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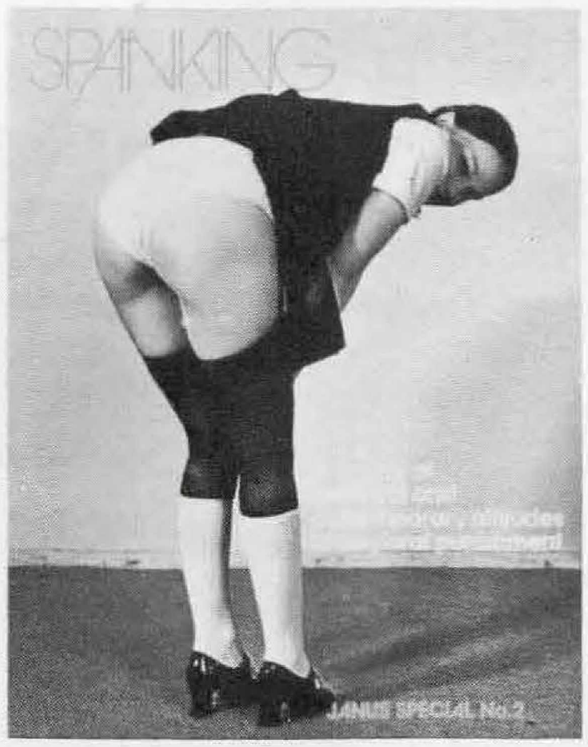

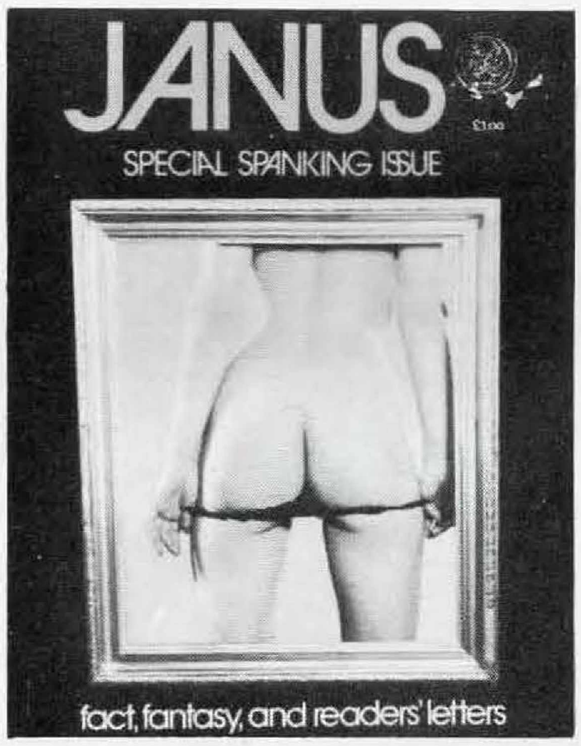

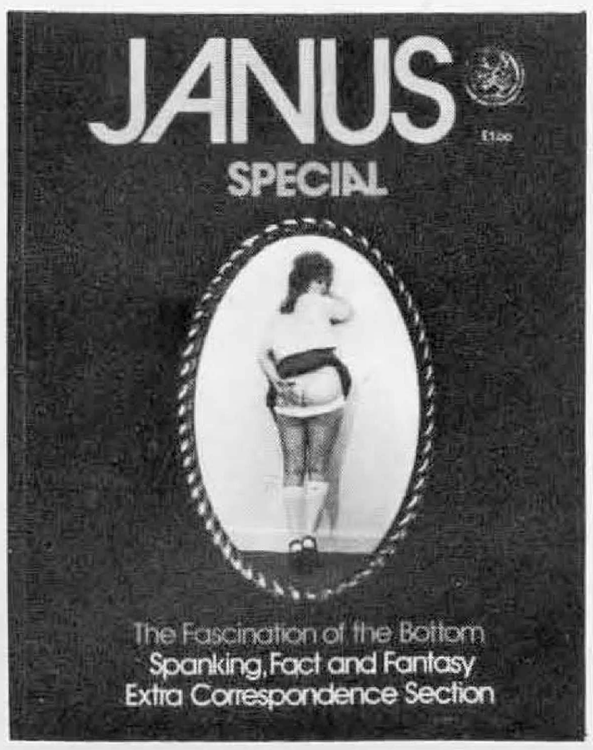



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"THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC"

It was in early Victorian times that women began to wear what were then known as unmentionables. Indeed, they wore a great many clothes, and it was probably for practical reasons that black stockings first came into use. Black drawers came a little later, in the Edwardian period.

In those days many men never saw a naked woman, but the Victorian man's dream of his ideal included those garments which clung closely to the erotic zones of her body.

It must be remembered, too, that a pure white skin was highly prized, and men soon discovered the sexual attraction of a partly dressed girl with black corset, drawers and stockings highlighting the white skin of her thighs and bosom. It is, of course, the old story of what is not seen being more stimulating than what is! The male's imagination in these circumstances is his most successful stimulant, and with memories of chorus girls, can-can dancers and other reputedly sexually free women he rushes out to buy his wife or mistress whatever garments he feels will improve his sex life.

However, respectable ladies are often a little doubtful about such items of dress, knowing full well the source of their dubious reputation! They seldom buy black undies for themselves and if they

are given them often exchange them for something in a "nicer" colour at a later date.

From this one can see that even in underwear, tradition plays its part. It must also be remembered that in earlier days, and probably even now, a man's first sight of women's underwear is the schoolgirl's knickers and black stockings. Thus at an early age the contrast of black material on white flesh is established in the male mind as the most erotic of sights. Strange that garments such as that, supposedly ugly, should produce such an effect.

A definite eye-catcher was not just the woman's legs, but also the stockings that adorned them. Very often these were black, which made a sensual contrast to the creamy skin of her thighs above their tops. Visually the area was decorative. Now it is frequently as plain and drab as an architect's drawing.

There was, and still is, something exotic about black stockings. Two things, in fact, although the second is common to all stockings. The first is the colour contrast and the way black silk or nylon enhances every curve or line from mid-thigh to ankle. The other piece of sensual delight is the sense of touch.

Many magazines of the 30's and 40's consisted simply of short stories illustrated with very appealing line drawings in which every girl was a Dors or Andress and thighs were for touching. Breasts were often half-concealed beneath brief filmy bras. These stories did not use four-letter words since at that time, as in the 50's even, they were considered obscene.

The absence of these four-letter words, however, made those stories more erotic. The writers had to work a lot harder to build up an erotic atmosphere and, as every writer knows, what is left out will be filled in very imaginatively by the reader. Obviously a reader's imagination has a far greater store of sensual and erotic imagery than a writer could put in print.

Think about it a little and you will realise that modern erotica offers the reader very little indeed. Basically there is kissing, an exchange of rather crude dialogue, stripping off the clothes, and then the inevitable.

Writers of the 30's and 40's did a great deal of descriptive writing. They lingered over stockings and thighs; they dwelt longer over those moments when a lover's trembling fingers began — in the middle of impassioned lovemaking — to lift the hem of the girl's skirt. The journey wasn't as short as it is today, but that made the explorations all the more memorable. The heroes of those almost forgotten tales did not simply "thrust their hand up" to use today's crude expression.

Every part of the movement from knee to stocking tops was tenderly described. Few writers missed describing the male palm and fingers exploring those areas of silk or nylon clad legs. And then there was the rich transition from taut stocking tops (stopping to savour the feel of suspenders or garters) to the creamy columns of warm, waiting thigh flesh. Those were truly the days, for by this stage the reader was dry-lipped with expectation, waiting desperately for those sly fingers to begin a new exploration of lacy-edged panties.

By the time this stage was reached, the writer had to turn elsewhere, for from this moment on you imagined the rest of her thighs and climbed the staircase of erotic bliss in your imagination. You *imagined* the plumpness of her bottom beneath the veil of well-stretched panties. You *imagined* . . . in fact, that word is the clue to the whole black stocking thing. It brings sexuality and sensuality to the girl who is wearing black stockings, and we have seen the reasons for that. It indicates, too, that she knows they are naughty and wants them to be so; it suggests that she wants to display, rather in the way girls displayed when they wore mini-skirts.

The real purpose of drawers would be a matter of debate. They fulfill many purposes, but it is their erotic values rather than any others with which we must deal. Drawers have figured in all erotic literature, and often in literature that is erotic only as a secondary feature. Any man who says he has no interest in drawers would seem to be a candidate for a personality investigation . . . any normal man, that is!

Drawers form a last barrier, though often a very formidable one, between a man and his desires. These desires can be focussed on the front of the drawers or the buttocks. Most men find both areas equally attractive at some time in their sexual lives.

All this is an example of a well-proven fact — that which conceals, enhances. To slide a woman's drawers off her hips does many things for a man, not least being a demonstration of his virility as he lowers the final barrier between himself and fulfilment. So, when all is said and done, drawers dropped or taken down don't reveal anything novel or very different. What is demonstrated is that a sequence of events has begun, a ritual commenced.

A woman's drawers sliding down smooth thighs is many things. It's submission for one thing . . . and submission improves a man's sense of mastery and mastery is more a part of sex than is usually realised. It means that the woman whose drawers are slipping off to reveal her sex and make it available to the drawer-remover has chosen that male to master her sexually and spiritually for as long as it lasts.

All this is the result of the look and feel of drawers, the feel of something extremely special. As a man's fingers delve into the wall of fabric that is the only barrier between him and his girl's sex, he is a very special person, the only man at that moment for that girl.

For many men the removal of a girl's drawers dwells longer in his memory than his actual entry into her. Therefore, the challenge is met and fulfilled in that lovely moment when his fingers hook into the waist of a woman's drawers and slowly and neatly begin to lower them down her hips.

Drawers have always played a considerable part in the intimacy between the sexes. It would seem that this day and age is unusual for the bold manner in which women, with skirts very brief, display the drawers beneath their pantie-hose. Yet what about the directoire drawers of the 19th century. The principle was precisely the same. The drawers of the past could be just as provocatively flashed by a discreet manipulation of the crinoline as can the skimpy pants of today by a sudden breeze or the careless fling of a girl mounting a bus or staircase.

There is still a wish among some men for a return to the more voluminous drawers of yesterday . . . and all it can mean is that the more elaborate the drawers the more deeply intriguing is the prospect of the soft, delicious chasm beneath them, and thus the more delightfully delayed is its revelation as the crackling, rustling linen of legged drawers is pulled down quivering thighs . . . a slower opening to the drama to be performed than the whisking down of the wisps of nylon that scarcely mask what lies beneath.

Always, always in the delicious story of drawers is the pleasure imagined in their removal! Drawers represent reticence, rectitude and purity . . . to both men and women. The literature of abnormal behaviour is full of stories of men for whom drawers in themselves are sufficient as an erotic object.

In a similar way the corset is to most men an equally erotic symbol of female sexuality. The corset's great attraction is the way it restricts. The same, of course, goes for stays. The name of the original material used to give the corset its rigidity, its inflexibility, its restriction, is a delight in itself—whalebone! One has had to cheat for many years now to call the stiffeners whalebone with any accuracy.

Whalebone is made from the jaw of certain whales; and the Oxford English Dictionary, so often full of lovely surprises and morsels of saucy information, makes a note of "a riding whip of whalebone, 1842." One can imagine girls who wouldn't want a leather whip across their bottoms making an exception if it was made of whalebone!

The Dictionary explains that whalebone is used as stiffening in women's stays and dresses, and gives a quotation from Addison: "A female who is thus invested in whalebone is sufficiently secured against the Approaches of an ill-bred Fellow." In those days this was looked upon as the main function of whalebone, to make access to the lady's body difficult, to delay for a time eager hands grappling to get to grips with the object of desire.

The function of corsets or stays is to restrict, to hold in and confine — and the excuse for the subjection of the lady's waist and bust, hips and bottom to this nipping in, is appearance, the achieving of the hour-glass figure. To the modern connoisseur the modern corset isn't restrictive enough, doesn't bite into the waist and bosom enough, doesn't exaggerate enough. Most men like corsets to be tight because they see in this restriction a well-earned punishment for the wearer; a punishment with a hint of sterner measures if discipline isn't restored.

Corsets also restore womanliness to the female. It's the bulges, the curves a tight corset produces that attracts men, making them aware it's a woman they are dealing with . . . have at their disposal. It also reassures them that women are the centre-piece of their sexual demands, dismissing any doubts they could have about the direction of their sexuality. For them, a woman is a woman because of her curves, just as a man is essentially a thing of angles, bumps and callouses.

Men like to accentuate the things about a woman that make her a woman. They like to see her bosom forced up and outward by a tight corset-top so that the flesh spills over. They like to see her waist go in — if only for the pleasure of seeing how it flares out again at her hips, or how the line behind the corset or stays pulls her in and thus accentuates the curve of her buttocks.

Admittedly this dissertation has wandered a little from the original title but such is the diversity of man's sexual appetite that all three articles of feminine apparel, stockings, drawers and corset, hold something for the connoisseur. Combined together on one woman, spaced with areas of flesh, they are quite sufficient to drive the strongest of men to distraction.

It would appear that the relation of nudity to the wearing of underwear creates in itself an erotic symbolism. Traditionally, what are considered to be the erotic parts of the body are well covered by underwear, once again endorsing the view that what is seen has no mystery and so becomes desexed. Women's underclothes have always held such mystery for men, symbolising as they do the last barrier before the final nakedness.

Of course, over the years, more and more of a woman has been exposed, legs being the most obvious example. A foot or ankle in the last century could rouse the male to ecstasy. This would account for a good deal of the intensity of Victorian sex-life!

To reduce the whole subject to its basic form: an interest in underwear is totally bound up with an interest and delight in sex. The woman enjoys her boldness: the man enjoys the woman — a combination much to be desired!



the memoirs of

We move away from the young ladies' seminary scene in this month's instalment of these absorbing memoirs. Instead we enter the elegant but at the same time quite ruthless world of high Victorian politics.

During the second half of the last century the fate of Ministries often turned upon issues now long since forgotten except by close students of the history of the period. But the influence of certain great families with their fashionable balls and intimate dinner parties has been extensively acknowledged in the fortunes of the political groupings of the time. It is with the circumstances surrounding one of these politically charged events that Dolly Mason now deals.

At the same time she sheds a flood of light upon an aspect of voluntary thrashing to which reference is seldom made: namely the stimulating intellectual effect it can have for some.

Nobody who has read the magnificent twelve volume novel by Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*, paying particular attention to the chapters dealing with the affairs of Baron Charlus, can be in the slightest doubt about that.

Spanking as an aid to maximum joy in sexual activity is, by contrast, becoming better known. Thrashing as a factor leading to conversational brilliance may now begin to get the discussion it deserves following the publication of the following chapter of Dolly Mason's memoirs.

An important difference between the erotic effects of spanking and the mental consequences for some of having a sound but carefully planned session of corporal stimulation will, of course, be immediately grasped by many regular readers of *Janus*.

The difference is that whereas the erotic effects of spanking make themselves almost instantly felt; in the case of thrashing, those susceptible to this form of stimulation do not experience the full benefit until some time has passed; when, that is, the painful effect of the treatment has undergone considerable fading.

It is upon this delayed action phenomenon that Dolly Mason most usefully concentrates.

This intriguing episode of the thrashing of a powerful political hostess to achieve a matchless intellectual performance had important consequences for Dolly because it earned for her an entirely secret but nonetheless influential reputation in aristocratic and governing circles as a most skilled and, at the same time, perfectly discreet correctionist.

Next month, however, the Dolly Mason story goes back to the high-class seminary for young ladies to resume the account of her intense campaign against the wearing of drawers by the pupils.

The bottom, prone and expectant before me, was the largest I had seen in my short but well-packed experience as a corporal punishment administrator.

The owner, a proud member of our aristocracy and politically of great consequence, was a woman of mature years who could well afford the best. Which was why I counted it both an honour as

Polly Mason

part five

well as a quite magnificent opportunity to be called upon to thrash her.

Not, however, in the spirit of punishment but in the cause of intellectual stimulation.

I was determined to do well and had studied to that end. I raised the birch above my head to bring it down in a generous arc upon the glorious expanse below. The sharp engagement of slender twigs with a bottom of satin smoothness was marked by a gasping exclamation from her ladyship. I lifted up my firmly controlled right arm again and shifted the area of impact so that a quite different zone of the passive but now slightly agitated rear received the next visitation.

Another gasp, accompanied by an involuntary opening of the majestic thighs resulting in a still further expansion of the bottom area. I went thoughtfully to work, never for a split second withdrawing the concentration of my mind from the delicate task it was mine to perform. In rather less than thirty-five minutes it had been completed. I was confident I had succeeded; and, indeed, I had!

But how had I come to be there, in that luxurious boudoir, with one of London's most famed hostesses stretched out, several pillows beneath her loins to provide her bottom with an easier thrashing elevation?

A combination of most happy accidents cooperating with my rising prestige as a theorist and practitioner of punishment and invigoration had been responsible. I must now convey you away from the energetic action taking place in her ladyship's bedroom to explain the circumstances.

I shall have, though, to return to the painful scene in a short while in order effectively to detail the progress and successful outcome of my most precise assignment. The most exacting one, I may say, of my as yet not extensive experience. But it was to prove extraordinarily productive in terms of professional advancement and mental enrichment.

The origin lay in one of my dear guardian's monthly dinners given for an always carefully chosen group of his most intimate friends. On this occasion there were seven present plus myself, the only representative of what they all agreed upon describing as the fair sex.

These regular dinners, with varying guests, were not merely feasts of fine food and wines, but also of reason. The conversation was brilliant and, due to the careful choice of guests, infinitely varied. My dear friend's prestige in the world of literary scholarship, together with his insistence upon keeping up with all that was new, exciting and valuable in the arts, sciences, politics, the Services and theology, had caused his name to become a byword among the enlightened of all levels of society. His invitations to dine were therefore eagerly awaited and quickly accepted.

But why, you may ask, dear reader, should a young girl not yet nineteen and of a birth so low that it was virtually impossible to conceive of its being humbler — a brat from the vilest slums of



the capital, no less — why on earth should she be present at so distinguished a table?

The answer lay in the wholly exceptional character of my dear guardian. At a very early age he had taken me from my awful environment, given me a wonderful home, surrounded me with most tender and at times extremely thrilling affection, and, above all else, had provided me with so liberal an education that I believed it could not have been improved though Socrates, Plato and Herbert Spencer themselves had specified the syllabus.

The consequence was that I was rarely entirely out of my depth as the wide-ranging learning, deliciously spiced with elevating wit, passed between the diners. Indeed, my dear guardian always maintained that nothing discussed on these occasions was made anything but more entertaining than by an opinion from "my own dear Dolly."

So it was that on the auspicious occasion to which my subsequent birching of her ladyship relates, the complex topic of physical energy came up in connection with the Boat Race which was to be contested in a few days' time. The table, I well recall, was evenly divided in loyalties, myself favouring (as ever) the Oxford University men, since my passion for dark blue has always been overwhelming.

A distinguished physician maintained that for the comparatively short duration of the race, or at least until one crew had wrested an unbeatable lead over the other, those powerful men would expend more physical energy per second than at any other similar period of their lives, even though part might be spent in hand-to-hand combat in war. Further, that the terrible effort would undoubtedly cut short their lives.

"Why do they do it?" I recall a famous poet who was present asked. He went on to make the highly contentious statement that mental effort was always superior to physical.

Amid the good-natured but fiercely fought argument which ensued, my beloved guardian happened to hear the quiet claim from his old friend, a celebrated philosopher who specialized in human behaviour, that the efforts of the rowing men were ofter born of a wish for self-punishment and that in any case if intensity of physical effort was the criterion, then sexual intercourse carried out in certain positions and following some kinds of mutual pre-stimulations, could be appreciably more intense and taxing.

My guardian, acting as always in the capacity of chairman, at once called for order and allowed the philosopher to develop his thesis, particularising not upon the sexual activity aspect (which was elaborated upon later to everybody's immense interest) but upon that of self-punishment.

"Some men," he said, "and, though this may sound astonishing, some women too, from time to time feel the need to undergo torments in order to rid themselves of strange convictions of guilt. This can take the form of fasting, going to live in the sordid environment of the poor here in Britain, or travelling to distant foreign lands to administer medicine and religious enlightenment to barbarous savages. And it can also find expression in the undertaking of agonising tests of physical endurance. The Boat Race stands as an example. These exertions over, the deep feelings of sinful guilt which a young man has for no definable reason may pass away. But after a while they undoubtedly recur."

A well-known divine who happened to be my neighbour on the right of me praised the philosopher for this contribution, fervently adding that he could affirm the truth of every word:

"The particulars of the confessional are, of course, sacred. But what I have heard many times from the lips of ardent young men has left me in no doubt that what we have just heard is true. It leads some young men to the confessional and some to the clubs expressly established to administer physical correction. In certain cases it leads some men and women to both.

"To the confessional for the easement of the mind, to the flogging apartment for the easement of muscular tension and expiation through physical suffering. But, as our friend has stated, some find alternatives in extreme athletics. The Boat Race which we will shortly watch and enjoy is one such. Our gracious young hostess here beside me may well be able to agree with what I have just maintained because of her own admirably deep studies into the methods and appreciations of corporal punishment."

I have never liked to thrust myself forward in these absorbing post-prandial conversations, preferring to restrict myself to observations of a minor but agreeable nature. But on this occasion I could hardly avoid serious participation especially as the entire table joined in persuading me to make a contribution.

"There is so much uninformed nonsense spoken," I began, "about corporal punishment, and it nearly always originates in the speaker's being quite unaware of, or maliciously misleading about, the wide variety of purposes to which it can and is put. Before any sensible discussion of the subject — which, my dear friends, you must all be well aware is occupying a larger and larger amount of my time — can begin, we must define its purpose.

I then listed them as:

1. Correction.
2. Assuagement of a sense of guilt.
3. Visible proof of courage.
4. Physical and intellectual stimulation.

"It is possible," I continued, "that I shall have to alter this catalogue of thrashing motivations. For instance, I may decide that many who come under the rod at our finest seats of learning" — at this

there was a ripple of merriment at my quite deliberate choice of metaphor — "are inspired into wrong acts by the wish to prove their courage on the block before their fellows. Such pupils would set out with the deliberate intention of being punished."

I developed the subject for quite some time and, when I finished, modestly apologised for dominating the conversation so blatantly.

"None of us, I am sure," said a civil engineer of national eminence, "would in the least mind being dominated in all sorts of ways by our own dear Dolly." Both my guardian and I took this as a very happy compliment.

Eventually our guests departed and, the whole evening having been such a convivial success, the matchless gentleman who had been my saviour from a life of abject poverty and possible moral depravity was especially attentive as we sought delight in each other's arms.

Do not, dear reader, fall into the error of supposing that this digression, pleasant for me and I hope not uninteresting for you, has led me too far from my meticulous thrashing of her ladyship. There is, in fact, a direct connection I will now plainly reveal.

The afternoon following the dinner party and while I was at work upon the household accounts and the management of some section of my guardian's industrial investment, I was called upon by one of the guests, an influential figure in Her Majesty's Opposition. He had been quietly attentive to all that had taken place and from time to time made valuable and witty contributions; but for all that he had been anything but a prominent participant.

Such, I was to learn, was his main role in life. Discreet in everything, he was profoundly wise in all the ways of men and politics and greatly valued as an adviser on domestic politics by no less a person than Her Majesty herself.

His mission to me, as he put it when he was settled in a comfortable chair in the study, was of extreme delicacy. It amounted to this: Her ladyship, whom I was destined to meet in such strange circumstances, was of incalculable value to the political life of the nation since her opulent balls and intimate dinners provided unique meeting places for those who happened at any given time to be ministerially "in" and those who by the capricious turn of Fortune's wheel were ministerially "out".

And on very important occasions, her ladyship wished to be at her intellectually vibrant best in order to foster a creative atmosphere for the discreet sounding out of opinions by the devotees of the two political parties. Great changes of foreign policy and crucial measures of economic and social reform could thus be initiated.

This was, I said, fascinating information and could it be in his mind to suggest I might in some way be of service?

"Indeed, I am sure you might be," he replied, "and I realised the feasibility of it while you were elaborating with such manifest authority on the subject of generating intellectual stimulation through the administration of thrashings upon the bottom. I have to tell you, but in the very deepest secrecy, that her ladyship has been in the habit of seeking just that form of stimulation during the afternoon preceding her most important parties. However, the administrator she has been in the habit of engaging for such services had for the last two occasions been quite unable to produce the desired results. Instead of her ladyship becoming adorably vivacious and able to take a leading part in the cut and thrust of political persiflage between the eminent Cabinet Ministers and foreign ambassadors, she had simply been given smarting pain leading to acute discomfort when sitting down."

Now with a most important dinner taking place in three days' time, and for which her ladyship absolutely had to be on her most irresistible form, she was at her wits' end to know what to do. Perfectly aware of this predicament, the gentlemen present at our little function the previous evening had formed the opinion that I might be able to help discover a solution. In short, would I take in hand the thrashing of her ladyship's bottom with a view to achieving the highest possible degree of mental alertness and general physical refreshment?

"Could this not be carried out by the noble husband?" was my first reaction.

Apparently not, although until some five years before he had been able to bring about a dazzling performance by his wife among the guests by earlier administering a sound spanking and the promise of even better when the party was over. However, as time went by he grew more frail and so unable to cope properly with his spouse's needs.

So a highly qualified professional correctionist had been called in.

Of course, I was honoured, indeed flattered, to think so humble a person as myself could be approached to serve in this intimate personal capacity. I was, it must be said, left in no doubt about the crucial nature of the evening function. Unless it was subsequently acknowledged a brilliant success, one of the season's most scintillating political gatherings, in fact, the fate of the nation's government, could easily be put in jeopardy.

"I cannot, my dear Dolly," cried the distinguished politician seated before me, "in any way exaggerate the gravity of the crisis likely to arise unless we can quickly establish a degree of national harmony. And for this the finest deployment of her ladyship's most radiant presence, spiced with her widely acclaimed wit and ingenious tact, is absolutely necessary."


R.

After some thought I replied I would have to give careful consideration to the matter before arriving at an answer one way or the other.

"The subject of physical stimulation through corporal treatment has hardly begun to be researched," I said; "that is deplorable but true and as far as I know, dear friend, I am alone in trying to establish a scientific basis for even the most elementary physiological inquiry."

"That is why I am here," he interrupted; "I realised last evening that if there was one person to whom we might appeal with some hope of success, it had to be you."

"We?" I queried. "How many are privy to this proposition?"

"Only her ladyship, his lordship and myself, who am a lifelong friend of the family: that I can guarantee."

I promised a reply by handwritten note as soon as I had discussed the matter with my beloved guardian and given further consideration to the very specialised thrashing techniques which, I felt sure, would have to be practised if success was to attend my efforts.

Thanking me with almost embarrassing effusion he took his departure. Putting aside the administrative work, I delved into my physiology volumes and the mass of notes compiled from my experiences as corporal punishment administrator of the seminary and from discussion with other thrashing professionals, punishment theorists and correction clients.

Put in simple terms the problem was this: how does one get from a simple thrashing session the physical and mental response required by the recipient?

If it is a matter of punishing to deter, then a certain minimum quota of pain must be produced; the level to be determined by the degree of wrongdoing which has been perpetrated. If, by complete contrast, it is to prepare the mind and body for an energetic bout of sexual intercourse, then an altogether different approach to the posteriors would have to be taken, possibly not involving cane or birch but merely a hairbrush, flat ruler or light riding crop. Even a skilfully cupped right hand might suffice.

One can never generalise on these matters and that, quite frankly, is the trouble with all these busy reformers who go about clamouring for the total abolition of corporal punishment. One has to fit the form of thrashing to the needs of society in the case of crime prevention and deterrence and also to the personal needs of the subject: those needs can quite often include the acquisition of sexual excitement and mental invigoration.

Her ladyship required the latter. How was I to give it to her?

A long discussion with my dear guardian resulting in my dispatching a manservant during the late evening with a note consenting to perform the service.

The manservant returned with an assurance that whatever I wanted would be provided.

At the designated day, therefore, correct to the second, I rang the bell at her Ladyship's Mayfair mansion and was swiftly admitted to her boudoir. With me I had a slender case containing a brand new birch, two canes and a right hand pigskin glove. This was all the apparatus I would need; and the items had been decided upon as a result of the invaluable discussion I had had with my guardian.

I had never seen her ladyship before, and she was indeed awesomely statuesque, with a face of unforgettable loveliness. Her hair was a crowning glory, matchless for its raven colour and piled very high.

"But, your ladyship," I whispered as I paid heed to her quiet welcome, "those glorious tresses will be in wild disarray about your bottom before many more minutes have passed. You are about to undergo one of the most turbulent periods of your interesting life."

She was difficult: mainly because she had always had the ordering about of others socially beneath her. For instance, it had been she who had told the previous administrator what to do and how to do it, rather than place herself completely under the domination of the administrator. This became clear when, the formalities being over, I asked her to undress.

She refused, saying that she had previously had the birch on her bottom through two petticoats and a pair of thick silk drawers.

"With what result?" I asked, and followed this up by reminding her of the unqualified promise I had received that I would be obeyed in everything.

In the end she gave way and slowly her clothes came off.

Such was the prevailing mode among ruling-class women that one could get no proper estimate of the bottom's size until the enlarging rear frame over which the underclothes were draped had been removed. Because of advance intimations I was ready to accept a bottom of ample dimensions, but I was nonetheless delighted at the actual fundamental immensity presented to my gaze.

Dimpled in several places when in repose upon the bed, this immense rear was inevitably exaggerated by the displacement of the frontal thighs and lower belly when kneeling and bending forward upon a hassock.

How marvellously accurate had been the suspicion which my dear guardian and I had entertained about the reason for the failure of earlier thrashings. To be certain of intellectual stimulation once the physical pain has ceased the bottom should first be given a forceful manual massage. This could not have been done before.

I laid out the contents of my case, picked up the birch, and turned towards her ladyship. She saw the remaining items of my equipment: the two canes and the pigskin glove.

"Are you going to cane me as well?" she cried.

"Indeed I am, and thoroughly, too. Between the birching and the caning you are also going to be spanked and manipulated in the most boisterous manner as well as being extensively pig-skinned."

With a foolish cry of alarm she backed away, her right hand going in a protective gesture towards her bottom while her left stretched towards me as if to keep me at a distance. I smiled placatingly.

"Do not take on so, your ladyship," I said in a half whisper. "You will feel the full benefit of my treatment this evening, that I promise. The party will be a great success and the notices in the newspapers and political reviews will be eloquent in your favour. Be assured I know what I am doing. You have been in the hands of a semi-amateur until now. But all that is changed. *So get down on the bed!*"

The last words were angry, and harshly uttered. The effect on her ladyship was immediate: in a flash she was on the bed and near its edge.

So began the processing with which this chapter opened. The fully thought out phasing I shall now recount.

First I gave her ladyship's bottom ten strokes with the birch at about half the power of which I am capable. For, dear reader, you must remember this was not a punishment session. The sole aim was the creation of mental brilliance lasting for several hours, starting about five hours from the end of the treatment.

By the time the tenth stroke came, her ladyship was beginning to feel the birth of sexual impulses. I could tell this by the gradual alteration in the sounds she made, from pain-inspired gasps and cries to slow, deep sighs.

I stopped this unwanted development by bringing down an eleventh stroke with my fullest force. Her ladyship screamed piercingly and I feared the servants would be alarmed. I learned later they had been warned they might hear cries but they were to take no notice as her ladyship was receiving physical tuition.

Having stopped the growth of sexual development, I seized as much of her ladyship's vast bottom in my two hands as I could and moved them violently from side to side and up and down, every now and then changing the contents of the handfulls. I worked across the whole area, bringing up quantities of superb thigh from both sides and paying special attention to the sub-bottom which, with large women, always forms just below the principal zone and is so often one of the most favoured love-bite places with men of educated sexual tastes.

Her ladyship winced and squealed continually under this vigorous manipulation; and when I had finished I told her to get up, which she did, very slowly and painfully.

By the time she was off the bed I had dragged across a huge and richly brocaded hassock. I told her ladyship to kneel on this and rest her great breasts and her arms over the edge of the bed. She did so, and by the time she was in position I had donned the pigskin glove. With my left hand and arm holding her right posterior in a closely packed condition, I dealt out a brisk spanking over every voluptuous inch.

There was a fresh outbreak of agonized cries from her ladyship but I paid no attention to them and gave her left posterior a similar treatment. In this manner I prepared the entire bottom for the use of the first cane.

Once again the force used was much less than maximum but for all that it was far from pleasurable for her. When I judged the bottom had been sufficiently inflamed by the handled cane I used the pigskin glove to give a brisk spanking, this time in the prone position.

By this time her ladyship's bottom was churning under the influence of my treatment and resembled a setting sun in colour. At that point I judged she had received enough stimulation to carry her through in sparkling mental condition from about seven-thirty in the evening until ten o'clock.

However, carriages had been called for one in the morning, so there were three more hours to be accounted for, and these I understood to be the most important. During them it was hoped that compromises of the greatest consequence to the life of the government could be concluded. So the treatment of her ladyship's bottom had to continue, and this called for the heavier cane.

"Off the bed: onto the hassock!" I commanded.

When she was correctly positioned I took the heavy cane and gave her seven smart strokes of three-quarter force. This time she did not cry out: by now she was just a helpless mass of womanhood. By the time I administered the final cut her ladyship was almost insensible, and I, too, was very much out of breath.

I helped her back to the bed, packed my pigskin case and quietly returned to my carriage.

The next morning, while I was enjoying a leisurely breakfast with my guardian, our friend burst in.

"Last night her ladyship was in indescribably scintillating form," he said enthusiastically. "The party was, by general consent among the newspaper reviewers, of unrivalled brilliance. The Government seems safe for several more weeks. Dolly, how did you pull it off?"

"I didn't," I replied, with a rather naughty laugh. Her ladyship did the pulling off. I merely did the laying on!"

THE VOYEUR

GEOFFREY CLARKE DESCRIBES HIS EXPERIENCES AS A VOYEUR AND DISCUSSES HOW HIS FASCINATION FOR VOYEURISM HAS DEVELOPED OVER THE YEARS INTO A REAL OBSESSION.

To my friends, my family, the people I work with, and everyone who knows me, I am a happily married man who is cheerful, easy to get on with, and have the prospects of developing a successful career. The young women I know would be shocked to discover that when I see them or talk to them I am thinking how nice it would be to see right up their legs to their knickers. My interest in this visual sexual stimulation has developed over the years into an absolute obsession. My desire to look up skirts is known only to the models I have photographed (using a false name), and the few women who have caught me looking up their skirts. In this article I have outlined the way in which my perversion has developed, and I hope this will interest Janus readers.

The first sexual incident in my life occurred when I was eight. In the back of the Sunday School one of the girls, at her suggestion, pulled her knickers down and let me see her bottom. She refused to let me see what she was like at the front. At the age of nine at school, I deliberately dropped a pencil on the floor so that in retrieving it I would be able to see between the teacher's stocking-clad thighs which were wide apart under her desk. She realised where I was looking, closed her thighs, but did not say anything to me. It was about this time that I started masturbating. My efforts were restricted to the evenings when I would lie in bed on my stomach with my palms pressed between my thighs, simulating sexual intercourse, of which at that time I had no knowledge whatsoever.

At the age of eleven, in my first term at Grammar School I collected pin-up playing cards from packets of chewing gum. Unfortunately my parents found and destroyed them and gave me a good telling off. From then on I made sure never to be so careless again.

I looked at nude magazines bought by other boys such as *Kamera, Solo,* and *Health & Efficiency,* and occasionally I would buy copies of these magazines or *Spick, Span, Beautiful Britons,* and *Blighty* (the old version of *Parade*). I did not show these to anybody else, but kept them hidden until I had cut out the pictures I wanted. I saved those of girls with really attractive faces and/or nice legs, and stuck them in an exercise book. My collection included fully dressed girls showing their stocking tops and suspenders, girls just in underwear, girls in bikinis, and nudes.

Even in my early teens I was most interested in stockings and suspenders, and I frequently drew in stockings on the nudes. When I was alone in the house I would masturbate on the bed looking at the pin-ups.

The father of one of my school friends worked for an airline office which was in Piccadilly. We often went up to London on Saturdays, and after visiting a few Soho bookshops we went to the air-



line office.

In the basement we could look through old airline timetables, but we were more interested in looking through an opening in the thick glass skylight set in the pavement over the basement. We were able to see right up the skirts of women looking in the jeweller's window next to the airline office.

I kept a record of the different coloured knickers we saw, and the best view was of a girl about twenty who stood with her legs apart over the skylight. Her stiletto heels were directly over my face, and I could see right up her legs, past her stocking tops to the crotch of her white knickers. Since then I have done all my thigh-gazing alone.

When I was sixteen I took a summer holiday job, working as an office boy for a firm dealing with fabric prints and designs. The office was close to Soho and during my lunch hour I wandered round the stores and squares looking at girls' legs, or spent my time in the book-shops.

One afternoon near Bond Street I saw a very smartly dressed attractive girl being followed by two men. I walked behind them and soon saw why she was being followed. Her skirt reached to her knees but it was slit up to the waist at the back, and she had no underskirt. A narrow strip of material attached to the waist covered the slit if she stood still, but as she walked the breeze caught at the skirt and the backs of her legs were completely exposed to show dark stocking tops and white thighs.

I followed her for quite some way, but eventually I had to return to the office.

In the three summers I worked there, my most exciting experience involved the lovely red-haired, freckle-faced secretary called Valerie. She was in her late twenties, very attractive, and always well dressed.

One morning she came into the store room for some samples of material which were kept in pigeon holes along one wall. The ones she wanted were on the top row, and as I was busy she got the steps and climbed up. I quickly got down by the bottom row, positioning myself directly below her. Without looking down she stretched to get the



samples, with one foot on the top step and the other stuck out behind her for balance.

She wore a flared white dress with blue spots, and looking up I could see right up her legs from her white stiletto heels, over the entire length of her tan coloured stockings, past her freckled upper thighs to the crotch of her white knickers. I thought about this lovely sight for days, and one afternoon when I was safely alone in the store room I cut a piece of soft material, unzipped my flies and masturbated into it while thinking of the view up Valerie's dress.

I was still collecting my pin-up pictures and also enjoyed drawing pictures of girls with their skirts up, showing their stocking tops and suspenders. I used line drawings of faces in magazine adverts, and photographs in pin-up magazines for the overall pose. My favourite was an advert for stockings with coloured tops: a colour picture of a girl with a pony-tail wearing a pink mini-slip flicked up to reveal pink suspenders, pink stocking tops, tan stockings and white stilettos. I drew her many times, fully dressed, but with her skirt swinging to reveal her stocking tops.

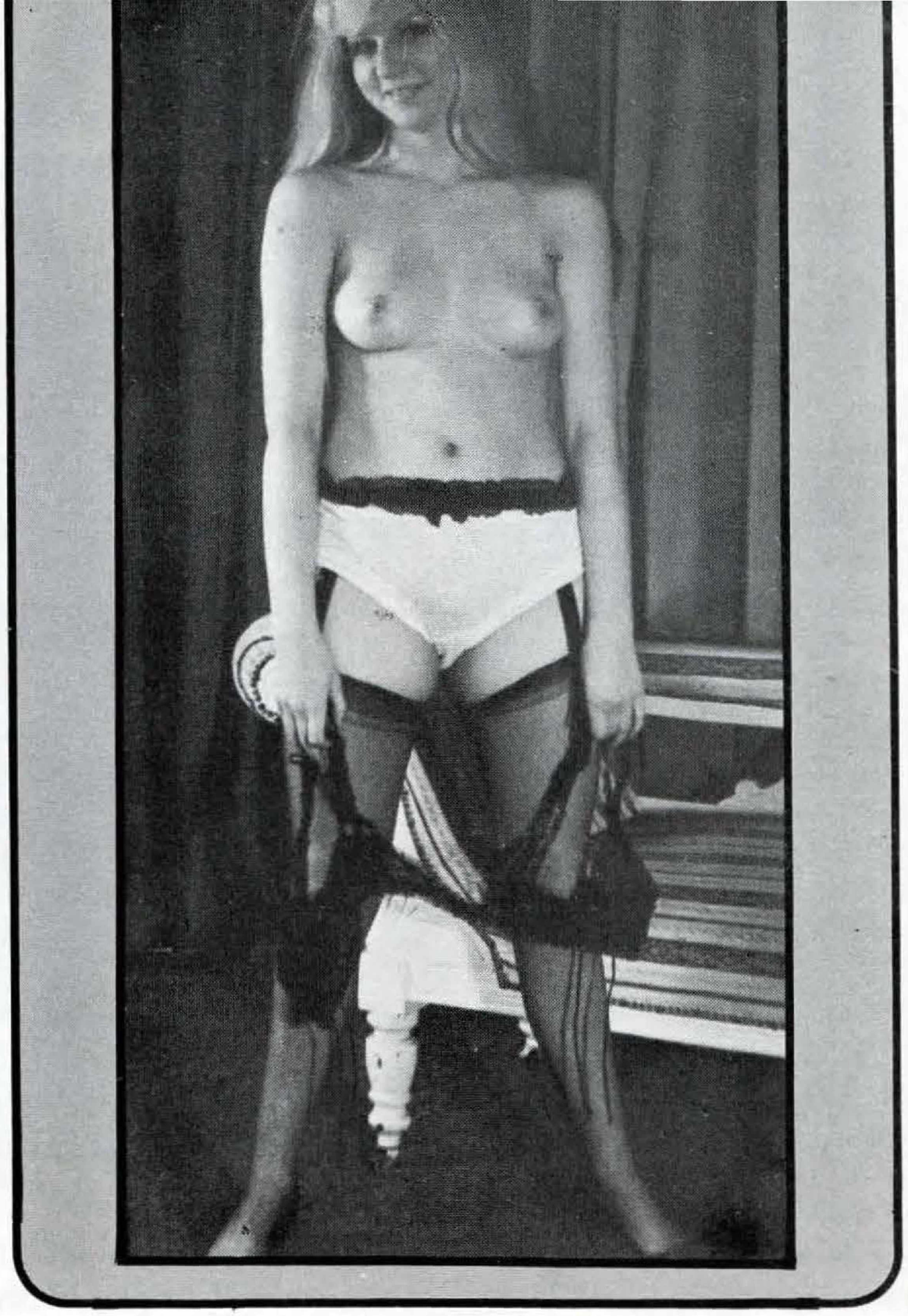
In 1962 I went to a Northern university, and the opportunities for looking up girls' skirts were unlimited. With skirts getting shorter and tights unheard of, it was paradise for an eighteen-year-old.

Many of the staircases in the union building were open-sided, affording a perfect view; girls sat carelessly in the coffee bars and restaurant, and the very low armless chairs in the common room meant that a girl left nothing to the imagination when she sat down and crossed her legs.

I made numerous bus journeys to and from the university, and I always tried to get behind a girl in the queue with a short skirt. If she went upstairs I would climb slowly behind her to see her stocking tops, and if she went inside I would try and sit on the long seat next to the door and look at the legs of other girls climbing up the stairs.

My most enjoyable experience occurred one morning when I was sitting on the long seat. An attractive girl who worked as receptionist at the University Medical Centre had to run to catch the bus. She was really out of breath and just flopped onto the long seat opposite me. For the entire journey she sat with her legs well apart and the hem of her dress halfway up her thighs. I slouched low in the seat, and enjoyed an unobstructed view of her nylon-clad legs, stocking tops, bare upper thighs, and the crotch of her white knickers.

Throughout my university career, I continued to collect pin-up pictures, but I became dissatisfied with them. The girls were not dressed or posed quite right, so I decided to take my own pictures. During the summer vacation before my final year as a post-graduate I went up to London and exposed a full roll of film of girls unwittingly showing their stocking tops.



Only one girl realised what I was doing; she was sitting on the wall at the side of Trafalgar Square. Her thighs were quite wide apart and I could see her stocking tops. I crouched down on the pavement as if I was photographing Nelson's Column, then turned the camera towards her thighs. Just as I released the shutter she turned her head and saw me. She was most put out, but I disappeared into the crowd before she could do anything.

Although I found this candid photography exciting the poses were still not right. I even phoned the call-girls whose cards are displayed in Queensway, but at the first mention of photography they were not interested in me.

After phoning several without success I even approached an ordinary girl in the street. I saw her come out of a dry cleaner in Queensway; she had nice legs and wore a black mini dress which revealed her dark stocking tops as she walked. I followed her for some way, but when I tried to speak to her she was obviously frightened and ran off into a block of flats.

During my final year as a post-graduate I noticed an advert in a photographic magazine describing a studio for private hire, which was a few miles from the university on the outskirts of the city. I arranged to visit the studio one Saturday afternoon, gave a false name and no indication of the type of photographs I wanted to take.

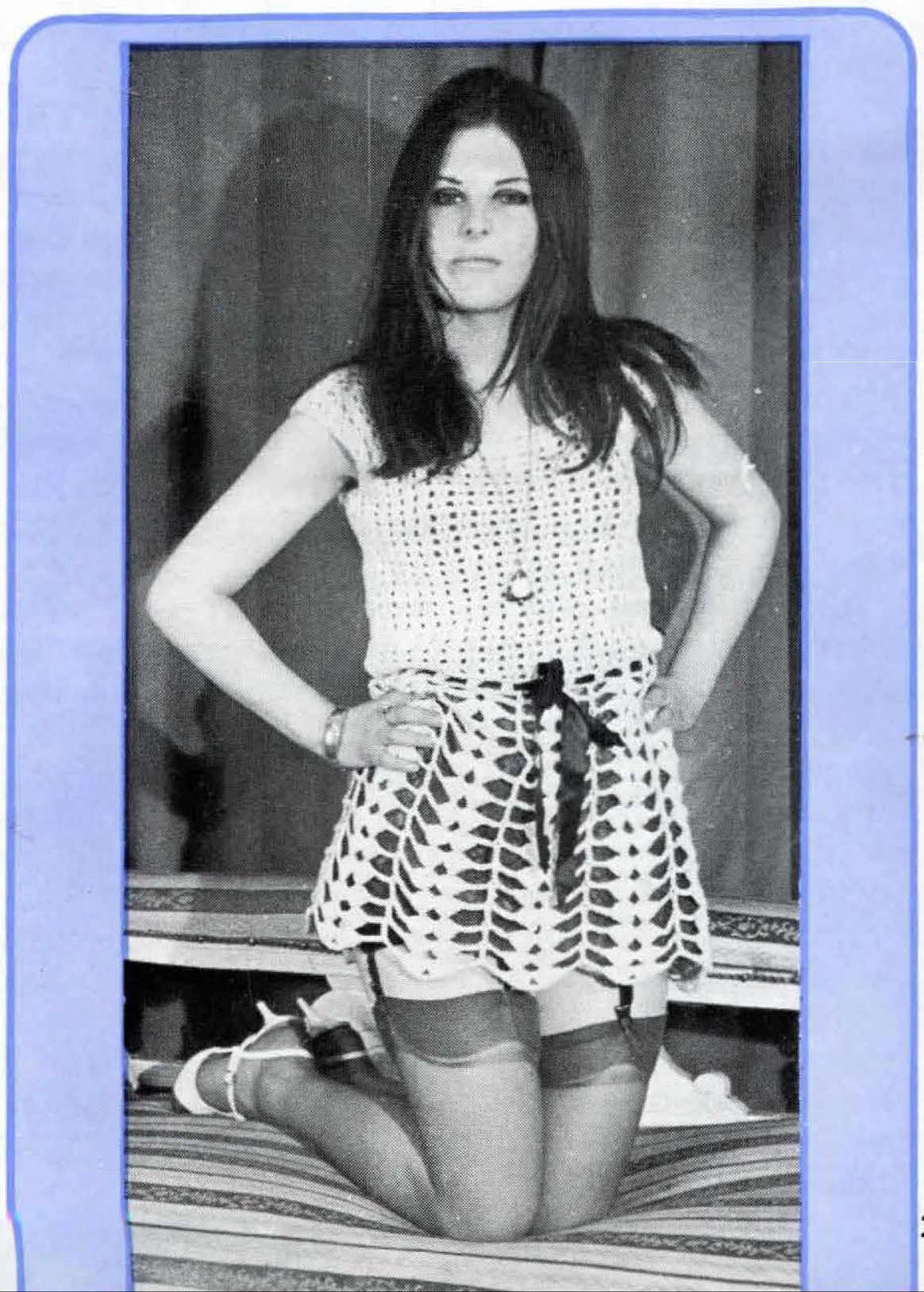
I expected to find a smart studio dealing mainly with portraits, but instead found a shabby first floor room over a children's clothes shop, the adjacent room being a ladies' hairdresser run by the photographer's wife.

She let me into the studio while I waited for her husband. I imagined that nobody else used the studio for photographing girls showing their stocking tops, but a rummage through some discarded negatives in the waist bin soon changed my mind!

When the photographer arrived I selected one of the girls in the model registry and booked a session at the studio. As it turned out the model I had chosen refused to pose in stockings and when I arrived at the studio one Thursday evening I found another girl there called Elaine. I was so excited at the prospect of photographing her that I could not hold the camera steady and I had to use a tripod. Elaine was nineteen, with an attractive face, long black hair, and good legs. She wore a white crocheted dress for the first session, and a short sleeved mini-dress for the second. She wore stockings for both sessions and on all the photographs I took she displayed her stocking tops.

I used this studio three times, twice with Elaine, and once with a long-haired eighteen-year-old blonde called Pam, the first girl I ever saw (or photographed) completely nude.

With Pam I settled on a standard sequence of poses which I have used ever since. I began with her fully dressed, then a strip sequence, and finally nude or just wearing stockings.



When I had printed these pictures I would prop them up on my pillow at night, lie on my stomach and slowly masturbate into a handkerchief, looking at Elaine and Pam showing their stocking tops, suspenders and knickers.

At the end of my final year I left the North and started my career in London. Soon after returning south I photographed a girl called Jane at one of the London studios. She had a very nice face and dark brown hair, and although she did not mind wearing stockings she objected to posing with her thighs apart. However I did succeed in getting some photographs of her displaying the front of her knickers and these give me tremendous pleasure.

A few weeks later I got married and my studio visits stopped for a few years. I have included some of my photographs of Elaine and Pam and Jane in this article, and hope they give as much pleasure to *Janus* readers as they have given me.

* * * *

Getting married has in no way lessened my desire to look up girls' skirts. Since stockings had virtually disappeared from girls' legs by the late 60's I transferred my attention a little higher than the stocking top level and became greatly interested in seeing a girl's knickers.

Although being married restricted my solo excursions I soon realised that shopping with my wife opened up a completely new field for leg and knicker watching. I take great pleasure in calmly sitting next to my wife in a ladies' shoe shop gazing between the thighs of girl customers sitting opposite or assistants squatting down helping my wife with her shoes, and looking up the skirts of assistants climbing up to get shoes out of their boxes. I also find it easy to crouch down in supermarkets, looking at different items, so that I can see up the skirts of girls bending over the displays.

I soon began to exploit every opportunity to look at girls' knickers when I was on my own in London. Underground stations are very good, my own favourites being Charing Cross and Leicester Square. At Charing Cross I like to stand on the Westbound District and Circle line platform by the kiosk. This position gives a clear view through the railings of the exit stairs, and by innocently "reading" a newspaper I can easily cast my eye over suitable girls leaving the trains, and judge when to transfer my gaze to the stairs, to see the colour of their knickers.

At Leicester Square I get the best views on the stairs to the street. On one occasion I was following a tall girl with lovely long legs and wearing a white micro-mini-dress. She climbed the stairs with her boyfriend, and I had a nice view of the cheeks bulging in her tights and her tight brief white



knickers which cut right into her bottom.

At the top of the flight of stairs I turned round and walked back down, looking right up the girl's legs as she climbed the final steps to the street. I had a perfect view of her knickers, and although her boyfriend looked down and realised what I was doing, I was away down the stairs before he could react.

I also enjoy travelling on the Southern Region electric trains since they are excellent for knicker watching. Before boarding a train in London I look in all the carriages for a suitable girl to sit opposite. I leave this until a few minutes before departure so that it looks as if I have got into the girl's compartment by chance. On some occasions when I have got on and sat opposite a girl ten minutes before departure she has realised what I am up to, and has moved to another part of the train.

My most pleasurable experience on a train occurred one night when I was returning home from London. I did my usual survey and found a really attractive girl, but unfortunately a man was already sitting opposite her, and to my annoyance he had spread his raincoat and paper over the seat so that nobody else could enjoy the potential view.

I sat in the far corner of the compartment and looked at the girl. She had long black hair and wore a red mini-dress. Her feet were tucked underneath her and she looked sleepy. The man was watching every movement she made, but his frustrated expression confirmed that she was not showing her knickers.

Halfway through the journey he left the train and I then realised that the girl was not feeling well. Her head lolled from side to side and her eyes kept closing.

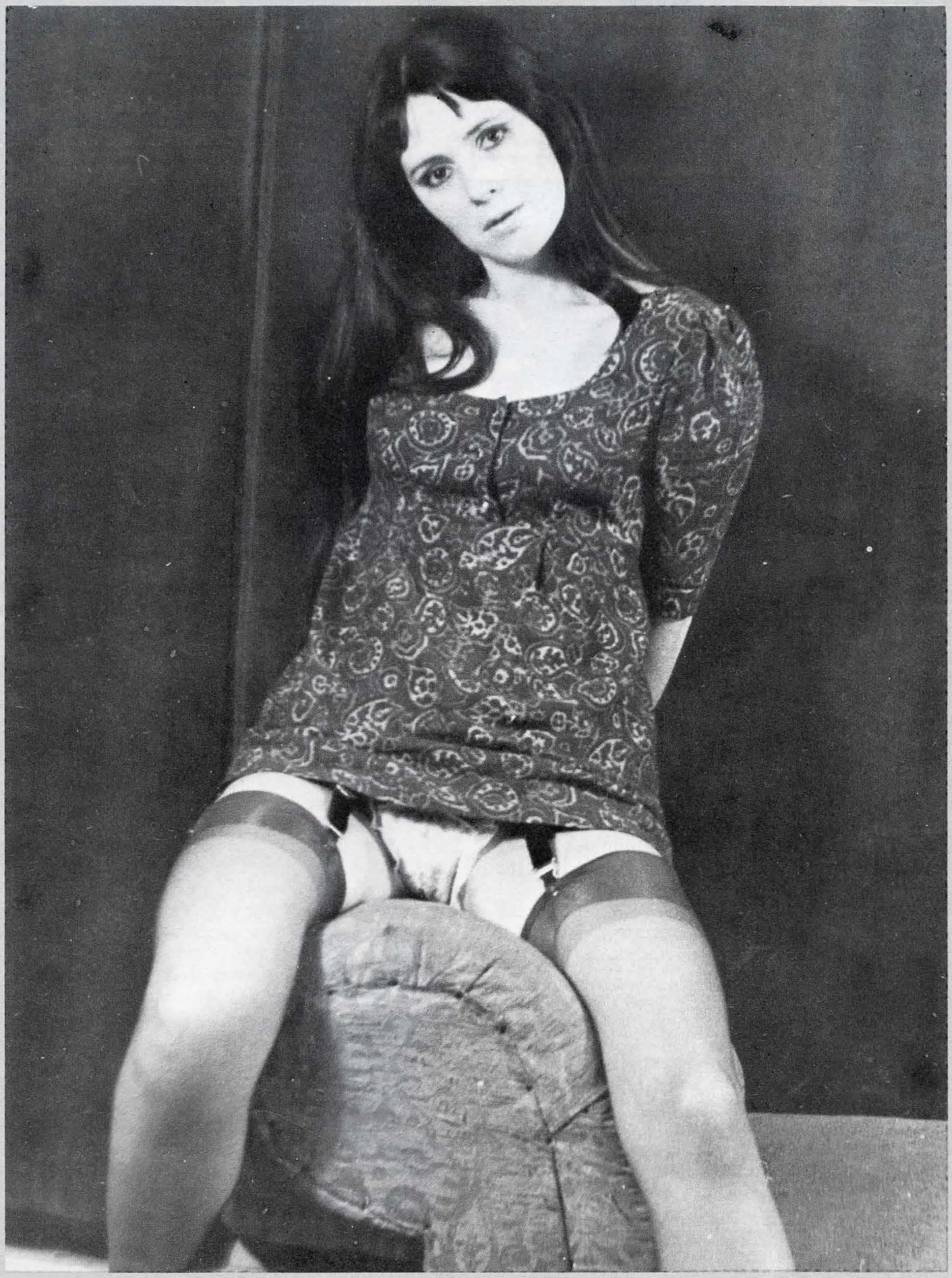
A few minutes after the man had left, she said she felt ill.

I suggested she needed some air, so she got up, partly opened the window, and stood by it. She said she felt better, but was soon clutching her stomach, so I told her to pull the window right down and lean out. She did this and bent right over, the hem of her dress riding up almost to her waist.

I leant forward getting my head as low as possible, and although I could hear her coughing and being sick, my only concern was to get the best possible view of her knickers. I gazed at the delightful view before me; nice legs clad in brown tights exposed from her white shoes to her bottom; her white knickers were decorated with narrow bands of white lace. My heart pounded and I had an erection in no time, but eventually the show came to an end and she sat down just before the train reached my station. I am sure she had no idea of how much she had revealed to me.

During these first few years of marriage I had one other experience worthy of description. This occurred one Saturday afternoon when I visited the library in one of the London Museums. It was deserted apart from the girl on library duty who was about twenty-two, with long light brown hair and wore a white minidress.

The first set of books I wanted were in the basement so I went down with her. On the way up she



climbed the stairs in front of me, and her dress was short enough for me to see her white knickers by slightly bending down behind her. I managed to get a brief glimpse from the back on three occasions, but I worked out a way of getting a better view.

While she sat at her desk I surveyed the shelves, making a note of book titles on the top shelves, so that she would need the step ladder to reach them.

Being helpful, I stood by the steps while she climbed up for each book. To reach the top shelf she climbed high enough for the hem of her dress to be level with my face, and by leaning forward I had a perfect view of the back and crotch of her white knickers. After getting several books from the top shelf she realised what I was doing and suggested that I should look for the books as she had other work to do. When I left the library I thanked her for being so helpful but inwardly I was thanking her for such a generous display of her knickers.

So far I have not described my activities at work. With my increasing desire to see girls' knickers, I realised I could get into serious trouble if I was caught at work so I had to be discreet.

Most of my views have been glimpses from behind, following girls up the stairs, girls sitting indiscreetly in their offices or girls leaning over the tables in the canteen.

Even with discretion I have seen the knickers of most of the girls I find attractive at work; however I have had the greatest pleasure from trying to see the knickers of a lovely girl who worked in my section of the firm for several years. Barbara was tall, slim, with very long legs and long blonde hair. She always dressed smartly and usually wore mini-skirts. All her movements were discreet in an attempt to keep her knickers concealed, sliding her legs over each other when she crossed them, and bending at the knee rather than the waist to pick things up.

By keeping alert I managed to see her knickers several times but I don't think she ever knew! During the summer she wore a colourful dress which buttoned down the front, and with her legs crossed, the section from the lowest button to the hem would gape revealing the tight triangle of the front of her knickers. After she wore this dress a few times I noticed she had sewn on an extra button at the hem to prevent it gaping.

Occasionally she would bend forward from the waist, if she was standing, to answer the phone on her low desk. Seeing her do this I would sit at my desk behind her, bend down to rummage in the lowest drawer and then turn my head for a perfect view up the back of her skirt.

Her most indiscreet pose was one she could never have suspected. Barbara had a habit of sitting sideways on the edge of office chairs and resting her arm on the back. After crossing her legs she tended to lean towards the chair back so that her knickers were nicely displayed. Since her bottom was mainly off the chair she did not realise that her skirt was not concealing her knickers, and I had many enjoyable conversations with her in this position. My heart would pound with excitement as my eyes took in this delightful view.

I kept a detailed record of Barbara's knickers and apart from the usual plain white ones I also saw her wearing white with a lacy patterning, white with coloured flowers, dark blue with white edging, and a deep pink with white edging. I certainly regret her leaving my firm.

When I got married I disposed of my pin-up collection, keeping only the prints and negatives I had taken of Elaine, Pam and Jane, but after a couple of years I felt the desire to photograph some more girls.

Over the last few years I have photographed two or three girls each year, sticking to the same overall sequence of poses I had used with Pam.

Sometimes the model would not have any stockings so I bought several pairs of different sizes and shades, together with two suspender belts. I can now provide any model with just the things I want her to wear, especially in years to come if stockings disappear completely.

I probably would have gone on like this for years if it had not been for an incident one evening in 1971. I was travelling home by train from London when I noticed that the man sitting on my side of the compartment was reading a small magazine inside his folded newspaper.

I kept glancing in his direction and eventually saw that on one page there were photographs of girls wearing only bra, knickers, suspenders and stockings, and they were gagged and bound up. Their state of undress interested me immediately, and as the man closed the magazine before leaving the train I saw that it was a copy of *Search*. I eventually managed to obtain a copy, and a little later I read copies of *Janus* as well. I was amazed to find accounts by voyeurs like myself whose attitude towards the sight of stocking tops, suspenders and knickers was identical to mine, and when I read that they masturbated while thinking of the view between a girl's thoughs or looking at pictures of this sort of view I was honestly relieved that I was not alone in the world.

Reading other people's accounts of voyeuristic experiences not only increased my own endeavours but also led me to keep accurate details of the clothing worn by the girls and the circumstances in which I had seen their knickers. I also became interested in how my voyeuristic approach to sex had originated and also the reasons for its persistence right through into married life. My observations on this are described in the following paragraphs.



I am convinced that my interest in pin-ups and my initiation into masturbation before my teens would not have affected my attitude to sex if I had had a normal sexual development in my teens. Instead, as I have mentioned, I received a severe telling off for collecting pin-up playing cards and was told it was very wrong to look at such things; I was also severely reprimanded by my parents when they discovered the evidence of my masturbating in the dried semen stains on my vest.

Although I do not remember thinking much about the incident involving my school teacher, the fact that she had closed her thighs when she caught me looking between them almost certainly suggested to my young mind that it was very wrong to look between a girl's thighs.

Thus, by my early teens, the two visual aspects of sexual interest had been condemned as wrong, as well as the only physical means of releasing my fast developing sexual desires.

At such an age it is hardly surprising that rather than suppressing these activities, I pursued them with greater vigour; but, because of the sense of guilt I had, I became even more secretive about my activities, a state of mind that has persisted ever since.

I came to believe that having anything to do with girls was wrong; and I felt embarrassed and self-conscious in their company. The more attractive the girl, the worse I felt. This embarrassment has continued even though I am married. If I am with people I know, particularly my friends at work, I am absolutely terrified of having an attractive girl sit next to, or opposite, me.

I know that the eyes of the other men will be on the girl. They will obviously see me with her and will probably grin and wink at me while she is there. The average man would be delighted to have a lovely girl sit next to him, but during the time she is close to me I absolutely hate her.

Returning to my teens: I had no physical contact with girls until I was seventeen, and at eighteen I met the girl I eventually married. Now in my late twenties the sum total of my sexual involvement with girls consists of kissing a girl I met on holiday when seventeen, kissing girls at parties when eighteen, and then kissing, heavy petting, and, when I married my wife, intercourse.

With such a limited amount of sexual experience it is hardly surprising that my voyeuristic tendencies and my fascination for pin-ups dominated my late teens and twenties. Since masturbation was my only means of sexual fulfilment from before my teens through to about the age of nineteen, it is quite understandable that I have persisted in this activity even in marriage.

Many writers would describe me as being sexually immature, and I think this is true. Although discussion of average sexual behaviour and sexual normality usually leads to argument and debate, I think it is reasonable to say that the vast majority of couples, excluding those who indulge in the use of rubber and plastic year or other fetishes, prefer to have intercourse in private and in a state of total nudity.

Stimulation of the man by the woman prior to intercourse is obviously both visual and physical, and it is visual stimulation that I am concerned with here.

There are four main stages leading eventually to actual intercourse:—

1. The woman is fully dressed but displays her stocking tops, suspenders, bare upper thighs and knickers, or in these days of tights, just displays her knickers.
2. Her outer clothing is removed but the woman is still dressed in her underwear.
3. Removal of her bra to expose her breasts.
4. Removal of her knickers to expose her genitals.

The majority of men attain sexual fulfilment after seeing all four stages and then having intercourse. In my case I would be perfectly satisfied to see a woman displaying herself as in stage one; and for her to bring me by hand to climax. I would add that the conscious display by the woman is not really necessary; andu I get even greater pleasure in obtaining a view of a woman in the state of stage one without her knowing, and then masturbating while enjoying the view, or masturbating at a later date with the picture of the

woman in my mind.

Some girls, indulging in heavy petting with no intention of allowing complete intercourse, are quite prepared to reveal themselves as in stage one. This is clearly the lowest level of sexual stimulation by normal standards. The fact that this sort of view of a woman can be obtained in everyday life with hardly any effort confirms that to obtain sexual satisfaction with such a low level of stimulation definitely indicates acute sexual immaturity.

Apart from the fact that I find the view up a woman's skirt sexually pleasing, I also obtain intense pleasure from the knowledge that, excluding female exhibitionists, the average girl has no desire to allow a stranger to see up her skirt, and that if I do achieve such a view she would be annoyed if she realised.

Even in these days of the permissive society it is still considered to be not very nice for a girl to sit with her thighs apart or to bend over and reveal her knickers to everybody.

To illustrate this point, consider the situation of a girl kissing and petting on the settee with her boyfriend. She will probably be totally unconcerned if the hem of her dress rides up to her waist; but if she is lounging on the settee reading a book on her own, and a male visitor enters the room, she will almost certainly adjust her position and her dress so as to conceal her knickers.

The pleasure I get from taking advantage of nice girls who momentarily forget themselves and bend forward from the waist or carelessly cross or uncross their legs indicates a certain sadistic streak in my nature.

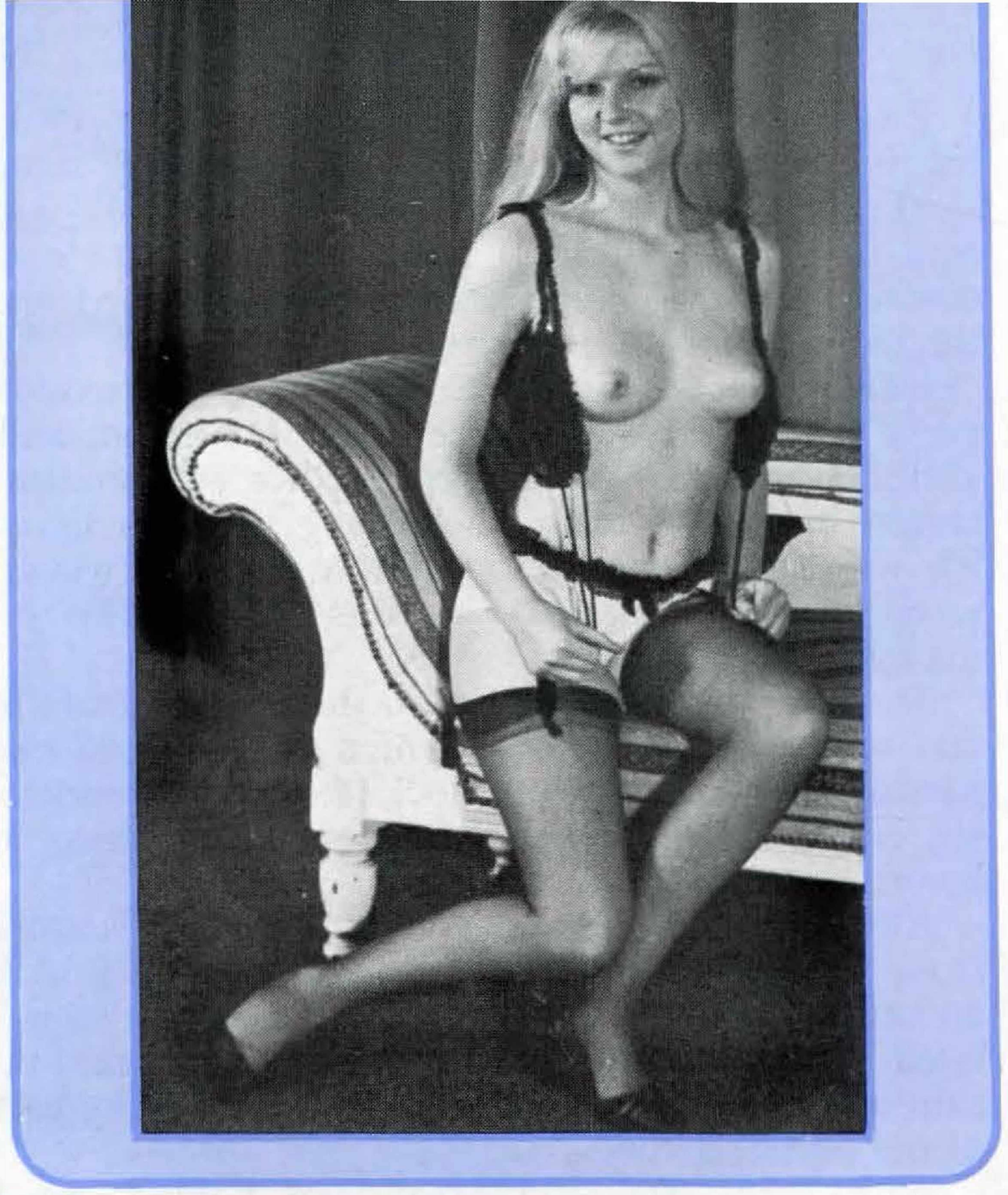
The incident in which I was delighted to look up a girl's skirt while she was being sick out of a train window only serves to confirm this sadistic state of mind.

In obtaining pleasure in this way I am getting back at girls in general for the self-consciousness and sense of sexual inferiority I feel in the company of the most attractive ones, and for the acute embarrassment I have suffered as a result of a few girls' actions.

The first occurred when I was doing my summer holiday office job in London. A young girl, about seventeen, was working there as a temporary secretary. She was quite open about her relationship with her boyfriend and indicated that they had regular romps in the lounge when her parents were out. One of the men said that she was in danger of losing her virginity. She laughed and said she lost it a long time before she met her boyfriend.

She turned to me and said: "I bet you're still a virgin though."

Everybody's eyes were on me. I blushed, began to sweat and could think of nothing to say. I could see she had enjoyed making me feel uncomfortable and I hated her for it.



The second incident occurred while I was at university and I was travelling back to my digs one Saturday night. I was sitting opposite a girl who was displaying a lot of very nice thigh. She soon realised where I was looking and stared at me with a slight smirk on her face. I looked at her, thinking she would look away, but she carried on staring, and as my sense of sexual inferiority loomed before me I coloured up and had to complete my journey holding a newspaper in front of my face to hide my embarrassment.

The third incident was actually in the university. I was twenty-four and was helping the lecturer during a practical class. There were three very attractive girls about eighteen sitting together and one of them asked for assistance. Everything went well until all three girls fixed their eyes on me as I tried to sort out their problem. Then I became aware that the other post-graduate assistants were looking at me dealing with this attractive trio. My voice began to tremble, I began to sweat profusely and my face must have been pillar-box red.

I left them and stood at the side of the class with the lecturer between me and the girls. I could see they were whispering and giggling together and glancing in my direction. I had to leave the room as the humiliation I felt was more than I could stand.

Although I helped out in that practical class in subsequent weeks, it was some time before I had the courage to go to their part of the room again. My inner hatred for the trio was intense and my desire to avenge myself on girls in general by looking up as many of their skirts as possible probably reached an all-time high.

Readers of this article may feel that I am looking for excuses to account for the way my mind works, and that I regret my obsession with voyeurism. On the contrary: I have used this article to describe the way my obsession has developed and the factors that have affected it.

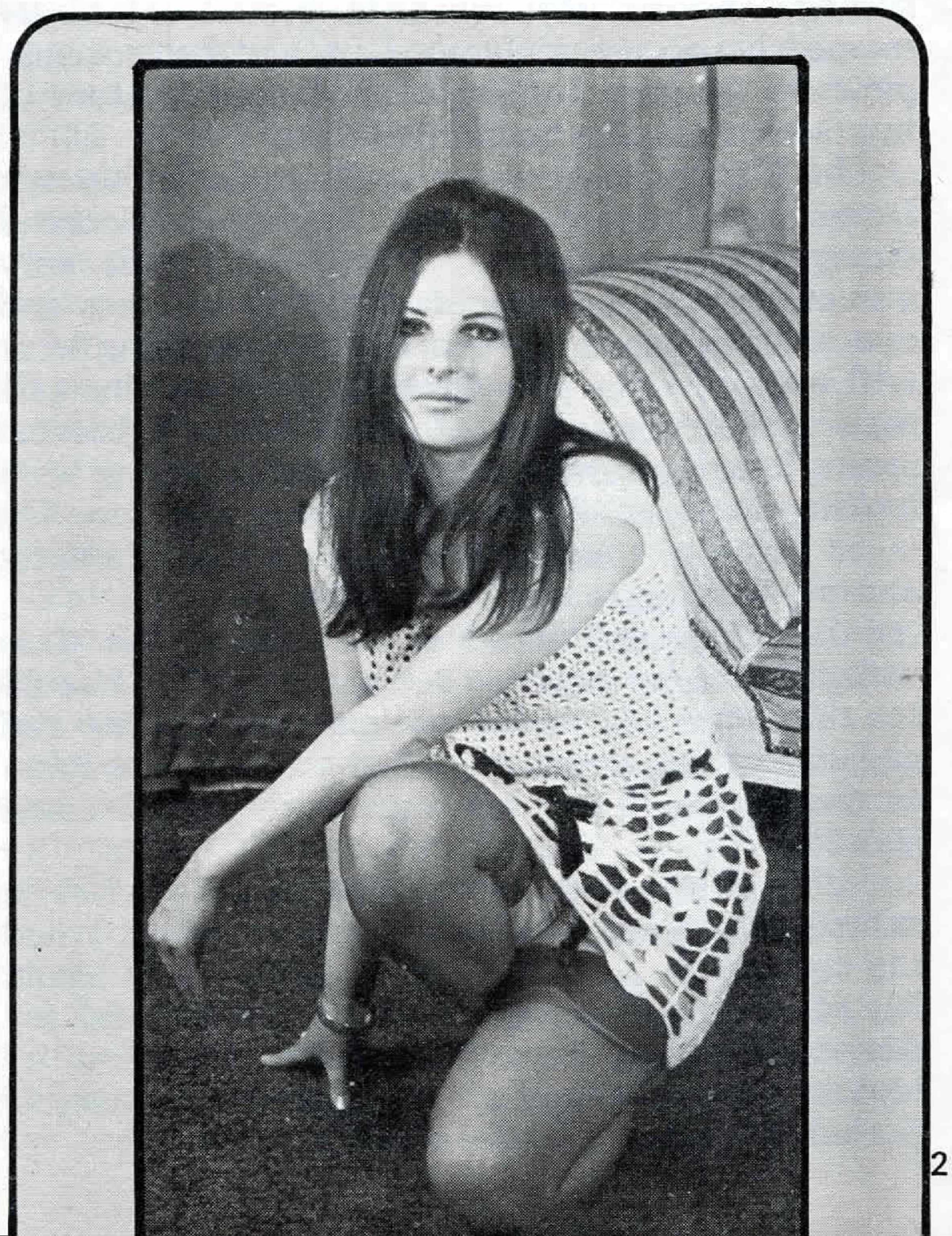
I am perfectly content to be a voyeur; I exploit every opportunity to indulge in my obsession; and, although married, voyeurism together with masturbation forms the main line of my sexual activity. My wife has no conception of how my mind works; when we got married she was as sexually inexperienced as myself.

There is no sexual deviation in our relationship; and on the one occasion I hinted that I would like her to go back to wearing stockings and suspenders, she either did not understand my hint or chose to ignore it.

Although I love her very much I get no pleasure from looking up her skirt; it is only when I look up other women's skirts that I am sexually stimulated. For this reason my normal sexual relationship with my wife constitutes only a subsidiary part of my sexual activity.

With many years of voyeurism behind me I have become quite particular about a girl's appearance if I am going to look up her skirt. I hasten to add that I never pass up the opportunity if her appearance does not tally with my ideal!

She should be facially attractive with long hair; a nice figure; and, most important of all, she should have beautiful legs. I prefer a dress to a skirt and blouse and if she is wearing stockings the dress should be long enough just to conceal her stocking tops if she stands still, but reveal glimpses of stocking top as she walks.



I like to see girls in dresses which fit close at the neck and are long sleeved since these display only the girl's face and hands, and emphasise the legs. I like the stockings to be as fine as possible, seamless, and with a darkish-brown or black sheen. I prefer them to be as long as possible and the stocking top should consist of two narrow bands of darker colour than the actual stocking. The nicest ones I have seen are those worn by Pam in my photographs of her.

I favour stiletto or at least slender heeled shoes with pointed toes, and I like black suspenders. If the girl is wearing tights I prefer the darker shades as with the stockings. I also like the tights to be even darker from the waist to the top of the thigh and the long-sleeved, high-necked mini-dress should just conceal this dark band at the top of the leg if the girl is standing still, but give glimpses of it as she walks. To me this band is comparable in tights to the stocking top.

I prefer the girl's knickers to be worn over her tights, and be light coloured so as to contrast strongly with the dark upper part of her tights. I get little stimulation from seeing a girl's knickers if she is not wearing stockings or tights. I think my fetish is for the fine texture of stockings and tights which contrast with the smooth texture of the skin. For the overall view of a girl's skirt my preference is for looking from behind. This makes it less likely for the girl to know anything about it, and I prefer the sight of a girl's bottom to a view of her genitals.

During the last few years with the increase in publications such as *Janus,* the composition of my collection of visual aids for stimulation while masturbating has changed considerably.

The only black and white photographs are those I have taken. Published photographs of girls wearing stockings must be in colour, and I also keep the colour pin-ups of the most attractive girls in magazines like *Mayfair*. These include a few total nudes, but mainly girls wearing only a suspender belt and stockings.

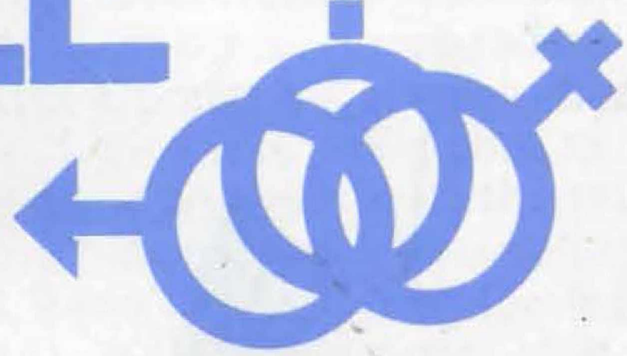
As I have mentioned before I also keep the letters and articles from *Janus* and related magazines which describe voyeurism, masturbation and girls stroking men to ejaculation.

When I am alone in the house I get out my collection and lie on the bed looking at the pictures, reading the letters and masturbating. I bring myself close to coming as many times as possible before rolling onto my stomach and ejaculating on to tissue paper or a handkerchief.

I hope this article and my photographs have stimulated and been of interest to the readers of *Janus* and they may be persuaded to describe how their interest in voyeurism has developed.



ARE YOU MALE OR FEMALE?



by Nicholas Ferrier

An authoritative account of sexuality. Despite what law and custom say, there is a whole spectrum of sexuality between the poles of male and female.

The road to Casablanca is now a well-trodden one and it is no longer surprising to read that a well-known actor, artist, writer or public figure has 'changed sex'. But for every man who takes the extreme and irrevocable step of changing sex by medical and surgical treatment, there are hundreds of men and women who are aware that they possess traits of the opposite sex, others who are in some ways dissatisfied with the sex they wree born with and prefer, all or part of the time, to live out a role that is the opposite of their legal sex, and even those who entertain doubt about their own sexuality. When such traits or doubts are discovered by wives, husbands or friends, previously satisfactory marital or other relationships are frequently endangered or terminated through ignorance or misunderstanding.

We may live in a freer society than formerly, but there is still widespread confusion about the nature of sexuality and social taboos against deviations from sexual normality. Men should be men and seen to be men; women should be women and seen to be women. "Dressing in drag" is a popular form of entertainment, good for a snigger, but a man who openly dressed as a woman in suburbia would be the object of scorn, and hostility if not of downright ostracism. A well-known journalist and writer like John Morris can appear on television after a sex transformation, but a lesser man would have to be positively heroic to appear in his local after changing his sex.

Even less dramatic behaviour that betrays — or appears to betray — a desire to identify in one way or another with the opposite sex can lead to misunderstanding, distaste and hostility. A letter recently received by this magazine came from a young housewife who was horrified to discover that her husband liked to dress in a bra and panties. She assumed at once that he had become "queer" and then went on to taunt him with such questions as "Why don't you dress as a woman?" and "Why not have a sex operation?"

A proper understanding of the nature of sexuality, and the reasons for deviations from the polarity of strict male and female, would do much to create a more sympathetic attitude to behaviour that appears so strange to the man in the street.

In what follows we shall try to throw light on the nature and origin of sexual differentiation and on the deviations from maleness and femaleness whether they be of genetic, hormonal or psychological origin.

Genetic Sex

We have to begin with the genetics of sex to obtain a complete picture of the nature of our sexual inheritance, even though anomalies directly caused by our genetic make-up affect very few people indeed, and are the province of the pathologist rather than the sexologist.

There are two ways in which cells and organisms reproduce themselves. The more common process is by simple division, a parent cell dividing and giving rise to two daughter cells, the latter inheriting the same characteristics as the parent. This is clearly a non-sexual or asexual form of reproduction.

Sexual reproduction involves the coming together and fusion of two cells, one from each parent. Mammals, including man, reproduce their species in this way. The specialized cells which fuse together from each of the parents are called gametes, and the cell thus formed is the zygote which is destined to develop into another individual.

Now when these specialized cells — in the case of the man, the spermatozoon, in that of a woman, the ovum — fuse together, how is the sex of the new individual determined?

Inherited characteristics are handed on by the genes (hence genetics) which comprise part of the chromosomes, thread-like bodies found in the nuclei of living cells. The sex-determining chromosomes are the X and Y chromosomes, the male having an X and a Y chromosome (heterogametic) and the female two X chromosomes (homogametic). When cell fusion takes place the resulting embryonic cell will receive an X chromosome from the mother and either an X or Y chromosome from the father. An XX complement produces a female, and an XY complement a male.

If all fusions of human reproductive cells took place without anything going wrong, then every human being would, as far as their genetic sex is concerned, be strictly male or female. But this is not the case for there are sex chromosome errors due to duplication or even the absence of the X or Y chromosome, with the result that sexual differentiation is by no means so clear in people with these aberrant genetic constitutions.

Now here we enter the realm of the pathological and it should be made clear at once that no one reading this article is at all likely to be a victim (for that is the word) of the grave disorders of sexual function that arise from genetic anomalies.

Whatever view we take of voluntary forms of deviation from maleness and femaleness, we have to recognize that proper sexual differentiation on the biological level is an essential part of man's evolutionary nature, fundamental to the survival of the species, and that intersexual states are the accidental result of chromosomal anomalies which are fortunately rare.

Nevertheless we shall look briefly at the sexual anomalies that lead to intersexual states so that we shall not confuse them with other kinds of transsexuality.

The essential basis of sexual differentiation is in the gonads, a generic term referring to both the male sex glands or testes, and the female sex glands or ovaries. If an individual possesses both testicular and ovarian tissue, if differentiation is incomplete, or if there is differentiation but no development of the gonads, then the individual will suffer from one of the disorders of gonadal differentiation or function, sometimes with related congenital defects. Such abnormal conditions of genetic origin include Turner's syndrome, caused by the absence in a female of a second X chromosome, resulting in the failure of the ovaries to develop; Klinefelter's syndrome, in which the chromosome complement is XXY or even XXYY, with atrophy of the testes and possible mental deficiency; and hermaphroditism (from *Hermaphroditos*, son of Hermes and Aphrodite, who was man and woman combined), where both ovarian and testicular tissie or organs are present in the same individual and where the bodily appearance can range from male to female.

Hermaphroditism, sometimes referred to as ambisexuality, has, of course, nothing to do with bisexuality which is of psychological origin and refers to a person who can enjoy full erotic satisfaction with persons of either sex.

Other Sexual Anomalies

Even where gonadal differentiation is complete and a person possesses the sex glands of one sex (with possible rudimentary glands of the other sex), there can be inherited sexual anomalies that result in that person having the secondary sexual characteristics and external genitalia of the opposite sex. Although of congenital origin, these conditions do not arise from duplication or absence of one or other of the sex chromosomes for these individuals have normal male (XY) or female (XX) chromosome complements. Such disorders are usually associated with malfunctioning of the genital ducts or their incomplete differentiation. These ducts are the Müllerian ducts, the embryonic tubes from which the oviducts, uterus and vagina develop in the female, or the Wolffian ducts (man is a Wolff!) from which develop the epididymis, the vas deferens, the seminal vesicles and the ejaculatory duct.

Persons in this group are pseudohermaphrodites. Male pseudohermaphrodites possess male testes but exhibit varying degrees of femininization, the most extreme cases being those with the testicular feminization syndrome. Such males (inheriting the XY chromosome complement) possess external genitalia of the female type, often with well-developed breasts,

but with intra-abdominal testes. It is thought that the factor responsible for this condition is an inherited tissue insensitivity to the hormone testosterone which is essential for the normal development of the male genitalia and accompanying secondary sex characteristics.

Female pseudohermaphrodites have the normal complement of XX chromosomes and possess ovaries, but show varying degrees of masculinity. Such females, often reared as males, frequently have an enlarged clitoris and partial fusion of the labia. In recent years a number of female athletes have been found on examination to have a rudimentary penis and may well have been female pseudohermaphrodites.

Hormonal Sex

There is no hard and fast line between pseudohermaphroditism, though of congenital origin, and disorders of the secondary sexual characteristics of hormonal origin, for in the case of female pseudohermaphrodites treatment with steroids can result in demasculinization. Among such disorders are the conditions known as virilism, with the presence or development of male secondary characteristics in women, including the growth of body hair, enlargement of the clitoris and the loss of head hair. This condition is considered to be due to overfunctioning of the adrenal gland which may upset the secretion (manufacture) of oestrogen, the female sex hormone.

We have referred to disturbances of hormonal function. In normal individuals the secondary sexual characteristics are induced in men by compounds known as androgens secreted (produced) by the testes. The principal androgen is testosterone. In women the secondary sexual characteristics are brought about by ovarian secretion of oestrogens, though there is a small ovarian output of testosterone. Any disturbance of the glands controlling can upset androgen or oestrogen secretion with consequent effects on the secondary sexual characteristics, some of which we have mentioned above. The administration of androgens can induce virilization in women, while oestrogen therapy can bring about breast development and other female characteristics in men.

Now it seems that, apart from the more serious forms of hormonal disturbance — through whatever cause — many men may have tendencies to femininization with loss of libido as a result of inadequate testosterone secretion and even oestrogen production by the testes, while some women have a more masculine appearance and build through inadequate oestrogen secretion.

It is possible, by no means certain, that men who wish to change their sex are partly feminized through some disturbance of the hormonal "balance" and, becoming aware of this as adults, are drawn to the idea of becoming a "true" female. After long-term oestrogen therapy with softening of the skin and breast development, such men may submit to amputation of the penis and castration. It is then possible for such a transsexual to have intercourse with a man if an artificial vagina is created by surgery.

Similarly it has been suggested that inadequate testosterone secretion at a critical period in early life may lead, after puberty, to a male having a female libido, and that this may be a causative factor in homosexuality. But studies of male homosexuals do not lend much support to this hypothesis for there is no evidence of disturbance in hormone secretion among homosexuals. While such hormonal factors cannot be ruled out as a causative agent in homosexuality, it is the view of the present writer that the homosexual is made and not born, and that his sexual preference as an adult is largely determined by emotional influences in childhood.

Psychological Sex

It is suggested, then, that psychological, as well as hormonal factors, play a not unimportant part in the question of sexual identification. A large number of men and women, normal in genetic endowment and endocrine function, display behavioural traits of the opposite sex, consciously or unconsciously, and adopt the role of the opposite sex.

Early environmental influences play a large part in development of sexual identification. A boy brought up as a girl will assume the sex assigned to him and may well grow up to prefer that role. There are also substantial grounds for the view that the emotional pattern that leads to homosexuality is one in which the father plays an insignificant role or no role at all in relation to the son, or one in which the mother is the dominant individual in the home. As a result the developing child has no model with whom to identify when trying to discover his own masculinity. The resulting disorientation in sexuality may well lead to a search for emotional fulfilment through homosexuality, but without any desire for identification with the opposite sex.

There is now very little doubt that personality traits, good or bad, are largely determined in the first few years of a child's life. Passive as opposed to aggressive attitudes developed in childhood may crystallize as masochism in

adult life. In its sexual connotation masochism is associated with a submissive sexual role. Such submissiveness may find fulfilment in a passive role in heterosexual relations, but ultimately domination by another man may be sought. This may be seen as a possible route to passive homosexuality.

How are we, then, to interpret the homosexual who habitually prefers active sodomy? Returning to what we said earlier about the incapacity of the child to identify with his father (or a father-figure), it seems that as an adult he cannot assume a masculine role in relation to women, even feeling aversion for physical contact with those of the opposite sex. But such a distaste for women in a sexual sense does not necessarily mean any lessening of the male libido and other male character traits. Other men therefore provide the only opportunity for the expression of deflected sexuality.

Peculiarities in parent-child relations and other early environmental factors probably explain female sexual deviation (lesbianism), though glandular factors may lead a few women, rejected as unfeminine by men, to seek satisfaction with their own sex. But there is no support for the view that women with large clitorises or who are incapable of vaginal orgasms are likely to be lesbians.

There is little doubt that a girl's relationship with her mother is of supreme importance. A girl is much more likely to be mother-dependent than a boy is father-dependent, and she frequently has difficulty, through guilt feelings, of developing a satisfactory relationship with her father. She is often disappointed at this critical stage of what Freud termed Oedipal development and later falls back on her mother and other feminine attachments. It has also been suggested that, fearing hostility from the father if she should desert him for another man, some women find a refuge in lesbianism.

We can now return to the young wife whose letter we mentioned earlier for, having considered the nature of homosexuality, we come to the question of cross-dressing or transvestism.

There is a fairly general view that wearing the clothes of the opposite sex is a symptom of homosexuality, but there is little evidence that, in general, homosexuals dress up in this way. In the view of the present writer there is a wide spectrum of reasons for transvestism, and it would seem that few transvestites wish to change their sex, or even identify completely with the opposite sex.

It seems more than likely that the husband of the young wife referred to was really a fetishist. His wife learnt that it was his practice to masturbate while wearing her bra and panties and that he got a great deal of satisfaction from doing so, though nevertheless continuing to enjoy sexual relations with his wife. Masochistically inclined men may carry this a further stage and seek to be dominated by their female partner while wearing feminine underclothes. At a further stage men will dress in clothes of the opposite sex to seek complete identification with womanhood, and it may be that from among this group there will be some who will ultimately seek to change their sex.

We have no easy explanation of the phenomenon of transvestism though it seems to be distinct from homosexuality and may be more closely related to forms of fetishism, masochism and even narcissim.

We have not so far dealt with bisexuality which appears to be more widespread than in the past. A man or woman would have been chary of openly admitting to bisexual leanings a few years ago, but only recently the singer Joan Baez spoke out openly about her bisexual leanings, while well-known writers such as Gore Vidal and Colin Macinnes freely admit to their bisexuality.

There is a great deal of confusion about bisexuality, and it is frequently confused with homosexuality. It is frequently assumed that a bisexual man is simply a homosexual who has not the courage to go the whole way. But in the view of the writer this is wholly to misunderstand the nature of bisexuality. A true bisexual is, first of all, genuinely oriented sexually towards the opposite sex, which is certainly not the case with the homosexual. At the same time the bisexual can obtain erotic satisfaction from sexual relationships with his (or her) own sex. It may well be that bisexuality arises from a desire to break the taboos imposed by a heterosexual culture; from the desire of an aggressive male to dominate one of his own sex, or of a masochistic male similarly to submit to one of his own sex. We certainly dismiss the view put forward by certain psychiatrists that bisexuality is a form of immaturtiy, seeing it rather as an act of emancipated choice than of response to psychological conditioning.

We have seen then that there is a whole spectrum of sexuality: that in various ways, through genetic, hormonal and psychological factors, or even a combination of these, men and women deviate from the strict polarities of "maleness" and "femaleness". With a more permissive attitude to sex, it has become possible for more and more people to overcome inhibitions, oppose sexual taboos and admit freely to hidden urges and desires to experience the role of the opposite sex.

THE PICK-UP

part 2: girl picks up boy

Human beings always like to think of themselves as completely separate and distinct from the animal creation. But in one important respect the customs of humans and animals coincide.

In the case of both humans and animals the male is always left to make the sexual approaches. The male peacock spreads his tail in front of the female peacock. The male dog chases the female bitch. And so on and so on.

And as it is in the jungle, so it is in East Cheam. The social taboo is absolute. Boys ask girls out; boys ring girls up — never vice versa.

So absolute is this rule that a girl I once knew was in grave doubt whether she should ring up a boy with whom she had been out to tell him he had left some of his belongings in her room. Since these included some pills he had to take regularly, and which were vital to his sanity, she did ring him in the end; but only after some urging!

There is only one exception to this iron rule. By ancient custom, girls can take the initiative on Leap Year's Day, 29 February, and ask the man to marry them. Whether they can make any ruder propositions is a question left open. Some versions of the legend extend this licence to the whole of Leap Year.

A friend of mine was once lured round to the flat of a lady who intended to make use of this ancient privilege. He had dated her several times, but had found her somewhat cold and stand-offish.

However, on this occasion she received him with great warmth. This took him completely by surprise, because he had thought he was merely calling to pick up a typewriter to be repaired.

He came round about six o'clock one evening. She put her head round the door, smiled mischievously, and said:

"Come in."

He came in, and sat down in the living room. She retreated into her bedroom, saying that she would get the typewriter out in a few minutes. First, however, she had to change.

After a minute or two, she said to him, through the bedroom door:

"It's Leap Year's Day, you know."

He did not know, and said so.

"Well, it is," she said. And came out of the bedroom, wearing only a fluffy pullover which reached down just below her hips.

She sat down on his lap, and the pullover rode up to reveal a charming little patch of moss between lean, brown thighs. Almost absent-mindedly, he put his hand on one, and the soft flesh yielded to his touch.

"I'm making use of my privilege," she said. "I'm going to ask you to marry me."

Frankly, there were too many things happening all at once for my poor friend. He opened his mouth, but no sound came out.

She kissed him.

He pulled her pullover off.

They fell back on the couch — and got married about three months later. They also got divorced some three years later — but that was not the fault of the Leap Year.

Another gambit (albeit a somewhat rare one) for the lady who must get her man in defiance of convention, while seeming never to stir so much as a muscle, is the "rape me" gambit.

This is more or less summed up in the old story about the dirty old man (who was nevertheless quite attractive, had nice greying hair, all his own teeth, a Rolls and an income to match) who cornered a sweet young thing in a quiet lane.

"Will you scream if I kiss you?" he leered.

She looked him up and down. She looked his Rolls up and down.

"I'll scream if you don't," she said judiciously.

This situation is unusual, but not, be it emphasized, completely unknown. And it is one to which the handsome teacher is very prone indeed.

A friend of mine, teacher at a modern comprehensive, fell victim to a pretty nymphet. It happened this way:

He was responsible for the school library — not a very burdensome responsibility, and one which the other teachers rather envied him.

He had an orderly mind, and enjoyed reading himself, and his post meant that he could retreat to the library when other, more disagreeable, responsibilities loomed, and say that he was "cataloguing" or "checking the non-fiction," or some such.

Unfortunately, however, the library was rather dark. And my friend, though young, was rather absent-minded, and tended to get completely absorbed in what he was doing.

One of the standing jokes about him in the school was that he would walk about (rather slowly) and read at the same time.

It was one evening, after supper. The library lights were not all on — only those by the big desk which my friend had for his own.

He wandered down to the far end, now wrapped in darkness, to look up a word in the big dictionary. As was his custom, he took his book with him, reading busily all the while.

Arriving at the far end, he put out his hand in the dark, not looking, for the light switch. A piece of cloth brushed his hand. "Probably the curtain," he thought, "I must be too far to the right."

That was certainly correct. But the cloth was not the curtain — it was the hem of a skirt, and the next second his exploring hand grabbed the crotch of a very surprised teen-age young lady who had been standing on a chair reaching for her handbag, which she had left on top of the bookcase just before going for tennis.

The light went on, and my friend's face went very red indeed. He was so paralysed with embarrassment that he could not even move his hand.

It stayed where it was, massaging the thin panties and the mound of Venus underneath.

"Sir," said Cynthia Maddox (well, that name'll do) in faint protest. My friend took his hand away, his fingers brushing a soft thigh in passing.

He mumbled his apologies, and escaped, but not before he saw a certain light in the eyes of the young lady.

He was worried that she might say something to her housemistress—the school was a boarding school, incidentally. However, he need not have worried: Cynthia had not the faintest intention of letting her latest interest come into contact with the authorities.

She planned to keep him for herself. She laid her plans to such excellent effect that my friend knew nothing until he came in late one evening, having been to the cinema, went to his room, turned on the light, and . . .

"Hello, sir."

There was something in his bed. A pair of bright eyes, a smiling mouth, a flood of brown hair. Cynthia Maddox.

"Cynthia, what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you, sir."

"Waiting? What on earth do you mean? Go on, hop it, and quick. What are you doing out of bed at this time?"

"I thought I'd sleep here, sir."

"Sleep here? You must be out of your mind." He strode up to the bed, pulled back the sheets. Two little breasts stared up at him — two very pretty little breasts, he could not help noticing.

Cynthia slowly pulled back the bedclothes over her.



"Oh, come on, sir, don't play the innocent. Not after what you did in the library."

Enlightenment broke through the clouds.

"That was a complete accident," said my friend angrily. "I was feeling for the light."

"Feeling for my vagina," said Cynthia. "Well, lucky old sir, and now it's all yours." She threw the bedclothes right back, and the organ in question was revealed, between two very nice, slim legs.

"You have got to leave right away," said my friend, fumbling for his tottering sanity; and experiencing a slight erection.

"Shan't," said Cynthia.

He caught her arm.

"I shouldn't."

He paused.

"If I yell, who'll be believed? You got me to come here — then, when you'd seduced me, you began to hurt me, make me do all sorts of unnatural things . . ."

My friend paused in horror.

"Yes. Well, come on, be a good sir and climb in. I want to see what you can do. Don't worry, my father put me on the pill six months ago," said this astonishing girl.

"What are we going to do?" asked my friend, rather stupidly.

"All sorts of things, of course," said Cynthia, giggling. "Do come on."

And seeing no real alternative, my friend came on. He took off his clothes, got into bed, and put his arms gingerly round Cynthia. However, she was so warm, and snuggly, and affectionate, that very soon he was hugging her rather more warmly.

"That bird was really fantastic," he told me later. "What she did not know just was not worth knowing."

But let us face it, if Cynthia had not done the work, they would have missed out on a lot of fun.

Of course, matters do not have to be worked as crudely as Cynthia manipulated them. There are many courses a female seduction can take.

Instead of threatening to scream, she can just avoid screaming.

A perfect example of this approach is contained in "Oh, Calcutta". A lady of the Edwardian era is lured by a rake to his apartment, tied up by him, undressed by him, till she stands, arms tied, legs ready to be opened to his wicked assault . . .

Then he, being a born bungler, falls into a trick chair of his own making, and they are both trapped.

The lady shocks him by cursing and telling him what a fool he is. She has been raped by experts, she tells him in a voice tingling with scorn.

She has been raped again and again; her innocence taken advantage of again and again. But she has never complained. She has turned the other cheek, she has lain back and enjoyed it.

But now . . . trapped together for the night, they will have to get married. There is nothing else for it.

This amusing tale points out that the repressed female of Victorian and Edwardian times, denied any proper outlet for her feelings, had a morbid obsession with rape, which was feared and desired, dreaded and anticipated. Sometimes this is still true.

A lady writing to an American magazine tells of an experience in the garden of her own home:

"I had just been playing tennis. My husband had gone in, and I was alone in the garden. I went down to the paddock to look at my daughter's pony.

"I heard a noise behind me, and turned. It was a man, an elderly man, a little shabby, in rather down at heel clothes.

"He was staring at me intently. I felt rather uncomfortable, and asked him what he wanted.

"He replied that he had lost his way, and that he did not have any money.

"I realised he was going to try and con some money off me, and felt relieved. I told him if he liked to come up to the house I would give him something. I had my tennis things on, and had nothing with me.

"He muttered, and moved closer. As I instinctively recoiled, he grabbed me. He said he was crazy for a woman, he had not had sex for years and he had to have me.

"I struggled, but realised this was only provoking him to more violence, so I stopped and reasoned with him.

"This would only make trouble for him, I pointed out. Why not forget it, and I would still give him some money?

"He shook his head, and said that money was not really his problem. He had some money; he pulled out his wallet and showed it to me.

"He just wanted a woman, he told me. He had gone so long without it, and was afraid that he would die and never have sex again.

"He began to open his trousers; then he pulled them half down, and exposed himself.

"He did not have an erection, and I smiled. We were both quite relaxed now. I said:

" 'You're not very ready for action, are you?'

"He replied that if I felt him up a bit he soon would be.

"Suddenly I realised that if I wished, I could escape right then and there. His trousers were half down; he could not run after me. All I had

to do was pull away, and run.

"But I did not. I wanted to have sex with this man. My sex life with my husband, though pleasant, was rather unexciting, and I wanted a change, an adventure.

"I was almost horrified with myself when I realised this, but there it was. I put my hand out and began to rub his penis. It sprang up in my hand; I let his unfasten my tennis shorts and pull them down.

"I was glad that underneath I was wearing one of my most glamorous pairs of panties, orange see-through nylon, very brief.

"Impatiently, he pulled his trousers right down and stepped out of them. Then he tugged down those little panties, his fingers caressing me everywhere, between my legs, round my buttocks.

"By now I was thoroughly aroused, and I pulled off my blouse and bra. We lay down by the fence, just where we were, in the long grass. I spread my legs, for I was already wet, and he mounted me.

"By the way he pumped it in and out of me, he might have been in need of sex all his life. He growled and squeezed me, and rubbed my face with his rough, bristly face, and I really gloried in it.

"I lost all count of time. He did it again, and again, and again. I think he must have come three times into me, maybe more.

"At last I came to. He was kneeling beside me, pulling on his clothes.

"I did not speak to him. I dressed too, and left without a backward glance. I never mentioned it to my husband, and I never informed the police. Sometimes I wonder what happened to that man. I hope he found a woman — he certainly deserved one.

"I had never thought of myself as frustrated — indeed I suppose I am not. But I was caught at the right (or wrong) time, and was swept along by the tide. I am sure that many women could say the same, if they wished."

No doubt she is right. But then, her surprise at her own ready sexuality is only a particular instance of the great lie which society tells itself: that woman is submissive, is meant only to be acted upon, and must never act herself.

George Bernard Shaw said that this idea was an invention of society — and in saying so he only preceded Women's Lib by about fifty years.

Society, however, has not changed woman's nature. It has only made her more careful — about revealing it.

Next time you are at a party, just look around. You will see the clever woman, cutting out a man for herself as easily as the skilled sheepdog can cut one sheep out from a flock and bring it back to his master.

The piratical woman will cast an eye over the party, and isolate her choice. Then she will sit next to him, empty her glass so that next time he goes to the drinks table he automatically, out of politeness, fills it for her.

This means that he hands it to her on return. She looks at him, and he at her. They exchange a smile, a word or two, and a conversation starts.

Perhaps it is broken later, and they get split up in the ebb and flow of people.

But you can be sure that, later on, she will drift up to his elbow. Perhaps he has a car. What more likely than that he will offer her a lift home.

Perhaps she will invite him in for a coffee. He makes a pass at her. A few minutes later, she is murmuring in his arms, her knickers are coming down, his penis is erect and knocking against her thighs . . .

And he, poor idiot, thinks it is all his doing. How wrong can you be?

Another circumstance in which the woman often takes charge more openly is when the woman is older, the man younger.

I saw this recently when I had just such an experienced lady as a neighbour. She was about forty-five, very much in the prime of life, long legged, deep breasted, fiery eyes, a mane of long black hair.

Everyone knew her round the neighbourhood, and she knew everyone, too. She was pleasant to anyone she came in contact with, but kept herself to herself.

I think that only I knew her secret. She really adored younger men. I first noticed it when a much younger friend of a friend of mine came to stay for the night.

We happened to meet her in the street on our way to the cinema, and she made herself very agreeable indeed to my acquaintance, who could not have been more than eighteen.

I noticed that she even went so far as to brush against him, as if by accident. He went a bit red, and I asked him (when she had gone) what had happened.

"She touched me up," he said. Apparently she had just tapped his penis where it bulged against the material of his trousers, with her long fingernails, and to judge by his embarrassment, he found this distinctly erotic.

After this episode, I kept a close eye on her, and soon noticed that she was after the butcher's boy.

To be strictly accurate, he was not only the butcher's boy, but also the grocer's boy, for the two shopkeepers had a combined delivery round.

This meant that he generally had a pretty heavy parcel for each house he called at, and I

noticed that my neighbour, whom we shall call Freda, was always at the gate to accept her parcel from the boy.

At this juncture, in the interests of science, I used my binoculars, and sure enough, the next time the boy called, I saw Freda, in the process of taking the parcel from him, giving an erotic little tap on the front of his trousers.

The boy jumped a little, but obviously had had come to accept this as part of the job where Freda was concerned.

I wondered what she would do next — how would she come in, so to speak, for the kill?

This must have been a key question in her mind, too. However, she quickly got an answer. The very next time the boy called, I was on watch, but Freda was not at the gate.

The boy looked about, obviously wondering why the usual routine had been interrupted.

He did not have to wonder long. Freda called him from an upstairs window.

"I'm sick," she called. "You'll have to bring it in."

The boy took the parcel up the path and disappeared into the house. Curiosity became too strong for me, and I whipped across the road and hid myself in the little clump of bushes outside Freda's window.

I heard her call down to him:

"Thanks for bringing it in. Now, can you do me a favour? Come upstairs, I need something moved."

Quickly I ran back home and went to a small attic window from which I could look straight into Freda's bedroom. It was the only window that overlooked her, and she would not worry about it, for it was small and overgrown, right up under the eaves.

The boy appeared in the bedroom. Obviously Freda asked him to move a wardrobe, for I saw him struggling with it.

He took off his coat, whilst Freda sat on the bed in her nightie and watched him. She was certainly a splendid sight; I wondered if the boy had noticed yet how splendid. Her nightie had been allowed to fall open, showing a good deal of her lovely and ample bosom. Below, it was too short to conceal much, and she had really fantastic legs.

The boy was rubbing the sweat from his forehead — and was looking at those legs. She lay back, disclosing a tiny pair of panties, concealing an erotically bulging crotch. She half turned over, revealing a beautifully curved buttock, hardly hidden by those tiny panties.

She was patting the bed, indicating that he should sit down.

He sat down.

Now she was holding his hand. I wonder what she was saying to him? Probably something about how he was very handsome, and did he have a girlfriend?

Well, he did not. We all knew each other's business round those parts, and I knew for a fact he did not.

He was lying back on the pillow . . . she was fumbling with his buttons. An erect prick was visible, was in her hands, her mouth.

She was tearing down her little panties . . . those finely muscled thighs were bestriding the boy, clutching him. His hands were caressing her under her nightie . . . now her shapely bottom was beginning to pump up and down . . .

Really, he never had a chance . . .

An excellent (and very funny) filmed pick-up, can be found in a recent film on the subject of prostitution. Split into four cameos, the fourth, and the best, stars Raquel Welch as a Parisian prostitute at the turn of the century.

Exquisitely gowned, she encounters a rich old gentleman. She allows him to escort her home. The preliminaries take but a short time. The lovely Welch legs are quickly on display, she is tumbled into bed, the old gentleman enjoys himself.

In the morning, she is up and about before him. She looks in his wallet, no doubt wondering what her fee is likely to be.

She finds, however, that he is much wealthier than she imagined, a famous banker. Quickly a plan evolves. She puts back the wallet. When he wakes, she makes no mention of money.

When he offers her some, she bursts into tears. She did not do it for money, she declares, she did it because she liked him.

Overwhelmed, the old gentleman apologises, but Raquel fends him off, declares she is mortally insulted. After she has been friendly and loving, he has injured her so.

She flees through Paris. Where she goes, he follows, declaring his devotion, apologising again and again.

In the end she allows herself to relent. They marry. By refusing a little, she has gained all.

Recently, the long tradition of the male approach has been broken somewhat by the New York singles bars, where women may proposition men without fear of a snub. The same idea was tried out in England, but unfortunately fell flat on its face.

Ah well . . . we island race. Slow to learn, but sure. There may be hope for us yet.

If contemporary films are any guide, the twentieth century may catch up with us yet. Sexually aggressive girls (with or without kung-fu, karate and guns) are everywhere on the screen.

Personally, I wish they would get off the screen, and into the streets. How about you, gentle reader?

The Bells of Whipstock — Part VI

1970. GENERAL SIR HUGO GORE-BUCKET, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS, IS LECTURING THE SIXTH FORM OF WHIPSTOCK SCHOOL. AMONG THE BORED PUPILS IS SUSAN BELL

"AND I'M PROUD TO SAY.... ER... ....AN ANCESTOR...OF MINE..."

"FOUGHT AT WATERLOO!"

"WHICH PLATFORM?"

THE HEADMISTRESS' PROBLEM...

"UNFORTUNATELY I AM NOT ALLOWED TO CHASTISE 18 YEAR-OLDS EVEN FOR INSOLENCE"

"IN DR. CREEPWELL'S DAY....JUST ONE WORD OUT OF PLACE.... AND A GIRL WAS BIRCHED ON THE BARE BEHIND"

"...AND THEY CALL IT PROGRESS!!"

"ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO I COULD HAVE GIVEN YOU SIX OF THE BEST ON YOUR KNICKERS"

"TODAY I'M NOT PERMITTED TO EVEN WARM A GIRL'S BOTTOM"

"YOU WILL APOLOGISE TO GENERAL GORE-BUCKET AND TAKE A LETTER HOME TO YOUR PARENTS"

R.

THAT EVENING...

"MR. BELL, I HAVE CALLED TO DISCUSS SUSAN'S BEHAVIOUR... YOU HAVE READ MY LETTER..."

"WHAT LETTER?"

"I GAVE IT TO YOUR DAUGHTER"

"SUSAN"

"THE WIND BLEW IT ON THE FIRE DAD!"

MR. BELL GETS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE TROUBLE

"NOW GO TO YOUR ROOM... .....AND DON'T IMAGINE THAT I'VE FINISHED WITH YOU YET, YOUNG LADY"

AT BEDTIME...

AND SO JUSTICE IS DONE THANKS TO PARENT-TEACHER CO-OPERATION ... AND ON THAT HOPEFUL NOTE....

...WE TAKE OUR LEAVE OF THE BELL FAMILY.

The End

SEX ON THE ROADS

by Jackie Pollock

The twentieth century has seen many changes, changes often produced by technological innovation. There could be no quarrels between husband and wife over high phone bills until there was a telephone to gossip on.

The car, however, may claim to have changed society more than many other inventions. It abolished distance, crammed miles into minutes — and it gave a mobile bedroom for amorous teenagers to seduce each other in.

It also gave rise to a much more extraordinary social custom — hitch-hiking.

It is, of course, possible that hitch-hiking existed in former times. Perhaps the Roman patrician, driving his new chariot along the Via Appia, may have been accosted by a footsore pleb or two, begging for a lift into the mighty urbs, where (it was said) the pavements were lined with gold and Christian martyrs.

But it is not very likely. The lower classes in those days were fearfully aware of their place. Neither they, nor the English peasantry of the Middle Ages and the Eighteenth or Nineteenth centuries, would have dared to ask for a ride in a conveyance where their betters rode.

Nor, in all probability, would they have wanted to go anywhere. It was the car and the plane which created the immense mobility which sent hundreds of thousands of people shifting casually about the world.

In pre-car days, most people stayed where they were. Journays were difficult, expensive, and dangerous. The train, while it began to change this situation, did not wholly do so.

It was the car — capable of private ownership; independent of the expensive and exclusive network of rails demanded by the train — which put us all on wheels.

And along with the car came social changes which began to level everyone towards some sort of equality.

Equality has not yet been attained, of course. But rich and poor are far more similar than at most times during our history, especially among the young.

Young people listen to the same music, wear the same cheap and colourful clothing, use the same slang, watch the same films, and inhabit the same cultural atmosphere.

They also hitch rides on the same roads. The car, although universal, is also expensive. And it is, of course, very easy to go to the side of a road which leads in the direction you wish to go, and stick your thumb out . . .

Hitchhiking has come to have its own conventions and its own folklore. If you are hitching from a particular corner, and someone is already there when you arrive, you must let him make his hitch before you start hitching. The polite hitcher will also carry cigarettes (even if he does not smoke) to give to the driver.

Certain corners and junctions are favourite and well known jumping off places for certain destinations. Staples Corner, in London, is, for instance, a well known hitching place for places



in the North.

Corners and traffic lights are favourite places for thumbing your lift because cars will not be going at full speed. Hitch on the straight, and cars will zoom past, disinclined to stop.

Hitching is now such an accepted way of getting about the place that many people in their teens and twenties never dream of buying a train ticket.

However, hitching does have its dangers, especially for girls. Only a few years ago, police in London carried out an unprecedented exercise — a policewoman, wearing carefully chosen clothing, followed a well publicised route through London, ending up by hitching from a certain corner on a main road.

She was re-enacting the course of events which had taken place a few weeks before, when a young schoolteacher had set out from her home in South London, hitched a lift from a North London corner — and had been found murdered in a field beside a road several hundred miles North.

It was the nightmare of every mother with a hitch-hiking daughter. It is an odd fact that most mothers worry most over the dangers their offspring are least likely to face.

They do not remember the wise words of G. K. Chesterton, who said: "The number of dogs who will bite you under any circumstances is rather less than the number of men who will murder you in a railway carriage."

One never worries about the one — why worry about the other?

In this case, however, this rare danger, so much less likely than cancer, measles or pregnancy, had struck home.

What happened, of course, will never be known. But the most likely course of events is that the unlucky girl was picked up by an amorous driver, who then tried to seduce her. She got scared, threatened to report him for rape — and he killed her out of panic.

This seems the set pattern for such happenings. Naturally, a girl alone on the road, or even two girls alone on the road, are natural targets for the male driver, bored and alone.

However, in most cases the worst that can happen is a slap or two, and a young lady set down in the middle of the countryside to hitch all over again.

Enquiries in any student hostel or in any disco could probably turn up something like the two following stories, told to me in recent months:

The first person interviewed is Sandra, young, ash-blonde, distinctly pretty, and twenty-two.

"I often hitch around the country. Let's face it, who can afford anything else?

"Trouble? Well, yes, it does happen. You have to look out for yourself.

"One thing I learnt right on my first hitch — never wear a skirt.

"I was living with my parents in Guildford at the time, and I had been up in London for



the evening. Well, I just spent a bit more than I should, and I found that I did not have enough to get home.

"So — hitch it had to be. My boyfriend had left me on the station before I realised my financial plight, so I was quite alone.

"Hitching in the centre of London isn't easy, but it can be done. Getting a suitable lift took me nearly two hours. The only way was to wait near a likely traffic light, and hold a little placard reading "GUILDFORD" where the drivers could see it.

"It took me about a quarter of an hour, fishing about in dustbins, to find a piece of cardboard that would suit, then I took up my position.

"Well, I just thought I was never going to get away. Cars just streamed past me, and the drivers didn't even seem to look at me.

"At last one did stop, and I scrambled in without even bothering to look at the guy driving it at all.

"When I had settled myself, and the car pulled away, I had a look at him, and got a bit of a shock.

"He was a real freak — thick-set, bullet-head, heavy features, virtually no hair at all. I suppose he was about forty-five, though he looked a lot older.

"I was sitting in the front seat, next to him — and I was wearing quite a short denim skirt.

"I was a bit petrified by him, especially when he smiled at me, and even more so by the fact that he did not speak to me at all.

"If I had had a bit more hitching experience, I would have realised at once that there was something a bit odd in that, because most people who pick you up just want someone to talk to.

"Anyway, we just drove on a bit in silence, me just staring at the road ahead. My leg felt a bit cold, and I hitched my skirt down.

"To my horror, I touched his hand. I looked down, and, petrified, watched as his big hairy hand carefully pushed back my skirt from my lap, to reveal my crotch, covered by a tiny V of black pantie.

"He carefully rubbed this with his index finger — not violently, almost thoughtfully, still keeping one hand on the wheel, though I noticed he had slowed down.

"He smiled at me — well, I say smile, but it was more a grimace. I smiled nervously back.

"Looking back, with the hindsight of experience, I think that if I had frowned, or said: 'Stop that,' in a sharp voice, he would have left me alone. Most guys are really quite timid — more frightened of you than you are of them, to tell the truth.

"However, as it was, I thought he might strangle me if I said a word, so I just gulped and sat still.

"That finger of his just kept on rubbing and rubbing. You would think that I could not have possibly felt any pleasure from this in the circumstances, and you would have been right.

"At least, you would have been right at first, but after a few minutes I did feel a faint tickling down there, and I suppose it made me relax a little.

"He spoke to me again, and asked me to open his trousers. I did so, leaning over his lap. His horn sprang out — quite a big one, and already half erect.

"Under the touch of my fingers, it got hard very quickly, and shortly after that, he ejaculated all over my hand.

"He gave me a handkerchief, and I mopped up, then sat back. He took his hand away from my skirt, and I yanked it down very firmly.

"After that, we just drove on in silence. I still expected to be murdered, but in fact he drew up in the centre of Guildford, asked if this would be all right for me, and let me out.

"And we said goodnight, and that was that. Looking back, I really believed he did not have the slightest idea that I was not willing."

Of course, when sexual episodes occur in the course of a hitchhike, they are not necessarily forced on the girl concerned. Far from it. Another of my informants told me this story:

"I've met a lot of very nice blokes when hitching about the country — and one or two of them I've continued to see, and made regular boyfriends of them.

"My casual contacts have been rather pleasant, too, on occasions.

"I remember once when I was hitching from London to York. I went out to Barnet corner, and stuck out my thumb.

"No luck at first. The only one who stopped was a slow lorry, and he was only going to Stevenage, anyway.

"Then things began to look up. I saw a nice big Bentley slow down, then come into the verge of the road about fifty yards ahead of me.

"I dashed up to it. Inside there was a guy of about forty-five, nicely dressed, obviously prosperous.

"My luck was in — he was going right up to York. I got in, and we started off. He did not waste time, either. He kept the car tooling along at about seventy all the time.

"We chatted as he drove, and he seemed an interesting sort of man. He was in business for himself — kept two or three boutiques in London and the North.

"I could see that he was eyeing me up and down, but I did not mind that — you expect it

from a man, don't you?

"Well, we stopped at a pub for lunch. He had more than I did in the way of drink, but he was obviously more used to it than I was.

"We drove on, and then, an hour or so later, he said he felt a bit tired, and stopped the car for a rest.

"He could not stop on the main road, as there was nowhere he could pull off the verge, so he turned off down a little side road, and ran the car under some trees.

"It was a peaceful place, with plenty of firs and pine trees crowding right up to the road — probably belonging to the Forestry Commission.

"He suggested that we got out and stretched our legs, and I agreed.

"As we walked into the trees, he put his arm round my waist — I was a little surprised, but it seemed quite a harmless gesture. Besides, as I said, I quite liked him.

"Just as we got out of sight of the road, he turned me round and kissed me. I protested a little, but, to tell you the truth, not too much.

"We continued kissing and cuddling for a while, then he started fiddling with the zip of my jeans.

"I giggled and pushed his hand away, and called him a dirty old man. After all, I was only twenty.

"That did not stop him, though. He pulled the zip open, and began feeling round inside. Well, I don't kid you, I was beginning to feel really in the mood for mischief.

"His hand scrabbled in my crotch, felt the lips of my vagina through my panties.

"I moaned and clung to him, and after that there did not seem to be much point in resisting any more.

"He laid me down on a nice little patch of grass, and pulled off my jeans and pants. He did not bother to take off his trousers. just opened his zip.

"However, I didn't like that, and asked him to take off his clothes properly, which he did.

"He had a really enormous penis — I could not take my eyes off it. I fondled it as he kissed me. His scent mingled with the smell of the grass and the trees around me.

"I was feeling so sexy, he did not have to play with me very long before he climbed on top of me.

"He was certainly an expert. We rocked to and fro, to and fro, and I had three orgasms before he came.

"After that, we lay still for a while, and kissed, and then I bent over him, and tongued his penis till he was stiff again.

"And then we did it all over again. He was really fabulous — when he talked me into staying with him overnight at a friend's flat, I agreed.

"We literally fucked all night — I was quite exhausted when I tottered out into the early morning. The destination I should have reached the night before was only three streets away. Luckily my friends were quite accustomed to me arriving late."

Of course, a pick up on the roads can work two ways, and this happened to a student of my acquaintance, hitching back from Cambridge to London.

"I was a little surprised when the car that stopped for me had a girl driving it. But actually, Cambridge is one town where this sometimes happens.

"Normally, women drivers are a bit wary, for obvious reasons, of picking up men hitchers, but in Cambridge most of the hitchers are students, and girls are not as scared of them.

"Also, many of the girl students do have their own cars, and are generally willing to help out a fellow student.

"This bird was no student, though, and her car was not the old banger that students usually drive.

"It was a beautiful MG, and she was just the sort of girl James Bond would have wanted to find driving it. She was brunette, very well dressed, with yellow blouse and trousers, and a yellow headscarf round her head.

"Well, we chatted all the way to London. It turned out that she was married, and that her husband was in advertising — a bit older than her, I gathered.

"When we got to London, she asked me where I wanted to go, and I said I was heading south of the river. She said she lived in Mayfair, so I thought she would drop me there.

"However, instead of just dropping me off by a convenient tube, she suggested that we had a coffee together, and took me to her pad.

"It was a nice little flat in Belgravia, and while I was sitting in her lounge, admiring the scenery, she dived into the bedroom to change.

"Out she came wearing a little mini-skirt, a blouse, open at the neck to show a really incredible pair of breasts. No tights, no stockings. Her thighs were really beautiful, long and slender, and nearly all on view.

"She showed no sign of getting that coffee, just sat down beside me on the couch, and offered me a cigarette.

"As she did so, she managed to push up her skirt a little. I could see her white panties, and little curls of black hair pushing their way cheekily out.

"I am a bit shy for my age, and I must have gone a bit red, because when I looked up, she was smiling, and she playfully tapped my cheek and said:

" 'Don't worry, have a good look, that's what it's there for.'

"And then she leaned across and kissed me. Well, I may be slow, but I'm not that slow, so I kissed her right back.

"We wrestled on the couch for a minute or two, while I felt around under her clothes. Then she took the initiative again, and began to undress me.

"Soon, we were nude, and that couch was bouncing fast and furiously. I was not very experienced at that time, but she helped me and worked me up to be really randy.

"When I flagged, she reached behind me and tickled my back passage with her nails, which I had never had done to me before. I thought it was very exciting, and really wriggled and bounded on top of her.

"She wrapped her thighs round me and banged away at me whenever her orgasm approached, and she must have come three, four, five times.

"Time just melted away, and our love-making just seemed to go on for ever.

"However, in the end we did come to a stop, sweating, and lay across each other, panting.

"In a minute she wormed herself away and began to dress. She gave me some coffee and then politely shooed me out of the flat. I often think of her — and of her husband. I wonder if he has caught up with her yet!"

Not all encounters on the road are as pleasant as that, for either party — and it is not necessarily the girl who is outraged.

One man I met said that he had been blackmailed by a girl he had picked up.

"Young miss, looked as if butter would not melt in her mouth," he said. "Looked as if she might be the quieter type of student — longish, rather old fashioned skirt, cotton blouse, very prim and proper.

"She had not been sitting in the car ten minutes when she said: 'Can you lend me twenty quid?'

"Of course I laughed and said: 'Not on your life, I'm not a bank.'

"She sat quiet for a minute, then said: 'If you don't, I'll go to the police and say that you raped me.'

"Well, I was completely stunned. What the hell was I to do? If I just let her go, the police would be sure to bring an action — and the girl always tends to be believed in these circumstances.

"Well, I called her all the names under the sun — but I gave her all the money I had on me, which was eleven pounds odd.

"She counted it carefully, put it away, then asked me to stop the car. It was a fairly quiet place, just fields, no houses, and she said:

" 'If you want something for your money, you can screw me before you go.' It was weird to hear her say it, because she sounded so prissy and quiet, not brazen and hard at all.

"I was so mad I took her at her word. We just went into the nearest field, she took off her skirt and pants, and lay down.

"I gave her a right poking, I can tell you. She had nice plump legs, and she co-operated quite a bit — but she would not let me kiss her.

"Afterwards, I asked her why she did it, and she shrugged her shoulders and said she was unemployed, and had just come out of prison.

"Anyway, I left her there by the side of the road and drove away. I never saw her again. And it'll be a long time before I give another lift, you can be sure of that."

A recent development in the hitch-hiking field is the long distance hitch-hike, across frontiers and continents.

The hippy trend of going to India in search of cut-price salvation and hashish has given rise to a whole travelling population — who risk a good deal on the road.

Rosie Swales, in her best selling autobiography, tells how she was once dumped off a car by a driver in the middle of a desert, and how she and her companions nearly died before they reached safety.

On another occasion, she and a male friend were taken a walk up a mountain by four Pakistanis. Once they reached a convenient spot, he was tied up, and she was raped. Once she saw what they were at, she took what was probably the wisest course. She just relaxed, went limp, and tried to stick her sharpest bones into them.

Sometimes the international travellers will pay their way with their bodies. One student I know, who was making the journey in his own Land Rover, was accosted in Greece by two young ladies in the usual jeans and denim shirts, who calmly offered to fuck him every night all the way to Nepal.

I may say that he accepted, and they all slept together in a vast sleeping bag made of their three individual bags zipped together (fortunately, they were all of the same popular make) all the long journey.

He said they fulfilled their part of the bargain most enthusiastically — and gets quite poetic about the nights he can remember, out in the wilds under the stars.

One girl would start off, and when she had exhausted him, the other, who had been quietly smoking, would take over, expertly finger him into erection, and start all over again.

There's no doubt, the Road to Mandalay is full of surprises!



CLASSROOM NOSTALGIA

A few weeks ago a unique and quite unexpected experience happened to me. The only fictional part of this narrative are the names given to myself and the lady concerned.

About two months ago I was in the local library looking up some technical information when suddenly a voice behind me said:

"Excuse me, it is Sam Brooks, isn't it?"

I turned around and who should be standing there but a woman I had not seen since I left school twenty-four years ago. It was Miss Dawson, my old form mistress. (Incidentally, I should point out that I am a bachelor of forty and live on my own).

Miss Dawson was a big well-built woman, much younger than her forty-seven years might suggest. She had filled out a little over the years, mainly hips and bust, but she didn't look a great deal older than when I last saw her.

After we had shaken hands and got over our initial surprise at seeing each other again, she enquired about my marital status and then told me that she also had not married.

We had a little more conversation, but then she told me she was in rather a hurry and would have to go. However, as we had a good deal still to talk about she invited me to her house on the following Saturday afternoon for tea. I was delighted to accept and she took her leave after asking to be at her house no later than 2 p.m.

Promptly at 2 p.m. the following Saturday, I rang her doorbell. When I was inside the house she took me by the shoulders and said:

"Let me take a good look at you. You don't know how pleased I am to see your lovely face again."

After saying that she took my coat and jacket and hung them up, leaving me dressed in shirt, slacks, shoes and socks.

When she turned round to me again she flung her arms around me, and planted a big kiss squarely on my mouth, then hugged me to her so that the nipples of her huge breasts dug into me.

When she finally released me she put her arm round my shoulders and escorted me down the hallway and into her comfortable lounge. We talked for about twenty minutes about where we had been, what we had done and so on until finally we got to reminiscing about my last three years at school.

At this point a little inform-

ation about my school will put your readers in the picture, as it were.

Our Headmaster spent almost as much time away from my school as in it. His attendance at School Board Meetings, Education Meetings and such-like duties left him little time to administer or take part in any school discipline; this was left entirely to the Form Mistress (the Head was the only male teacher in the school). They were given a completely free hand in this respect.

The Form Mistresses had their own methods of instilling discipline into their pupils, each one employing corporal punishment in one form or another. Our own Miss Dawson achieved the desired results by the application of her flat hand and a thin, whippy, crook-handled cane – nothing more.

Miss Dawson had twenty pupils in her class, ten boys and ten girls, whose ages ranged from thirteen to sixteen years. I joined the class when I was thirteen years old and remained in it until I left school at sixteen.

Any pupil whose conduct or slackness warranted punishment was brought out to the front of the class, trousers or knickers taken down, and either put across Miss Dawson's knee for a sound spanking or laid across her desk for a minimum of six strokes and a maximum of twelve strokes of the cane in full view of the whole class. If the punishment took place so near the end of the lesson that time did not permit punishment to be carried out before the end of lesson bell went then the culprit was ordered to stay behind and be dealt with when the rest of the class had dispersed.

The girls received the same punishment as the boys both in length of time and severity, yet the girls always seemed to take their spankings and canings far more calmly than the boys. Perhaps the reason for this is that a girl's bottom is wider and plumper than a boy's and this enabled them to absorb more punishment.

As each Form Mistress taught a different subject every class in school spent at least two periods under each one and the punishment techniques them employed differed slightly. For instance one Mistress favoured the culprit across her knees and applied a short thick leather strap. Another Mistress administered a spanking by hand or with a leather-soled slipper. Yet another gave a spanking in one of three different ways: with her hand; with a thin wooden ruler; or with the back of a hair brush. All these punishments were given with the culprit across her knees.

The most severe Form Mistresses were the History Mistress and the English Mistress. The methods employed by the History Mistress were designed to humiliate as much as punish. For minor offences the culprit was bared and then held under the Mistress's left arm in a standing position with legs wide apart astride the Mistress's left thigh and his or her rear in full view of the whole class. A sound spanking was then administered with a thick leather strap.

For more serious offences this particular Mistress would make the culprit kneel on all fours on a low wooden bench with his back to the class and administer a sound thrashing with a riding crop.

The English Mistress would put a culprit across her knees and give a normal hand spanking for minor offences; but for anything more serious the offender was "horsed" on another pupil's back – girls were "horsed" on boys' backs and vice-versa – then twelve strokes of a six-twigged birch rod were given. This particular Mistress had her birch rod specially made and paid for out of her own pocket.

To return to my conversation with Miss Dawson in her lounge: I asked her if she remembered the day I put a dead mouse into her desk drawer. She said:

"Yes, I so remember; and do you remember my putting



you across my knee and spanking you every lunchtime for a whole week for doing it?"

Miss Dawson then mentioned an incident which I don't think any member of that class will ever forget. She said:

"Do you remember the time I had occasion to go and see the Head in his study about the Sports Day arrangements and when I returned to the classroom earlier than expected I found the whole class on their feet throwing paper pellets at one another. You all shot back to your seats when I entered the room but you had all been caught red-handed. Do you remember the penalty you all paid for your unruly conduct?"

I replied that that was one occasion I, or any of the others, would never forget.

"I made you all stand up," continued Miss Dawson, "and told you to step round and face the front of your desks; then I ordered you all to drop trousers and knickers and tuck shirts and gymslips up round your waists and lie across your desks. When that was done you all received twelve good strokes of the cane in turn.

On my final day at school, the last period of the morning was a geography lesson under Miss Dawson. About ten minutes before the lunchtime bell, Miss Dawson announced that she was going next door to fetch a new box of chalks and said there was to be no talking while she was away. As this was my last day at school, I decided to have a bit of fun, and by the time Miss Dawson had arrived back with her box of chalks I had rubbed out a good deal of the figures and instructions she had so painstakingly written on the blackboard. She soon realised what had happened and demanded to know who the culprit was. As always in these cases there was a deathly silence. Miss Dawson couldn't call on the Headmaster's assistance because he was away from the school for the day so she had to deal with the matter herself.

It was almost time for the lunch hour bell to go so she told us that if no one owned up within one minute she would make us all stay in until she had found out who was responsible – lunch or no lunch!

I knew the rest of the class would not tell her but I couldn't let them miss their lunch as some of them went home for it, and would, no doubt, be in trouble with their parents, so I stood up and admitted I was responsible.

Just then the lunchtime bell rang and I could plainly see Miss Dawson was really furious. She said that as soon as the class reassembled at one o'clock she intended to punish me severely and make an example of me.

By the time the one o'clock assembly bell rang, young Sam Brooks was nowhere to be found. I took my last afternoon off and denied Miss Dawson her chance of making an example of me.

Miss Dawson took up the story once again:

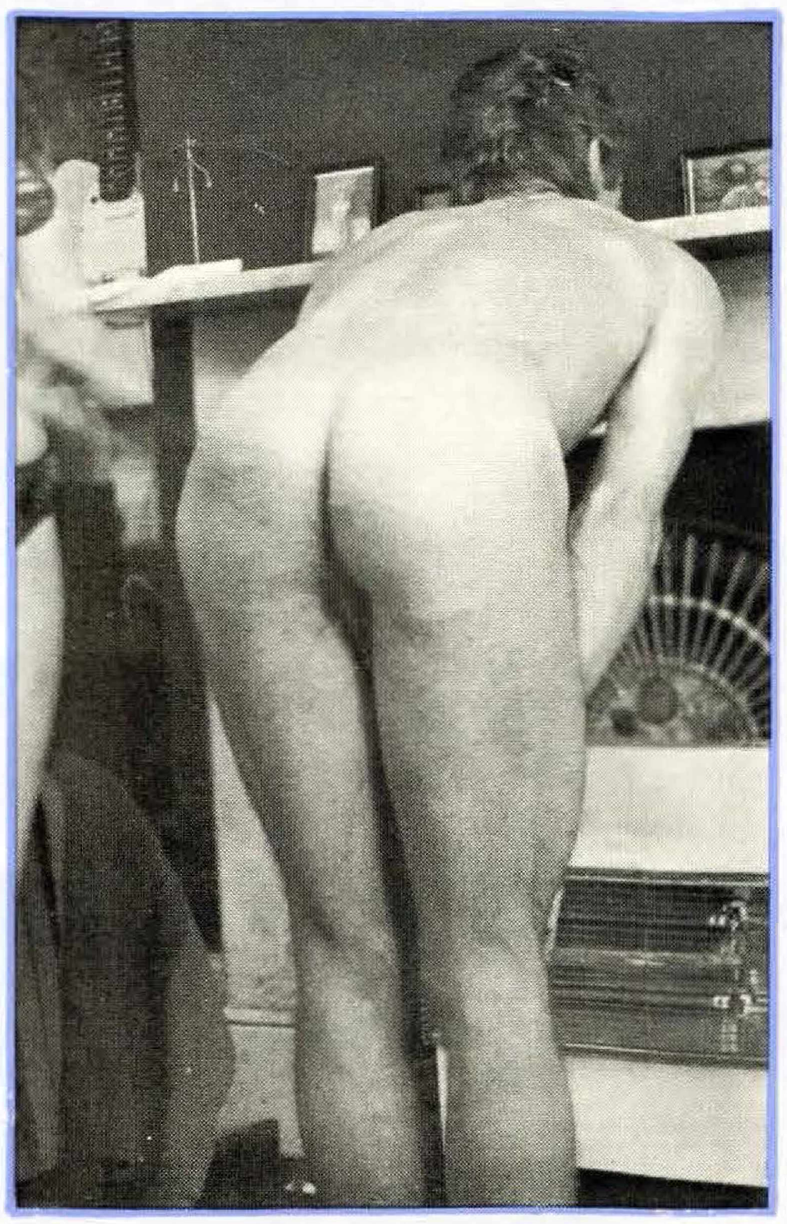
"When I realised you were playing truant just to escape your just punishment, I was really upset. Not only that you had got off scot-free and made me look a fool in front of the whole class but you had also wasted a whole lesson for both me and the class, and I was very tempted to go and see your parents about the matter, but decided against it for two reasons. I wanted the satisfaction of punishing you myself, as your actions had been aimed at ridiculing me, and I also wanted to punish you in front of the whole class, hoping it would act at a deterrent to them in future."

I asked Miss Dawson what my punishment would have been that afternoon. She replied:

"I was going to remove your trousers completely, put you across my knee and give you the soundest spanking you had ever had from me; then I was going to make you stand in the corner of the room with your hands on your head and your bared bottom on full display to the whole class. After a half hour in the corner, and after you had cooled off a little, I intended to march you to my desk and lay you across it to receive twelve of the hardest strokes of the cane I could possibly administer."

This was the first time I had heard what my fate would have been on that last day of school, and I said to my old Form Mistress:

"Miss Dawson, you may not believe this, but for several months after I left school I was a little upset about it all. I wished on many occasions I had gone back that afternoon and taken the punishment I deserved. I really felt sorry for you because you had always been so fair with me and all your other pupils. I could never remember one instance where you punished a pupil who didn't really deserve it. I felt I had played a dirty trick on



you and it's made me feel pretty rotten ever since. There were times when I felt like coming to your house and asking you to forgive me, and also to give you the chance to settle the score, but somehow I never made it."

Miss Dawson then mumbled something about its being too late now, but I cut her short, saying:

"Look Miss, you know me, or should do by now. I have always hated to be in debt to anyone and I don't intend to start now. As far as I am concerned I still owe you a big debt and this is as good a time and place as any to settle it and clear both our minds, once and for all. I took advantage of the fact it was my last day at school, and for the first time in my life I failed myself and failed you also. If you are prepared to turn the clock back twenty-four years and square our account, I think we would both feel better for it."

Miss Dawson looked at me for a while, then said:

"Very well, then. Perhaps it would be better if we settled this old score here and now instead of leaving it to stand between us; but in view of the fact that the offence was committed so long ago I will be lenient with you and dispense with the caning part and just give you a well-deserved spanking."

At this point I interrupted her and told her that I always paid my debts in full and would not accept charity: she had been denied her rights once and now she must have compensation in full.

Miss Dawson was still trying to be lenient and suggested she administer both forms of punishment over my trousers. I declined her offer and intimated that we either clean the slate completely or not at all.

She said:

"Very well, then, Sam. If you feel your conscience will not allow you to accept either of my two lenient proposals, then I must warn you I shall be no less severe than I would have been on that last afternoon at school."

Miss Dawson then told me to take my shoes off and while I was doing this she went over and opened one of the sideboard drawers and took out a thin crook-handled cane saying:

"Do you remember this, Sam? You should, you've felt its sting often enough."

When I had removed my shoes she put the cane under her left arm and led the way upstairs to her bedroom. As soon as we arrived she put the cane on her bed and asked me if I minded if she removed her stockings and dress as she didn't want her stockings laddered or her dress dribbled on.

I said she was in charge of the proceedings so the decision was entirely up to her. She raised her dress and underskirt, unhooked her suspenders and rolled her stockings completely off. She took her dress off and sat down on an upright bedroom chair. As I stood at her right hand side she rolled her underskirt up until I could see the V of her pale blue panties disappearing between the tops of her thighs.

By the time she had lowered my trousers and my underpants I was sporting a pretty fine erection and to my surprise she slid her hands from my hips to my armpits taking both shirt and undervest with them. I was fully exposed from armpits to ankles as she pulled me down across her bare thighs.

She placed her hand in the small of my back to hold me down and said:

"Now, young man, as you refused my offer to spank you over your trousers I can promise you before I have finished you will not want to sit down for quite some time."

Then she proceeded to



spank me until I was almost in tears. Before she helped me back to my feet she took my trousers and underpants off and tucked the back of my shirt and undervest around my waist.

When I was on my feet she pointed out the reason for removing her stockings and dress. On top of her left thigh was a small patch of sperm which had appeared during the spanking and was quickly removed with a handkerchief.

Needless to say, the spanking had been so severe that I had lost my erection by the time it was over.

Miss Dawson escorted me across the room, aided by the application of half a dozen good hard smacks, and made me stand with my face in the corner with my hands on my head.

She told me I was to remain there for the next half hour, exactly as I would have been made to do on that last afternoon at school, and in the meantime she would go down and prepare our tea. She warned me that if I moved before being given permission to do so the result would be that I would be back over her

knee again.

The next thirty minutes seemed like an eternity and I dared not move across to the wardrobe mirror to view the results of her handiwork in case there were any loose floor boards about.

When Miss Dawson came into the bedroom again she led me across to her dressing table and, after clearing everything off it, said I was now going to receive the second stage of my punishment.

After I had been stretched out over the dressing table she picked up the cane from the bed and proceeded to cane me with twelve really hard strokes of the cane.

When it was all over she helped me on with my underpants and trousers and said:

"Now that you have paid your debt in full the incident is closed and we will not mention it again. If you can manage to sit down let us go and enjoy a good salad tea."

When we were downstairs again she placed a couple of soft cushions on the chair I was to sit on, and although it was pretty uncomfortable, I really did enjoy that tea.

We spent the rest of the evening chatting and going back over the years, talking about old friends and old faces. We even got through a bottle of sherry in the process!

When I left Miss Dawson's house that night, still feeling very warm and tender, she invited me to take tea with her again, which has been arranged for next Sunday. As yet I don't know whether our next meeting will be just an informal get-together or if she has already thought of an excuse to put me across her knee again.

The marks left by that caning were still visible some two weeks later, and I am not looking forward to any repeat performance.

S.N.B.
Yorks.

IS THIS A RECORD?

I am a comparatively new reader of *Janus*, only discovering your exciting journal a few months ago. I never realised until then that there was so much freedom of confidences available as there is in your letter section. I find everything about *Janus* just fine and my opinions are shared by my wife. We have struck a new level of understanding as a result of reading about other people's sexual escapades.

I have even begun smacking her bottom, not as hard as some readers claim they do, and I only use my hand, but Molly seems to nejoy this as much as I do.

We are both twenty-two and have been married just over a year. To be honest, I decided she was the girl I wanted to marry because of what must have been a latent fetish desire I had. I met her at a social dance run by our firm; she attended this with her father who is one of the executive members of the staff. Like most of the girls she wore a long evening dress, but under this, as I discovered when petting in the grounds between dances, she wore stockings and a garter belt and not tights which every other girl I had ever got intimate with did.

The feel of her stocking tops and soft thighs set my blood on fire. Suddenly those pin-up photos I had appreciated in girlie magazines came to life. Until then they had seemed artificial, a glimpse of the past decade. Molly got excited by my fondling her but she would not let me have intercourse and this was a change from most girls who accepted sex as a matter of course. She kept insisting we returned to the dance but we spent most of the evening together and I was as jealous as hell when other men took her from me for casual dances.

After the dance she told her father I would drive her home and we petted again. I told her I would like to kiss the softness of her thighs, to put my lips to that expanse of flesh broken only by suspenders. She laughed at my eagerness but let me do it, stroking the back of my neck and hair as I ran my lips over her upper limbs. She told me I was making her



feel randy; I knew this by her moisture, but she would not let me have her and only after a lot of persuasion would she fondle me to put an end to my torment.

We dated several times after that but she always wore short dresses and tights. One evening I told her I preferred the stockings she had worn to the dance. She said she could only wear those under longer dresses and seemed surprised when I urged her to put them on for our dates because I liked them.

After that she did wear them most times when she came out with me and as we both felt deeply attracted we became engaged. We got up to all manner of tricks for she was hot-blooded and passionate, but I had to wait months before she finally let me have intercourse and that was only because by that time she was half crazy wanting it. I knew I was her first by her behaviour but was surprised how easy it was for I had expected a virgin to be much more tight. I had clicked with a number of girls before; some gave in on first dates, others needed more coaxing so I had a bit of experience to go on.

Even after that night she kept me at bay, and intercourse was not the natural ending to heavy petting, but I got it occasionally when she felt really wild. One night I was knealing on the car floor kissing her thighs; she had her legs over my shoulders and was well forward on the seat so I could reach every part of her, and the tiny nylon panties she had on were no obstruction for my tongue. I became so overwrought, knowing she would not let me have her because she was well satisfied with what I was doing, that I took my penis out and began masturbating as I worked on her.

I thought she would be unaware of my actions for she could not see down there, but when she climaxed after several orgasms she murmured:

"Do you want me to finish or have you done it?"

I told her I had, feeling rather guilty, but she seemed to think it quite natural and handed me a tissue from her bag.

Another time when she phoned me to cancel a date at short notice I expressed my disappointment by telling her how badly I needed her. She gurgled over the line:

"You'll have to give him a little stroke, won't you, but think of me because I'm missing you too."

To my surprise when we met the next evening she asked me if I had done that and gave my hand an affectionate squeeze and asked if it had been nice.

We courted eighteen months because her father promised to buy us a house if she waited until she was twenty-one to be sure she was doing the right thing. In some ways they were exciting months because she rarely let me go home unrelieved, but they were also frustrating times for she limited proper intercourse until she felt desperate enough to risk it. She would not see her doctor for the birth pill and always insisted on fitting the sheath herself and checking it afterwards to satisfy herself it was not faulty.

But on the honeymoon she proved to be a glutton for it and during the twenty-one days, according to her records, we never did it less than four times a day, hitting a record seven times one day it rained too much to venture out. She always put on stockings, a garter belt and sexy tiny panties for lovemaking, joking that she had to dress up to go to bed. The panties never stayed on long but often she fell asleep in the stockings and belt and was ready for me when we awoke.



When we settled in the new house this pattern continued as it still does. She wears tights for work and most other occasions but reverts to seamed nylons for my amusement at nights. She knows how much bare thighs and lots of bare bottom turn me on.

I began selecting the panties I fancied on her from her lingerie drawer; she has masses of them, and being mere fragments of nylon one drawer hold some fifty pairs. She wears two or three different pairs a day, under her tights when wearing tights, and claims this vast number is necessary. Her Saturday morning wash line looks like Nelson's signal to the fleet.

One night when delving deeper in the drawer, searching for a pair I may not have seen on her so much I came across a plastic vibrator tucked among the lower garments. I held it up and she snapped:

"Put that back; you weren't meant to see it."

She appeared a little embarrassed so I let the matter rest until we were making love and she was writhing and groaning with pleasure; then I asked her how long she had had it and why.

She did not stall me off but answered my questions rather reluctantly. She had purchased it by post before meeting me

and admitted using it a lot when she felt sexy after being out with boys, including times with me. This was why I had suspected she was not a virgin in the true sense of the word.

Her attitude was: "I bet you were playing with yourself more than you ever told me, so why shouldn't I, I felt bad, too, you know."

I did not mind; it seemed to cement a bond between us knowing she had suffered equal physical anguish, but what did astound me was her frank reply when I asked why she had kept it.

"What makes you think I don't use it still?" she giggled.

"Do you?" I asked.

She fluttered her eyes and nodded like a naughty child. I gave her a sharp slap across her bare bottom and wanted to know how often and when.

I was never a spanker until that night but she got a good smacked bottom as I dragged the details out of her. It was all in fun, she liked it, but getting slapped certainly made her more eager to talk.

So when I saw *Janus* for the first time it was the natural thing for me to take it home to Molly and I must say we have had lots of fun from it. Often she will ask when we begin to make love: "Am I going to get my bottom smacked first?"

Generally this form of play is reserved for when sex is imminent; but there have been a couple of occasions when I have taken her panties down to show my disapproval of some action but as this has ended in love one could only describe them as playful smackings.

Only a few weeks back she bought a new dress and fibbed about the price she paid because she thought I would be furious. When I did learn the truth I chased her half round the house and eventually got her across my knees, skirt up, tights and panties down, and let her feel my views by using my hand on her bare bottom.

H.T.
Lancs.





RUBBER IN BED

I am fulfilling a long-standing intention of writing to you to let you know how very much I appreciate your magazine. I was a little doubtful when you altered the format; but it seems to be working out.

My interest is in rubber and mackintoshes and from time to time I am able to enjoy your articles and correspondence dealing with these subjects. Spanking and allied entertainments do nothing for me, yet I do like to hear other people's views and experiences. The only time I was chastised by my late husband I was fastened up in my mackintosh and hooded, but that is another story. Neither of us enjoyed it and it was never repeated.

The sentiments on the mackintosh and rubber theme expressed by your correspondents are interesting and varied and some of the photos

are excellent. I trust that the section may be extended.

I was introduced to the mysteries of mackintoshing by my late husband during the war, when he bought me a white mackintosh cape, most useful in the blackout. The cape was almost ankle-length, made from smooth unpolished rubber on a cotton base, with a detachable hood of double thickness with draw tapes.

I was not long in discovering that this mackintosh excited my husband and I teased him accordingly. One evening after coming home from a dance I kept the cape on while I was getting our late drink and, still in the mac, sat on his knee. When we got up to go to bed I knew he was ready for me so while he went round the house locking up I quickly slipped upstairs, undressed, and put the cape on again, doing up the hood. When he came into the bedroom I was already in bed and as he went to put on his pyjamas I told him not to bother.

His reaction when he found I was wearing the cape was out of this world and so the mackintosh in bed became commonplace.

Later, when I got a rubber-lined satin coat, I found his reaction to be disappointing until I realized he needed the rubber contact with his skin. I found that having him put the white cape over the satin coat did as much for me as it did for him.

We had been married some time when I began to interest myself in a local Guild, attending their weekly meetings while my husband stayed at home doing odd jobs or reading. It was during a visit to a neighbouring Guild that I saw my husband with a lady wearing a shiny black mackintosh.

I was with the rest of my Guild, so I decided not to make a scene but to have the matter out with him when we were at home.

When I returned he was sitting reading, with the kettle on and supper prepared. When I spoke to him he emphatically denied having been out of the house and said that the mackintoshed lady came out of my imagination. I did not believe him. I was in such a temper I locked the mackintoshes away and told him I was withdrawing his privileges. Later I ordered a number of items through the post.

I missed my Guild meetings until my parcel arrived. Then I announced I was re-starting attendance there, which seemed to please my husband. On the evening of the meeting I sent my husband upstairs to undress. I followed with the parcel, which was eyed by him with some suspicion.

The first thing to come out of it was a sleeping bag of heavyweight black rubber. I told him to climb into this and zipped it close to his neck so that it fitted snugly. I then drew out what was described as a chin support. This was also of heavy rubber and fitted closely under his chin, around the sides of his face and over his mouth right up to the lower edge of his nose. It was secured tightly with rubber straps behind and over his head and made an effective yet safe gag.

I took out a full face mask, reinforced at mouth and eyes and shaped over his nose. It had two breathing holes at nostril level. I put this over his face, making sure the breathing holes were correctly positioned, zipped the thick rubber hood down the back, completely enclosing his head, and finally I took out a padded rubber eye-shield, which I put round his head over the hood, pressing the rubber of the hood tightly to his eyesockets and so blindfolding him. As a final precaution I connected the zip tabs of the sleeping bag and the hood with a small padlock so that it was impossible for him to escape.

When I freed him the next morning he was very penitent although he still proclaimed his innocence.

I maintained this routine for a few weeks until he got into the habit of getting into the bag, pulling on the gag, the hood and the eyeshield himself so that all I needed to do was to zip the sleeping bag up and lock the two zips.

One evening I had gone to my Guild, leaving him locked up, but when I got to my meeting place I saw him again with the mackintosh lady. This was too much and I charged across the road. I was about to accost them and then the man turned and I could see that although he resembled my husband and dressed similarly he was a complete stranger. In fact they were husband and wife.

After explanations we became friendly. They were interested in mackintoshing and





it is with them that I can still enjoy an occasional mackintoshing session.

I dashed home to my husband and I couldn't free him quickly enough and make the mackintoshes and myself available to him with apologies and promises.

He said he ought to zip me up in all my mackintoshes to make up for what I had done to him. If this would in any way make it up to him I was more than willing; and while I put on the rubber-lined coat and then the white cape over it, my husband got out some straps. With my arms strapped behind me and my ankles fastened to the bottom corners of the bed we certainly made up for our period of chastity.

Later my husband often used to have me lock him up in the sleeping bag when I was going out to my meetings and as a special favour I would tie him up in the mackintoshes first.

I must admit this knowledge of rubber and particularly mackintoshes has ensured me a full and happy married life. Without it, though, we might have found something else – who knows?

J.C.
Cheshire.

VIEW FROM BELOW

I am a lover of stockings and suspenders; and I am sure your readers would like to hear about an experience of mine concerning these highly erotic garments.

For some years I worked for a painting and decorating firm. The company secured a contract to re-paint a school in the area. Quite frankly it was not a job I was looking forward to – but what a pleasant time it turned out to be!

Some of the girls at the school – girls of fifteen or sixteen – were very attractive; and since this was not a school which demanded uniforms, they wore skirts or dresses which, I am happy to say, were beautifully short. A number of the girls had lovely shapely legs and since this was before the days of tights, daily flashes of stocking tops made the job worthwhile.

One week, however, stands out in my mind. I was given the unenviable task of re-painting the staircase – three flights with open sides. Unenviable, maybe – but I suddenly found myself in a perfect leg-watching position. Without drawing too much attention to myself, I was able to look up the skirts of the girls as they went up and down the stairs.

I was dizzy with views of stocking tops and suspenders. Although most of the girls took no notice of me, a few were aware I was having a look up their skirts and did nothing to stop me: in fact two girls were going out of their way to make sure I did get an eyefull. These two both had good legs – and knew it.

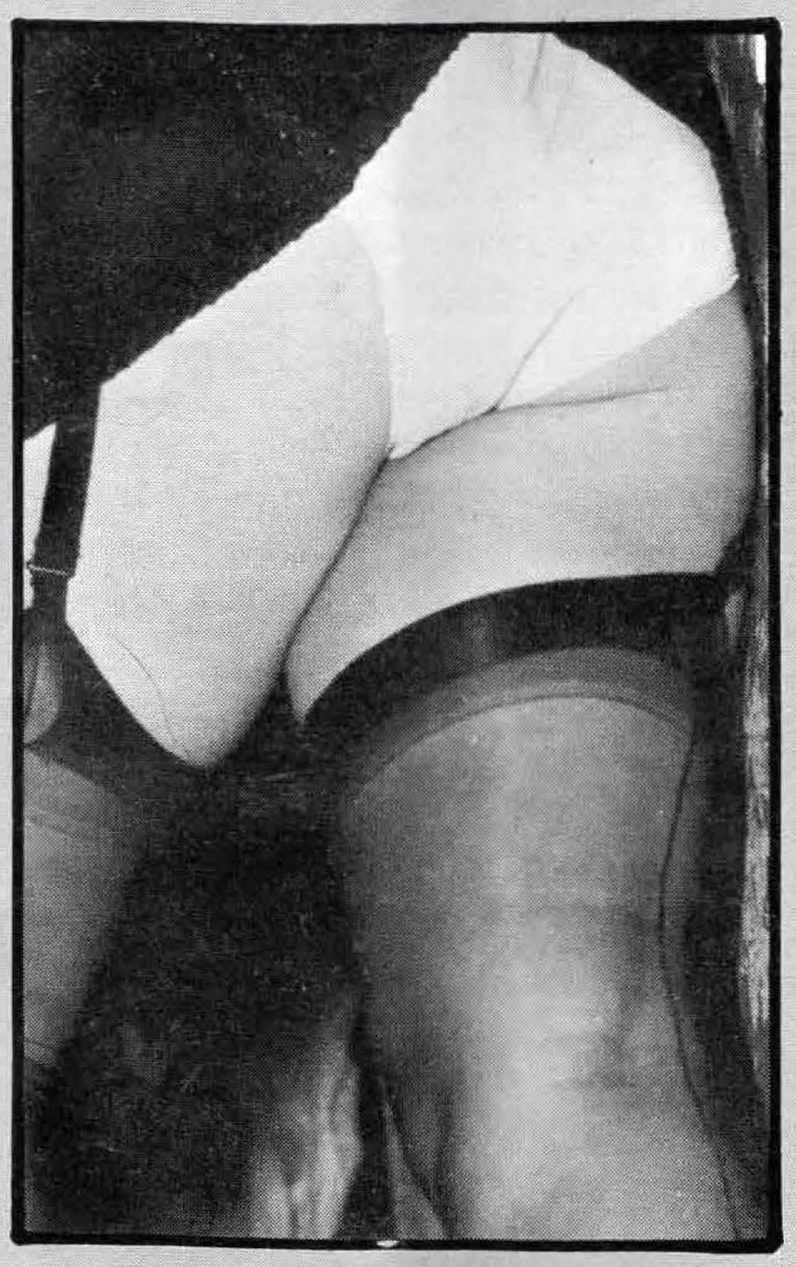
When I saw them approaching, usually together, I would lie down on the stairs, pretending to paint the bottom of a rail. On several occasions they climbed the stairs, moving past me slowly, and then just stood talking, several stairs higher than I was. My face was close to their ankles and they knew jolly well I could see right up their skirts.

One morning they did this and there was no one else about. Looking up their nylons was too much, especially when they were tempting me to do just that, and I moved my head upwards until my face was literally up the skirt of one of the girls, with her straining stocking tops and taut pink suspenders only inches from my eyes. I heard the girls giggling as I ogled their stocking tops, creamy thighs and tiny pink panties, my nose almost touching the bottoms of the tight suspenders.

I became so excited I couldn't resist moving my hand up and lifting the hem of one of the girl's skirts above the tops of her sheer nylons; but she let out a squeal and ran off up the stairs, her friend close behind.

Plenty more views of delicious stocking tops were to follow, and from having dreaded starting a job, I was very reluctant to finish it.

P.H.
Warwickshire.



Here are the first entries from our SCHOOLGIRL WIFE COMPETITION











THE WALLOPER

After reading your comments about the difference between mild corporal punishment for sexual titillation and more severe beatings for disciplinary purposes, I believe I can illustrate the point.

We were four children in our family: two boys and two girls with about five years between us. From the age of nine our parents introduced us to what they called "the walloper" which had been inherited from my Dad's father. It was a two feet long riding cane, ivory coloured, made of something like whalebone. It was kept permanently on our large dining-room table, even during meals, and was used mainly by my father to exact instant redistribution for faults.

If any of us were rude or disobedient, my father would pick up the walloper and make the offender bend over to receive one cut across the bottom. Even through trousers or dress this would raise a livid weal if laid on hard, and perching on the edge of one's chair became a necessary skill.

This arbitrary punishment was never more than one cut, although the force used varied considerably, as did the target area. We girls dreaded what we called "stocking toppers". Our parents knew this was where the tenderest flesh was and would lay the stroke there for the worst offences.

The occasion I remember best was one day at tea time when I was fourteen. Mother had made a gorgeous trifle, and when I had finished my portion I saw there was some left and so I sneaked it into my dish when I thought no one was looking. Unfortunately my brother saw me and he hadn't had any trifle.

Dad picked up the walloper and I had to bend over, feeling very ashamed. I was made to take my knickers down, lift my dress and my father slashed the cane as hard as he could across my bare thighs. I squealed and stood up with the agony, and I remember the raw red line took weeks to heal. I can honestly say I have never been greedy again and all my family, who are still very close, are as honest and straight as anyone you could meet. We all attribute this to our parents and their insistence on high standards, literally cracking down on any departures from them.

For little family squabbles, the offenders would receive a whack each to make them jump a bit; while for more serious things like lying or disobedience there would be a stronger punishment.

Funnily enough, the one real thrashing I ever had, the only time my father lost his temper, was when I was seventeen. I had been seeing the local Romeo, more for appearances than anything else, and my father soon told me I had better stop. I wasn't worried and on the next day when the boy met me from school I told him what my father had said. He was very upset and we argued all the way home until finally my father met us. I said a thankful goodbye to the boy but the implications did not dawn on me until I saw my father's face.

Scared, I tried to explain, but he would not listen, and when we got in the house he went straight for the cane. I bent over for the usual cut, but he did not stop, hitting me again and again.

My yells brought my mother running from the kitchen and she stopped the thrashing, but I was in great distress, my bottom criss-crossed with red stripes.

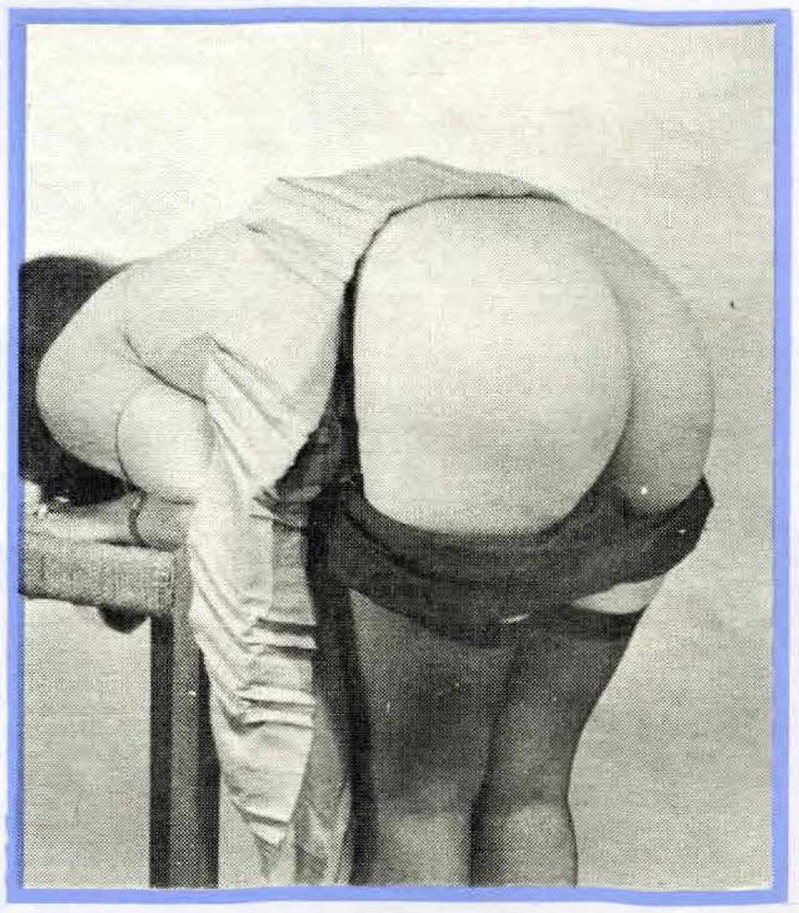
My mother bathed them, put me to bed and then went to talk to my father after I had told her all about it. He never mentioned the matter again but that was almost the last time he hit me.

The last time was when I was home from University and immune from the walloper – I thought! I used the current "in" word in debating "Rubbish!" to one of my father's arguments. The juicy cut I got brought me down to earth!

If all this sounds like something out of Charles Dickens, please read on because our family was a very happy one with a great love and respect for our parents and we knew they cared for us and were preparing us for a happy and useful life. They were interested in all our activities and gave us limitless amounts of that priceless thing denied to so many children – time.

This is where the other side of corporal punishment comes in. My father had invented a number of games to test and improve our knowledge and the loser of each round received a sharp whack with the walloper in the usual place. This was nothing like the cut one had for a punishment but it still stung like mad and one didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

I was a bit superior about these games because being the eldest and doing well at school I was rarely the loser. One day, however, I had an uncontrollable fit of the giggles



and found it hard to concentrate, so that I kept losing and getting well whacked. Even my father was laughing as he walloped me and the others, pleased to see me getting it instead of them, cheered every stroke.

Later I looked in my bedroom mirror at my bottom. It was flushed a deep rosy pink and I could almost warm my hands on it. The burning sensation was mixed with a strange new exitement that half-scared me and I lay face down on my bed and had a little weep – I didn't really know why! The itching was driving me frantic and I rubbed and scratched to no avail. I found myself on the verge of something outside my experience and could hear myself moaning and sighing out loud. Suddenly the most wonderful feeling of relief overwhelmed me and everything else was forgotten in what I realise later was my first orgasm. Funnily enough my bottom began to hurt properly then and I had a rotten night!

After this I occasionally acted dim in the games to earn myself a warmed bottom, but I never achieved the same feeling and soon I left for University, where I met my husband.

I was still a virgin when we married and although enjoying loving and being loved I was not achieving orgasm and we were both worried about this. Eventually, I mentioned my earlier experiences and asked my husband to smack my bottom before love-making. He did so with great relish using a wooden hairbrush, producing the same laugh/cry conflict as before and in bed we had a super mutual orgasm although too quickly. We have now learned to control it to great effect and couldn't be happier.

We have two darling baby girls and see all our family regularly, including proud Grandad (of seven, so far). We laugh about the old days and I really think we all benefitted from our strict upbringing with a healthy respect for the cane. Maybe you will say it has given me a kinky outlook – so what! I couldn't enjoy sex more.

The old walloper has been passed to a third generation – my brother, who says he will use it on his children when they are old enough. Despite my beliefs I don't think I will ever punish mine in this way as I am too soft-hearted and it takes great resolution to hurt those you love.

J.C. (Mrs.)
Derbyshire.



LIKE DAUGHTER LIKE MOTHER

Your readers' letter remind me of an experience I had recently and which others might like to read about.

I am a headmaster of a primary school. One of my pupils, a girl of quite unusual beauty, came to my notice because of her high spirits and sense of fun.

While she was a pupil in my school I never had cause to punish her, except mild reprimands when she was too high spirited.

When she left me she was a most attractive, well-developed girl, who came back frequently to see the staff. When she was about fifteen I had a phone call from her mother. She was now divorced and having trouble with Sandra who had become very disobedient and headstrong.

She brought her to see me and I duly lectured her and told her she would be heading for severe punishment if she didn't mend her ways. Her mother told Sandra I would cane her if she made any more trouble! This surprised me a little but I had to agree in front of the girl.

Some months later her mother phoned in desperation. Sandra had hit her with an ash tray when caught in possession of stolen underwear.

"She needs that caning you promised her" she sobbed.

I hastened around and found her with a badly cut eyebrow and a rather shaken Sandra. I left sorry for her mother, herself a very attractive woman.

"Please don't cane me. I'll be good I promise, really I will," Sandra pleaded.

"Well you've had your chance," I said crossly. "You've hurt your mother and now I can't see anything for it but to punish you."

"Go to your room," her mother said, "and do as I told

you."

When Sandra went out she handed me a cane, a nice whippy one!

"I told her she's to get twelve strokes on her bare backside I was so mad with her. She respects you and you won't have any trouble with her."

"Well, Mrs. A - - - " I said. "You must be there too. It's quite a severe caning, but I'll do it if that 's what you wish."

We went to her room and true enough Sandra was sobbing quietly.

"Please sir, I'm sorry, but I do deserve to be caned. I'm sorry Mum," and with that she knelt down and lay across the bed.

I lifted her tunic to reveal lovely, white, young buttocks. Her mother tucked the tunic in Sandra's sash and waited. I hardened my heart and raised the cane.

Sandra gasped as it landed. Her hands grabbed the bed clothes and her buttocks jerked together in pain. I waited several seconds. A second stroke and two bright red lines appeared across her white flesh as she jerked again in pain.

Slowly and deliberately I carried out her punishment. She screamed and jerked wildly but to her credit she never attempted to get up.

"Please stop, I can't stand it. I'll never do it again!" punctuated the proceedings.

At last it was over. She lay trembling and sobbing bitterly on the bed, her buttocks criss-crossed by angry red and white lines.

Had I been too hard? I suggested her mother apply some cream to ease the worst pain. I left hastily, partly to control my own feelings and partly to leave the mother to deal with her beaten daughter.

It seemed to have the desired effect. Sandra did mend her ways.



But it did have one unexpected consequence. Her mother, a very attractive woman as I said, invited me round one evening. She was alone, but the cane was on the table.

"Oh dear, more trouble with Sandra?" I asked apprehensively.

"No, quite the opposite. It's me!"

"You?"

"Yes, you see, today I stole these gloves from a local shop. Don't you think I ought to be caned?"

And with that she lay across the settee and slowly began to raise the skirt of her dress – but that's another story?

A.P.
Watford.

SPANKING KNICKERS

In the pages of *Janus* we read of many older girls and married women who are put into some form of school uniform, particularly regulation schoolgirl gym knickers, for spanking. Also of many who are made to stand in a corner, suitably dressed, before a spanking; but as yet nobody has mentioned the benefits of continuing this after the punishment.

On several occasions my present girl friend has been made to do this, and it has two basic results. Firstly, the physical effects of spanking are prolonged; and, secondly, the humiliation also adds to the effect.

Cotton interlock gym pants are very soft to the touch but, the material of which they are made being fairly thick, they have two effects in the course of a spanking. They keep the bottom warm, which means the heat generated by a spanking takes longer to dissipate and hence the sting takes longer to go away. The material also acts as a minor irritant to the sore flesh of a well spanked bottom. I have seen my girl friend wriggling because of this twenty-four hours after the original spanking.

These gym knickers should always be of the elasticated cuff leg variety, as the grip of this elastic around the thighs just below the bottom also forms a constant reminder to the culprit that she is wearing them.

On the last two occasions recently I have given my girl friend the last few spanks to the top of the thighs, and now the threat of this as an additional punishment is all that is necessary, for the leg elastic gripping and irritating the sore legs really makes a girl feel uncomfortable for a prolonged period.

Even when only the bottom has been smacked, the grip of the elastic is a constant reminder to the culprit that she is still wearing gym pants, and thus the humiliation which goes with a little-girl-style spanking is prolonged.

While most girls made to wear gym knickers wear navy blue ones, I insist on bottle-green school knickers, for one very simple reason. How many have seen this colour used for ladies' underwear while navy, red, black, white, cream, pink, beige and even grey lingerie can be found? I at least have never seen any dark bottle-green panties apart from the proper schoolgirl regulation knickers.

When possible I insist that the gym pants be worn with a short full skirt or kilt. The culprit has to be careful to avoid exposure of her knickers, and this adds to the humiliation.

As an additional punishment I have made two girls go into the school uniform section of a large department store with me and ask for "a pair of bottle-green cotton school gym pants to fit me, please." When the knickers are packed I pay for them; the look on the assistant's face is startling, so you can imagine the humiliation which the girl goes through.

I expect most readers of *Janus* who are on the schoolgirl thing will have their own techniques, usually allied to some experience while at a more tender age. My own well-remembered garment is gym shorts as worn by boys at most schools.

At my prep school, woe betide anybody who tried to wear anything under his gym shorts. Once discovered wearing underpants, the culprit had to take off both his gym shorts and his underpants and was given six of the best with a very well-worn gym shoe kept especially for the purpose. Most other offences in the gym lesson were dealt with in a similar way except that the shorts were left on. I am sure many others will be able to vouch for the fact that these



black cotton gym shorts did very little or nothing to allay the effects of a well applied gym shoe. I know I can!

I was instrumental in getting these shorts used in the home of a girlfriend of mine. The girl's brother was eight or nine and during his school holidays I was a fairly regular visitor to the house.

One day, little brother was missing and eventually turned up very late for lunch. His mother, speaking to me about his behaviour, pointed out that a smack didn't seem to work any more. Having seen him get the occasional slap across his bottom without removing any clothes, and with his mother using only her hand to chastise him, I suggested he was old enough to progress to something more effective, and explained how we had been dealt with at school, including the gym short episodes mentioned above.

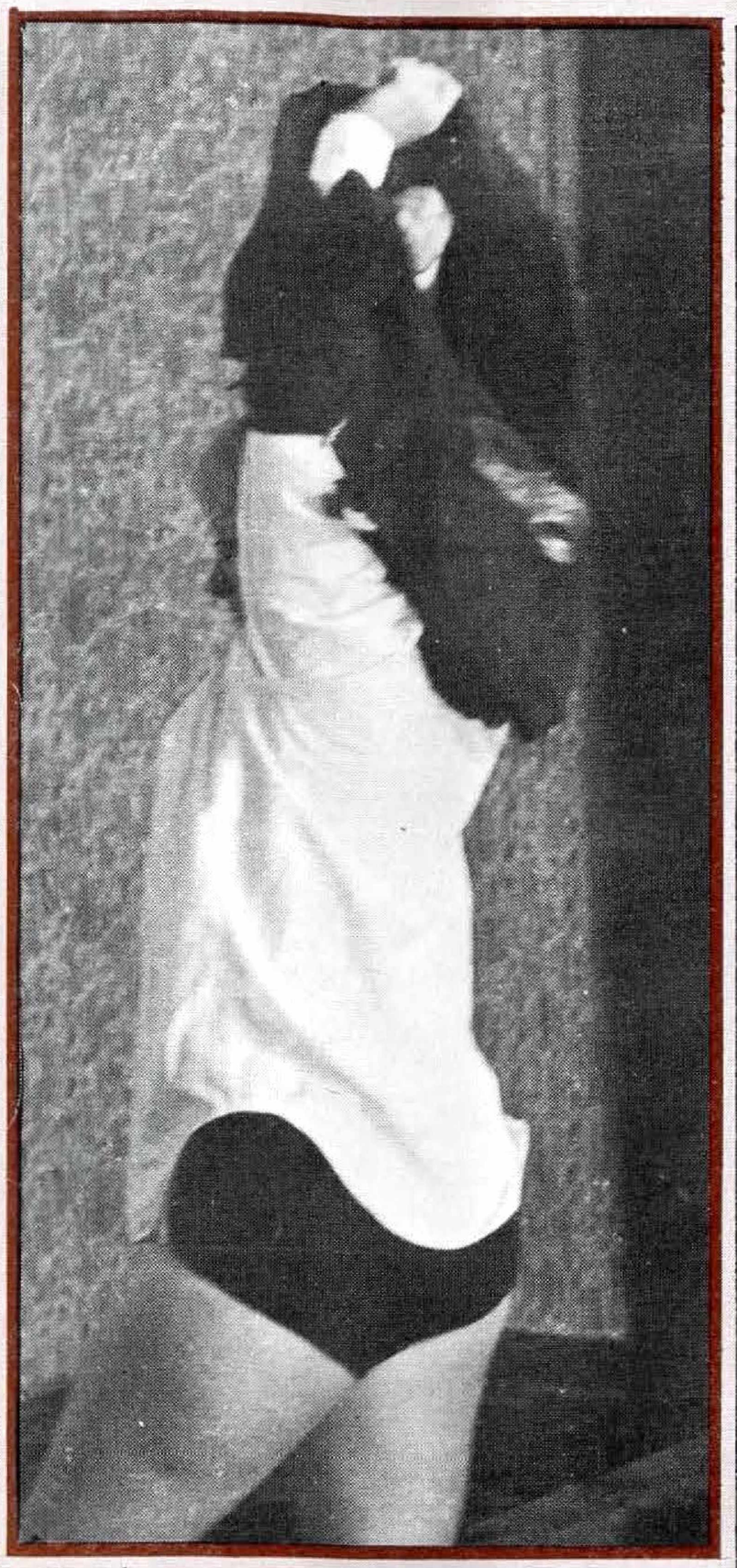
"Take his trousers down and give him the slipper!" I suggested.

His mother replied that she didn't want to undress him to punish him, so I told her he could wear cotton shorts on their own during the summer at least. She said she would think about it.

When the lad came home, not only was he late, but his jeans were ripped. He was marched off to his room and his mother decided to get out his gym shorts. She made him put these on without underpants as the ones he had had on were torn and filthy.

A little later she brought him downstairs, picked up one of her husband's slippers, put him over her lap and gave him what can only be described as a good hiding, interspersed with a lecture on time-keeping and looking after his clothes.

The result was a transformation – he behaved for a whole week without even needing a



slap!

Discussing this later with his mother, I suggested he wasn't the only one needing this treatment and that her daughter could also benefit from a good slippering occasionally. The girl was still at school and her mother decided that similar techniques were needed.

The daughter told me one day she couldn't go out because she had been naughty and eventually the story came out that she couldn't go out because her mother had slippered her bottom and put her into one of her old little-girl cotton dresses and gym pants for the punishment.

I also had this young lady over my knee a couple of times, but the details will have to wait for another letter.

K.B.
Somerset.

SOUTH AFRICAN STEP-FATHER

While holidaying in England with our aunt and uncle my sister and I were shown a copy of your magazine by our cousin.

I am a girl of nineteen and my sister is seventeen. We have three step-sisters aged twenty, nineteen and eighteen.

The articles that caught our eyes most were those concerning spankings as we did not know that there was so much interest in this topic in England.

We live in South Africa, and there girls of our age are not allowed the freedom that our counterparts enjoy in England. In fact it is normal family life for the discipline to be very strict and rigid, and it is accepted as quite normal for young ladies to be spanked at home and school until they are twenty-one, and, in exceptional cases, after this age. Our family is no different although until nine months ago my sister and I had not been disciplined too strictly. When mother considered we deserved it she had spanked us with the back of a wooden hair brush across our panties. It stung at the time but was nothing compared with what we have suffered over the last nine months.

It was then that my mother re-married and my step-father took over our discipline. Our step-sister had told us that they were caned for misbehaviour but we did not pay much attention to this.

The day we moved into my stepfather's house he called us into his study and proceeded to warn us that in future we were under his control and if we misbehaved or disobeyed him we would be caned as our step-sisters were. He then went to a cupboard and produced a cane which he informed us normally hung behind the bathroom door. It was about as

thick as a pencil, had a crooked handle at one end and had two red lines drawn around it.

He said its qualities were many; and took a pamphlet from his desk and handed it to me. I was told to read it out aloud so that my sisters could hear what it said.

It started: "Our senior curved handle canes are 36" in length and are hand-processed from selected, porous, malacca-type rattan. All canes are taped with two red bands in order to make them more conspicuous and no effort is spared to ensure reliability and perfection. These canes will truly sting and are recommended to those parents with older children to control. We would add that these canes ought only to be applied to children over the age of fifteen.

"The cane exerts a valuable preventive effect on most children in establishing before the event that the humiliation and social inconvenience of a smarting bottom will be the price of misbehaviour."

It went on to give hints on how to administer a caning.

1. The malefactor should always be made to fetch the cane from its show place, and bring it to the room where the caning is to be administered.
2. The offender should be bent over a chair or settee arm so that better control and leverage may be obtained.
3. The only protection permitted should be the offender's pants if the maximum stinging power is to be achieved.
4. The offender should be held in such a way that the covering of the bottom with hands during the caning is impossible.
5. The strokes of the cane should be applied at intervals of five seconds so that the full sting of each stroke is absorbed by the buttocks.

General comments followed this, and the pamphlet filled five pages.

All the time I was reading, my step-father was swishing the cane up and down and bending it double in his fingers. When I finished he said he hoped we understood our position, and further announced that we would perhaps be even more impressed if we saw a caning administered, adding that Jenny was waiting outside for discipline, which we were now to witness.

He called Jenny and she walked slowly into the study. Step-father beckoned to the contrite Jenny and ordered her to bend over the arm of the settee. He walked over to her, raised her skirt and slip above her waist; ordered her to place her hands behind her back and took hold of her wrists in his left hand.

He then raised the cane above his head and brought it whistling down across Jenny's quivering bottom. She gasped as she felt the cane sting, and tried to struggle up. The cane fell again and again; and Jenny made no effort to hide tears or screams as she tried desperately to wriggle free. As he caned her, my step-father lectured the now hysterical girl.

"Now Jenny," the cane fell again, "let this be a lesson to you." Every few words the cane struck again. "Each time you are naughty, or disobedient, you will have to bend over and have your buttocks soundly caned; like this, and this, and this. Do you understand?"

Jenny let out a hideous scream as she squirmed and wriggled in a futile effort to get free; but despite her screams, tears and pleas the cane continued to fall across her swollen bottom until she had received eighteen strokes of the cane.

When my step-father had finished he ordered Jenny to stand in the corner; which she did, crying uncontrollably and vigorously rubbing her bottom.

Step-father then turned to Bridget and myself, warning us that we now knew what to expect if we misbehaved or were disobedient. The terrifying scene was had just witnessed left us in no doubt and we determined to steer clear of punishment.

The pitiful sight of Jenny vainly struggling to escape from the cane, and her agonising screams, are as clear in my mind as if they had occurred yesterday; just as I can vividly recall every detail of that fateful day about a month later when I received my first taste of the cane.

I came home late from a dance, and, when mother rebuked me for it next morning, I cheeked her. Unfortunately for me, my step-father overheard, and to my horror he said I was in need of a sharp lesson. He ordered me to fetch the cane from the bathroom and report to him in his study.

My heart sank and my legs seemed to give way under me as I slowly fetched the cane and knocked on the study door.

Step-father called me in and told me to hand him the cane. He lectured me on my unruly behaviour and said he was going to give me twelve strokes of the cane to see if that would improve my behaviour.

He then ordered me to bend over the settee. I obeyed but he was not satisfied.

"Further over than that, I want your bottom to stick well up and be as tight as you can get it. Do as I say Amanda, or I'll add a few extra strokes."

I bent further over the arm, until my step-father was satisfied. He then walked around me and I felt my dress and slip being rolled up my back. I was very conscious of how my bottom stuck out, as step-

father ordered me to place my hands behind my back as I had seen Jenny do before. He took hold of my wrists in his left hand in a vice-like grip and yanked them up my back.

As I lay helpless across the arm of the settee the suspense was just awful. If I had known what the cane felt like I would have been prepared; but as it was I could feel the backs of my legs shivering and a cold sweat was breaking out on my forehead.

Suddenly there was a sharp swish and a slash of fire tore across my bottom. I yelled and tried to straighten up, looking back at my step-father in alarm. It was the most unexpected sensation of my life, and I was in a state of shock after just one stroke.

"You have not been caned before Amanda, have you?" he asked.

I muttered no, hoping this would mean leniency, but it didn't.

"Well, you will either have to behave or get used to it while you are under my control," he said.

As he spoke he brought the second stroke whistling down, and again I yelled and tried to struggle up.

"That's two Amanda, and you have ten more strokes to come."

Again the cane fell and I screamed as it cut my tender flesh; the smart was just awful. The fourth stroke cut the base of my bottom and I gave a shrill scream and burst into tears, begging my step-father to stop. It didn't feel as though he was hitting me mard; but the cuts just seemed to dance on my bottom. With a flick of his wrist he caused me this pain, and the effect is impossible to imagine by those who have never been caned.

As he continued the caning I began to plead with him feverishly to spare me. The pain was so terrible. I shrieked loudly, regardless of who could hear me outside the study. All the time step-father was lecturing me, as he had Jenny previously, but I could not make out what he was saying, as I performed the most ridiculous gyrations in a futile attempt to evade the cane. Looking up with tear-blinded eyes, I implored pity and swore I'd be good from then on. I begged mercy, screaming I could not stand any more and promised I'd never misbehave again.

But despite all my screaming, squirming, pleas and smarting swollen bottom, he kept on thrashing me, until my cheeks ran wet with my tears, my throat was sore with screaming and my knees ached from my frantic wriggling and squirming as I attempted to escape each new stroke.

At last he stopped, and released me from his iron grip. I jumped up and rubbed my bottom to try and relieve the pain, but without much success. My step-father then ordered me to stand in the corner, and as I stood there, rubbing my throbbing bottom vigorously and crying my eyes out, he lectured me on what he expected from me in the future.

After that he ordered me to return the cane to the bathroom, go to my room for the rest of the day and write out the whole cane pamphlet three times.

This I did, stiffly and sobbing, my hands still clutching my smarting bottom. Once in my room I lay face down on my bed and had a good cry, massaging my bottom all the time.

About an hour later I felt a little better, so I decided to inspect my bottom. I went to my mirror, raised by slip and dress and lowered my panties to my knees. Horrified, I saw that my bottom and thighs were criss-crossed with ugly red welts. I now know that these welts turn from red to dark blue and then yellow and take over a week to disappear, during which time it is extremely uncomfortable to sit properly. The intense smarting lasts for about three hours, after which the bottom throbs and aches for about twelve hours and the urge to massage the bottom is irresistible. After this the throbbing dies down slowly, although sitting on a wooden chair is very painful for about a week, and massaging is required to keep the throbbing to a minimum during this time.

The rest of the afternoon I spent tending my smarting bottom and writing out the caning pamphlet three times, which I did standing up between my bouts of crying.

At 6.00 p.m. I was called down to the evening meal. I walked very stiffly and sat gingerly on my chair keeping as much weight of my bottom as possible.

All the subsequent canings administered to my sisters and me have been on the same lines with the same very painful end-product.

The cane must be the most painful spanking device ever invented, believe me. Those offspring who are not caned are very lucky indeed – and don't my sister and I know it!

Amanda
Lincs.



PING-PONG SPANKING

When I was a boy I was often spanked over my parents' knees with my trousers and pants down. For minor offences I was spanked with the hand; for more serious offences a table tennis bat was used. I was usually given fifteen whacks. I am now forty-two years of age and think that it did me the world of good. It's just what some of the rude kids of today need! What is the opinion of your readers about this?

I have just read a book about a girl who played truant from school and stole £1 from her father's wallet. She was about thirteen years old. When she returned home her father asked her about the theft. At first the girl denied having anything to do with it; but later admitted she had stolen the money.

Her father told her he was going to thrash her. At the time she was wearing school uniform of white shirt, school tie, grey mini-skirt, white socks, black blazer and black school shoes.

She was taken up to her bedroom and put over her father's knee. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he pulled her knickers down to her knees and lifted her vest above her waist. He folded his belt in half and started to hit her with it. All together she got thirty strokes on her bare backside and her loud yells made no difference at all.

After the last stroke she was made to stand in the corner with her face to the wall and was not allowed to touch her bottom for fear of getting a further six of the best.

Five minutes later she was allowed to dress again; and her father warned her to behave in future or she would get lots more.

R.T.
Tottenham.



PENAL PUNISHMENT

As a young man I visited my cousin in the deep South of the U.S.A. He worked for the prison service and one day he invited me along to see the female prisoners being punished for minor offences committed during the past week – fighting, insulting the staff, and so on.

I did not know what to expect as I entered the building, but was soon fascinated by the procedure.

The women prisoners, who were coloured, were led into a large waiting room and ordered to strip naked. Their ages ranged from seventeen to forty and most of them were extremely attractive. As their names were called they were brought into a small punishment room, two at a time, where there were two benches rather like our vaulting horses.

The unfortunate girls were bent over, tied by their ankles and waist with straps with legs wide apart and their buttocks raised high. A handle at the side of the apparatus could bend a girl almost double, which would force the cheeks of her bottom apart. Then the strapping would begin.

I'll never forget the quietness in the waiting room as those waiting their turn could hear the screams and the sound of the strap landing.

I was handed a strap by my cousin and told to have a go. Somewhat nervous at first I brought the strap down softly on the plump black buttocks of a teenage girl, but after a few minutes I was enjoying even hard strokes.

An older woman, who had spat in the Governor's face, was gagged before her punishment. I realised why when I saw that a special stranded lash was to be used, and the strands were skilfully landed between her cheeks at her most tender parts.

My cousin told me later that it's the finest method for keeping discipline in any woman's prison, or for women in general.

As a happily married man of many years, I agree. I brought a strap home from the U.S.A. as a souvenir and use it to this day, as the redness on my wife's buttocks will testify.

T.L.
London.

OVER THE OFFICE DESK

I am a twenty-one year old secretary, married, and on a social occasion when my husband and my boss met, what seemed to be a joke between them developed into a real situation.

Apparently my boss quipped that at times I was so careless that he felt like spanking me, to which my husband agreed! The result was that soon after the party my boss called me to his office just after lunch and told me that my husband accepted that when necessary my bottom should be smacked and because of such and such a mistake he would do it today after everyone had gone home.

Meanwhile he told me to pull my clothes up to show him what I had on!

All afternoon my heart beat like fury wondering exactly what to expect. At about 5.45 it happened: my bell rang and in I went to the boss's office.

He began by giving me a lecture about my work; extracted an admission about my carelessness; and said that with my husband's permission he would now punish me.

He went to a cupboard, took out a cane! and suppled it before my very eyes. Then he motioned me to bend over his desk, fumbled at my rear end, turned my clothes up over my back and in one fell swoop pulled down my knickers and tights.

To the accompaniment of rather randy grunts he fondled my bare bottom, told me I was to have eight strokes of the cane and warned me that if I moved he would double the number. Then it started – he gave me the first two strokes on my cheeks, separately: then one on each rear thigh, repeated the dose until eight and then told me to dress and get off to my husband.

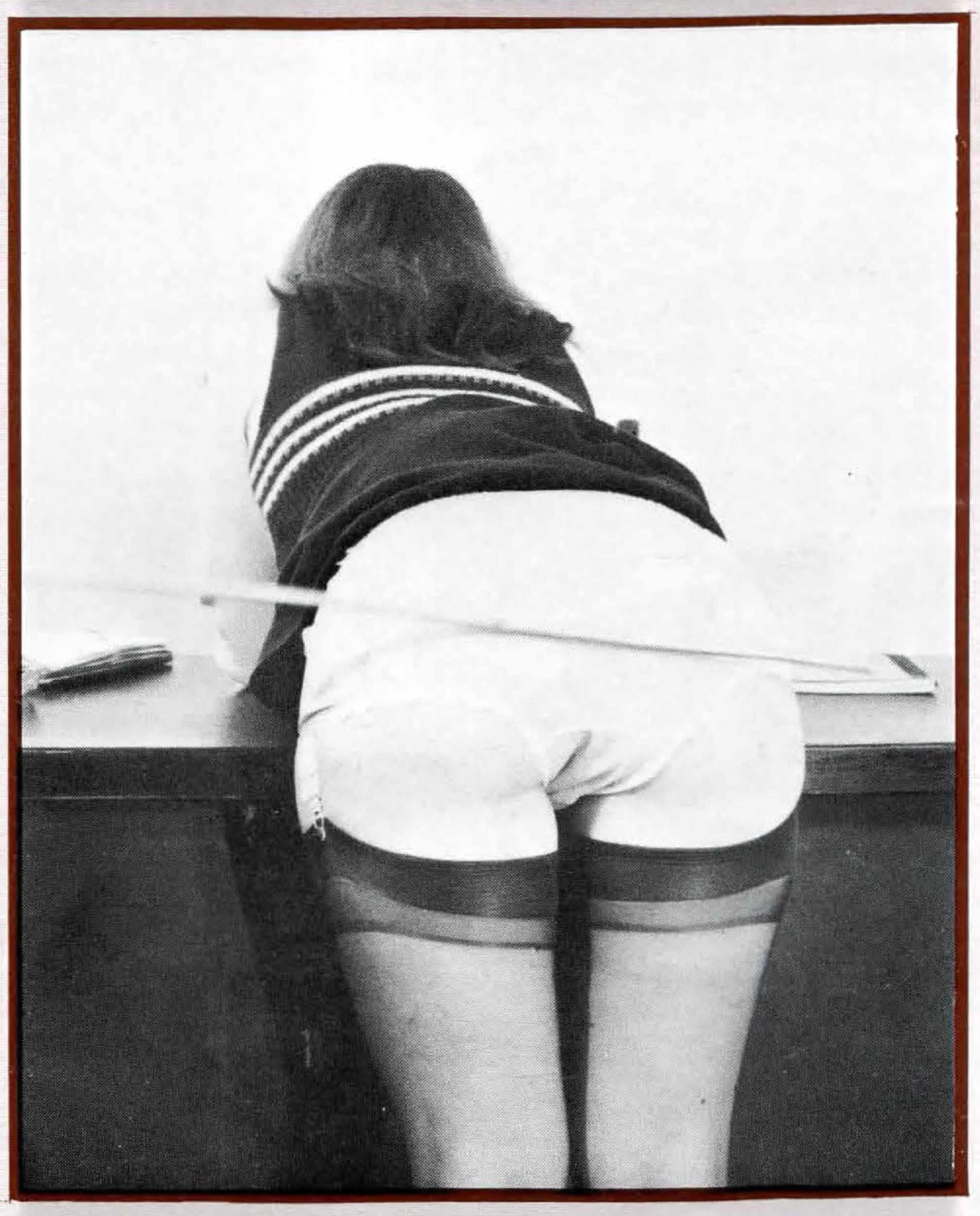
Of course I was late getting home and when Terry asked me where I had been I burst into tears and rushed into his arms. He realised what had happened and immediately turned my clothes up to see for himself – and found a very red bottom indeed.

Almost automatically he guided me upstairs, virtually stripped me, got me flat on the bed and proceeded to make the most satisfactory love to me. He began so tenderly, making me explain in detail what my boss had done; and then, as the story ended, worked to a violent frenzy, poking me as never before.

This is now a weekly affair at least. My boss insists that I appear for my punishment wearing stockings and suspenders rather than those "other bloody things" and I must say that my husband has taken to them too!

M.W. (Mrs.)
Leeds.





STRICT MOTHER

I enjoyed your *Spanking Special No. 2*. I would criticize however the fact that you dwell rather on the past, rather than what I can assure you goes on today.

I am sure lots of husbands punish their wives, and certainly a lot of mothers punish their children and they don't stop when they are sixteen either. I have two sisters. One is married and away from home, and the other and I are both over forty and our mother still uses the cane whenever she thinks it necessary.

You might say that we should refuse to be caned as we are too old. As a matter of fact, although it's a very painful business it is necessary and when I've been caned I am grateful that she loves us enough to punish our indiscretions this way. It is much easier than harbouring resentment.

Mother punishes us for breaches of the family code – the procedure is that you are sent upstairs to fetch the cane which you take to your bedroom. Then you undress to your undies and wait till Mother comes – usually about half an hour later.

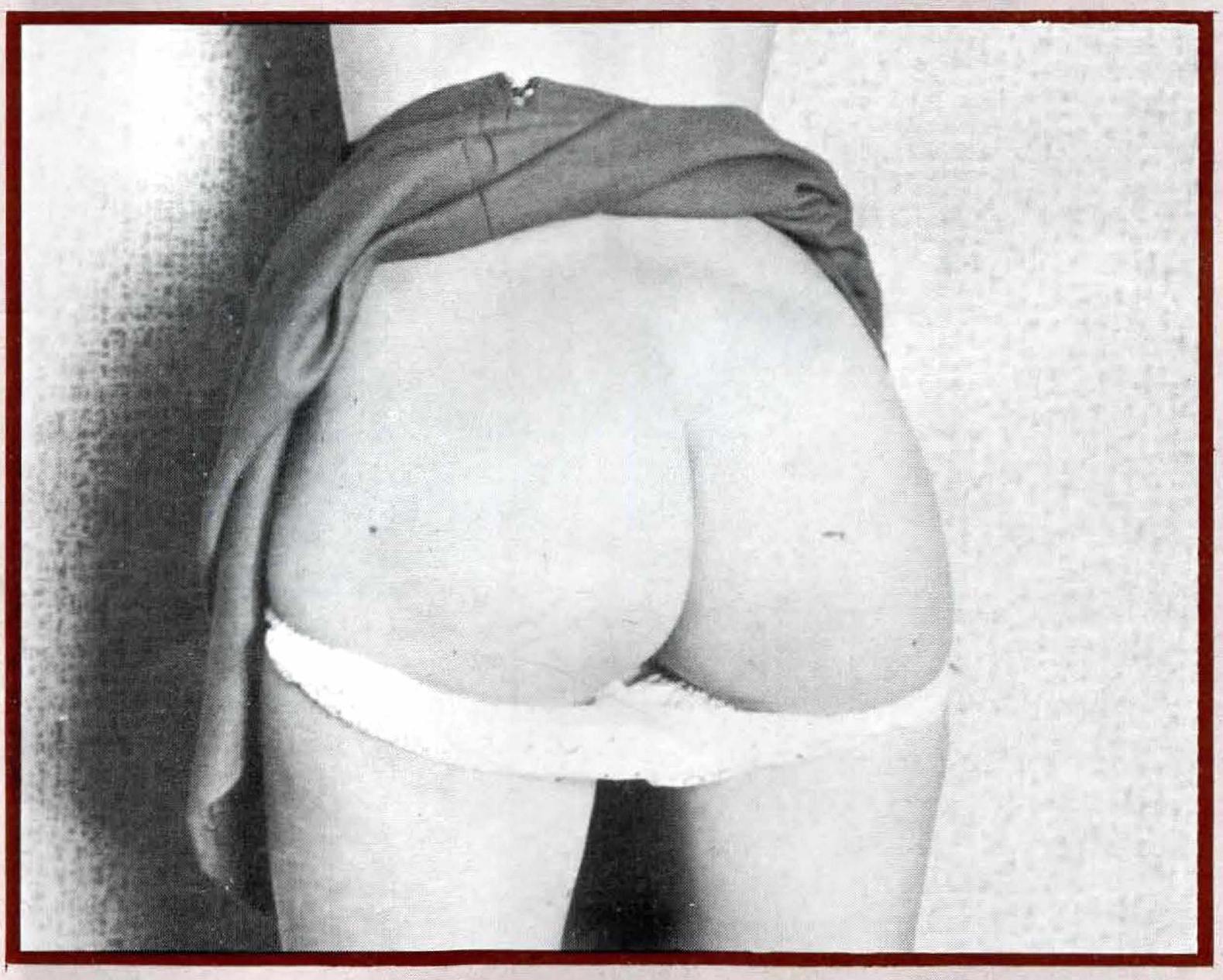
When she arrives she gives one a very severe ticking off and states the sentence – usually ten strokes, but if the offence was particularly bad, such as disobedience, up to twenty strokes.

You are then made to bend over a chair. Mother takes our panties slowly down and turns up petticoat and girdle and then measures the cane across our bottoms. The punishment is then carried out with each stroke counted out and on a regular timing. Any avoiding movements are punished with extra strokes.

At the end of the punishment you wait in the 'bend over' position until given permission to get up. After this you thank Mother for the punishment, kiss and its over.

I am sure that this can do nobody any harm. The important thing is that the caning should be severe and hurt – then you don't come back for more too quickly.

S.F.





TICKLED BY TRESSES

I was pleased to see mention of the delights of long hair on women in one of your recent issues.

One letter reminded me of my mistress. She has never had her hair trimmed and it has grown to the enormous length of six feet. I am always delighted to brush and plait it for her as this always gives me a huge erection.

Very long hair can be used in so many ways and one method which my mistress enjoys is to plait several long strips of leather with her hair and then use it as a whip to beat me where it hurts most.

Please let us have more letters and articles on this fascinating subject.

R.T.
Lancs.

FRIDAY NIGHT IS SPANKING NIGHT

The first spanking I ever gave my wife, Margaret, was during our engagement. We only saw each other at weekends and wrote about three times a week. Margaret was in her first year teaching and I was serving in the RAF.

The event which started us on corporal punishment was in 1956, just before Christmas, and was over a misunderstanding about the purchase of presents. Margaret and I were giving joint presents and Margaret thought I was being over-generous. She wrote a rather nasty letter to me, posted it, and immediately regretted doing so. She sent me another letter straight away telling me she deserved to be put across my knee and spanked like a naughty girl. Further, she said, I had her permission to punish her on our next meeting.

We met in the bus station of Margaret's home town and, after a meal, went to the cinema. Later, we caught a bus to Margaret's home and, as her parents were out, we decided to proceed with the punishment.

Margaret slipped her skirt off when asked but would not remove her roll-on and panties. I took her letter from my pocket and showed her that she had suggested a bare bottom spanking and this was what I was going to give her.



Two minutes later she was over my knees without her panties and received twelve spanks on each side of her bare bottom.

I watched the red imprint of my palm and fingers appear on her smooth skin and knew that Margaret was mine from then on. A few spankings followed until we were married a year later.

After our marriage I informed Margaret that corporal punishment would continue to be used and now was the time to agree, by signing the agreement I had drawn up, or state her case against its use.

Rather to my surprise she put forward a case against it, so I was forced to administer a sound caning to ensure my future domination of Margaret. We had a long, hard struggle before she was in the correct position without the benefit of clothes to protect her bottom.

Perhaps I should not say so, but it was a very enjoyable caning from my point of view. Margaret remained passive throughout the dozen strokes and came like a lamb to bed. The marks remained for five days.

At this point I feel I should say that Margaret was the middle daughter of a miner. Corporal punishment was used by her mother fairly often on all her daughters and the instrument was a thin bamboo cane.

According to the daughters this cane was in use on each girl about once a week at least. Also, when their father decided to punish his daughters the punishment was carried out upstairs. This happened about six times a year, and he always used his leather belt for the purpose. The girls had to run upstairs in front of him and be undressed and over the bed by

the time he had his belt in his hands.

Margaret admits she was scared of these punishments because her father was unreasonable and always leathered his daughters without counting the strokes.

Some four years ago we had our first and only child, a boy, and just after this I almost ceased to spank Margaret. In fact the two canes were in the garage and the straps hanging in the wardrobe.

About two weeks ago Margaret suddenly asked me during love-making one evening if I would punish her again as I had when we were first married. I agreed and Friday is now punishment night. Before our son was born Margaret usually received a spanking once a month and the cane or strap about every five weeks.

I am not a doctor and would not try to analyse Margaret's behaviour though I am only too happy to please her desire.

Your readers can be assured that the cane or strap will soon be swishing down on Margaret's bare bottom – roll on Friday night!

I shall have to rush an order off for some canes as I cannot find the old ones, but the straps and hairbrush are still available so she won't be disappointed this Friday!

H.M.
Doncaster.

CORSETS – WHO NEEDS 'EM!

I know many of your male readers like reading about corsets, so here goes.

If going to live with my aunt meant anything it meant my first pair of corsets. I was just fifteen at the time and to be honest they were not actually corsets but roll-ons. My aunt bought these from a store in 1945 when the idea of a schoolgirl wearing corsets was not so strange as it seems now. In fact there were some select boarding schools for girls at which the wearing of regulation corsets, knickers and brassieres was compulsory.

When I left school in 1946 there was still a strong body of male fashion designers all doing their very best to get girls back into corsets after many of them had lost the habit during the war.

At that time women's magazines were full of advertisements for corsets and brassieres and the stories told about the need to support the growing, and even more the mature, figure seems now to be unbelievable.

"So she's sixteen today, is she?" I remember reading in a National daily. "Well, see she gets the type of support she needs." What rubbish I now think, as I look back.

Well, to cut a long story short, I and most other girls of my generation found ourselves wearing corsets, and right up to the time I became of age my aunt would not hear of my going out without them.

By the time I was twenty I was wearing what was then called a medium size little "X". This was a good quality pull-on designed especially for the control of a young woman's figure. "Indispensible to any young lady" the advertisement said.

The main feature of this pull-on was that it had a patent cross-over panel front to suppress all unwanted tummy expansion. It also had four nasty little bones at the waist to stop the high-waisted version which I had to wear from keeling over under the strain. "Tummy support and a trim figure – you know it makes sense!" What absolute rubbish!

Well, after a couple of seasons being cut about the thighs by the lower reaches of the "skilfully designed cross-over panel" I began to get just a little bit niggled about the whole foundation garment business, and as I became aware that girls of my age had by then seen the light and were wearing no more than an apology for a suspender belt, I too rebelled.

At first I must admit my new soft-shelled, sloppy condition did make me feel rather loose, in more ways than one. All that crap about back-ache and drooping this that and the other – balls! That's what I say.

Well, after that there was no looking back for me and I have not worn a girdle since. I was one of the first to start wearing tights when they came in, and when my daughter went bra-less I tried that too – I love the feeling of freedom and I won't give it up.

When I recall all the rubbish pumped into us about the need to support the female figure I practically split my sides. It seems to me that corsets not only suppress tummies but temperaments as well.

My own daughter, who has never worn corsets, knows what she wants and has the strength of will to make sure she gets it and it isn't going to take eight years and a disastrous first marriage to find her feet either. Any man who takes her on will be kept in his place, I can tell you, and she won't need a pair of corsets or a brassiere, for that matter, to do it.

I hope you will print my letter as nothing would give me greater pleasure than for my daughter to find my poor randy hubby reading it, and, who knows, she might just give him a few sharp cuts with her crop and that, I can tell you, would be a laugh!

M.R.
Bookham.

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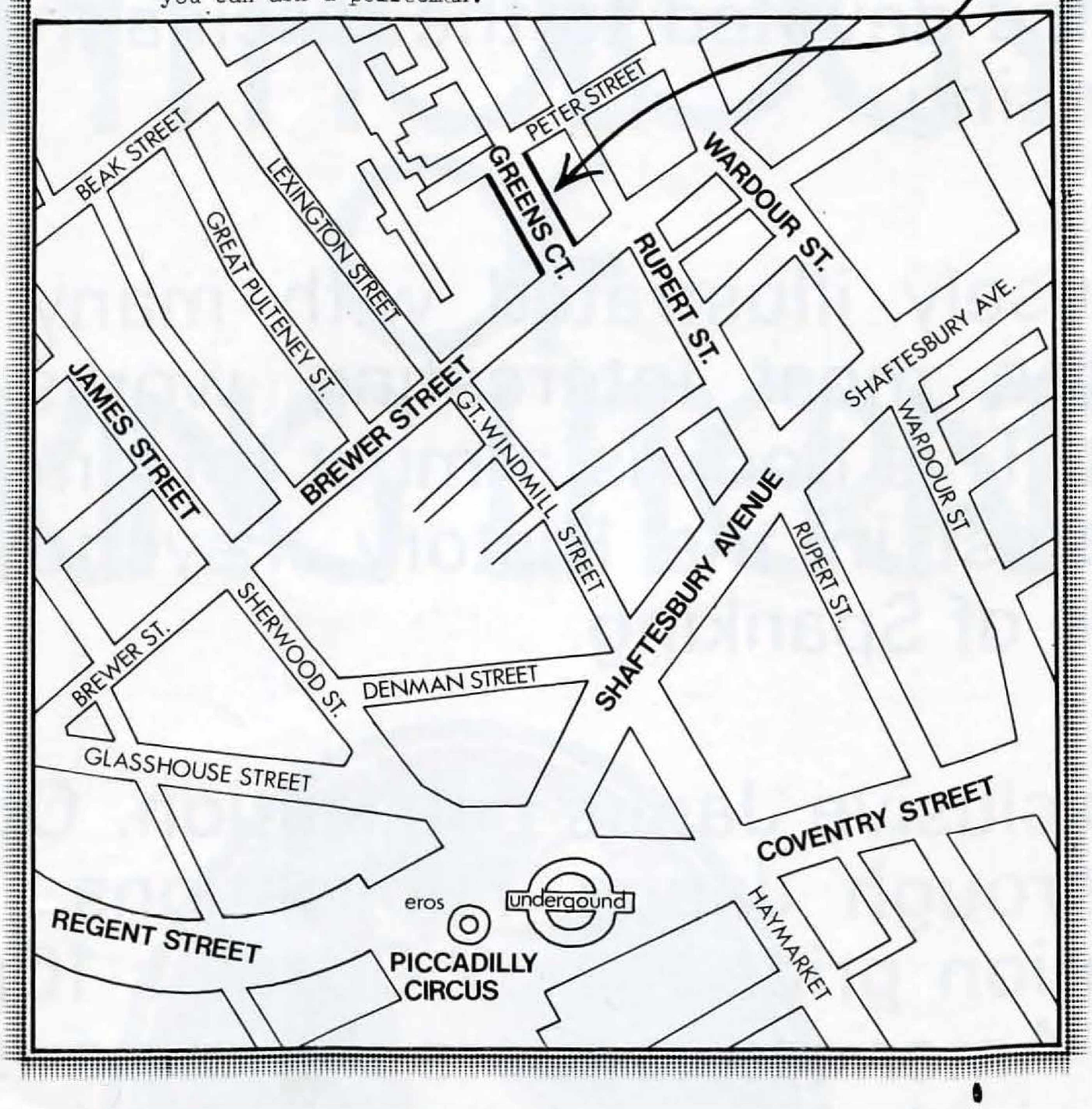

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No. 11 Girls Bound to Please
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