

# JANUUS



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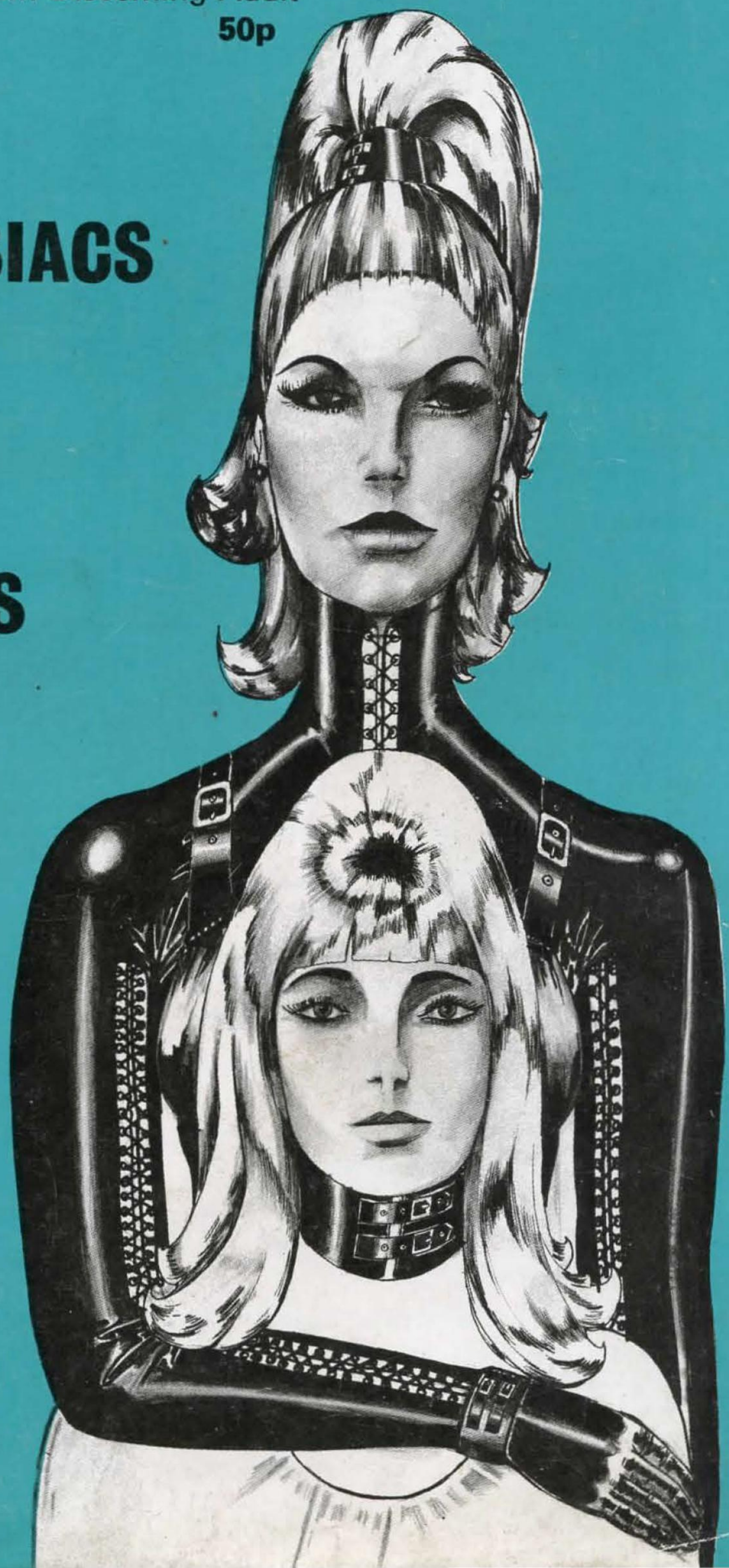
A Journal for the Modern Discerning Adult  
Vol 3 No 2 50p

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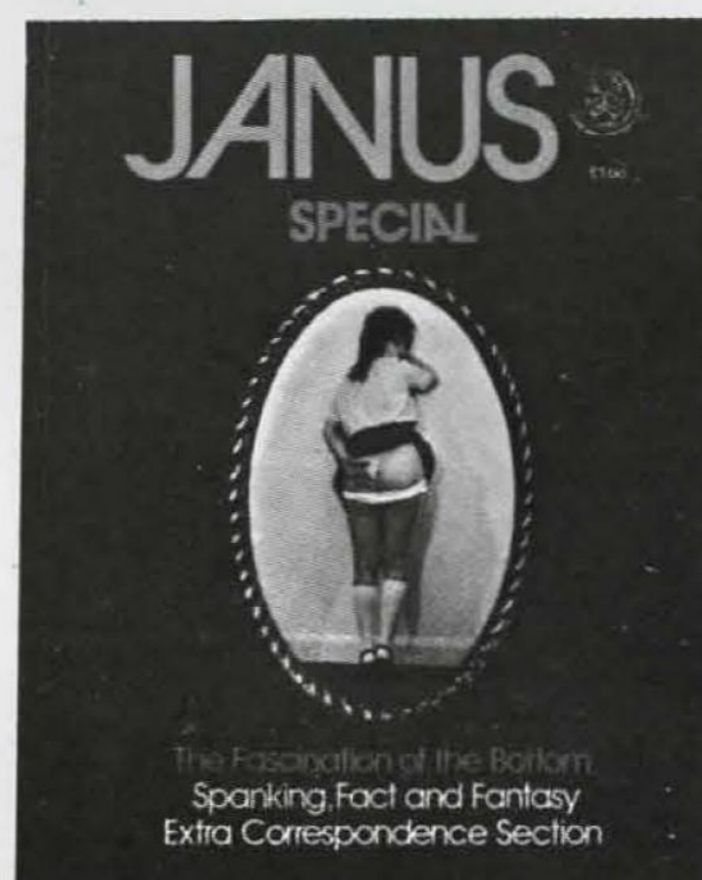
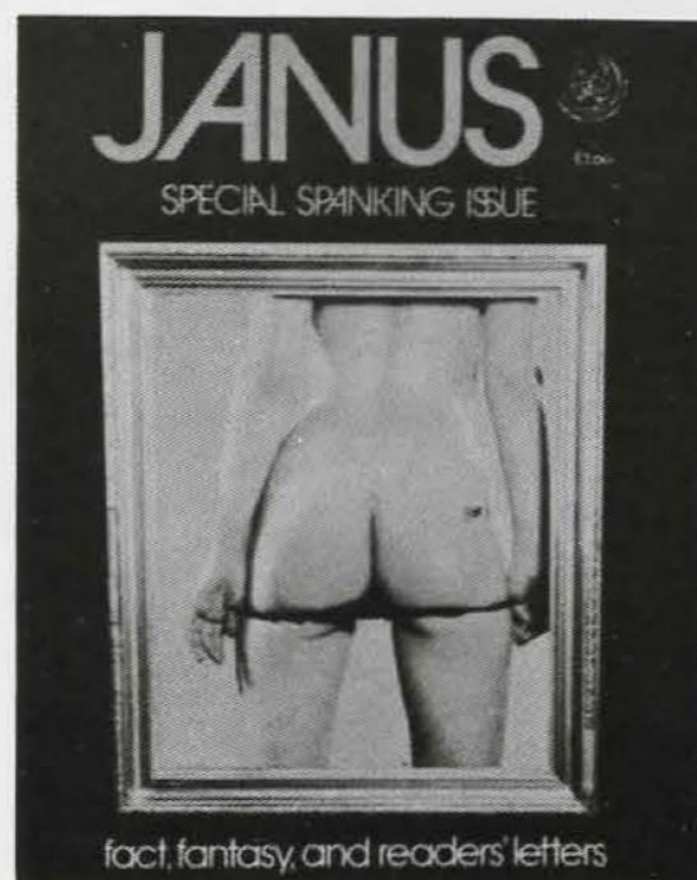
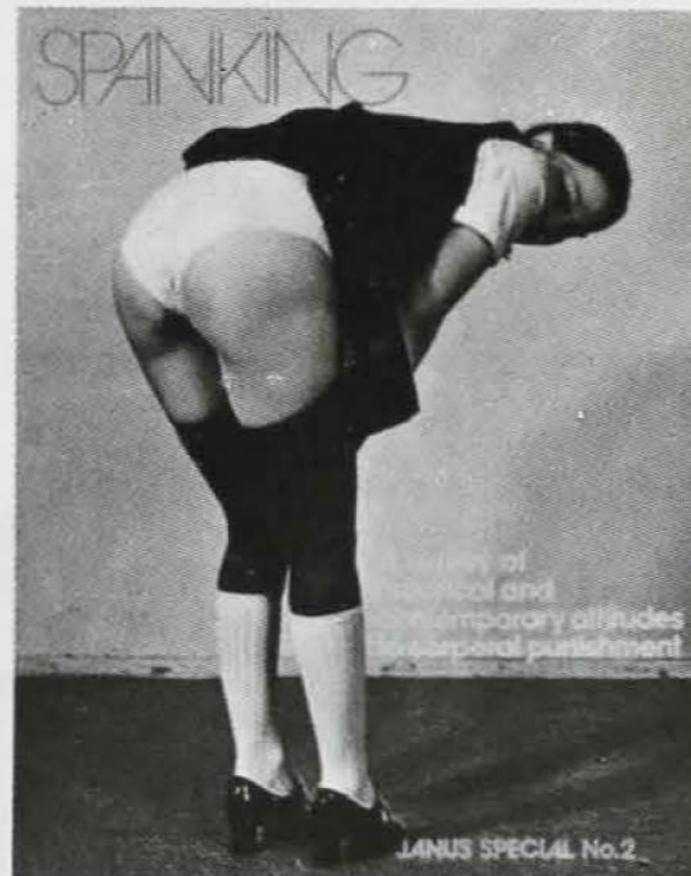
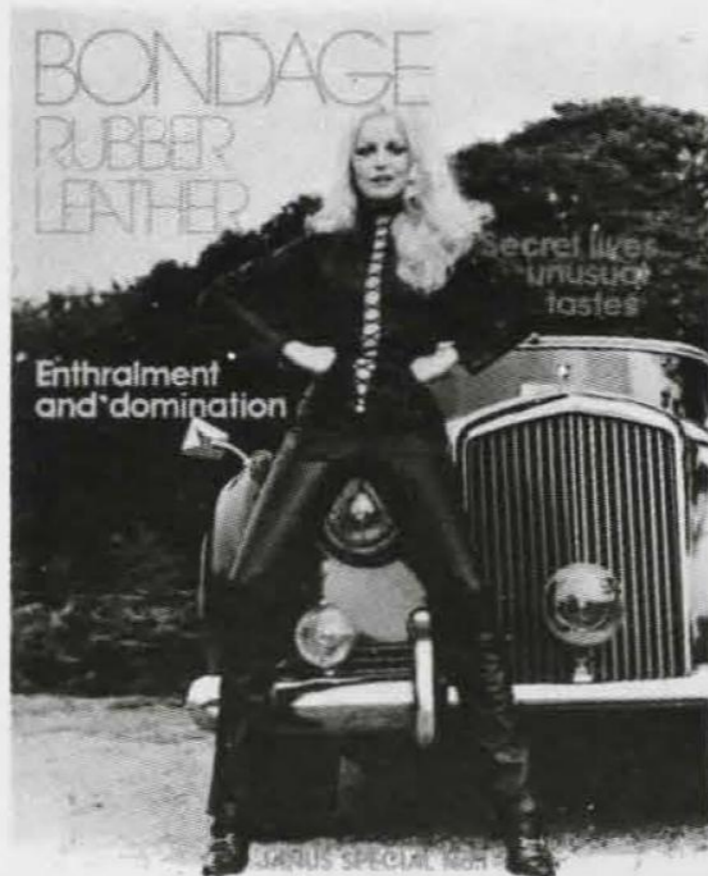
**THE  
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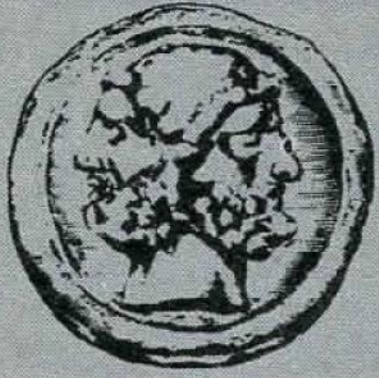
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A JOURNAL FOR THE MODERN DISCERNING ADULT  
VOLUME THREE. NUMBER TWO. PRICE 50p.

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Editor, Keith Drabble; Assistant Editors, Linda Dennis, James Douglas; Art Director, Gully Foyle; Production Manager, R. D. Clifford; Circulation Manager, Henry Buller; Subscriptions, Miranda Franks.

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# JANUS OPINION

## THE AROUSAL FACTOR

If we are to define the points of sexual stimulation with any degree of accuracy, we must know ourselves, admit to our innermost consciences those factors which bring depth to sexual perception, and, in addition, learn to appreciate those same deep emotions when we see them in others.

We must learn acceptance of the prime factor that sex with consent is normal, sex without it is not.

It is only in this single context that any form of censorship should

apply: any other influence, external or internal, on the relationship between individuals must be rejected out of hand. It is also vital that we realise the wide variance between individuals when defining anything which is sex-related. That which drives one into paroxysms of ecstasy will leave another quite unmoved, while each remains mystified by the seemingly strange reaction of the other.

What drives a man to lie prostrate, naked and helpless at the feet of a tall elegant catlike female,



to have her subdue both his mind and his body by the subtle pressure of her long spike heel on the back of his neck? This to the uninitiated would appear to be the very antithesis of any sexual desire, yet for many thousands of the sexually aware, this forms a vital part of the sex act, having equal importance to the orgasm itself. Indeed, the climax would be impossible were it not for such pre-coital play acting.

With a slight mental gearshift, the situation may be totally reversed, to the total subjection and domination of the willing female by the male.

She is no less a woman who demands to be subjected by her man before being taken by him; who controls the sex act through the form of mental union which takes place before the physical one. The union which is born of trusting minds rather than thrusting bodies.

She may feel cutting thongs at every possible point on her straining body, but although it has been inflicted upon her, it is nonetheless an expression of her own needs in equal measure to the needs of her lover. She has to feel the helplessness which can only be achieved by total and expert bondage. Her wrists are tightly secured behind her back, with a doubled rope running down between the cheeks of her bottom, through and up to be bound to more ropes around her waist.

Her point of arousal is not, as is popularly supposed the actual application of such restraint. It is the certain knowledge that she cannot, under any circumstances, escape her 'fate'.

Neither does she have any wish to do so.

She is, in such a situation, possessed by her man. The biting cords are symbolic of that fact, but the actual factor which governs sexual arousal in such context is the wish to possess and be possessed by another.

Both the dominator and the dominated, as described, might find it difficult, even impossible, to indulge themselves in the pleasures of each other. Indeed, without wide knowledge of sexuality in general can very quickly slip into the state of intolerance, where the only form of 'normal' sex happens in ones

own bed, and that which happens elsewhere is offbeat and kinky.

But why should this be so?

We all have our arousal factor built into us as part of our general biological makeup, and this includes those who are so vociferous in their criticism of any sexual abnormality. If these stimulatory points are submerged, the stress of so doing will manifest itself in the lems.

To deny oneself, and, more important, to deny others, that very part of life which provides emotional release in the most exquisite way is to undermine the very structure of life itself.

This lovemaking can only be endured by those whose minds are allowed to float free of the body, by the use of sexual skill and knowledge.

The act of physical penetration can be varied only minimally, it is all the other factors of arousal which lend originality and humour to the situation.

Such entry need only be after much probing to find those intimate spots which heighten desire between two people.

The light touching of palms, the caress to the hollow of the neck, the bite on the lobe of the ear – all these are physical, yet serve to create stimulation within willing minds.

Despite popular opinion, the hypnotist cannot produce from the mind of his subject any factor which is not already there.

In exactly the same way, the 'games' of sex are only created within willing minds.

The restraint of bondage is real enough.

The man demands the subtlety of flagellation, to surrender his body to the lash which the woman wields so expertly. Each knows and accepts the arousal factors in

the other for what they are: to possess and be possessed.

She 'forces' him to bend across her knee in a position of total humiliation and subjection. According to mood she uses her hand, the rod or the strap to beat him until his skin is red-raw. She adds still more degradation by forcing him to fetch the instrument of his torture, to caress it with his tongue, to recant in detail the error of his ways before submitting himself totally to whatever punishment she cares to mete out.

As he bends submissively across her knee his naked, unprotected genitals first brush against her nylon-clad thighs; then as her left hand firmly takes the back of his neck to push his head almost to the floor, those same sex organs become crushed against his all-powerful mistress. The pre-spanking pain becomes a confused blur of agony, a sexual mix of all the senses, the smell of her leather skirt, the frightening taste of the rod which still lingers on his tongue, the agonising touch as her fingers tease and caress the already over-stretched skin of his waiting bottom, the awe-inspiring sight of her shiny black boots thrust so close to his tensed and waiting face.

The arousal factor in all forms of flagellation is two-edged. One – the pain and degradation itself, and two, not knowing when the punishment is to start and when it is to end.

It is a step into the unknown with the sure and certain knowledge that one is never to be denied the means to step back again into the world of reality.

Such arousal merely awakens desire which already exists within the minds of the participants. The male cannot be raped as such, so the woman effectively rapes him

using flagellation to replace the penetration which she herself is unable to do.

There is no greater stimulant to sex than the certain knowledge that one is the absolute object of desire of another.

We see that the arousal factor differs widely between individuals and varying circumstances, ranging through from the spectre of a sexual flogging, to the lightest caress of thin latex, made warm by body heat and soft and slippery by body fluids.

Two minds in tune, aroused by the closeness of making love while encased in rubber sheets, all the desirable sensations of warmth, of smell, the latex itself becoming almost a live part of the love-making.

Rubber to shield both partners from the cold world outside, to create warmth and harmony in the sexual environment, producing in effect a new environment exclusively for the use of those with sufficient knowledge of how to use it.

Once again we arrive at the possess - possession factor.

Who holds who in thrall is largely immaterial, the importance lies in the fact that one cares enough about another to indulge in a certain way. That desire is so clearly expressed that there can be no shadow of doubt as to the potency of that desire.

It is the wish of every human being to be loved by at least one other, whether we admit it to ourselves or not.

We cannot begin to realise this fundamental facet of life until we can isolate and identify all those factors which may lie dormant, and use them constructively to enhance our complete life style and sexual existence.



# A new series of experiences

It all began because my parents were away for a fortnight and because television happened to be serialising Cheri by Colette. I wouldn't have been watching Cheri if my parents had been at home because they were ambitious and wanted me to do well academically. I was kept so hard working at my books that I had no time for anything else. So it was, that at seventeen plus I had my first real taste of freedom.

Living in an isolated country village has both its advantages and disadvantages and although, since there were farm animals all around me, I knew all that there was to know about the mechanics of sex I knew nothing about its pleasures. Sex was a fact of life, a means to an end, "for the procreation of children" the Vicar had said at a marriage I once attended, and so that was that. I had no desire to procreate children but I was aware of stirrings in my body. I was conscious of physical needs but they were outside my experience. Satisfaction was something for which I had to wait. I had, stimulated by the television series, borrowed Cheri from the local library

and had read it in my bedroom. I felt that I was missing something but to feel a sense of loss and discover what you are looking for are two very different things. It might seem odd that as a boy of seventeen with a good educational record behind me, and possibly an equally good one before me, that I could be so naive about what is transparently obvious to most people.

Cheri was fiction, fiction bore no resemblance to fact and to reality. What stories I heard from other boys I was convinced were simply figments of their imagination. Then it happened! I suddenly grew up.

The house was silent, I felt frustrated and tired of reading. I walked down the lane to the main road. During term time I did this walk every day and when I reached the main road and saw the bus I automatically jumped on and found myself on the way to town.

So it was, that on a Thursday evening, I found myself standing outside the Mecca, in the rain. I had never been in a dance hall and the only time I had ever seen dancing was on television. I do not think I would have gone in if it

# and initiations



hadn't been raining. As soon as I had paid the entrance fee and entered the hall I was aware that something was wrong. I didn't recognise the music, and I soon realised it was the night for Old Tyme Dancing. There were some teenagers there but most of them were as old or older than my father and mother.

I made my way upstairs to the bar and ordered a beer. I sat in solitary isolation looking down at the dancers below moving like regimented ants. It was deadly and I wondered why I had ever bothered. As I looked over the balcony I hadn't observed that a woman had come up the stairs and was sitting at a table directly facing my own. When I turned my head away from the floor below I found myself gazing into a pair of dark brown eyes. I had an uncomfortable feeling that I was being devoured by those eyes and I began to feel very self-conscious. She kept her eyes glued to my face, smiling eventually and I smiled back. Then she got up from her chair, picked up her drink and started to come towards me. 'Mutton dressed up as lamb' I cogitated,

as I observed the mini-mini over plump legs. I had to concede that although they were plump they were shapely and the knee high boots, platform soles and heels, held a strange attraction.

Before I could complete my assessment she was sitting down on the chair opposite me. "Since we are the only two sitting up here we might as well drink with each other as drink alone." She didn't wait for a comment from me. I couldn't understand what had given her the idea that I wanted to drink with a woman of her age but I was disinclined to argue. I noticed that either by accident or design her short skirt had crept up revealing her thighs. She talked and I listened and then she said, as the strains of a waltz cut into her conversation, "Let's dance".

I believe she thought I was kidding when I informed her that I couldn't. She smiled, "I'll show you."

So it was that I found myself on the dance floor following her whispered commands. I felt I was doing very well. "You're a natural," she encouraged. I must have managed very well because I forgot all about my feet. I was con-

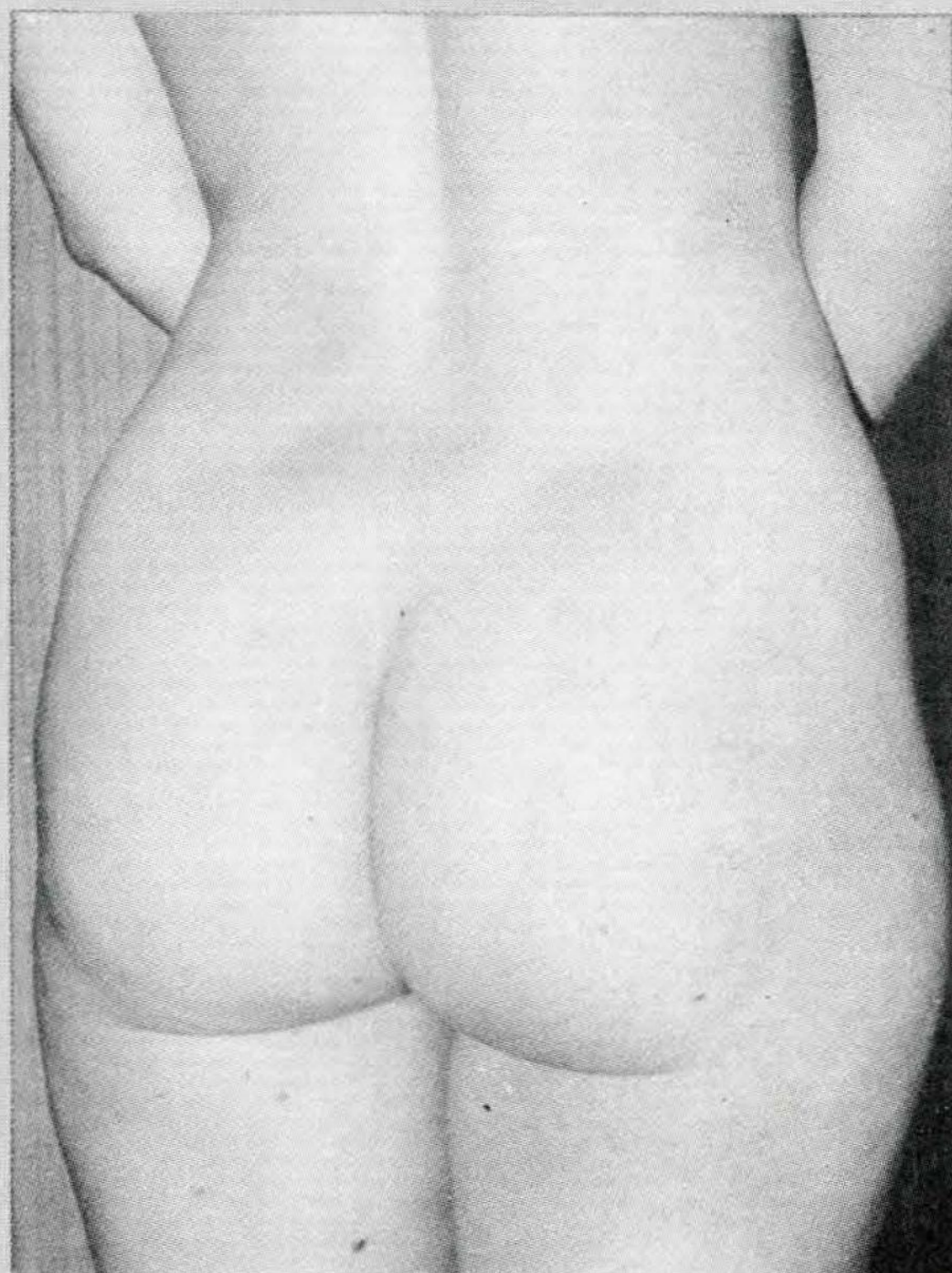
scious only of the fact that she was wearing a corset that seemed to have the inflexibility of armour and I could feel her left breast edging its way under my right arm. She was rubbing up to me and I liked it. There was an encore and by the time it was over she had melted into me and I sensed that she wasn't there for the dancing.

As we mounted the stairs I noticed that her mini looked even more of a mini and I suddenly realised that I wanted to put my hand up her skirt and feel her bottom but I simply put my hand on the top of her skirt as if courteously assisting her up the stairs. She got the message, she got it even louder than I had transmitted it. I could tell by the way she conveniently slowed down and waggled her bottom so that I could, with facility, feel the plump flesh of her buttocks.

When she made her way to the bar I saw her in profile for the first time. She wore a sweater which clung to her figure as if she had been poured into it. I arrived at yet another conclusion, if that breast had really been hers it would have to be an anatomical miracle and I didn't believe in miracles. What I was prepared to admit was that her bra was a fine piece of constructional engineering. If a woman wanted to pad herself up and out it was alright with me, but to my teenage mind such an obvious subterfuge exceeded the bounds of credibility. Her breasts stuck out conically in perfect symmetry. They were two completely separate cones, and each mound came to a point which threatened to break through. Nobody could have such perfect cupolas and such studded nipples.

As she returned to the table I realised that for the first time in my life I had actually tried, in my mind's eye, to get beneath what a woman was wearing. 'What a pity,' I said to myself, 'that she has to be so old.'

As I looked at her across the table I realised that she had quite an attractive face and a happy encouraging smile.



I began to feel uncomfortably warm as I remembered how she had rubbed against me as we danced and how excited her tight skirt had made me feel as I followed her up the stairs. She recalled something that had been said earlier. "You were telling me about Cheri" she remarked with a knowing smile, "Why don't you call me Lea and let me call you Cheri? Better still, why not let me be your Lea?" Without waiting for an answer she put her hand under the table, patted my knee and said, "Let's go home, I have my car outside."

Her car was new and expensive so I gathered that she must be a woman of some substance.

We drove off and eventually turned up a driveway and stopped in front of an attractive house.

Lea poured us both a drink (I still didn't know her real name) and we clinked glasses. I knew, in spite of my lack of experience, that I wanted intimate contact with her body. I put my drink down, put my arms around her and kissed her. The response was

immediate, her arms were around my neck and she sucked my tongue into her mouth until I thought she would rip it out by the roots. Then I tried to get to her breasts but she pulled herself away. "Slow down, not so fast, let me go and get this lot off and into something more comfortable." Jocularly I remarked, "Want any help to get out of your armour?" Then she seemed to change her mind and I had a sudden sense of disappointment. She looked at me somewhat quizzically and then said, "Sit down I want to talk to you". What she said would take too long to record but the gist of it went something like this.

"You are very young and I do not suppose you have ever seen a woman of my age naked. If I am any judge I do not think you have seen any woman naked. Sex is no longer a game to me, it is an essential part of my life. Any woman can get a man, men are prepared to pay for their favours but I'm not that sort of a woman. I'm no ordinary woman, I like young men but they have to be men of understanding. They have to accept me as well as my body. You can leave this house now if you want to, I'll take you home in my car and we can part friends but if you stay you will know a sexual satisfaction beyond your wildest dreams but it has to be on my terms."

She must have spoken for about ten minutes and little did she know that to see her body was my one overwhelming desire and here she was deprecating herself. I gave her a kiss which reassured her and said, "Go and change into something else. I want you, I want you very much."

I expected her to return in nothing more than a diaphanous negligee but she was wearing a loose blouse and everything else seemed the same except that what I now know to be her expensive corselet was gone. I could sense that she was going to probe to see how I would respond now that her body was no longer supported by artificial means.

I was growing up rapidly, and I guessed what was in her mind. There would be a gradual process of revelation which would end at the first sign of any adverse response in my eyes.

If she was suffering at that moment from an anxiety neurosis because of her age she needn't have worried. I was as anxious as she was but for a completely different reason. I knew she would be no bean pole, she was all woman but I was fearful in case she should change her mind. She stood in front of me, slowly opened her blouse, her breasts still covered by the flimsy net of a bra. With her right hand she lifted her left breast out of the wispy excuse that had covered it and let it fall free. I know my face registered astonishment but what she saw must have pleased her. The dark russet of her aureole from which her nipple protruded was studded with small nodules. I stretched out my hand to touch her. I wanted to caress and fondle her voluptuousness but she drew back. "Don't touch. There will be plenty of time for that, just look, I want you to look." With her left hand she drew her gossamer knickers down and lifted her skirt up over her navel. Like her breast her belly had a pronounced droop. It was full and soft and I wanted to nestle against her. I must have registered my excitement, she must have noticed that my hands shook. She came towards me and said, "put your hand under my belly and feel what a lovely sensation it will give you." My hands were trembling as I did so. "Some men like a woman with a belly, I can tell by the way you are holding me that you are one of them."

She moved back from my moist hands, told me to sit down and still facing me she slowly removed all her clothing until only her suspender belt and stockings remained. To add to my agony of anticipation she started to talk again, all the time fondling herself. Obviously I wanted to caress her myself but she wanted to tease me until I was sufficiently aroused. Still facing me she

picked up her blouse, held it by the sleeves and covered her rear. Then there was her infuriating talk again. "When we were climbing the stairs in the Mecca you put your hand on my bottom. You wanted to feel my bottom, I expect you wanted to put your hand up my skirt." I nodded. She paused, then added "You want to see and touch it don't you?" I nodded my head. She paused again "I'm a big woman, a big woman has a lot to give. I can afford to be generous because I have that sort of body. I'll give it all to you, as often as you wish, if you promise that when you've seen my bottom you'll come with me to the play room."

I didn't know what the play room was and I didn't care. All I was aware of was my heart thumping in my chest and I was impatient to see her. Somewhat childishly I said, "Anything, I'll do anything only let me see you." She dropped the blouse and turned round. My hands followed the outline and convexity of her twin orbs. Here indeed was an Atlanta of Greek legend – her whole body was a legend. Her bottom wasn't in the least flaccid, like her full breasts and belly. I know that I gasped with admiration as my hands feasted on the lovely domes of flesh. I expected them to be more malleable but her heavy breasts and full belly belied her splendidly proportioned spheres. That she had a massive bottom went without saying but she was truly majestic, a gigantic Venus.

I was rapidly reaching a state of near explosion and I became aware that real life was becoming apparent for the first time. My own Lea was a typhoon of a woman, a human sirocco and I felt sure that within my grasp was someone who would create a new dimension to my life.

I undressed in her bedroom and she watched me as intently as I had watched her. I knew that youth was on my side and she had said that she liked young men but I was still pleased when she remarked, "You've got a good body, a



young body, but I've got the experience. If you give me the love I want I'll give you all my body." Then she waited as if not knowing how to proceed. Finally she said "I'm going to take you to the play room which I created for my lover and myself. He was as young as you are but one day he went away and the room has not been used since. Although I am big I am submissive – don't equate size with domination. I want to be your slave. You must be my master and you must discipline me. I am submissive but I also want to be adored as well as reviled. I exhibit my body in this way because although I will willingly and happily submit to your caresses I also want to submit to your abuse. For me there is no love without pain; where you bruise you must kiss, and you must praise my ability to take your discipline and derision."

The playroom was carpeted in white from wall to wall and in the centre of the floor was a coffee coloured rug. Three walls were white but on the fourth there was a large mirror that almost covered it. On two walls there

were three inch battens, which each had aluminium hooks and hanging from these were a variety of whips, canes, rubber garments and various items the use of which I had no idea.

Beads of perspiration trickled down my forehead but she wiped them away. Her features seemed to grow more tender as she put her arms around me and drew me down onto the rug. "You understand darling, you won't leave me now." There was suspense and pleading in her voice "Look on the wall, you know what you have to do." I recollect getting up as Lea turned over on her stomach, her beautifully rotund, white buttocks uppermost. Her face was buried in the rug as she lay perfectly still, waiting. On the hook nearest where I stood was a belt made of suede. I took it off and turned it over. The other side was hard leather.

Suddenly the whole room seemed to have about it an air of brightness — perhaps it was merely the white walls. The air was fresh and clean. Where there is no dust there can be no dirt. There was nothing unwholesome about the room, its very emptiness and silence held an enchantment all its own. I don't know how long I stood holding the belt but it seemed a lifetime had passed since I had sat disconsolately in the dance hall.

I didn't dare to look down onto the rug but I could see Lea's motionless body reflected in the mirror. She seemed bigger and firmer than ever and the sheen of her symmetrical orbs drew me like a magnet. I had a feeling that if I left the room she would remain there, motionless for ever. The exquisite whiteness of her bottom had the sheen of Carara marble or alabaster that had lost its bloom and that called silently for the colour to be restored. Beneath that deadly white sheen there was warmth that needed to be released. Lea wanted me to release her.

For me there was a serenity, almost a sense of awe. It was as if we were both frozen in some sort of eternal

bewilderment. Her skin was so white and unblemished that I knew no strap had been laid on it for some time. She needed me if that room was ever to fulfil again the purpose for which it was intended.

I do not think she was aware that I stood beside her and gently I merely placed the strap, suede down, over her bottom. She turned her head and looked into the mirror, saw me, and the listless strap draped over her buttocks. The caress of the suede must have given her some sort of reassurance that I would not leave her and an expectancy for which she must have long waited. When I saw her expression, a look of gratitude and rapture, I felt exhilarated and something clicked inside me. I wanted to use that strap. She buried her face once again in the rug, stretched out her hands and her fingers gnawed the thick pile. Her knuckles were white and her body twitched slightly as a muffled voice said, "The leather, not the suede, the leather."

I lifted the strap and ran my fingers along the leather side. Her bottom arched and I brought the strap down across her flesh that rose to meet it. The leather sang as it swished through the air, to crack against her naked buttocks like a pistol shot which reverberated through the silence of the bare room. A muffled sound lost itself in the thickness of the rug and each time she arched her body the belt sang again as it scythed through the air. The body that had been so motionless was now quivering from head to toe and her thighs and haunches were turning from pink to scarlet. I let the strap rest inertly on her writhing flesh — my arm seemed paralysed. I believed it had completed its task.

As long as the strap lay motionless on her body, the massive cheeks, enhanced by the rapid reddening, continued their tremulous agitation but as soon as I removed it her body became rigid. I could detect the now familiar anticipation of pain that made her body



freeze. Then a wild fire swept through my body like an unquenchable flame, something volcanic was broiling up within me but I couldn't move. Suddenly arms were wrapped around my legs and a searing tongue began to lick my feet. I knew her eyes were filled with tears because the tears were being licked off my feet as each one fell. A weeping woman is always hungry for affection, a grovelling woman demands it. It was a soft, agonising voice that broke the silence. "I love you Jim, I love you, I have been wicked and deserve to be punished." It was a poignant moment for me to be called by the name of another lover. She also realised what she had done. She released me and rolled over on the rug whimpering and shuddering — half afraid that I would go and half fearing the punishment that might ensue if I stayed. It was a nerve racking experience for both of us. I am not sure which one of us was the more confused. I now had a deep sense of affection for this lonely, isolated woman with her rapidly ageing but concupiscent, sex-ridden body. She rested her hands on her stomach, "these white fluted marks, they are there because I became pregnant. Jim hated my swollen body and one day he walked out and never came back. These are the marks his child left on my body."

She got up and I thought she was leaving the room. Then she was behind me and she pressed into my hand a particularly vicious looking whip and once again she knelt at my feet. "I have hurt you and wronged you by calling you by the name of my former love, the man for whom this room was designed. What I said was inexcusable. I must be severely punished, you must drive the memory of him out of my mind and body. I must carry your mark on my body."

I felt no sense of shame, misapprehension, or undue emotional stress. She deserved to be punished, she wanted me to purge her guilt. Her arms tightened

around me with iron determination and her fingers dug into my calves. Each time the whip descended the tightening was followed by a moan and her body shuddered. In spite of a natural reluctance I now found that I actually enjoyed what I was doing and I had a sense of power and liberation that I had never experienced before as she sank to the floor at my feet, shaking convulsively after each stinging lash. Then I determined to make one mark that would be as indelible as the white creases on her stomach. I deliberately focused my aim and brought the whip down. Her fingers released my flesh and she uncoiled her arms and crumbled at my feet. She could take no more. I dropped the whip to the floor. I watched the welts begin to form on her skin. When she did look up I noticed that there was an ecstatic expression on her face and her glazed, tear-filled eyes were a deeper brown. She was biting her lower lip. I lay on the floor beside her. She was too sore to lie on her back so she lay over me sobbing and breathing heavily. I put my arms around her tenderly but she winced when my hands made contact with her bruised body. Through her sobs she muttered into my ear, "You are my darling now, I bear your mark."

I tried to think of something to say in reply, what words she most longed to hear. Then quietly and sincerely I said, as I buried my face in the ample folds of her prodigious bosom, "I will always keep the marks fresh — you are wonderful, I adore you". I knew exactly where I had put that final, indelible mark and I put my fingers on the swollen weal. Her flesh was hot and she cringed as my finger traced the line of the scar. She held my head tightly to her bosom and we both fell asleep, a sleep induced by the fulfilment of desire and in the knowledge that life was just beginning. I had heard the song of the thong and I had found one who loved its music. Was there anything more I could ask of life?

# BLACK BOTTOMS

My predilection for spanking young native girls' bare bottoms often led me into some very strange situations during the years that I lived in Central Africa; and one of the more bizarre incidents was the occasion when I had the pleasure of spanking Ameena — an ebony-skinned young beauty of seventeen, while on a nocturnal visit to her mud-and-wattle hut in the depth of the tropical jungle!

I had met Ameena in one of the more notorious bars in our main town where she worked as a part-time hostess; we had had a few drinks together and during an interval between our dancing to the lively rhythms of a three-man group, I had purposefully broached the topic of spanking as it had become my intention to have this girl over my knee before the night was out! My cheerful companion was indeed quite uninhibited in her response to this subject matter, and Ameena gaily revealed that she had naturally been chastised at school; and she went on to say that delinquents there were required to stand against a wall while the teacher inflicted the cane to the backs of their legs!

"Were you never spanked on your bottom?" I had tentatively inquired.

"Oh yes, bwana, quite a few times!" Ameena had replied, rubbing her bottom as if memories of previous spankings were being recalled to mind.

"Do tell!" I had said, anxious for details.

Ameena had then embarked on a long account of the time she had been spanked by her teacher for cheating in an examination, and this is that event just as Ameena related it to me.

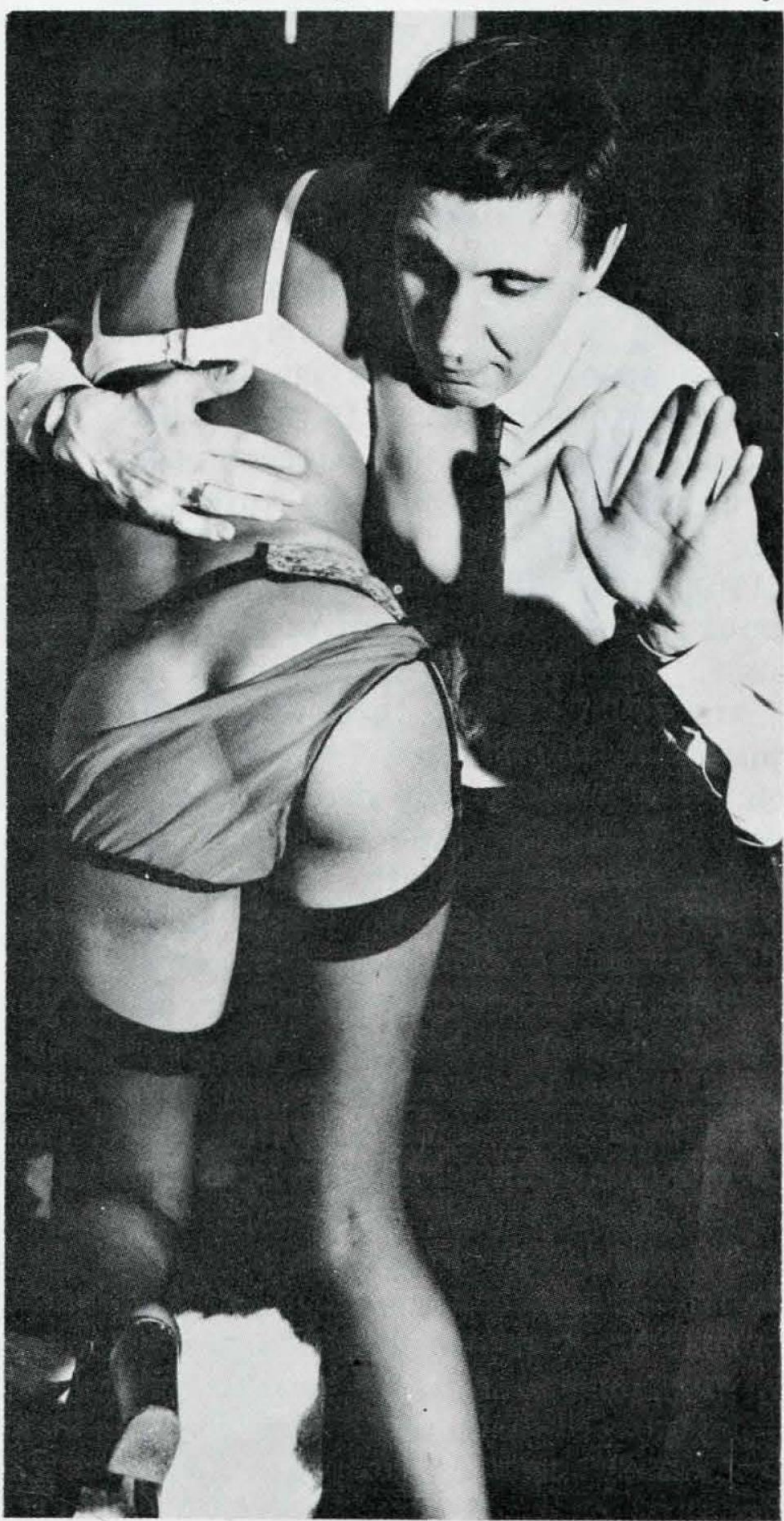
"I was kept in class after the other pupils had been dismissed that afternoon, and when I stepped up to the teacher's desk I was told in no uncertain terms that I was to be spanked on my bare bottom right there and then for my offence. Though I had been punished before at this school, I had never before been spanked on my bare bottom, and certainly not by this particular teacher — who was a new one and had only been teaching us for about four weeks.

Anyway I had little time to reflect on my misfortune as I was immediately instructed to raise my skirt and lower my panties! My knees started to tremble and I became quite upset with appre-

hension, but I somehow managed to hitch up my skirt and take down my panties. The teacher then indicated that I was to stretch myself over his lap and very nervously I placed myself in the required position; my hands and my feet rested on the floor to keep my balance, and my bare bottom was perched up in a highly vulnerable attitude I can tell you!

There was a slight interruption at this point as more drinks were served at our table.

“As I was saying, there I was over my teacher’s lap, and before I knew what was happening, his hand landed on my



bare bottom with a resounding smack across both cheeks. I very nearly leapt in the air as I felt the sting biting into my unprotected flesh. The second smack came very quickly and was just as painful as the first; I began to wriggle about over the teacher’s knee – kicking my legs up and down and rocking my whole body from side to side like a trapped animal, but whichever way I twisted there was no escape from my teacher’s punishing hand, and I had to take six sound smacks in all before I was allowed off his lap; and with tear-filled eyes and a smarting bottom, I gathered up my lowered panties and made for the door just as quickly as I could, and it was some time before I fully recovered from that spanking – believe me!”

Needless to say that after hearing this account of her school spanking, I was even more determined to have Ameena over my own lap, and remarking that she had indeed received a sound spanking, suggested that she would find it much more fun going over my knee!

Ameena was just a little taken aback by my forthright suggestion, but having had a fair old amount of drink, she did agree that perhaps my spanking of her bottom might well be rather enjoyable, and said that we could go to her home which was nearer than my bungalow.

We thereupon immediately set off in my car towards her village, and after travelling four miles along the tarmac road, we turned off on to a dirt track that meandered its way through the jungle, passed clearings of maize and sleeping villages until we reached a large clump of bamboos, where Ameena said I should leave the car as we would have to make the rest of the way on foot.

Ameena took my hand and led me along a labyrinth of narrow paths in the darkness of a moon-less night. In the distance I could hear the sound of African drums wildly beating and the sound of much merry-making; Ameena explained that her village people were celebrating the wedding ceremony of the headman’s son and that the singing,

dancing and drinking would be going on all that night and well into the next day.

The cacophony of these mixed sounds grew louder as we approached the outskirts of the festive village; a dog barked, but was quickly silenced by a well-aimed stone from Ameena. An old man was propped up against the wall of his hut, but he did not stir as we passed-by under cover of the darkness. Eventually we reached Ameena's small hut near the centre of the village, and unlocking the rickety wooden door, Ameena ushered me inside.

The interior of her hut was as dark as pitch, and Ameena moved away from me to light a solitary candle that fluttered into life to reveal a sparsely-furnished single room.

"You want to spank me now?" Ameena coyly inquired.

"Indeed I do!" I replied, and sitting down on an upturned wooden box, there being no easy-chair in the hut, eagerly watched Ameena undressing.

From the light of the flickering candle I was just able to discern Ameena's dusky bare flesh being exposed garment by garment until she was completely naked. The soft candle-light gently illuminated the contours of her supple body as she came over to kneel at my side.

Without a word being spoken, Ameena gracefully eased herself over my knee, and in the dimness it was just possible for me to make out the intricate design of her tribal tattoo marks on the plump cheeks of her bare bottom. These fascinating embellishments adorned Ameena's naked skin with finely-worked patterns of intertwined lines and shapes, and were certainly a most entrancing feature on that part of her anatomy draped over my lap.

So intriguing a sight was Ameena's bottom, that for several minutes I just sat there and gazed in wonderment at this tantalising spectacle; but the desire to spank her bottom grew stronger with every passing moment, and pushing

Ameena's head right down until it nearly touched the floor so that her bottom was very well arched up, I raised my hand and brought it crisply down upon the resilient bare flesh. Ameena gave an involuntary shudder of her body as she felt this initial smack landing on her bottom, and had hardly recovered when my second smack contacted her still quivering bottom. She took this blow with less reaction, but soon my smacks became much more ardent in their application and Ameena commenced bobbing up and down on my lap. Then throwing back her head, she let out a loud scream — but the noise outside in the village was so uproarious that her scream was easily drowned.

I quickly became carried-away with enthusiasm and found myself spanking Ameena's wriggling bottom in real earnest, applying the smacks in no half-hearted manner, but with an ever-increasing crispness of delivery. These red-hot spanks were now landing at a very rapid rate upon her twitching bare bottom, so much so that Ameena began squirming about in such a torrent of wild movements that she toppled right off my lap and laid on the floor, heaving about in a writhing heap of threshing limbs.

Ameena continued these erratic convulsions of the pained for about five minutes, then suddenly she regained her composure and looked up at me. Her eyes were ablaze with unmistakable passion and with a wide smile as her thick lips parted, she stretched up her hand and gripping my wrist in a vice-like hold, pulled me down on to the floor beside her . . .

It was dawn before I was able to drag myself away from the arms of Ameena, and with the promise of another meeting very soon, I managed to stagger back along the jungle paths until I finally reached my car that was to speed me back to my bungalow for a quick shower, a change of clothes, a hurried breakfast, and a day's work!



# NOT SADISM- BUT SEXFUN

by  
Peter Glendinning

*To the clang and screech of electronic pop she slips out of her panties and dances bare on the tiny stage. A lithe lass, she shows newly-nubile nipples on breasts not yet fully swollen.*

*In this she contrasts greatly with the previous dancer, who had breastwork that could almost swing round her shoulders. She had jiggled her mammaries like a pair of marionettes.*

*Coloured searchlight beams alternately brighten and dim her figure. In full white light she rotates her pelvis, seeming to spin her vagina on its axis. Above the music she asks the front row if they like it that way.*

*This is the scene in a Soho strip-club.*

*One of the star dancers enters; she is dressed as a schoolmarm. The young girl comes back slowly afterwards wearing regulation school uniform with blue knickers. You've guessed it. Within minutes the knickers are down. Over the knee she goes. Spanked to the tune of a brisk march until her bottom grows rosy-red. Applause. Curtain.*

A rather humorous and innocent performance.

Innocent even if the dragon at the bar whispers that any of the girls are available for private companionship. God knows, or at least ought to know, that many men wander in a lone bleak wilderness. Compared to this, the one crossed by the tribes of Israel was a luxury tour. If such men can, for a few minutes, take joyous refuge in the warm throbbing cavern of woman-flesh, it is a goodly act.

Innocent, as I said. The dancing reminded me of ancient Greece, of the hetairae dedicated to the goddess Aphrodite, goddess of love. The hetairae

were, by all accounts, obliging little girls. They worshipped, and made love.

Perhaps it seems so harmless to me, because of my great-uncle William.

I visited him just after the second World War. He had a treasure-house of cobwebbed wines, claret, burgundy, fine delicate sherry, vintage champagne, and, greatest of treasures, single-malt whisky from Isle of Islay. This in a world that was glad to drink stuff that should have been classed as industrial alcohol.

He was a wicked old man.

Seventy-nine and spry as a grasshopper, he sat upright in his arm-chair and told me tales of Victorian whorehouses. It's the information that usually

has to be extracted from well-padded prose in leather-bound "curious" tomes, to use the book-seller's odd description. Great-uncle William left out the padding, put in the sharpness.

Mock trials were often acted out. Madam with wig on took the part of the judge. Another senior whore was prosecuting counsel. Made quite a play of it. Three younger whores charged with stealing from their employers. All saucy and brisk, the dialogue. Of course they were each sentenced to four, six, or even ten of the birch. Sentences to be carried out right away. The bircher came in with the instruments of correction. Slowly, the girls had their dresses and underwear lifted and pinned up. Then their drawers dropped to their ankles. Three tables were brought in, and the girls lay over them, their buxom bottoms gleaming in the gaslight.

"Then the bircher got to work. Two slashes on the first backside. Then on to the second. Then the third. At each stroke you could see the pattern of twigs etch into flesh. The girls bawled. No make-believe, I tell you. Before she had finished they were kicking their legs high in the air. Then they were taken down, and, still hobbled by drawers at their ankles, walked around the audience so they could see — and feel if they wanted — the criss-cross weals on the backsides."

He sipped his whisky, savouring it.

"Then they had the governess. Bloody grim lot, governesses in those days. This one had some young ladies to look after. If they couldn't get their French verbs right, they had to come out, kiss the three-thonged leather tawse, and request correction. This request the governess granted graciously. They then had to touch their toes. Dress primly raised. They had split drawers, which could be just pulled aside to show the hips. Then the strap slapped down on the bared bottoms. The girls sobbed. Acidly the governess told them to be quiet, or she would administer double punishment. Again

the girls had to go down on their knees, kiss the tawse and humbly thank the governess, who then looked critically at the splayed-out crimson marks left by the thongs."

I think I must have shook my head at this stage.

"Namby-pamby!" He snorted it. A great expression for snorting. "I tell you boy, you could come back next night and see the same girls; hardly a mark on their hips. S'long as the skin didn't break, they could take any amount of discipline and come back for more."

Great-uncle gulped his whisky.

"Used to go up myself, and pick out some more delicate girl who was just about wetting herself with fright. As they tucked up her nightie, I would whisper it wouldn't be the whip. Then I'd have her over my knee and redden her buttocks with a brisk spanking. They used to cuddle and thank me after."

He glared at me. "Dammit they didn't care if they took the backside off them. They could get plenty more."

But he was somewhat ashamed, I think.

Forgive him, he lived in Victorian times when for the theft of a few pence, a boy might be sentenced to judicial birching. This meant not birch twigs, but birch rods. That left his hips like ploughed red earth. Or the boy could be sentenced to the dreaded Training Ships, floating hells. Girls were not immune; Reformatories grimly welcomed them where cane on bared hips was routine.

The act showing the work of the governess was scarcely exaggerated. Governesses often ruled ruthlessly and this subject is well documented.

Discipline at home meant that children, even in their teens, could be thrashed by either parent. Threat to whip girls until bottoms turned black and blue were not mere threats.

Generally, the Victorians automatically punished all who could not protect themselves with the armour of



money. Servants who committed real or imaginary offences had the alternative of dismissal without reference (for girls that meant entry into prostitution) or flogging.

Coercion and flagellation produced the "shows" in the Victorian brothels. Evil forces produced more evil results.

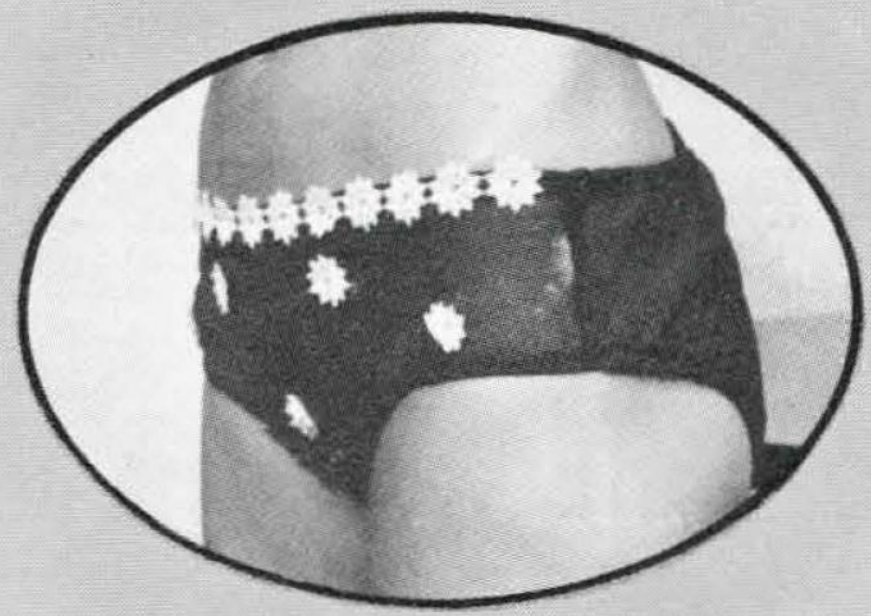
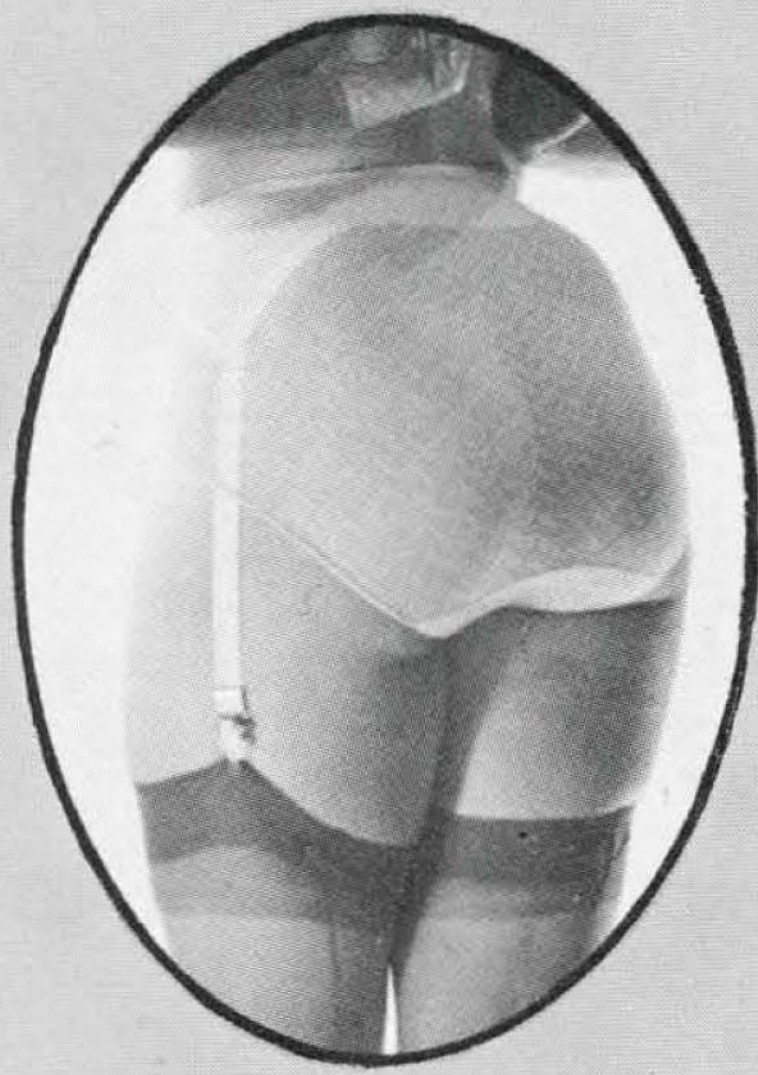
Now it is different in these current Soho strip-clubs. The girls who perform here have splendid bodies; no Victorian starvelings for this show. The dancing girls are in a city where employment abounds and they do this strip-and-spank of their own free will, for clearly

they could find other work if they wished. By observation and enquiry, I should say the girls dance naked for fun and finance, about equally.

Spanking, properly considered, is one of the hundred or more acts of affection. We have now filtered out the clear sexfun from the bitter muck of Victorian flagellation. Writing as one who has frequently spanked and been spanked, it seemed that this hitherto private pleasure translated remarkably well to the small stage.

Soho — stand up and take two-and-a-half hearty cheers!





# MORE LESSONS FOR

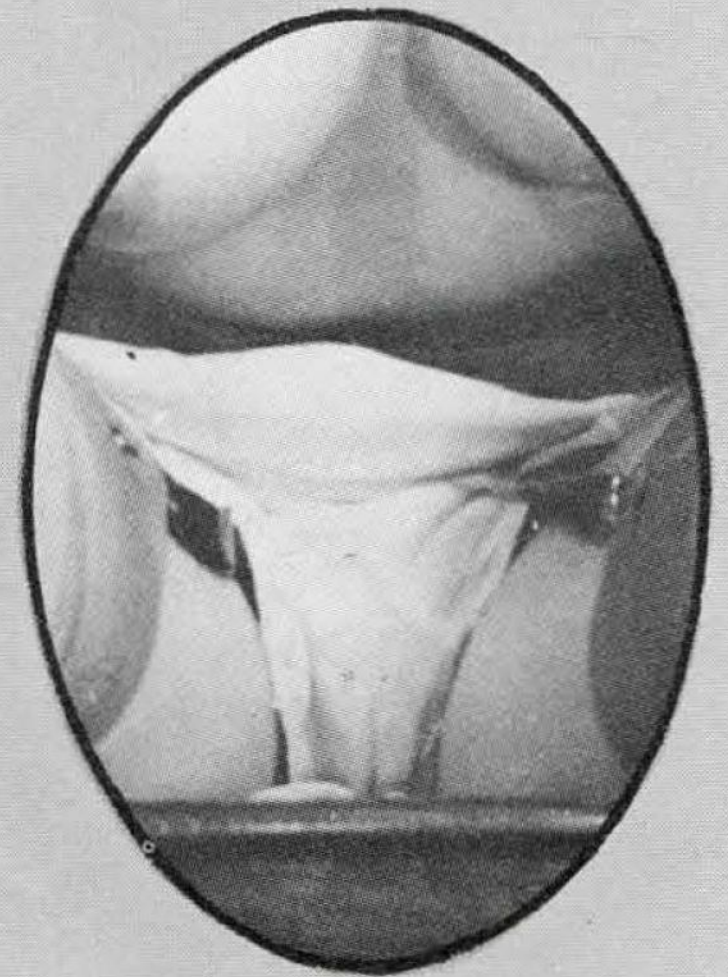
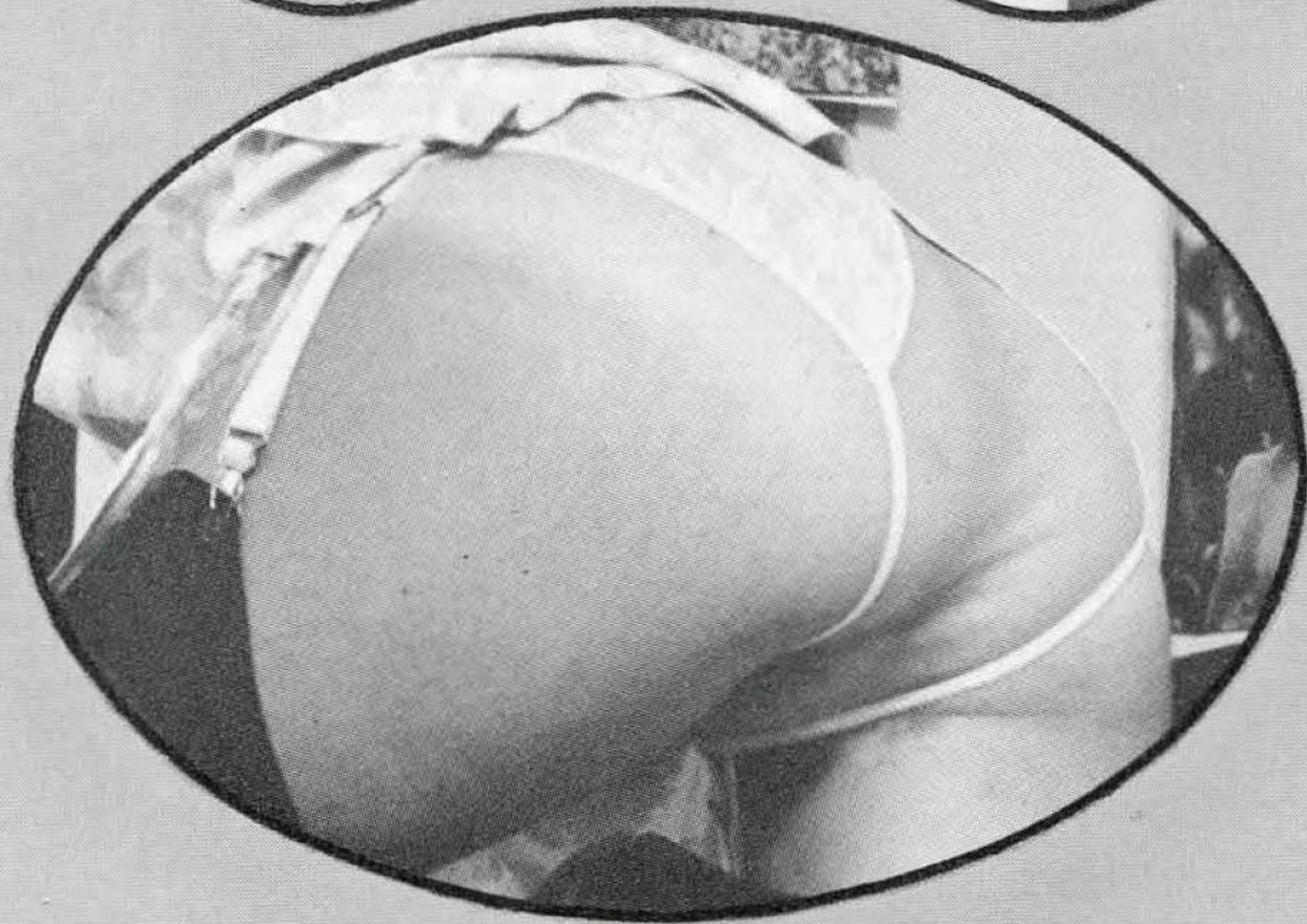
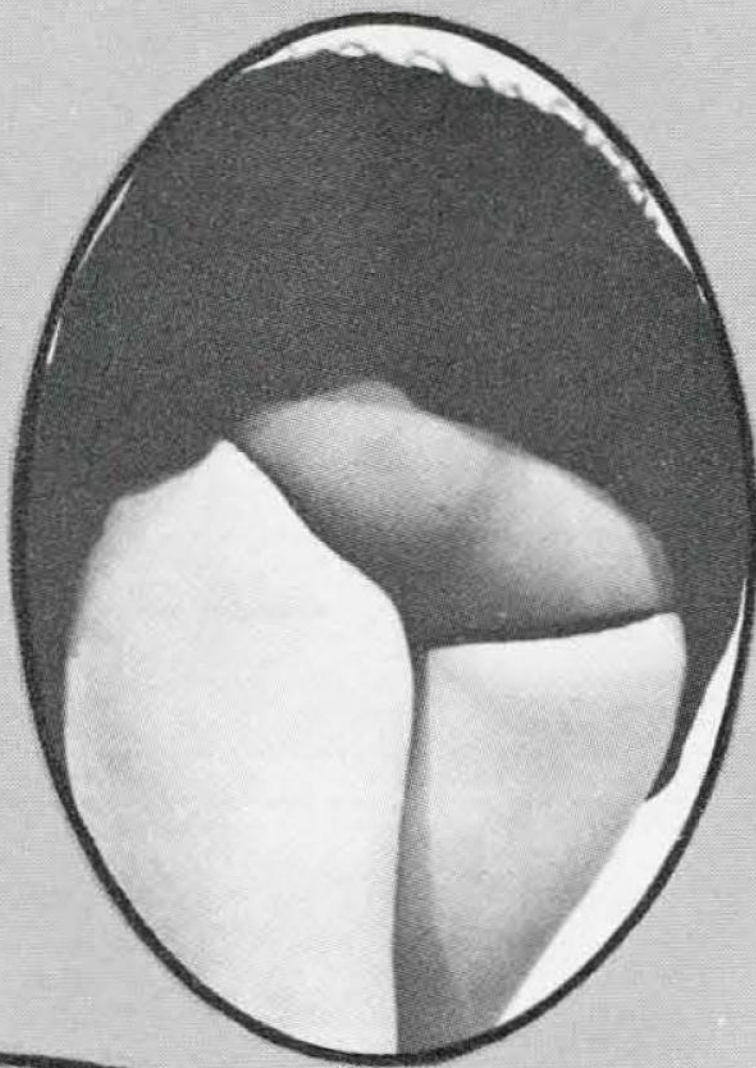
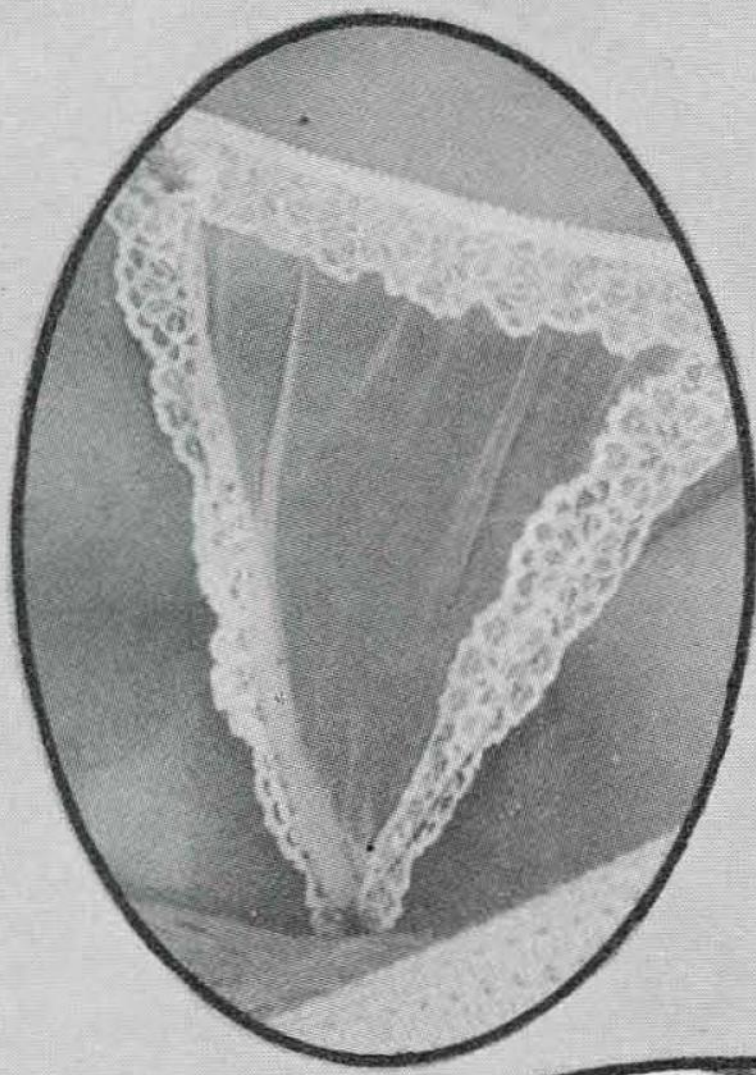
# KNICKERS

Six schoolgirls jump out of their dormitory beds and pull their gym knickers up under their nighties. They wriggle into their vests. White blouses go on next, and ties, then the uniform school gym tunic, very short, and zipped up at the side. They face us in a line and salute, all pleased grins and legs and sauce.

This was the beginning of a sketch in "Oh! Calcutta!" It appears in the published American text of the show, but was considered too daring (I suppose) for public performance. It was to

have been introduced by a female voice on the loudspeaker quoting the French humourist Pierre Daninos: "In the depth of every Englishman's subconscious, there is a cat-of-nine-tails and a schoolgirl in black stockings."

The forbidden sketch was funny to read, because the schoolgirls talk in the outmoded lingo of the posh boarding academy: "Stop frivolling, or I'll spiflicate you." The period was 1917, which was why they were supposed to wear garters. It also packed a titillating erotic punch. The kids turned cart-wheels, danced around in their undies.



# WATCHERS

One, chosen by the audience, had her bottom spanked, knickers down, for being naughty. I saw it staged, by amateurs, one week-end at a Brighton house-party. It was a sensation, and would certainly have won the approval of Clement Gardner, author of the brilliant "Seven Lessons for Knicker Watchers" (Janus, Vol. 2 No. 3).

Or would it? His article traced the knicker-watcher's fetishism back to the boy's pre-pubertal fascination with the undergarments of the girls in his young life. A lad's basic training comes from looking up the skirts of every indiscreet,

sporty or simply rude schoolkid or sister, and from his slowly acquired knowledge that the naughty knickers are supposed to be hidden, and are there to hide the top secret of all, the never-to-be-mentioned little cleft that is special to girls.

But his account shows that Gardner belongs to the Classic School of knicker connoisseurs. We Moderns acknowledge the importance of his pioneer researches, but as juveniles we were trained differently, for in our day schoolgirls dressed differently — to us, just as excitingly. If not more so.

### *Lesson 1. The Brighton Belles*

We'd invited the girls to bring their outgrown schoolwear down to Brighton, or uniforms borrowed from kid sisters. They'd agreed to put on "St. Dominic's, 1917" for the rest of us. They turned up in great excitement and spent an age rehearsing. They'd had a few drinks, but the show was a success from the moment they began pulling on their thick school knickers. A few had brought woollen stockings and suspenders, or garters (specified in the script), but two just wore socks. Giggling and wriggling, they clipped on their straining suspenders and squeezed into gymslips far too short for them. Following their line-up in the opening, the "monitor" ordered them: "Hands on hips! On your toes — knees bend . . . !" and they treated us to the rare sight of eight pairs of juvenile school gym knickers in the legs-open position. Finally, backs to us, they touched their toes, to show eight bulging posteriors straining their knickers to bursting point. In the school gym, the sight would have been ordinary and innocent. In front of a gang of prurient males it was unthinkably indecent, grown-up girls who knew we were ogling them and blushing to think how rude and naughty they were being.

But this was the point. It was not the girls who wore stockings who were the most provocative, despite that sexy gap of bare flesh between stocking-top and knicker. More and more, the eye was drawn to the girls in white knee socks. The whole stretch of their long pink thighs was exposed. You could see right up under the brief skirt to the disturbing gluteal fold, that traverse line separating bottom from thighs. Stockings hid so much of all that bare flesh. The girls in socks were nothing but legs, swelling up and disappearing into hot woolly knickers.

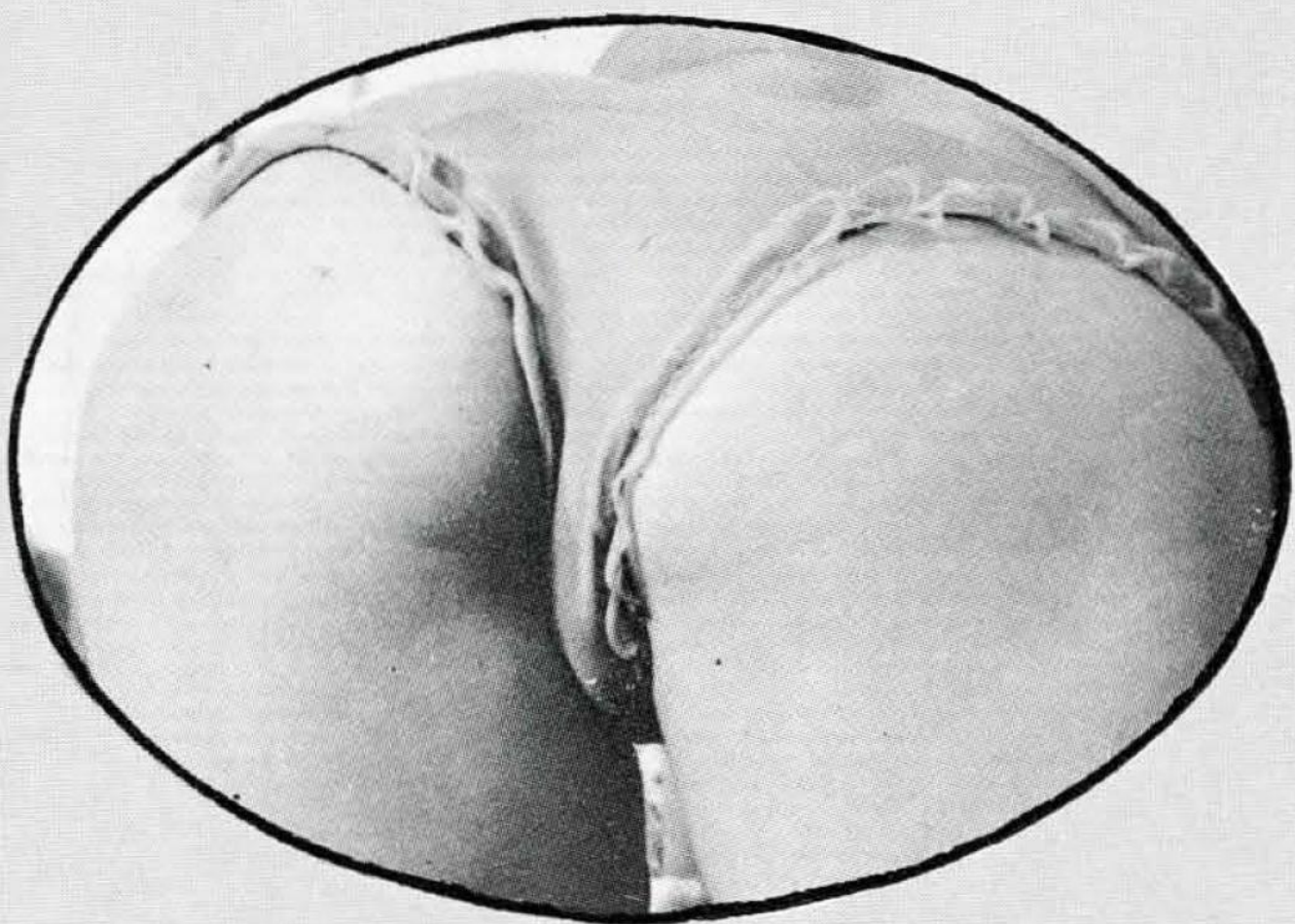
**WATCH WORD ONE: Dress The Part.**

### *Lesson 2. The Netball Team*

Like Gardner, I too regret the disappearance of schoolgirls' stockings in favour of those ubiquitous, horrible tights. But we Moderns attach less importance to the can-can "gap". It was this that in early days first drew his attention to the intimate little bloomers that excited whenever a schoolgirl sprawled carelessly and opened her legs. I concede all this. I am old enough to remember that gap. But I have more intense memories. As when, waiting for the girls after netball practice, I hid in the rhododendrons and watched them sauntering by. They wore no stockings, but thick knee-high socks. Their skirts were brief, their legs plump and red from the exercise. Their thighs shirred together and yet rolled, being attached to the wider female pelvic bone so as to leave a wee hole you could see daylight through — thighs that rose if you were lucky, up to the crease beneath the swelling twin balloons of the bottom, peeping out from the arched wings of the navy-blue gym bloomers.

I was a schoolboy and oh, it was their legs I loved. So smooth and shiny-naked. So long, shameless and exposed, from the top of their socks right up to the hem of that ridiculously short gymslip (special for sport), as they came crowding and chattering along, hopping and shoving one another, leggy female and sweet — tumbling down, and giving me an eyeful, scrambling up on all fours and giving me another.

(We have seen enough now to pause and consider wherein we Moderns differ from the Classic School of knicker-watchers. First, we are leg men. We hold that before adulthood, girls fascinate boys because of physical differences, the most obvious then being their long smooth bare legs which their clothes are designed to display. These fascinate, and the fascination is climaxed by the way legs swell to a succulent richness and then disappear into those mysterious knickers, just as a smooth shiny two-barrelled gun terminates in the complex



breech mechanism. The first Modern tenet is this: *No-one loves knickers who does not love legs.* However well a girl fills her panti-hose, she looks more luscious in white sox and a micro-skirt (or shorts short enough for her knicks to be glimpsed). Her breasts still undeveloped, an adolescent girl's legs are her quintessential femininity. No man's are so sleek, so plumply unmuscular, so lo-o-ng. Stockings and tights spoil the fleshliness and the sheen.

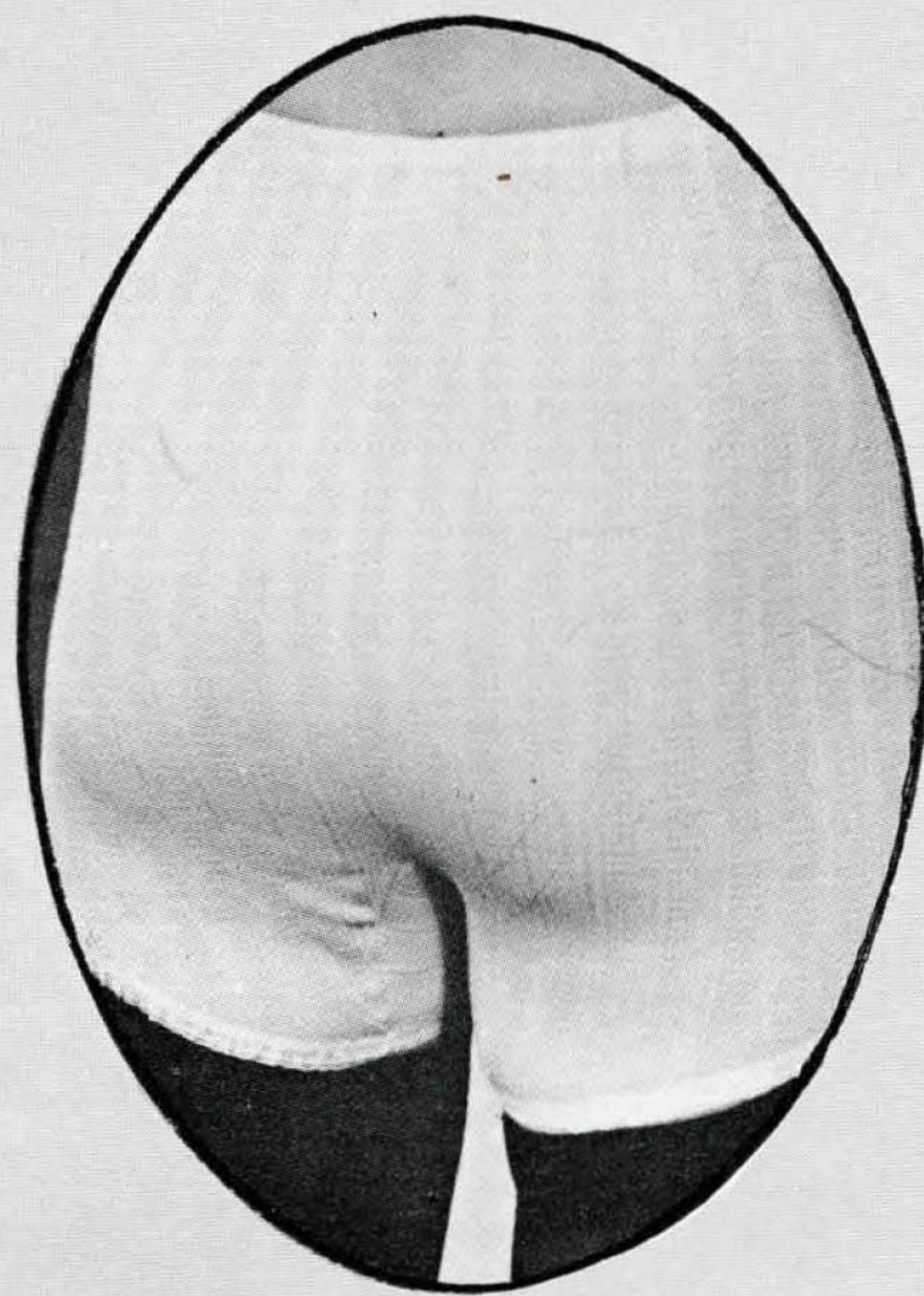
Secondly, Moderns have brought out into the open the dressing-up sessions in bedrooms Gardner describes so well, when your girl-friend poses in a gymslip for a schoolgirl spanking. We too enjoy these sessions, but we particularly advocate Public Simulation. One enthusiast was able to induce a strip-club, to stage a schoolgirl item with a lesbian theme. In the first scene a master taught two girls in class about the Amazons and their love-life. In the second scene, in their bedroom, the girls got undressed to make love, slowly removing correct regulation gym tunic, blouse and tie, vest and finally blue gym bloomers. With careful timing it was possible to arrive four or five times a week for this scene. Other clubs have featured naughty-schoolgirl-being-spanked items, though they are rare.

Clement Gardner also neglects the stage for the cinema and TV, and we think this regrettable. Once again, we like actual (not photographed, or covered) flesh. But incidentally, his

article should have mentioned the Launder-Gilliat "St. Trinian's" films, still going the rounds, for they feature some just-about-adult girls in the tightest school uniform, with the camera panning slowly up their glistening legs in stockings stretched so thin our Classic friends should be drooling.

Lastly, we Moderns hold that a knicker watcher's basic training must take place during adolescence. It is only when the sexual juices start flowing fast that the young lad's eye roves and is caught by girlie-legs spread wide open. Earlier, his curiosity has been only marginally sexual. But the awakened youth who works hard to investigate his contemporaries — lucky the chap at a mixed school — will lay the firm foundations of knicker love for life. For this reason, we concentrate upon the all-important formative years. If you pip your K-levels at school, you will never catch up. My own, somewhat fortunate experiences, illustrate the opportunities a boy should seek.

**WATCH WORD TWO: Grab The Chance.**



### *Lesson 3. The Honey Bun*

Among the netball players, my favourite was a sly puss called Elsie. Remember, I knew nothing, lying there in the rhododendrons, least of all why I was there. This kid stood quite near me and bent over to yank up her socks. That first flash of her knickers! They were grey, pulled up into her bottom-crease. I had no idea girls wore them so short and so tight. She stood a moment with her back to me, and I saw where her bottom-fat extruded from each elasticated bloomer-leg. Overwhelmed, I stroked my trousers. That night I could think of nothing else. I did countless little drawings as I lay in bed, and stumbled on the secret of how to masturbate.

Next morning, to my dismay, Elsie slid over to me in the school playground. Girls rarely recognised the existence of another sex. "I seen you watching," she said, shaking her fair plaits. "You're always lying there, peeping. What's the game?" Her tone was friendly. She must have been thirteen. She sounded genuinely curious.

I was nonplussed, but I'd been to movies. "Hi, Blueeyes," I said lightly, producing the gum I kept for crises. She took some, and stared speculatively into my jaunty grin, then raised her right leg so as to pull up the white sock. I glimpsed her gym knickers (navy blue), and again as she attended to the other sock. She saw my glance, and her eyes fluttered. "See you after school, okay?" She shrugged, uncaring. "Maybe," she said, and disappeared. A honeybun. I felt like when I'd scored a goal.

We both kept the rendezvous. Nothing happened to upset a juvenile court, though the vicar would have been displeased. Back in the rhododendrons I was staring at Elsie's knickers as she lay back, knees up, legs wide open, happy to show me all she'd got. My hot cheeks were against her cool thigh as I studied the diamond-shaped gusset of navy blue between her legs.

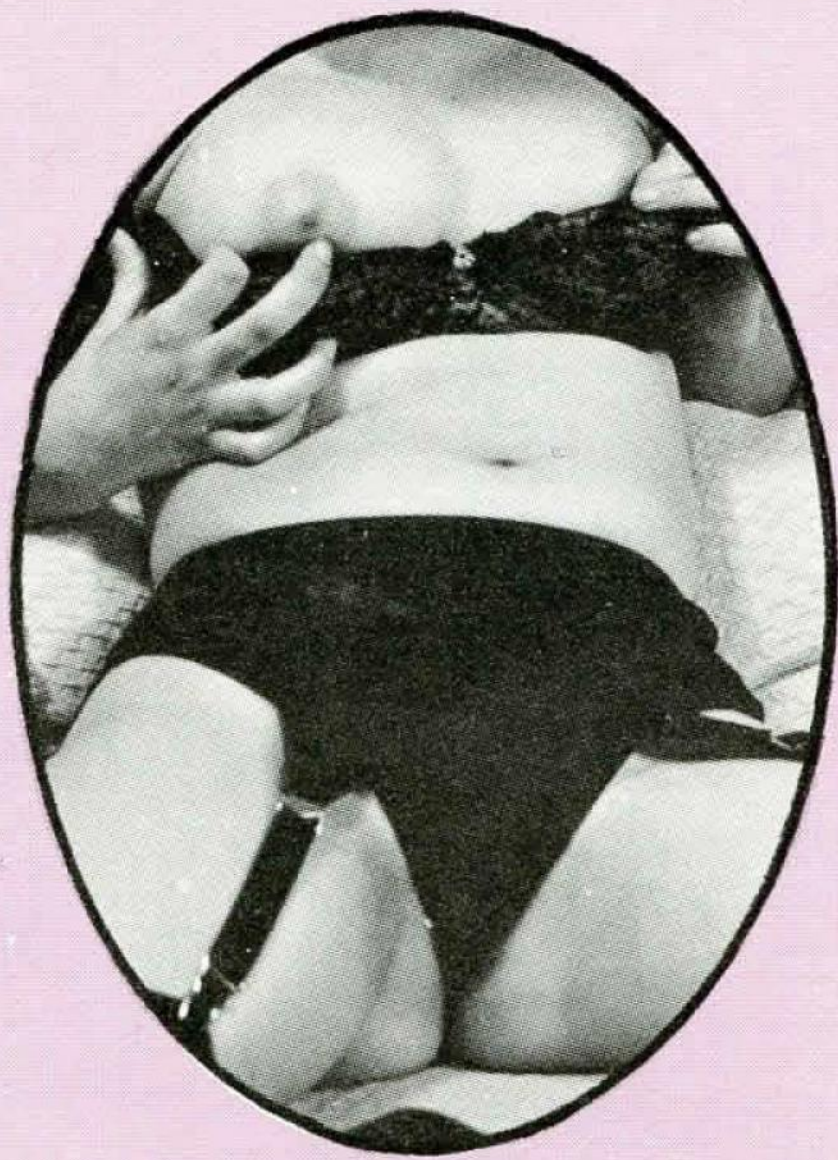
As she lay on her tummy, I gently stroked the fabric over her backside, smoothing it along. She stood up, legs apart, holding her skirt above her waist, and kneeling I slid my fingers inside her knickers to push them even further up her thighs, revealing the red line made by the elastic. At the back, I dragged them up so high into her furrow half her bottom was exposed and she said they hurt. They looked nice like that. But when I tweaked the little legs back as she'd had them, so they "walked" when she did, I thought that was the most vulgar of all.

**WATCH WORD THREE. Handle The Goods.**

### *Lesson 4. The Exhibitionists*

Elsie loved being played with. Overgrown and oversexed, she was soon dating me regularly and would do as I asked. So I told her to round up kids in her class to do hand-stands in the morning break. Dad had given me a stop-watch, and the idea was to see who could stay up the longest. The other fellows stood jeering at our first session then wandered off, bored. But it was a knicker watcher's paradise.

That was summer term. The girls all wore the same green uniform — school blazer, little pleated skirt, striped blouse and white socks. Our star performer was a dreamy tall girl called Sally, huge innocent brown eyes under a black fringe. Solemnly she eyed me, watch in hand, before removing her blazer, loosening her tie and measuring her distance from the wall. I almost gasped as she flung down on her hands and her long legs soared up, hovered momentarily and slowly bent to touch the wall. I clicked the watch as her skirt crumbled inside out to disclose her salmon pink knickers up to the waist elastic, a narrow scalloped edging of white round the legs where her great thighs thrust forth, two thwacking living pistons of flesh. She stayed up 14 seconds, to teach me how round and full a schoolgirl's legs can be, and a



bottom as full and juicy as a bisected peach.

“But you’d see my bloomers!” objected one entrant, coyly rolling her eyes. She was plump as a pigeon, and couldn’t get up. Elsie, my calm confederate, seized her ankles and soon had her upturned — until she collapsed into a leggy heap. The bloomers she was so shy of were navy blue, and could scarcely contain the chubbiest little posterior in the school. “I call ’em bloomers ’cos they’re blue,” she gasped, tugging at them. “Am I bruised?” I bared her fat little bottom to make sure. She was all right.

Some kids started tucking their skirts up the legs of their knickers before they tried. This was not allowed. I explained it would “stop free movement.” “But you can tuck it into the waistband of your *knickers* if you like,” I’d tell them, enjoying the word. Those who did looked very nice. Or they’d get wicked instructions from Elsie, who knew my game. “Pull your knickers well up,” she’d advise, and if they tried to adjust them through the skirt she’d do the job properly at any cost to their modesty. They all wanted to be timed, and to beat the others they would stay up too long. After upturning themselves they would act as if drunk, turning red and seeming giddy. I’d tell them to lie down a minute and draw their legs up and open their knees, and I’d stroke around

and feel them, “to get back the circulation.”

Some of them were shameless. They could not show enough. But Elsie took the biscuit. One day this leggy young exhibitionist asked me, as our class was breaking up, if I would measure her for a new pair of knickers she wanted to order. When the teacher had gone, she produced a tape-measure from her satchel, then stood on the seat of her desk and lifted the skirt of her gymslip and bunched it round her chest. Elsie looked down and watched me, red in the face but loving it, as I twanged her waist elastic and asked if it was too tight, and twitched down the knicker-legs, and poked the cotton into her groin, before carefully running the tape from her waist down under her crotch and up to the back, and then round her hips, and then slowly (stroking her surreptitiously in her secret place) measuring round the circumference of each thigh along the cuffs of her knickers and between her legs.

**WATCH WORD FOUR. Exploit The Vanities.**

#### *Lesson 5. The Sisters*

My older sister Jean was always leaving her knickers lying about. She’d fold them, and forget to put them away. The younger, Peggy, wet hers sometimes, so she had an extra supply. There was always a pair or two dancing on the washing-line, or hooked on a chair, and if you wanted a duster to clean the bike it would often be these old schoolgirl bloomers. When I had a bath, I’d rummage through the dirty linen basket for treasure. They had a faint, heady odour if you pressed them to your nose, a fragrant reek of urine and girlie-come. I’d try them on in front of the mirror, bowing my legs, drawing them lasciviously up my thighs and stroking myself to ecstasy through them. Once Mum found a smelly pair of Peggy’s in my bed and there was hell to pay. After that, I collared a pair occasionally, old

ones they might not notice and which anyway I preferred. Eventually I had a hoard. They were holey, with the elastic coming out at the waist, the cuffs frayed, the seat shiny from wear. Sometimes, under my trousers, I'd wear a pair all day, whispering to myself, "I've got my schoolgirl knickers on." I liked Peggy's best: they were too small for me, and I enjoyed the constriction. A dedicated knicker-watcher needs first-hand experience.

In this way I learned a lot about the pleasures of soiled underwear. Blue knickers got rather greasy. Beige ones were woolly and cosy but made a girl look fat. White ones were super, but I liked cotton ones to be sparkling clean, and thicker ones to be absolutely filthy. I learned to keep a special look-out for kids with dirty shoes and spotty gym-slips they'd grown out of. Often this meant their knickers would be white, but torn and grubby, stained with ink (quite common — they wipe their pens on them) with the crotch-piece stretched into a narrow strip, and the ribbing so worn the knicker-legs were loose round the girl's thighs. Pale blue ones got into the same disgusting state, and were well worth looking out for. The best I ever bagged were when a schoolgirl fell to the ground after trying to board a moving bus. She was not hurt, she just lay there laughing and would not let her friends help her up. Her pale blue knickers were literally on their last legs, insofar as they were on at all. Oh for a camera!

My sisters also taught me about spanking. I'm not mad for it, but I found spanking had its uses. "Many," says Gardner, "have been able to witness the unceremonious hoisting of a gymslip by an irate mistress, and the subsequent slapping of a schoolgirl's bottom." How many, today? It is a sight I would relish, but only for the revelation when the gymslip was hoisted. Chasing Jean and Peggy, when they'd been extra cheeky, it was permissible (just about) to turn them over

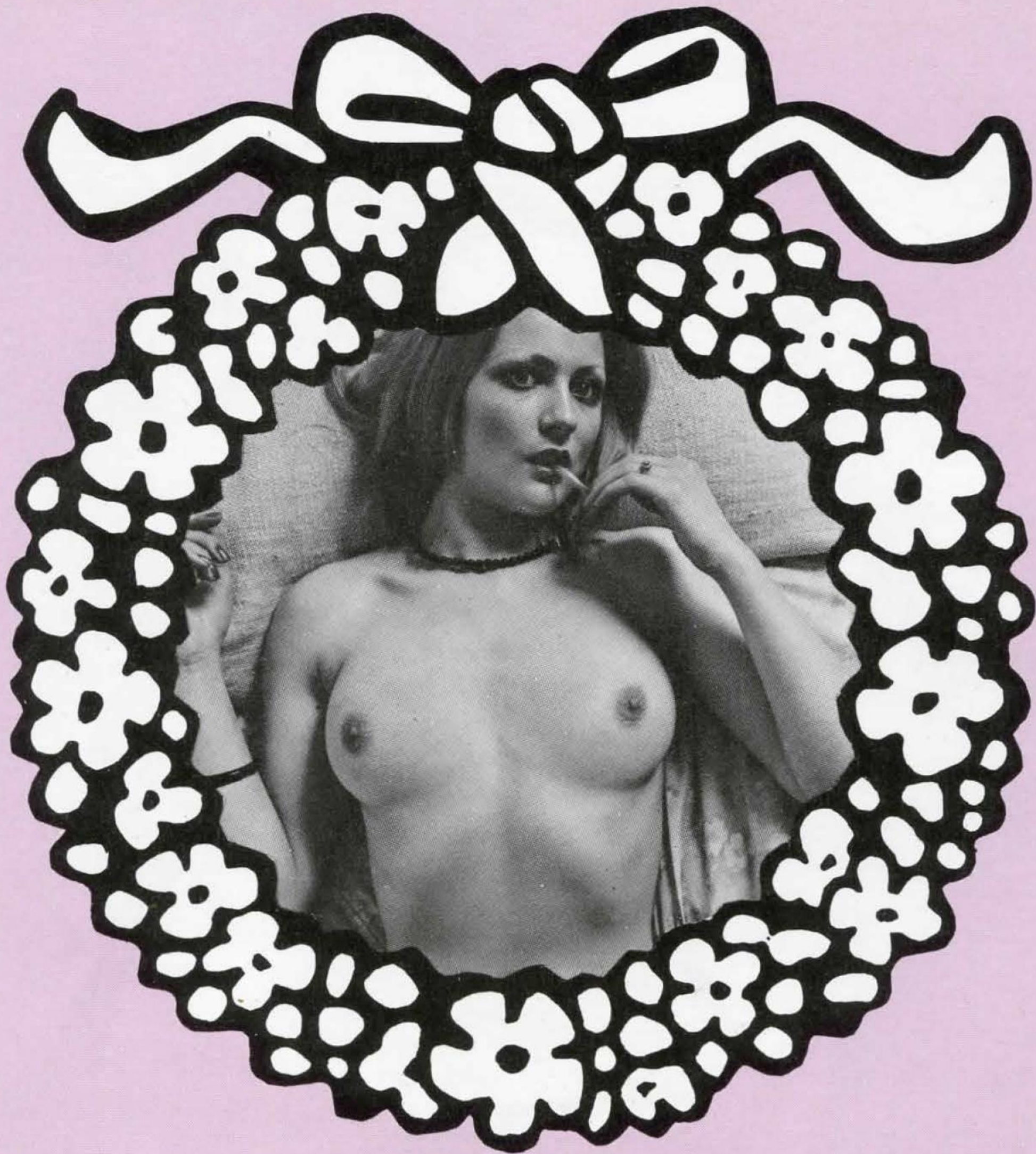
an armchair, or hold them to the floor, and make a pretence of spanking provided it didn't hurt. I would even drag up their skirts, provided they were in a sportive mood, and gently pat them on their tight little knickers, or clutch a handful of the material if they were wearing them baggily. But they were both on to me ("Mum says you only do it to see my knickers.") Once or twice we had a scrap, and they'd kneel over me and, briefly, enjoy being immodest. Spanking in fantasy is common, of course, and often simulated in prostitutes' rooms as well as at home, but for the knicker-watcher it is only a means to an end.

#### **WATCH WORD FIVE. Do Your Homework.**

Educationists recognise that a pupil goes through a series of sensitive periods when he can assimilate easily. If he misses a stage, he will always have more difficulty in acquiring skill later on. Pupils trained at the appropriate age to regard a girl's most intimate garment as vulgar and secret will always be fascinated by the raising of a skirt. Every skimpy pair of nylon panties, frilly briefs, lacy step-ins or even rudely-short shorts, will recall something of that first lecherous itch roused by a schoolgirl's practical pilch knickers.







## Aphrodisiacs


In an age which prides itself on its rationality and scientific objectivity it is rather surprising that man still clings obdurately to so many outworn superstitions. And one of these which dies the hardest is the mystic belief in the efficacy of love potions or aphrodisiacs. When, as is only natural, man's sexual prowess begins to decline with age he will grasp at any straw in an effort to halt or delay the arrival of impotence.

According to legend the god Chronos killed his father, castrated him and threw his genitals into the sea. There they were suddenly engulfed by white foam from which emerged the goddess Venus, or Aphrodite. As Aphrodite

Urania she embodied ideal love, as Aphrodite Genetrix she looked after the interests of maidens and lonely women. As Aphrodite Porne she was the goddess of prostitutes and her name lives in our language as the root of the terms aphrodisiac and pornography. Artists have drawn the goddess as rising out of the sea upon a large scallop shell and it is possibly this classic origin which has suggested the aphrodisiac properties of sea food. To this day oysters are widely believed to be a potent source of sexual energy.

Aphrodisiacs fall into two main categories. Those that are thought to apply to women are regarded as having





the power to arouse desire in those of the sisterhood who might otherwise be reluctant to indulge in the delights of sexual congress. Such aids are supposed to work chemically in sensitising the vagina and clitoris and arousing vaginal lubrication which can only be satisfied by the ultimate orgasm, which the foreign body is also believed to enhance. The principle member of this class is the notorious "Spanish fly".

Cantharides, or Spanish fly, is made from the dried and powdered body of the beetle, *Cantharis vesicatoria* and the active constituent is cantharidin. Since 1926 cantharides has been generally frowned upon by Western medicine as its use as an aphrodisiac has resulted in several deaths following excruciating pain. Application of the powder to any part of the skin will cause pain, inflammation and within a very short time a blistering similar to that caused by the lethal mustard gas which was used in World War I. Taken internally, even in minute doses, it results in severe inflammation of the mucous membrane of the throat, mouth and stomach. Furthermore, it produces intense thirst accompanied by an inability to swallow, vomiting, and bloody diarrhoea and urine. As a side effect it also causes inflammation of the genitals, with painful erection of the penis. But this condition is not alleviated by sexual activity and may very well be accompanied by damage to the kidneys.

Farmers in many parts of the world have traditionally used cantharides to stimulate bulls which were slow to mate but experiments with dogs have brought no conclusive evidence as to its effectiveness in this regard. Its administration to cows with a similar end in view has proved counter-productive as the violent physical effects on the animal will render it unmilkable for days and may even result in death.


The notorious Marquis de Sade was sentenced in absentia by the French courts after a visit to a brothel in Marseilles. It was alleged that as part of

his amusement at the brothel he had fed sweets dosed with cantharides to the prostitutes. Almost immediately they commenced to roll about the floor in agony and one of them jumped out the window while two died from the poison. The story was apparently untrue but made one more contribution to the de Sade legend.

Other substances favoured in ancient times for similarly imagined aphrodisiac qualities were henbane or swine bean, Jimson weed or thorn apple, and oil of peppermint. The most remarkable feature of so many of these so-called love potions is that, while none of them can be proved to be effective, many are lethal if taken in large enough doses. Particularly deadly is that hardy perennial of the aphrodisiac world, the mandrake.

The *mandragora officinarum* is a member of the potato family and contains atropine and scopolomine, both of which are soporific and will cause death following mental confusion if taken in excessive dosage. As far back as the fourth century B.C. mandrake was prescribed as a cure for insomnia. Pedanius Dioscorides, a Greek pharmacologist whose writings were influential for a long time, recommended wine of mandragora as a surgical anaesthetic in the first century A.D. It was also given to condemned criminals to ease the pain of execution.

It is probable that the shape of the mandrake root is at least partially responsible for its reputation as an aphrodisiac in so many different cultures. The ancient Egyptians referred to it as "phallus of the field"; it is mentioned in the biblical Song of Solomon; and the Arabs called it "Devil's testicles". Early prints have depicted it as having roots in human form and when being torn from the ground it let out such a horrifying scream that anyone within earshot died. One method of harvesting it was to tie a dog's tail to the plant and, from a safe distance, call the dog. The unfortunate



animal, of course, died but that was a small price to pay for such a highly prized medicament.

The second rough classification of aphrodisiacs has reference to man's unique concept of romantic love as contrasted to the base sexuality of animals. Almost inevitably these stimulants are expected to achieve the conquest of one particularly desired partner and, to this end, are endowed with magical properties. The legends and stories handed down about the supposed results of love potions taken or surreptitiously administered in the pursuit of romance are legion.

The deep passion which put Tristram and Isolde among the world's most famous lovers was said to have been inspired by the couple unknowingly taking a love potion. When Henri II of France persisted in his regard for Diane de Poitiers, twenty years his senior, jealous courtiers put it down to the lady's skill in administering potions. In many places today, notably the West Indies, love potions can be readily purchased — often with money-back guarantees.

One of the most bizaare cases of the use of love potions is well documented in Scottish lore. A certain schoolmaster, Dr. Fien, conceived an overweening passion for a village maiden. Although she persistently rejected his advances he was determined to have her. As fate would have it the younger brother of the reluctant girl was in his class and he offered to spare the lad a beating in return for a favour. Sleeping in the same bed as his sister he was instructed to pluck three of her pubic hairs while she slept and bring these to the master. It was hardly surprising, however, that she awoke in the course of this depilation and made an outcry. Threatened with another thrashing by his outraged mother the lad revealed the nature of the plot concocted by the unscrupulous schoolmaster. The crafty mother cut three hairs from the udder of the family cow and sent them by the boy to Dr.

Fien. The teacher then worked his magic on what he assumed to be his loved one's pubic hairs and, according to contemporary records, the spell worked. The good doctor was rewarded with the affections of the charmed cow and, if he did not exactly win his heart's desire, he was presumably never again at a loss for milk.

Effective love potions have usually depended upon a combination of magical properties and the physical ingredients. Genitals of supposedly amorous animals, hearts of doves and phallic shaped vegetables have been popular constituents of these charms but none of them would stand up to chemical analysis. A persistent runner in the love stakes has been the cucumber and it takes little imagination to recognise the reason for its popularity. Strangely enough, however, the cucumber is held in some cultures to be an anaphrodisiac — that is to say, just the opposite.

When the tomato was discovered in America it was first christened the "love apple" and was for a long time considered to be a powerful and magic arouser of love. Although the fish has been an ancient Christian symbol it is also universally regarded as an aphrodisiac food. In the confused intermingling of earlier faiths it is not perhaps entirely coincidental that Friday, when the eating of meat is banned by the Roman Catholic church, should be named after Freyja, the Scandinavian goddess of love.

While there is no valid evidence that any particular food has a direct effect on sexual prowess it is obvious that to some extent we are what we eat. Obviously one of the most important factors in a full and healthy sexual life is a healthy, well nourished body. Sex requires energy and that, after all, is what we derive from food so in that respect a well balanced diet of nutritious food is essential.

Alcohol maintains pride of place as an aid to seduction and its general



acceptance as such was summed up by Ogden Nash when he said, "Candy is dandy but liquor is quicker". Gin has been called "mother's ruin" and there is some truth to this because the juniper berry, which gives it its flavour, is known to have a mild irritant effect on soft membranes, such as those in the vagina. Whether it is possible to drink sufficient quantities of gin for it to have a measurable effect is debatable but a received belief that a bottle of gin and a hot bath will be a sovereign prescription for self-induced abortion dies hard.

What is undeniable is that a few glasses of wine or spirits will do wonders in breaking down inhibitions. But the fact remains that alcohol is basically a depressant and anaesthetic so, while it may enhance desire in direct proportion to its ingestion, it certainly inhibits performance in inverse proportion to the amount taken. While the candlelight and wine technique may result in a seduction the physical outcome will often be less than satisfactory. The man may be unable to get an erection or, on achieving it, maintain it. Frequently he will be unable to have a proper orgasm while most women confess that they are seldom rewarded with this pleasurable sensation when they have had too much to drink.


In the East where the use of alcohol is not so widespread there are other substances which are believed to have aphrodisiacal powers. Many of these are plants of which perhaps the most popular is ginseng. This, although costly, is readily obtainable throughout Southeast Asia and its users are prepared to swear by its virtue. A Moslem man of my acquaintance in his middle fifties has the four wives permitted to him by his religion. In addition he has two mistresses and he boasts that he keeps them all contented and satisfied which he attributes to regular consumption of the magical ginseng. It is hard to speak for the women involved but the fact is that he has more than twenty children and

holds every expectation of more. Fortunately for all concerned he is rather well-to-do. Recently ginseng has been obtainable in the Western world and its increase in popularity here might be due to an awe of Eastern fecundity but this is more likely attributable to inadequate birth control rather than any magical potency on the part of those races.

A valued item in the Chinese pharmacopeia is powdered rhinoceros horn which is also extremely expensive. Once again there is no hard scientific evidence of this substance having any real effect. The reason for its continual approval can likewise be found in legend. The mythical beast, the unicorn, crops up throughout the world and in many varied cultures. This animal, usually depicted with the body of a horse and a large tapering horn in the middle of its forehead, has been universally endowed with remarkable supernatural powers. It is said to have an invincible way with women, especially virgins, and to exercise an almost cosmic staying power in the act of love. The only known animal with a single horn in the middle of its head is the rhinoceros, although its physical resemblance to the mythical beast is slender to say the least and, in fact, what is called erroneously its "horn" is not that at all but merely a very large hair.

There are natural aphrodisiacs built in, as it were, to every human. The most potent of these is smell. While agreeing with Havelock Ellis that its "demonstrable part in sexual selection... is very small" it is certainly there. Social taboos and media-induced pathological pre-occupation with "cleanliness" have reduced somewhat the attraction of natural odours but have certainly not eradicated them. There was the case of the man who, before he went dancing on Saturday night, used to place his handkerchief next to his genitals for some time, then put it in his breast pocket. His theory





was that women with whom he danced would be sexually aroused and since he persisted in the practice for some years until his marriage it might be assumed that he had some measure of success.

The Kama Sutra lists the "art of preparing perfumes and odours" as one of the 64 arts necessary for a woman to study and names like "Nuit D'Amour" and "My Sin" for perfumes would seem to indicate that the manufacturers, at least, believe in the sexual efficacy of their products. The largest scent glands in humans are beneath the arms, on the breasts and around the genitalia. During sexual excitement the scent given off by these glands increases causing a spiral reaction — excitement, more scent, more excitement and so on.

Until very lately scientists, whether through prudery or for professional reasons, have been reluctant to pursue the search for a genuine aphrodisiac per se. Ironically it was the desire to find an aphrodisiac which has most stimulated research. It is now possible to inhibit excessive desire, for example in males who are uncontrollably attracted towards children, with anti-androgens. These actually work which is more than can be said for the 19th century favourites potassium bromide, scopolomine (an active constituent of mandragora) and camphor — also sometimes regarded as an aphrodisiac.

When male-hormone treatment was introduced at Johns-Hopkins hospital in Baltimore the experiments were watched with some interest by one of the laboratory technicians. He was a man of fifty-five and was worried about his decline in sexual vigour. Upon asking if he might share in the benefits of the new wonder drug he was given an injection. He reported for work the following day cock-a-hoop at his new lease on love and regaled his workmates with tales of his prowess the night before.

After a month had passed the lab man asked for further treatment to recharge his sexual batteries. On this

occasion he was injected with a sterile oil which contained no drug but was taken from a bottle clearly labelled to give him the impression that he was again receiving male-hormone treatment. For months following he returned for booster injections all of which, unknown to him were of the same sterile oil. Throughout this period he was perfectly satisfied with his new-found potency, although he complained that preoccupation with ciotion and a general sexual excitement tended to interfere with his work during the day.

This case points up the areas in which aphrodisiacs can be positively said to work. Sexologists have long known that one of the principle causes of impotence, especially in the male, is lack of confidence. Worry about the efficacy of one's performance on the bed of love is almost certain to have a deleterious effect on the act itself. One failure of erection will inevitably be followed by yet another until the man is so demoralised that the sexual act becomes impossible for him. If on the other hand he is convinced that he is receiving some outside assistance, whether chemical or magical, his confidence is restored and his sexual prowess restored.

Work with hormones and androgens is going on in many laboratories throughout the world but it is still too early to assess adequately the results. There do seem to be isolated cases where the administration of these substances have arrested sexual decline at least for a limited period. There have also been a few where those treated have seemed to experience a resurgence of desire and puissance, but it is difficult to ascertain whether these gains are chemical or, as in the case of the Baltimore man, psychological.

Despite the lengths to which people have been prepared to go in order to improve their sexual performance and pleasure the best recipe still seems to be a healthy body and a vivid imagination.







# MIRANDA'S PAGE

Dear Fans,

Doesn't time fly? Here it is only a few weeks to Christmas and our next issue will be the 'Xmas Quarterly'. I do hope you've put in your order for it as judging from the amount of mail we've had, it's going to be a sellout.

Talking of Christmas, isn't it getting chilly, especially at night. I shall have to go shopping for something a little warmer than nylon bikinis. Perhaps I'll get some of those long woolley bloomers and vests! What do you think?

Would you rather have a girl warm and soft and cuddly, or glamorous and cold and covered with goose-pimples?

To get down to the real reason I write this column, which is not to chat about myself but to keep you informed about what we have in store for you in future issues of *Janus*.

First, let me tell you that we are going to do an article on 'The history of Spanking Magazines.'

I have no doubt that most of you will look forward eagerly to its publication, so, in order to make it as interesting and comprehensive as possible, I would like you to send me any information you have on the subject. Old magazines, photographs, drawings, (the older

the better). In fact anything at all on the subject of spanking that you may have tucked away under the bed or on top of the wardrobe.

I promise to look after them and return them in a very short time.

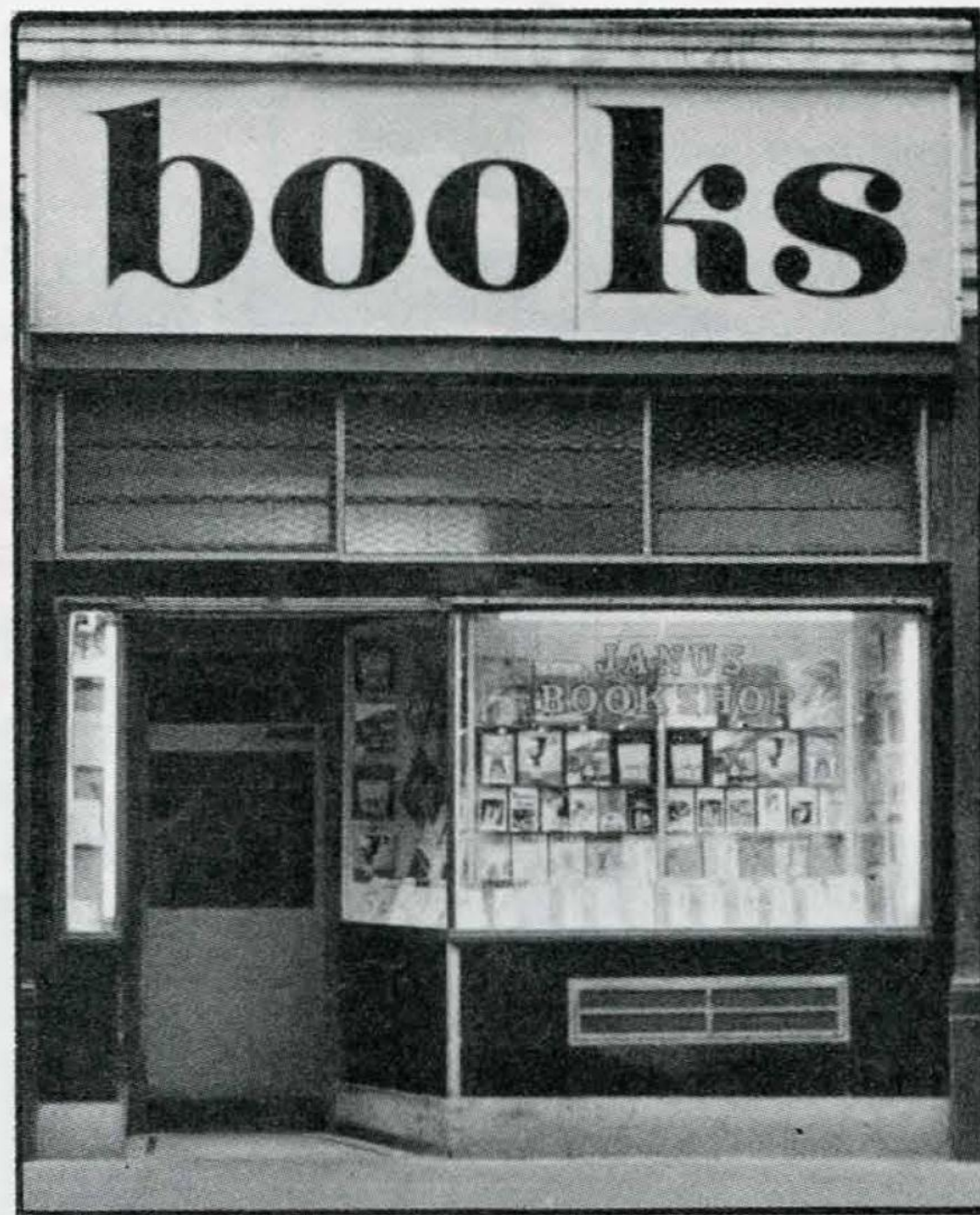
A few readers get a little up-tight because the letters they've written don't appear in the next issue. Unfortunately this is absolutely unavoidable as most of the copy has to be typeset at least two months before publication day.

I expect you've noticed that we've been using a lot more letters in the last few issues. Now be dears and tell me – do you think there are too many letters, or not enough? Would you like to see an issue devoted entirely to letters? or do you think there should be more articles and pictures?

I sometimes get letters complaining that our naughty girls do not show the marks of the cane on their bottoms which for some readers rather spoils the effect.

The answer is that the powers that be object to any marks of violence, so gentlemen, for the time being you will have to use your imagination, or draw them in yourselves.

Bye for now,  
Miranda.



**STOP-PRESS**

**I really must tell you about our new goodies!**

**FIRST**, our new Special No. 5 (Spanking) is already on the Bookstalls, but if you have any difficulty in finding one, drop me a line and £1 and I'll get it off to you by return post.

**THE SECOND ITEM** is our first Janus Quarterly which will be available on December 7th, containing all the usual sorts of articles you like to read, plus 16 pages in **FULL COLOUR** (think of it. All those lovely naughty girls in 'glowing' colour!) It's going to be well worth 80p, so don't be disappointed. **Order your copy now!**

**THIRDLY**. We're the first in the field again! The Janus Book-Shop is now open at No. 10 Irving Street, London WC2. (Irving Street runs from the bottom of Leicester Square to Charing Cross Road.) You'll be able to buy all the issues of Janus and the Specials, as well as all the books we advertise in Janus.

There will also be a large selection of other books and magazines which I am sure will be of interest to readers of Janus.



### EMBARRASSING INITIATION

I am a regular *Janus* reader and I think that your readers would be interested in a little episode in my life which happened nearly thirty years ago.

I left school when I was fourteen years old. I wanted to work on the railway, but to do this I had to be sixteen, which was the minimum age at which the railways accepted staff.

While I was waiting, my uncle arranged with my mother for me to take a job in the local Woollen Mills, in which he was employed.

I wasn't very keen on taking a job among a lot of women, but in those days you did as you were told, or else . . .

I started at the Mill one Monday morning. My job was to sweep up, make the tea, run any errands, and keep the Supervisor's office clean and tidy.

The Supervisor was the equivalent of a foreman, and was in sole charge of the

Weaving Sheds. She was a big, well-built woman in her early thirties. She was a spinster and lived alone, and so her whole life seemed to be centred on the Sheds.

On the Monday following my first week there, I was sitting in a corner of the Weaving Sheds during the lunch hour break. I had just finished my sandwiches when a girl came and told me the Supervisor wanted to see me.

I followed the girl to the far end of the Weaving Shed, where all the big bales of wool were stored.

Walking through these bales was like walking through a maze. At the far end of the stacks of bales there was a space of some thirty feet square with a few tables and chairs where the girls who worked in the Weaving Sheds had their tea breaks.

As soon as I stepped into this open space, four hefty girls grabbed me and

man-handled me on to one of the tables. I had no idea of what was going on, but I had a feeling it was not going to be pleasant.

There were eight girls there, including the girl who had led me there. While four girls held me, the others pulled my trousers completely off. Then they pulled me into a sitting position and rolled my shirt and vest up to my chest.

The two biggest girls put two straight-backed chairs side by side, and, as they both sat down, they pulled their skirts up to their waists. They were wearing neither knickers nor stockings.

I learned a little later that the girls could not muster one pair of knickers or stockings between them.

The four girls holding me down on the table turned me over and carried me bodily, face down, across to the two girls who were sitting on the chairs.

I was laid across their bare thighs with the girl on the right supporting my lower half and the other girl supporting my upper half. My head and arms were hanging over the outside of their left thighs.

As the two girls held me firmly down I could feel two clusters of short curly black hairs — one pressed up against my left hip, and the other just below my left armpit.

The girl sitting on the right explained that this was my initiation to the Mill, and that all boys and girls starting at the Mill had to be 'initiated' after their first week of settling down.

She warned me that if I didn't accept the 'initiation' in the spirit in which it was intended, then I would be 'initiated' every day until I did accept it.

I was also informed that it was no use complaining to the management. They would not interfere in something they considered a tradition.

All the time the girl was explaining this she was patting and stroking my exposed bottom and this gave me an erection.

She then took a firm grip of my waist and proceeded to spank me. After the

first dozen smacks I realised she could have spanked me much harder if she wished.

As the spanking progressed, I could tell that this girl was no novice at the game. Nor was I as my mother still lowered my trousers before putting me across her knees.

When I had been spanked until I would have been unable to sit down, I was lifted up into a standing position. One of the girls who had been watching drew everyone's attention to the fact that I had lost my erection. Without further ado she seized my penis and soon brought me back to my former condition.

When this was done I was held in a bent over position, and the girl on whose knees my chest had recently rested gave me a short, sharp spanking for 'not keeping it up', as she put it.

By the time this was over it was getting on for the end of the lunch break. Two girls came forward with a large tin of compound. This was a white, thick, creamy substance used for removing grime and grease from machine parts.

My arms and legs were firmly held and I was covered with this compound from just below the navel down to mid-thigh. A bucket of sawdust was produced and handfuls of the stuff were thrown over me.

It was now time to return to work. The leader, who had administered my 'initiation' spanking said she hoped I wouldn't take this little episode in bad part, as they had all gone through it, and I would get my chance to inflict the same humiliation on other new-comers before very long.

Then she clasped my face in her hands and gave me a big kiss, fair and square on the lips. The other seven girls did the same before returning to their machines.

I was standing there, not knowing what to do, when the Supervisor appeared. When she saw the state I was in, she said how sorry she was it had

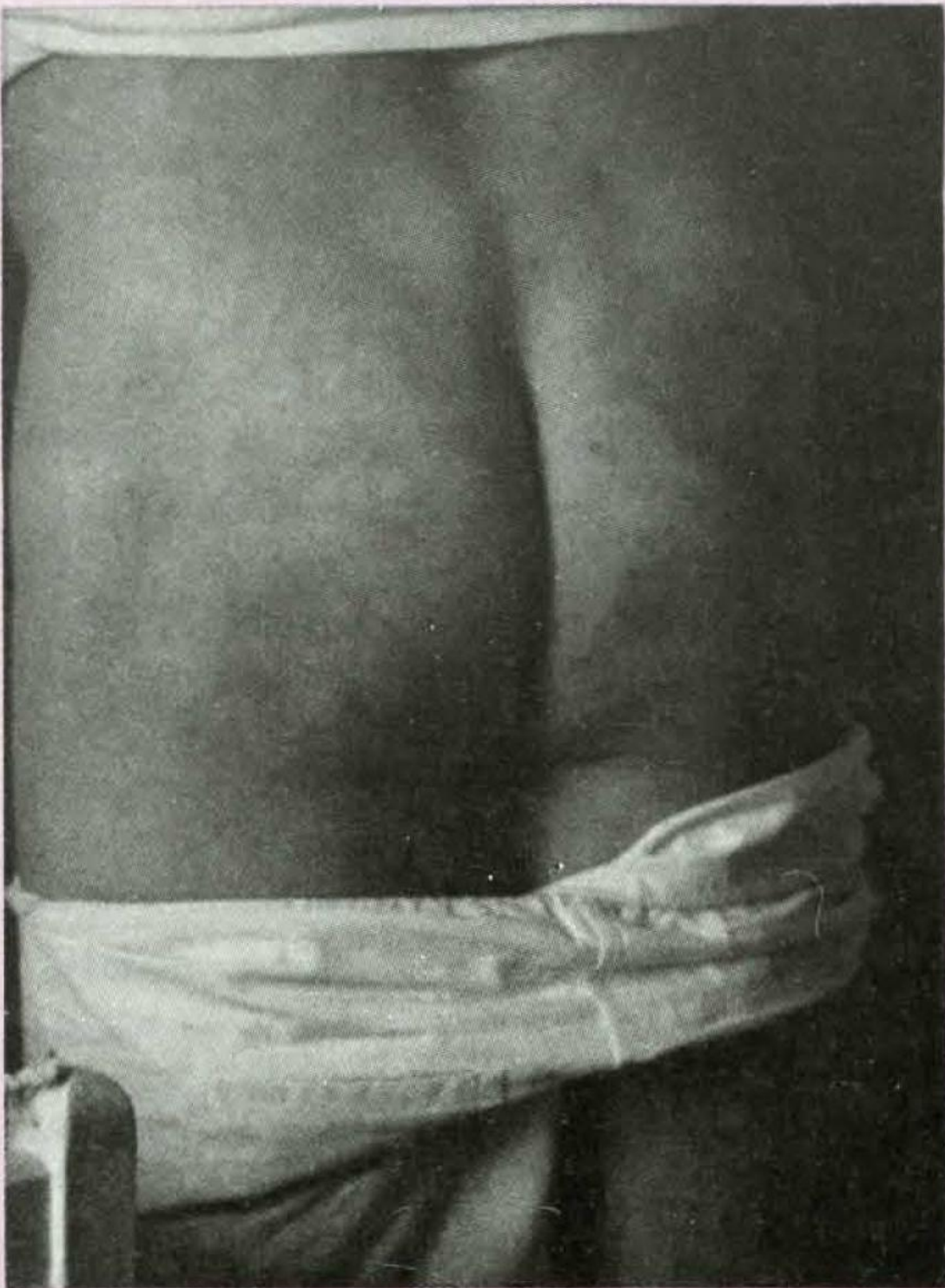
happened, but there was nothing the management could do, short of sacking the girls.

She picked up a head scarf which one of the girls had left behind and passed it between my legs and fastened it up in the form of a napkin. Then she pushed my underpants into my trouser pocket and helped me on with my trousers; after which she ordered me to follow her.

She led me out of a side door and around the back of her office, where she had a small room of her own. This room had no windows, so she switched on the light; then she locked the door behind her.

The floor was covered with a carpet and contained a settee, an easy-chair, three straight-backed chairs, a table, a chest of drawers, a wardrobe, and a sink with running hot and cold water.

The Supervisor said she would have me cleaned up in no time. She stripped me completely, right down to my socks, and in the next fifteen minutes she managed to scrape most of the compound and sawdust off me with a short wooden ruler.



Then she got a bowl of warm water and a tablet of soap, and, soaping her hands very thoroughly, she proceeded to wash me down. In order for her to do this I had to put myself in several embarrassing positions, and my penis became erect.

The Supervisor saw this and said: 'Only a naughty little boy would allow that; and my answer to a naughty little boy is a good smacked bottom.'

When she had finished and dried me with a towel, she sat on one of the straight-backed chairs and bent me over her knees and began to spank me. When she had finished tears were streaming down my cheeks and I was sobbing. The Supervisor gave me a handkerchief and then sent me back to work.

That is the story of how I was 'initiated' thirty years ago. I suppose people would say that it couldn't happen nowadays — but I wonder! Perhaps other readers can throw some light on the matter.

B.C.  
Suffolk

### **PINAFORE CURE FOR RANDY HUSBAND**

It's an old saying that you can't see the wood for the trees, and it has taken a letter from another Norfolk wife to show me how to control my husband after I had put up with five years of watching him make eyes at other women.

It only took a visit by one of my friends, or a sister who is prettier than I, for all his charm to be directed towards them. I began to wonder who he was married to — the visitor or me!

However, the letter printed in *Janus* — which I shall be buying regularly, in future — has changed all that. I showed this letter — from Mrs. A.H. in Vol. 2, No. 7 — to my husband and told him that unless he agreed to wear a fancy pinafore whenever my friends or my sister called I wasn't interested in any form of sex-life or love-making what-

ever. Of course, this would have been a high price for me to pay, but I was prepared to risk it.

After a week of suffering for both of us, he agreed. I am pretty good at dress-making and I set to work to produce two of the most feminine pinafores you could ever imagine a girl wearing – let alone a man.

I bought some very pretty flowered nylon and yards of two-layer frilly lace. The material is pink and the lace white. I have made the pinafores a perfect fit with a zip up the back and a full wrap-around skirt which almost meets at the back. The frills go over each shoulder on the outside of the full bib, back and front.

The idea of making two pinafores means, of course, that when one is in the wash I still have another ultimate weapon available.

I finally finished them and pressed them ready for my husband. He nearly blew his top when he saw the sort of pinafore I expected him to wear – he honestly expected me to put him in the male-type butcher's apron. Poor misguided creature! He didn't realise how imaginative wives can be, did he!

Anyway, to cut a long story short, he now wears these garments every time a female enters my house – even his own mother, who thinks he looks very sweet – after a sly wink at me.

One or the other of his pinnies is always hanging on a hanger in the living room for him and everyone else to see: it reminds him of my power over him. I tell everyone who admires seeing it hang there – and most people do – that I made it for my husband to stop him getting big ideas. And believe me, it does work!

My husband still tries to be the great lover with the girls even when he is dressed as a woman; but he is teased and made fun of by my friends who don't attempt to return his amorous advances.

I think the general feeling is that he has behaved like a naughty little boy and his wife is punishing him by making

him seem *ridiculous*.

One thing I am going to do is take some photos of him so dressed. Then I shall have some ammunition when we are out together and he is not wearing his pinafore. When he tries the glad eye bit I can produce a photo of him dressed up and say: 'Darling, would you like to show the young lady a photo of yourself in your pinafore?'

I think this little refinement will have to come, don't you?

Anyway, thank you Mrs. A.H. and thank you *Janus* for mending our marriage and making me, if not my husband, so very happy.

And to think there are people who want to ban such periodicals as *Janus!* We wives ought to bring our imaginations to bear on such people, don't you think?

It's extraordinary – it took me five years to discover such a simple answer to my problem as a little pinny!

J.C. (Mrs.)  
Norfolk

## CORSETS FOR BOYS

Like T.V.A. of Lancs. (Vol. 2 No. 6) I have been a corset lover since childhood and like him my first experiments were made trying on my mother's corsets.

However, I was found out when I was about twelve years old. I got a very severe lecture on my behaviour and shortly afterwards I was taken to see a psychiatrist.

He told my mother that this attraction was not as rare as she seemed to think, nor was it so very abnormal. To get rid of it might involve a lengthy and expensive analysis and provided I did not develop any anti-social urges he saw no reason to worry about it and said I might grow out of it in time.

This opinion shook both of us as up till then we both thought that I was the only boy in England with an urge to wear corsets.

My mother then decided that it might effect a cure if I was made to wear corsets. I was taken to a corsetiere where, like T.V.A., I was laced into a modelling garment before being measured for a full-figure laced-back corset with a busk front fastening and six suspenders.

A pink floral brocade material was chosen, and my mother also provided nylon directoire knickers and stockings and decided when I should be corsetted in the evenings and at week-ends.

It did not take my mother long to realise that being made to wear corsets was not in any way diminishing the pleasure and satisfaction I derived from the practice: I was wearing corsets far more frequently than I had opportunities to try on my mother's.

Eventually, the corsets knickers and stockings were placed in a drawer in my bedroom and I was left to wear them whenever I pleased.

Some twelve months later, I had grown to such an extent that my corsets were too small and my mother agreed to my going to see the corsetiere again.



For the next few years these visits became an annual event and each time, while allowing for the increase in chest and hip measurements, only a small increase was allowed in the waist measurement, with the result that I grew up with a small-waisted figure.

In my early twenties I met the girl to whom I have now been happily married for several years. Shortly after our marriage, I told my wife of this attraction to corsets and the desire to wear them. She had no objections to offer and it was not long afterwards that I decided to wear corsets regularly as part of my everyday underwear.

I appreciate that male corset wearers are a minority but I have found that the benefits of wearing corsets far outweigh any disadvantages there may be. The physical and psychological uplift that comes from a firmly laced corset has to be experienced to be believed, apart from the improvement to one's figure and carriage.

E.W.  
Lancs.

### THE BIRCH IN U.S.A.

My boy friend recently gave me a copy of your Spanking Special magazine and has suggested that I write and give you my experiences, which you may find interesting.

I am a native-born American girl, twenty-four years old, and I was educated in a convent school near Nashville, Tennessee, between the ages of thirteen and eighteen.

The convent was run by nuns who had very strict ideas about discipline. The school rules — which were accepted by the parents — stated that corporal punishment together with humiliation would be used as appropriate.

The punishment was normally inflicted on the bare buttocks and there was a special refinement to provide extra humiliation.

Let me give you an example. Soon after prayers finished one morning, the Head Nun told us to remain seated to witness a girl called Lorna receive Class 1 punishment.

Lorna was a tall attractive brunette, eighteen years old, who was rumoured to be more interested in men than in hard scholarly work. And so it proved.

We remained seated and Lorna was led to the dais by the matron and two other nuns. She was looking tear-stained, and was dressed in a long cotton shift. Her feet were bare.

'Lorna,' said the Head Nun, 'you have committed the following offences: yesterday evening you were out after hours without permission. You were seen coming out of an hotel with a man and on investigation we found you had spent the afternoon with him in the hotel. Have you anything to say?'

Lorna hung her head and muttered a plea for mercy.

'In the absence of any mitigating circumstances I have to decide whether to expell you or punish you in some other way. I don't want to expell you so you will have 24 strokes of the birch.'

When she had finished a vaulting horse was brought forward together with the birching rods. Lorna was laid over the horse and her wrists and ankles fastened to it with straps so that she could not move.

The Head Nun then picked up the birch rods.

The birch descended on poor Lorna's posterior. The result was inevitable. Lorna screamed and twisted violently. By the time two dozen of these strokes had been given she was in a state of collapse.

When it was all over we were ushered out of the hall and sent to our lessons. I never saw any other girl get so many strokes of the birch. I think it was a lesson that made a deep impact on the watchers.

J.F.  
New York.



#### PLEA TO MISS S.D.

A few days ago I got my latest copy of Janus No. 7, and, in looking through it on the way home on the train, I saw what I consider to be the best letter from a reader that you have ever published.

This was the one from Miss S.D. of Wiltshire. When I first read it, it really turned me on. It made my heart thump, gave me butterflies in my tummy and sent shivers up and down my spine.

Why did it do this? Firstly, the whole letter had a ring of truth and authenticity which is sometimes missing from other letters; and, secondly, because it just suited my particular kink.

I'm a mild masochist and between thoughts of poor Anne, I imagined myself in her place in that locked punishment room with those three ladies, trembling with a mixture of fear and excitement, waiting to receive a slow but expert caning on my bare bottom from an experienced and competent lady police sergeant.

Getting back to reality, I should like to make three comments on this letter.

1. What were the parallel bars over which Anne had to bend? Were they specially designed and installed for the punishment of delinquents? Or were they already there and just made use of?

2. I see that Anne was sentenced to 'six strokes of the light rattan'. Does this mean that there were heavier versions for more serious offences?

3. I also note that the cane used was two-and-a-half feet long. This seems quite a modest cane for judicial punishments. From memory it seems no bigger and possibly even slightly smaller than the normal English school cane. Therefore the punishment Anne received, I would have thought, was no worse than that received by the average schoolboy in the headmaster's study in England. Although I agree that a judicial caning (with a certain amount of publicity, I assume) especially administered on the bare bottom would have been a traumatic experience for any girl irrespective of any pain experienced! I also wondered what her friends and relations had to say to her when she came home!

Perhaps you could persuade Miss S.D. to write again, clarifying these points. She could also write of her other experiences of Corporal Punishment during her tour of duty as a police nurse. For example:

a. The caning of Indian and Chinese girls which she witnessed in Singapore.

b. Did she ever witness boys (or men) being caned? And if not, perhaps she heard details from her male colleagues who were present.

c. Did she ever witness or hear first hand details of punishment in other

parts of the world? . . .

Best wishes and many thanks to Miss S.D. of Wiltshire.

R.T.  
Kent.

## POOR DAD

Miss L.M.'s amusing letter in your latest issue, regarding her petticoat disciplining of her step-father, prompted me to send the enclosed sketch, which you are quite free to publish if you feel it will be of interest.

I hope I have done justice to the scene as she lectures her wayward 'child', warning him of the still greater humiliations in store if he does not mend his naughty ways. Navy bloomers, worn like this with a baby's short frocks and petticoats, certainly lend a bizarre



**note to the pretty spectacle – not to mention the dummy which poor ‘Baby’ is so sheepishly sucking.**

I applaud her idea of extending his humiliation over such a long period, as I am sure that continual waiting for her next move must have been utter misery for him.

His little baby frocks, a bib, and then a dummy, were all warnings to him of the final supreme indignity to come – the wearing of nappies! Yet when the blow didn't fall he must have kept hoping that perhaps she wasn't really going to be so cruel. And to let him see her actually making some nappies and then to put them away in the cupboard for another month was a truly masterly refinement of teasing!

Miss L.M. is certainly, as she says, in an unusual and delightful position in being able to impose the humiliations of Petticoat and Nappy Discipline on a man much older than herself, which must give it a very special pleasure.

Her mother's earlier training of him

in pinafores and then a frock and bloomers must have added the final touch. It put her unfortunate stepfather in a position where resistance was quite impossible for, dressed already in his bloomers, what possible argument could he use against any further indignities? And so she has been able to bring him gradually, step by step to the stage where, on his fiftieth birthday he was at last put into the nappies which he had been dreading for so long.

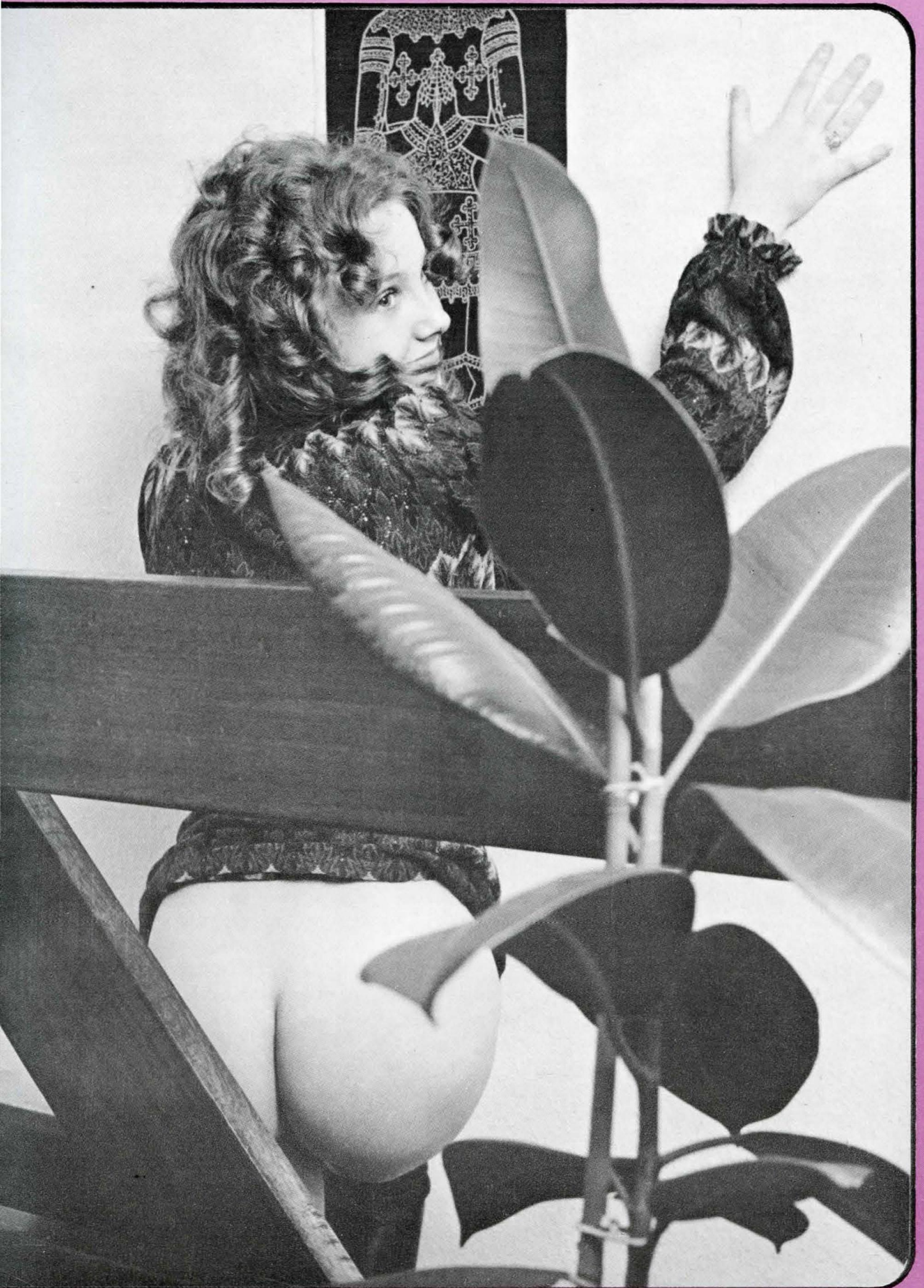
Now that his humiliation has been completed, I hope very much that Miss L.M. will write again, perhaps giving more details of their unusual and bizarre domestic routine.

There is little doubt that such an ingenious young lady will have many ideas on how to make her step-father's life as a 'baby' deliciously humiliating and unpleasant, and I for one would love to hear about them.

R.T.  
Warwicks.







## HAPPY TO BE HUMILIATED

I felt I must write and thank you for printing my last letter. I showed it to my husband and he looked rather embarrassed when he saw it. I told him I would show it to his friends if he didn't do exactly as he was told in the future. I was sure this would keep him in order and I felt very happy to know that I had really got my husband under my control.

From then on he seemed to want to please me all the more; but I wanted to humiliate him and show him who was boss.

I told him to go and buy me some cigarettes and when he had gone I rang up a man I know and asked him if he would like to call and see us together. He said he'd like to and he would come at once.

When my husband came back with the cigarettes I ordered him into the kitchen and told him to put my pinafore on and do all the washing up. He was reluctant to wear my pinafore so I got the strap out and gave him three cuts across his buttocks and insisted he obey me. I also told him to wash the kitchen floor as well.

I went to lie on the settee and rest. The front door bell rang and I called to my husband to answer it and not to remove his pinafore while he did so.

I heard him open the door and when I went into the hall I heard Joe, which is the name of the friend whom I rang, ask if the lady of the house was in.

I could see my husband was so embarrassed that he was as red as could be, so I called to Joe to come into the front room with me and told my husband to bring us both a drink.

Joe and I were settling on the sofa when he came back with the drinks. As he gave them to us I asked Joe how he liked my new maid. He replied that the maid looked real good and asked if he could have a light.

I could see my husband didn't know what to do with himself so I put him out of his misery and ordered him back to the kitchen to finish the washing up.

After some time I went into the kitchen and told my husband, who was on his hands and knees washing the floor, that we were going out. I let him know what time we would be back and told him to have the tea ready when we returned. During the afternoon he could wash out some of my dirty underwear, which he would find in the bathroom.

I knew I had done what I had set out to do by humiliating my husband in front of a friend of mine, and it made me really happy.

Some days after I asked my husband if he had enjoyed the experience — rather sarcastically, I'm afraid — but he replied:

'If you are happy, then I am. If I can please you I don't mind what I do or you do.'

So you see I think I have got the right idea about the way to discipline my man and at the same time have a first-class maid.

A.B.  
Wilts.

## SPANKINGS GALORE

I have enjoyed reading *Janus* since the first issue. My wife gains some interest from it also, for she is one of those women who are turned on by most forms of erotic literature. She is usually ready for love-making after absorbing a saucy book. Her attitude differs from mine, for she gurgles hilariously over such authors as Henry Miller and his tongue in cheek yarns of boisterous sexual behaviour, while I take my reading more seriously.

Our marital bed has been made much more interesting by her increased knowledge and I vividly recall one almost impossible situation Miller described and my wife, Mary, urging me: 'Let's try it!'

However, what may interest your readers more is the fact that Mary is one of four girls in a family of seven children and, up to the age of eighteen, when her father was thankful to get rid of yet another daughter through marriage, she received corporal punishment from him.

Whether or not he enjoyed chastising his children I do not know; more probably he used a cane freely to keep order, from what I remember of Mary and her sisters and brothers he had his hands full.

I did not know the family until Mary was fourteen and we started going steady, even though she was still at school. She had to be in by nine and told me that if she was not her dad would give her a good hiding. But it was not until she winced one evening as I playfully rolled her on the grass that I learned the good hidings were given with a cane on her bottom.

My first serious interest in sex commenced then, for I wanted to see her buttocks to verify her story. She was reluctant to show me because she was wearing navy blue school knickers and said she felt silly having to wear them for dates. I found both the knickers and the well-striped plump cheeks so exciting that I wanted her to fondle me. It was the first time she had done this with me but, as she later admitted, not the first time she had made a boy ejaculate.

I learned she and a younger sister had their knickers taken down for canings and the youngest brother, who was nine, got it on his bare bottom. The others, who had left school, got it across their knickers or trousers. When I asked her if she took it without struggling she laughed.

'You don't know dad,' she said. 'If I didn't bend over when he tells me he makes me wish I had.'

Strangely enough, all the family idolised their father in adult life, but Mary admits that when she lived at home they all trembled if he caught

them out in some misdeed.

He was fond of waiting behind the front door, cane in hand, listening for the girls as they crept up the path when they were late. If they could, they sneaked round the back, and if that door was not bolted they slunk in and tried to kid they had been home for ages. If he caught them he had them over the kitchen table.

I was so intrigued by all this that more than once I tried to keep Mary out after time in the hope she would get a caning. It was not that I wanted her hurt: I loved her. This was the trouble. I loved seeing her bottom and it fascinated me seeing weals across it.



If it was dark I crept round the back garden after she had gone in to listen for sounds of her getting a hiding and, when she did, her plea of: 'Didn't know the time, Dad' ... 'I won't be late again, Dad!' followed by her gasping sobs and the thwack of the cane used to arouse me tremendously. If he stood between the light and the curtained window I sometimes saw the shadow of his sweeping arm.

When joking about those days years later, Mary said: 'And I bet you were playing with yourself and went home with wet pants.'

But she also admitted that when she undressed after a caning and studied the damage she felt some pleasure in knowing I would want to see the weals and kiss them for her, and these thoughts made her feel naughty.

When Mary started work her mother insisted she wore her old school knickers until they were beyond further mending, and, as in those days girls did not earn enough to clothe themselves, she had to put up with this; but she felt so ashamed when out with me, for by then we were doing things I hope our children do not do, that she used to borrow her elder sister's knickers and carry her own in her bag. If we were late she would make the change in some bushes so her parents would not learn her dodge.

After we were married I tried to persuade her to accept canings to stimulate us, but she refused this because she remembered they had hurt too much from her father. However, she got as much pleasure out of playful hand spankings as I did and would often tease me: 'Don't you think I've got a pretty bottom?'

But in later years, either due to maturity or having her appetite whetted by spanking literature, she began to accept canings and it was not long before these were extended to theatricals, and when we had the house to ourselves she would don a pair of navy blue school type knickers and white knee length stockings and bend over a chair. Providing I gave her small doses with play between she could take a fair amount; and would even be pleased with herself if she had taken more than usual.

I always prefer to cane across her knickers, for the sight of the tight seat, and fondling to see how wet she is making them, adds to my pleasure, and by the latter I know she is enjoying it

too. After this she delights in showing off her stripes for she is an exhibitionist.

Normally she wears brief nylon panties and has always worn stockings because she knows I abhor tights. It is increasingly difficult to find seamed nylons, but nothing is more attractive than these with red or black suspenders stretched over naked thighs.

More than once my wife has straightened her seams in company with close friends and received witticisms from the men, and she has never needed much encouragement to lift her dress and show off her thighs.

One of our married friends, Roger, was always teasing her about showing her knickers off, although they were bikini style briefs which revealed more bottom than nylon, and with the quip: 'At least they're clean,' she would hoist her dress above her waist and give a wiggle. She always dodged as he tried to land a slap on the area.

It was not until Mary told me one day that Roger had turned her over his knee and spanked her while his wife and I were looking round their garden on a visit to their house that we had an inkling he might be interested in spanking.

She told me at the time that he had not taken her panties down but afterwards she admitted he had tried to get them right off. She ended up on the carpet with her legs in the air as he tried to get them over her feet, but hearing his wife and me return he had hastily got her up and she had fled into the next room to tidy herself up.

After seeing a photo in *Janus* some time ago of a model wearing crotchless panties Mary bought herself a pair. She had these on one evening when we had some friends in for drinks. She had not set out to show these panties off, but after a few too many she did, lifting her clothes to give a rear view. She overlooked the fact she had cane weals across her from a whacking I had given her the night before.

Her display was greeted with laughter

and astonishment and our friends wanted to know what we got up to. Mary was the most confused although she was laughing and Roger got hold of her and we all saw the front view she was trying to conceal.



He pulled her over his lap and said: 'You need a haircut and shave,' and began slapping her bottom until his wife intervened.

After that we had quite a discussion about corporal punishment as a stimulant, although most of them thought we were nuts!

When we went to bed that night, Mary handed me a cane. 'Go on,' she said, 'I've been naughty.'

At first I hugged her for providing a high light to the evening for I had enjoyed her exhibition and Roger's prank as much as any. But when she said: 'No . . . I went too far this time. I'm telling you before you find out,' I knew something else had happened.

She told me that when Roger went to the kitchen with her to prepare coffee after that fracas he had got her dress up and felt her, and she in fun had unzipped his flies to have a peep at him as he was feeling her.

I did not show any anger, so she said: 'I kissed his thing . . . he was feeling pretty bad. It all happened so suddenly; he got my head down and I closed my lips over it. It was as much my fault as his because I told him it made a change, kissing another man's pego. He went all the way and John came in before we had time to part.'

Mary's fear was that John might tell me. I did not cane her but made love for her admission excited me and by her terrific response and continual, 'I wish you'd whip me, darling,' I knew her experience had stimulated her.

I began contemplating encouraging my wife to engage in other activities, but by the next day she was not quite so pleased with her behaviour and wondered how she could ever face John or his wife again, for she insisted he had seen her fellating Roger even though he backed out immediately.

I persuaded her eventually by telling her John had mentioned what he saw to me and I had confided to him that I approved of Mary's swapping games. Roger needed no persuading: he told me he had fancied my wife for ages and had a notion it was mutual for she never complained when he made passes at her.

Mary did get her bottom caned for this because she had never told me about it.

Since then we have had many three-somes. It is very stimulating for me to see other men smacking her bottom, making love to her, seeing her eyes filled with lust and satisfaction as they were when we first married; and, of course, I join in or take over when she has exhausted them.

She is quite willing to be caned by me after these affairs as she says: 'It reminds me you're boss and I've been naughty,' but Roger is limited still to the use of his hand.

Last Christmas Mary and I spent the holiday in an hotel. For once, our children had friends they wanted to stay with and it offered us this break.

We are both just over the forty mark,

the age life begins at, but Mary still looks under thirty-five and when she is dressed to kill she looks like our daughters' elder sister.

The hotel ran numerous seasonal events, including nightly dances which were much more informal because of the Christmas spirit than they might have been.

Mary was asked to dance by one man a number of times and each time she returned to our table her eyes sparkled with excitement and I teased her about him.

'If I were on my own,' she replied, 'he would need no encouraging to get me in his bed. He's a widower looking for a good time, and he's had his hand on my backside every dance.'

'Do you fancy him?' I asked.

'He fancies me alright,' she answered.

She was evading a direct answer to my question, but by the look in her eye I could see that she did fancy the man, so I suggested that she egg him on.

'Oh, I've already had an invitation. He's in room 22; but he didn't include you,' she laughed.

The idea excited me. I told her to go. During the next dance she had with him they both disappeared. It was then about 11.30 p.m. I did not see her again until she crept into our room just before 3 a.m. She was quite tight and looked very guilty.

'You're going to be mad with me,' she replied when I asked what the hell she had been doing all that time.

I was feeling somewhat annoyed, for I had fondled myself while wondering how she was getting on, trying to make my pleasure last until her return, but I had gone too far and saturated my pyjama pants twice, so that if she expected it I doubt if I could have made it.

'I didn't know he was sharing a room with a friend,' she said weakly. 'We had a couple of drinks and began undressing me. We were both starkers on his bed, except for my belt and stockings, messing about after he'd given it to me,

when this friend came in after the dance ended. He began his tricks . . . and here I am. I hope you're not expecting it tonight . . . I'm too tired and sore after putting up with those rams.'

She began undressing, and by the bites and marks on her breasts and thighs I think they had tried to eat her. But when she put her hand on me to give me a compensating stroke and felt my wet pyjamas she had the audacity to laugh.

'You dirty devil!' she said.

The next morning when she realised I was not in the least upset by her exciting adventure — on the contrary, her detailed account got me going — she was full of what fun it had been and she told me the widower had a flat in London and they had exchanged phone numbers.

We had one or two calls in January; when I answered the male voice apologised for getting the wrong number, but when Mary answered her hotel boyfriend wanted to know if it was safe to talk and when could he see her.

My wife laughed this off until I urged her to make a date. I was not the least jealous and would have been happy to have had a frank talk with him, but Mary assured me he was not like Roger and wanted her without my knowledge. Apparently I was supposed to have gone to bed and slept innocently the night he had her in the hotel.

If anyone was jealous it was Roger, for we told him about the Christmas affair and he was against Mary seeing her boy friend again.

Mary has had several dates with the widower when I was supposed to be away overnight on business. She tarts herself up and perfumes her intimate areas. She is careful to wear her sexiest undies, and not panties he has seen before. She is as radiant and excited by these hours of freedom as a young girl. He takes her out to dine or to a show and then back to his flat for love-making. That is where she is tonight as I

write this and I doubt if she will return before she has cooked his breakfast in the morning.

Little does he know that tomorrow night she will be wearing navy blue knickers and be bent well over to be caned for her misdeeds, after she has given me an account of how virile he was in bed. She will then lie in my arms and tell me I am the only man she really loves, whether this is true or not.

On Saturday afternoon she will show Roger the weals on her bottom and say: 'I got these for being a naughty girl.'

S.D.  
London

### UNDERGROUND ENCOUNTER

I have just become a reader of your magazine. I wonder how I put up with the others for so long.

\*Perhaps you would care to hear of my experiences on the Tube. To my mind the girls that travel on the Underground are the most sexy I have ever seen. On many occasions I have girls give me a flash. Last week-end I was travelling on the Tube when a young, petite girl got on the train and sat opposite me. She had a low neckline blouse, and a mini-skirt; and when she crossed her legs she did it in such a way I could see right up her dress; she was not wearing panties, either.

When she got off she deliberately rubbed against me so I followed her into the street and to some flats close by the station.

I gave her time to get settled in and then I rang the bell. She answered the door, smiled and said: 'Come in, I was expecting you.'

Her flat was small but it was clean and tidy. She gave me a drink and then invited me into her bedroom.

She was fantastic; performing oral sex on me when she felt I was becoming tired.

It was early evening when I left and it was an experience I shall not forget.

I shall continue to travel on the Tube

in the hope that, even if I don't come across another willing partner, there are plenty of women in the Tube who will continue to flash.

W.F.  
London

### DIRECTOIRES

I find your literature on directoire knickers most intriguing. For my money easily the best photo you have done is the full page one in Volume 2, No. 1, on page 41.

Both model and knickers are really charming, and the impression is given, to me at least, that this beautiful girl wears directoires from choice. In any case, the combination seems perfectly natural to me. I only wish you had done other photos of her in the same knickers.

I am afraid some pictures rather suggest the model is posing in directoires for a giggle, which spoils the effect.

Incidentally, directoire knickers are definitely the wear for receiving the cane. Modesty is well preserved and I am sure the bottom would be stinging quite adequately after the punishment.

D.F.  
Devon



## PUBIC TRIM

My husband and I have been married for thirty-two years. He is fifty-seven and I am fifty-four years old.

All our married life we have enjoyed sex to its full extent. We have carried out all known sexual activities. These include fellatio, cunnilingus, spanking with hand and strap, and anal intercourse for which I use a harness dildo on my husband.

We are not ashamed of our activities and have enjoyed — and do still enjoy — every moment of them. However, this is not the point of my letter. What I wish to write about is pubic hair.

Last year we read how girls are now having their pubic hair trimmed to a heart shape. This fascinated both of us and I asked my husband if he would like to do the same to me. He was only too pleased to do so and as I am well endowed with a heavy dark bush he had plenty of material to work with.

He told me to strip and lie on the kitchen table. Armed with an open razor and electric clippers, he soon went to work shaping my pubic hair into a heart shape and trimming any long hairs.

The operation did not end when he had done that. Much to my delight he also shampooed his masterpiece, dried it with a hair dryer, and then combed it out. I cannot express to you how thrilled I was when I looked at the end product in a mirror.

I leave to your imagination how I rewarded him. I did not object when he asked me to bend face down over the kitchen table. Since that day I have had my pubic hair trimmed to many shapes which include the clubs, diamonds and spades that are in a pack of playing cards.

I am a dress maker and I work for a small firm which employs seven other women. One day the subject of trimming pubic hair came up in conversation with one of the other women. She was very surprised when I told her

that my own pubic hair was trimmed.

She asked me to tell her more about it, and I told her all the details about how my husband went to work on it. She also asked me to show her my latest trim.

We both went to the wash room and I pulled up my dress and pulled down my knickers to let her see my bush, which had been shaped into a star.

I spread my legs as far apart as I could to let her see one of the points of the star which pointed to my vagina. I exposed myself just long enough to let her see; and then I adjusted my knickers and we both went back to the work room.

It was not until we were both at lunch that the subject came up again and I asked her what she thought about my trim.

She replied that she was so thrilled at what she had seen that she would like to have her pubic hair trimmed in the same way. I asked why she didn't get it done. At first, she did not reply; but finally she asked me if my husband would be willing to do it.

I could not help laughing at this; but I told her that I was sure he would not mind.

I spoke to my husband about the matter and he said he would be pleased to help so long as I was there when he did it.

I arranged for the woman to come to dinner on the following Sunday; and then it could be done after we had finished eating.

Sunday came and the woman arrived. We had dinner; washed up; and got ready for the hair-do.

She undressed and lay on the table, spreading her legs apart as she did so. My husband, meanwhile, was getting his instruments ready. When he returned he found her sitting on the edge of the table with just a bra on.

My husband laughed and suggested she might as well remove the bra. He was very surprised when she did so.

Now completely naked and uncon-

cerned, she lay back on the table, her legs spread wide apart, her fanny in full view of our eyes.

As my husband started to trim the hair to a pattern that had already been decided upon, I sat on the edge of the table facing the woman and talked to her.

I said that she deserved a good spanking for exposing herself to my husband. She replied that it was up to me. I was surprised at how forward she was.

While my husband continued to work I went on talking and the conversation was about sex. I learned that she masturbated with a vibrator quite often. She did not object when I played with her now hardened nipples; and judging by the shudder of her body my husband was having a crafty feel up her fanny.

Finally, my husband had finished the job and the result was a neatly trimmed bush in the shape of a small fir tree.

When she looked at it in the mirror, the woman was fascinated by the result and could not express her thanks enough.

She offered to pay my husband for his work; but he declined her offer, saying that he was happy to be of service. This did not satisfy her; and before we knew where we were she had spread herself face down on the table and said that if she could not pay us then we could pay her with that suggested spanking I had spoken of.

Needless to say she got her wish and standing each side of the table my husband and I held her down with one hand each and proceeded to give her a real hard spanking with the other.

She left us that night a well satisfied and sore customer. She still comes to us for a fortnightly trim and sexual relief. The only difference now is that the strap is used.

F.T.  
London.



## TANTALISING WIFE

Congratulations on a most interesting and valuable magazine which has given rise to many satisfying events. However, I have one suggestion: that you give more coverage to black stockings, high heels and flimsy knickers. I think a lot more space could be given to variations on these: e.g. open-front tights (black, of course); crutchless panties; waspie suspender belts; open-front bras with tits straining through, etc. These are very seldom featured and yet would be stimulating to both sexes.

While most people get satisfying erections and orgasms from young girls in kinky underwear, I suspect that a deeper state of arousal is created by apparently incidental revelations of underwear: knicker or tit flashing, my wife calls it.

A girl in an office reaching over a desk, displaying suspenders and open-crotch knickers under a mini skirt, is much more effective than a model posing without a skirt.

Another suggestion: do you think you could make a feature of a stately, well-dressed girl in evening dress and jewellery on one page, and on the opposite page the same girl without dress and showing kinky undies – or maybe with her skirt up round her waist, displaying her charms and lingerie for her escort's approval before setting out for the evening?

My wife does this for me; and I look forward to inspecting her bottom, and adjusting her panties and suspender belt. We find it's a much more exciting evening if we start out, she with a wet pair of knickers and myself with an erection.

she keeps up the pressure during the evening by caressing my bulge and opening her legs when no one else can see. When she does this I can't keep my hands off her tits or from under her skirt.

As soon as we're back through our front door it's down on the floor for a

great session, especially if she's wearing a G-string or crotchless knickers!

I've also discovered that my wife is turned n by men in shorts or bulging briefs; so now I can let her panties damp anytime I like. I insist on measuring this damp patch. If it's eight inches long, she gets full penetration as a reward. If only three inches long, she either has to get more aroused or she only gets three inches penetration.

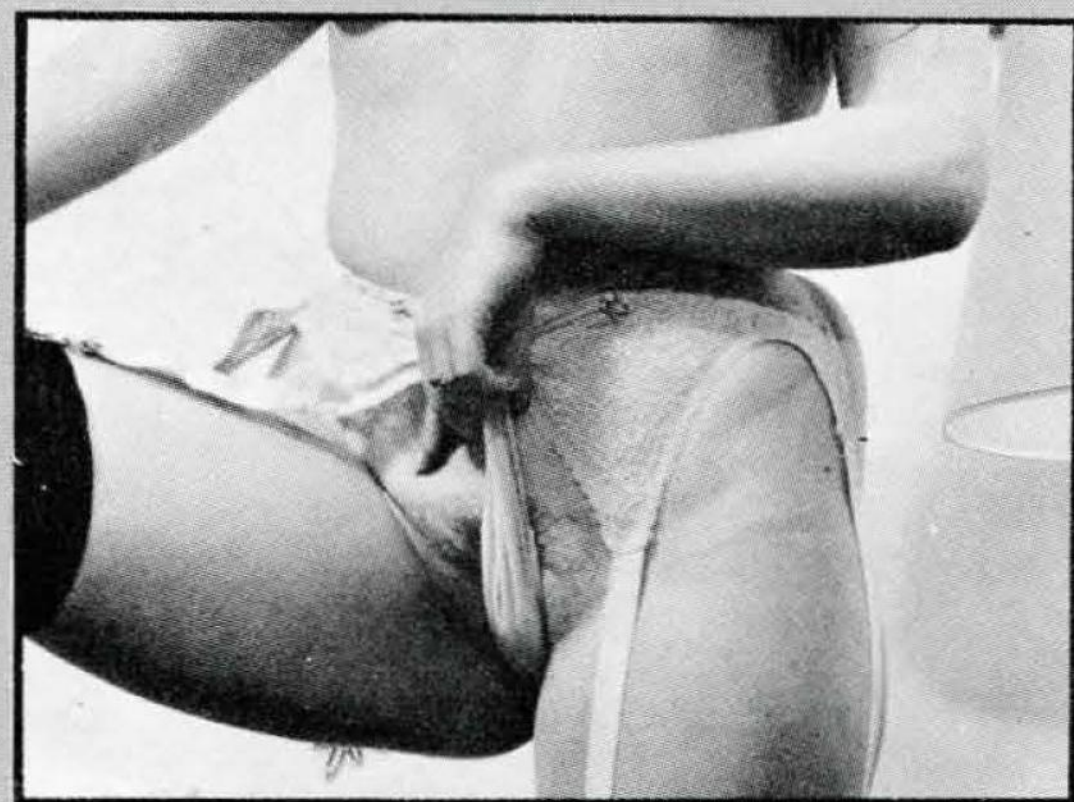
By using these methods I now have a very well-trained wife who is constantly proffering her bottom and tits for my enjoyment. I have at least six erections and ejaculations a day and a great feeling of dominance.

However, she has learned to reverse this position. On several occasions she has refused to let me have her for five days. Then she appears one evening in devastating gear: six inch heels; black seamed nylons; red waspie suspender belt; crotchless purple satin knickers and nipple bra – all under a see-through mini petticoat.

When this happens I chase her through the house; but so far I have always come in my trousers before catching her. I find this both humiliating and expensive on cleaning bills!

So perhaps my wife is dominant after all as I shall never be able to control myself at the sight of her well-knickered bottom thrust in my direction, or one tit exposed in her hand for my attention.

H.F.  
Surrey





## CORSET NOSTALGIA

I was disappointed that your Special Number Three gave scant mention of the most exciting undergarment of all — the corset. You showed several sketches in the historical section but there was not a single picture. Can we please be treated to a special number on the subject of corsets alone.

Suspender belts and knickers are for schoolboys. Corsets are for real men and women.

A waist-whittling corset is important to a woman for two reasons. One is that even if Nature failed to endow her with a pretty face or legs, big boobs or buttocks, she can through will-power achieve the very embodiment of femininity: a tiny waist for all to admire.



Secondly, she also declares her willingness to submit to discomfort for the sake of the man she loves. Her will-power and her dedication to the hour-glass figure will alone dictate how stern is the corset and how tightly it is laced.

Persuade your models to don the style of corset of their grandmothers (or is it great-grandmothers?) so we can delight in the sights of yesteryear. Research your readers to establish the nostalgia for those fashions of long ago.

You might be the spark that revives those Gibson Girl fashions. Who knows!

T.S.  
Wilts.

## DOWN WITH UNISEX

I was pleased to receive the June issue of *Janus* and particularly liked the picture on page 42 which I thought was especially good.

The article itself: *Men in Women's Guise* was also very interesting, although I do not share Clyde Rawlings passion for semi-transvestism, in that if a man is going to adopt a woman's mode of dress at all, then he should always go the whole hog, wig and all, and not just mess about with women's underwear.

It is difficult to imagine anything more repugnant to most women than the shifty-eyed middle-aged man who first steals her bra or suspender belt off the line and then works himself up to a sweat getting into them and playing with himself.

However, these same women might very well be among those who are really turned on by the antics of top drag artists such as Danny la Rue, and never cease to marvel at the transformation.

Incidentally, couldn't we have some picture of drag artists such as the remarkable Terry Durham in one of your future issues? I would also like to see drawings of male transvestites in humiliating circumstances such as those in *Hampered Hercules*.

I, myself, enjoy dressing up tremendously, but it is very unusual for me not to go all the way: make-up, falsies and all, as I always begin to feel vulgar or perverted if I just lounge around in bra and panties.

My mistress actually prefers to see me completely transformed (particularly as a maid) as she says I am more easily controlled when I adopt this mode of dress and judging from the amount of work she makes me do, she's certainly right about that!



I agree with Clyde Rawlings that masculine and feminine clothes should be distinctly separated and I loathe and detest the current trend towards uni-sex outfits such as the flare-bottomed trouser suits. Taken to its logical conclusion, sex would cease to have any meaning as only opposites really attract, and we would quickly become a nation of eunuchs.

The signs are already there for those who care to look. For instance, there are several teen-age boys in the same office as I am who openly state that women in stiletto heels, nylons and suspenders do nothing for them! Has it really come to this? A generation of uni-sexual queers who only go for girls who dress as they do? Heaven help us.

D.S.  
Coventry

## TICKLES HIS WIFE'S FANCY

With your call for more letters, I thought I would write to you.

My name is Paul. I am twenty-five years old and my wife, Jacky, is twenty-two. We met five years ago and soon found that we liked the same things: bondage, spanking, leather and so on.

One other thing that really sends us is – tickling! I like to lay Jacky spread-eagled on our bed. She is dressed in her school uniform: white shirt, red tie, short blue skirt, blue knickers, and stockings. I tie her wrists to each corner of the headboard, then her ankles to the bottom corners. I also use ropes to bind her thighs and neck, so that she is really helpless and at my mercy.

I then tickle her feet – slowly at first. You should see her squirm and wriggle to get free. With her legs tied wide apart and her short skirt up round her thighs, she is a lovely sight. The tickling torture lasts until she can stand it no longer and begs me to mount her.

Do any other readers indulge in this. Please tell us.

C.D.  
Beds.

## UNREPENTANT KNICKER COLLECTOR

It is a long time since I wrote to you about my love of women's knickers, but I have read avidly all your issues since the one in which you published my letter (together with a beautiful photograph of a blonde wearing white *directoire* knickers).

It was as I was flicking eagerly through your special edition devoted to knickers and, in general, life beneath the skirt, that I noticed an acclamation of my letter. The writer in question stated that he thought this was the best letter ever because of the description of how my wife brings me off by means of her knickers etc.

I thank him for the remarks, but it prompted me to think: 'He probably assumes that I do this every time I want to relieve my sexual emotions,' Quite wrong!

When I wrote that letter I honestly thought that you would not publish it and I was greatly surprised to read it in a later issue and I must admit to a certain thrill knowing that other people were reading of my experiences. Hence the letter which I am now writing.

To me knickers are not just a fetish. They consume almost my whole life. I have bought in my short life a staggering approximate total of one thousand pairs of knickers.

This collection covers a period of sixteen years. My present collection does not amount to anything like that figure but at its peak (I have my own record book of knickers) it amounted to thirty pairs of French knickers, fifteen pairs of directoire knickers and an assortment of briefs — mainly the schoolgirl style knickers, amounting to about twenty.

This extensive collection was mainly accumulated from shops but I did have several rare styles which were withdrawn from dressing table drawers of aunts, cousins and friends.

I was a bachelor when my collection was at its peak and at that time I would spend a whole day touring every underwear shop in the city, mainly for the thrill of talking to a woman (preferably either middle-aged or fresh from school) about knickers.

As I was very discriminating, I would make them go through every box of knickers before choosing a pair, after which I would examine them in close detail, fondle them and enjoy the discomfort of the shop assistant as she watched me stretch the elastic and fondle the crotch.

This became a ritual. If I passed a shop which displayed a brassiere or corselette I would pull up and in I would go — no intention of buying was needed — I was compelled to go into the

shop and view the particular display of knickers.

Most of the time I would pretend that the knickers were for some non-existent wife, but after gaining in experience I would occasionally reply to the question of size: 'It doesn't matter. I shall wear them anyway.'

Anyway, I was mortified one day to find that my landlady had found a pair of silky white knickers lying on my bed. They were actually saturated with my semen and she had draped them over a chair where they greeted me as I walked into my room.

She never said a word but as a teacher I suddenly thought that if she knew the enormity of my collection and the fact that I was, to others, a kink, all would be lost. That night I rode round town disposing of my knicker collection in the most exciting way I could.

I couldn't bear the thought of burning them so I sent each pair to a dramatic finale by firstly masturbating into the silky folds, then hanging them from trees, bus stops and road signs.

One of the more alluring pairs of French knickers (pink, if I remember rightly) remained on a 'liable to flooding' sign for a week before someone either found them to her own taste or took them down through distaste.

Another pair — this time, real schoolgirl knickers — quite voluminous but with tightly elasticated legs, I threaded over a 'School' sign so that they were draped around the base of the post, and spent several days watching the reactions of girls going to school as they noticed the crumpled garment.

It would take a whole issue to tell of the experiences involved in disposing of the collection.

Since those days I have married and the urge to wank into knickers has increased steadily.

Unknown to my wife I still own a collection of knickers which I have hidden except for the odd favourite pair which I bought for my wife with myself in mind.

My wife only partly understands my feelings towards her knickers and is prepared to tolerate it if she is brought to orgasm as a result, so my knicker sessions usually go as I described in my last letter.

One variation recently has been that my wife has shown a leaning towards fellatio. I love it, but would not have mentioned it to her. On several occasions, however, she has draped knickers over her head and then fellated me.

Before I close this letter I would like to make one point: I thought that your Spanking Special was a better Knickers edition than the actual Knickers edition.

A.D.  
Lancs.

### WHIP WIELDING GODDESS WANTED

In response to the letter from R.D. of Yorkshire in Vol. 2, No. 8, I, too, share the same desire to be 'strapped down and flogged severely' by a 'leather-clad, whip-wielding, sadistic Goddess.'

Yes, I am a masochist. However, I have to be content with self-flagellation. It is not altogether easy, but often I have been able to draw blood from my well-whipped buttocks.

I use, for want of anything better, three feet of plastic coated curtain rail wire, as used for net curtains. This is very pliable and very 'whippy'. At one end I have wound masking-tape into the form of a handle. The result is a very formidable and painful whip.

After constant whipping my buttocks have become somewhat 'leathery' and the pain is not nearly so great. However, if the whip lands across my thighs, the pain nearly sends me sprawling across the floor.

I doubt if you will print this letter as you will probably think I have made it up. But I can assure you it is perfectly true, and for this reason refrain from giving you my name and address. However, if I can possibly take a photograph



of myself — I have a Polaroid camera — I will gladly send you a photo showing my buttocks immediately after a whipping.

D.F.  
Som.

### TURNED ON BY ANKLETS

At last I've read a letter in *Janus* that prompts me to write to you: namely, the one in Vol. 2, No. 7, from Mrs. T.M. of Manchester.

To me, the interesting point of her letter is that amongst all her other gold jewellery she is wearing a 'fine gold chain around her ankle.'

I have long been erotically stimulated by anklets.

Their use derives from slavery and they were associated with prostitution: and perhaps still are in some places, though to a lesser degree.

Later it found a new popularity on a more general level as a fashion in America in the 1930's. After the war it was taken up by the with-it set in the U.K.

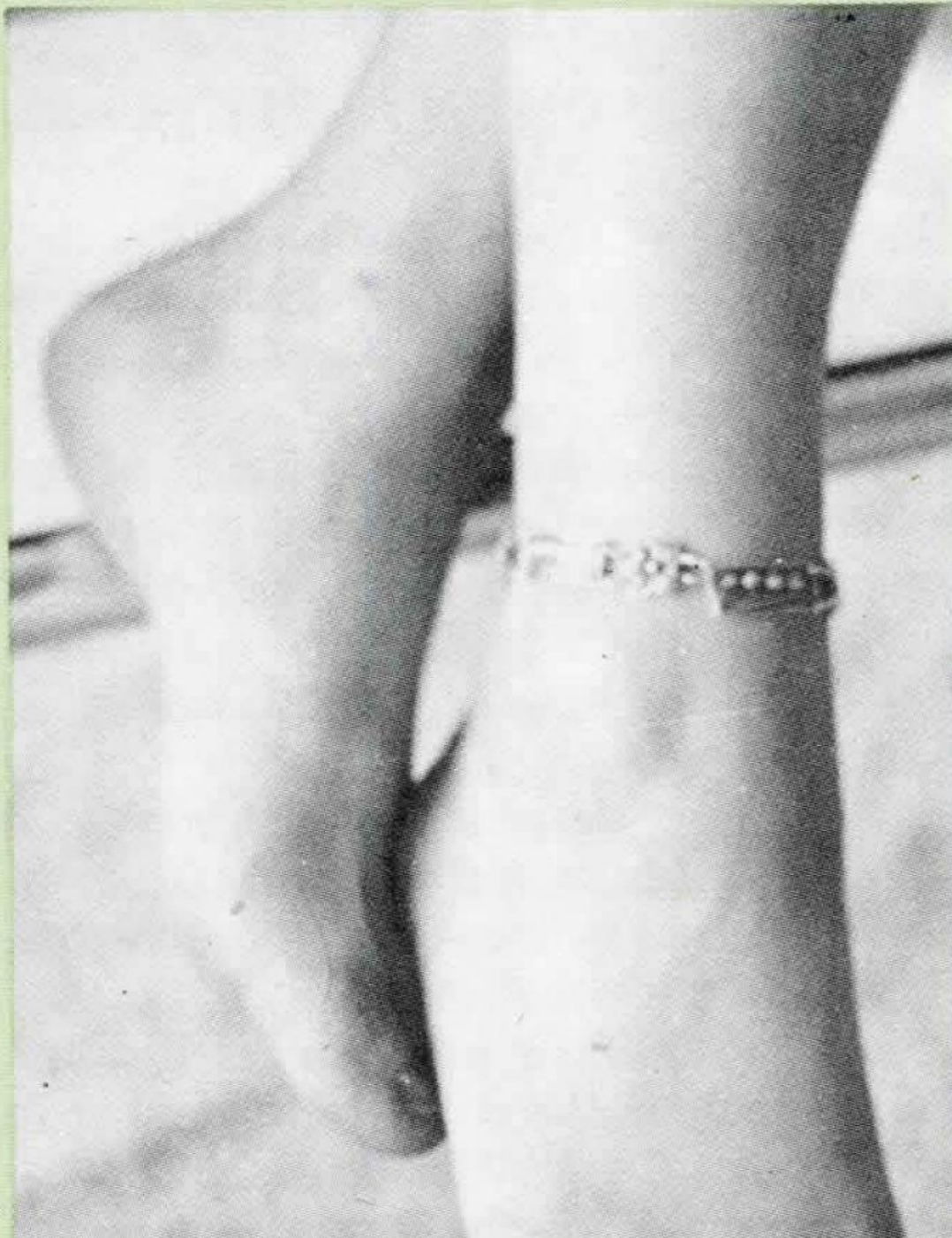
One only occasionally sees a trim ankle adorned by a delicate gold or silver chain these days, so perhaps Mrs. T.M. will revive interest in this fashion.

Many glamorous film stars have been anklet wearers, such as Alice Faye, star of many musicals; Gloria de Haven; Lana Turner, who was still wearing one in her mid 40's; Jayne Mansfield; Marilyn Monroe; Ava Gardner did in all her recent films; and who can forget that glamorous war-time pin-up, Betty Grable.

Among recent stars only the lovely Ann Margret wears an anklet, though even she has not worn one recently.

Among British stars, Diana Dors is the most well-known; though many British starlets such as Shirley Ann Field wore them in their pin-up days. Anklets have in fact featured in the actual plot of some films.

Remember the famous thriller *Double Indemnity* in which insurance agent, Fred MacMurray, is almost hypnotised by Barbara Stanwyck's anklet, and so goes on to join her in an attempt to swindle his company through a false insurance claim.



Then again in *Blind Date*, Hardy Kruger identifies the body of his mistress early in the film whom we see in flash-backs as Micheline Presle — wearing a gold anklet, of course — and is saved from arrest by Stanley Baker by her reappearance at the end of the film.

He then admitted that he hadn't looked at her face at all, but at the dead girl's anklet which was the same as Micheline Presle's.

And what about Dorothy Dandridge as the vamp, Carmen Jones. Every time she kicked her legs we got that tantalising glimpse of gold from her shapely ankle.

How about a photo of you, Mrs. T.M. — wearing an anklet, of course.

W.D.  
Berks.

### CANED FOR SMOKING

I have just read *Janus* for the first time and I am prompted to relate my own experiences of discipline.

My father canes me frequently, even for small misdemeanours. However, three weeks ago my father discovered I had been in a pub, and had been smoking as well.

As I am under age I had nothing I could say in my defence. I was ordered to lower my trousers and bend over the back of an armchair. I did so, and clenched my teeth.

My father said he really intended to teach me a lesson and that he intended to administer twenty strokes of the cane.

My underpants were only thin and flimsy and offered no protection to the stinging cuts of the cane. Each stroke made me gasp and cry out.

After nine strokes I wrenched myself away from the armchair and fell to the floor. I was hauled back over the armchair, and then even my underpants were pulled down.

Not only that — for moving I had to suffer extra strokes of the cane on my naked buttocks.

I received twenty-nine strokes of that cane, and if that wasn't enough, a further and final stroke was administered.

My buttocks were on fire and the lesson was complete.

P.G.  
Bristol

## OH FOR A NURSE

I find your magazine highly interesting but also exasperating, particularly in its descriptions of 'petticoat' government. It is interesting to see how many men are reduced to the state of babyhood and the variety of humiliations to which they are subjected. But it is exasperating because there is no way for an ageing bachelor to obtain such treatment. I appreciate the difficulties of linking willing slaves with determined mistresses. But contact magazines rarely produce results and many advertisements at best turn out to be from ladies who charge heavily for brief and unsatisfying sessions.

I am in a responsible position and enjoy it. I also enjoy normal friendship with both men and women. But it would be fatal even to mention the subject in the circles where I move.

Marriage would not solve the problem since it is unlikely that I would find a wife willing to dominate me in this way.

Precisely as a relief from this normality and responsibility, I would love to be more or less continuously under the control of someone like Miss L.M. of Devon in Vol. 2, No. 7. A younger person with no respect for me; no interest in my other activities; simply concerned with making me an object of ridicule; would be an ideal mistress.

I have to do all these things for myself, and alone. This helps a little, but is very frustrating. Under my outer clothing I always wear white interlock knickers and a slip.

At night I have a long winceyette night-gown, a sleep cap, and I some-

times have nappies and a dummy. I get some pleasure out of buying these things in shops and, when asked for the size, say boldly that they are for myself. Assistants sometimes smile, but mostly they are quite helpful and sell the things just as easily as if they were male items of clothing.

All the time I am wishing that they would undress me and put them on me. But it is impossible to go beyond this. I have tried in vain even to find someone who would make me a really long night-gown, like a baby's, close-fitting. And as for the frocks etc which Miss L. M. makes, I would love to be paraded about the house in one of these.

These men don't know how lucky they are. They can have a variety of 'deviations' at the same time. Exhibitionism: a baby can openly play with himself, be exposed naked or in any kind of odd clothing. Voyeurism: nobody minds undressing in front of a baby. Masochism: endless humiliation and smacking. Even sadism: 'nurse' has to do everything for baby; even clean him up when he has wet himself.

Most women write about showing their husbands in this state to their lady friends. Certainly I would hate to be paraded in baby clothes before another male, unless he were similarly humiliated. But if the ladies enjoy it there are all kinds of possibilities.

Baby might wear a very short frock without knickers, so that the effect of this treatment would become clearly visible when he got excited. He might be made to play with a doll or teddy bear; to sit in a specially made, reasonably strong, high chair; to sit on his potty. Of course, baby is going to get a kick out of all this.

I wonder how many have learned the joy of feeling a nappy of soft winceyette (somehow a man's winceyette pyjamas are quite different) while gently masturbating over them. The nurse can afford to let baby play in this way. It makes him more and more dependent on this treatment for his

pleasure; and once he reaches orgasm he is cut down to a size more appropriate to his babyhood. And at that stage, too, he may regret his infantile state; but this only gives pleasure to 'nurse' who keeps him in that state even when he has ceased to enjoy it.

Please, please let us have photos of men in baby clothes and in various humiliating postures. Would it not be possible to invite women who dominate to come together, discuss their opportunities, perhaps bringing their 'babies', suitably garbed, with them? And if you could only find me a nurse you would have a most grateful reader!

M.P.  
Lancs.

### MALE CHASTITY

Many thanks for yet another fantastic issue of *Janus* Vol. 2, No. 8, which I have just obtained.

After reading it myself, I took it along to work (general office staff) and I thought you might be interested in the comments and reactions.

The feature by Graham Fox — *Male Chastity Devices* — caused intense interest and was voted first place for reader appeal. It fascinated the girls, some of whom seemed to know a great deal about the subject! They are rather an outspoken lot in our place.

One point: *all* the girls said the 1920 device, by I. Martinka, was a load of rubbish and could not work in the way described. They only wished there had been an illustration of this object to assess its use.

Perhaps Mr. Fox could oblige with a further article — with pictures if possible.

Your photo on page 49 (top left) came in for lots of comment, too; quite a few wished it had been a close-up shot!

No. 3 of your Specials has arrived in the local magazine shop. Very good indeed.

Every good wish to you for the future.

G.D.  
Manchester

### SISTER ENJOYS BEING SPANKED

I have just come across your delightful spanking survey, which was a wonderful liberating experience for me, as I have imagined things of this kind for years but have been ashamed and disgusted at myself for doing so. Your splendid readers' letters now make me feel part of a great brotherhood! There are some exquisite pictures, especially the bottom one on page 68. I think it is the wonderful *spread* of spankable feminine flesh which thrilled me so. The strip drawings on pages 54 and 55 were a splendid surprise, as they so nearly illustrate some of my own secret fantasies! I was also intrigued by the period pictures on pages 24 and 25, and would like to see more of this kind of thing in your magazine, which I now mean to see regularly.

My own personal experience of this kind of thing goes back to my early twenties, when my younger sister was in her teens. She was the youngest of the family, the apple of our parents' eye, and never smacked by them. She once told me laughingly that she thought a spanking might be good for her and I playfully offered to give her one.

I sat on her bed while she lay across my knee with her gymslip pulled up and I spanked and spanked the seat of her blue school knickers, to her evident delight. So I became her secret punisher, unknown to the rest of the family. We developed a routine of 'spanking round the house' which was put into effect when we were alone together and knew we were free from disturbance.

She would go to her bedroom and strip to her vest and knickers. I would come in and seize her round the bare thighs and lift her on to my left shoulder. Carrying her thus, I began smacking her bottom. First we went to

our parents' bedroom, where she got six smacks with our mother's hairbrush. Then down to the hall where she got six more with a clothes brush, which made her wriggle. Then we repaired to the living room for six more with our father's carpet slipper. Next call was the kitchen, where I took a large wooden spoon. She got six on each cheek with the bowl, then another six with the handle. She would be writhing and moaning by now, but I carried on with the routine. There was a long wooden shoe-horn, meant to help put on shoes without bending, which could give a really vicious smack. She next got six of these, squealing and jerking under the punishment. Finally we returned to the hall, where before the hallstand mirror her knickers came down so that we could both observe her reddened bottom. Then I would seize a light riding switch which was kept there and

gave her six stinging cuts on her sore bottom, while she screamed and cried.

But then I would carry her back upstairs and lay her tenderly on her bed, bottom up, and caress and kiss her sore cheeks, while she sighed and moaned. She never complained afterwards about this treatment, and in fact told me that she hoped she would find a husband who would treat her in the same way — give her a good hiding and then be very gentle and tender with her. I think she got her wish.

I have not been so fortunate myself, and have to content myself with dreams, which is where your magazine can help me. I do not care for bondage, fetishism or other variations, but I can take all the spanking and caning you can give us. Keep up the good work!

S.H.  
Yorks.

### BOUND & GAGGED

I've enjoyed reading your magazine right from the first issue I ever saw. My kick is Bondage — preferably of girls.

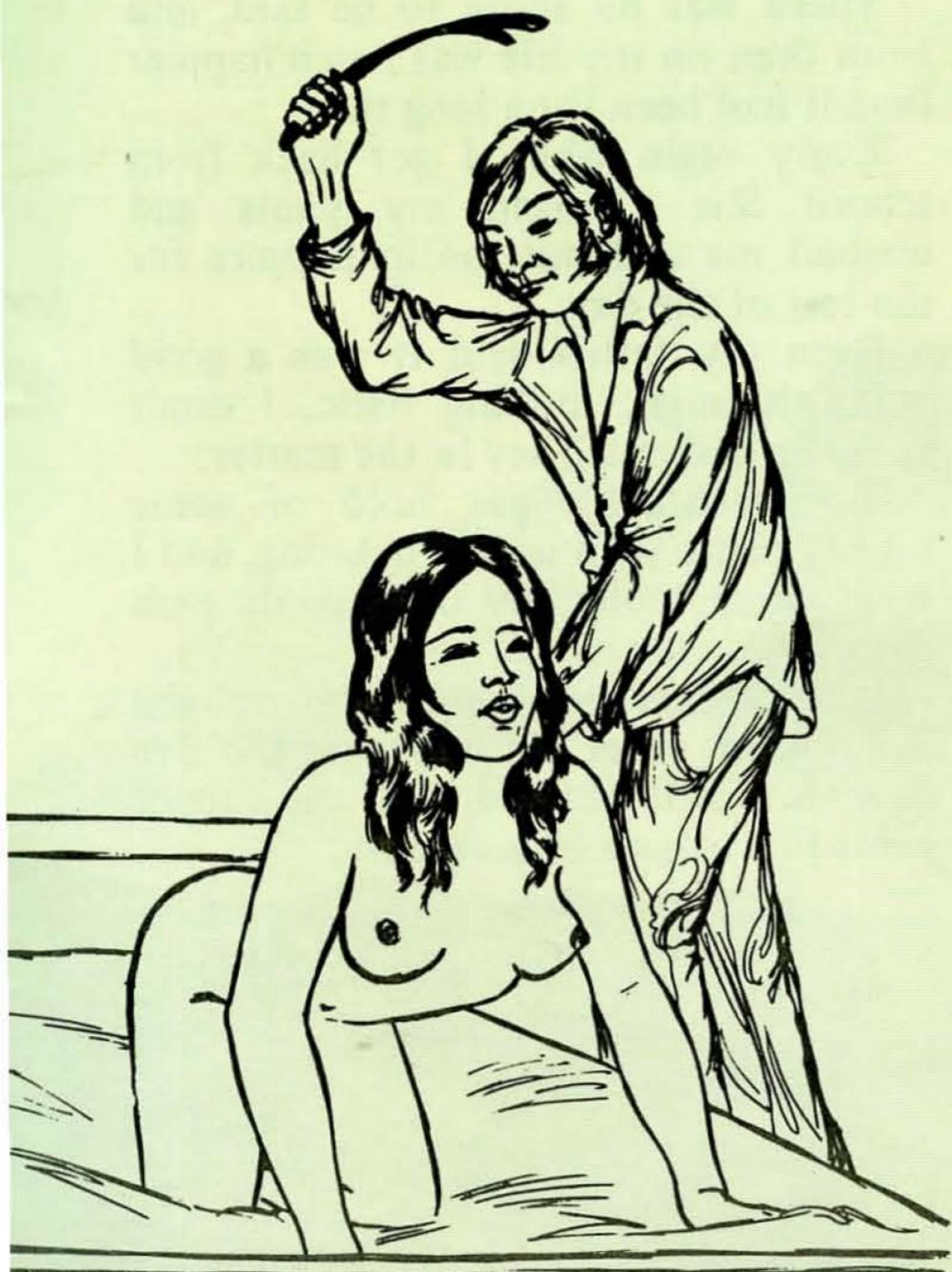
This brings me to my next point. Why is it that all the girls we see in Bondage pictures are young? For a change what about some women aged between thirty and fifty. There are some very attractive ones about and I'm sure some are interested enough in Bondage to pose.

But if they did pose I should like to see them wear black leather knee boots and a gag. I don't think a woman in Bondage looks right without a gag — tape, ball or just cloth all turn me on.

What about a girl wearing glasses in Bondage (I don't think I've seen one in *Janus*).

I also like to see women binding women, both wearing rubber gloves and boots. I've seen pictures in magazines of girls gagged with clear adhesive tape — this really turns me on. So come on, ladies — let's have some pictures!

E.V.  
Birmingham



## SYMPATHY FOR INCONTINENCE

I have read a good deal in your magazine about wives and landladies subjecting men to all sorts of humiliations and I would like you to print my story of what happened to me not so long ago.

When my parents were divorced it was a great shock to me. I was thirteen at the time, and as a result I started bed-wetting. My doctor diagnosed it as a nervous reaction to psychological stress.

After the divorce I went to live with my father and his girl friend, Sue, who had a daughter of my own age.

Every morning for the first week I got up soaking wet. As a consequence I ran out of clean pyjamas and had to wear my underpants and vest. Every day Sue was angry with me, telling me she would take drastic steps to deal with me if I didn't stop wetting the bed. This only made me more nervous than ever. Things got so bad that I began to wet my underpants as well.

I was getting into bed one night with only a vest on. Sue came in with some clothes over her arm.

She said: 'I've had enough of washing sheets and wet pants. You're going back into nappies and pants — rubber pants — until you stop wetting yourself.'

She then put two nappies together and folded them round my loins and pinned them at the sides. Then she made me step into a pair of blue rubber pants which she pulled up and checked to see there was no nappy sticking out. To add to this humiliation she then put one of her daughter's nightdresses on me and said that I should not take these off until she gave me permission in the morning.

That night I lay awake for hours wondering what was going to happen in the morning when I had to get up for school.

When morning came, Sue came in with a clean vest and a pair of white

cotton knickers, which I knew belonged to her daughter, Sandra. She took my wet nappy off and told me to go to the bathroom in my nighties for a wash. Sandra was in the bathroom, and when she saw me she burst out laughing and began teasing me until I started to cry.

When Sue heard me crying she asked me the reason. I told her; and she put her arm round me and told me that she would tell Sandra not to tease me anymore.

This was the first time Sue had been really nice to me for ages. Suddenly I was beginning to like my situation.

Sue took me into my room and took my nightie off and put the knickers on me. She put some frilly plastic pants on top of these.

'You will have to wear these during the day, since you've started wetting your pants as well,' she said.

'What about games and swimming and things like that?' I asked.

'I'll write a letter, asking you to be excused them,' said Sue.

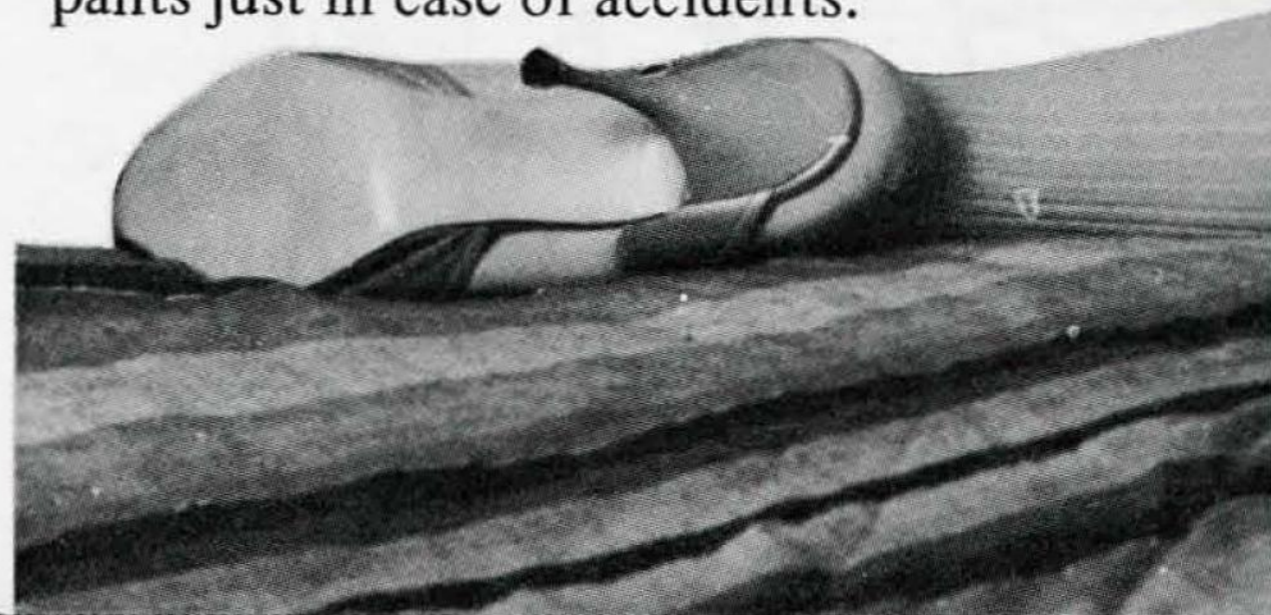
There was no more to be said, and from then on my life was much happier than it had been for a long time.

Every night when I got back from school Sue changed my pants and washed me and put me in nappies for the rest of the day.

Even my father said it was a good idea, although, looking back, I don't think he had much say in the matter.

Sue eventually got hold of some rubber pants with a napkin lining, and I wore these under my underpants each day.

I am twenty now, and I still wet the bed, but I never do it during the day now. Sue still insists I wear my rubber pants just in case of accidents.



I had a spell in hospital last year, after an accident on my bicycle, and Sue told the ward sister I had to have nappies on. I can tell you that having a lovely young nurse put you in nappies is no joke, especially if you fancy her!

C.K.  
Birmingham

### MORE SPECIALS WANTED

I have just received a copy of *Janus Spanking Special*, which I enjoyed so much I felt I had to write to you to congratulate the staff on such an interesting and, at times, exciting publication. The model on the front and back cover is, I think, the best of an

excellent bunch of girls – and excellently posed.

I take *Janus* magazine regularly, but in addition, I would like to suggest that you produce a *Spanking Survey* regularly. Readers' short stories and letters with photographs could take up the major part of the magazine so that production costs could be kept to a minimum.

I personally am not so interested in the companion *Specials: Bondage, Rubber and Leather Fetishism, and Knickers*; so there is no other publication which would interest me.

Anyway, thank you again for producing the excellent *Janus Special No. 2*.

T.H.  
Beds.



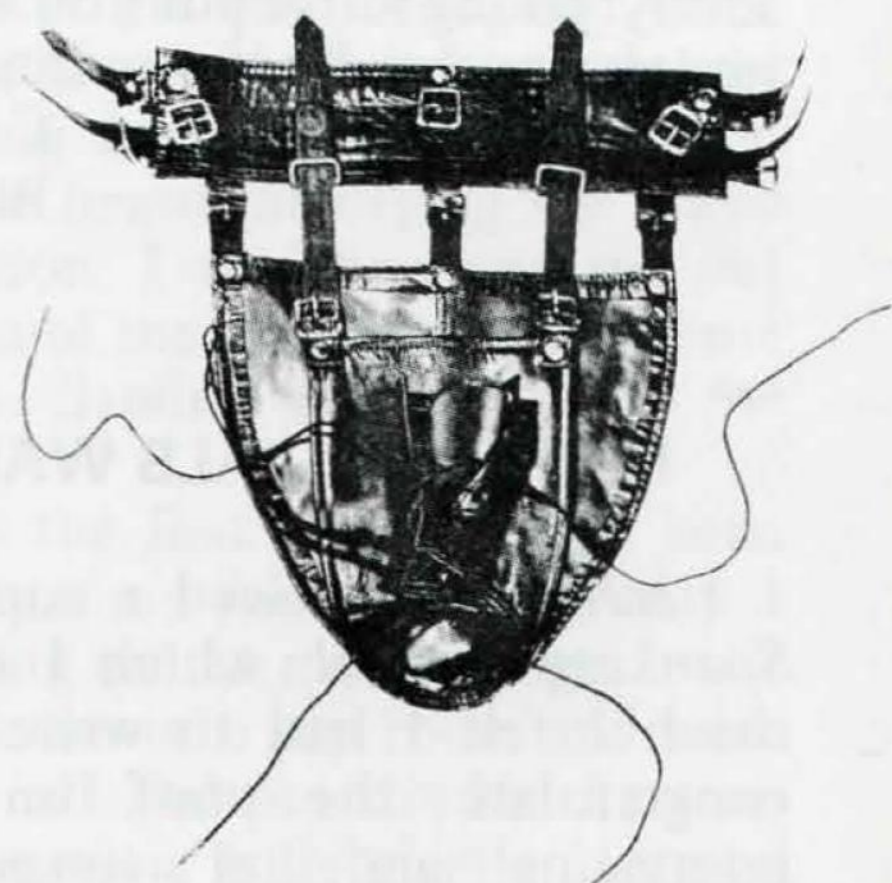
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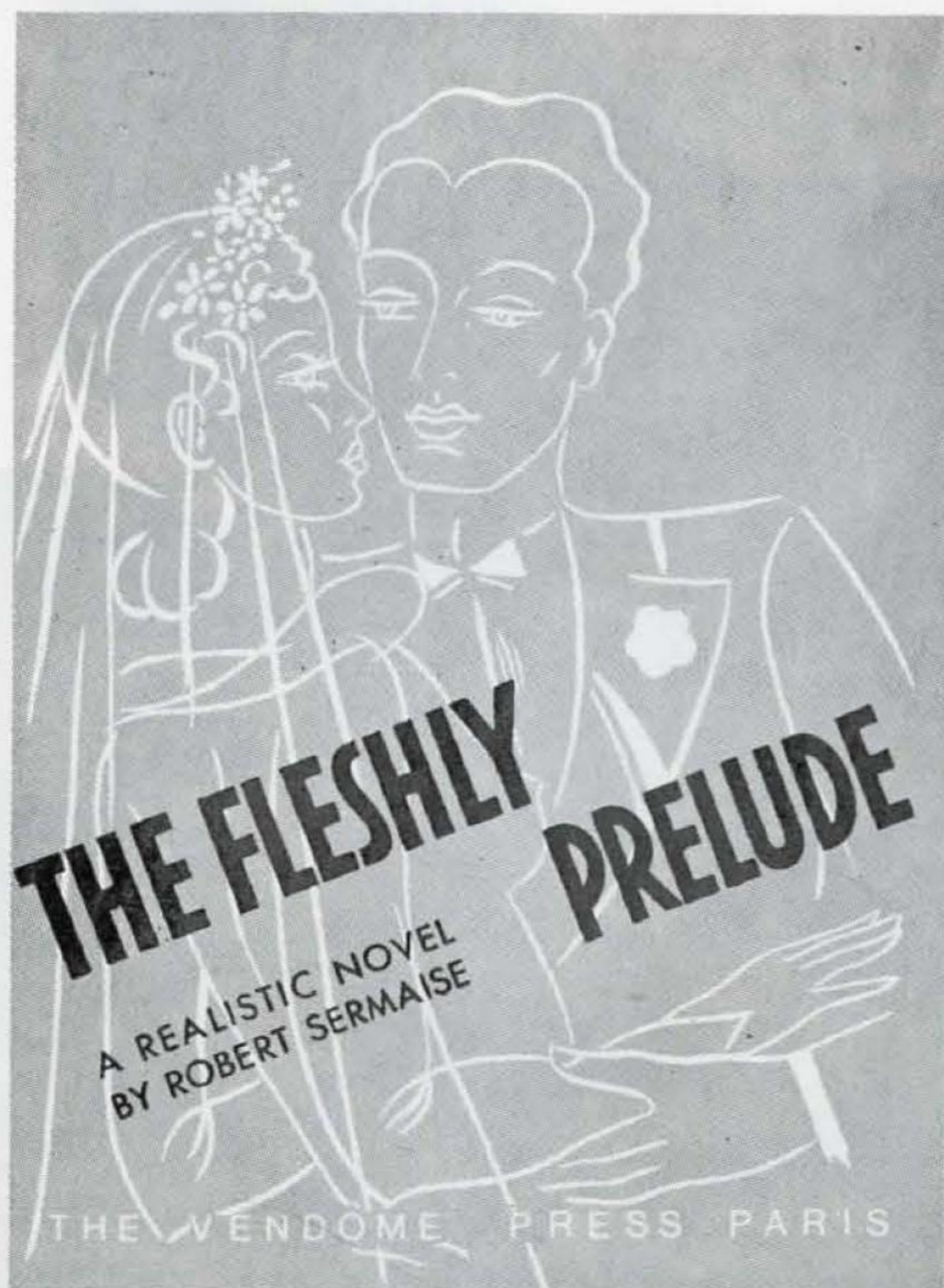


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