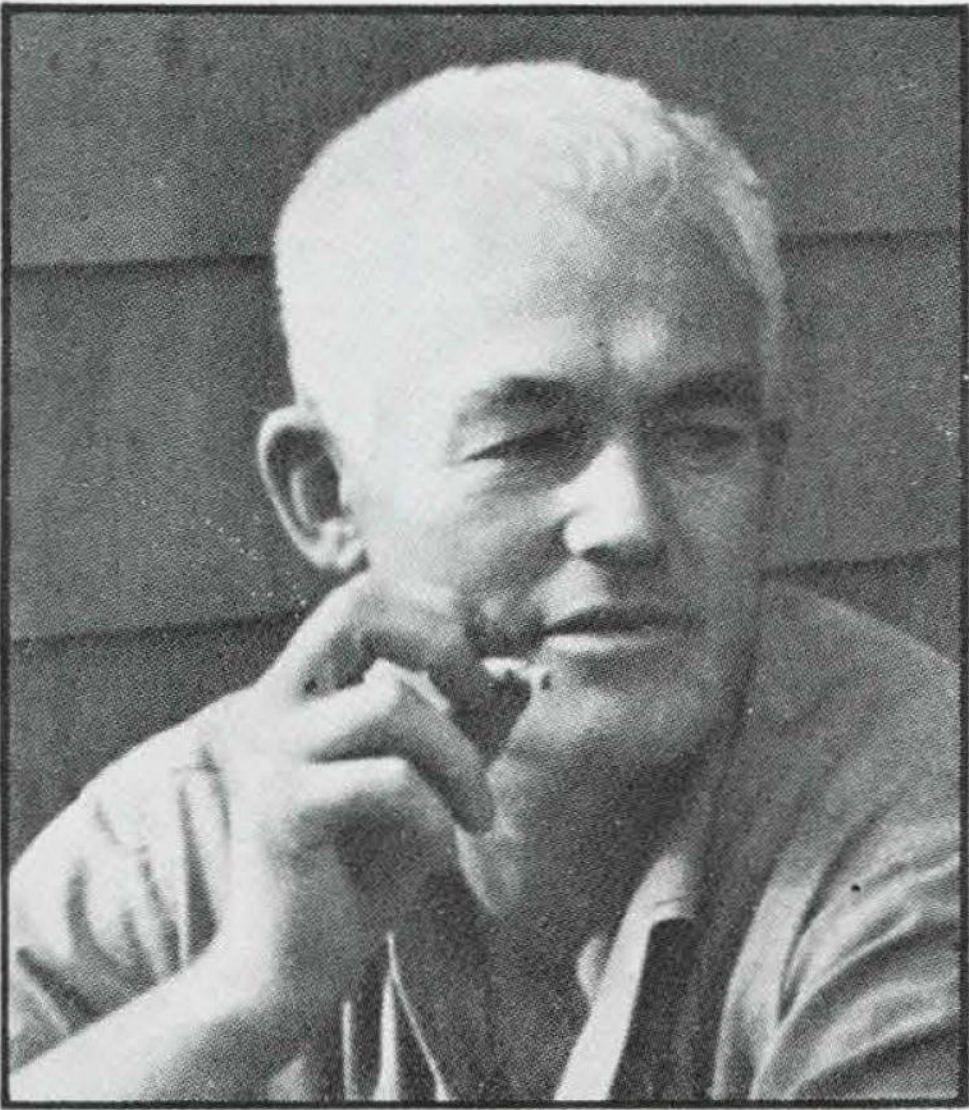
I expect most of you read the little story in the newspapers about the café owner who caned his teenage waitresses whenever the till was short.

It appears that they did not complain until one naughty girl got two tannings in one week, which only goes to show that there *are* girls about who are quite prepared to submit to the occasional spanking or caning provided it's not carried too far: critics who complain that we only publish pure fantasy — take note!

Well, that seems to be all for this month. I do hope you'll write and tell me if you like my column, and send me any newsy little items that I can use.

'Bye for now,
Miranda

JANUS BOOK REVIEW



LOVING THEM BOTH

This short study of bisexuality by novelist Colin MacInnes should play its part in helping to dispel the notion that a bisexual is some kind of oddity or monster. Readers of *Janus*, who need no such reassurance, will find here a great deal to interest them, for the author is not a remote clinician or so-called sexologist relying on 'case' work for his information but a man who writes with the insight of personal experience and from what he has learnt directly from his many friends and acquaintances.

In the section of the book on what male bi- or homo-sexuals 'do' to one another a number of questions are answered that might well occur to those about to embark on a bisexual adventure. And they are answered with breathtaking frankness.

Mr. MacInnes rightly insists that there is one rule about sex of any kind: "Nothing whatever is disgusting to human creatures who are

genuinely attracted to each other. If they are in love (a rare condition, in my opinion, unlikely to happen more than once or twice in a lifetime), then not only is nothing disgusting, but everything is miraculous. But even when two creatures are truly attracted, without faking, in purely animal terms . . . although this may not be, as love is, a great spiritual as well as sexual experience, it can certainly be a beautiful one about which nothing is repellent."

It follows that, despite religious and moral taboos, there is nothing wrong with anal penetration (though, of course, Mr. MacInnes hastens to point out that this 'can win the lucky pair life imprisonment in this country'). It is possible for both partners, by this means, to achieve orgasm, he claims. He also shows that there is nothing unpleasant or unhygienic about the use of the rectum for intercourse, and that there is no difficulty about face-to-face copulation as is sometimes imagined.

Another section in which he and his friends have done some field-work and do not rely on second-hand information describes the general attitude of various peoples to bisexuality.

He reveals that one has to hunt hard for queers among the Greeks (despite donnish fantasies to the contrary); that East Africa is far more bisexual than West Africa; and that West Indians are "unusually bisexual" — though you must be liked, you must be discreet and the time and place must be right! Perhaps the most bisexual men of all are the Germans though they are highly indignant if this is suggested.

Mr. MacInnes's book is descriptive, being based on his own experiences and insights. There is nothing wrong with this, but his evident scepticism about the views of doctors and sociologists leads him, I think, to ignore the findings of psychologists and psychoanalysts.

This would not matter if it did not lead him astray on what I think is an important point: the difference, nay, the enormous gap, that separates bisexuals from homosexuals. Though he begins by defining a bisexual (of either sex) as "one who is equally attracted by individuals of both sexes", throughout most of the book he appears to see bisexuality as an aspect of homosexuality.

Now I am sure that he is very wide of the mark on this point and that the dichotomy between homosexuality and bisexuality is fundamental.

Any reading of psychiatric literature on homosexuality — and this is certainly borne out by observation — shows that in most cases the homosexual is made and not borne, and that his sexual preference as an adult is determined by emotional influences in childhood.

Most frequently, the emotional pattern that leads to homosexuality is one in which the father plays an insignificant role or no role at all in relation to the son, with the result that the developing boy has no model with whom to identify when trying to discover his own masculinity.

As a consequence of this inability to identify as a male, the adult from such an emotional background is frequently unable to make an erotic advance to a woman. "It is not," as Anthony Storr says, "because men and boys are so overwhelmingly attractive that the homosexual turns to them; but rather because they provide a less dangerous opportunity than do women for the expression of erotic love." Homosexuality is *faute de mieux*.

Now it is obvious that this is wholly different from the position of the true bisexual who is genuinely orientated sexually towards the opposite sex. A male bisexual has no difficulty at all in achieving fulfilling love or erotic relationships with a woman or women, and this is the very opposite of the homosexual situation.

But what makes a man turn to bisexuality? I have no answer to this question nor do I think that psychologists have, for they are inclined to dismiss it as a form of immaturity, which it manifestly is not. It is a mystery to which I am disappointed Mr. MacInnes did not address himself.

Meanwhile *Loving Them Both* remains the best short descriptive study of the subject and it should be in the library of every reader of *Janus*.

Conan Nicholas

*LOVING THEM BOTH (published by Martin Brian & O'Keeffe), copies obtainable from *Janus*, £1 post free.







TRANSVESTITE SUBMISSION

I have often wanted to write to 'Janus' but until buying Vol. 2 No. 9 and finding a happy coincidence I have really had nothing to write about.

The love of my life is to be treated, dressed and punished as a thirteen or fourteen year old girl and as I am an unmarried man of thirty-two finding a suitable partner is a bit difficult.

Through an advert in a contact magazine I have had some correspondence with a character calling himself Jack Bondsman. I don't think that is his real name because anyone called Bondsman dealing in Bondage is too much of a coincidence. This gentleman told me that he was willing to be my partner in any fantasy play I cared to write as long as I stated that whatever took place would be at my risk. I had agreed and made an

appointment for the evening after I had purchased my copy of JANUS.

You can imagine my thoughts of what was going to happen to me after reading about the visit of J.A.W. of Coventry to the Birmingham Torture Chamber. You can also imagine the laugh I had when I read the fees for a similar treatment quoted in Dr. North's article.

I kept my appointment and carrying my suitcase of clothes I was shown into a back room over a shop and told to get ready. I quickly changed into red panties, black tights, soft silky slip, wig and little black dress and high heeled shoes. I called out that I was ready and my partner returned.

Without passing any comment on my appearance, even my moustache didn't shock him, he told me to lie

on my back on the bed, and when I was in position quickly and silently padlocked leather cuffs round my wrists and then chained them to the bedpost above my head. My ankles were spread and roped to the corner posts at the other end of the bed and then, although I had previously stipulated 'no gagging' he talked me into wearing a ball-gag. Leaving me mute and helpless he turned out the light and went out locking the door behind him. As the windows were solidly boarded up I was almost in complete darkness and I thoroughly enjoyed my silent struggle in my helplessness.

I wasn't left alone for very long before my captor returned having transvested into a plain navy blue costume complete with white shirt-blouse and black tie. He looked every inch an old fashioned matron with his cuban heeled shoes, nylons and wig and a figure that looked as though he wore a tightly laced corset.

My 'mistress' told me that I was to be in her charge for the next two hours and during that time I would work or else. A leather collar was placed round my neck and the chains at my wrists were transferred to the collar from the bedposts. My ankles were released and my gag removed and I was told that I would now be shown exactly what happened to naughty girls who didn't do as they were told. I was directed to the room next door and there securely roped and strapped to a caning bench, so tightly that I could hardly wriggle at all. My captor then spanked my bottom with a leather strap and soon had me in a state where I wanted to be severely caned and once again I asked to break my no gagging rule and be gagged. My request was answered by my captor removing 'her' knickers and stuffing them in my mouth and then really caning me.

I'm still sitting on a cushion but the caning, in all honesty was exactly as hard as I'd asked for, enough to

make me shout without being vicious. After the caning, which was carried out in silence I was released from the bench and with my wrists still chained to my collar I was taken to a third room and told to get down on my hands and knees. I was kept in this position by having my ankles loosely chained together and a line passed through my legs and padlocked round my waist.

I was provided with a bucket of water, floorcloth and brush and told to clean the floor. My 'mistress' stood over me the whole of the time I was working, giving instructions and emphasising her instructions with an odd stroke of her cane over my perfectly positioned buttocks and thighs, telling me I was a naughty lazy girl and laughing at me when I leaned forward and showed my panties. I was in heaven. It was what I had always wanted, to be helpless in the power of a bitch of a woman and be made to do as I was told.

Several times I was near to orgasm but each time my 'mistress' seemed to sense my condition and I was allowed to come down off the boil. I deliberately skimped some of the work so that I would be given another session with the cane and this took place when I had finished the floor and been returned to the bedroom.

This time my collar was removed and my wrists were once again spread and chained to the bedposts above my head but my ankles were roped to each end of a four foot pole and then the pole was pulled up over my head and roped to the bedrail. I was now in an excellent position for caning and once it had been administered my legs were released from the upper bedrail and retied to the bottom of the bed.

My manhood was now standing so stiff and proud that it raised a tent in my panties. Seeing this, my captor slowly drew the clothing away and asked if I wanted relief. Wanted it? I was begging for it so 'she' nearly

sent me into orbit with a wonderful hand job.

That was the end of my two hour session but before I left I was given a cup of coffee and I lost no time in making another appointment. Next time I may try the pillory I saw fastened to the foot of the bed but I'll still think of those unfortunates who pay Dr. North's prices. My transfer of fantasy into fact cost me £5 for the whole two hours.

Yours sincerely,
A.C.
Liverpool.

KISSES NOT SPANKS

Your pictures of stockings suspenders and knickers are fine especially bottoms provocatively up or out and knickers down or pulled tight into that divine crevice all girls possess.

However a word in favour of all those who do NOT get the urge to smack such tender passionate fruits but rather to kiss and explore them with their tongue and mouth. The pictures on pages 29, 33 and 46 of 'Janus' Knicker Special are good examples. The female thighs, buttocks and supremely anus cannot be considered however in isolation to the entire crotch area.

The pictures on pages 22 and especially page 19 are good examples. How well black stockings and suspenders, daring knickers and high shoes set off this feminine garden of eden.

Cunnilingus is so much more exciting if the tongue has to poke and pry around tight panties – often damp with perspiration and smelling torridly of female juices. The urge to kiss thighs and buttocks, to gently bite full round cheeks and to lick and explore the entire virginal-anal crevice can be overpowering.

Many women love to be so adored,

besides an element of domination over their man they like to feel desired, wanted, even worshipped and the erotic feel of a male tongue wriggling up inside their bottoms will give this special feeling.

My wife and I would both get a big kick from seeing our letter in print. My wife's friend who lives near to us with another girl, and is really bisexual, will be coming round pretty frequently now and may bring her flat mate too. They are not for group sex in the normal sense. Both seem keenly dominant voyeuristic types more interested in assisting and helping my wife to thoroughly put me in my place.

My wife who is a great teaser has told me that she intends to invite them around for an evening in which the principal entertainment will be devising downright rude tasks for me to perform and taking photographs of my performance.

They will vote for the rudest one and the winning girl gets my services as slave for the weekend. The two losers are compensated by getting me for one day each afterwards.

All this depends on publication of this letter. If you do I promise to write and let you know of my ordeal.

Yours,
L.H.

SCHOOLGIRL KNICKER FAN

I was walking past a newsagents the other day when I noticed the 'Janus' special issue on Spanking in the window.

The picture of that lovely school-girl bent over showing her lovely bare thighs and white knickers and school-girl socks was too much. I could not believe my eyes! I rushed in and bought a copy, and rushed to the nearest convenience. You can guess what happened then. The front cover is one of the most exciting I've seen.

I think the perfection of the picture was only spoiled by the black stockings. I think it would have been better with just the socks.

It does however portray the immense erotic appeal of schoolgirls in their school uniform. I think this in itself is a worthy subject for a special issue of 'Janus' – the erotic appeal of the school uniform.

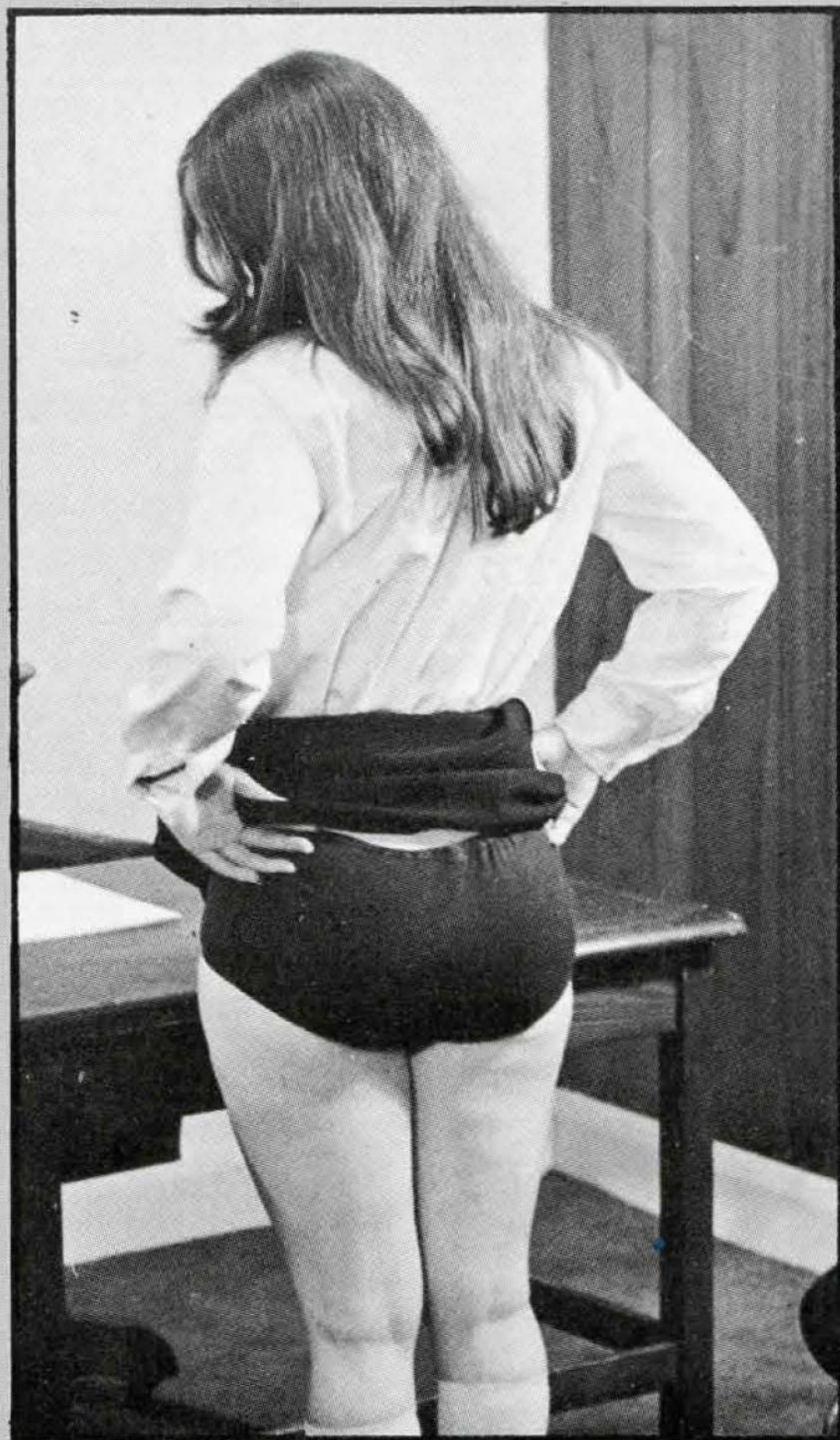
I would like to see a special issue devoted to this subject alone, profusely illustrated with photographs of lovely girls dressed in their school clothes, posed to display their lovely mobile limbs and school knickers.

Let us be frank! there can be few readers who buy your books without being stimulated to the point of masturbation, and your photos should be posed with this end in view. Girls should be posed sitting, dancing, lounging and lying with their legs placed to give generous views of the gussets of their lovely school knickers.

White knickers and white socks give an impression of virginal innocence which is very arousing. Girls with slim "twiggy like" figures are particularly suitable. Girls in summer school cotton dresses, straw boaters and white socks and gloves can be most exciting especially when posed in the open.

There should be a little less account on the spanking and violent side of sex and more emphasis on the candid shot and "schoolgirl teasers". Girls with long plaits tied with white ribbons, girls with brief bloomer knickers, girls in white gym shoes, and short white tennis dresses and school blazers. Schoolgirls in just their school vests, knickers and knee socks doing ballet practice. Girls doing gymnastics, and playing netball. There is no end to the wealth of erotic material and subjects, which can induce schoolgirl photos with their legs apart, to excite the hot blooded male who is young at heart.

There have been a few books pub-



lished which portray this theme. There was "schoolgirl erotic", by PAR publications. "Schoolgirl Frolics" by Domestic Discipline. "College Girls" who played strip poker, as well as all the "Spanking Schoolgirl" series I have them all – but I don't think there has been one published with the masturbator in mind. You could fill that gap with one of your "specials" – or even a series. There was a series started some years ago called "Frolics at St. Freda's", but in less enlightened days it was stopped.

So let us have some more, and who better to produce than "Janus"? I will continue to buy your marvellous magazine, but please – let us have more of the "Happiest days of our life."

Yours,
A.S.
London.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUZY

Once again I would like to say good luck to your superb magazine – to me the best of its kind.

You cater for all tastes, and I should imagine that you please everybody.

Now in Volume 2, No. 8, you have an article on Suzy, whom I realise now is the same girl I mentioned in my previous letter to you in Vol. 2, No. 3 page 27.

You put my letter *Made for the Cane* in your *Special Spanking Issue*. I was very pleased with that: it's wonderful – such gorgeous bare bottoms under the cane!

The article on Suzy in Vol. 2, No. 8, pages 32/33 is great. I think she is perfect – especially in her net stockings – such lovely thighs and I'm sure a divine bottom. So please let's see her bottom bare, other than sitting on it. Have her across the office desk with one of the old goats caning her. She would look divine in that position, and I'm sure she deserves six of the best.

Yours hopefully,

A.J.B.
Dover.

RUBBER MASOCHIST'S REQUEST

As a rubber fan of long standing I was interested to read L.K. of Leicester's article in Volume 2, No. 10.

It would be interesting to know exactly which item of rubber fascinated either party the most.

Like L.K., my girl friend and I consider that gloves hold pride of place and preferably the long shoulder length ones, generally supplied from the Continent.

I am convinced that more people

would appreciate the thrill of fine Latex if they started with a pair of gloves.

Perhaps other readers would like to put forward their preferences. Ours are:—

1. Gloves
2. Fine panties
3. Masks of various types
4. Stockings or tights
5. The top covering – either a mac or similar.

Though when the mood takes us, a slinky, all-in-one, cat suit provides all the joys in one. Quite naturally the zips will be in the right places.

Once covered from head to toe, the feel of the gloved hand over all the erogenous areas of the body does *more* than make one feel just randy.

We are also bondage fans and would recommend L.K. and his partner to try the same sensations while quite helpless with an all-embracing thin Latex mask, so that he can neither see nor hear, but only feel.

Yours faithfully,

A.R.
Hale.

ANNE'S FORFEIT

"Hello Mother, how are you?"

"I'm fine Anne, I was going to ring you today to invite you and John to dinner on Saturday!"

"Thanks, but not this Saturday," Ann replied with emphasis. "In fact," she continued, "what's going to happen to me on Saturday is the main reason I'm visiting you!"

"Sounds interesting darling, do go on."

"Well, in a nutshell I am all set for a darn good hiding on Saturday night."

"*What!*" exclaimed her mother, nearly speechless.

"Yes, I thought you'd be surprised, but I must say it's really all my idea. You remember I told you John had

finally agreed to my having a mini for my own use?"

"Go on!" came the worried voice of Mrs. Baker.

"Well, John had always said we couldn't afford another car; but I won £250 in that competition last July. John was delighted as you know but, when I said I was buying a car, he immediately pointed out that buying was one thing, but running expenses and repairs were quite another."

Anne paused to light a cigarette.

"But I don't see . . ." began Mrs. Baker. Anne waved her arm to stop her.

"Have patience Mother, I'm coming to it. He agreed on the small cost of petrol and so on, and said we could afford servicing, but any accident would really be out of the question. I assured him I would be extremely careful. He laughed and said he knew that, but accidents will happen. I agreed and said almost jokingly that if I had one he could always give me a good hiding. To my surprise he nodded and said O.K. get the car, but if you ever have a stupid accident I warn you your behind will suffer!"

"But surely John was joking too?"

"I half thought so at the time, until this morning when I ran into the gatepost while taking the kids to school. I rang him before coming to see you. All he said was: 'Saturday evening, Anne. I'll buy a cane while I'm in town today'."

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because in the past five years John has become very close to you, having no mother of his own, and although we have had occasional rows and twice he has put me over his knee and used his slipper on me, the thought of the *cane!*" Anne's voice broke and tears appeared suddenly in her blue eyes.

"I shall speak to him, of course, but you know, don't you, that your father believes in corporal punishment?"

"Will I ever forget the day I broke the kitchen window on my sixteenth

birthday," Anne answered, still shuddering inwardly as she vividly recalled the swish and thwack of her father's razor strop ten years before.

"Exactly, and, sorry to say, I told John how much your whole behaviour had improved from that thrashing onward. He seemed most thoughtful afterwards."

"John, this is Mother!"

"Hello Mother, nice to hear your voice. What can I do for you?"

"Anne's very upset about your threat of caning her on Saturday!"

"Sorry, but it's not a threat, and *you* told me how effective a hiding was for your daughter!"

"I know John, but don't be too brutal, after all she is twenty-six now — not sixteen!"

"Agreed, but she suggested her own punishment as I expect she told you, and so that's unfortunately that. Sorry my dear!" He put down the phone with a wry grin.

John lit a cigarette and thought about the events to come. He had had no trouble obtaining a switchy cane at a nearby shop supple enough to coil in the parcel now resting against his desk. He had always had an unexplainable urge to really thrash Anne, ever since his mother-in-law's account of the sixteenth birthday incident.

He thought with pleasure of her firm white, perfectly round, plump buttocks, which only the night before he had viewed in the dim light of their bedside lamp as they made love.

"Yes Anne, I shall enjoy caning you!" he murmured.

Anne nervously smoked a cigarette, and paced the living room, impatiently awaiting John's key in their front door. At last she heard it, and hurried out to meet him.

He smiled, and returned her kiss before saying:

"You made a darn good job of ruining the gate post; how's the car?"

"The offside wing is crumpled; rear lights broken," she replied, looking at

the floor.

"Well, I've rung Jones the Builders, and they are coming to repair the gatepost tomorrow. I want you to take the car to Tibbeth's tomorrow; they're expecting you."

"OK. Now John, you weren't serious about a cane, were you?"

"I've got it in the car; and remember it was really your idea. Please arrange for Mother to have the kids on Saturday for the night!"

Anne nodded dejectedly.

Anne awoke to the sun pouring through a chink in the curtains. It was Saturday morning. Glancing at the still sleeping figure of John she remembered how hard the night before she had tried to change his mind by every sexual wile she knew; but it made no difference. Today was her day of reckoning.

John had never known a Saturday pass so slowly; but when he waved his mother's car away with the children at 4.30, he turned in eager anticipation back into the house, switched on the living room light as he entered, and glanced through the picture window at the already darkening view outside.

"Anne!" he called as he settled into his favourite armchair.

"Just a minute."

She came, looking rather white, from the kitchen.

"Sit down darling, have a cigarette. The world isn't over yet y'know!"

She sat and lit her cigarette in silence.

"Now then, your punishment can either be in one part or two. Which do you prefer?"

"T-t-two parts!" she exclaimed sitting bolt upright in her chair. "Why?"

"Well, the car will cost around £50; and I understand the new gatepost and part of the fence will be about the same. So that's two offences, I reckon. Of course they can be combined or separate."

"Oh John, that's not fair: one punishment for the whole thing surely," she pleaded

"So you'd prefer one really good hiding to two separate milder ones?"

"What do you mean, separate? How long between?"

"Oh, I thought one soon, and another before bedtime"

"Oh, God, no; all at once please."

"I thought you'd choose that way, but I don't agree; because, after all, the bills I have to pay are separate, so I've decided your punishments should be meted out separately. Now go and have a shower, and come down again dressed, OK?"

Anne looked as if she would answer angrily, then, deciding against it, hurried wordlessly from the room.

As soon as she disappeared up the stairs, John went to the garage to get the parcel. Opening it on the living room floor, a few moments later, he carefully cut the cellotape holding the cane in a coil. It sprang straight, like a spring, uncoiling with amazing speed, ripping the wrapping paper as it did so. The slight curve on the handle fitted perfectly into his hand as he picked it up and swished it experimentally through the air. The whistle was quite loud.

"Um," he said, "looks a beauty!"

He waited impatiently for the predictable noises from upstairs to explain Anne's progress. The shower, the bathroom door opening, the rummaging in their bedroom, and — at last — her steps on the stairs.

She was wearing a black polo-necked pullover and form-fitting black slacks with slippers.

"Right," said John, drawing the full length curtains and turning on the wall lamps, "let's get the first part over before tea, eh?"

Anne, her eyes filling with tears, nodded dismally.

Drawing a high backed dining chair from under the table, John positioned it in the centre of the room with the

back facing the door.

"I want you bent over the seat with your feet under one side, and your hands holding the bottom rung on the other side so that your behind is nice and high," he said, stifling a grin.

Anne slowly bent over the chair, shuffling her feet under one side as she curled her hands over the rung on the other.

Her black-covered buttocks were outlined sharply as the material was stretched tight over them, and her panties' outline could also be seen.

As she was doing this, John had removed his jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeves. Turning towards her as he picked up the cane from beside his chair, he smiled and said:

"You are, of course, joking Anne; how on earth can I see the efficiency of this thing with all that padding?"

"John, please, not on the bare skin!" Anne said, peering fearfully through the veil of her long blonde hair.

"Don't be silly. Of course it will be

on the bare skin. Get those slacks down, and your panties too, and the quicker the better!"

Anne didn't move for a moment.

"Hurry up Anne," John demanded, "because if you keep me waiting then I'll have to add extra strokes, that's all."

Anne hurriedly straightened and pulled the zip on the side of the slacks, peeling them to her ankles in a swift movement. As she gripped the elastic of her panties John seized her right hand.

"Just a moment, how many pairs have you got on?"

He pulled the elastic away from her waist revealing two further pairs beneath, all of the woollen variety, not at all like her normal panties.

"So, cheating eh? Well, well, I shan't add strokes for trying to cheat, but I had intended taking it easy for one session and letting myself go for the other. But now, you've just earned yourself a hard time twice. Carry on."



Crying freely now, Anne slowly pulled the three pairs of panties down to her ankles to join the crumpled slacks.

"Before you bend over again Ann, I'm not going to tell you how long the beating will last. But you must stay bent over the chair until I tell you. If you don't get up before then, I'll just cancel the last two strokes. OK?"

Anne bent over the chair again. Her sweater was just long enough to cover the slope where her buttocks began, and John laid the cane down and with both hands raised it so that her buttocks and lower back were fully exposed.

The light shone on her white skin, slightly damp from her shower.

He stepped behind and to her left, and swished the cane once or twice experimentally through the air, watching her buttocks clench in anticipation.

He laid the cane across the highest point of her buttocks; even without hitting her the whippy wood hung over the far side noticeably.

"Not too hard John, or she won't be able to take the second dose," he thought. Accordingly he only raised the cane to shoulder height and flicked it downward to land almost exactly where it had lain a moment before.

As he took the cane away, the thin red stripe stood out vividly. Anne made no sound. Again he flicked it down a little more forcefully, a little lower down. This time the weal was a little heavier, and Anne hissed with the pain.

John stepped further back, and swung the cane almost parallel with the floor, to land with a solid *thwack* across the lower half of her buttocks. Anne cried out softly.

For the fourth stroke he gripped the cane well up from the handle, so that the end curled round as it cracked across her, the end leaving a separate angry red spot on her thigh. Anne's right hand instinctively left the chair

to touch the spot as she cried, but before it got there John swished again, right across the same line as stroke number one.

"One more!" said John, pausing to position himself again. Gripping the cane firmly, he swung it from above his head, but not as hard as he could and the resultant weal was laid between existing ones.

"You can get up and make tea darling," he said, tossing the cane on to the settee.

Anne had never in her life felt so humiliated as she pushed her panties down to her ankles.

"Why," she thought, "I've been nude before John countless times before? But this time it was not for any sexual reason, but to be thrashed. Will I be able to take it?" Her thoughts were interrupted by John's instructions. "Not knowing how long it's going to last, God, I must grip the rung as if my life depended on it."

Anne could never remember being caned before, though she knew her father's razor strop from several introductions to its kiss. Though the pain was unbearable, her father never made her bare her buttocks. That's probably why it was laid on so very hard. The weals had lasted for weeks, she remembered.

She heard the swish of the cane and flinched, then the thin wood struck her behind.

The first stroke! It stung abominably, but was just bearable. The second was far worse, and she couldn't suppress a hiss of pain. The third was really hard and she cried out with the pain.

Before she fully recovered the fourth whipped round her buttocks. The pain was awful, and made worse as the end dug into her thigh.

Her hand flew from the rung before she could stop it, and her sobbing was now uncontrolled.

"Ouch!" she called out as the fifth fell across the painful area of the first.

The sixth — she waited, it seemed,

for an age, and when it came the swish and crack was enough to make her jump and scream out.

They ate their meal almost in silence. The pain in Anne's buttocks seemed to be getting worse; and she had had to put a cushion between herself and the chair to relieve the agony.

"What's on T.V. tonight?" said John, almost as if nothing had happened.

"How can you talk about T.V.?" asked Anne hesitantly.

"Why not? If every time I give you a good hiding, and how often in future entirely depends on you, and you and I don't speak, it's pretty futile, don't you think?"

"You mean——," Anne paused aghast, "there will be other times?"

"Well, if you're a bad girl, what other remedy is so effective? We won't know how effective until after you've had another dose tonight?"

"Oh God, John, please, *please* not again *tonight*, I couldn't bear it!"

"Don't plead Anne. I told you before, my mind is made up. Any further trouble and I may have to increase the sentence above what you've just had. OK?"

Anne didn't answer, she just sat and thought of the further caning to come.

At 10.30, just when Anne was beginning to feel a bit like her old self, John said:

"OK, bed time. Let's get it over with."

He bent down and picked up the cane from beside his chair and followed her up the stairs.

"I bet you wish you'd never suggested a car, and a forfeit if you damaged it, don't you?"

Anne didn't answer: she was hurrying as fast as her bruised buttocks would allow her. She stripped in silence, and John noticed she wouldn't allow him to see her bottom.

"Have another shower Anne. It makes the skin softer," he said as he spread toothpaste on his brush.

Soon Anne was back in the bedroom, where John waited, still dressed in his trousers, holding the cane between his two hands.

She reached for her nightdress.

"Don't bother: this time we'll have you nude, and touching your toes."

"Oh, but John! Please, over the bed, so I have something——"

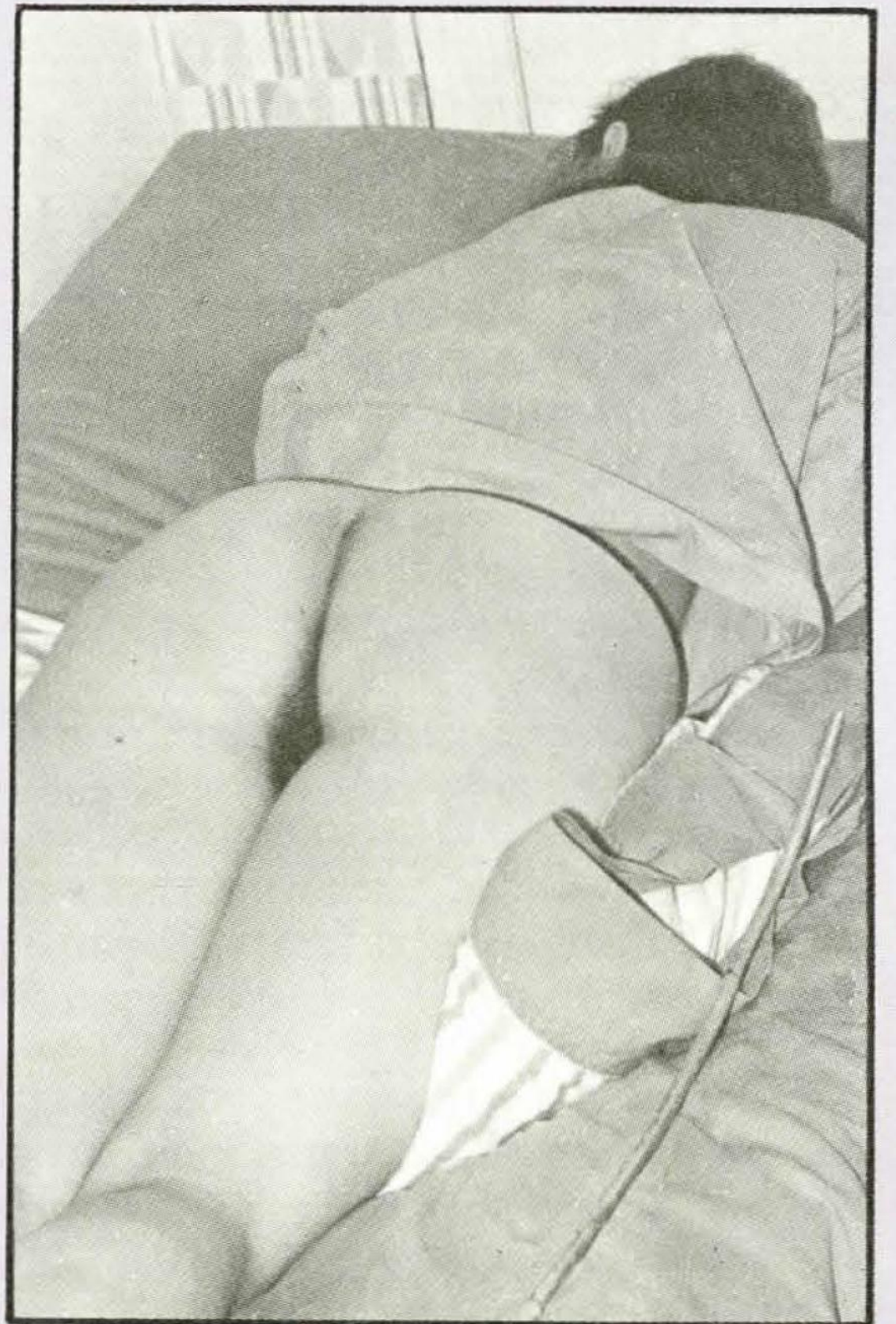
"Stop arguing; that's cost you an extra two strokes!"

Sobbing, Anne did as she was told. Her buttocks were red and blue from the previous caning.

He didn't hesitate and began to swish the cane across the target without any appreciable pause between the first three strokes: "*Swish Thwack! Swish Thwack! Swish Thwack!*"

At the end of screaming after the third stroke Anne stood up:

"I—I—I can't take any more



John!" she cried.

"I see; well, kneel on the bed, and rest a moment."

She did so wearily, and rested on her elbows, gazing at the headboard. Her buttocks were, in this position, stretched apart, and before she realised it, John had landed two savage blows across her buttocks. As she rose in agony another slash was delivered right at the top of her buttocks.

"Get over," he hissed, then carefully slashed the cane across the crease where her buttocks joined her legs.

He laid his hand on her back, and finished the beating with three more strokes, not so hard, but as they fell over existing weals, they felt it!

John threw the cane from him and she heard his zip being pulled down as he climbed up behind her.

"Oh no!" she gasped, as she felt his hands on her buttocks.

P.C.
Bucks.

BONDAGE TERROR

Some weeks ago I bought your magazine for the first time out of sheer curiosity, and it happened to be Vol. 2, No. 1. with the article by Graham Fox on *Tools of Bondage*. It quite fascinated me. Since then I obtained two more copies and was carried away in particular by the letter from G.M.M. Derby, in Vol. 2, No. 8!

Anyway, starting from absolute scratch I am now in the proud possession of a fantastic leather corset-cum-harness. It straps round the neck and the arms can be strapped across the small of the back. My head is covered in an all-embracing helmet, and lower down I have a wide black leather waist band jock strap with closed sheath. With ankle straps, wrist straps, some chain and a gag, the whole ensemble is terrific.

The tragic *but* is that unlike G.M.M., who is left immobile for an indefinite period, but knows that he *will* be released eventually, I have to be terribly careful that I do not get myself into a position where I cannot free myself.

This nearly happened when I used handcuffs which I had clipped on to the ring in the small of the back of my corset and then secured on my own wrists behind my back – and horrors! – I dropped the key! The contortions and struggle were beyond description, plus a gigantic orgasm. I was utterly exhausted when I did escape.

Sincerely,
W.H.R.
York

NAPPY TORMENT

I felt I just had to write to you about my girl friend's new ideas on humiliation. I visit her twice a week for 'slave labour', with twenty-four hours between each of the two visits.

She now has enough in photographic evidence to ensure my total obedience. Her new ideas are centred around the time *between* our meetings.

Each week she sets me a particular humiliation on the first of our weekly meetings. I will give you an example.

A couple of weeks ago she ordered me into the bathroom, made me lie on the floor and administered a large enema. She watched, laughing, as I dashed for the loo and relieved myself in front of her. Then she put a nappy, made from towelling, on me.

I sat, wondering what was going to happen next. She produced one of those sanitary devices used by bed-wetters and placed it over the nappy. A chain was then wound around my middle, over the nappy, and locked in place. I was then ordered to dress.

My humiliation was obvious. I was to spend the next twenty-four hours

knowing that I was totally unable to visit the toilet.

After the heavy enema I was reasonably sure of not soiling myself, but I would be forced to wet my nappy again and again. And this was not the end! She also added the order that I was not allowed the privacy of the gents when I was out, but was to wet myself in front of any unknowing witnesses about at the time.

To add the finishing touch I was told to accompany her to the nearest public house. There, at her 'suggestion' I drank three pints of beer. My first nappy-wetting, therefore, took place in a crowded pub lounge!

I am sure your readers will sympathise with my position, especially as my girl friend assures me that other humiliations are being carefully set down for future weeks.

Yours,
'Humiliated'

RANDY RUBBER

Without a doubt, *Janus* is a great monthly to look forward to reading; and without a doubt it is *all* understanding and, better still, gives good explanations to the reasons of most of our sexual "hang-ups", for want of a better word.

However, as a happy Rubber Masochist my complaint is, good as all the drawings and pictures are, we *never* see a girl in a nice plain black Rubber Mackintosh!

We often see girls being spanked but never the other way round. Never the mistress punishing her male slave. As you well know, we male Rubber Masochists actually and sincerely enjoy a thrashing.

I openly admit my wife has often thrashed me, and this is how it really is, so why show girls being caned when it is (mostly anyway) we males that get our females to cane us?

So I like your girls; but *please*, dress a few in real rubber mackin-

toshes and Wellingtons, and put the cane in their hands.

I am quite convinced that there must be many many wives like mine that quite willingly thrash their husbands in the comfort of their own homes; but most are shy, and need reassurance that they are not the only ones in the whole world that cane their husbands.

I think that pictures can help us bring out into the open something that is truly real in life.

Yours sincerely,
M.W.
Kent.

EXPERIENCES WITH KNICKERS

I found Volume 2, No. 5 of *Janus* on the train just now and really enjoyed Jennifer Hopkin's article: *My Undercover World*.

I've always had this thing about knickers and I've just this minute counted forty-seven pairs in the dressing table and a further twelve in the airing cupboard or waiting to be washed.

I attempt to show them off, perhaps to someone sitting opposite me



in a train or a pub and even to guests in the home.

As a result of two experiments of lesbianism it doesn't matter whether the other someone is male or female.

It all started with another woman when I was eleven. She told me that because of the way I was sitting she could see my knickers.

Due to my upbringing, I began to quake nervously. She tried to comfort me, and, saying that it didn't matter, lifted the hem of her dress for me to see her own knickers.

She then put an arm round me and persuaded me that it would be a good idea if she fingered me.

I was completely ignorant sexually and did not see it as being abnormal. Anyway, she got to fingering and kissing me, and left soon after, never to return.

I didn't have intercourse until I was fourteen, and it was after that my passion for knickers grew. I used to buy them with my pocket money and keep them hidden from my parents.

Most other women seem to ignore my display of knickers, though some stare every now and then from behind a newspaper and this once resulted in a beautiful but short relationship with a most charming West Indian lady.

Knowing that I'm wearing sexy knickers gives me a pleasure all of its own.

My husband knows and laughs at my goings on. He eggs me on into giving a show to his father, who's over seventy and couldn't get an erection to save his life.

I think I've made about a dozen or so of my knickers myself. The pair I'm most proud of are completely gussetless and fastened round the leg by just a cord; but I prefer to wear buttoned gussets for a man I've met for the first time.

Hoping that you enjoy this letter as much as I enjoyed Jennifer's.

V.H.
Glasgow.

HIGHLAND GAMES (DISCIPLINE)

This is the first time I've ever written to a magazine, but as my brother, with whom I share a flat in Cardiff, always buys *Janus*, and I knew how interested your readers are in articles on spanking, I felt I must drop you a line about an event that occurred last week when my brother and I were on a camping holiday in Scotland.

While we were on a very lonely and remote road in the Northern Highlands, between Lairg and Ullapool, we pulled up for some coffee.

In some places the new road runs alongside the old one, which is used as a lay-by. Unknowingly we had stopped next to such a place and about thirty feet above it.

We heard the sound of a man and woman arguing in a broad Scots dialect, which I shall make no attempt to reproduce.

The woman was protesting because the man, apparently, was going to strap their daughter. She said:

"You can't do it out here: it isn't right. Belt her when we get home if you want to, but not out here."

The man replied:

"Shut your mouth! I don't take orders from you! She's my daughter and I do as I wish. I'm going to strap her here and now."

Again the woman said:

"No, don't! you can't! I won't let you!"

There was a roar of rage from the man:

"*You* won't let me! Who the hell do you think you are? I'll show you what I can and can't do. I'll strap your own arse for you before I belt Janet."

Then there was a yelp and a string of obscenities from the woman.

My brother had got out of our car and was looking over the edge of the wall. He turned and said:

“Come and see this, Valerie.”

I did so, and there below on the old road was a car. A boy of about twelve and a well built and attractive girl of about fourteen stood beside it.

Held down by the back of her neck, with her frock dragged right up over her back, was a rather stocky dark-haired woman of about thirty-seven. She had no tights or stockings on and her knickers were down to her knees.

Her husband, a big brown man was beating her unmercifully on her naked buttocks and the backs of her very plump thighs with a big, doubled leather belt.

She was yelling as each vicious *whack* raised a huge red welt on her white skin.

The beating went on for a long time and her entire backside was red by the time he let her go.

“There,” he said, “that may teach you what I can do – now come here, Janet, and get your pants off and be quick about it!”

The attractive fourteen year old went to the front of the car and slipped her knickers down and stepped out of them. She was grasped by the back of her neck and her short dress yanked right up around her neck.

At this point, my brother was going to go down and try and stop the



man beating his pretty daughter; but I stopped him by pointing out that it would only cause a brawl.

They weren't aware of our presence. If he did succeed in stopping him, the girl would probably get a double dose when her father got her home, and in any case we didn't even know why he was going to thrash her. It could be she deserved it.

So we just watched as the man once more doubled his huge belt and lashed the girl's plump buttocks and every inch of her thighs from just above the back of her knees upwards.

She screamed and squirmed as he laid it across her really hard, until her bottom was as red as her mother's had been.

All the time the twelve year old boy had stood calmly watching. My brother remarked that the family probably came from some really tough area and the boy was used to seeing his mother and sister stripped and beaten.

It was certainly a very severe thrashing for both of them, and although when I was a girl I was quite often spanked, either by my mother with a slipper or, for something really serious, I got the dog-lead across my bare backside from my father, I have never suffered anything of the sort I saw on that occasion. Nor, I should add, do I want to!

My brother was going to write this but was too tired and, as usual, when there are any letters to be done, it's me that has to do them.

By the way, I am twenty-three and had my last tanning a mere eighteen months ago (if anyone tells my Dad that children are adult now at eighteen he just about blows up!)

I hope I haven't taken up too much time and space but I felt I must write while the incident is still fresh in my memory.

T.R.
Staffs.

A BEATEN BOTTOM

I have just finished reading *Spanking Special No. 2* and must congratulate you on another excellent issue.

The stories were good, the centre pages, with the girl across teacher's photographs. Let's have more pictures like them in the November *Spanking Special*, especially with secretaries and typists over their boss's knees, skirts up and knickers down — stockings and suspenders, of course. I would also like stories involving the same subjects.

I first became interested in spanking when, as a twelve year old, I put a girl over my knee and spanked her over her skirt.

Since then I have spanked many girls, the first being a fifteen year old who went over my knees — voluntarily, I might add — a dozen or so times and I always lifted her skirt and spanked her over her knickers.

I went into an office at the age of seventeen and, when teaching a young girl, spanked her when she made mistakes, but only over her skirt.

Another young lady in the office teased me once too often. She was married and one day, during lunch

time, I put her over my knee — again no resistance. I lifted her dress right up and she was wearing stockings and suspenders and small white knickers.

Because she lay quietly over my knee, I took a chance and took her knickers down. She did not complain, so I smacked her about a dozen times before pulling her knickers up and then letting her get up, flushed but grinning.

Needless to say I visited her at home a few times and she spent much longer over my knees; skirt up, knickers down.

Then I got a regular girl friend and it wasn't long before she presented her bottom to me for a tanning. I eventually married her and, of course, still spank her.

I have been married now for seven years and have since spanked a thirty year old friend of mine. I happened to call one day and she was very upset. She told me her husband and herself were not getting along very well and she said it was mainly her fault.

I told her that if that was the case she needed a good spanking and I had a good mind to do it. She gave me a strange look and asked me if I was initiated in spanking. I said: yes.



We talked for a while about it and during the conversation I told her that spanking a girl wearing tights, was nothing like doing so when she was wearing stockings and suspenders, which made the whole thing far more sexy.

She asked me to call again, and about two weeks later I did so. I had tea and she went upstairs for a while and when she came down she looked slightly flushed. She sat beside me on the settee and suddenly said her troubles with her husband were her fault and if I thought she needed spanking, she would agree.

I could hardly believe my luck and catching hold of her arm pulled her over my knees until her head was nearly on the floor and her bottom right up on my lap.

I patted her a few times and then lifted her skirt to behold a sight I never expected to see.

She was wearing very black brief knickers, stockings and suspenders – I found she had bought them specially for the tanning she was sure I would give her.

I began slapping her bottom over her knickers and after about ten minutes she was wriggling slightly. I held her firmly and smacked for another ten seconds.

I stopped and she lay quietly over my knee. I rubbed her bottom for a while and then, reaching for the waistband of her knickers, I gently pulled them to her knees.

She said nothing as I admired her reddish bottom for a while and then, pulling her further over my knees, I proceeded to tan her buttocks some more, and I did not stop until it was very red and sore.

She thanked me between tears, and I know that she is now a better wife.

Keep up your good work with your *Spanking Specials*. I can't wait for the next one.

J.B.
Truro.

BONDAGE STIMULATION

I feel I must write and congratulate you on the wide range of fetishes which you bring under inspection.

My particular favourite fetish is bondage, and I am fortunate in being able to indulge in it with my present girl friend, who enjoys it immensely.

As I buy all her underwear for this activity – this can be a very exciting experience, I can assure you – you will appreciate that everything she wears is easily removable.

Recently, my flatmate moved out and my girl friend moved in with me. The spare bedroom has had some slight modifications made to it to make it more satisfactory for bondage and we make full use of all its advantages.

The week-ends are usually when we indulge most, especially Friday evenings.

Carol finishes work early on Friday afternoon and goes home to prepare herself, dressing in easily removable clothes, such as halter neck bras and dresses, and lays out the bondage equipment.

When I arrive home at about six p.m. I ring the bell, and, as soon as she opens the door, I grab her, clamp one hand over her mouth and drag her struggling into the bondage room.

Once there I push her face downwards on the bed and lash her hands together behind her back with one of the lengths of nylon cord she has left prepared. If she still struggles, I lash her tied hands to her ankles, which cuts down her activity considerably.

Usually, I then strip and place my now erect member into her mouth and make her bring me to climax.

When I have finished, I stuff an old pair of tights into her mouth and hold these in place with sticking plaster. Then a stocking is put over her head and three or four others are tied around her mouth to make sure

the gag stays in place.

By this time we are both really turned on and I lash her to the brass bed, a wide double one.

By pulling the ropes really taut her hands can be made to reach the corners of the bed.

Her legs are likewise divided and now her crotch becomes obvious as her skirt rides up over her thighs.

Her feet are lashed as far apart as possible, so that the veins and tendons are standing out on her upper thighs above her stocking tops, and pubic hair can be seen around the elastic crotch of her panties.

She is now helpless and I begin to strip her. I remove her halter neck dress and black bra and massage her erect nipples.

The gag makes it difficult to breath, but she says she honestly prefers it that way, even during orgasm.

I next remove her suspender belt and roll her stockings down to her tied ankles. Then her panties, which have fastenings at the side, are removed and I enter her. Usually we

climax very quickly after all the bondage foreplay.

Other bondage positions which she enjoys are with her legs and feet against a stepladder, which again forces her legs apart and exposes her vagina; and she also likes to be tied over the dining table, which allows me to enter her from the rear.

Sometimes I leave her tied like this all evening, while I go for a drink with my friends.

On one occasion I bought a girl back home with me and we had a tremendous session, in which I could tie both of them up and watch them stimulating each other.

However, I never saw the girl again after that but Carol keeps asking me if we could repeat the experience again, someday.

Keep up the informative nature of your magazine. More articles on bondage in particular would be welcome but we enjoy reading about readers' fetishes. Keep up the good work.

J.C.
Staffs.



CANING CAPERS

As a regular reader of *Janus*, I am surprised that you never include any letters, articles, or photos of men receiving punishment from other men. I can assure you that many men and women like to see and enjoy this, and it is often stimulating to their heterosexual life.

I have had recent experience of this. I am thirty, and have often disciplined my seventeen year old nephew, who stays with me on occasions. Usually, this discipline has taken the form of bending him over a chair, and using my belt across his tightly filled jeans. However, last week he was staying with me and returned, after a night out at 12.30 in the morning. I had just had a bath when I heard him return, so I put on my briefs and called him upstairs.

I could see that he had been drinking. I informed him that he would be punished for his late return, and told him to go to the dining room, where he would find a cane in my desk drawer.

I waited for his return, and when he came through the bedroom door he had stripped to his briefs and was carrying the cane.

I must have shown my surprise, for he said:

"I thought you would like to see what your punishments do under the jeans."

He was a well-built lad, and I must admit I was knocked a little off-balance by this.

"O.K." I said, "if that's the way it is to be, get over the chair."

He walked to it, bent forward, slipped his briefs below his knees and took hold of the chair seat. His firm buttocks stood out before me, and I walked towards him with the cane at the ready.



I administered the first stroke with less force than usual, but for the first time I saw a red line appear across his white buttocks; and as I followed this with two harder strokes they criss-crossed into a pattern. He flinched with each blow, but did not make a sound.

As I paused after the third stroke, he stood up and I saw that his penis was fully erect. He turned to me and said:

“Now you know what always happens — except your going to see it through to the end this time.”

I was, by this time, affected sexually, and he moved towards me and said:

“Let’s even up the score.”

He took hold of my briefs and pulled them down. I could not hide my excitement. He removed his own briefs completely, and told me to do the same. I did so, and he once again bent over the chair.

I administered the next three strokes with some force, and this time he winced visibly, but at the sixth stroke he suddenly clutched his penis and a terrific orgasm took place.

My own penis was visibly throbbing, and I realised this was the first time I had experienced this fully, although once or twice I had got an erection during the punishments.

“Now you know what it looks like underneath,” said my nephew, “I suppose you’ll always take it this way. Now I shall even up the score with you.”

He took hold of my penis, and pushing me down on the bed, worked me to a climax with his hands.

I am sure there are other people like this, and I would like confirmation through your magazine that this is so. How about printing this, and seeing if we do get any further letters and experiences to show I am right?

C.G.
Wolverhampton.

TIGHT LACING

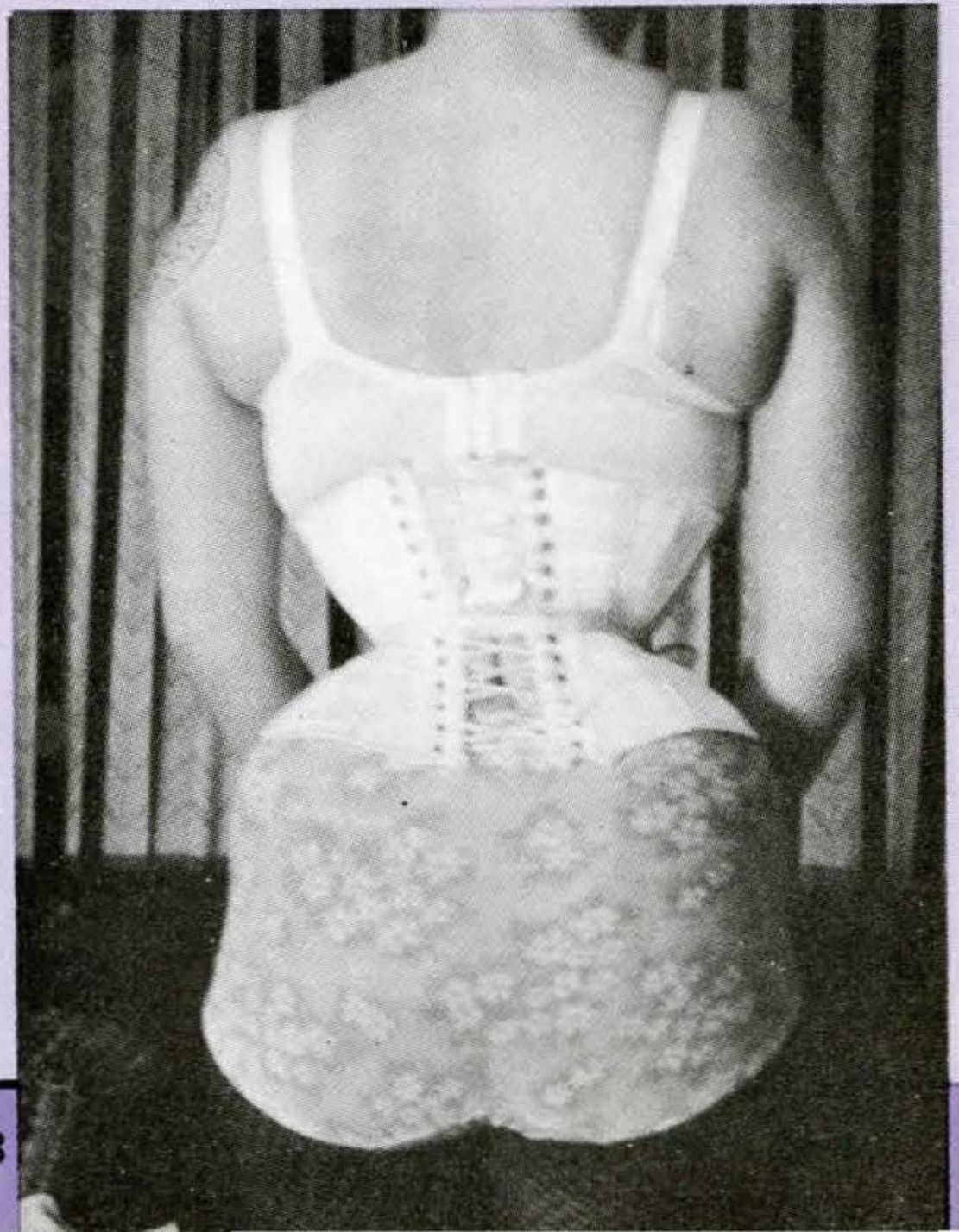
I was very pleased to find a magazine that devoted some space to corsets and tight-lacing; and I shall look forward to your regular features.

I am in the happy position of having a 28 year old wife who has agreed to wear a tight-laced corset.

At first she would only occasionally wear one at home; she said the pain and discomfort were too great. Then we progressed to her wearing the corset during an evening out, and finally, about two months ago, to her wearing it every day.

Her normal waist last year was 27 inches, and I was amply rewarded over Christmas and the New Year when she wore her corset laced to 18 inches! At times I felt very sorry for her, as it was obvious that the discomfort was most acute at times. In fact, it was difficult to convince friends that she was not ill.

During the day, when I am at work, I leave my wife tight-laced, with a locked metal belt in case she is tempted to take the corset off. She says the pain is not as severe now as it was at first; but some days it is still pretty bad.



As to the future — well I have on order a 16 inch corset which should arrive this week-end. I am hoping to persuade my wife to keep the corsets on at night. I am sure I shall have a battle on my hands, but I am told that this is the only way to get the waist really small.

By the way, my wife's measurements now are: bust 39 inches, waist 18 inches, hips 37 inches — quite a fantastic figure.

I shall try and get some photos of her in day clothing. She has a number of short, full-skirted mini's which she wears with very bright leather belts and thigh boots.

M.B.
Lancs.

PIERCING PROBLEM

I am writing to tell you of a bet between my boy friend, Neil, and myself.

Quite recently I started to wear suspenders again, at Neil's insistence. He kept telling me how lovely and sexy they would make me look and he bought me some for my birthday. After some initial discomfort I got used to them again; but they halved my wardrobe as most of my clothes are mini skirts, and dresses which end before my stockings start.

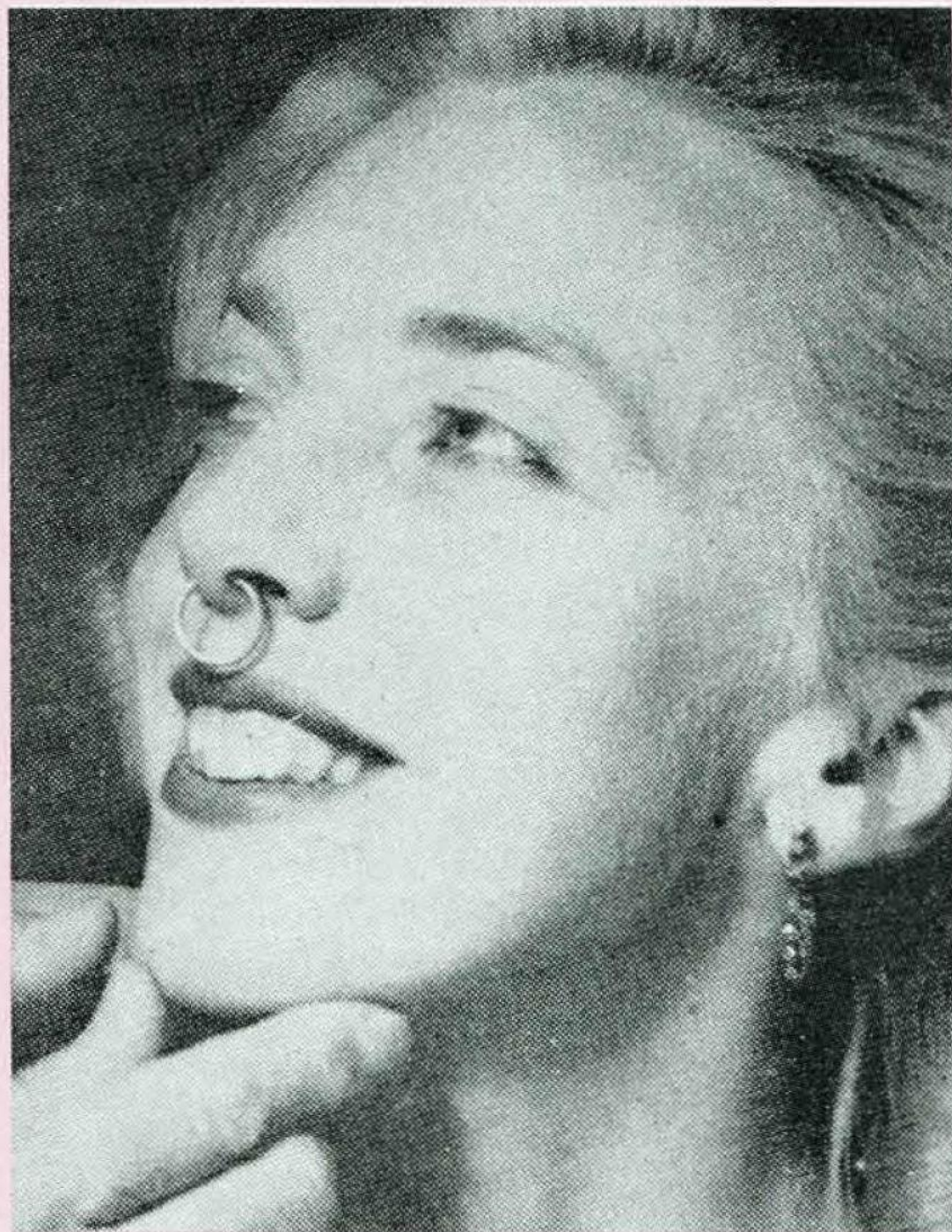
Despite these little difficulties, Neil's extra loving makes everything worthwhile.

However, this has given rise to a new difficulty as Neil now thinks that because of my new-found allure I am flirting with other men and may leave him.

It was because of this that our bet was made.

Last Friday, when I was at his flat, he gave me a present. It was a box, and inside were five of the rings which are put through pierced ears. I asked him: why five? In answer he lifted up the lid of the box.

Inside was a piece of paper which



contained a picture of a nude girl with arrows pointing to the places where the rings were to be placed.

I was furious, but after he calmed me down he showed me a copy of *Janus* which made it clear that this was done by quite a number of people.

Anyway, I agreed to be 'ringed' — and this is where you come in.

I will only have this done if you will prove by photographs that other women have had it done: then I will follow suit.

Many letters refer to the practice, but I have seen no pictures. Neil says you cannot show rings through, say, a woman's vulva, but a couple of photos of rings elsewhere, and perhaps a few drawings, will do. If you cannot do this then I shall refuse to be 'ringed' on the grounds that other people write about it but don't do it.

Neil has told me that the other ring positions are nipple, nose, and inner and outer labia. One of us must win the bet. It will take a lot of explaining away my nose ring if I lose, but I don't think I will have to.

R.C.
London.

KNICKERS

Like many of your contributors and, needless to say, readers, I get immense pleasure from looking up girls' skirts at their knickers.

Generally, my voyeuristic experiences have been restricted to chance encounters – girls bending down or climbing stairs – but lately I have been more adventurous, and two recent lunch-time experiences at the shopping centre close to where I work are worth describing.

The first incident involved a young woman in her twenties. She was tall, with short blonde hair, and she wore a blue and red flared mini dress with a matching jacket.

I followed her through the subway under the main road, hoping to see her knickers as she climbed the steps at the other end.

I waited at the steps and watched as more and more leg was revealed, right up to the darker band at the top of her tights, but the bouncing hem of her dress kept her knickers concealed.

Feeling frustrated, I watched her walk towards an office block, when she suddenly changed direction and entered the D.I.Y. shop.

I followed her, and as she squatted down to look through a pile of different grades of sandpaper, I crouched down behind her, pretending to look at a display of wallpaper rolls.

She stood up for a few seconds and I caught a glimpse of light-coloured knickers before she squatted down again.

I turned round so that I was directly behind her and, as her legs must have ached from squatting down, she stood up again and completed her task by bending forward.

Her dress flared right out at the back and, as the shop was otherwise deserted and she was totally unaware of my presence, I was able to put my face right under her dress and feast

my eyes on her bottom, clad in the knickers which she wore under her tights.

She stayed in this position for some time, before straightening up and leaving the shop, without ever knowing that I had had a perfect view up her skirt.

The second incident occurred several weeks later and involved a very attractive girl about seventeen or eighteen. She had long blonde hair and wore a long-sleeved yellow blouse, a green and pink "tank-top", a dark blue flared mini skirt which buttoned down the front, yellow mules and dark brown tights.

She was with a less attractive girl in her twenties, and I followed them into a very small shop which sells everything from stationery to toys.



I stood with my back to the two girls and looked at the cards.

The elder girl wanted a cigarette lighter and a female assistant got several down to show her.

The attention of all three was so fixed on the lighters that they did not notice me squat down behind the attractive girl and pretend to look at a display cabinet below the cards.

I turned round, and the shop is so small and narrow that my face was almost touching the hem of her mini skirt.

I leant forward and put my face right under the back of her skirt and was rewarded with a beautiful sight.

She was standing with her legs slightly apart, and I was able to take in every detail of her underwear: the fine texture of her dark tights, the darker band at the very top of her legs, and then her knickers.

They were dark blue, with narrow stripes in light blue, and a dark blue edging. They were very tight and narrow between her legs, and they cut into her bottom so that her lovely cheeks bulged at the lacy edge.

Understandably, my heart was pounding, and I found it even more exciting when she moved her feet, causing ripples of movement in her delightful bottom.

I drew my head away and checked that nobody could see me from the open door of the shop, then leant forward for another long look at her bottom.

Eventually I drew my face away again, stood up and went outside. It was obvious that none of the three had realised what I had been doing, and I was trembling with excitement.

My pleasure was complete as I looked at her pretty face when she came out of the shop and I knew every detail of what she was wearing under her skirt.

G.C.
London.

TURNED ON BY TIGHTS

Whether genuine or not, I thought the style of the 'letter' concerning the exploits of the two young ladies (*Victorian Playmates*, Vol. 2, No. 10) was superb. If only some of your spanking correspondents could write as well, *Janus* would be all the better for it.

I hope your latest Special on Spanking, due in November, will be available in the shops because it is not desirable for me to receive it at home; and almost everything is opened at the office.

For some reason most of your correspondents seem to prefer views of young ladies in directoires or school type knickers, and I assume they are mostly among your older readers.

I am in my forties also, but evidently younger in heart because I like girls in tights and would very much like to see photos of a model in



natural sheer tights in the caning position, preferably over a tall, padded, kitchen type stool, with the cane being wielded *and* with cane marks visible through the tightly stretched tights.

Perhaps then there might be conventions to this procedure, after a successful photograph or two. Of course completely bare takes a bit of 'licking' so to speak.

Yours sincerely,
E.S. (Coventry)

PERSECUTED PENIS

It would seem from reading the letters written to your exceptional magazine, that girls are at long last exploiting the weakness of the male in order to dominate, tease, and punish him.

The weakness I refer to of course is playing with the penis, and the more letters written about this subject will I am sure increase the popularity of *Janus* among females, and isn't it nice to have a magazine which doesn't just cater for the male sex alone.

How right Mrs. I.M. of Cheshire was, when she stated in her letter:

"I am quite certain that many of those men who are being subjected to nappy discipline are being dealt with in this way because they have been found playing with themselves."

My own husband is one for a start, and I could name several others also.

My friend Janet hadn't been married very long when she had to have treatment for a complaint which meant that Frank, Janet's husband, wasn't getting his physical jerks, as she put it. I laughed and said:

"I expect he's playing rub-a-dub-dub with it."

"He will have me to contend with if I find out," she replied.

A few days later Janet invited me in to see how I liked the paper that Frank was putting on one of the up-

stairs rooms. It was most unfortunate for him that Janet had to go down to answer the door, because while she was away I began to have quite a sexy suggestive chat with him, asking him if he enjoyed putting it up, and did he want me to hold it for him.

Questions which could all be taken two ways, and I could see by his face which way he was taking them.

Frank was ripe for being teased, and when he began to roll a little gadget up and down the seams of the wallpaper, I asked with a sexy giggle if it was better to roll it rather than rub it.

I could see from the back of his neck that he was blushing and I told him so. As he went up the ladder to trim off the paper at the ceiling I let my hand slide over the front of his trousers. I let it rest on a nice firm swelling, and then began to give gentle pressings on it.

"How are you going to soften this then?" I teased "Roll it like the paper and it will be just as sticky, won't it?"

Frank just stood on the ladder, quite unable to get in control of the situation.

"Does Janet know you play with your penis?" I asked, unbuttoning first one, then two, then three buttons.

"Oh, you're panting just like a little dog on heat," I teased, "and you haven't yet answered my question. Does Janet know?"

My fingers explored inside the opening of his trousers and stroked along his penis.

Frank replied, in between panting, that she didn't.

"Well I've got news for you," I laughed, "she does now."

As he moved his head round he almost fell off his perch because Janet was at my side and had been for two or three minutes.

I just gave the end of his penis a tweak and left him to face the music from Janet.

I really enjoyed being able to put

him in a position which would ensure that Janet would be able to make him squirm; and he certainly does squirm at his punishments and humiliations, many of which I have suggested.

Master K.B. wrote explaining what an awful humiliation it was to have a female in control of his sexual outlet. Well, Baby has placed himself in this position because *he* was unable to control his penis and his girl friend has selected a method which will control it and discipline it at the same time.

Yes K.B. I'm sure you don't like those nasty rings on your little penis! Especially when you're nice and randy and long to play with yourself.

Oh yes, we understand only too well that where once you got a childish but pleasurable thrill has been replaced with discomfort.

It would seem from the way Elsie made K.B. smart with the use of nail varnish remover, that she enjoys, as many of us do, making him sore and sorry, and I only hope she continues to do so.

Perhaps Master K.B. would like to know that putting the male plaything under our control gives us a feeling of intense pleasure, as the penis is reduced to a limp fleshy object, stretched right out to allow us to force down the ring, a fraction at a time; and we like listening to the pleadings and protestings, knowing that naughty little K.B. won't be able to get the horn, never mind play with himself.

This is what we enjoy, and 99 per cent of girls would agree that Penis Punishments for naughty Babies who play with themselves are well deserved. So to all overgrown Babies I say: If you can't keep your hands away from it, in spite of our teasing with Boobs and Bottoms, then we will *make* you keep your hands away.

And as many boys have now discovered, this isn't just an idle threat, but a promise, and a promise we enjoy keeping.

(Miss) B.B.

DELECTABLE DIRECTOIRES

I am quite convinced there would be fewer broken marriages and unhappiness in the world if both partners in marriage were more broad-minded and went along with the little deviations or peculiarities that make for exciting sex for one or both partners.

I am in my early fifties, still, I am glad to say, a smart attractive woman. My husband, John, is a couple of years older than I and is still devoted and faithful and has never strayed because I realised very early in marriage that to object to his harmless desires would only push him towards women who for a fee would provide what he wanted.

I was married at twenty-three, and spent a blissful honeymoon. John was handsome and loving. I was pretty and blonde with a nice plump little figure and could have had the pick of several young men, in spite of the fact that I was very short sighted and had worn glasses since I was eleven.

Like all young men, John liked seeing me in my undies and after the initial shyness of a member of the opposite sex seeing me in my knickers I got a kick out of the power I could wield over a man by letting him see my underwear.

Like all young girls I wore a bra



and girdle, slip and panties, and John would remark on numerous occasions that I must feel cold, especially in winter time in my little silk panties.

I would laugh and say that I did occasionally and jokingly suggest that I would get myself a pair of flanellette bloomers.

One evening John came home and handed me a little parcel. A present for me. I was delighted and excitedly unwrapped it and it contained two pairs of expensive silk directoire knickers. When I laughingly protested that I hadn't worn bloomers for years, he persuaded me to wear them occasionally.

I could see he was deadly serious underneath his banter and because I loved him I started wearing directoires.

I would put a pair on before he came home in the evening. They felt strange at first for he insisted I wear them correctly, that is with the leg elastics extended down to within a few inches above my knees, and I knew that the occasional peep of the shirred elastic legs excited him.

I believe my directoires were the means of introducing us both to a form of love making that I never knew existed.

One evening, a short while after I had started wearing directoires, we were romping on the bed, as young marrieds will.

I was fully dressed in a blouse and dirndl skirt. John had undressed and I was waiting for him to undress me, which I loved him to do.

We were, both of us, very much in the mood and I knew this was going to be a marvellous session. John flopped on the bed beside me, head to tail, and playfully began to kiss my nylon clad knees, which I found exciting.

His kisses moved a little higher to just above the knee and I knew he was anticipating the sight of slowly revealing the elastic legs of my knickers.

Slowly he pulled up my skirt and slip while I arched my back till they were up around my waist and the whole of my knickers revealed.

He played with the elastic around my thighs, feeling my suspenders under the knickers and then he started to kiss my knickered thighs.

It felt delicious and I had an overwhelming desire to feel his kisses between my thighs. I was unable to stop myself from bending my knees and opening my legs wide and then I felt his lips eagerly exploring my gusset.

It was heaven, and I arched my back and pushed at the waistband of my knickers while he pulled them off.

I grabbed his rampant penis and began to fellate him while I felt his lips and then his tongue probing. John immediately began to come and I think I shrieked with sheer ecstasy as I began to have orgasm after orgasm.

I had, since I was married, more than enjoyed orthodox sex, but I found I adored cunnilingus and fellation and we have practised it ever since. Young marrieds like to make love at any time, be it after breakfast, or even in the middle of preparing lunch, and I quickly discovered that his ardour cooled a little if I was wearing panties; so I would quickly make an excuse that I must go to the loo and would slip on a pair of silk directoires. When I returned to him I would be innocently adjusting my leg elastics down over my stockings and I knew it would not be long before I would be laid out on the kitchen table with his head up my skirts, his lips pressed to my gusset, and then, for me, the all too slow removal of my knickers and then the delicious sucking and probing of his tongue.

I also used to go quite weak at the knees when I would perhaps be at the sink in my pinny and suddenly feel his arms around me cupping and squeezing my breasts, and then I would feel his erect penis being in-

served under the elastic leg of my knickers and I knew he got a terrific thrill out of the sweet imprisonment of his penis underneath the elastic.

It wasn't long before I gave up wearing panties altogether. I now possess a dozen pairs of directoires which John had bought me including a couple of pairs in pink satin which he had had made for me, and much against my will I had to confess to myself that I liked the comfortable cosiness of directoires and that I would miss the reassuring feel of my leg elastics. I remembered how I tried to persuade my mother to wear French knickers and now understand why she resolutely refused to give up her bloomers.

After I had been married for about a year I began to put on a little weight and, at John's insistence, I visited a corsetière and was fitted for a satin panelled boned corset which I found most uncomfortable at first but which gave me a wonderful figure.

I persevered with it as John admired women in corsets. He found them very sexy and within a few months I found I really needed the corset for support.

My bloomers were a source of amusement to my next door neighbour, a young married woman like myself, and she gigglingly informed me that her husband enjoyed the sight of them on the line on washday.

Occasionally I felt I was turning into an old-fashioned maid, particularly as John had recently persuaded me to change my horn-rimmed glasses for a pair of severe looking rimless glasses.

He had a fetish about girls in glasses and he always made me keep mine on when making love to me.

I was surprised one morning when my optician's assistant called and said that as she was passing she had brought my new glasses. I was puzzled as I had not ordered new ones.

I opened the slim black case and thought there had been a mistake for

the case contained a rimless pince-nez with a gold guard chain that hooked over one ear.

Out of curiosity I took off my specs and clipped on the pince-nez. Immediately everything leaped into clear focus. Obviously they were meant for me and I realised that the pince-nez had been ordered by John.

When he came home that evening I tearfully upbraided him and accused him of turning me into an old maid. I was young and should be wearing suspender belts and panties, but here I was, not yet twenty-five, but already a slave to my corsets, for I now could not do without them, and addicted to directoire knickers twenty years before my time.

On top of this I was now expected to look like a prim schoolmistress in pince-nez. My protest had the result I expected. After threatening to go my own way, I finished up on the bed in my pink satin bloomers and my pince-nez clipped firmly to my nose.

Not long after this John was moved to another part of the country and being less self conscious among strangers I found that if I did my hair in an upswept style, my pince-nez looked smart and attractive and now, thirty years on, they are very much a part of my personality. I am often complimented on my figure which I know I owe to my corsets and, needless to say, I am always comfortably directoired.

In conclusion, may I say we both enjoy *Janus* very much. It is certainly a most enlightened publication.

I have been surprised at some of the things that turn people on.

Corsets and directoire knickers are apparently common fetish objects; but I would dearly like to know if other readers have a predilection for spectacles, especially pince-nez.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. E.G.
Wolverhampton.

SCREEN SPANKINGS:

THE WESTERN

Although one can find spanking scenes in every type of film, with the possible exception of science fiction, it has always seemed to me that the Western offers the most promising field of research for the spanking connoisseur. After all, the cowboy was typically portrayed as a rough, tough, no-nonsense character whose reaction to any fault of behaviour on the part of the opposite sex was likely to be the swift application of hand or belt to that part of the feminine anatomy where it would do most good.

This opinion isn't entirely borne out by the available records (perhaps I simply haven't seen enough Westerns), but I do have details of around a dozen sound wallopings from the Wild West.

Pride of place in my list goes to *The Bride Wasn't Willing*, the 1946 film with Rod Cameron and Yvonne de Carlo, but I mentioned this in an

earlier article (Janus 1.12). The still shown here is rather a poor reproduction of the scene, but may be of interest.

Next comes *Beauty and the Bandit*, featuring Gilbert Roland and Ramsay Ames. Gilbert plays the Cisco Kid, a Robin Hood of the West, while Ramsay plays a young lady trying to put through a crooked land deal with her father's money.

After numerous complications, Ramsay winds up with Gilbert and his gang at their mountain hide-out. Gilbert starts telling her just what he thinks of her land deal, and Ramsay retaliates by calling him a cheap pick-pocket. Taking offence somewhat at this, Gilbert asks her if she was ever spanked by her father, and when Ramsay replies indignantly, "Never!" he proceeds to rectify the omission.

He is already seated, with Ramsay standing beside him, so it's a simple



matter for him to pull her by the wrist so that she sprawls face down across his knees.

Holding her in position with his left hand, he gives the squealing girl a dozen good slaps with his right and then, feeling perhaps that she's not getting the message through the cord jeans, he picks up a flat piece of wood that happens to be handy and gives her a dozen more.

An interesting postscript is that the next morning she collects another hand spanking, making this the only film I knew of where a girl is on the receiving end of two chastisements. The still is a good portrayal of the scene.

Another good scene occurred in *The Stagecoach Kid*, starring Tim Holt and Jeff Donnell. Jeff plays a rich girl whose father takes her out West to remove her from the influence of an unsuitable boy friend. Shortly after

their arrival she sneaks off, changes into male clothing, and sets off, rather hopefully, to walk several hundred miles across the desert. For reasons of his own Tim wants her to stay around, so he chases after her on horseback.

When Jeff sees him burning down on her she heads for the hills at top speed, but he soon put a stop to that by lassoing her. He dismounts from his horse and, ignoring her struggles and screaming, gradually reels her in.

As soon as he lays hands on her she starts kicking at him, and threatening to report him to the Sheriff.

"I'll willingly go to jail for what I'm going to do to you" replies Tim, as he wrestles her towards a large boulder alongside the trail.

Sitting down on this he manages to force her over his left knee, his right leg over both hers. After pausing to get his breath back, he raises his

right hand high to bring it down solidly to raise a cloud of dust from the well-filled seat of her jeans.

After six more of the same, the dust is pretty well shaken out of Jeff's jeans, so he lets her up when she promises to behave herself in future. A casual look at the still would at first give the impression that it was a boy being chastised, but a closer look at the target area will change that idea!

For many years one of the 'B' Western regulars was Gene Autry (the 'singing cowboy'), and there was an amazing incident in *Twilight on the Rio Grande*, in which he appears with Adela Mara. After twenty-five years or so, details are a bit vague, but Gene and his group of cowboy instrumentalists interrupt Adela's stage act.

As Gene appears at the side of the stage, Adela fixes him with an icy glare and, warning him to keep still, she starts throwing knives at him (don't ask me where they came from

– I suppose it must have been a knife-throwing act!)

Not unnaturally, Gene freezes into immobility, but as soon as she has exhausted her ammunition he says:

"That needed a strong hand – I've got one as well," and pulls one of the knives out of the woodwork.

Advancing on Adela, he drops on one knee, turns her over his other knee and proceeds to apply the flat side of the knife to her temptingly rounded skirt.

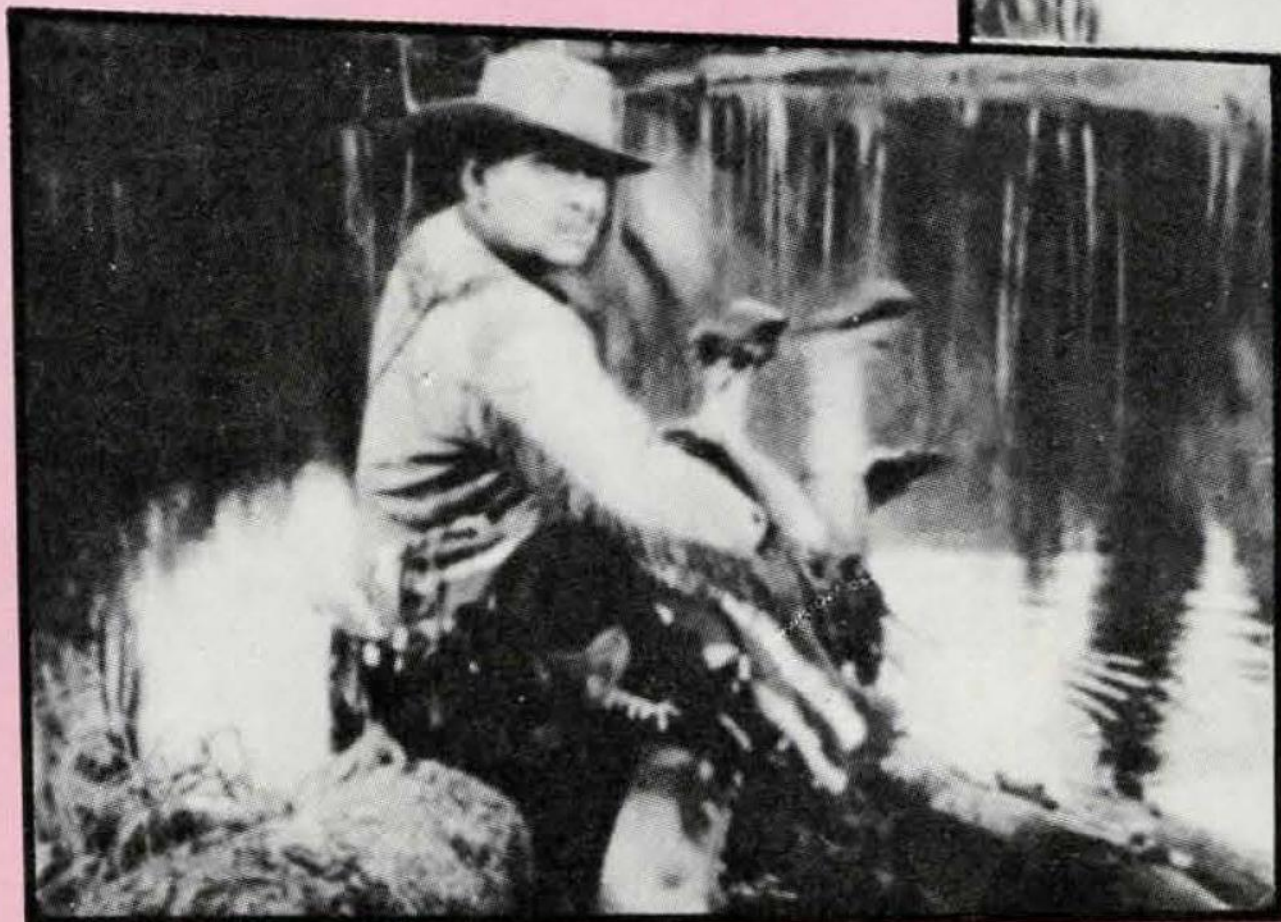
At the same time he calls on the boys to strike up the march from *William Tell*, and beats Adela to the rhythm of music. When they've finished the first run through, Gene calls out:

"Play it again, boys;" – a move which is not greatly appreciated by Adela.

Although this was a slightly joky scene, the beating was certainly for real. There is a still of this scene in existence, but so far I've not been able to track it down.



**FRONTIER
GAL**



For my last example I have chosen *Across the Wide Missouri*, with Clark Gable and Rose Maria Remarque. In this film Clark plays a beaver trapper with Maria as his Indian wife. While Clark is away on a trapping expedition, Maria gets fed up and returns to her tribe. When Clark returns and discovers her absence he is furious, and gallops off to the settlement to bring her back.

Maria is sitting on a log beside the lake, plaiting her hair. When Clark comes and sits down beside her, she pretends to ignore him, gazing in the opposite direction.

Clark soon gets tired of looking at the back of his wife's neck so he grabs her by the shoulder, lifts her up in the air and dumps her face downwards over his knee.

The resulting spanking is rather spoiled by the fact that Maria, displaying Indian stoicism, barely moves throughout. However, when he finally lets her roll off his lap on to the ground there's a nice touch as she gingerly rubs her bottom end and

looks up at him with a rueful expression.

What about John Wayne? Big John seems to have a rather inflated reputation as a spanker. One of his scriptwriters has gone on record as saying: "All you need for success in a Wayne film is . . . and a hoity-toity dame with big tits that Duke can throw over his knee and spank."

All I can say is that I wish this chap would put his scripts where his mouth is, because, apart from *Donovan's Reef* (which isn't a Western) and the highly publicised *McLintock*, I can't think of a single film in which he does anything of the sort. Description of the *McLintock* scene is almost certainly unnecessary, but the still may be a useful reminder.

A list of Westerns in which there are spanking scenes is given at the end of this article, but I can't help thinking that there must be many more. Readers of *Janus* are convinced that Virginia Mayo frequently had her bottom warmed in the RKO Westerns she made around 1950.





I should be glad to hear from anyone who can contribute on this point, and who is interested in the subject generally.

Finally, the two queries I raised in my last article have now been cleared up, though not in the way I had hoped, Reader W.C. confirmed in *Janus* Vol. 2, No. 9 that there was nothing of interest in *The World of Suzy Wong*, while *Flame of the Barbary Coast* turned up again on TV. In the course of an argument with Ann Dvorak, John Wayne picks up the slipper, but instead of using it on her in the way her behaviour demands, he simply throws it at her. What a waste!

THE DESERT MAN (1916)

William S. Hunt

THE WATER HOLE (1928)

Jack Holt, Nancy Carroll

TWILIGHT ON THE RIO

GRANDE (1947)

Gene Autry, Adela Mara

THE BRIDE WASN'T WILLING (1946)

Rod Cameron, Yvonne de Carlo

BEAUTY AND THE BANDIT (1946)

Gilbert Roland, Ramsay Ames

WEST OF THE PECOS (1945)

Robert Mitchum, Barbara Hale

NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE (1949)

Lynne Overman, Paulette Goddard

ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI (1953)

Clark Gable, Rosa Remarque

STAGECOACH KID (1949)

Tim Holt, Jeff Donnell

McLINTOCK (1963)

John Wayne, Stephanie Powers,

Pat Wayne, Maureen O'Hara

TRUE GRIT (1970)

Glen Campbell, Kim Darby

GUNS AT FORT PETTICOAT (1957)

Audie Murphy, Kathryn Grant

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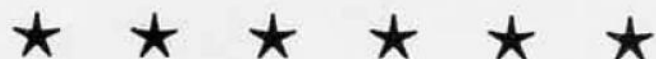


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