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VOLUME 5 No. 2



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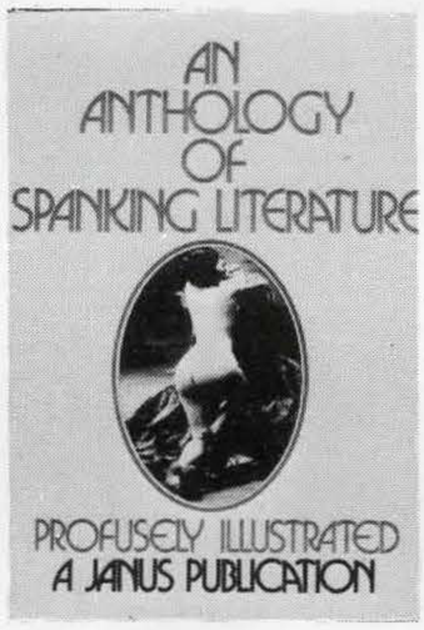
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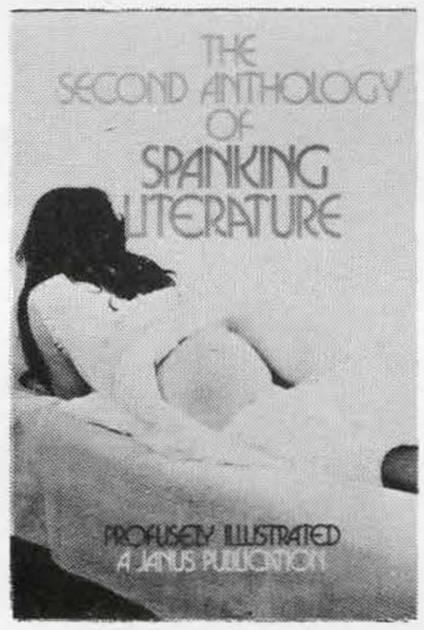
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A VICTORIAN REMEMBERS

Janus has been lucky enough to secure a series of interviews with an old lady who has given interesting and unique information about the corporal punishment dealt out in Victorian and Edwardian England, as well as some interesting personal anecdotes of these and later times.

Maud Anne Ogilvy was born in 1885. A year when virtually none of the phenomena so decisively linked with the modern world had any existence at all. Pop groups, convenience foods, atomic bombs, inflation, the oil problems, all these familiar staple themes of our times were not even on the horizon.

A wife was still, in law, very nearly the property of her husband. (The Married Women's Property Act, which gave a married woman control of her own money, did not come in till 1889.) Moral standards were extremely strict, at least for women, and a woman who stepped over the line could expect no mercy from her contemporaries. Such things "weren't done."

It is a world which seems almost unimaginably remote from our own, the world of the Forsyte Saga—and yet a fairly old person can look back clearly on it.

Yes, I am a Victorian—by birth, so to speak. I can't remember a great deal of those times, of course, because I was still a child—but I am a Victorian, nonetheless.

One can't really understand now what being British meant then. We were the most powerful people in the world, ruled by the greatest Queen in history. Most people could not remember a time when she had not been Queen. Even now I can hardly believe that we're in such trouble, the whole country short of money—fancy having to beg to Arabs for help! My father would have had a fit at the very idea.

Everything is so very different. Of course, some things have changed a lot for the better. Women, for instance. I really am a great believer in Women's Liberation. Men have got away with far too much for far too long. We just are not men's property, and that is that.

I think, on the whole, that the attitudes to sex and marriage are better, too. Divorce, for instance. It really is very foolish that two people who want to part should not be allowed to—and a lot better for the children, too, in the long run. A house full of quarrels must be a dreadful place to grow up in.

But I do think our honesty has declined. People think nothing of stealing now at all. If you work in an office or a shop, people take stamps, paper, anything they can get hold of, and they don't even think of it as stealing.

I can remember the time my brother and sister and I stole some sweets from the sweet shop. Sweets were much nicer then, you know, and there were many kinds you never see today at all. Shops made their own sweets, and were very proud of their own recipes.

Well, we all fell into temptation, and stole these sweets. Mother quickly realised, when we got home, that we had far more sweets than our few pennies would buy.

After that she quickly had the truth out of us, and then we were for it. Mother took us all up to the nursery—the big room we all shared as a playroom.

The cane was kept on top of a cupboard. It was quite light, thin, and short—but it hurt, I can tell you.

On these occasions, Mother sat down in the big armchair, and we all had to line up to go over her knee one by one.

I think my brother went first. He wasn't anxious for it, I can tell you, and I don't blame him. However, he didn't make too much fuss—that would really have made Mother angry. Her attitude was rather like the teachers at school—if you had done wrong, you just had to take your punishment without giving trouble.

Of course, he had to take his trousers and pants down—Mother always performed on the bare! She just held your neck with her hand, and laid the cane across your backside with the other hand. It was quite short, so there was no great difficulty about that.

We watched our brother (his name was Robert, by the way) kicking his legs about and howling—knowing that it was our turn next.

And sure enough, our turn came. It was my sister Celia next. Up came her clothes, down came her drawers, and over Mother's knee she went.

Mother never spared girls because they were girls, I can tell you that. Her view was that because girls were more gentle and weak, they should conform to God's intentions for them, and be very careful of their behaviour. And if they stepped out of line, they could be made to smart even harder than the boys.

Celia really yelled, I can tell you. There were quite a few marks on her behind by the time she had taken her punishment.

And then it was my turn. I turned up my clothes and slipped down my drawers, and got across Mother's knees as quickly as I could, so that I could get it over with.

Oh, that cane! When I think of it, I still wince a little. It was really sharp and biting across your bottom, and it just made you want to yell and yell. I didn't actually do that, but I certainly cried—we all did.

But when I come down to it, I don't think it was all that bad a thing. Plenty of those young delinquents would be all the better for it, that's my belief. I don't care if they do have bad backgrounds and broken homes—the attitude in my day was that there is no excuse for bad behaviour. Everyone is responsible for themselves, that's my view. That is one thing that has changed for the worse, I think.

However, I will say that corporal punishment was used too much when I was young. We used to get beaten for everything—often for quite ridiculous things, really. For instance, Sunday observance.

Believe it or not, and it really does sound incredible now, on Sundays we were not supposed to read anything but 'improving books' as they called them. And very dull they were, mostly about religion.

I can remember being caught by my mother reading what she called a "yellow press novel" on Sunday afternoon. I can't remember the title, but it was a terribly innocent work. The general tone was about that of a woman's romance novel nowadays, only rather less factual and more romantic and silly.

She was furious! I was sixteen then, but it made no difference. Up to the nursery—which by that time had been re-named "the children's sitting room" and out came the cane—not the one that featured in my punishment for stealing sweets, by the way. When we had passed the age of twelve, we were not put over her knee anymore. We had to take our clothes down and bend over a chair, and she used a rather longer and heavier cane on us.

Ten whacks I got, on that occasion—and they really stung, I can tell you. Of course one thing was that Mother always caned on the bare skin. At school they smacked you over your drawers, and it really did make a difference. It still hurt, of course, but the sting



was lessened.

Oh yes, the cane was quite the rule at school in those days, and for the girls as well as for the boys. No sexual discrimination there.

Mind you, I don't suppose they would call the 'school' I went to a school at all now—in fact, I don't think that anyone would be allowed to keep such a school.

In those days, however, they were quite common. They were called 'dames' schools. They were generally run by ladies of some education and breeding who did not have quite enough money to get by, but who, perhaps, had a suitable house. There were so few jobs that a woman could do in those days without completely losing her friends' respect—those 'dames' schools must have saved many ladies from complete poverty.

The one I went to was in Scarborough. I was born in Leeds, but my parents bought a business in Scarborough and moved there when I was a few years old.

In those days, the best residential area in town was up on the South Cliff, and that is where the school was. The two ladies who ran it, whom we always called 'Miss Iris' and 'Miss Jane', had a big house which they had inherited from their father, who had died about ten years before.

They had about thirty or forty pupils. They did all the teaching for the most part, though just before I left their very success forced them to hire an assistant.

I don't think that modern teachers would think much of the education I acquired there. Embroidery, needlework, 'home economy', that is, housekeeping, reading, writing and elementary arithmetic, a little French, History and Geography. That was all it was, and that was reckoned quite enough for a lady to know. My parents were tradespeople, you know—though well to do ones. So they were determined I was to be a lady.

I don't suppose they would have cared what the subjects taught at the school were. The ladies taught their pupils to have an excellent 'deportment' and to have very good manners. And what they lacked on the academic side, they made up with the stick.

To be more precise, there were three grades of punishment there. The hand, a short flat stick they called the "whacker" and the cane. As you grew older, of course, you tended to get the more severe alternatives.

I can remember once when I and a couple of other girls were called to the ladies' study to account for our actions over an 'insult' we were supposed to have offered to the French mistress.

In fact, what had happened was that she had tried to set us twice the normal amount of homework, because she said that we were slackers, and we had objected.

Miss Iris and Miss Jane paraded us in front of their desk, and we were icily asked to give our side of the matter.

'Answering back' was a capital crime in those ladies' eyes, and the fact that the French mistress had acted oppressively was neither here nor there to them.

Very shortly, we were all lined up, our skirts well drawn up, and our bottoms pointing at the ceiling. My drawers were very tightly wrapped around my bottom, I can tell you.

Miss Iris, who was the younger of the two, did the honours. In our bent-over position we heard the rattle of the cupboard door where the cane was kept, and then a 'swish' as she waved the cane through the air.

I heard her take up her position, and knew that Susan, the girl on my left, would be the first one to receive it.

A moment's silence, then a terrific swish! Susan yelped.

Another moment's silence, as she shifted her ground. I felt the tip of the cane lightly touch my bottom as she made sure she was correctly positioned.

I gritted my teeth.

Swish . . . and I yelped as loud as Susan.

A few seconds later, the cane was doing its work on Jane, who was bending over to my right.

Then . . . unbearable suspense, it was Susan again. And then me. Bending over, listening to the others yell, and knowing that you were going to receive it at any minute, was sheer murder. I cried buckets before I received the eighth stroke. She took her time too—we must have been bending over for nearly ten minutes before it was all over.

The "whacker" was not so bad, and mainly used for lesser offences. One was kept in every classroom, and for minor crimes, such as talking during lessons, or stupid mistakes in one's work, you had to come out and flip up your dress and bend over in front of the class. It was painful, and embarrassing, but the sting of the smacks was less unpleasant than the sheer embarrassment of it all.

I remember once Miss Jane whacking an entire class, myself included, for persistent laziness. We all lined up by her desk, and bent over in turn for about ten whacks each. In a class of twenty, that meant two hundred whacks. The classroom echoed for about a quarter of an hour—her arm must have been tired.

I may say that many girls treated the "whacker" more or less as a joke—on that occasion I remember some girls chatting quite nonchalantly as they waited to bend over—but no one joked about that cane!

The fact was that everyone took punishment as a matter of course in those days. Everyone I knew got caned or smacked at some time. But there is no doubt, then it was *too* common—now it is not common enough. We have 'thrown out the baby with the bathwater', so to say.


Ronald


DATELINE U.S.A

Although the professional sadist or governess has been long established in Europe, in America the professional dominatrix is largely a product of the Sexual Revolution that began in the sixties. And at first the idea struck such a negative chord with American authorities that it resulted in one of the country's more sensational trials, officially known as 'State of New Jersey vs. von Cleef et al.'

Marianna, or Monique, von Cleef is, of course, one of the world's most famous professional sadists. Haughty, blonde and beautiful, she is often called the "Baroness" and her regal, icy bearing makes that title quite appropriate. For a number of years, Baroness von Cleef resided in the United States, where she developed an extensive business in professional sadism. Movie stars, executives, lawyers, businessmen, politicians including at least one U.S. Senator and men from all walks of life visited her home at 850 Lake Street in Newark, New Jersey to receive her unique services.

As a result, the postal authorities and New Jersey state officials began to take an interest in her activities. In 1965, Monique and her assistant James Beard were arrested for conspiring to maintain a house of lewdness and other similar charges. At the trial the circumstances leading up to their arrest were described by Detective Lieutenant Magnusson, who was the "Obscenity Investigator" for Essex County, New Jersey.

Magnusson testified that he had gone to the von Cleef residence pretending to be a new customer. Monique met him, served him a drink, and a conversation followed concerning her career as a professional sadist. During this conversation there was a discussion of flagellation, sadism and transvestism. In response to his questions Monique testified that she was "very knowledgeable" in all of these areas and "had clients all over the country."

After questioning him about his own interests, Magnusson then stated that Miss von Cleef at this point arouse from the couch, produced a pair of women's high-heeled shoes, brought them over and dropped them on the floor, saying: "Now, take off all your clothes and put these on. When I come back, I want to see you on that bed in a kneeling position. All your clothes off. I'm the boss."

The detective proceeded to disrobe partially. While Miss von Cleef was out of the room, he opened the door into another room in which he observed a black object on legs having a hole in it, later identified as a torture box. As he looked out into the hall, he also saw Miss von Cleef donning her uniform. When she came back into the room she upbraided him for taking so long to disrobe. She was attired, he said, in black, high-heeled shoes, net stockings and a "tight-fitting rubber apparatus which would resemble a bathing suit." Telling her that he was a little nervous, he retired to the lavatory. On the way there, he observed a strap about 16 inches long on the bed.

At this point, other police officers burst into the room. Miss von Cleef was arrested and a thorough search of the entire house was made. The following items were found on the second floor: about 200 boxes containing copies of *Flair* (a magazine for those interested in SM), 20 catalogues containing items for sale in *Flair,* a mailing list of over 20,000 names, nine manila envelopes of pictures of members of the so-called Flair Club, two filing cabinets containing about 2,000 names and 4,500 pieces of correspondence, and various photographs of Miss von Cleef in various stages of nudity.

The contents of a storage room on the second floor were also removed, consisting of seven cartons of unopened mail and other correspondence. From the room on the third floor called the tower room were removed the so-called torture box, a large quantity of red rubber garments, various types of chains, paddles, whips, straps, straightjackets and padded clothing, various types of belts and other restraining devices, and two albums of photographs of Miss von Cleef. Also taken from the tower room was a set of handcuffs attached to lengths of chain fastened to the ceiling.

In addition to the testimony of Magnusson, the state introduced evidence showing that Miss von Cleef was engaged in the business of selling sadism, and that her business contacts were quite extensive. The jury was shown hundreds of applications for membership in the Flair Club, along with a ringed notebook containing a master file of names and addresses of various individuals from many states. Alongside the names of some individuals were notations as to prices and sexual activity in which the correspondent had evinced interest.

In addition, there was a large quantity of letters from various individuals addressed to "Monique" and "Mistress Monique" which were solicitations for various types of sexual activity, in some cases detailing minutely and in four letter words the type of activity in which the correspondent was interested. The letters, generally written in the special vernacular understood by sado-masochists, left little doubt of the character of the activities contemplated. Many a writer referred to himself as a "slave" and expressed a willingness to do anything his "mistress" or "queen" demanded. One of the least offensive will serve as an example:

"Let me introduce myself—* * * very docile—friendly submissive to all. I am interested in all things of the bizarre—bondage—forceful restraint—chastisement—photography—My first love is French

devotion (females only). I have had some experience in the above.

"Also am an amateur transvestite—black nylon lace (sheer lingerie).

"Will pose for polaroid shots with single or several females."

Also exhibited to the jury and marked in evidence were the tools of Monique's exotic trade: chains used as restraining devices, including one bearing a legend on the metal face, "Slave Samuel, Property of Monique"; several dildoes, a leather paddle, a straightjacket; various types of belts, padded clothing and other devices. Detective Magnusson explained the significance of these items and also described the use of the "torture box" found on the premises. In addition, eighteen photographs were introduced into evidence depicting Monique in various stages of nudity and brandishing a whip, presumably in the process of administering discipline to one of her clients.

Finally, there were marked in evidence a series of books found on the premises, the titles of which sufficiently indicate their nature: *Buttock Fetishism, Whip and Lasy* (by "Will Beatum"), *Bound and Transformed, The Autobiography of a Flea, It's Delightful, The 120 Days of Sodom* (by the Marquis de Sade), *Lady Susan's Cruel Lover, Skirted Man, Teenage Discipline, Dominant Female* and *Spanker's Monthly.*

The jury convicted Monique and her co-defendant on all charges. However, the case was subsequently reversed by the U.S. Supreme Court because of the illegal methods used by the arresting officers, and both defendants went free. Following her legal difficulties in the United States, Monique returned to her native Holland where she quickly re-established herself in her chosen profession. She has written, in a somewhat tongue-in-cheek style, of her adventures in her own book, *The House of Pain.*

As with most efforts at puritanical suppression, the prosecution of Monique von Cleef achieved exactly the opposite effect of the one intended. Not only did she ultimately go free, her spectacular trial crowded stories of war, murder, starvation and politics out of the headlines and the enormous publicity was of great value to her as far as new business was concerned.

Moreover, and perhaps more importantly, the publicity generated by Monique's trial educated others to the fact that there was a potentially enormous market for women who comprehended the idea that many men have a deep fascination for pain and humiliation. As a result, in the past ten years there has been an astonishing increase in the number of American women who practice sadism for financial gain. On the news-stands in the larger American cities one can easily pick up magazines with titles such as *Aggressive Gals* and *Amazon,* which are filled with advertisements such as the following:

"Suppose you were to meet in a private place a young women of hauteur, beauty, cruel and arrogant temperament. She orders you to strip completely, treats you as a chattel, spanks your bare bottom very severely until your cheeks are blazing red. Then she makes you kneel before her and pay homage to her



womanhood. To her you are simply a slave, an animal to be used to gain pleasure. Even when you finish pleasing her, she mocks you, perhaps whips you more cruelly, for bringing forth the weakness of her own most beautiful flesh. If you are thrilled by the prospect of such enslavement, perhaps I'll hear from you!"



AFTER THE PARTY

It really was a good party with everybody in a swinging mood. It was rather typical of an upper middle-class party with everyone looking elegant, the ladies all in long dresses and the men in dinner jackets. It was a birthday celebration, and there is nothing like champagne cocktails to get the evening off to a good start and to throw off inhibitions.

As usual Jane and Gordon Simpson soon began to enjoy themselves for it was their sort of party with good company and good surroundings. They were soon moving freely amongst their many friends enjoying the usual banter. The drinks were followed by a buffet supper and Jane and Gordon were by this time talking animatedly with their various friends and not really looking after one another.

Unfortunately Jane had clearly had too much to drink by the end of supper and when the dancing started in the darkened hall she was soon swept off her feet by a tall man called Peter.

It was quite a while later before Gordon started to look for his wife and he was aghast to see her with her arms tight around Peter's neck in a prolonged kissing session as they swayed gently to the music. Gordon deliberately danced close by and prodded his wife sharply in the ribs several times but to no avail.

And he started to get angry.

Not through jealousy, but angry that his wife might get a reputation for being a 'hot' piece and this would spoil their social life with so many friends.

Gordon was helpless to do anything without making an obvious scene and he had to control his rising temper, but this was no helped when, much later in the evening, Jane danced past with another friend and, smiling happily said "Good evening" to her husband—sarcastically indicating that she thought he had not given her the usual attention.

They left at one o'clock and there was an uneasy silence in the car driving home with Jane, knowing she was in trouble, doing her best to engage her husband in cheerful conversation. On arriving home they went straight up to their bedroom, Jane going on into the adjoining bathroom and shutting the door.

By this time the silent Gordon had made up his mind.

Caning had featured regularly in their marriage, usually in a fairly playful manner, but this was just the excuse Gordon needed to cane his wife in earnest and he did not intend to miss the opportunity. Whilst the noises of Jane cleaning her teeth came from the bathroom he opened her wardrobe door wide and hanging on the end of the rail were three crook-handled school canes. Already his heart was thumping madly as he took out the longest and thickest cane and started to flex it in his fingers. But

suddenly he changed his mind and put the thick cane back and instead took out the middle-sized cane.

He decided he was going to combine his wife's punishment with a deal of pleasure for himself and if he used the big cane he would only be able to apply a few strokes, and even then, heavy bruising which would last several days would be caused on Jane's bottom.

The cane he took out now was 38 inches long and was slightly less than ¼-inch thick. When they had bought it in a shop in Sussex it had been described by the supplier as "suitable for punishing senior girls".

In any event there was no doubt in his mind that this thinner cane would give punishment enough, having often seen Jane writhing under its sting. It was a truly superb cane being exceptionally pliant. A vigorous stroke and it would wrap itself right around the curve of Jane's bottom with a terrific biting sting. The pain bit deep and seemed to draw and spread agonisingly right through her whole bottom. She did not realise it but at nearly every stroke her bottom jerked in a remarkable manner and her legs kicked wildly in the air. This movement, and her cries, long drawn out, bore testimony to the efficiency of this senior girl's cane.

He placed the cane on the bed and waited.

Jane came in from the bathroom and stopped dead in her tracks when she saw the cane.

"Oh no, why that?" she stammered.

"I don't give explanations, I ask for them," Gordon snapped back.

He then proceeded to tell her exactly what he thought of her and she soon realised that there was no question of her being let off.

So she begged to be let off for that night as she was so tired and, indeed, Gordon was far from feeling his best, so turning the situation to his advantage he snapped "Right, tomorrow evening you will have an hour of school discipline." She knew exactly what this meant but accepted thankfully.

Little was said between them until eight o'clock the following evening when Jane had her bath and dressed in her school uniform. This was a real school uniform which they had assembled and consisted of a navy blue tunic and white blouse, real navy blue cotton gym knickers and a white cotton vest. No bra was allowed. She wore thick black stockings and flat sandals.

As she entered the living-room his heart quickened excitedly, noticing how perfect she looked with a submissive expression and carrying the senior girl's cane. However he kept an impassive expression himself, still being absolutely determined to make her suffer.

He ordered her to sit at the dining-room table and to write out the following instructions—

1. Always answer in a loud clear voice and with a respectful tone.
2. Always obey instructions immediately.
3. Always move at the double.
4. Always stand absolutely still and stiffly to attention with the shoulders well back.

He then made her take another sheet and make a list of numbers, from 1 to 6, on which to note Black Marks and beside each number up to 5 she had to write alongside 'Spanking', but against 6 had to be written 'Thrashing with the cane'. Her hand trembled noticeably as she wrote out the instructions.

"Right," he said. "Into the corner."

Knowing the ritual she picked up the cane and ran quickly to the corner and stood perfectly still to attention.



She stood perfectly still to attention, holding the senior cane.

He left her in the corner for a full five minutes, then: "You are slouching, come out here."

She ran to where he was now seated and was instructed to cross off the first Black Mark for being slovenly.

Then he pulled her across his knee and carefully tucked up her tunic and pulled down her gym knickers, right down to her knees. The tunic was tucked inwards so that there was no chance of it slipping down.



He pulled down her gym knickers.

He stopped to marvel at her superb bottom and her black-stockinged legs, long practice had taught him not to hurry these moments. Rather unnecessarily he pushed her vest further up her back and then placed his hand on both her bottom cheeks and moved them gently to and fro as if to test their resilience.

Then he started a brisk spanking on her large mature bare bottom. He delivered hard firm slaps to both sides of her bottom and Jane was soon kicking her legs about and gasping. Gordon did not stop until he had completed twenty-five smacks on each side and her bottom was very pink indeed.

She stood to her feet gasping and her hands went towards her knickers which were still around her knees, but Gordon snapped: "Into the corner" and she quickly hobbled over to the corner, but he snapped after her—

"Come out her again, you did not answer 'Yes 'Sir,' and you did not move at the double. Mark off two more Black Marks."

This she did and a second later she was again face down over his knees and without waiting he started spanking. Another twenty-five hard ringing slaps were administered to each side and now there were some real cries of anguish from Jane. By the time he had finished her bottom was a very bright and shining red and this time she jumped up very quickly from his lap and ran back to the corner with her blazing bottom prominently on show. She longed to rub her bottom but dare not move, knowing full well that Gordon would be watching her closely.

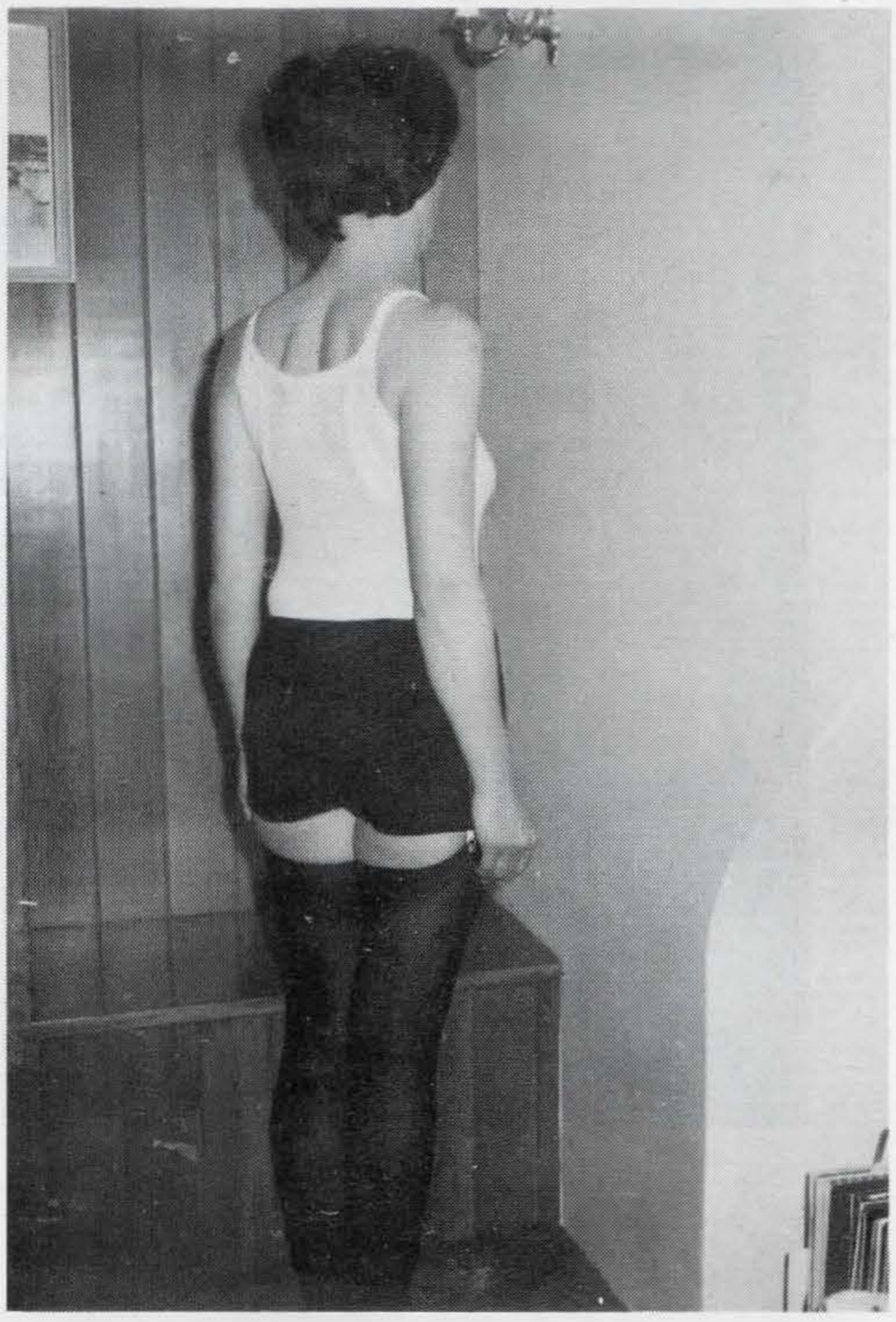
After another full five minutes to attention he ordered her to pull up her knickers and to take off her tunic and blouse.

She was now reacting very quickly to his orders and shouted "Yes Sir" every time he spoke to her.

She was very quickly back in the corner, shoulders well back, and dressed only in her vest and knickers and, of course, her black stockings.



A brisk spanking on her large mature bottom.



Shoulders well back.

Another couple of minutes, her bottom still smarting, and she was ordered to the centre of the room.

Now for some exercises," he said, and proceeded to really put her through her paces . . . He made her do all sorts of exercises, and made her shout out loud the number of all the movements. And worst of all, between each exercise he made her run on the spot. This he really enjoyed for it demonstrated such complete submission, and of course, as she ran so her breasts bounced up and down under her vest and provided a very exciting spectacle.

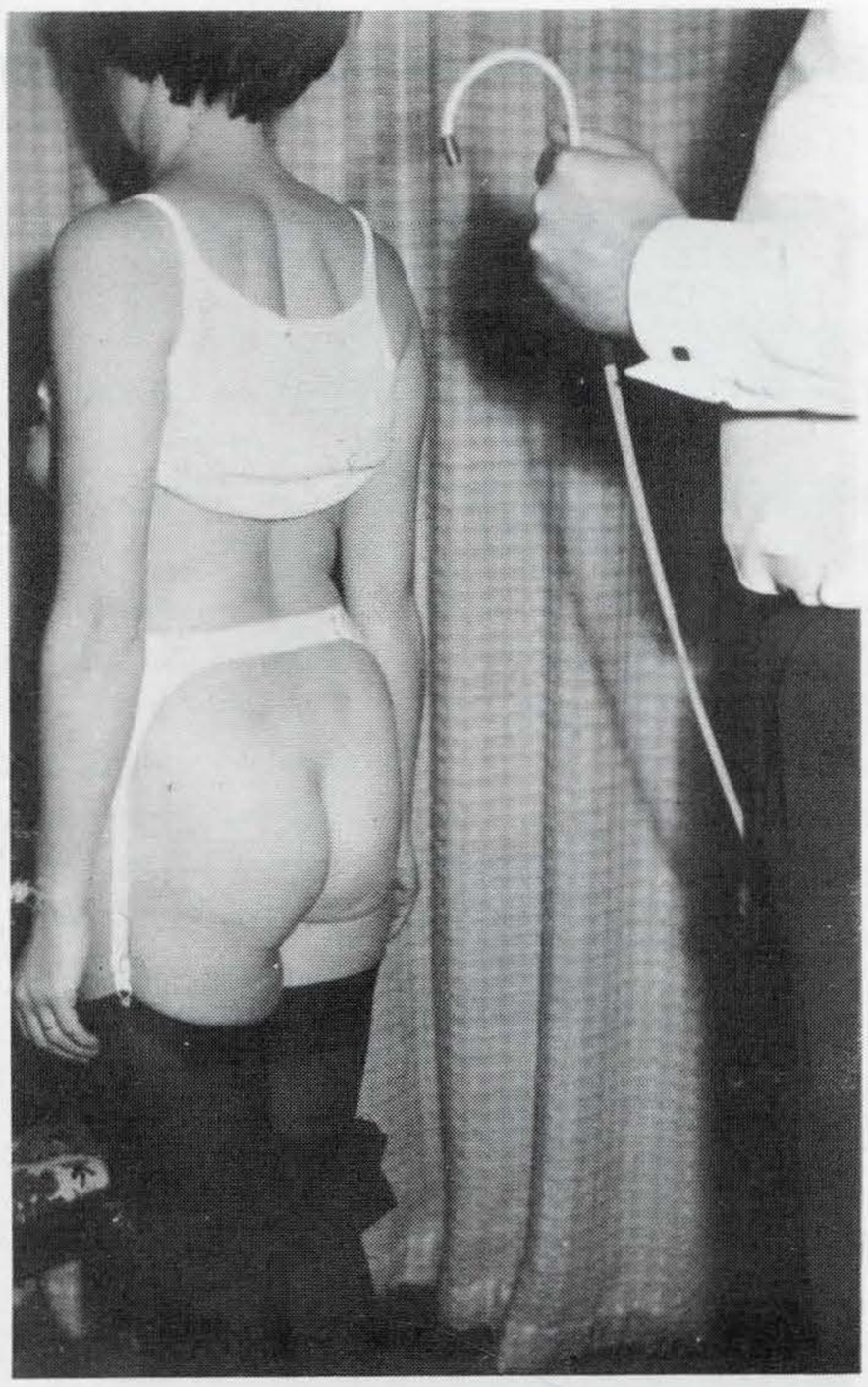
He made her keep this up for ten minutes by which time she was really gasping for breath.

"Back to the corner," he ordered. And she forget to say 'Yes sir'!

"Come out again," he snapped. "You did not answer me, you did not run and also you are slouching. Stand by that chair."

This she did with tears welling up in her eyes, and he picked up the cane and flexed it in front of her.

"Right, knickers down and vest up."



Knickers down and vest tucked right up, waiting for the command to bend over for the cane.

She knew what this meant and as quickly as possible pulled down her gym pants and tucked up her vest, right up under her armpits so that her breasts were exposed.

With tears trickling down her face she obeyed his command to bend over. He gave two experimental strokes through the air and then laid the long whippy cane across her bottom to take aim. It really was well described as a cane suitable for senior girls.

Almost too quick for the eye to see the first stroke swished down, accompanied by a loud gasp from Jane and a tightening of her grip on the chair. The earlier spanking did not help and she had that awful sick feeling as the pain surged right through her, and she wondered how she could remain bending over for the full punishment when—

Swiissh—the second stroke cut across her bottom.

He guessed her thoughts and said "Don't you dare move. I intend to give you twelve strokes altogether and they will all be just as hard."



By this time two magnificent red swollen weals had risen across both bottom cheeks, and Jane hung her head low in anticipation of the awful drawing, cutting pain that was about to follow . . .







rubber sex

Marybelle was an ordinary, rather attractive young lady of 26 who, on arrival in my office, gave no external indication of her fascination for rubber. Her dress was trendy, but not far out, and it contained no manifestation of her fixation. However, many years as a practising clinical analyst have taught me never to judge anyone by outward appearance.

After overcoming a certain initial embarrassment she related to me some of the particulars of her case. She had married when only 17 and had been divorced two years later. Although she hadn't realized it at the time, her marriage failed because of the inability of her husband to satisfy her sexually. He was a lorry driver and, contrary to some of the legends concerning members of that occupation, he was very puritanical in his attitudes towards sex, believing that any divergence from the ordinary "missionary position" was a "deviation" and therefore dirty.

Subsequently she had knocked about a bit, neither more nor less than the average comely girl in a big city during the present moral climate. But for some years after her separation she had been unable to get what she considered adequate sexual relief with a variety of partners and so was coming round to the idea that there was something wrong with *her,* that she was somehow to blame.

The one exception had been a brief liaison with a member of Hell's Angels who had really "turned her on". This relationship, nevertheless, proved unsatisfactory for, while the physical attraction was there, she did not like what she called his life style. She had found him highly desirable when mounted on his bike and clad in his "leathers" but as a companion found him crude and boring. She had refused to be shared around the gang as the initiation ceremonies required and the relationship terminated.

I was sure Marybelle had not told me the whole story, they never do in the beginning. As a matter of fact, by the time most people get around to consulting an analyst they no longer are sure themselves what the whole story is. I asked her about her current situation and she became evasive, confirming my suspicions. I explained that she would have to be open with me if she expected me to help her at all and she agreed. We



made another appointment.

Marybelle kept her appointments religiously but we were getting no nearer to the root of her problem. She had found a new partner and said they were getting along very well sexually and socially, but it was very apparent to me that she suffered a high degree of guilt because of this relationship. It was equally apparent that I hadn't an earthly idea as to what caused it and that she was stubbornly refusing to tell me what was causing it. Guilt of this type, if allowed to fester inside a person can be highly dangerous psychically.

One afternoon I got the master clue. Marybelle was extremely disturbed and informed me that she was afraid she had contracted a venereal disease. I told her that was a matter for her local GP but she was so distressed that I agreed to make a preliminary examination. As I was drawing on and smoothing the thin latex gloves which doctors use for such examinations I saw her eyes narrow in a strange intense way. Her mouth parted and her tongue flicked rapidly over her moistened lips.

Seating her on a convenient stool I parted the labia in search of any tell-tell inflammation. I was not surprised to find the labia minor and the vagina very wet indeed. Any manipulation, no matter how clinical, will automatically stimulate the lubrication mechanism and that is something quite ordinary.

When I did thrust my fingers into her vagina in a brief probe I was surprised by her intense reaction and realized that she had had an orgasm at the brief moment of contact. Before I had fully taken in what had happened she was agitating her hips and thrusting herself forward on my hand as a sharp sudden second climax rapidly followed the first.

As this brief action and reaction was ended she blushed furiously and burst into tears. When I had consoled her and, in place of further manual examination, taken a slide for laboratory analysis she told me her "guilty secret". Her present boy friend was a rubber fetishist and in their sex life together had introduced this new element. Perhaps because of her prudish husband or her own inhibitions she had thought rubber stimulants as an adjunct to sex to be perverted and bad.



I was able to reassure Marybelle that, on the contrary, she was a very lucky young woman. If the evidence of her reaction to my surgeon's gloves was anything to go by—and it certainly seemed to be—it was evident that she too was aroused by rubber. The addition of this new dimension to the sex life of her and her boy friend could only strengthen their relationship and that was all to the good.

The chances of a young man and woman, as I told her, who both react to rubber with sexual arousal meeting is most unusual. In the first place most rubber fetishists are men. They have considerable

difficulties in finding female partners who are willing to accommodate this need save specialist prostitutes who charge highly and behave in such a professional attitude as to take any real emotional satisfaction out of the act.

In the rare instances of a man and woman sharing an affinity for rubber up to and during intercourse difficulties may still arise. If, for example, one of the partners—and in this case it is usually the woman—begins to get the idea that it is the rubber wear itself that is the attraction rather than herself ardour may cool. Or quite frequently, as with Marybelle, the woman loads herself up with a lot of unnecessary guilt that can be just as dangerous.

Her partner, it appeared, had first come to his interest in rubber by noticing his fascination with macintoshes. He had told Marybelle that he had first lost his virginity with an older woman who had spread her yellow mac on the grass in Hyde Park. She had mounted him in the act and he had never forgotten the sleek feeling of the rubber surface on his back. Since that time the tactile sense of anything rubber, the smoother the better, never failed to cause him an erection.

Later on the two of them had experimented with various types and consistencies of rubber and plastic. They had tried the rubber coated cloth called "Wigan" which they found erotic enough for them to enjoy a heightened sensation in intercourse whilst she was wearing a full cape made up of this material. They had also had their conjugal bed fitted with a bottom sheet in black of this polished rubber surface cloth stretched tight across their playground and held in place by heavy elastic sewn into the hems.

One of their earlier triumphs was the acquisition by Marybelle of a pair of shiny plastic boots which came up to just over the knee. These were quite soft and malleable and fitted her neatly rounded calf so tightly that rays of light shimmered on the sparkling surface. They were just as closely contoured to her slender well-turned ankle and dimpled knee. The heels were high and stiletto shaped and when she had the boots on feminine muscles were displayed to excellent advantage.

It was her practise to don these boots and nothing else and then walk slowly up and down the room while her lover lay on the black Wigan bed sheet and watched her. The vivid contrast of the shiny black plastic with the startling white of her thighs as the footwear ended over her knees was invariably sufficient to cause a large throbbing erection on the man as he lay back and enjoyed the spectacle which she was putting on for his benefit alone.

Now high aroused, the lover would pull Marybelle on to the bed with him. He would run his hands slowly over the plastic surface of the boots, which she continued to wear, smoothing the shiny material and feeling beneath its pliable surface the living warm skin of his woman. He definitely enjoyed the subsequent intercourse more when she was wearing the boots and, since this was so, she was more satisfied in being able to add that much more to his happiness.

As time went on Marybelle paid frequent visits to one of the London shops which specialises in plastic and rubber gear. She had a bra made, also in thin black plastic, which held quite tightly her firm uptilted breasts. This garment was so cut that the two nipples with their pink auriolae and light brown tips peeped through two holes of the appropriate size. It was her man's special delight to grasp the rubber covered breast firmly in two hands and suck greedily at this fountain of life.

Her next purchase was a leotard which clung to her buxom figure like a second skin. This, too, had custom built holes for the nipples and was also equipped with a special slit which permitted the entrance of his penis into her sex no matter how hard it had become. So that while his organ was inside her moving in her lubricated parts, his testicles and groin were sliding like parts of a well oiled machine on the sleek surface of rubber presented by this remarkable garment.

From the same shop Marybelle also bought a face mask made from a similar material. This had barely upturned slits for the eyes which gave her a certain Oriental allure. It also had an adequate hole for her mouth and it was one of her lover's especial delights when she should take his throbbing member into her mouth through this special slit. He stoutly maintained that fellatio had never thrilled him quite so much as when it was administered in this fashion.

Aware as I am that rubber fetishism often includes elements of sado-masochism I queried Marybelle as to whether there was anything of that nature involved in her particular relationship. She assured me that there wasn't and that pictures she had seen of such attitudes in magazines like *Janus* and elsewhere didn't turn her on nor, she thought, her boy friend. They were titillated by the rubber itself, especially if it was photographed so as to show highlights. They often consulted catalogues of far-out rubber and plastic gear together, felt a pleasant arousal and then went to bed together, sometimes without even bothering to put on their own special garments.

Whilst plastic and Wigan had a salutary effect on the love life of Marybelle and her boy friend it was not until they got into latex, that they, as she put it, really took off. The first item on this line was a pair of elbow length skin-tight gloves which Marybelle picked up ostensibly to protect her hands while doing housework. The first pair was not nearly as sensitising as my surgeon's gloves had been during the examination I had given her. However, it soon became apparent that her boy friend derived a

particular enjoyment from being masturbated by Marybelle when wearing these.

They also discovered that, contrary to the experience of most young couples, the pleasure of intercourse was actually enhanced by his using a latex contraceptive sheath for the occasion. Other times he would have her stretch the translucent rubber covering over his rigid member and then treat him to fellatio. He frequently begged her to do this as he got a different thrill in this way. Marybelle agreed that it was different but for herself preferred the texture of his actual flesh in her lips and throat.

At first, and for some time afterwards, Marybelle believed that her use of rubber as a sexual aid was primarily as a favour to her boy. But as their experiments along these lines widened she began to notice that she herself was deriving extra pleasure and thrills from the sight and texture of rubber, shiny plastic and other related materials. She felt sure, for example that her climaxes were more full and satisfying when she had them on the sleek black bottom sheet which was not a permanent feature of their large double bed.

Now the girl no longer relegated rubber wear only to the sexual sessions with her boy friend but took to wearing it whilst going about her day to day life. She began to accumulate a whole wardrobe of rubber garments. She bought knickers and brief panties fashioned from the sheerest latex. She also bought several bras of a sturdier nature, since her breasts were very full and thrusting and she liked the feeling of having them held in firmly like precious prisoners in two resilient cells.

Marybelle also purchased corselettes, so sheer as to be transparent, and when she wore those she never put on knickers. She need only look at herself in the mirror, her buttocks held firmly in and the dark mound of her pubic hair showing through the revealing smooth rubber covering and her whole being was aroused. Sometimes she would finger herself, marvelling at how her milky fluid clouded up under the translucent sheath of the erotic garment. It got to the point where she could not even touch a piece of rubber, let alone putting on clothing made of it, without getting very randy.

I questioned Marybelle about her childhood, trying to ascertain if there had been some incident back then which might explain her belated fascination with rubber, plastic and leather. That it had been latent before she met the present lover who had, to all intents and purposes, introduced her to this fetish was clear. After all, she had mentioned the Hell's Angel and her attraction to him when he wore his "leathers". Like most babies she had worn tight yellow rubber panties over her nappies as a protective measure. Since she admitted resisting toilet training it seemed reasonable to suppose that she had enjoyed a pleasurable feeling from that utilitarian garment.

As a little girl she had worn a slicker during the rainy weather and she still remembered the sense of warmth and protection it had given her from the hostile elements. She dredged up a childhood memory of sometimes wearing the shiny raincoat indoors, listening to the downpour on the roof and feeling snug and satisfied in her warm bed. She had not done this very often, being ashamed as she thought it silly. However, these and other juvenile remembrances reinforced my theory that her fetish for rubber was rooted well back in early life.

Nowadays, her interest in rubber re-awakened, she found that it made her life seem fuller. Aside from the enhancement of her sex life with her lover, she found more zest in her contacts with the outside world. The feel of intimate rubber garments clinging closely to her skin gave her confidence as she walked through the streets. A sense of sexual power pervaded her at all times now, and she was convinced that she was desirable to passing men—and women too for that matter. Just the simple act of wearing rubber made her feel a better and more important person.

The one thing which worried Marybelle was the fear that her love of rubber made her "kinky". She was desperately afraid that her behaviour was not "normal", and that she was some kind of nutcase. I explained to her that everybody in the world was an individual and that sexual tastes were as singular as fingerprints. No one liked exactly the same thing and it would be a horrific world if that were so. If one person reacted to a certain stimulus in a more heightened or different way than someone else that was no more of an aberration than if one eater liked Cheddar cheese and the other preferred Double Gloucester.

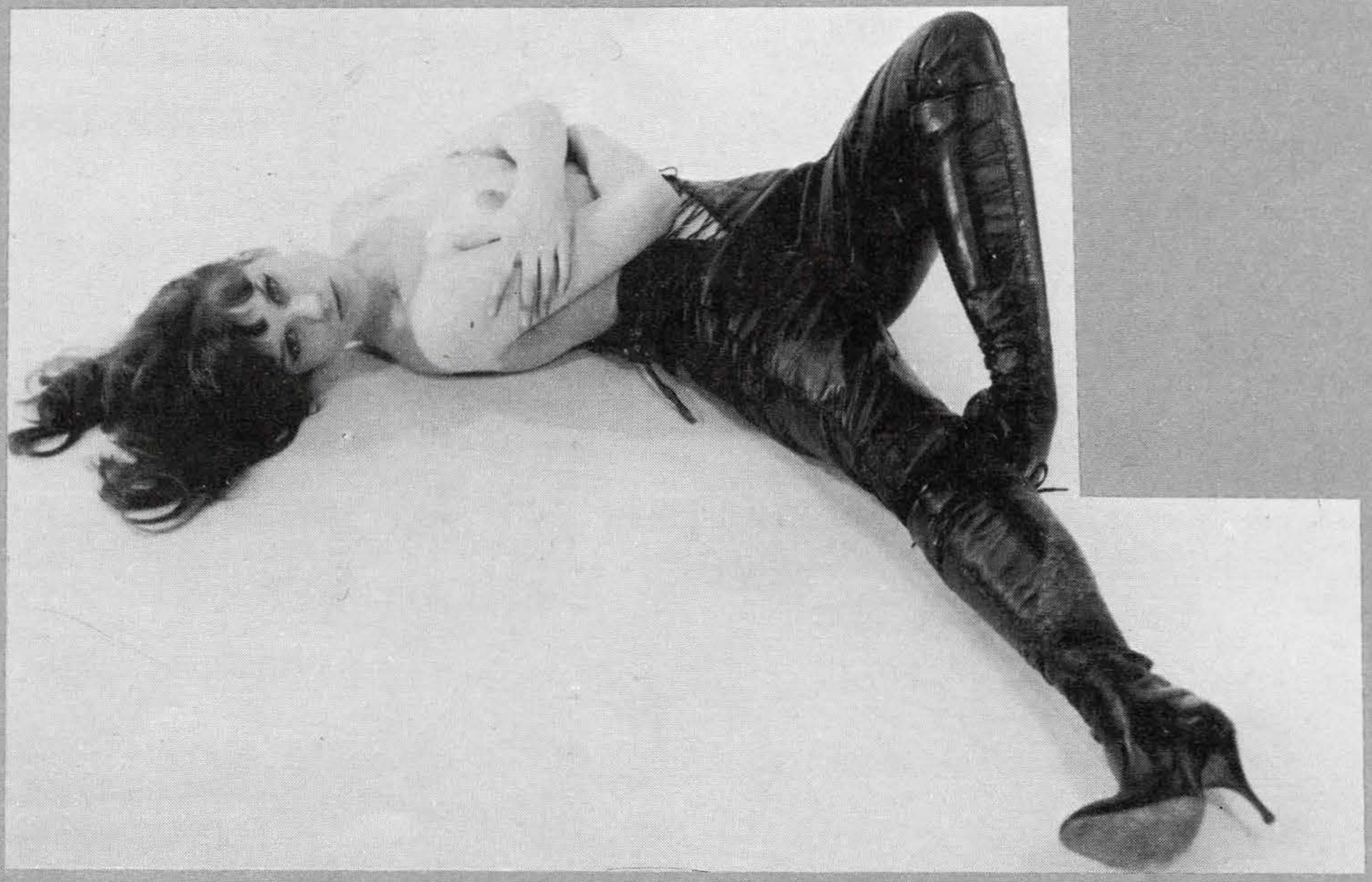
The most important thing to remember, I told Marybelle, is that there is nothing you can do wrong except to injure someone else. Quite clearly her predilection for rubber and plastic gear did no harm to anybody and had the advantage of affording to her and to her boy friend a great deal of innocent pleasure. The discovery of her ability to derive heightened enjoyment from her sexual life with the use of rubber wear had lent an added dimension to her life with her boy friend.

I told Marybelle in no uncertain terms that, far from feeling any sense of guilt, she should take a positive attitude towards her passion for rubber. She should actively enjoy that increased potency of her sexual relations. Having passed so many of her ripest years in a slough of depression and frustration due to her inability to find a suitable sexual partner she should congratulate herself upon her new happiness. And if the wearing of rubber gear could increase the sexual happiness of herself and her partner she should continue with it, gratefully and joyously.











A Modern Couple

PART TWO

When Ray acquired a more substantial knowledge of sexual psychology he was able to come to terms with some of his own bizarre notions. His discovery early on of the fascination of underwear led him to further investigation. Like many other young people he was forced to pursue his sexual activities in circumstances that were not ideal. More sex took place in the open air, in cars and on sofas at parties than ever happened in bed. The rearrangement of clothing rather than its removal was the rule and Ray liked sex in those situations.

He liked the fumbling and unbuttoning and preferred girls to retain some of their clothing, even in bed. The dishevelled appearance, the half-clothed body was more desirable than nudity. He also liked to undress girls himself and liked to watch them strip. If he gets the opportunity, and of course he does with Alison, he likes to express preferences and help choose underclothing.

Alison has drawers full of fancy and exotic bras, knickers, suspenders, garters, petticoats, corsets and stockings. His taste for these garments has developed over the years and Alison is constantly buying new ones. She said, 'I know it's kinky and I accept that. The first time he told me about his tastes I thought he was a bit peculiar, but as I was beginning to learn more and more about the unusual aspects of sex, I thought 'Why should I object?' It doesn't do anybody any harm, least of all me. If it gives him pleasure then I will do my part. Now, I like dressing up and wearing all kinds of pretty undies. They make me more desirable and I feel more sexy as well.'

Alison and Ray's relationship developed and culminiated in marriage primarily because they were physically compatible and achieved more sexual satisfaction with each other than they had with any other partners. However, they complemented each other in other ways, not least in their mutual desire to extend their knowledge and experience of sex.

Ray was an advocate of sexual liberation and found Alison a willing listener. Sex, in his view was a positive life-enhancing force and not to be looked on

with fear and suspicion. Sexual pleasure was desirable in itself and not merely an adjunct to procreation. Abolition of sexual guilt and an understanding of one's real sexual desires and make-up were essential to fulfillment. Any sexual activity between consenting partners was legitimate provided that one did not identify such activity with psychopathic behaviour.

A great deal of confusion has been caused by the inability to distinguish between so-called perverse or aberrant practices and those of the psychopath. Fetishism and kinkiness were best understood, accepted and lived with rather than repressed, if they were a part of a person's sexuality and necessary to complete his or her sexual satisfaction. Promiscuity, polygamous relationships and group sex should also be considered as meritorious for those who wished to indulge.

Conventional sexual morality based on the strictures of the church and enforced by the state in order to maintain the bonds of family and property is in the process of being abolished. More people are coming round to the view that a person's sexual activities are his own business. Tolerance and non-interference are more common today as witnessed by the fact that a majority of the population are no longer interested in maintaining censorship of sexual matters. It is only a vociferous minority who are trying to impose their puritanical attitudes on the rest of the community.'

Ray continued. 'Eventually, I foresee a time when the vast majority of people will be truly emancipated and will be able to indulge in whatever sexual activity they like without fear or favour. Unfortunately, we have always treated sex as different from any other kind of human endeavour. Where we welcome variety, imagination, experimentation, creativity, disclosure and discussion, flexibility, freedom and positive achievement of our desires in other fields—actually, not just welcome, but demand—when it comes to sex we have tended to practice the opposite. Alison and I are lucky to have met and been able to form a partnership in which we can not only strive towards our own sexual gratification and liberation, but stimulate others who are not too inhibited to discuss the matter to look for their own salvation.'

Alison confirmed Ray's attitudes and went on to explain how they had helped each other in their sexual development.

'Although Ray was far more knowledgeable and sophisticated about sex, I was able to contribute a great deal. My curiosity about sex and awareness of my yearning for deeper sexual satisfaction than I had been getting enabled me to listen to Ray's radical ideas with an open mind and to follow his lead in bed without inhibition. He excited me intellectually as well as physically and my responses encouraged him. He told me that I was the first girl he had been able to open up to and he was certainly the first man who had ever attempted to treat me as a person and discover what my thoughts and desires were. He exposed himself to me and encouraged me to reciprocate.

'I learned about his penchant for stockings and knickers quite early in our relationship. One night, about a week after we had met, he came round to pick me up and had to wait as I was late getting dressed. We were going to eat and then to a disco and I intended to wear a long skirt. I couldn't find a clean pair of unladdered tights so when Ray suggested that perhaps I could find a pair of stockings I didn't see why not as I wasn't going to be wearing a mini-skirt. I rustled up a pair of stockings and a suspender belt and thought no more about it.

'When we went back to Ray's place to spend the night, he didn't give me a chance to get undressed. He started to make love as soon as we got in. He pulled my long loose skirt up and started to finger me under the edges of my panties. They were very brief and didn't offer much of an obstacle. We were wrestling around on the bed and Ray pushed my skirt right up over my head and imprisoned my arms. I started to laugh as it was quite funny. I couldn't see a thing, neither could I free my arms or my head as I was completely enveloped and Ray was holding the hem of my skirt bunched up over me. I was giggling in the darkness and started to kick my legs but Ray grabbed them and held them down. Then he told me to lie still. I felt his fingers draw the crotch of my panties aside and he began to rub my clitoris. I was already aroused and my juices began to flow as soon as he got a finger inside me.

'He released my skirt, but I didn't push it away from my face, and prised my thighs further apart. His tongue replaced his fingers and I relaxed blissfully under his gentle lapping, but I was surprised that he hadn't removed my knickers. I just lay there passively enjoying his mouth on my cunt. He sucked and nibbled and as I approached my climax I instinctively closed my thighs, making his face a prisoner. My cunt was wide open and wet with expectation as his mouth attempted to swallow it completely, and his tongue darted in and out and then licked up and down from my clitoris to my anus. In seconds I was on fire and then my whole body shuddered as my cunt throbbed and vibrated in final ecstasy.

'Ray had sucked my cunt before, the only man who had, but never like this. I was utterly drained. The movements of his mouth gradually subsided but he continued to run his fingers up and down my thighs from the silkiness of my stockings to my bare flesh. His hands followed a rhythmic pattern from my knees to my bottom, his fingers smoothing my stockings and then insinuating themselves inside the tops, plucking my suspender straps and squeezing my bottom under



and over my knickers.

'Then I felt him fumbling with his trousers and he released his strong hard cock against my belly. Once more I felt his fingers at the crotch of my knickers, pulling it aside to allow his prick entry to my cunt. The whole episode was strange and outside my experience but it was nonetheless exciting. I was aroused to a point I had rarely reached before, even with Ray, and Ray's own feelings enhanced my own.

'Once inside me, he fucked slowly and deliberately, gradually building up the tension. As my passions rose to the culminating point I began to lift my bottom to meet his downward thrusts. As he felt my response, he increased his speed and our timing was perfect as we came beautifully together.

'Later, he explained to me his desire for this particular kick. He had thought this a suitable opportunity to introduce me to it, without having to ask me to co-operate in advance. He said that he didn't think it appropriate to ask me cold-bloodedly to acquiesce. It was much better to let things happen naturally, even if he had done a little advance planning, as otherwise it would all seem a little artificial and forced. I told him that I had had not the slightest bad feelings, in fact the opposite as he had made me feel more sexy. Since then we have got into underwear fetishism on a bigger scale, but it is only part of our scene.

'Ray also turned me onto oral sex in a big way. My experience of sucking cocks was very limited and I didn't even know how to do it. I had made only a few perfunctory attempts as a preliminary to intercourse and they hadn't been very enjoyable. I didn't object to doing it, rather that I didn't get any positive enjoyment out of it. Ray taught me how to do it, very gently and over a period of time, without pressing me. Gradually I started to initiate the act myself and get pleasure from his throbbing organ in my mouth. The first time he came in my mouth, I was unprepared and spat his spunk out immediately. I had a fit of choking and was quite nauseated. However, I wanted to give him the pleasure I knew he enjoyed so much and learned to suck him dry, holding his emission in my mouth before spitting it out later. He never asked me to swallow it, and the first time I did it was of my own accord.

'The thought had obviously occurred to me, if only in revulsion, but I was determined to overcome my reluctance. The first time I did so we were performing soixante-neuf and as soon as I felt his cock spurt I took a big gulp and got most of it down. I was in such a state of excitement, I had just come myself, that my action was almost instinctive and without conscious thought. Now it is automatic. If I had to think whether to swallow a man's sperm, I wouldn't suck his cock in the first place.

'The first time Ray sucked my cunt, I didn't realise what he was doing at first and then I wondered if it were really a nice thing to do, even though I had always been very careful to keep myself clean. However, I enjoyed it from the beginning and Ray assured me that he got great emotional pleasure from giving me that enjoyment, so we had no problems.'

Both Ray and Alison expanded their accounts in frank detail giving many examples of their discoveries and experiments. As Ray explained, 'Many people discover their sexual predilictions through instinctive urges they cannot properly explain in rational terms and through the images that surface unbidden in their imaginations, as well as through the natural explorations of the body they are likely to make.

'For instance, sado-masochistic desires and images in the form of fantasy can be summoned up by the mind with little indication of their origin which has often been buried in the unconscious, as well as being triggered by the squeezing and caressing of the buttocks which is a natural, instinctive act. In my own case, and especially with Alison, I have not flinched from sexual exploration and experimentation whether the point of departure has been decided by instinct or acquired knowledge.

'I, like many other men, easily discovered that the buttocks make a tempting target even if one had never had any experience of corporal punishment. Playfully, squeezing a round soft bottom can lead to slapping, especially if the woman is bending over, whether for some innocent reason, or because she is being fucked from the rear. There does not have to be a desire to inflict punishment. If led into this form of sexual expression from that direction, some people would wish to develop it positively, while others would find little or no desire to continue. I had had some minor experiences with several girls, but none of them were really keen and my own attitudes were ambivalent. Once I knew of Alison's willingness to experiment with novel activities I took a more positive approach. Although we tried several sessions of hand spanking, and once I used a soft leather strap on her, we did not pursue the matter as neither of us were turned on by it.

'I am well aware that many people get a kick out of spanking, good luck to them, but it's just not our scene. What we do like to do very much is enact out scenes and play roles. This is easy for us to do as well as enjoyable as we are both imaginative and curious. We enjoy the uncertainty and variations in the outcome of a series of events. When we play a game Alison is able to make the utmost use of her existing wardrobe as well as buying new garments for the special occasion which I don't see in advance.'

Alison interrupted. 'I always buy a complete set of underwear and Ray never knows what I am wearing under my dress until he starts to take my clothes off. For instance, the last time we played an 'encounter



game' I decided to act like a cheap tart. I make up my own mind which role to play without telling Ray, then I go to a pre-arranged place and Ray follows later. In this case I went to a hotel bar and waited for Ray to come and pick me up. I was wearing a low-cut silk dress with a rather startling pattern and a fur stole. I had the latest fashion shoes with the thickest platforms and highest heels I could manage, a large handbag, and several rings and bracelets. I was wearing lots of eye make-up, rouge and blackish-tinged lipstick.

'When I sat down on the bar stool I managed to show as much leg as possible. As my skirt was short and I was wearing stockings I knew I must have been displaying a few inches of bare thigh. I was a little apprehensive as when I looked in a mirror I really looked the part and I thought I had a good chance of being thrown out of the place before Ray arrived. I was also worried that I might attract a too persistent admirer.

Alison went on to explain how Ray then came into the bar, acting like a stranger and picked her up. They each acted out their roles enthusiastically, making up the script as they went along. Eventually she agreed to go for a drive with him. Ray took her out in the country and parked in a lay-by. After some preliminary skirmishing and playful reluctance on Alison's part he removed her dress and fucked her on the back seat of the car. Of course, her underwear was appropriate to her characterisation. Her stockings were attached to the long French suspenders of a Merry Widow waist-cincher with half-cup bra that pushed up her breasts and barely covered her nipples. That was in black and trimmed with scarlet rubbon as were her crotchless knickers.

Ray then related how they had got onto this sort of game. They had been staying at a country hotel for the week-end and Alison was waiting in the lounge for Ray to come down from their room. A man got into conversation with her and was obviously attracted to her. When Ray arrived he suddenly had the idea not to let on that he was Alison's husband. He joined in the conversation as if he were another man trying to make a pass at Alison. She cottoned on quickly and played along. It didn't take long to shut the other man out and Alison and Ray began to talk as if they were each married to someone else and were spending the week-end away from their respective spouses.

Alison graciously allowed herself to be seduced and they pretended they were committing adultery. After that they concocted various games on similar lines. It was through these games that they also got into extra-marital sex.

They had taken a winter holiday at a ski-ing resort, which of course are notorious for adultery and sexual shenanigans. They had arrived separately at the hotel with the intention of playing a seduction game. When Ray made his play to pick Alison up he found her laughing and joking with one of the ski instructors. He was an attractive amusing man and Ray realised that Alison obviously found him so. To provide a little spice to the action Ray inveigled another girl to join their party. He then began to concentrate his attention on her. Alison played along and devoted herself to the instructor.

Ray quickly saw which way the events could develop and made a decision to allow them to do so. The others were ignorant of Alison and Ray's true relationship so gradually the pairing occurred of Alison with the ski instructor and Ray with the other girl. After dinner and a visit to a night club Ray took his new partner and drifted away from the other two.

By this time it was obvious what was going to happen and neither Ray nor Alison made any attempt to retrieve the situation. He took his girl friend to his room and he didn't see Alison until the next morning. When they compared notes they both agreed that it had been an exciting experience and resolved to repeat it. Without making a habit of it they have had several more experiences of adultery in similar circumstances and on a few occasions when they have been apart for business reasons or through taking separate holidays.

'We have discovered that although we love each other and have great mutual sexual desire we do find other people attractive. Love and desirability are not exclusive to two people. If I find another woman sexually attractive that does not diminish my love and desire for Alison. Correspondingly with her. It is also obvious that we are not attractive only to each other. Alison, for instance, has men round her all the time, practically with their cocks hanging out. Because of our strong bond we have discovered not only that we have no jealousy, but that we genuinely delight in each other's sexual pleasure with other people and commiserate if one of us is disappointed. In total we think we have a beautiful relationship with few hang-ups and we are constantly making efforts to improve it.'

These experiences of one couple may not be common, but it is doubtful they are unique. In these days of demand for greater sexual liberation and expression we believe that this type of interview with emancipated couples is of great value to others who would like to release themselves from their inhibitions and desire to enhance their sex lives. Reading of another couple's experiences and beliefs is one way of increasing one's knowledge and insight of sexual matters.

Sex is an important and often little understood part of our lives. Any contribution that might lead to further understanding and the elimination of ignorance and superstition is constructive and creative. We think that we have made such a contribution.

a reunion with miss tate

'Miss Angela Tate, ex-mistress of Greendale School for Girls, would be delighted to renew the acquaintance of the former Miss Cynthia Powell and would be pleased to welcome her to a social afternoon and evening at the above address. Dress will be provided.'

The well-made young blonde woman in the green two-piece read aloud from the neatly printed card in her white gloved hand. When she had come to the end she turned to the other woman who stood beside her at the door of the large comfortable house, and nodded with a smile.

'My card is exactly the same; she's even called me the former Miss Grey. Mind she can't know I'm married, I suppose!'

The other woman was, like the blonde, in her mid-twenties. Her hair was copper shaded and shoulder length, her face sweetly rounded and her nose had a dainty mischievousness about it. Her eyes were large and full of humour, the lashes long and curved. She wore a summer coat of gentle lilac which did its best not to advertise the pleasing shape of her body but could do nothing to hide the charm of her legs in their stockings of light tan. She was smiling now, looking quizzically into the blue eyes of her friend.

'So here we are, Debbie, two ex-schoolgirls standing outside their teacher's house near Leeds, and for what reason the Lord only knows! And what does that bit about providing the dress mean?'

The blonde had been looking at the woman while she spoke with one hand half raised as if to knock on the solid-looking door of the house. She lowered her hand and stared back at her friend with a faint frown upon her face.

'I haven't the faintest idea. You don't think it's one of those wild fancy dress parties do you? Oh God forbid!'

'If it is,' murmured the other, staring up and down the gravel forecourt, 'We are going to be terribly conspicious; mine is the only car here! I can't help feeling that we are the only ones who have turned up!'

Debbie shrugged and knocked vigorously on the oakwork of the door. She was the same height as her companion and slightly heavier in build. Her bust was generous in its brassiere whose whiteness was visible through her tight blouse beneath the open pale green jacket. The matching green skirt, too was not loose upon her; it moulded to her full hips and allowed a faint and tell-tale ridge to mark the outline of her panties where they swept over her buttocks. The hazel eyes of Cynthia Powell flickered over her body. An involuntary gesture; one woman's appreciation of another woman's attractiveness. Suddenly, in the midst of the energetic knockings, the door swung silently open. A woman of about forty in a black blouse and tight-fitting black skirt stood before them, eyeing with some suspicion the daintily gloved fist which was poised almost at her shapely nose.

'Oh! I *am* sorry!' gasped Debbie, 'The door—'

'The misses Powell and Grey?' The blue-grey hair-style turned from one to the other. The voice was soft, persuasive, 'Do come in. Miss Tate is expecting you.'

'—Er—this is Miss Powell,' explained Debbie as they began to follow the woman up a thickly carpetted corridor, 'and I'm Mrs. Dalton now. My card actually went to my old home er—you know.'

The woman half turned and smiled over her shoulder but said nothing. They moved silently through the house and mounted a broad staircase past gilt-framed pictures of country scenes. At the top of the staircase, the woman stopped at the closed doorway of a room and turned to them, smiling again.

'If you would like to step into this room, ladies, you will be able to freshen up after your journey. Also, you will be able to change!'

'Oh yes—!' there was a question in Debbie's voice, '—about this changing business—' but the woman's hand was gently raised, a finger extended, and the

rest of Debbie's words faded into silence.

'Please, ladies,' again the voice of softness and persuasion, 'you will quickly understand. Miss Tate wants this to be a real school reunion.'

Still smiling, she opened the door and indicated with a demure movement of her head that they step inside. As they did so, her voice breathed, just audibly behind them, 'And I'm sure that you were both very sweet little schoolgirls indeed!'

The door closed with a soft click, and they were alone in the room, staring in disbelief into each other's faces.

'Did you hear that?' gasped Debbie.

Cynthia smiled and nodded, copper curls bouncing about her neck. She slipped off her lilac summer-coat and laid it carefully over the gold-coloured quilt of the large bed which dominated the centre of the room. As she smoothed out the creases in the garment, she suddenly froze, staring at the bed. Debbie stood at the door gazing so intently at it that it seemed she wanted to see their recent guide through the woodwork.

'She's rather a dishy thing, don't you think? But what a thing to say!'

She moved about the room, admiring the obvious taste with which it had been furnished. The wallpaper was heavily embossed, the furniture dark textured and solid. She turned to her friend at last, puzzled by her silence.

'What are you staring at, Cyn?'

There was just the faintest of smiles upon Cynthia's mouth and when she spoke her words were careffully phrased and quietly said.

'I think it's our—costume.'

Before the other woman's disbelieving gaze, Cynthia picked up the articles one at a time from one of the two little piles of clothing on the bed, and as she did so she recited the title of each in a low and slightly amused tone.

'White blouse, black and red striped tie, black skirt, white knee-socks with black and red stripe at the top, and—Oh yes!—The most important item of all!'

Before the gaping eyes of the blonde woman, Cynthia teasingly dangled a pair of black school-knickers. Debbie's eyes were locked upon them as they swung limply between Cynthia's fingers. Her mouth hung open and her blonde head shook from side to side in disbelief. After a few moments she reached out and took them from her friend. She ran them through her fingers and in spite of her astonishment could not help an approving nod.

'Best quality cotton; the real thing, Cyn! Remember how our mums used to play war about the price of our school undies? It really is quite—Oh!'—the truth suddenly struck her. 'Are we supposed to—I mean—does she expect us to—?'

Cynthia's copper hair bobbed pleasingly as she chuckled at the look on her friend's face.

'I'm afraid you're right, my dear; Miss Tate wants us well and truly knickered!'

'Good God!' The black undergarments were flung back onto the bed as if they had suddenly become too hot to hold, and Debbie shook her head vigorously. 'Definitely not! I'll go along with this other gear for a bit of fun, but I'm not getting into a pair of knickers for her or anyone! It's—It's—well, it's kinky!'

Cynthia exploded with laughter at her friend's indignation and then turned away, fumbling with the zipper at the back of her light summer dress. It slipped soundlessly open to reveal a triangle of cream silk underwear and the bare flesh of her back. The dress suddenly shook and lost its shape and slid limply down her body to her feet. Cynthia stepped out of it and as she stooped to pick it up, Debbie's eyes moved by some uncontrollable interest to the tight-stretched seat of the other woman's underslip and she noted with a strange feeling of achievement the unmistakable shade of a pair of tiny panties of pastel blue. But she modestly turned to the window and made a point of being interested in the view while Cynthia removed the rest of her clothes. Minutes passed, silent save for the teasing rustle of a woman's garments, and then a pause, and a voice—strangely soft—saying 'Well?'

Debbie turned from the window and, in spite of herself, smiled and nodded. A stranger stood before her; a schoolgirl who seemed well made for her age. Her black blazer with its red badge was open and the white blouse within thrust proudly with the full bosom. The tightness of the material loaned the blouse a welcome transparency and a white brassiere hinted its unseen shape. Her black skirt was close-fitted at her waist but quickly swelled over pleasing hips and tightly hugged her thighs. It ended some distance above her knees and consequently accentuated the shape and elegancy of her legs.

Debbie began to ask a question but it was answered before it had left her lips, for Cynthia with a cheeky smile placed both hands on the hips of her skirt and, nipping it between finger and thumb drew it right up her legs until it was almost round her waist. From here down to mid-thigh her shapeliness was covered by the dull black sheen of the school-knickers. They gripped her flesh so tightly that they seemed almost to have been painted upon her body. They hugged and moulded her and as she turned her buttocks seemed neater, rounder, fuller for their tightness. There was not a sage or a crease in them save for the isolated puckering about the taut bands of elastic encircling her thighs. Debbie's blue eyes held a strange softness in their gaze as she murmured 'You always did look gorgeous in your drawers, Cyn!'

'Naughty!' The word was spoken gently and without emotion.

'How do you feel in them?' Debbie nodded at the

knickers.

'Odd! I can really feel them on me. I feel—' Cynthia put her head on one side, 'I feel subdued! Come on, Debbie, it's time you were getting into your gear!'

And now it was Cynthia's turn to look away while her friend undressed, but not before she had glimpsed tight briefs of nylon, gaudy pink and swollen over a bottom which quivered with each body movement. And a brassiere whose flimsy straps strained with the generosity of the bosom inside and through whose flesh-coloured cups could be plainly glimpsed the darker discs of the nipples.

Finally the two women confronted each other in their school clothing. They gazed approvingly at each other and with a hint of secret embarrassment for it seemed that the years had vanished since they last stood together like this, and suddenly one remembered things . . . and wondered if the other remembered too. But a discreet knock startled them and spared them their memories. Cynthia thrust a limp garment, snatched from the bed into Debbie's hands but Debbie had only time to drop the black knickers on the carpet and kick them out of sight beneath the valance of the bed before the door of the room opened and their recent guide came in. They faced her self-consciously but she pressed her hands together, figers outward and gazed from Debbie to Cynthia in obvious approval.

'Exquisite! Truly exquisite! What delightful girls you make! And now, follow me please!'

Angela Tate had always been regarded as one of the most attractive of the teachers at Greendale School, and now, on the verge of her fortieth year, she did not seem any older than they remembered her to have been—and she was certainly no less attractive. She rose to meet them in what was obviously her study, indicating chairs with a gracious motion of her hand. She was dressed entirely in black; a close-fitting sweater and skirt each of which accentuated its own particular area of her body. Her bosom was not over-large but seemed nevertheless firm and was pleasingly rounded. Her legs were full in their dark stockings and prettily curved. Her hair was as they had always remembered it; black and drawn back into a pony's tail and tied neatly with a black ribbon. Her eyes, dark and appraising, flickered over the two young women who settled comfortably before her. Miss Tate smiled.

'How nice to see you again . . . girls!'

They chatted for some time, predictably, about the old school and some of the long vanished girls who had passed through its portals. From time to time, the elegant woman who had showed them into the house entered the room and was eventually introduced as 'my assistant', though exactly what form of assistance she rendered was not explained. Nor was there any attempt on the part of Miss Tate to explain the apparent absence of any other ex-pupils. Tea arrived, dainty cakes and sandwiches served with cream upon an antique little table. Miss Lydia, the assistant, joined them at this point and as the women ate in silence Cynthia was aware of the elegant eyes moving slowly and with interest over Debbie's unsuspecting form, and it seemed that those eyes liked what they saw and there was something in their glance which made Cynthia think that she would have blushed if she had felt their presence upon her own body.

It was later, when appetites were satisfied, that Miss Tate and Miss Lydia rose to their feet as if to a pre-arranged signal. Miss Tate smiled down at Debbie and Cynthia but she addressed her words to her assistant.

'Lydia, my dear, I wonder if you would be kind enough to show these two girls to room ten?'

Miss Lydia smiled and murmured an affirmative. Cynthia and her blonde friend looked at each other rather foolishly for a few moments and then, shrugging their shoulders and with baffled smiles upon their faces they too rose from their seats and followed the elegant owner of the blue rinse from the room and down a short corridor. At the end of this corridor they came to a door upon which was set in white letters the number 10. There was an atmosphere of such familiarity about that closed door that Debbie and Cynthia turned almost at the same instant to stare into each other's faces, eyebrows raised and eyes full of disbelief. Miss Lydia pushed open the door . . . and the two friends gasped out loud.

A wave of sound came from the open door; the urgent sound of schoolgirls chattering in their classroom. Young voices bandied gossip from the right and left of the room and there was even the tel-tale clicking of chalk missiles as they were flung to and fro. Through the discord could be heard the bland insults of an earlier age and the names of luckless teachers and juvenile boyfriends sparkled amidst the din. As Debbie and Cynthia stepped into the room they saw that it was indeed full of girls apart from two empty places at the front. Rows of girls in school uniform sat with their backs to the door at small desks in a room whose walls were obscured by tall cupboards save where hung the maps of the world and coloured paintings of the heroes of old. At the far end of the room, before the windows, stood a larger desk upon a dias. But what was it about it all that was so uncanny? What was it that did not fit? And then Cynthia realised, it was the strange stillness of the place. For all the noise, for all the uproar, not one of those youthful figures moved in its seat. Not a head turned in conversation, and as the two women began to walk gingerly down between the rows of desks they found the reason with a thrill of revulsion. Every one

of those figures sitting there in its school uniform was a dummy. Every face was a frozen pink mask; every eye was cast in a bland stare upon the back of the dummy in front. And here and there, where for some reason the short black skirts had crept back up the cold smooth legs, could be plainly seen that these dummies were completely dressed for their purpose . . . right down to the tight black knickers encircling the unyielding thighs! Debbie's blue eyes were wide in startled outrage. She positively gaped at Cynthia, her head slowly shaking from side to side, but as the noise increased and finally seemed to reach a crescendo she screwed up her face and pressed her hands over her ears.

'Silence, this instant, girls!'

The sudden command snapped through the cacophony like the crack of a whip and as if by the turn of a switch the room fell silent. Miss Tate was striding down one of the aisles, but she had changed slightly to how she had been a few minutes ago. Now a long black gown fluttered about her lithe body and a mortar board nestled firmly upon her dark head, its tassle bobbing wildly as she strode towards the dias. Somehow it seemed the most natural thing to do for both Debbie and Cynthia to collapse limply into the two empty desks at the front of the classroom immediately beneath the suddenly hostile stare of their ex-teacher.

'I will not have this bedlam in class every morning!' the words almost boomed around the room. The two friends shot amazed glances at each other. Debbie half opened her mouth but Cynthia frantically shook her head. Miss Tate leaned slightly forward and pressed the tips of her fingers onto the surface of her desk as she glanced sternly about the room at the rows of lifeless figures.

'In future,' she declared, 'when I enter your room, I want to see—'

She broke off. Debbie and Cynthia squirmed round in their seats to follow her gaze. Miss Lydia had come into the room and was stepping quickly towards the dias. As she passed the two young women she gave a strange smile in Debbie's direction before stepping up beside Miss Tate's desk. She stood close to the teacher and with her back to the girls. As she whispered urgently into the other woman's ear Miss Tate's face registered at first disbelief and then something bordering upon fury. She drew herself erect and folded her arms across her bosom menacingly.

It has been brought to my attention,' the words dripped with suppressed rage, 'That someone in this classroom is improperly attired! Someone here is wearing an article of clothing which, as a pupil in my class, that girl has no right to wear at all! Cynthia! Stand up!'

Cynthia leaped to her feet so quickly that she banged her shins on the metal legs of her desk. It was as if she was indeed all those years younger; she never even questioned the command in Miss Tate's voice. The next words however made her mouth drop open in astonishment.

'Cynthia, lift up your skirt!'

Hypnotised by the stern eyes and in spite of a strange sensation of being in a dream, Cynthia grasped the hem of her skirt and tugged it up until she had almost fully exposed her knickers. The face of Miss Tate allowed a frosty smile to creep across its stern surface while that of Miss Lydia was quite open in its appreciation of the black cotton knickers which covered Cynthia so tightly that no contour of her body could possibly have been concealed. She felt herself actually blushing as the woman's eyes moved ever so slowly over her underwear and lingered for perhaps longer than was really necessary at a point between her thighs. But now, Miss Tate had turned her gaze upon the unfortunate Debbie, and there was no trace of a smile upon her face now. Although no word was spoken, the same hypnotic condition which had affected Cynthia appeared to have its effect upon her blonde friend for Debbie, licking her lips nervously, rose slowly to her feet and stood before the mistress like a picture of guilt.

'So!' the word was like acid, 'It appears that we have one more suspect! Raise your clothing, young lady!'

'No!' the word burst from Debbie more as an exclamation of shock than an outright refusal. Miss Tate's lovely face turned pale and her mouth compressed into a thin line. She turned to her assistant and raised her eyebrows. Smiling in what Cynthia guessed was some delight at her task, the attractive Miss Lydia stepped down from the dias and without a word seized the luckless blonde by the wrist and twisted her quickly round. Debbie was no midget and she struggled bravely but the strength of her opponent's slim body was not to be denied and in no time at all Debbie was sprawled face downwards across her desk with her arms pinned and the obviously experienced Miss Lydia half across her, one arm over her back to keep her down, and the other quite free . . . for other things. Before Cynthia's bulging eyes Miss Lydia took hold of the hem of the struggling Debbie's skirt and began to tug it slowly up. Inch by inch, with deliberate care, she raised the skirt to expose more and more of the shapely legs and thighs while the blonde woman wriggled and protested to no avail. Higher rose the skirt until it uncovered all of Debbie's charming and by no means slender thighs. Higher still until there was a sudden flash of bright pink sexiness and Debbie's lovely bottom was revealed in its panties of tightest nylon. Miss Lydia carefully arranged the skirt above the waist and with her arm pressed over it to prevent its slipping down. Debbie's shame, it seemed, was not to



be interrupted.

The room was silent now except for Debbie's heavy breathing and the rustle of her clothing. Miss Tate now stepped out from behind her desk and it was then that Cynthia saw what she gripped in one hand. A cane! A long, slender and slightly curved cane which quivered menacingly in her fingers as she moved towards the helpless blonde.

'Oh no!' though Cynthia, 'Not that! It's all a game; Any minute now they'll own up and we'll all have a

good laught!' But there was something about the whole affair which seemed to elaborate and pre-conceived to be anything but real. She saw the hand of Miss Lydia suddenly appear upon that pantie-covered bottom, fondling the soft and nicely rounded cheeks with obvious pleasure and sliding slowly over the tight nylon. Somehow, there was an eerie excitement about the whole bizarre scene.

'Nylon, Miss Tate,' murmured the assistant, 'She's wearing nylon!'

Miss tate was standing immediately behind the crouching Debbie, her blazing eyes upon the attractive and flimsily covered buttocks. They were wriggling from side to side with the futile attempts of their owner to extricate herself and somehow, in spite of the outrageousness of the whole affair, Cynthia found time to appreciate how charming the sight of this movement was. But there was no appreciation in Miss Tate's eyes.

'So you like wearing nylon panties, do you?' she almost snarled. 'Very well! Since you obviously prefer their frivolousness to the practical and infinitely more becoming aspects of your school knickers, we will let you wear nylon panties! Bright crimson panties! You will not have them on you for more than an hour or so but while they *are* on you, my God you will know you're wearing them!'

She gestured impatiently towards the pink undies.

'Take them down! Get them out of the way! I do not even want her to have their meagre protection; Iwant her buttocks to be naked for my cane!'

Debbie shrieked in disbelief and kicked out wildly as she felt the hand of Miss Lydia suddenly grip her panties at the rear of their elasticated waist. Three good tugs had them down below her bottom, now revealed in all its soft pink and quivering glory. Miss Tate placed her legs apart as if to balance herself for the coming exertions and her hand, grasping the pliant cane, rose high above her head.

'All a joke,' breathed the dreamy little voice inside Cynthia's head. 'Any minute now—'

There was a sudden flurry of movement, a sharp crack split the air, and Debbie let out a piercing yell. Cynthia stared stupidly at her friend's unclothed bottom and her mouth sagged open at the sight of an angry red line, perfectly straight and sinisterly slender which had appeared on one smooth cheek and continued over the intervening cleft onto the other. The line see-sawed frantically as Debbie's bottom wriggled in pain.

'There, my girl,' breathed Miss Tate as she raised the cane again, 'is a tiny example of what is in store for you now! You are about to be thrashed! Thrashed as never before until I have made you scarlet! I will give you the reddest panties you have ever worn! Do you hear me, you wretched girl?—Do you hear me?'

The last two questions each accompanied another wicked stroke of the cane and each drew another cry of anguish from her victim. And then Miss Tate stopped all further conversation for a while and set about the punishment of poor Debbie in earnest. Stroke after stroke whistled downwards and cracked upon the quivering cheeks of Debbie's bottom. Line after crimson line appeared, the colour deepening as the minutes went by and each merging with the next as more and more strokes descended upon the buttocks. Cry after cry jerked from Debbie's mouth; her whole body writhed wildly but Miss Lydia, smiling broadly as she stared intently at the handiwork of the cane, held her firmly.

For the time being, Cynthia could only stare in horrified fascination as her friend's beautiful bottom slowly changed colour right there in front of her. The vivid shade of anguish was spreading all over the flesh as the merciless cane licked the bottom again and again. There was not fatigue evident in Miss Tate's arm for the strokes were as powerful and as regulas as before. Debbie still shrieked and cried out but now her cries were becoming broken and mingled with tears as the effect of her severe punishment became more than she could stand. It was then, as Debbie began to sob and her body seemed to sag submissively beneath the thrashing of the cane, that Cynthia finally jerked from her trance. Now suddenly, it seemed that she was indeed back at school with Debbie. As usual, Debbie was in trouble and it was up to Cynthia to rescue her.

With a bound, she was behind Miss Tate and had seized the uplifted arm. The sheer unexpectedness of the assault took the mistress completely by surprise and Cynthia found herself in possession of the instrument of punishment. Without even stopping to think she shoved Miss Tate as hard as she could and the other woman staggered with a howl of rage and then collapsed backwards over a desk. Cynthia had a lightning glimpse of thighs and frilly black suspenders before turning to deal with Miss Lydia. Two wicked cuts of the cane landed upon her tight black skirt and the woman let out a howl of pain and fell across her still struggling victim.

This was not enough for Cynthia; still brandishing the cane, she seized the elegant Miss Lydia and dragged up the black skirt as far as she could. Miss Lydia's eyes filled with apprehension as her panties, white and plump, were exposed. A second later and the cane was working vigorously upon their flimsiness. Cynthia managed a dozen strokes, her fury more than a match for the other woman's strength but from the corner of her eye she noticed Miss Tate struggling to her feet with a face like a thunderstorm and Cynthia knew that if she waited any longer those hands would be upon her and that cane would be dealing with *her*.

She flung the cane to one side and bundled the howling Miss Lydia away from the still protesting



Debbie. Forcing herself not to notice the unbelievable condition of her friend's bottom, she grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her up straight. Debbie's skirt flopped back into place although her panties were still halfway down her thighs where Miss Lydia had tugged them.

'Come on!' gasped Cynthia as she dragged the other woman toward the door, 'Come on, Deb; run for it!'

Poor Debbie hobbled along with her at her best pace which fortunately was sufficient to take them out of range of the other two women who seemed to be arguing with each other over who was to blame for the victim's escape. The last sight the two friends saw as they fled from the classroom was that of Miss Lydia being dragged across a desk by the furious Miss Tate. They paused for only a moment and watched the unfortunate woman's skirt being loosened before it fell limply around her ankles. She was pleading for mercy but struggling very little. Perhaps she knew that it was of no avail. Before the two pairs of fascinated eyes her tight white panties were gripped and pulled quickly down to the tops of her dark stockings. A second passed and her suspenders were unfastened and her black suspender belt was rolled up out of the way. Miss Tate meant business! Debbie and Cynthia left the room and hurried off up the corridor. Behind them, Miss Lydia began to scream. She screamed for rather a long time.

The two friends managed to find the room where they had left their clothing but they dare not stay long enough to change. Instead, still dressed as schoolgirls, they dashed downstairs and fled outside to Cynthia's car and they did not feel really safe until they had roared down the drive and set off on the main road. Cynthia lived some seventeen miles away and they drove to her flat. There, on the bed, Debbie lay face downwards and didn't seem to mind when Cynthia gently drew down those pink nylon panties to inspect Miss Tate's handiwork. It was certainly very professional; from Debbie's waist to the tiny crease below each bottom-cheek her flesh was scarlet and faint weals were now showing upon her tenderness. Cynthia brought a jar of cold cream from her bathroom and sat beside her friend, and soon the soft touch of her hands and the coolness of the cream began to soothe Debbie's discomfort. And still it seemed that they were back at school, and slowly the soothing hands began to slide to places that had not been touched by the cane, and Debbie turned over onto her back with her eyes closed and her mouth smiling and with her panties pulled down . . .

. . . Because it was easier for Cynthia that way.

THE END

Dr. Pilgrim Says... No. 3

I HAVE ALWAYS RESPECTED MY AUNT AGATHA. SHE BELIEVES IN A WOMAN'S TOUCH AND A FIRM HAND. I USED TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS WITH HER.

"YOU WILL STUDY THREE HOURS EACH DAY, JONATHAN. I'LL NOT HAVE YOU WASTING TIME WHILE YOU'RE HERE"

"I'D GIVE THE YOUNG VILLAINS SOMETHING THEY UNDERSTAND!"

"VANDALS... HOOLIGANISM... IMMORALITY... IF ONLY I WERE IN CHARGE..."

"LET ME SEE WHAT YOU'RE READING, JONATHAN"

LATIN

"GO TO YOUR ROOM AND WAIT FOR ME!!"

AUNT AGATHA IS COMING..

...TO PUT HER THEORY INTO PRACTICE

NEXT MONTH DR. PILGRIM HAS A PATIENT WITH A PROBLEM

Cont.

COLLECTORS CORNER

Readers may recall that earlier this year we published a letter from T.E. of Frankfurt which included comments on a number of German film spankings.

By courtesy of the distributor, we have been able to obtain some stills from one of these films, *Das Ochwarz-weib-rote Himmalbatt*, in which Daliah Lavi is spanked by Karl Shonbock. Just what Miss Lavi has done to deserve her chastisement is not know, but it's a pleasing sequence.



Royal Flush. A review of this latest episode in the Flashman series mentions Flashman 'having his bare buttocks menaced with a hair brush', and being 'on the wrong end of the hair brush'.

Sex Scene(Des Petites Saintes y touchent). This film is likely to turn up shortly in the U.K. under the Cinecenta banner. A reader reports that the French version includes a spanking. Let's hope it's left in.

Another French film with a spanking scene — unfortunately most of it below 'see' level—is going around under two titles. On the Cineclub circuit it's called *Acts of Sex*, while Cinecenta are distributing it as *Sex School for Lonely Husbands*. Either way though, it's not up to much.

We have another report that there is much spanking and whipping in the *Amanda Nightingale* paperback, published by Mayflower. The reader who told us about this also pointed out that we had never mentioned the novels of F. Mullaly. We thought we had, but still . . .

Much the best, in our opinion, is *The Prizewinner*, but *Danse Macabre* is also very good, though it's kinky and bizarre rather than having any special interest to spanking fans. Both are recommended, and several of his other works are worth at least a passing glance.

Finally, a real curiosity for anyone who visits Cornwall. The cinema museum at St. Ives has a lot of equipment going back to the year dot, and apparently one item is an early *What the Butler Saw* machine, featuring a spanking. We gather than the equipment is primitive, but the spanking isn't.



JANUS ADVISORY SERVICE

Many readers may think that we have been somewhat tardy in following up our initial invitation for those with psycho/sexual problems to consult our Advisory Service. The fact is that the response has been overwhelming and we have just not been able to cope with the multitude of requests in the time available to us. In relation to our Press Dates we are now running about two months behind the time schedule we anticipated.

However, we reckon that by the time you are reading this we will have caught up on the backlog and we will be able to eliminate any future delays. We extend our invitation to those of you who think that they may be able to get some constructive advice about their problems. Each correspondent will get a personal, confidential reply and we will print a selection of letters along with replies, each month. Naturally, identities will be kept secret, but if you do not wish your letter to be published, please mark it NOT FOR PUBLICATION.

We have received quite a few letters which all mention the same subject; how to meet people who have similar fetish and deviant sexual desires. We have decided that it would be useful to print a general reply to these letters as we are sure there must be hundreds, and possibly thousands, of readers who are also faced with this problem but have not written to us. There are many difficulties, and not a few legal hazards, in trying to contaxt sexual partners. These we have outlined below.

Of course, it is little consolation to any person to know that we receive so many letters that express similar sentiments and frustrations. But at least one can know that one is not alone. The knowledge that there are others who can find no satisfactory method of releasing their inhibitions can at least help to reduce the tension and sense of isolation that afflicts so many people who cannot resolve their sexual problems.

We have always believed that *Janus* has provided a degree of release for some, if not a majority, of readers. In starting this Advice Service we hope to make an even greater contribution to our readers' welfare.

One typical letter confirms much of our thinking on this subject.

Having read Janus *regularly for over a year, I have come to the conclusion that my problem, or frustration, may not be uncommon; and for want of a better word may not be kinky after all. I am genuinely seeking some practical advice.*

I believe that I am of a masochistic nature, because for some considerable time I have had an overwhelming desire to receive CP/Bondage from a truly dominant lady, either of my own age group (52) or perhaps a little older.

What I have always desired is to be completely naked and bound to the bare springs of a bed, wrists and ankles at each corner. I say bare springs because it would add to my discomfort and make it difficult for me to make any movement. A prolonged spanking with maybe some very mild torture and aggravation would put me in complete submission.

I have visited a professional lady several times. Although she is very thorough she has neither the time nor the inclination to administer prolonged CP/Bondage and it doesn't seem to ease my tension because I realise that it is not really genuine.

This reader then goes on to ask how he can get in touch with a woman who would genuinely cater for his desires as a proper sincere partner.

Another correspondent admits to sexual stimulation and eventual masturbation from reading about the spanking of young girls.

I've been out with women and even been to bed with some, but never been able to have sex with them. I've always made excuses, but needless to say they have soon left me. I've even thought of spanking scenes while with them, but it's no good. Is it possible you can help me before I go mad with frustration? Can you put me in touch with a woman who is willing to be spanked and to spank me?

These letters, among so many, are cries from the heart and go to prove how difficult it is to find a sympathetic partner in our still sexually prohibitive society, in spite of all the talk about permissiveness.

One of the commonest desires of men is to dominate and be dominated in some way, and naturally enough spanking and bondage head the list.

Today such desires are no longer regarded as abnormal *unless* carried to excess, resulting in actual physical harm to one or other party, or being used to the total exclusion of normal sexual contact, where, indeed, this is possible.

The only way men and women with similar desires can reach each other is by *chance,* and it is really surprising how often these chance contacts occur, or by *Contact* Magazines and Agencies. Magazines and Agencies work under very considerable difficulties. To

introduce one person to another for the purpose of some sexual activity, and take money for the service of introduction means that the Introducer is liable to prosecution as living on the earnings of a prostitute or taking money for immoral purposes under the Sexual Offences Act of 1956. For this purpose a prostitute is one who offers her body for sexual intercourse or "acts of lewdness". You might say that you are not going to have intercourse with her, but spanking and other sex games might be regarded as an "act of lewdness" particularly when money is involved. And naturally enough, no magazine or agency can exist for long without making some charge for the service rendered.

Hence advertisements in the many contact agencies are most carefully worded to avoid such conflicts, so contact for such purposes as are mentioned are not easy to arrange. Of course there is nothing against private arrangements between two people, and money or gifts may be safely passed for services rendered; the purpose of the law is to prevent commercialisation of the process, and profit-making by a third party.

Many advertisements in Contact Magazines are quite genuine, but many are from professional ladies whose primary interest is personal gain. They will charge the maximum fee for the minimum work, and having no real interest in the particular service required by their partner, there is a lack of enthusiasm which is soon detected and renders the whole process obnoxious and unpleasant.

It remains a fact that many men require "sex games" of all sorts to obtain an erection, for without this sexual satisfaction is usually impossible. As they get older and their sex drive diminishes, they seek extra stimulation from such games to compensate. Women are much less dependent upon such sources of stimulation, and so few have a real interest unless they develop it to please their boy friend and so acquire a taste for it. Hence the best relationship is likely where a genuine feeling of attachment has developed and the sex games follow on naturally and almost spontaneously owing to the real desire of the woman to stimulate and please her man. Such desire is uncommon in the older woman, whose sexual appetite is likely to be modest and easily satisfied. This also complicates matters as the man who finds increasing desire to indulge in these games, and yet finds it increasingly difficult to discover a suitable partner, is usually 45 and older. He is not old enough to have lost his sexual vigour and enthusiasm but his normal partners will be too old to learn new games easily. The young woman of today, who is not always willing to associate with a man twenty years her senior, is usually much more liberal in her sexual attitude. The book *The Joy of Sex* by Comfort and others, published by Quartet Books is a very good example of modern practice in the world of sexual activity. Few women aged 40 and over would be inclined to join in the many games mentioned, and yet these are all perfectly natural extensions of the physical expression of mutual love and admiration, and few girls in their twenties would refuse to join in most. Thus do the times change!

All letters received are taken very seriously, and we feel as frustrated as you do at times, as we just cannot put people in touch with one another in the present legal atmosphere. We can only help in two ways:

We suggest that as many normal contacts should be made as possible—by the usual local means, societies, evening classes, conducted rambles and tours—look in the local newspaper for advertisements of events, go into your Public Library and read the Notice Board. You will draw a blank at most of course, but at one you are likely to be lucky sooner or later; provided you do not frighten every likely person away by rushing into your "hobby". A good rich relationship based on wide interests is much more likely to bring results. Many women who are equally desperate for a little company will play games with the right man once he had won their confidence—and this will take a little time.

Contact magazine and agencies can be of great value for the general introduction, but enquiries worded too specifically will attract no answer or the "professional lady" who can read the message in your advertisement and is out to play you for your money. There is then, little to choose between the Call Girl who is blatantly money orientated and the advertisement replier who pretends to have a genuine interest in someone they have never met—so be cautious.

When the desire is completely frustrated, and the anxieties are so troublesome that they are ruining one's life, then professional help may be needed. This is not at all easy to arrange, as introduction to the medical services is usually through one's General Practitioner. However there are some Societies that can help and so a direct approach is possible. These do not all deal directly with sexual problems, but can direct one on to local facilities:

The Samaritans, see local telephone directory.

The Marriage Guidance Council, see local telephone directory.

Many Family Planning Clinics have a Psycho-sexual Clinic associated with them.

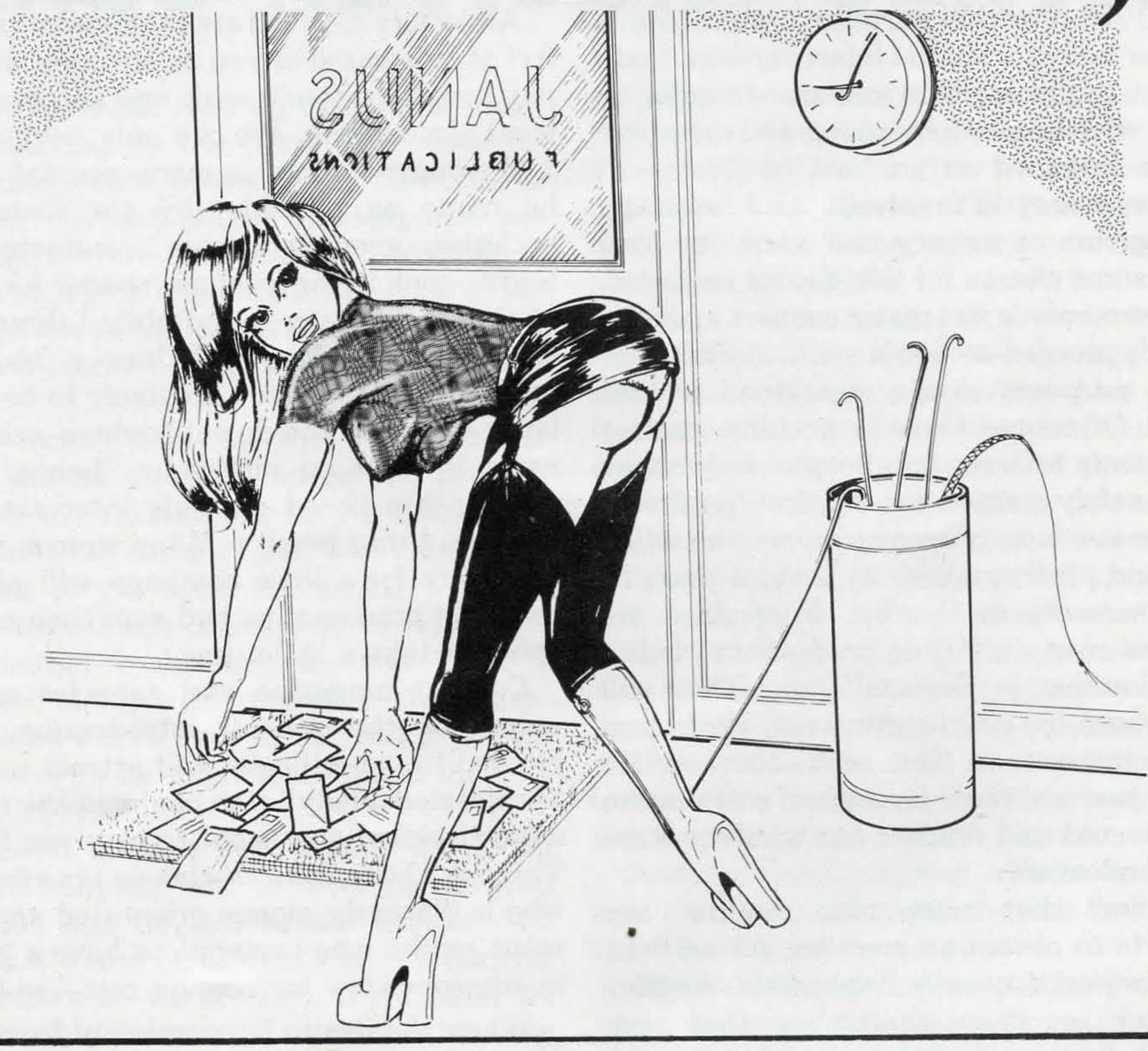
Many local Authorities have similar Clinics. Details of all these are available at the Citizen's Advice Bureau, Public Library, and local Community Health Centre, but you may not see the particulars necessarily on a Notice Board—you may have to ask for them.

The Brook Centre. Write to 233, Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9AE.

The Gay Information Office (for Homosexual Problems), 5, Caledonian Road, London N1.

The Grape Vine, 296, Holloway Road, London N7.

Dear Editor,



LAMENT FOR SHORT TROUSERS

Congratulations on the consistently high standard of your magazine, which is streets ahead of its rivals. The *Correspondence Special* was worth waiting for and I hope a second one is on the way.

I was re-reading this excellent issue when one of your comments caught my eye. You asked why short trousers for boys should have attracted the attention of more than one correspondent, as they are a thing of the past. I don't feel this is surprising as your pages are filled with descriptions of the punishment of girls of all ages, wearing traditional school uniform of gym-slip, or short skirt and regulation navy-blue knickers. It seems obvious to me that the punishment of boys should similarly be associated with traditional school uniform, which for me is incomplete without short trousers. It is likely that a large number of your male readers were in shorts at the time of their first, and often influential, experience of corporal punishment.

But sadly, I must agree with you that short trousers are dying out rapidly. Most parents allow their sons to switch to 'longs' almost before they are in Junior School. Even the independent schools which would have been expected to maintain traditional forms of uniform, as well as discipline, do not seem to insist on shorts nowadays.

The attractive sight of a boy of fourteen in short trousers is very rare today. Apart from their attractive appearance, short trousers have practical advantages; they are more comfortable, healthy and they allow greater freedom of movement than the jeans boys wear today. They also make economic sense for boys who quickly outgrow long trousers or wear out the knees.

Shorts have one other attraction for me which might interest your readers. I have found them to be most suitable for disciplinary purposes. If any readers have 'naughty boys' to handle, whatever their ages, I suggest that they make the miscreant wear shorts while receiving corporal punishment.

Except with hand spanking,

which should be given on the bare bottom, most punishments should be inflicted through thin clothing, extra strokes compensating for the slight protection such a garment gives. The advantage of allowing some protection is that there is always a more severe punishment with which the boy can be threatened should the offence be repeated. Once a bare bottom caning has been given, the only way the punishment can be made more severe is by increasing the number of strokes. This is not always desirable because of the danger of heavy skin damage. However, if the boy is allowed to wear a thin pair of shorts for the original punishment he can be threatened with their removal for a subsequent offence.

As corporal punishment is commonly reserved for boys at school, then *any* male receiving it should be dressed like a schoolboy, and this means wearing shorts. Short trousers imply a subservient status and the roles of dominator and recipient should be clearly defined. I hope that next time any reader is called upon to inflict retribution on a 'naughty boy', whether son, husband or boy friend, the miscreant should first be sent to his room to change into short trousers.

W.T., London, N.

NOSTALGIA FOR DIRECTOIRES

For various reasons I have only recently made the acquaintance of *Janus* and I confess that though I am an elderly widower I find it fascinating, especially the pictures of girls' bottoms.

Women's bottoms have always had a strange attraction for me and I get the odd opportunity for feeling them.

I had two wives both now dead who were magnificently equipped with splendid posteriors. I saw them every morning and night and I always bathed my wives and was bathed in turn.

I never spanked them except for a few playful pats but I can vividly remember being spanked by my father. Our usual punishment was being sent to bed. I had learnt some four-letter words from school companions, but I always knew that if I used them in the presence of my sisters or mother I would get a ferocious thrashing from my father. He usually used his bare hand on my bare bottom. But when I grew older it was usually my brother's Sam Browne belt, not the buckle end fortunately. I know that my poor bottom felt on fire for two days after a beating. I think one of my sisters was slippered when she was about thirty-five, for some trivial offence.

The last slippering I got was at the age of sixteen at a Boy Scout camp. It was the night before we went home and the boys were acting the goat, raiding each other's tents. I got six on the bare bum with a leather belt because I was Group leader. Patrol Leaders got four, Scouts one and Wolf Cubs one on the hand with a cane. I spent most of the night trying to cool my bottom out through the flap of our bell tent. We did have a schoolmistress who loved caning boys and the bigger the better. It was on the bum but through the trousers. It was infinitely better than writing out a Latin verb fifty times. Some chaps tried copy books under their trousers but they slammed like a door and gave the show away leading to more whipping. I am pretty sure that many schoolmasters, and even more so schoolmistresses, are sadists.

As a Professional man I was often consulted by neighbours. One lady of about fifty and a local mischiefmaker arrived in my office during a consultation and insisted upon showing us her ample and well-bruised bottom as the result of a good and well deserved spanking from the man she was living with.

I merely remarked 'If you had got more of that when you were a child you would be a much better woman today,' and showed her out.

It's nice to read of directoire knickers and I have never liked tights. There was nothing so marvellous as a nylon stocking, a suspender, a patch of bare thigh and a knicker leg. If one was lucky and the lady relaxed, one relished the crotch. Some women wore wide-legged knickers which were even more fascinating. I often knicker-watched and the dear women never suspected.

Talking of directoire knickers I must confess that after my first wife died her underwear was kept in a chest of drawers, including her knickers. I regularly wore her knickers every day. Washing them was a problem and when the new housekeeper discovered what I was at she said nothing but pinched the lot and wore them herself. On analysis the only reason I had for wearing my deceased wife's knickers was that I wanted to wear next to my skin something that had lived with me intimately. Certainly they were much more comfortable than the Y-fronts that I wear winter and summer. Besides there was no thrill to equal the thrill of taking down a woman's knickers before making love. Tights and briefs have destroyed this thrill.

I only once recommended a man to spank his wife. She suffered from some nervous complaint which caused her vagina to close up and he could never enter. I pointed out that if he explained to her that a hard spanking was not for punishment but as treatment she would open. The spanking did the trick.

W.K., Ireland

ADVOCATE OF BARE BOTTOM SPANKING



It is clearly established that corporal punishment is an excellent procedure for correcting young girls and boys, husbands and wives who behave badly. There is little doubt that majority opinion favours the use of the cane, but there is, perhaps, a case for the strap and even in certain circumstances a light birch.

The thorny question is to bare or not to bare the culprit's bottom, although again I think the consensus is in favour. The advantages of baring the buttocks for chastisement are overwhelming, and may be stated as follows.

Naked buttocks allow quick inspection to see that there is no severe bruising from a previous application, or that no skin damage occurs which could lead to infection.

Less force is required to ensure a satisfactory punishment, and the results are at once apparent.

The act of removing knickers, trouser and other undergarments induces a highly desirable sense of humiliation in the culprit, which can only enhance the effect of the punishment.

The appearance of a bare bottom, meekly exposed, produces a sense of purpose in the administration of punishment which ensures that the rod will be applied with enthusiasm.

The bare bottom is entirely appropriate and logical, for who would dream of caning a culprit on the hands if even the thinnest of gloves were worn?

If a smooth, medium or lightweight cane is used sensibly, and the strokes, no more than twelve and preferably no more than six, are well distributed over the whole surface of the bottom, with the last stroke falling hard and well down the curve of the buttocks, there is no danger of breaking the skin. Any person who canes so hard, or carelessly, that this could happen, must be condemned as vicious and sadistic. I am sure most readers of *Janus* would find this disturbing and distasteful.

Only on rare occasions when a

heavy beating is required should a heavyweight cane be employed, and then only for older boys and grown men; never should such an instrument be applied to girls or women.

Positioning is very important and here the golden rule should be that the plumper the bottom the more the recipient should bend over. Normally, bending over a table with body well pressed down and hands grasping the far edge firmly, is adequate, the feet being spread apart as far as possible as this tensions the skin nicely.



The culprit should be told to relax the buttock muscles before each stroke is applied, but this requires training and patience which the administrator must attend to. Of course, inevitably, involuntary clenching of the bottom cheeks will occur with most recipients after receiving a sound cut, but experience will minimise this.

Especially in the case of male culprits there is the possibility of orgasm, but the chance is reduced of the caning is expeditious and no more than ten seconds is allowed between each stroke. After all, the main aim of punishment is to inflict a degree of deserved suffering, not to produce pleasurable reactions in the culprit.

If the correct relationship and the proper respect exists between culprit and administrator there should be no need to employ restraint by strapping down, although it is conceded that this course of action might be necessary when discipline is first introduced. With training, and encouragement to accept a just punishment, it will soon become a point of honour for a culprit to accept punishment in a state of relaxed obedience.

In the case of women and girls the question of the complete removal of knickers would depend on the approval of the administrator and the intimacy of the relationship between him/her and the culprit. If naked buttocks are not approved of, then the solution is to order the culprit to draw her knickers up tightly and ensure that the maximum area of bare flesh is available for chastisement. Males, however, should always remove every item of clothing below the waist.

If the punishment is being given to a male by a woman, she may have adverse feelings at first, but she will soon grow used to the sight of naked male buttocks, modesty not being so offended in this case, and she will easily be able to concentrate on the real purpose, which is to see that the bare bottom is justly tanned.

Although I know that many people like to see knickers or trousers partly lowered, personally I find the sight untidy and unseemly, being neither one thing nor the other. In fact, I would prefer the garments to stay in place rather than be hanging round the knees in the half-mast position.

Last, but not least, a generous quantity of cold cream should be massaged into the buttocks after the caning. The reason for this is obvious and needs no further comment.

Disciplinarian, Coventry

Your remarks are interesting but many others would disagree with your insistence on bare bottom canings. See the letter in this issue from W.T. and some of the other letters in other issues of Janus *from the short trouser fanciers who mainly seem to think that shorts should be worn for punishment. We would welcome more controversial letters on this theme. What a great thing it is that not everyone thinks alike, that there is such a variety of taste. Ed.*



This is your spanker speaking

May I make a suggestion? You have provided an excellent magazine and paperbacks for the reading public and you have also catered for the viewing public by providing a spanking film. Would it now be possible to produce a professional cassette recording of a spanking scene?

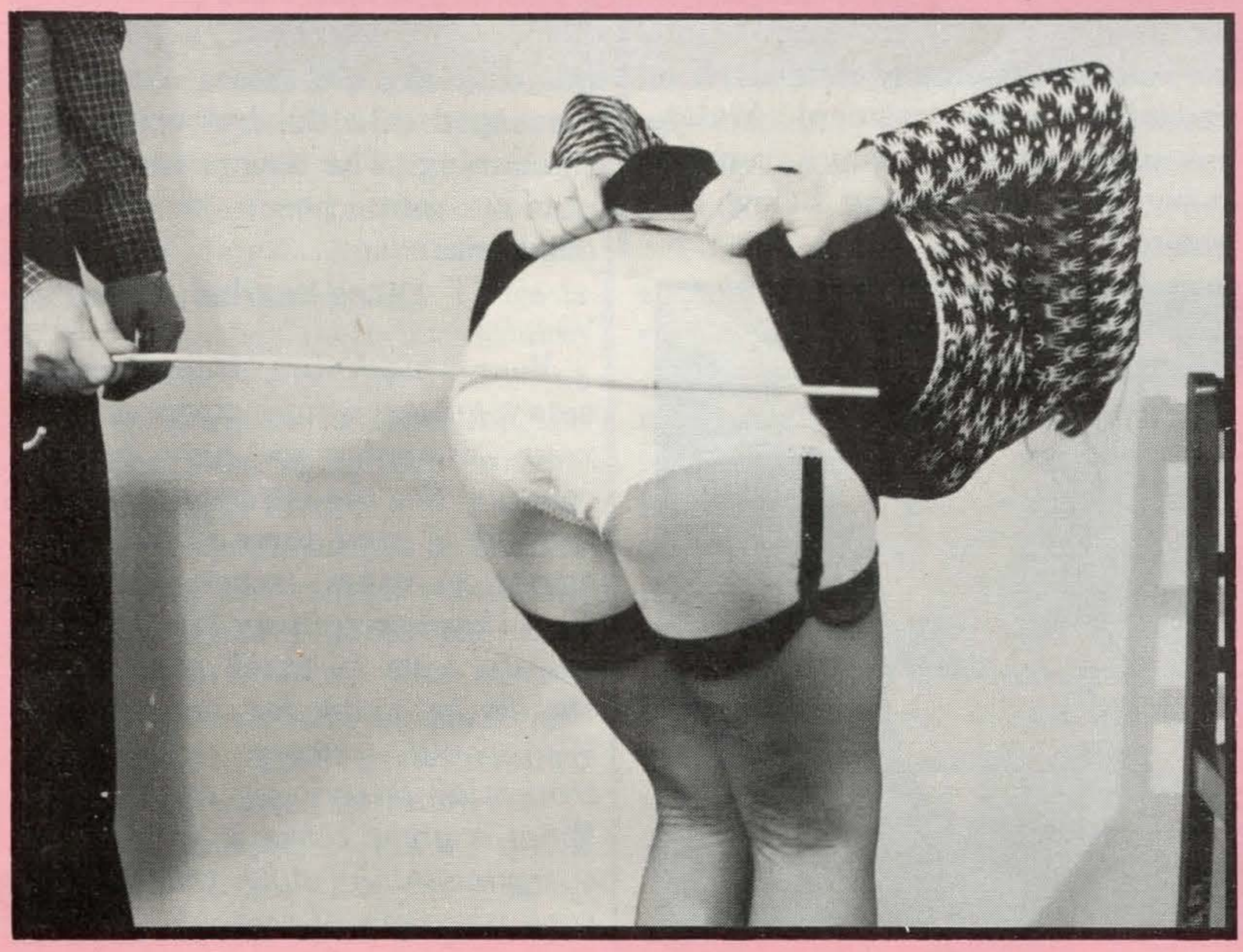
As I see it, for every person who has a cine-projector there are hundreds who have not. However, I think I am right in saying that hundreds of thousands of people have cassette tape-recorders. I am sure a good spanking tape would sell very well.

As you cater for both sexes, perhaps you could record on one side a man administering a caning on the bare bottom of a woman, and on the other side a man or any female receiving a caning from a strict woman. They must be heard to chastise the recipient and the strokes would have to be heard swishing through the air and landing on bare flesh. The pleading and verbal humiliation of the person who is being punished would have to be clearly heard.

Of course, the whole scene could be simulated, just like the sound in a radio play. It would, I am sure, be quite easy to create a realistic effect. How about it? I can't be the only *Janus* reader who has thought of this idea.

W.A., Birmingham

Thank you for your suggestion. It is an idea that we have had in mind. We have had other letters on similar lines, and we also know that many readers have had experiences that they have recorded themselves. We are not sure yet what the market would be like, and there are also a number of technical and production problems which would have to be worked out. There is, in fact, a firm who have put out a number of cassettes and one is of a spanking situation. Their others are all straight sex. We are actively considering the position, so it is quite likely that we will come to a positive decision. In the meantime we would be happy to receive the views of other readers on this subject. Ed.



Fantasy

I bought a copy of your *Correspondence Special* and have had many happy hours reading the caning and birching stories which gave me much food for fantasy. It made a delightful change from all those somewhat repetitive hand-spanking stories. I get a little tired of 'twin orbs' being reddened, while the spanked girl has her traditional wisp of nylon clinging to her thighs.

I quite agree with your editorial comment that it is only those who are capable of creating fantasy and who have an imaginative turn of mind who can best appreciate the nuances and subtlety of sexuality 'beyond the norm'. The spanker, or in my own case the spankee, is indeed to be envied, rather than derided.

I wish you would publish some photos illustrating my favourite fantasy situation. One photo would show a young boy, wearing only gym pants, in front of a schoolmistress, wearing a white blouse and a tiny waisted, full blue skirt. She would be flexing a long, thin rattan between her hands, to the obvious dismay of the schoolboy. A companion picture would have the boy touching his toes, while the woman has just landed a swishing stroke across his skin-tight gym pants, with her skirt swaying with the swing of her arm.

I find myself on the horns of a dilemma regarding Mrs. V.E.H. of Truro. I should dearly love to handle her collection of canes, and pick out some good ones, prior to touching my toes for their application. I am afraid that such an expert and observant caner would be almost unbearable to suffer under. On the other hand I am trembling with delight at the idea of bending over for her and suffering her canes.

I also have another exciting fantasy where I am the gym instructor to a score of teenage girls.

They wear white blouses and black gym knickers. Even standing up their well-rounded bottoms fill and tighten their knickers, so when touching their toes, the thin material stretches gloriously tight, just asking to be spanked.

I give each girl a trial spank with her own gym shoe, to find the best, most flexible one. Then I use this liberally during the punishment line-up that follows each lesson. But at the end of term they rebel. I am made to wear a pair of their knickers and bend over the vaulting horse. Each girl then gives me two stinging blows, one on each bottom cheek, with the best gym shoe.

J.F., Bucks.

CANING MEMORIES

Most of your articles and letters refer to spanking of girls and women, seldom the male. Pity.

I am 26 and have always been interested in spanking generally. As a boy my parents whipped me regularly on the bare bottom with a school cane and also masters at school caned me for my various offences. Those canings all hurt me, yet I was brave throughout. At school in the North the boys would willing expose their bottoms in the dormitories after a whipping to show the weals off. I am convinced, though I did not realise it at the time, that canings like that formed the basis of my present keen interest. I could write a volume of my experiences but they would all sound like fantasies. Suffice to give just some of the fun that I have enjoyed and hope still to enjoy in the years to come.

Leaving school at eighteen I got a good job in London and took a small flat where I began my sexual adventures. At the age of nineteen I met a woman aged 31. By no shadow of doubt she was ugly. Frankly I cannot still make out just how and why we went around together. But we just did. Her name was Edna and she had a big job in insurance and owned a fabulous flat in Belgravia. We met at a curious party, both of us slightly tipsy at the time. I drove her home and stayed a while for a drink. It was during this short interlude that I discovered that beneath her plain face she hid an exciting character. While she slipped off to her bedroom to change 'into something more comfortable' I looked at her bookshelf on one side of the room. No Charles Dickens or Shakespeare volumes filled the shelves. *Bottoms Galore*, *Spanking Rituals* and books with similar titles were in abundance. I pulled one book from the shelves and saw pictures that even made me blush. Yet, this woman saw fit to display such books openly. She entered the room doing up a flimsy house coat. I could see that it was her sole garment and she smiled as she saw me peeping at the book. 'Oh, that is a super book, all about youngsters being spanked. Are you interested in the subject?' she asked. I hesitated at first. 'I used to get spanked at school, and at home but not very recently,' I replied smiling. 'Do you a heck of a lot of good to have your bottom whipped,' she said.

We sat down and as she did so she exposed a length of rather attractive bare thigh. 'I am a spanking addict. I adore spanking an attractive bum, male or female,' she told me. I was staggered at her open language. I saw more bare thigh now and suddenly she parted her long legs and allowed me to see her vagina. It was shaven bare. I gained a massive erection on the spot.

'Like to see my canes?' she asked. I did not reply but up she got and went to the cupboard beneath the book shelves. She produced a small school crook handled cane which she waved in the air. 'This one would be lovely for your bare bottom, John,' she remarked. 'Six strokes would make a fine display,' she added.

I was wordless. It was too obvious that before I departed from her flat that my bottom would feel sore and I grinned to her. 'Well, Edna if I must be whipped . . . I must be whipped . . . bare or on my trousers?' I said.

'Bare . . . take down your trousers, John, and bend over that settee . . . You are about to be whipped,' she said. Obviously the drink had had its effect. But she was determined to chastise me. I stood up and took down my trousers and my pants. My penis was erect. I could do nothing about that for a start. I was almost climaxing too.

Edna took off her house coat. She was naked. She had lovely small firm breasts with erect nipples. Her vagina stood out delightfully and hairless. She had a glorious bottom. I bent over the settee and lifted up my bottom high. Down came the cane . . . slowly and hard . . . slowly and hard. Six strokes in all. I stood up. I could not refrain from masturbating in front of her.

We rested a while and she produced four or five volumes with incredible photographs of men, women, boys and girls all spanking each other.

Edna and I were friends for a long while after that evening. I would call around even for half an hour and get spanked and masturbated. I also caned her many times. She would dress up as a schoolgirl to work off a fantasy. She would produce new canes frequently. Caning was her life. Intercourse was a bore for her and we never indulged.

Unfortunately Edna is dead. She died last year. I do, however, have very exciting memories of her. Ugly she was, yes, but so exciting.

P.L.H., London, W.

Enquiries and Invitations

For the past few months I have been intending to contact you about the letter from Mrs. A.L. of Kent (*Janus Vol. 4, No. 5*) in which she tells of her husband being dressed as a schoolgirl and being subjected to thrashings with cane, birch and tawse. Talk about adding insult to injury. Her husband must have quite a unique wardrobe, as well as having the best disciplined bottom in the country. I have no doubt that many *Janus* readers would be happy to change places with him.

I would like to know where she obtained his punishment knickers and his old-fashioned woollen stockings. Does she really give these beatings as a punishment? I find it hard to believe that an adult male could really be made to suffer pain by any caning administered by the average-sized female. I would have thought she would have got tired long before the threshold of pain was reached.

If hubby ever gets away for a holiday, does she think of taking in 'boarders' for short courses of tuition?

And what about hearing from the good man himself? It would be interesting to get his detailed account of his feelings, especially when he knows he is due for his next lesson.

J.W., N. Ireland



Punished for modesty

Judging from recent correspondence there is ample evidence of boys and girls being treated by adults in ways which create serious embarrassment for them. Boys have described how they have had to undress, and even strip completely, in front of maiden aunts or older sisters, while girls have also been chastised by their mothers in the presence of male members of the family. It seems as though grown-ups have little sympathy for the feelings of the growing adolescent, and deliberately arrange things so as to bring out inherent shyness and a sense of humiliation.

I was no exception, when as a schoolgirl in my late teens, I was shipped off to a boarding school while my parents were abroad. The school prospectus had spoken of exclusivity and careful attention being paid to a growing girl's needs. But, in fact, the exclusiveness was limited to a relative few, and any careful attention to our needs was merely an excuse for the physical satisfaction of the staff.

I had been brought up strictly by my parents who insisted on the privacy of bodies, decorum and a proper sense of modesty. This upbringing was the basis of the shock I received on arriving at the school where I was subjected to a series of events which humiliated me beyond blief and culminated in my eventual, inevitable punishment.

Within half an hour of my arrival I was curtly ordered by the matron to take off all my clothes. I slowly and reluctantly took off my outer clothing. I was shivering, not only with the cold air coming from an open window, but with dire apprehension.

The matron commented on my slowness and told me to get a move on. Each item of clothing was named by her in a gruff tone as she told me to remove it. After what seemed an eternity I finally stood before her naked, and I felt very ashamed. I was blushing until I was ordered under a cold shower and the bloom soon left my cheeks.

I was not left alone under the shower and the matron took a great deal of trouble to soap my body, and she didn't fail in her attention to the most intimate parts of my body. She washed me, rinsed me and then dried me in a rough towel.

This increasingly humiliating experience was followed by having to dress in the regulation school uniform which looked and felt coarse and baggy. The vest was rough wool as were the green knickers which had elasticated legs. Over these went a blouse, pullover and gymslip and my outfit was completed with a pair of brown lisle stockings which reached to the top of my thighs and fastened with garters.

I was deprived of my bra and told it was not necessary. As I was quite well developed I was very conscious of my breasts swinging freely as I walked with the matron to the medical room. There I was confronted by a prefect dressed in a similar manner and a young male doctor. I was supposed to be examined and I was told to remove the top clothing which I had just put on. I did as I was told and stood waiting in my underwear.

I was then told by the prefect to lower the straps of my vest so that the doctor could examine me. Gingerly I lowered them a little bit, but this was not sufficient for the prefect. She grabbed me and pulled my straps right down to reveal my breasts. I immediately tried to shield myself but my hands were torn away and I was subjected to a visual and manual examination.

I than had to do a variety of physical exercises, which included bending and stretching and running on the spot. My breasts were still bare, and I was acutely conscious of the eyes watching me as my breasts wobbled with my movements.

Then the matron lowered my knickers while the doctor examined the lower half of my body. When my knickers reached my knees I objected strenuously, both verbally and physically, but to no avail. My knickers were pulled to my ankles and I was held by the matron and prefect while the doctor probed my intimacy. At the end of this experience I was left blushing and sobbing.

I was given no time to compose myself and was urged to dress as quickly as possible. I hardly had time to adjust my clothes properly and my vest was ridged up inside my knickers, my stockings not properly fastened and my blouse not fully buttoned. I was led off, still snivelling, to my class where half a dozen other girls sat, glum and cowed.

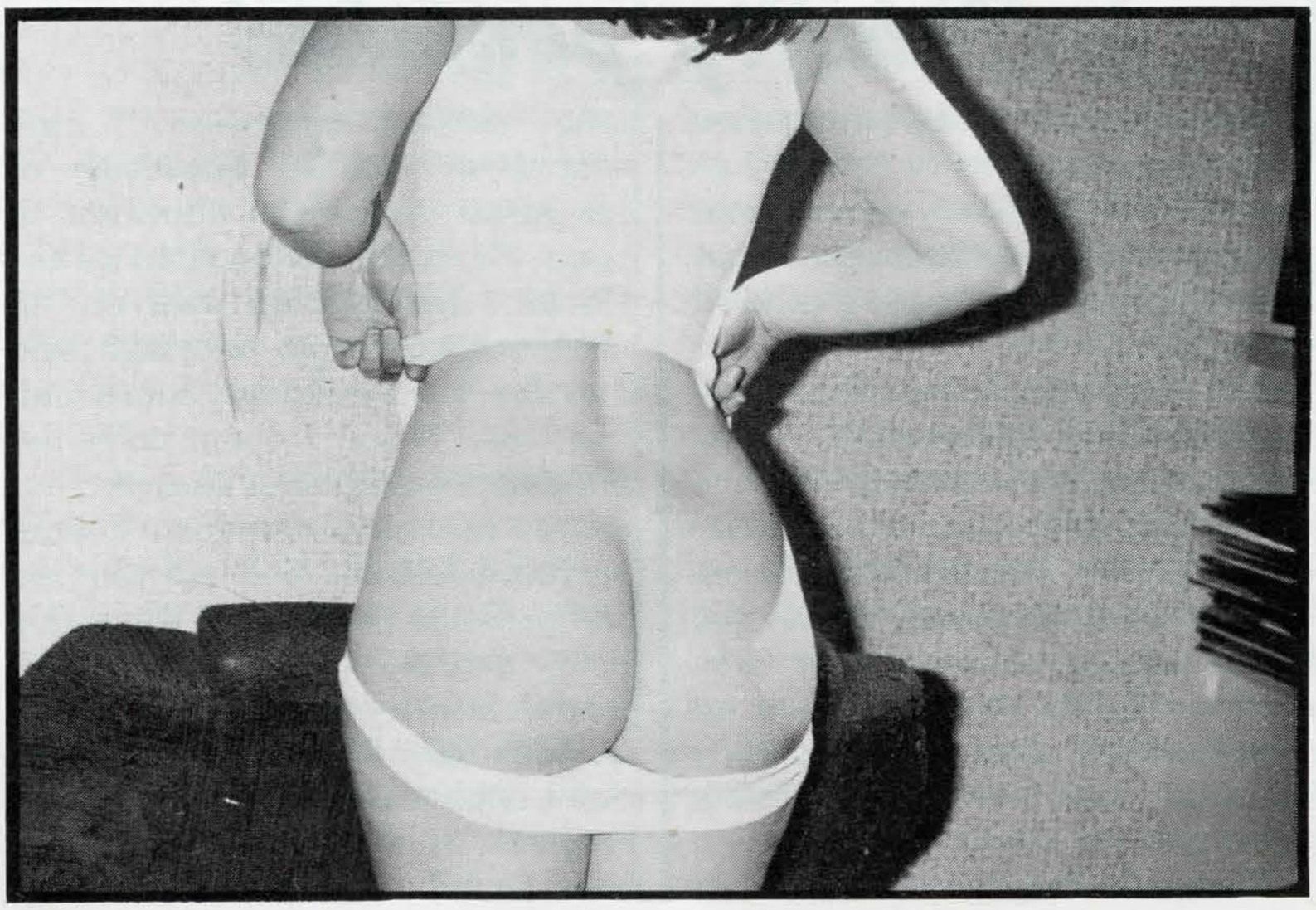
The matron addressed the class and told them I had been most disobedient and would be punished there and then. Once again I was made to strip off my top clothes. A cane was produced, but I was subjected to a lecture on obedience before I was told to hold out my hands and I received a cut of the cane across each palm.

Then I received a further instalment of the lecture, whereupon I was given a further cut of the cane across the back of each leg. After some more lecturing the matron dragged my knickers down, grabbed me round the waist and bent me over a chair. My unprotected bottom received six slashing cuts in quick succession.

When it was all over I was told to dress again, but so great was my humiliation and so uncontrollable my sobbing, that as I pulled up my knickers I wet myself, soaking the garment thoroughly. I spent the next couple of hours in a most uncomfortable state, until I was able to retire to the dormitory and change.

In the course of a few hours I had been forced to strip, submit to intense personal scrutiny, undergo a great deal of humiliation, and finally caned, for endeavouring to maintain a degree of modesty which I had been brought up to cherish. This experience, and later ones, soon taught me to accept what was demanded of me.

M.P. (Miss), Sussex



PETTICOATS

I was very interested to read the letter in your last issue from the gentleman who, as a boy, was often dressed in a gym slip and blouse, and schoolgirl's bloomers, when he was naughty, and had to wear his humiliating attire not only about the house but also when being taken on shopping expeditions by his mother.

My own brother, until he was 16 years of age, was always punished for any naughtiness in a very similar way. Mother was a very strict disciplinarian, and realised the need to control a boy of his age, and her methods were even more severe than those mentioned by your correspondent, as she used to dress poor Bobbie as a little girl. Her argument was that rudeness and naughtiness were the behaviour of a child, not of a grown-up, responsible adult and so, to his intense humiliation and distress, the great helpless creature had to allow himself to be arrayed in pretty little short-skirted baby frocks and frilly lace petticoats. He was not even allowed to wear bloomers but instead had to wear some utterly babyish little knickers which she designed for him herself, which buttoned up at the sides and had a frill of crisp lace gathered on to the bands round the legs.

Because of his frocks being so short, and the legs of his knickers being too tight for them to be pulled up out of sight, his petticoats and knickers were always quite clearly visible, and if he complained about this, she would simply remind him that it was quite usual for little girls to wear very short skirts like this. As he happened to be quite tall, and long-legged, the effect was really quite startling, but somehow very attractive, and you can just imagine the amusement of our guests when he was dragged out, wriggling and squirming with embarrassment, to meet them in his deliciously babyish outfit.

Until he was about 13 or 14, she would often take him out like this when visiting friends, or perhaps a quick visit to the local shops, and if I was with them I could see Bobbie literally squirming with shame when passers-by looked at him, or passed some scathing comment. He was not allowed to wear a hat, and his hair was always kept cut boyishly short, so there could be no doubt in anyone's mind that the pitiful great petticoated 'baby' was really a boy, and if we happened to pass any of my school friends, then his humiliation was really complete. When mother considered that he was too old to wear his baby clothes in public he was put into a blouse and kilt instead when going out, but as his little frilly petticoats and knickers could still be quite easily seen, even excursions like this were a bitterly humiliating experience for him.

Bobbie was actually a year older than me, but when he was in petticoats, I was allowed to take charge of him, and I found it very thrilling to be able to dominate him and order him about. If I was left to 'look after him' whilst mother was out, I had my own little way of ensuring that he remained docile and obedient; to his great disgust and misery, I used to pin a large bath-towel on him, like a baby's nappy, and even bought a dummy and a feeding bottle for him out of my own pocket money, which I could use to make him feel even more ashamed and babylike. He hated having to wear a happy, but of course he couldn't argue with me, and I had endless fun teasing him and laughing at him, and making him perform silly baby antics for my benefit. If he kicked up too much fuss, I used to threaten to bring some of my girl friends along to play with Baby, and that soon quietened him down, as he would rather have died than face other girls dressed in his nappies.

Eventually, mother found out but, instead of being cross, she was highly amused at the idea of me putting him back in nappies and said that she was sure it would help to keep him even more firmly reminded that he was just a mere child! When I produced his dummy and feeding bottle, she roared with laughter; as it happened two of her lady friends were due to call that afternoon and, to poor Bobbie's great misery, she insisted that he must wear his nappies for their visit. He kicked up such an awful fuss at the prospect of being humiliated in public like this, that, in the end, she lost patience and tied his hands behind his back and, when he wouldn't take his dummy she forced it into his mouth and tied it there with a big bow of ribbon.

The visitors were absolutely delighted, and teased the wretched squirming lad till he actually wept like a baby. One of the ladies wanted to feed him, so his dummy was unfastened and he was taken onto her lap and given his bottle, and the whole time she was feeding him she kept laughing at him and calling him 'Babykins' and other silly baby names. In the end, he was so upset and ashamed that he didn't struggle any more but just lay there quietly sucking at his bottle with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Mother never took him out in his nappies, or made him use his dummy in public. But if we happened to meet any of her friends who knew about it, the subject would be quite freely discussed, to the amusement of people standing near, and I remember once in a cafe the waitress standing spell-bound by our table listening to the story. The looks she gave him after that, every time she came near, made him almost wriggle off his seat! And, just before we left, she told us that she had a boy of her own, about Bobbie's age, who was already petticoat disciplined at home, and that she certainly intended to try putting him into nappies if his behaviour didn't improve.

As your reader says, such methods of discipline were very popular many years ago, and I very much hope they will return. Some of today's young hooligans would benefit enormously, I am sure, from a spell in nappies to remind them that they are still only children after all, and they would very quickly learn a new respect for authority.

H.H. (Miss), Wilts.

Indfidelity punished

My wife and I have been married for six years. About two years ago I made her submit to corporal punishment for the first time in her life, and since then I have punished her regularly.

The first years of our marriage we were wildly in love, and I overlooked what had been very obvious right from the start of our relationship: her incredible laziness. This became worse and worse, the house was a mess, dinner was never ready on time, etc. And to complete the mess, I discovered that she was having a daytime affair.

That same night we had a very long, serious discussion. I presented her with my knowledge of her affair which she admitted in tears. Further I summed up all the things I had put up with during the first years of our marriage, and I ended up by saying something like this: 'When I come home tomorrow evening I will undress you, tie you to your bed and use a whip on your backside. You will obey me 100 percent, or you will leave this house and never come back again. And in future you will feel the whip on your bare flesh every time you don't behave like a good wife in all respects. Is that clear, or do you want to leave now?' She broke up

completely, cried and begged for mercy, but I sharply said that forgiveness was only to be found through the painful whipping I intended to give her. Finally she nodded silently, and I sent her to bed.

Next morning she was up early to make my breakfast (for the first time in years). Before I left I gave her instructions to follow: 'This afternoon you will take a bath and wash yourself thoroughly, and you will slip into your thinnest nylon briefs and a nightie. On your bed you will place four pieces of clothes rope to tie your hands and feet with, and when I have punished you, you will remain tied to your bed until I go to bed tonight. Then I will untie you, and you will get up and start to clean this house from bottom to top overnight!' Then I left her.

During the daytime I sort of argued with myself how hard a whipping I should give her, what whip to use, and I finally made up my mind. Had it only been a punishment for her laziness I would probably have criss-crossed her bare bottom a couple of times and left her with a warning of more to come if necessary, but the thought of her fucking with another man in my own bedroom really made me angry, and I decided that I would whip her as hard as I could for as long as I could without causing her bottom and thighs any lasting damage. On my way home I bought two whips: A heavy dog whip, about 1½ cm. wide and 1 metre long, and a horsewhip with a steel core inlay, about 1½ metres long and swishy as a cane.

When I got home I found her sitting in a sofa in the living room, dressed as instructed and silently crying. She was going to say something, but I stopped her: 'From now on, and until I untie you again tonight you will not talk at all. Don't say anything!' She nodded and looked down. I got into the bedroom and found the four pieces of rope she had cut, and I unwrapped the whips and placed them on the dressing table. 'Come in here,' I said, and she obeyed. 'Did you wash?' I asked her, and she nodded. I ordered her to take down her knickers and let a finger slide through her slit and afterwards sniffed it. She smelled all right, but her fear of my punishment did not prevent her from being moist and wet between her legs, which I also told her. 'Okay,' I said, 'now take our two pillows, place them under your stomach and lie face down on your bed!'

I first tied her hands to the two head posts. Then I took off her knickers and placed them beside her head. 'If you scream too loud I will stuff these into your mouth,' I said and meant it. I then tied her legs wide spread, one to each lower post and just stood back for a while and looked at her. I was still very mad at her, but I must admit that I also got very excited now. My wife has a very beautiful body, round and well curved, and as her short nightie only covered half of her bottom nothing was left to fantasy. I thought about what she had been doing in that bed with another man. For some reason I took off my shirt and pants and stood there wearing only a black T-shirt and black Y-fronts. Then I took up the dog whip and took a good hold of her long, blonde hair. I raised my right hand high and hit her the first time, right across her upper thighs. Every muscle on her backside got tight, and she gave a sharp scream of pain as the dogwhip left a thick, red weal on her white thighs. As I raised my hand again I felt sorry for her in a way, for I could easily imagine what it was like, having just received the first stinging cut and already with your thighs burning like fire.

I gave her lashes from her hips, down to her knees, and the whole of her bottom and thighs were swollen and dark red when I finished. I then threw the dogwhip on the floor and picked up the



horsewhip. I cut it through the air a couple of times, then took aim and swished it down across her bottom as hard as I could. Her body jumped as high in the air as the ropes permitted, and the pain in her voice was deep and protesting. This was too much. A stripe like a burn mark was left with two parallel white edges where the whip had hit her. I used the whip on her terribly slow, terribly careful, and terribly hard.

I spent the night with a friend and got back around midnight. She had probably cried herself to sleep and didn't wake up when I came into the bedroom. Purple, black, and dark blue stripes crisscrossed her bottom and thighs. I slapped her bottom twice to wake her up and then untied her. It was difficult for her to get up, but after having massaged her wrists and ankles she managed. 'Now,' I said, 'will you apologize for being unfaithful and for being a lousy housewife?' She did so in few, but sincere words. I then said to her: 'Now I am going to bed, and while I sleep you will clean every room of this house except the bedroom. When you wake me tomorrow I will inspect your cleaning, room by room, and if I find something not done well enough, you will bend over and receive from one to ten strokes by the dogwhip, right across your little fat ass! now go to work!'

She did and in fact did the job

quite well although, of course, I found quite a few things to criticize. All in all the inspection resulted in more stripes across her bottom.

That same evening I outlined the future for her. I would punish her anytime she did not do proper housework, serve well-cooled meals or otherwise stepped out of line, and she did not argue with me.

She has, of course, become a far better housewife now, but even then I have to punish her quite regularly when she starts to slack off. Many times her punishments are given 'on the spot', right there and then, and if, for instance, she



misbehaves in the morning she is usually punished before I go to work. Sometimes she lies on her bed, at other times I just make her bend over the dining table, pull her nightie up to her armpits and her knickers down or up between the crack of her buttocks and slap, belt, or whip her as I think she deserves. I know she still hates the punishments, but neverthtless she is responding quite well in bed after a whipping.

By corporal punishment I have certainly turned my wife into an obedient and good wife, and I let my experience speak for itself.

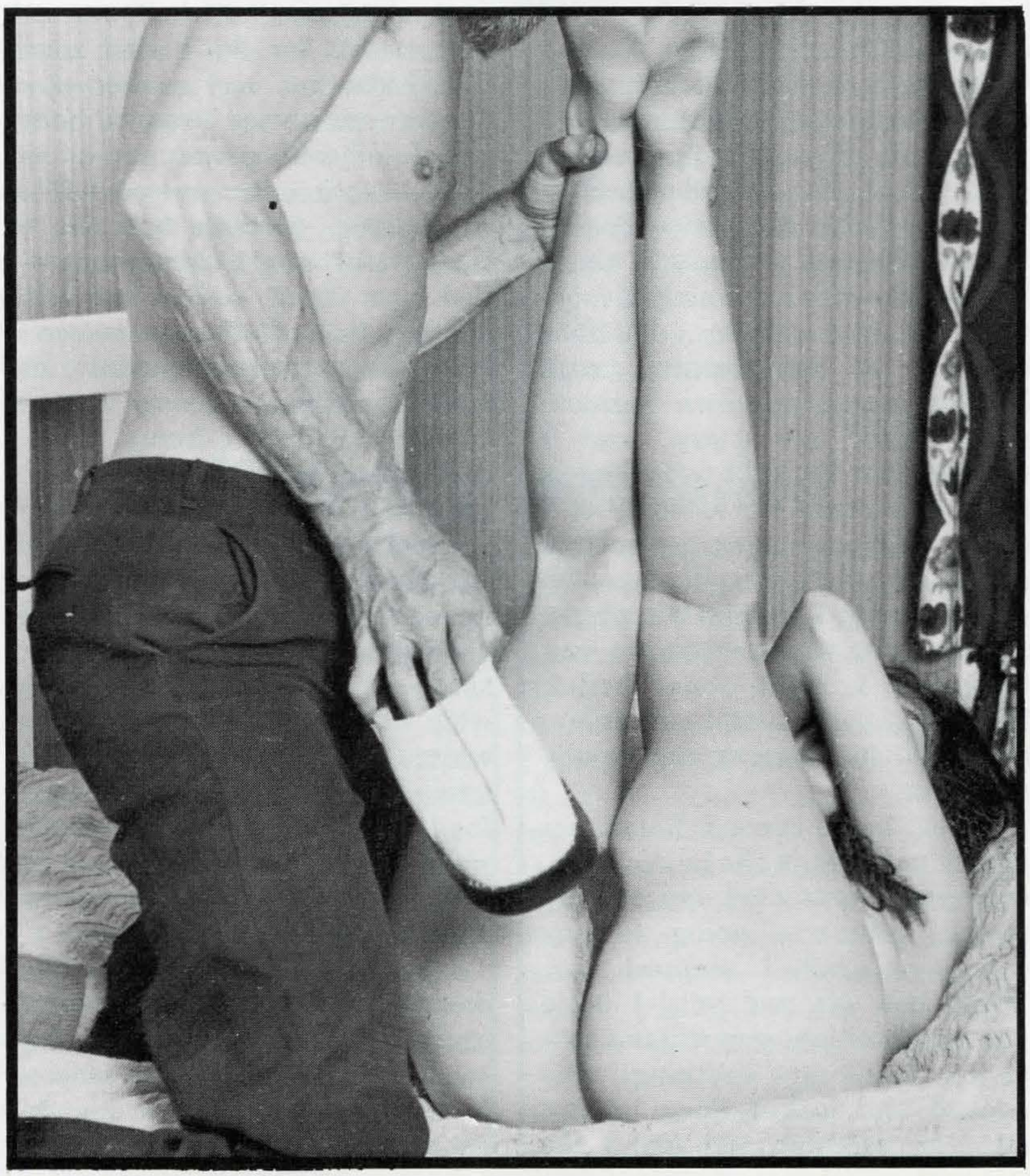
P.F., Copenhagen

PAYS FOR DISHONESTY & NO REGRETS

Having read in my husband's copy of *Janus* of men who suffer penis-punishment I am wondering how many women there are like me who get corresponding treatment.

For the start of the story we have to go back about nine years to when I was at university. Like most of the other girls, I used to go on shopping sprees for new clothes at the start of each term, once my grant cheque had arrived. Inevitably I would spend too much, and though I think we were better off then than students are now, I would still find that I had precious little left with which to get through the term.

One term I really overdid it. I badly needed a new coat and on impulse I bought one way beyond what I could afford. Halfway through the term I was practically broke. The answer to my difficulties presented itself. Passing another girl's open door I saw her purse on the table. Remembering that I had just seen her in the recreation room, I took my chance and her money. Whenever I think of that incident now, and those that followed, I feel deeply ashamed. At the time I got a



strange thrill out of it. I began to imagine myself as the super-crook, far too intelligent to ever be caught. Over the next few weeks I took several more small sums of money and even when it was officially announced that the thief was certain to be sent down, this only added to the kicks.

Of course, I was not as clever as I thought I was, and one evening as I came out of a girl's room, I met her coming in. While she and some of her friends held me, they sent another girl off to report me. As luck would have it, the warden was out for the night, but they made it very clear that she would be told first thing the following morning. Naturally I was desperate. I saw my university career in ruins and for the first time thought about what it would be like to be sent home to my parents in disgrace, with the possibility of police proceedings to follow. I offered to take any punishment from them instead, but they were adamant. However, an hour later, there came a knock on my door. Two of my discoverers stood there. They said that they were prepared to punish me themselves after all as an alternative to my bring thrown out of university. If I had known what was to follow, I wonder if I would have agreed, but at that time I jumped at the offer.

They led me back to the room of one of the other girls. First I had to write out and sign a full confession. Secondly I signed an agreement to pay back all the money I had stolen, with interest, as soon as my next grant cheque arrived. Thirdly I signed an agreement to accept 'severe corporal punishment' as retribution for my crimes. With the paperwork over, I was stripped completely naked and ordered to life face down on the bed. My wrists and ankles were tied to the bed legs and I was totally helpless. I was shown the punishment instrument, a length of curtain rod (i.e. the plastic-covered springs used to hold up net curtains). I was apprehensive, but no more than that. I had never been punished with anything more than a mild hand spanking but I was confident that I could take whatever they gave me. Even when my knickers were pushed into my mouth as a gag, and secured with a piece of string around my head, I felt no undue alarm. Their final act of preparation was to blindfold me, symbolically perhaps with the college scarf.

My confidence vanished with the first stroke. A sheet of flame seemed to shoot across my bottom and I know I screamed into my gag and pulled on my bonds. I had never realised that anything could hurt so much. I had hardly recovered when the second stroke came down, followed by the third, the fourth, the fifth . . . until I was almost out of my mind with the pain. I have little idea how many strokes they gave me, but it must have been at least thirty; perhaps it was half a dozen from each of the six girls present. All I remember was struggling desperately with my bonds, trying to shout through the gag that I had changed my mind.

At last it seemed to be over, except for the burning in my buttocks and upper thighs. Even my most intimate parts were in agony, with my legs tied wide apart the end of the flexible rod had two or three times caught me in a very tender area. With a sense of relief I felt them untying my arms and legs and turning me over on the bed. Then to my horror they retied me, this time face up. Terror gripped me but I could see nothing of what they were going to do. With my gag still in position I couldn't even ask, and they were not volunterring any information. The truth occurred to me but I desperately rejected it.

Then my fears came true as pain seared across my breasts. I tried to shout through my gag but it was no good. I had agreed to 'severe corporal punishment' and I was really getting it. The pain of the beating on my buttocks was nothing compared with this. Again I remember pulling with all my strength on the ropes that bound me, screaming through the gag and getting no relief from the terrible pain. Afterwards I counted only twelve weals on my poor breasts, but at the time it seemed to be going on for ever.

At last they stopped, and I heard them whispering and arguing. One of them was for carrying on, and I could plainly hear her saying, 'Give her another twenty on the tits,' as I lay there wishing with all my heart that it was just a nightmare. Eventually whispers ended in giggles and I was sure I was not going to find the joke funny. I was right. To my surprise I felt someone pulling on my pubic hair and then the unmistakable sound of scissors being used! This was followed by a wet sensation and then I was certain of the truth, I was being shaved. A final symbolic gesture I thought, and felt great relief that it was nothing worse. But again my relief was ill-founded.

I felt the bed jerk up and down as if someone was climbing onto it and then it was depressed around my head as someone stood astride me. Then pain so intense that for a moment I couldn't place it, she had brought the rod down right between my outspread legs! As I arched and writhed, they spoke to me for the first time, 'You stole from eight of your fellow students, that was for the first.' I still remember a second girl hissing in my ear something like, 'And if I had my way, you dirty little thief, we'd be doing this to you for the rest of the night. I sometimes wondered afterwards how I got through those final seven strokes. The answer, of course, was simple, I did not have any choice. But then at last it was all over. They untied me and without saying anything, marched me out of the room into

the hallway. 'You can call back for your clothes tomorrow,' someone taunted.

Then the door was shut and I painfully began to make my way back to my room, ready to hide in the lavatories if anyone appeared. Suddenly someone did, one of the girls involved in my punishment, one in fact whom I had stolen from. I allowed her to steer me into her own room where to my surprise she produced a drink of water and quantities of lotion. She later even lent me her dressing gown to get back to my room on condition that I promised not to tell the others that she had done so. I should add that in retrospect I am still grateful to the girls for not reporting me. My punishment was intensely painful at the time but I think that it was still more bearable than the sorrow that would have been in the eyes of my parents for a far longer period had I opted for the alternative. I shall certainly never steal again.

Of course my judgment may now be biased not only by time but also by the fact that though it was my first beating, it has not been my last. I have never received anything as severe again but my husband has no qualms about punishing me whenever he considers it necessary. I am sorry to let down the women's-libbers but I can personally get full satisfaction out of a relationship with a man only if he completely dominates me. My husband readily admits he is stimulated sexually by punishing me, and oddly enough I think I am too, so inevitably his domination includes regular spankings or worse. I am not asking for any sympathy, I am fully aware that I have the protection of the law if I should ever want it. I genuinely want him to dominate me and I am prepared to take absolutely any punishment he devises for me.

He started, of course, with simple hand spankings, but soon progressed to using his belt. He liked me naked for these sessions and despite my understandable initial reluctance he often insisted on tying me up. If the first great mistake of my life was stealing at university, my second was when I finally gave him the full story of the incident. I should have anticipated his reaction (perhaps subconsciously I did?). The following day he bought a length of curtain rod. He did not, of course, insert the hooks supplied with it but instead trimmed the spring slightly at each end so that the metal was well covered by the plastic. He wound adhesive tape around one end to form a handle and ever since then that has been my punishment whip.

I still get most whippings on my bottom but since I told him of the university incident he has sometimes tied me face up for 'a few extra strokes'. Luckily for me, when I am tied in such a position he cannot resist for long the opportunity offered and he is soon making love to me instead. However, he has made it very clear that I shall be receiving full punishments in the face-up position in the near future. I fear that he will go much further than the girls did at university, but as he himself says, full frontals are very much the fashion now, so I should not be complaining about full frontal punishment.

D.S.W. (Mrs.), Scotland



FANTASIES OF BABYHOOD

After only a few months, our experiment has proved a success! Impatient as we were to reply to the inquiry from M.A. of Gloucestershire in *Janus* 38, we still wanted to be certain of the results before reporting on our methods. Thanks to the 'rejuvenation' regimen imposed by their governess and myself, the twins have become as lovely and as manageable a pair of girls as you can find.

Alice had quite a problem settling down at first. As my niece, she came new into the discipline of the household. Jenny had grown into the routine we had adopted after his father had deserted me, back in those bygone days when my child was still called Jack. From the time the governess began dressing the boy in kilts after his bouts of naughtiness, he learned to accept his lot in life. The transition to skirts, then full frocks, with the final transformation into Jenny, all came as a logical progression. The tight stays and juvenile short dresses with their starched petticoats seemed perfectly natural, though he did have to be encouraged from time to time with firm spankings and long nights sitting in the crib-stocks.

Alice, on the other hand, reacted rather strongly to the sudden reduction in her age. She stubbornly insisted that she had entered the house as a sixteen-year-old, so she was going to stay one! Even after repeated doses of the hairbrush, she refused to behave and wear her girlish outfit. Finally, we carried the sulking child to the crib. Absolutely bare, except for a pair of tight rubber pants, she had her ankles firmly secured in the stocks. Once her hands were strapped behind her, fingertips to elbows, the light was extinguished.

After two days of darkness and much meditation, she drank her milk from a baby's bottle quite eagerly. Without releasing her hands, we unlocked the stocks to change and powder her. The governess made her crawl around on the rug for an hour as exercise. Then we permitted her to have a rattle to play with during the next two days in the crib with her hands untied. The solitary blackness this time had the relief of regular bottle feedings. She sucked convincingly on her formula at the scheduled intervals. However, she was again not changed until the end of her period of penance.

Step by step, being sure to slap her face every time she protested in anything more sophisticated than baby talk and gurgles, we brought her up to toddling age. I was particularly thankful when she could be trained out of diapers into fluffy knickers. At that stage, we impressed her role upon the girl by bottom-spanking her with the bare hand at least twice a day. Soon enough, she became most eager to please. We finally let her join Jenny as his twin.

The cute little minxes are being raised at about age eight. Neither are permitted long dresses, but they may wear their precious little outfits as long as they behave properly in them. That means no uncharacteristic adolescent behaviour. Any rebellion in that regard brings a swift regression back to diaper days. Recently, we had to keep Alice in baby pants for a week. She walked around the house looking sorrowful because she could only potty once a day, even though she ate a dozen or more jars of food. Nor was she allowed to help change herself when the smelly results of her inevitable incontinence were removed.

However, she is back in her normal youngster's clothing now and will probably remain that way for some time. It is interesting to see that her emotional age has come to agree with the way she is being dressed and treated. Some very childish tantrums have erupted recently, much to her dismay. So long as these do not involve her clothing and age, they are treated very appropriately for a girl of eight. A good washing of the mouth with strong soap, a hard paddling with the brush, a humiliating trip to pout in the corner, and being tucked in bed supperless all have quite an educational effect after Alice's temperamental outbursts.

Naturally, Jenny is still a problem, even though he fully accepts his age. We frequently find him bullying his new sister. While at first we relied on the brush, and occasionally the paddle, in recent times the governess has called the cane into play. Since that really seems to hurt him, I marvel that he doesn't stop his nonsense with her. However, we remain determined to teach him to act properly towards his twin.

On the other side of the scale, I had hoped he had learned his lesson that last time he put his hands up Alice's frock. Apparently it hadn't sunken in deeply enough, for he tried again, recently. The governess felt it was time to employ drastic measures. I had to agree. She acquired a snug leather belt to go around his corseted waist. It buckles and locks in the front, with locking buckles on the two straps sewn to the back. For a whole week, he was kept in his shortest dress, his wrists tightly secured behind him. His offending hands wore a pair of tight gloves, kid on the outside, rough rawhide on the inside. Even at meals he wasn't freed.

Each morning, before breakfast, he was dressed, then smacked across the palms with a ruler until the tears ran down his mournful cheeks. Then he was fastened up. The governess fed the sniffling

child his porridge for breakfast, giving him spoonfuls when he humbly begged, 'Please, Miss.' Lunch meant a large bowl of crackers and milk, which he had to devour himself, without hands, while he sat in a highchair. Since his drawers were down and a certain liberal quantity of sharp gravel had been spread on the seat, he usually tried to finish quickly. However, if he made a mess of his frock, he received a very sharp scolding and a good slapping across his sticky cheeks. Then the governess would wash his face for him with a rough cloth and take him to lessons.

These remained as usual, except that he couldn't write. The children learn all the subjects appropriate to sixteen-year-olds, since we don't want them to grow up ignorant. However, the classroom style remains childish. After the conventional lessons, the governess carefully reminds them of their status by having a spelling bee or having them recite nursery rhymes. For these, each pupil has skirt raised and open-backed drawers pinned wide to present a charming bare target for their teacher's ruler. Each mistake or hesitation costs a sound smack. It is always quite amusing to see them stutter their way through 'hippopotamus' or 'appetency', or to try and letter-perfect declaim their *Mother Goose,* all the while dreading a sharp swat on the rear.

Certainly nothing can be more devastating than knowing the tearful misery of being a young child having to please an exacting adult. There lies the whole secret of the training, and the post-lesson recitations captures it utterly.

For the week in question, Jenny's sewing and other household tasks were suspended. Instead, he stood on a stool while Alice restitched his hem—shorter—or learned how to properly ruffle a knicker leg. The repeated pricks of her needle apparently taught him something, from the way he whimpered. I think she might have purposely been clumsier than usual.

Legs smarting, Jenny did not enjoy the children's usual play period. Instead, he had to follow the maid around on a short leash while Alice amused herself in the nursery. Then, instead of tea with the rest of us, the child went over his governess's knee for an exceptional touching-up with both sides of her broad, stiff-bristled hairbrush. He was sent to bed immediately. Though released from his confining belt, he still had to dress in the special night outfits both wear except when they have been reduced to infant status.

By the middle of the week, both his hands and his seat were quite sore. Jenny begged us tearfully for a reprieve. We pointed out his offence, informing him that his likes and dislikes were not going to be consulted every time we had a naughty child on our hands. A punishment should deter, we told him. Just to emphasize the point, I laid him over my own lap for a smacking with my hand. The few dozen warmed him nicely for the spelling bee and the hairbrushing before bed.

Once the week was over, we shortened all his frocks by a special fold which Alice also stitched in herself. She barely pricked him twenty times doing it, and the effect is quite becoming. His new length shows the ribbons brightening the knicker legs. When he bends, the slit in his drawers comes fully into view. That exposure will continue for a month, and we all tease him about it unmercifully. Alice naturally goes overboard in her taunting prattle. Occasionally, he tries to tear her hair out in revenge, or he stuffs a rag doll in her mouth to shut her up.

Each time this occurs, he struggles as we take him to the bad girl room. However, he inevitably winds up with his drawers around his kicking ankles, his posterior uppermost over the leather-cushioned stool. The governess has little compassion for him in that situation. However, much he cries and blubs about being sorry, the cane lashes down until a hotly welted bottom reminds him of the penalty for fighting with his sister.

Of course, we don't coddle Alice, even now that she has grown into her younger age. She indulged in a recent bout of mischief—hiding things from the maid; putting salt in the cook's sugar. Her pranks resulted in our little girl being turned over my knee while I put my foot up on a hassock. That elevated her rounded backside nicely so that the governess could administer a proper paddling. I held the drawers open and the elongated oval applicator taught her a long, loud lesson.

The screaming child took her place in the corner, warned to keep her hands at her sides even though her pretty frock had been elevated and drawers lowered. The temptation to rub her scarlet behind must be intense, in spite of the careful watch kept on her by the governess or myself. As it was, a flexible metal leaf cutter from the library served to deliver a stinging ration on each palm when she did try to comfort her blushing nates. After the period in penance, a pale Alice, dewy-eyed and sniffling, stuttered her promises to be good in the future.

Certainly, the young women who maintain the house show a rare dedication to the considerable household tasks the two children create. Washing and starching petticoats, frocks and pinafores take a good deal of time. They make sure to examine our boisterous gamins whenever the governess and I are not around, making sure that the tight stays aren't permitting too much liberty. Simply maintaining order in the nursery, the classroom and the twins' bedroom seems like a continual labour.

On that subject, I know that

many people might question not sleeping them in separate rooms. However, Jenny needs to be surrounded by a feminine influence. Also, they are being raised as twins. Both still dislike the nightbelts put on after their baths, and the sewn-up sleeves on their nightdresses can be quite humorously awkward. So is their comical walk after we fasten the special sash that keeps them from pulling off the flannel gowns or getting at the soft kid restraining belts under their night clothing. However, knowing Jenny's precocious ways, I am taking no chances so long as they are together in the same big bed.

The only time either faces bedtime without wearing their special outfits is when they are in the stocks of the punishment crib. They only sleep in the bad girl room alone, since contemplative solitude constitutes an important part of that chastisement. Normally, they chatter in bed together with breathless childish enthusiasm. Their faces peer up angelically from the covers as I kiss them goodnight. Both Jenny and Alice sleep with their favourite rag dolls, a very touching sight as the light is turned out.

The effect of dressing and training these two to behave like children is quite astonishing. Both act like little girls very naturally. When they are told they're to be spanked, they start to cry even as they are being led to punishment. Yet, while they kick and howl during a bare-bottom tanning, they dry their tears and are soon playing cheerfully in spite of their tender, reddened rears.

Even the heartiest late-teen culprits, if constantly kept in a properly juvenile status, will be sufficiently intimidated by simply having their little girl's knickers lowered for a brisk spanking until they bawl unabashedly.

I have to stress that the undergarments in question should not be the grown-up kind. Panties are fine for adolescents being kept in adolescence. For teenagers being raised in childhood, the drawers must be very juvenile—preferably frilly, garishly ribboned, and with an open slit secured by a single button at the top. A very delightful humiliation is to snip off that one button, leaving the unhappy child vainly trying to keep her pants up with her hands, which must remain constantly under her short skirt in order to avoid mishap. The open back also reminds the child of her vulnerable position and allows the knickers to be swiftly slipped aside for summary punishment with hand, ruler, or slipper.

If the culprit being so raised is a boy, take special care to show off the frilly undergarments so that he knows every minute that he wears girls' drawers. Jenny may loath being teased about his fancy pants, particulary with the current display made by his shortened frock. However, he is kept acutely aware of his status in the household. That is the whole point of the matter.

Naturally, I should stress that in the home we only refer to the child as 'she' and 'her'. For all intents and purposes, Jenny and Alice are the twins we raise them as. The ony real distinguishing factor has been the cane, which we've only used on Jenny. As she comes along further, however, and begins to feel the promptings of her adolescent longings, Alice will no doubt be tasting the whip and fire of the rattan across her posterior until she can't sit without squirming for several days.

The slightest slap or scolding has meaning for the twins and makes them remorseful for their misbehaviour. They are learning valuable attitudes and manners which will stand them in good stead when we finally permit them to enter adolescence. Such training will undoubtedly save them quite a few canings or whippings with the tawse and birch. Unquestionably, we will be spared a great deal of effort in maintaining authority over them during those difficult years. It is that internalization of parental authority which must be the ultimate goal of all disciplinary training. We like to believe that our system works elegantly.

V.B. (Mrs.), San Francisco

3 WAY SWISH

For about three years now I have lived with a girl named Sue who shares my interest in spanking. During that time we have had hundreds of memorable sessions, often ending up with each of us caressing the other's burning, well-whipped bottom; but our relationship has become far more exciting in the last few months. Let me explain why.

On one occasion we gave a small dinner party, and Sue served the roast been inedibly overcooked. Acting on impulse, I put her across my knee on the spot and, tucking up her skirt to reveal the seat of her knicks, gave her a sound smacking. Afterwards she told me that being spanked in front of an audience was twice as humiliating and therefore twice as thrilling. As a result we decided to advertise for a girl to share the flat with us, stating that we were looking for someone who believed in 'community discipline'. We had dozens of replies, from which—after a number of interviews with other applicants—we selected a young actress named Becky, dark-haired, attractive, demure-looking and well-developed in the posterior area. We explained to her that we had very simple house rules. Any one of us had to obey any orders given to him or her by any of the others. Failure to obey would mean punishment on the bare bottom. If the disobedient one thought the order was unreasonable or the punishment excessive, he or she could appeal to the third party for arbitration. We explained that,

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'. . . Rosa was something special . . . she was rather slender but had an extraordinary pair of buttocks . . . large but not too large, very fleshy, just made for spanking.
. . . I gave her a careful spanking by hand . . . then with two canes . . . and then I used nettles . . .'

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although this might sound too authoritarian, all that it meant in practice was being told to make the beds, do the washing-up, run errands, etc. To our delight, Becky unhesitatingly accepted our terms and moved in next day.

We didn't want to rush our fences, so for the first few days we confined ourselves to giving her and each other very easy commands. Then, to break her in to our methods, Sue and I arranged a rehearsed incident. I told Sue to deliver an important parcel for me and discovered, next day, that she'd 'forgotten' to do so. Turning to Becky, I asked her what she thought Sue deserved. After a moment's pause, she grinned and said: 'A good spanking.' 'Precisely,' I said. 'Very well, Sue, go upstairs and fetch the hairbrush.' Sue obeyed, and by the time she returned I had seated myself on an armless chair in the centre of the room. Within seconds the classic scene had been staged. Sue was face downwards across my lap, skirt tucked up and knickers down. I told Becky to sit where she could have a good view of the seat of operations. As rehearsed, Sue clenched her globes tightly together. 'Relax that naughty bum,' I said sharply, 'I want Becky to see *all* your bottom while you're being smacked.' She unclenched, so that her globes parted; and to open them still further I crossed my legs. Not only her bottom but the brown central cleft was fully displayed, including Sue's little wrinkled anus. Only then did I start to spank, making Sue count after each of the twenty-four smacks. Whenever a particularly stinging spank on the cleft made her close her bum, I waited for her to relax and open it again before continuing the punishment. Becky watched agog, leaning forward on the edge of her seat, her eyes rivetted on the very middle of Sue's bare behind. When the spanking was over, I invited her to feel Sue's bottom, now bright scarlet and red-hot. She readily agreed, while Sue was still over my knee, and as her fingers passed over the tingling area, Sue arched her back, stretching her globes even wider apart so that Becky could not avoid letting her fingers stray into the anal area. 'Gosh!' Becky said. 'Poor old Sue! You certainly gave her what for.' 'What does her bum feel like?' I asked. 'Well,' Becky answered, 'It feels lovely and hot, but I don't expect it feels so lovely to Sue.' She went on stroking the spanked seat, and I could tell from her manner that she had found the whole experience highly intriguing. I made Sue stand in the corner with her knickers down for half an hour while Becky and I discussed the spanking and the state of her bottom. So far from being shocked, she was amused and full of curiosity, and it was clear to me that the time was ripe to find an opportunity to expose her hitherto unspanked behind for chastisement. That night Sue and I relived the whole punishment in words as we made love, and Sue confessed that to her the most exciting aspect of it all had been the knowledge that both Becky and I could see her little anus while she was bent over. 'I'll bet you a quid,' I said 'that within a week from now we have both had a good look at Miss Becky's anus.' Sue took the bet.

There followed five days of exemplary obedience from Becky. On the sixth day, however, I struck oil. The girls had made a rule that neither could borrow any of the other's clothes without permission. Sue and I returned unexpectedly early from a weekend in the country to find one of her best party dresses in Becky's room, badly stained with red wine. When Becky came home, Sue showed her the evidence and she admitted her guilt. 'What do you think you deserve?' asked Sue. Becky tightened her lips and then said: 'A good whipping.' Both Sue and I were interested to note that she said 'whipping' instead of 'spanking'. We exchanged glances. Becky had already told us that her only previous experience of corporal punishment had been when a male cousin had playfully whacked the seat of her tennis shorts with a swagger stick, so I wasn't altogether surprised when Sue said: 'Very well, my girl, a whipping is what you're going to get. Six with the cane at bedtime. Do you want

to appeal to Tom for arbitration?' After a pause, Becky shook her head. 'No,' she said, 'so long as it's you that canes me and not Tom.' Sue agreed.

We didn't mention the forthcoming whipping during dinner, but when the table had been cleared, Becky looked at Sue plaintively and said: 'Sue—I can't stand the suspense. Could I have my caning now and get it over with?' Sue said that was O.K. with her, and told Becky to go to her room and change into her pyjamas. She promptly left to do so, and five minutes later we followed her. On the way Sue stopped off in our bedroom to fetch the curly-handled school cane that hung on its hook behind the door. Becky was waiting for us in her room, sitting on the bed in a pair of blue cotton pyjames. Without wasting words, Sue told her to kneel on the bed 'with your head well down.' Becky immediately assumed the proper position—head on her hands, knees about eighteen inches apart, and her twin globes stocking high up in the air, almost bursting through her tight pyjama trousers. I took a seat at the foot of the bed, so that I had a perfect panorama of her splendidly presented bottom. Sue then seized the elastic waistband of her trousers and very slowly pulled them down to Becky's knees. I was fascinated to see that, instead of drawing her bum-cheeks together, as most girls do when exposed in this way, Becky spread hers even further apart. There, before us, bulging and fully offered for its whipping, was her russet, dainty, and hairless little anus. 'What can I see now Becky?' asked Sue. 'My—my bare bottom,' replied Becky. 'And what else?' Sue continued remorselessly. 'My—my—,' Becky stammered. 'Your what, Becky?' 'My—anus,' mumbled Becky. 'That's right,' saud Sue, 'and now that naughty bottie of yours is going to get the whipping it richly deserves.'



She measured the cane against Becky's bottom, raised it high over her head and brought it down for the first swish. Red tramlines sprang up across Becky's globes, but she remained stretched wide out. Stroke number two criss-crossed the first. Number three cut low across the crease where the bum overhangs the thighs. Number four was a tremendous searing whack half an inch below number one. For the last two Sue stood on the bed astride Becky's crouching form and deliberately set the bamboo stick swishing vertically down the cleft between her globes, stinging the tender outstretched anus. Both of these strokes made Becky yelp, but she bravely held her position, making no attempt to squeeze her globes together.

The whipping over, we made Becky stay as she was while we stroked the ridges on her naughty behind. There was no room for doubt that she was enjoying what we were doing, and that a whole new life was opening up for all of us. I had won my bet with Sue—but that was not all I gained from an evening that led on to more erotic variations than I had ever imagined possible. And I'm not immune myself! In a couple of hours time I shall myself be draped across Sue's knee getting my bottom well redened with the hair-brush under the attentive gaze of Becky. And I shall be loving every second of it.

A.J.W., London, W.

PUBLIC SCHOOL SPANKING

Recently I have discovered a shop that specializes in making available a wide variety of sex magazines among which I find they have a large number of your magazines, many of which I have now read and find them very interesting and stimulating. Ever since I was at school I have had an interest in spanking. Being at one of our Public Schools there was naturally a great deal of caning meted out. Only the head master was permitted to cane a boy on his bare bottom (officially). I had to go to him once for six but I must say that his use of the cane was in no way as severe as the cane in the hand of the house monitors. They could give you three only with trousers on but they sure used to put everything into it. Practically every boy in the house was caned at least three times per term, the list of possible offences being long and there was therefore little chance of escaping. These beatings were always done before prayers and you knew nothing about it until you were summoned to First Study by one of the fags. I found that as soon as you were told to report you experienced a queer, almost sexual, feeling in your groin. Then you were told of your offence and told to bend over and grip as low down the front of your legs as you could. Your bottom was then felt to make sure that it was nice and tight. Then it came, three searing strokes making your bottom burn like fire.

One of our monitors acted really illegal, because he nearly always asked you, if he liked you, and thought you attractive, if you would have three in trousers or two 'in skin'. Most of the boys chose the latter as he did not hit really hard. He just liked to see you bending before him with your bottom showing. He always took his time and might give you a few light hand slaps before taking up the cane. Nobody minded this, in fact many of us found it exciting.

But the best times we had were in the dormitories, where on Saturday nights we had what were known as 'dorm warmings'. After we had all changed into our pyjamas a hat was produced in which there were a number of pieces of paper, enough to ensure that everyone in the first and second year got one. Most of the papers were blank but just two would have a large cross on them. If you picked one of these then you were for a spanking by the whole dorm, eleven boys in all, each of whom could give you up to four strokes. I find it hard to describe the feelings as you drew a cross. A sort of pleasurable numbness and sometimes a slight stirring of the penis. You had then to go to your bed, lower your pyjama pants, put a pillow on the edge of the bed then lie across the bed, your feet just touching the floor. The boys then took turns to give you four strokes each, usually with a slipper or a leather strip, but it was never done hard. The bottom was usually just a little red afterwards. You were expected to raise your bottom to receive each stroke and lower it on the stroke. This had the effect of giving slight friction of the penis against the pillow, which brought about a pleasurable erection. Sometimes one of the older boys used to slide his hand under your stomach to see if you were stiff. Sometimes, if you were, and the dorm were in the mood, after the beating you were told to turn over and lie on your back so that everyone could see your cock. Admiring remarks would be made and often someone would take his dressing gown cord and gently flick the end of your cock. The boys would take turns to do this amidst much laughter. As your orgasm came nearer the laughter stopped and everyone became tense waiting for the eruption when your semen would spurt over your stomach.

Sometimes if your erection re-

mained undetected during the beating you would pull up your trousers and creep into bed. Then either you quietly masturbated or if you had a particular friend in the dorm he would whisper in your ear. 'Would you like me to come to you?' Usually you said 'yes' and then you waited for the light to go out and things had gone quiet. Your friend would slide out of his bed, crawl along the floor to your bed, get in beside you. You would hug each other for a time then his hand would slide down your stomach, find the opening of your pyjamas, take out your stiff little penis and gently massage it to orgasm for you. Then you would do the same for him. And you hoped that he would be for a spanking next week so that you could do the same for him. Those spankings were very enjoyable, everyone liked them and were disappointed if they did not manage to get the cross for several weeks.

I find that most of the spankings written about in your magazines are very harsh and painful. I cannot understand how people can really enjoy being treated so harshly nor how parents or teachers can bring themselves to give anyone up to forty-odd really hard-weal producing strokes with a cane or belt. Surely much of all this must be fiction.

Over the years since leaving school I have remembered with pleasure the gentle spankings we enjoyed and from time to time I have had the opportunity of finding boys that enjoy being spanked in this way. Some years ago we had a Danish boy staying with us, about 12 years years of age and he had a habit of flicking my nose with his fingers. One day I told him that if he did that again he would get a spanking and every time he did it he would get the same. He just laughed and did it again so I put him face down on the bed, rolled up a magazine and gave him about 100 light taps on his bottom. He obviously enjoyed his because at least twice a day after this he would flick my nose and I would spank him. After about three days, before spanking him I undid the button of his trousers, pulled down the zip and lowered his trousers and underpants to his ankles and gave him a hundred on his bare bottom. He clearly enjoyed this very much but at no time did I try to hurt him. After this I beat him on the bare bottom every time. If I did not take them down he would pull at the tops of his trousers and say 'Better off' and I would oblige. His bottom was small and soft like satin. We had a lovely time together during his stay.

Let's have some more articles in your magazine about people that just like the idea of spanking and baring their bottoms for a pleasant relaxing half hour of gentle titillation, and not so much brutality.

I like the pictures of bottoms in your magazines but feel that it is a pity that you do not publish photos of bottoms with caning marks actually visible. Surely you must have models that will take a mild caning so that their bottoms can be photographed showing stripes over the cheeks. This would be very exciting.

D.A., London S.E.

INSTITUTIONAL DEGRADATION

Some of your letters in past copies of *Janus* about boarding schools I find most interesting and I write to you about a girls' home I was in within the last twelve years. I left aged eighteen.

The home was indeed an institution being run on a charity basis, but connected with a well known organization. All food, clothes were scarce and valuable; discipline and obedience were considered within the high walls like cleanliness; next to godliness.

When one first arrived matron stripped you, bathed you, and you were given your uniform: a short dark grey pleated wrap-over skirt (would fit any waist) a navy blue jumper with the ever-popular school cotton knickers and socks to match. Actually our knickers had very thick elastic or rubber at the waist and leg which were always tight.
tight. They left deep marks which never seemed to give or break however much they were boiled and re-dyed navy each week in the school laundry.

Routine in the mornings was when the bell went, we had to jump out of bed at once (or you would be punished), beds had to be pulled back. We dressed in knicks and vest and stood at the end of our beds and when instructed by the dorm prefect we turned left or right and walked in pairs in silence to the washroom where our towels and soap bags all hung on hooks, then returned to the dorm to dress ready for breakfast.

Whilst we were out of the dorm our beds were checked for wet sheets, and any girl who had wet the bed or had misbehaved the previous night or that morning had to return and stand at the end of her bed. Matron then made her rounds and any girl standing thus had to drop her knickers to her knees and bend over the end rail of the bed for six smart strokes with the tawse. This left the girls' bare bottoms a mass of scarlet wheals, left them usually crying and writhing in pain, and usually it was the same girls who wet the bed —some every night—and received this punishment each morning still showing yesterday's marks, although matron was really quite humane. Usually 99% of the girls who wet the bed were very quickly cured. They could then get dressed but had to report to matron after breakfast to wash the sheets, after tea to iron them and remake the bed.

Food was scarce but good, we only spoke French at meals as did many convents and we attended the adjoining school up to our fifteenth birthday, after that leaving for some menial job or to go on the bus to the nearest town to the Technical Schol to take 'O' or 'A' levels. At both these schools the cane was frequently used mainly on the hand, on the bottom sometimes, but more often on the boys. Sometimes a few girls got a dose but I think most teachers tried to be nicer to the girls from the Home.

Weekends and holidays were worst, no going out, no nice change of clothes to wear, no home comforts or privacy; home food and discipline to face all the time—annoy matron and you found yourself dropping your drawers at any time of the day for a jolly sound tawsing.

On arrival new girls were each given a senior girl as an Auntie, who had to show you around, show you the ropes, teach you the rules. Most Aunties were nice to new girls but some were sadistic and horrible and they would land you in trouble on purpose just to see you punished. The prefects were awful to all small girls and if naughty you could be made to report to a prefects' meeting. After waiting outside for ages you would be brought in and made to stand on the table, and as they lectured you on your bad behaviour they all slapped your bare legs with school rulers.

Matron usually maintained order. Prefects could send you to her to be punished, or your Auntie could take you to her if you did not do what you were told. This usually resulted in her listening about your misdeeds and a lecture followed and standing with your hands on your head she slapped the back of your legs—this always had the effect of making me want to pee. But matron usually used a tawse as did all the other schools in the area; also as most parents on their boys and girls. And usually it was skirt and knickers off for six real stingers, whilst you bent legs wide apart, knees straight, and you gripped your ankles. When sent to her you had to wait outside her office, hands on your head, facing the wall, you didn't knock you waited until she came out and saw you. She usually came and went ignoring you until she was ready and called you in. She might keep you waiting all morning, so however brave you were to start with, whatever ego you had built up or excuses, by the time you went in you were a broken-down little girl, pleased to pull down your knicks, pleased to bend and get it all over and done with. She also knew this, and many times she would say 'Get up child, pull up your knickers and get out.' On entering you had to tell her word for word the offence, no lies as she looked you straight in the eye. She could certainly lay that strap on leaving marks on your bottom that lasted a week especially the marks made by the very end of the tails. Sometimes when you were told to stand, she would write in her book, then you had to hold out your hands for one stinger on each as she called it, and for certain rare or serious offences she didn't return to you your knickers, so morning and night you stood at the end of your bed and marched to get washed in only your vest for all to see matron's handiwork on your bottom until she decided to return them.

But being sent to the Rector was the worst school punishment of all. You had to take your Auntie. To be sent to the rector you knew you had had it; thus it happened rarely but when it did—wow. Twice whilst at the home I was punished by the rector. The first occasion was for being accused of cruelty to animals. The home had a farm and a donkey, and I was sent out one afternoon in a thunder storm to put the donkey in a tin shed. I was frightened of being struck by lightning near the shed. The stupid donkey wouldn't move so I hit it with a stick, and a lady from an adjoining house saw me out of her window, telephoned the school and said I was violently beating the donkey.

When matron saw me I denied the offence, but because the lady was a very generous governor, an animal lover, and she had recommended that I be publicly given the stick myself, to help public relations all round matron said I must go to the rector to be punished. I cried and cried and was horrified, also terrified as this was well known as the ultimate in punishments. I had done nothing wrong, everyone hits donkeys. I had frequently had the tawse from matron, usually bare, that was awful, but to be thrashed by a man—oh no. In tears I was sent out of her room to wait my fate—in our usual regulation position, feet apart, hands on head, nose almost touching the wall. Feeling very ill I waited for what seemed hours then a prefect arrived and the prefect took my hand and led me across the quad and through the gardens and churchyard to the rectory. On arriving the door was opened by his house-keeper who obviously knew why we were there. She exchanged words with the prefect about my offence, both looking at me. I remember her saying 'Poor kid.'

We were taken straight through the house into a room at the back, panelled in light wood where there was only a table and chair, it must have been a wine store or laundry in the past. Again we waited for over an hour, it was well past tea time; I was feeling faint and wanting to go to the loo when we suddenly heard footsteps, the door opened and the rector, tall and thin and stern stood in front of us. The prefect stepped forward and spoke quietly to him and out of my hearing. The prefect told me to take off my skirt and jumper and with fumbling fingers I un-



buttoned the waist band and did as directed. These she neatly folded, then sadly looking at me she said 'Take off your knickers.' Although I was almost fifteen I burst into tears as I pulled them slowly down. They were the only protection my skin had, my modesty and privacy was gone and I stood in only a thin short cotton vest in the centre of the room.

The rector lectured me at great length on my misdeeds on cruelty to God's animals, how this must be swiftly stamped out in young people and frequently his eyes wandered down to my bare tummy and I well knew what he could see. Opening a drawer in the table he produced a long thin brown cane and the prefect instructed me to lay across the end of the white table, grip the side as far as I could reach with my hands and curl my feet around one leg each side. Then she held my shoulders, and I realised that my vest was up around my neck and I was almost naked.

Aim was taken and the excrutiating pain as the first three strokes landed on my bottom cannot be described. I saw him lift the cane above his shoulder and the prefect whispered to me to keep still and take it quietly but after the first six strokes I couldn't remember much more, but I know I shouted out at each stroke and leapt up only to have to regain my position for the next one. When I counted the welts back in the dorm I had a dozen neatly placed side by side covering the whole of my bottom from side to side and top to bottom. It was red raw, throbbing and felt like corrugated cardboard, my skirt hurt against it, the prefect put me to bed laying on my tum and I cried myself to sleep.

Next morning my knickers were missing and I had to submit to the humiliation of all my dorm seeing my marks. I knelt at my desk and I felt sure that the teachers knew. That tea time I was pulled to one side and the prefect thrust my crumpled navy knicks into my hand and vanished—it did hurt to pull them up but I was very pleased to have them.

The second time I got it from him was on bonfire night. I had taken off my cloak as I was hot and folded it up and put it in a box; some fool threw in on the fire. Horrified I owned up, but matron said as it concerned damage or loss of clothing I must report to the rector, who decided to cane me the next day. Well it was very similar to the first time but very much harder. The senior prefect took me over and she undressed me herself just dropping my clothes on the floor then kicking them under the table. She had my lying across the table before he came in and smiled at me in my utter misery especially as I was kept an awful long time in this position and was not allowed to move.

After the thrashing she made me pick up my own clothes and walked me back in her cloak and I was put to bed.

I myself became a prefect and saw many girls punished. I went to the Tech, passed my exams and became very friendly with matron. One day I asked her why they took girls' knickers down and she said firstly to see the marks and to see if the girl has any sores on her bot. Then the tawse is useless over clothing as it loses its sting. The sting is immense at the moment of contact but does no harm, unlike a cane. I asked her why girls had to place their legs apart and she answered that to whack tense muscles did more harm than to a flabby bot, and with your legs apart you cannot tense the muscles so easily. I am not against punishing girls, but I don't think she needed the rector to back her up, as her tawse was bad enough.

In the latest issue of *Janus* a writer says it's harder for boys to be punished bare than girls—who is he kidding, girls do mind being stripped, girls don't like a rector looking at their private parts whilst they are being thrashed, or washing almost naked in front of thirty of their chums and showing off their striped bottoms. Private parts and whipped bottoms should be kept covered.

They were still using the cane and tawse when I called in there last summer, and the girls up to eighteen are still dropping their navy knickers to their knees and bending for a red hot bot.

E.J. (Mrs.), Cornwall

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"... the colour flooded my cheeks. How could a woman be so beautiful, yet so cruel? I deserved to be punished, but surely not so severely. It was her duty to educate and improve me, but did she have to be so harsh? I felt near to tears, but only the thought of the greater shame of those made me hold them back... I saw her pick up the cane, flexing it once more. Almost lovingly, and the sickness of dread rose within me... streak of fire flamed its way across my flesh, robbing me of breath, contorting my buttocks in twisting agony..."

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"... spent such a ridiculous hour in my life. Not only were there the torments of the flesh, there were the humiliating torments of the mind as I was forced to sit there wearing those women's bloomers. How could it happen that a person of my age and sex could be treated so? It is little wonder that tears of self-pity soon began to mist my eyes..."

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A STRANGE CASE OF SERVICE DISCIPLINE?

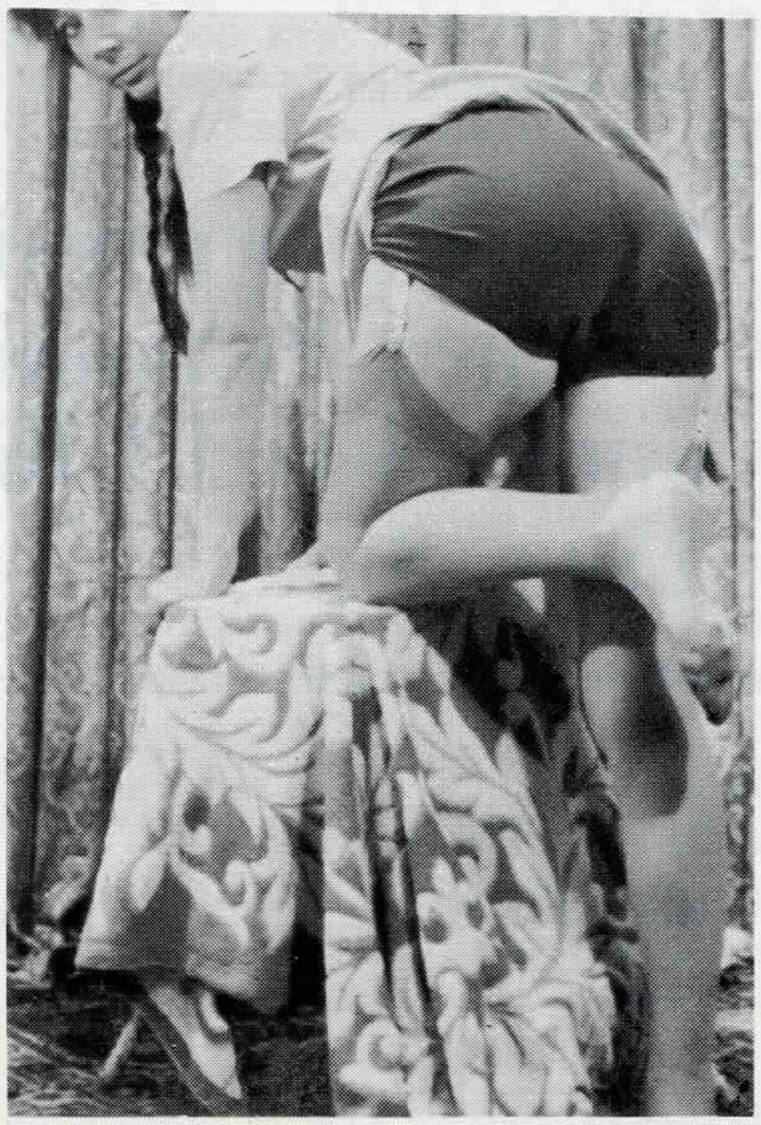
The thrashing of a WAAF with a length of pack elastic for incorrectly assembling a parachute (*Janus* 37), is the first comment I have seen in your excellent magazine on the limited use of corporal punishment in the three Women's Services during the 1939/45 War.

Whilst this type of punishment was contrary to military or naval regulations (albeit, that it was officially used at that time in Boys' Training Establishments) and would have resulted in severe disciplinary action being taken against those concerned it was employed on a wider scale than is generally recognised. Unlike the male soldier or sailor they were (and as far as I am aware still are), no detention centres to which a member of the ATS, WAAF or WRNS could be sent for a period of corrective training. Again, in many overseas bases, Cairo, Bombay or Delhi, for example, a girl soldier, airwoman or female rating could not be seen carrying out extra fatigues since her performance of such menial tasks would have embarrassed other Europeans in front of the natives. The alternative to dishonourably discharging a member of the Women's Forces whose record was that of a persistent defaulter (thereby losing to the Services the skills already taught her), was, in the opinion of many officers and NCOs the judicious use of the strap or cane.

During the war many stories were heard of such unauthorised disciplinary action and I am sure your older readers will recall such incidents. My personal recollection is that having been accepted for the Fleet Air Arm in 1941, I was posted to a Naval Air Station in the West Country. The bi-planes used for training were so safe that I jokingly remarked to my instructor that the only danger was the risk of being misdirected onto a wrong flight path in bad weather. To my surprise he replied that there was little fear of that happening since some six weeks earlier the ten members of the Women's Royal Naval Service who formed the station's aircraft control group had been disciplined when a training aircraft had been incorrectly plotted, nine received 'eight cuts' (a superbly descriptive term used in the Senior Service for strokes of the cane), across the black celanese knitted knickers which were standard service issue whilst the leading rating and checker was given 'twelve cuts' across her uncovered buttocks. He added that the Wrens were caned in a Hangar on the far side of the airfield in front of the aircrew whose lives their carelessness had imperilled.

My cousin, who had to enlist in the ATS under the Female Conscription Act of 1942, claims that at a Scottish Army Camp to which she was posted as an orderly room clerk in 1944 corporal punishment was used fourteen times in five months; once when two girl soldiers were caught pilfering from a canteen run by a local kirk and thirteen times to curb suspected lesbian associations (which were and still are a punishable offence in the armed forces). According to my cousin the severe punishments given for such perverted conduct was a necessary deterrent to the continuance of existing relationships or the establishment of new ones. My cousin says that a thick leather strap, split at one end into three four-inch long by half-inch wide tongues (your readers will recognise it as a tawse), was used and this was administered by a Corporal in the Military Police deliberately chosen for his declared lack of tolerance and obvious brutality. Offenders had to remove both their outer clothing and bulky underwear, such as corsets, before bending over a timber trestle which served as a punishment block. Once positioned their vest was pulled clear of their knickers leaving only the scant protection of the thin cotton, fleecy lined fabric of their knickers against a strap applied with ruthless determination and considerable energy. Surprisingly, my cousin says, it was often the dominant partners of such lesbian unions who, as the leather tongues sought and found the bare tender flesh on the insides of their thighs, cried out for the strapping to cease. In contrast the girls found stealing (they were 18 and 23), were treated less harshly. Both had to let down their voluminous khaki coloured knickers in the presence of a senior officer, after which each was given 15 strokes across their buttocks with a thin bamboo cane by a heavily built ATS Sergeant Major.

After my release from the forces in 1946 I worked for a Bristol Businessman who throughout his life had collected newspaper reports, magazine comments and published letters on the use of cor-



poral punishment in relation to girls and young women. These records were carefully filed in chronological order, each guard book containing some 200 or more entries covering a period of 4 to 6 months. I remember thumbing through the pages for early 1943 and noting two items concerning servicewomen which I determined to find out more about. I never did but since I still have the copies I made of the cuttings, publication in your magazine may prompt somebody's memory. I cannot say in which papers the items appeared but they are exactly as reported.

KILMARNOCK GIRL CANED

It is expected that a Scottish MP will ask if the Government intends protesting against the decision of a local court in the Aden Protectorate to order the caning of four members of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force and the birching of a fifth.

The disclosure that such punishments had been given



was made in a letter received by Mrs X from her 22-year-old daughter, Jean (now serving with the RAF in India), who was one of those caned.

The MP is also to ask what assistance, if any, has been given by Government Departments, Police Authorities or the Armed Forces to a request from the Aden Police for a supply of birch rods in order that the court order in respect of the fifth servicewoman can be carried out.

WILL BIRKSTALL GIRL BE BIRCHED IN ADEN?

Immediate public concern has resulted in an appeal fund being established, following an exclusive report in last week's Echo, that a Birkstall girl has been sentenced by an overseas court to a total of 40 strokes of the birch. Nineteen years old Shirley . . ., whose parents live at . . ., is one of twelve members of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force who were recently charged before a civil court in the Crown Protectorate of Aden with committing an Act of Mutiny. The court appearance followed the WAAFS' refusal to fly onto India after the transport aircraft in which they were travelling from the UK had forced landed at Aden. Because they were accommodated in Government Property at the time of the refusal the WAAFS were brought before a civil court and not, as expected, tried by Courts Martial.

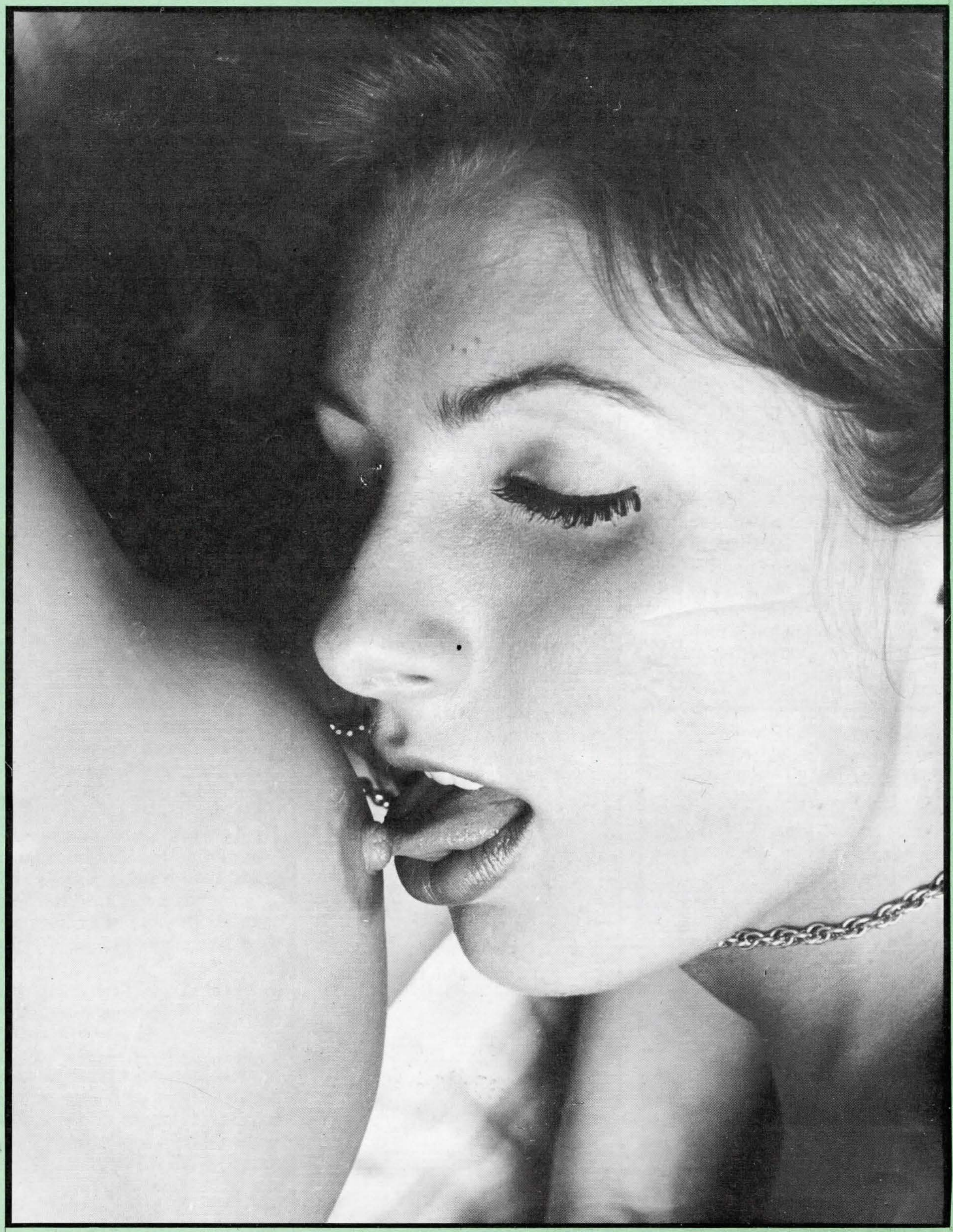
Seven of the girls were acquitted and released. Four, after pleading guilty to resisting arrest, were sentenced to 12 strokes each of the rattan cane whilst Shirley, who was described by the prosecuting officer as the 'group's spokesman and barrack room lawyer' was convicted of inciting members of the armed forces to refuse to obey a lawful command and to obstructing, through minor assaults, five policemen in the course of their duty. On the incitement charge she was sentenced to 9 months rigorous imprisonment and on each of the five counts of assult to eight strokes of the birch.

Shirley's father (a foreman fitter), is a lay preacher. He is both outspoken and conservative in his views, having recently led the fight against Sunday opening of cinemas and the campaign for the retention of the cane in senior schools. In a statement to the Echo he commented that whilst he is a firm believer in discipline and recognises the merits of corporal punishment, both for boys and girls, he feels that his daughter has received an unfair trial! He opinioned that 'Shirley was misjudged because as a former grammar schoolgirl with experience of working for a solicitor before joining the WAAFS she was best able to speak for all the girls.'

The Echo understands that the dates on which she will be birched are to be decided by the Governor of Amwali Jail (where she is now serving her sentence), but that none have yet taken place because no birch rods are at present available within the colony.

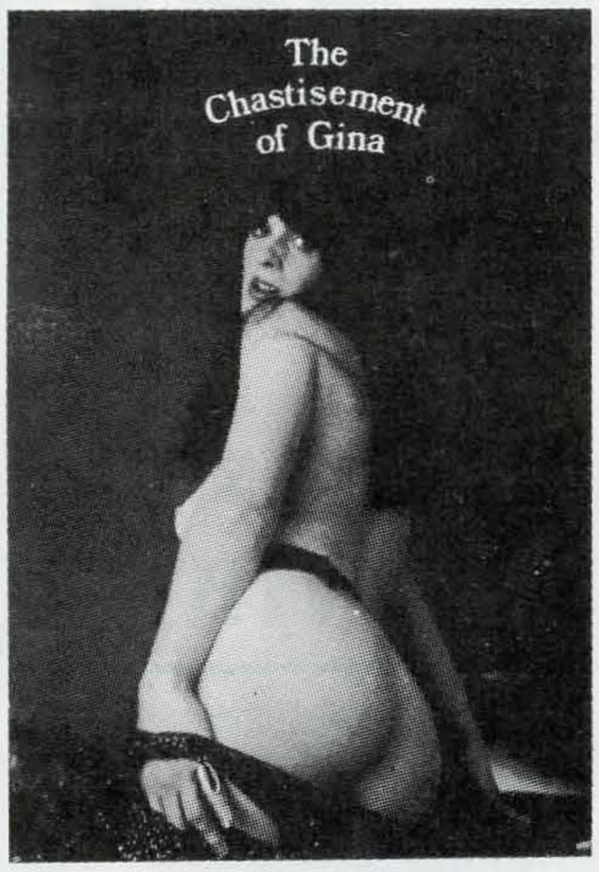
P.H., Glasgow

We print this letter as we received it. We have no knowledge of this incident and cannot vouch for its authenticity. Obviously it could be true, given the country and the circumstances in which the incident is alleged to have taken place. However, we also realise it could be fantasy. However, the episode is interesting and we would welcome any further enlightenment that readers could give. Ed.



THE CHASTISEMENT OF GINA

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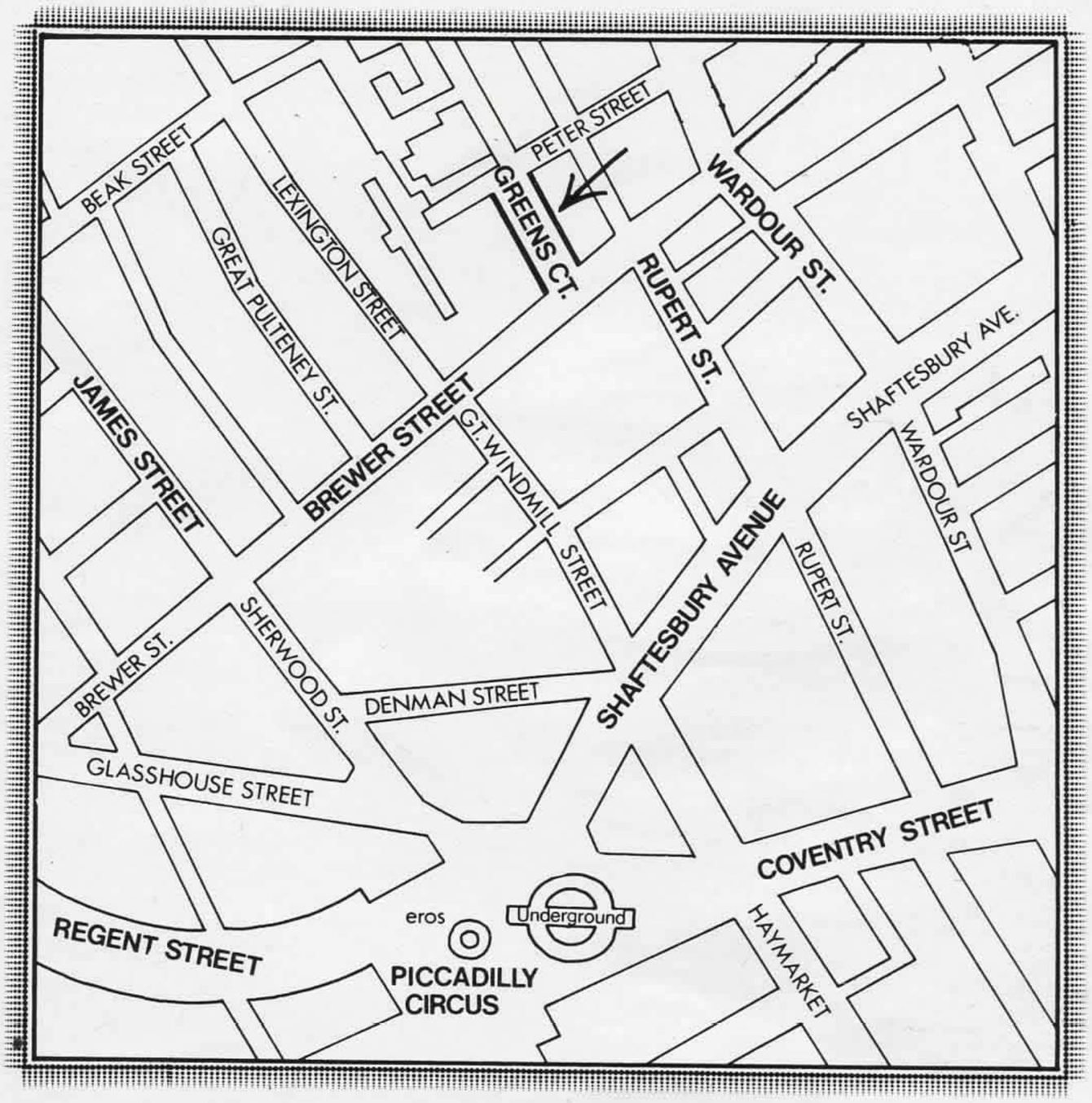
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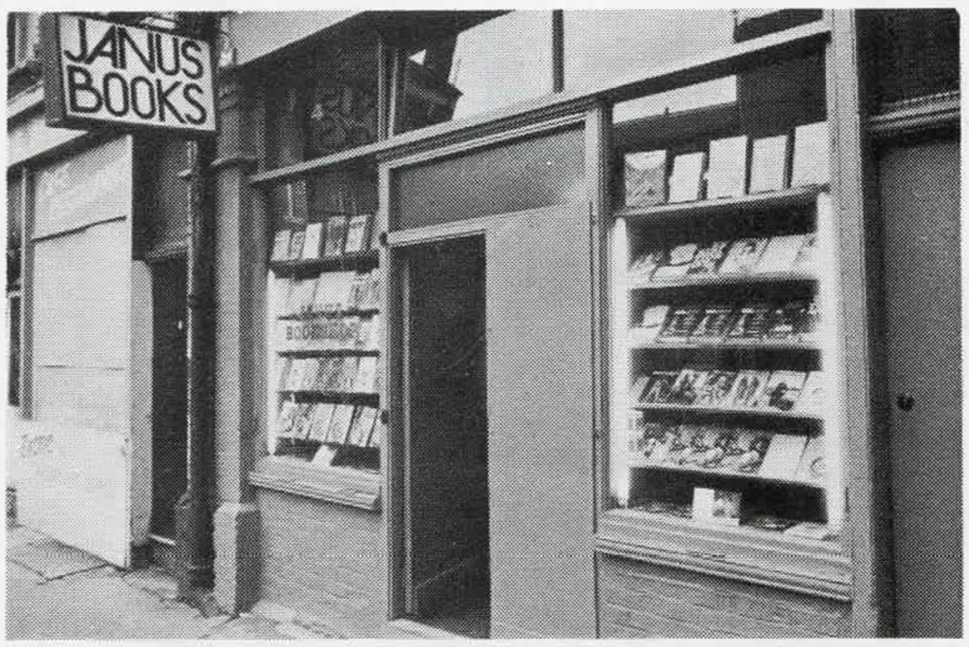
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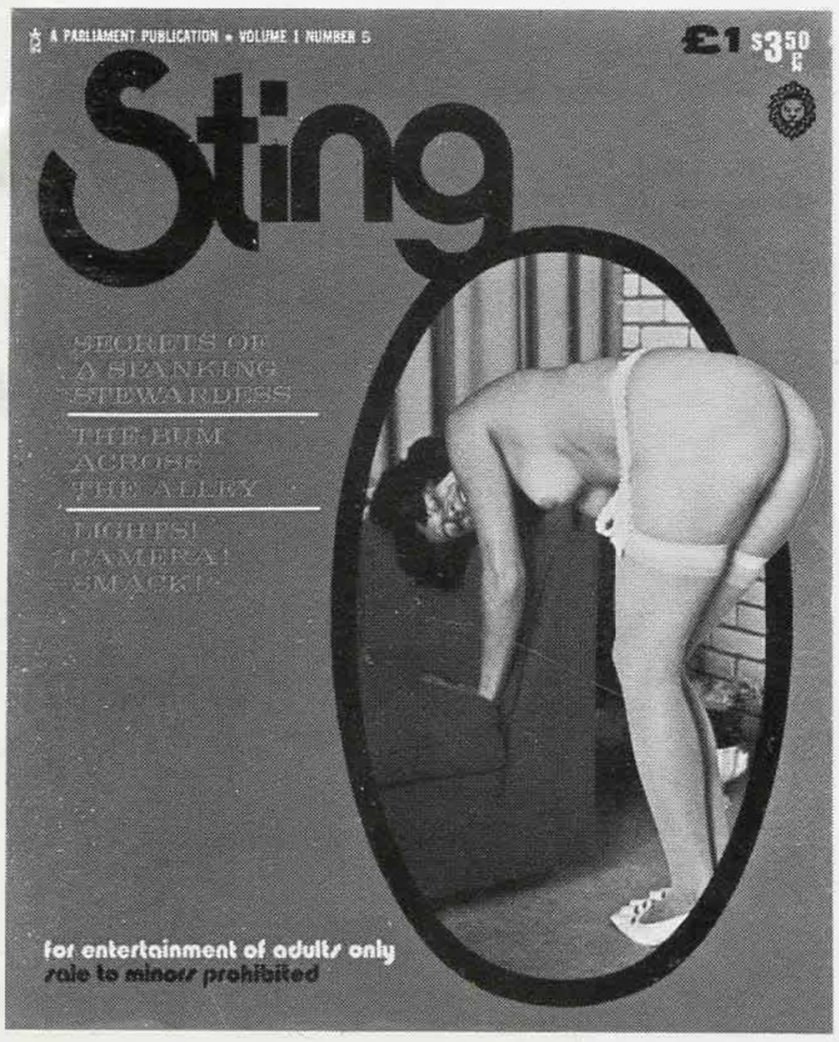
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