

JANUS

A JOURNAL OF FETISHISM AND C.P.

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THE FUNDAMENTALS OF JAPANESE EROTICISM

"I'M GOING TO SPANK YOU"

THE GOOD GIRL & THE BAD GIRL

A DELIGHTFUL PASTIME (Girls I have spanked)

FOR ADULT ENTERTAINMENT ONLY • NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

JANUS

A Magazine of Fetishism and C.P.

Volume Seven Number Five

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'I'm going to spank you Emily'

What is more delightful than a girl's well-spanked bottom! Such a sight has been a source of pleasure throughout the ages. However, let us look to the present for our delectation; to what Emily S— has been telling us about. The events she describes, of a year ago, can scarcely count as history! Emily is a mere nineteen years old, and is very much a part of contemporary society. This poignant account of her chastisement ends in the present. Or, rather, does it start anew on her fresh nubile bottom? This is a problem to which only Emily herself can provide a solution.

Is it kinky to like being spanked? Well, it is something I would not openly speak of to my friends; but probably they would not be keenly telling me of their own peccadilloes either. That smarting warmth on a girl's bottom is something very intimate and close to her heart. The sensations I have often felt when I have had my cheeks burning against my knickers have sent my face flushing with embarrassment; embarrassment as much caused by the chastisement as by the excitement it has also brought about.

It all started last year, when I was in my first term at college. Leaving the security of home was simply too much for me. To say I was scared stiff is, if anything, stating the facts lightly. I believe it must have been these feelings of fear which led me into a rather strange relationship. It is the only explanation I can come up with. There was nothing else about me which could have pointed my bottom into that upturned position, where it received a series of crisp spankings.

I discovered I was to share a room in the college hostel. This only served to aggravate my edginess. I have no brothers or sisters, so the idea of sharing was something new to me. My room-mate was to be a third-year girl called Sharon. That seemed to

make things worse. I imagined that we would not even be able to cry on each others' shoulders like we should have done, had she too been a college beginner.

I can remember vividly how I stood at the open bedroom door, staring at this girl, this Sharon. With her tall, slim figure and luxuriant red hair, she was beautiful. I felt immediately cast into a shadow. My build is on the small side, and if you are being honest about my hair, it is mouse-coloured.

Sharon flashed a smile at me. There was a welcoming warmth in her expression. I had assumed she would be as much dismayed about the sharing arrangement as I was; but it was not at all like that. It must have appealed to her to be taking a naive young innocent under her wing. She soon had me sitting down, with a cup of coffee, telling her all about myself. I have to admit it; there was not much to tell.

I had never had a proper boyfriend, and the highlights of my life had been essentially geared to outings with other girls. I had not liked the look of the boys of my own age, and had agreed with my parents that college would be soon enough for 'that kind of thing'.

As I chatted away to Sharon, my jumbled-up feelings about college and being away from home began to lose

their power. Sharon gave me a feeling of security. As a result, those first few weeks were not nearly as traumatic as I had anticipated. My experienced room-mate showed me around. In fact, she went with me to everything which was possible. When I sat in lectures without her, I would feel quite lost. I thought how lucky I was to have someone who could show me the ropes. It never occurred to me that it also meant I had virtually nothing to do with my own contemporaries. They did not matter. It was Sharon's word which was law.

I developed a schoolgirl crush on her. That is how it now seems, looking back over last year. Certainly, I would not have let anyone say a nasty word about her. To me, everything which she said or did was perfect. Sometimes she would kiss me, when we met after being parted; a light touch of her lips against mine. It appeared just like a kiss of pure girlish friendship. When I cried, after a bad session with my tutor, she hugged me to her, comforting me.

I also quickly lost my embarrassment over the physical *sharing* of the room. I did not mind slipping out of my clothes in front of her. Sometimes, she commented on the pretty undies I was wearing. I used to blush. Sometimes, when I was in my nightie, she patted my bottom, saying how cute I



'A jolly good spanking is what your untidy ways have been earning you for a long time,' she barked out.

looked. I squirmed, unaware of the deeper significance such pats must have possessed!

Yes, loving and gentle though Sharon is, I was soon to discover another side of her; her dominant streak. I was to find that I could not do just as I wanted; for Sharon became quite firmly in charge of me and my behaviour, and she had no intention of allowing me to forget the fact.

One of the things she would give me a telling-off about was my persistent untidiness. She would frequently hiss: 'You'd better be careful or...'

I used to wonder what would come after that *or*. When it did strike me, but for the feelings in my bottom, I should have thought I was dreaming.

I had left my bed unmade in my hurry to get to a lecture. It was something I often used to do at home, knowing that my mother would make it for me. Did I imagine Sharon would do the same? In my hurry, I doubt if I even considered the question.

When I arrived back, my bed was indeed neatly made up, but sat upon it was a stony-faced Sharon. Her eyes glared at me, and she told me to lock the door so that we were not disturbed. Then she beckoned me to the bed. Before I had a chance to realize what was happening, she had yanked me across her knee, and my head was spinning downwards, against the side of her nylon-clad legs.

I started struggling, thinking Sharon was having a joke, and I twisted round, trying to push her to one side, so I could give her left haunch a swipe. It must have been that which definitely did seal my fate! She gripped me extremely tightly, and got me bent fully over her lap. In the world I was brought up in, girls of eighteen simply did not get smacked. Yet there was no denying the fact that Sharon had me properly in a spanking position. Furthermore, she was determined I was not going to escape from it. It was not merely a pointless manoeuvre. 'You're going to get what you deserve, my girl!' Her voice was stern. I knew she was telling the truth. My Sharon was about to become my chastiser!

I shook with a bizarre thrill of ex-

citement, as I felt her fingers lifting up the bottom of my dress from behind. She bunched it around my waist, putting on show my white knickers and suspenders. I have mentioned how I had grown used to Sharon seeing me undressing. Well, this sort of undressing was something entirely different. It embarrassed and humiliated me. I sensed her eyes gazing at my quivering bottom. My cheeks automatically tensed, gripping hold of my knickers. I did not want them pulled down; pulled down by another girl! Yet this fearful anticipation, I have to confess, was also combined with some most private sensations. There was, after all, something peculiarly intimate about what was happening.

My cheeks went hot, I had never experienced such a flush before. I felt as if all my feminine secrets were gradually being unveiled. And, indeed, Sharon's fingers were now moving along the elastic of my knickers, folding the fabric over and down. The muscles of my buttocks clenched tighter, but she gave a sharp tug, pulling the fabric from between my bottom's cleft, and I felt the tops of my cheeks exposed.

'No!' I half-cried, but I was ignored. She eased the knickers from my crotch, and despite all my wriggling, soon had them down as far as the tops of my stockings. I moved my hands round to my bottom to cover myself, but she slapped them away. My knickers had momentarily caught on the clips of my suspenders, but then they were moving swiftly right down my smooth stockinged legs, until they came to rest in a crumpled heap around my ankles.

My punisher was completely still for a moment. I felt she was savouring the sight of my bared rear in its upturned position. It was as though she was immersed in admiration of my small, but chubby-cheeked bottom. I felt terrifically self-conscious. Then she spoke again, and her words knocked me right off balance.

'A jolly good spanking is what your untidy ways have been earning you for a long time,' she barked out. 'And right now, that's just what I'm itching to give you; and don't think it will be just six of the best!'

I simply could not believe that it was all actually happening. Sharon's fingers had only seconds earlier been running over my bottom, as if they were loving my soft, tender roundedness. I had squirmed with delight and shame. But now a genuine spanking was being threatened! Could it be true?

It was! **SMACK!** Her hand gently slapped the right cheek of my bottom. The noise hurt more than the physical contact, for she had smacked me so lightly. I flinched nonetheless. Her hand falling against my unprotected bottom was symbolic of the power she held over me. Her palm was now swishing against my left buttock, as though testing its own strength.

A moment of suspense followed. I sensed her arm hovering high in the air. This was going to be the beginning of the real spanking. I tensed my buttocks, waiting for the hand to fall. It swooped down in a series of short sharp slaps. Stinging sensations immediately jabbed at my flesh. Sharon was not holding herself back now. The smacks seemed to cover the top swellings of my bottom, and I could feel the painful imprints of my mentor's hand, from the tips of the fingers to the base of the palm. It hurt like hell. I had not been spanked in years. The burning in my posterior also hurt my dignity; but even that I forgot about, when Sharon's fingers began coming into contact with the sensitive skin between my buttocks. I writhed across her knee, begging for release. A few more slaps were delivered crisply against the tops of my thighs, and then I heard a sigh, and I sensed my punishment was over.

I did not dare to get up. Instinctively, I just knew that would earn me additional spanks. Already I was becoming aware that I had been let off lightly in a way; for being a beginner!

Sharon was now gently caressing the curves of my rear. Her fingertips ran across my heated skin, delicately soothing me; and as they did so, I felt my cheeks blush again. Unable to stop myself, I was pressing my thighs together, experiencing a lovely mixture of arousal and tender lovingness. Perhaps Sharon noticed what was happening. Certainly, she abruptly ordered me to stand up. A feeling of shame welled up within me. There I was, standing before her, looking so stupid, with my knickers round my ankles. My face went as red as a beetroot; redder, I should say, than my bottom!

I pulled my knickers up as quickly as possible, but whilst I was bending, I felt the hem of my dress flowing against my naked bottom. My chastiser simply smiled. I knew she could see my buttocks still half-bared and now chastened. I felt like a naughty little schoolgirl. My face burned as I met her eyes. After all, she is only a year older than me; so being spanked by her made me feel even more

'Well Emily, do you want your spanking for the disgraceful mess you left as soon as we get back?'

ridiculous than it would have done, had I been spanked by someone older.

Sharon murmured that she hoped I would be more careful in future. Then we both had to go down to tea. My bottom hurt when I sat down on the hard chair. Sharon kept giving me conspiratorial grins at my discomfort. How relieved I was that none of the other girls noticed anything strange about me!

That initial light spanking set the tone for the rest of my days sharing with Sharon — save the punishment was not always light! The strangeness of that chastisement brought Sharon and I even closer to one another. It was never actually mentioned as such; we both simply had an awareness that we had participated in something very personal together. When my roommate now patted my bottom, I had feelings of dread and desire. I would look at her and blush, remembering how she had bared my rear and had treated me as her child. Whenever I had a chance, I glanced at her naked bottom. It enticed me, but I knew I was not the girl to deliver a spanking. I was the girl who was spanked!

Naturally, the big question on my mind after that day was: 'Would she do it again?' I have to own up to the fact that part of me wanted her to do so. It had stimulated me; but it had also hurt! And often, in the cold light of day, it struck me as being totally silly, wanting to be smacked — a girl of my age! Yet it was not silly. It was what my body hungered after; and even today, I am still hungry!

The second incident occurred about a fortnight later in fact. Sharon and I had decided to go to a film. I was rushing around the room, because I had had to go to an extra lecture at college. As I changed, I left my discarded clothes strewn all over the place. My mentor's eyes were upon them, as she tapped her foot impatiently. In my haste, I did not take in what her gaze might portend.

We spent a pleasant evening, and as we walked back from the cinema, we were chatting together like two close friends. Imagine my shock, then, when Sharon suddenly changed the topic of conversation, about five minutes walk away from the hostel!

'Well, Emily, do you want your spanking for the disgraceful mess you

left as soon as we get back? Or would you rather wait until the morning?'

I gulped, taking a step backwards. I now felt no hurry to return to the hostel at all! My cheeks flushed up. I did not trust myself to speak. Together we walked slowly on. My companion continued to behave as if nothing extraordinary had been said. I felt my buttocks twitch against my knickers, though. I could anticipate the burning my flesh would be suffering. Sharon meant what she said. Deep down inside, I knew I accepted her authority over me, but that did not prevent me from trembling.

She put on our bedroom light and told me to tidy my clothes up. As I obeyed, she undressed and slipped on her nightie, ready for bed. I caught a glimpse of the smooth cheeks of her bottom. They immediately reminded me of my rear, and the threat hanging over it. Half in a daze, I scurried around, opening and closing cupboards, putting all my stuff away, in a desperate attempt to please.

When my hand lighted upon my hairbrush, Sharon instructed me to hand it to her. I wondered what on earth she wanted it for. I am sure most girls would have realized immediately, but I glanced up at her. I could not help but admire her beautiful figure which showed through the nightie. It was then that I saw her patting the brush against her own bottom. I shivered. It was going to be the instrument of punishment to be used on my own posterior!

Once the room was tidy, she nodded to me, whilst flicking the wooden back of the hairbrush against her palm.

'Emily!' Her voice was sharp, yet, at the same time, a half-smile lingered around her lips. 'You still have something to tell me. Do you want to get your punishment over with now, or would you rather spend the night anticipating it?'

The direct question being thrown at me again caused my limbs to shake and my face to redden. An answer was most certainly required. I lowered my gaze. If Sharon threatened something, did she always keep her word? Yes, she did — of that, I was convinced. Were I to opt for the next morning, I was certain that I should still receive the same punishment; with, indeed, the additional suffering of a night's nervous suspense. Yet how humiliating actually to tell this other girl that I wanted to be spanked by her now!

I remained staring down at the floor for ages, with my thighs trembling, until Sharon's voice eventually broke

the oppressive silence.

'Now or later?'

'Now,' I replied, in a scarcely audible whisper.

She instructed me to strip off my dress and petticoat and to get across her knee. I did so, with a kind of gauche clumsiness, which I think she found extremely annoying. She liked me to be graceful, just as she herself was.

I felt very foolish, lying over her lap like that, half in the nude, but still wearing my knickers and stockings and shoes. It was more embarrassing than being totally naked. My breasts swung unfettered against her bare legs. I felt myself growing excited, but then I was aware of the shaking in my lower regions, for my little pink knickers were being tugged down . . . right down to my knees. My bottom was bared. It stared up at its chastiser. I am sure it must have looked plaintive, but that only seemed to fire Sharon on.

'Mmm,' she murmured, 'you look a bit pale. Maybe I should warm you up with my hands, before we get going with the hairbrush!'

SLAP! SMACK! SMAAACK! Her spanking was aimed first at my left cheek and then my right cheek. Left, right; left, right. She certainly warmed me up. My flesh wriggled, in an effort to escape, but it was more of an automatic response rather than careful deliberation. In some odd sense, I liked the feel of her hand against my bare skin, even when it was spanking it! Not that it hurt any the less.

Sharon gave each cheek of my bottom at least six real stingers, and I had to lift my head up, so it rested on the bed, in order that my sobs could be muffled. I did not want anybody else to know what went on in our room. Nor did I wish to let myself down in front of my mentor. I had, thereby, set myself a hard task.

After warming me up, her soft hands gently stroked over my heated cheeks. I began to feel extraordinarily excited, and my groin pressed down against her nylon nightie. I had not noticed the hairbrush, so I felt I had good grounds for hoping she would not now be employing it. It was a forlorn hope. Sharon does not forget her promises.

Slowly, she pulled my panties back up over my stinging flesh. The operation hurt, for the elastic dug into the sore skin. But at least I had my panties back on. Perhaps it was all over, wasn't it? I attempted to get

up, but Sharon retained her grip on me.

'Three across your knickers; then another three with your knickers down!'

She smiled when she saw me twist my face round, a look of horror covering it.

'Surely, you didn't think you were going to get off that lightly?'

I made a feeble attempt at a grin, as she adjusted my body across her knee, so my poor bottom was in the direct line of fire.

THWACK! THWACK! The punishing hairbrush swooped across my knickers. I began to wish my panties were of a more substantial material and not so scanty. The thin nylon could not really have been said to have afforded any protection at all. And, indeed, even with my panties on, the hairbrush still managed to fall across some of my naked flesh; the flesh where my buttocks bulged out round the sides of the triangular-shaped fabric. Nevertheless, having my knickers on gave me some form of security. A girl always feels safer when her most intimate parts have some covering, however skimpy.

The third delivery of the hairbrush was right across the central groove of my bottom. My muscles clenched, endeavouring to prevent the inevitable; to stop this last vestige of modesty being removed once again. Firmly, she yanked my panties down. A bit of the nylon tore as she did so, and she murmured that we would have to buy me some new ones.

Then the hairbrush was being administered to me again. It descended right into the crack between my buttocks, and I could not stop myself from crying. I buried my face in the bedclothes. Sharon was employing all the force she could muster. As the second stroke fell against me, I felt her body swing down with it, and her breasts, through her nightie, grazed against my raw skin. My own body pulsed from the pain mingled with a sexual excitement. I sensed Sharon too was excited. Her nightie had ruffled up from her thighs, and as I took the third stroke from the wooden instrument on my painful quivering flesh, it seemed that her bare groin was pressing up against me as much as mine was being forced down in between the tops of her thighs!

I had been thoroughly spanked though, and the stabbing sensations were considerably painful. Sharon saw my distress, and manoeuvred me on the bed, so she could massage my buttocks. Tenderly, she rubbed some

hand lotion into my inflamed flesh. That was so beautifully cool and soothing! Then she teased and taunted me, by flicking the bristles of the brush against my raw skin. I tensed, horrified that she might really be intending to spank me like that; but fortunately, it was purely her idea of fun.

As she fondled my rear, I felt my breath coming faster and faster; and I felt her breasts swinging against my chastened flesh. She too was breathing heavily.

'That's enough of rubbing you better,' she said abruptly. We looked at each other slightly coyly, aware that we were both now virtually naked. Quickly, she switched out the lights, and we went to our separate beds. I caressed my own body with an unusual fervour. Despite the furnace feeling in my bottom, I was yearning to feel Sharon's hands on it again. And as I found myself reaching a peak of excitement, I could hear sighs of pleasure coming from the other bed!

Many similar spanking incidents took place from then on. My bottom seemed forever red, when I caught sight of it in the mirror! My roommate had more or less complete control over me and my life with her. And she exercised that control by means of her eagerness to have her hand yanking down my knickers. However much it hurt, these spankings only made me feel more aroused and more affectionate towards her. Consequently, the Christmas and Easter vacations without her were sheer agony — far more painful than any punishment she had dished out to me. I was well aware that my relationship with Sharon was not something I could mention to my parents.

During the last spring term, before the summer vacation, I found myself deliberately committing offences — offences which I knew would merit a hard spanking. Why I did not resent such discipline from my room-mate, I am still not quite sure. Perhaps I saw her constant vigilance as fulfilling the rôle of a mother figure, sheltering me and protecting me from the world. For that is what Sharon did so. It is also true that I was increasingly discovering my sexuality through the chastisements which she meted out.

Virtually every aspect of my life was in her hands, even to the extent of the purchase of my clothes. Sharon liked to see me in fully-flared dresses of a rather little girlish nature. Her main concern, however, was what I wore underneath. I was never permitted to buy even the smallest article of underwear without her prior ap-

proval. Indeed, many of my undergarments, especially my knickers, were bought by her as gifts for me. She managed to find some of the tiniest and sexiest knickers imaginable. Add to these some sheer seamed stockings and a demure white petticoat, and you have completed the picture of how Sharon liked to see her little charge.

I would often find a pair of cute little knickers waiting for me, as a surprise gift. I used to accuse her of buying them solely so that she could pull them down and give me a spanking! A comment which, needless to say, did indeed provide the excuse for just such a spanking!

By then, I was fully accustomed to experiencing the painful smarting which she caused, and which quickly became transformed to a warm glow between my legs. My day was blank if my bottom did not hurt some tiny little bit when I sat down on the hard wooden benches in the lecture theatres!

The majority of these spankings were delivered by hand. Only occasional use was made of the hairbrush or the painful rubber twang of a slipper on my bared buttocks. Did I relish the spankings themselves or merely the sweet intimacy afterwards? It must have been a mixture, for certainly on each occasion Sharon did spank me, she was at least a little cross. Only once did I encounter her unleashed fury.

Our general rule was that I should return to the hostel immediately after lectures, for Sharon's lectures tended to finish before mine. I was always keen to get back to her. One day, I was very late. I had become involved in a discussion with a group of boys and girls from my own year.

When I finally got back to Sharon, she was looking desolate. Once she had established I was safe and sound, however, her worry was transformed to anger. She berated me for my lack of consideration towards her. Her face darkened. She brooded.

'Were you with any boys?' she asked solemnly. Surprised at the question, I stuttered out a meek 'yes'. She nearly went into hysterics. She made me promise I would never allow any foul males near me again. It shows how naive I was. I still had not caught on to the full import of my roommate's behaviour! Naturally, I promised, merely to appease her. As she calmed down, her voice became colder and more measured.

'Take off your knickers!' Her tone lacked mercy. 'Then lie face downwards on your bed!'



JERONIMUS

My hands twitched as, stumblingly, I obeyed the commands. The idea of disobeying did not enter my head. I felt such a dope, having to remove my own knickers, in order to receive some form of punishment. In my humiliation, I kept getting them twisted, and I almost fell over, as the elastic pinged against my sandals. The whole process made me feel so ashamed. I felt like a wayward child. Yet as I stretched out on the bed, I could not help but feel the blankets rubbing against my bared front, for Sharon had already swept my skirt and petticoat right up, as far as my neck!

She was wearing jeans. Whilst my

buttocks were quaking, expecting to feel the hairbrush zooming down on them, I happened to look round. I gasped in dismay. I was horrified. Sharon was undoing the thick leather belt around her waist! She swished it through the air. I closed my eyes in a state of agonized anticipation. Nothing happened. She was practising! Those minutes of waiting were utter anguish. Suddenly, when I had relaxed my bottom, the belt cracked down.

'Oww!' I cried out, as its vicious tip curled around the contours of my bottom. I felt a ridge of pain searing my flesh. Tears came to my eyes, and I begged her to stop. She gave a short curt laugh.

'It's what you can expect if you mess around with boys!' And with those words, she swished the belt down a second time against my vulnerable flesh. She ignored my protestations that I had not been messing around. Slowly I realized: perhaps simply *talking* to a male was wicked in her books!

I felt the broad belt digging into me again. It snaked along the crease between my thighs and the overhang of my buttocks. I yelped out, as I felt more lines of fire scorching my innocent flesh. Unable to control my movements, I writhed about, vainly attempting to avoid the cut of the horrid belt. But Sharon handled the

And with that she deftly eased the rest of my clothes off me and tenderly caressed my punished regions. I too felt a weird sense of arousal, and as her lips fell against my bottom's cheeks, I tentatively slipped my hands into her knickers, moulding together her delicious buttocks.

instrument like a true expert. I felt the ridges criss-crossing the first ones, and my bottom jerked up and down like a jack-in-the-box.

SWISH! CRAACK!

The last two swishes were applied more gently, lightly even; but Sharon possessed perfect aim. They curled round the inside of my thighs, succeeding in catching the most sensitive areas between my buttocks and at the very tops of my legs. I could not stand it any longer. Those strokes had really caught me where it hurts most.

'I'm sorry; I'm sorry!' My voice, my eyes, my whole body pleaded.

Mercifully, my chastiser allowed the belt to dangle free, away from my bottom. I hated the look of the leather as it swayed before my eyes. My hands whipped round to hold my blazing rear. I could feel the welts rising. The punishment was over; or was it? Not quite! Sharon was telling me to kiss the belt, and to thank her for administering the strapping which I deserved.

I forced out the words. The touch of the leather against my lips was more than I could bear, for my buttocks still felt as if they were in hell itself.

The immediate urge within me was now to get my knickers back on as quickly as possible, but Sharon threw them to one side, murmuring that the elastic would only intensify the pain. She was treating me very gently. Although her face appeared exhilarated, she mentioned that perhaps she had been too severe; and with that, she deftly eased the rest of my clothes off me, and tenderly caressed my punished regions. I too felt a weird sense of arousal, and as her lips fell against my bottom's cheeks, I tentatively slipped my hands into her knickers, moulding together her delicious buttocks.

That night, we fell asleep together in the same bed, our hands stroking each other's naked skin. In the morning, it took a few seconds before I realized what had happened. The throbbing in my bottom quickly brought it all back to me, but I could feel no hatred towards Sharon. She was merely doing what was best for me. As she kissed me on the lips, before getting up, I thrilled inwardly, even though the stinging still pounded away inside my red flesh . . .

They were days of delightful girlish togetherness; but they had to come to an end. It was the summer vacation. Sharon had finished at college. Did it mean we would have to separate? It seemed not. She succeeded in getting a teaching job close to the college, and so was able to rent a flat near the hostel, where I should be having to stay in my second year. So, it appeared we had only the summer vacation to endure apart.

What a change that vacation made to me! Part of it was spent on a special college trip abroad. The activities going on around me suddenly caused me to see everything in perspective. At last, I was free. I was free of the restrictions of my parents . . . and of Sharon! On first coming to college, I had merely exchanged my parents for Sharon's care and attention. True — it was a very special and intimate attention; but now I was receiving just that from some charming young French men. My experiences with Sharon had given me a certain degree of sexual confidence, and I put this knowledge to maximum use, playing the temptress with all the men; finally allowing a couple to make love to me.

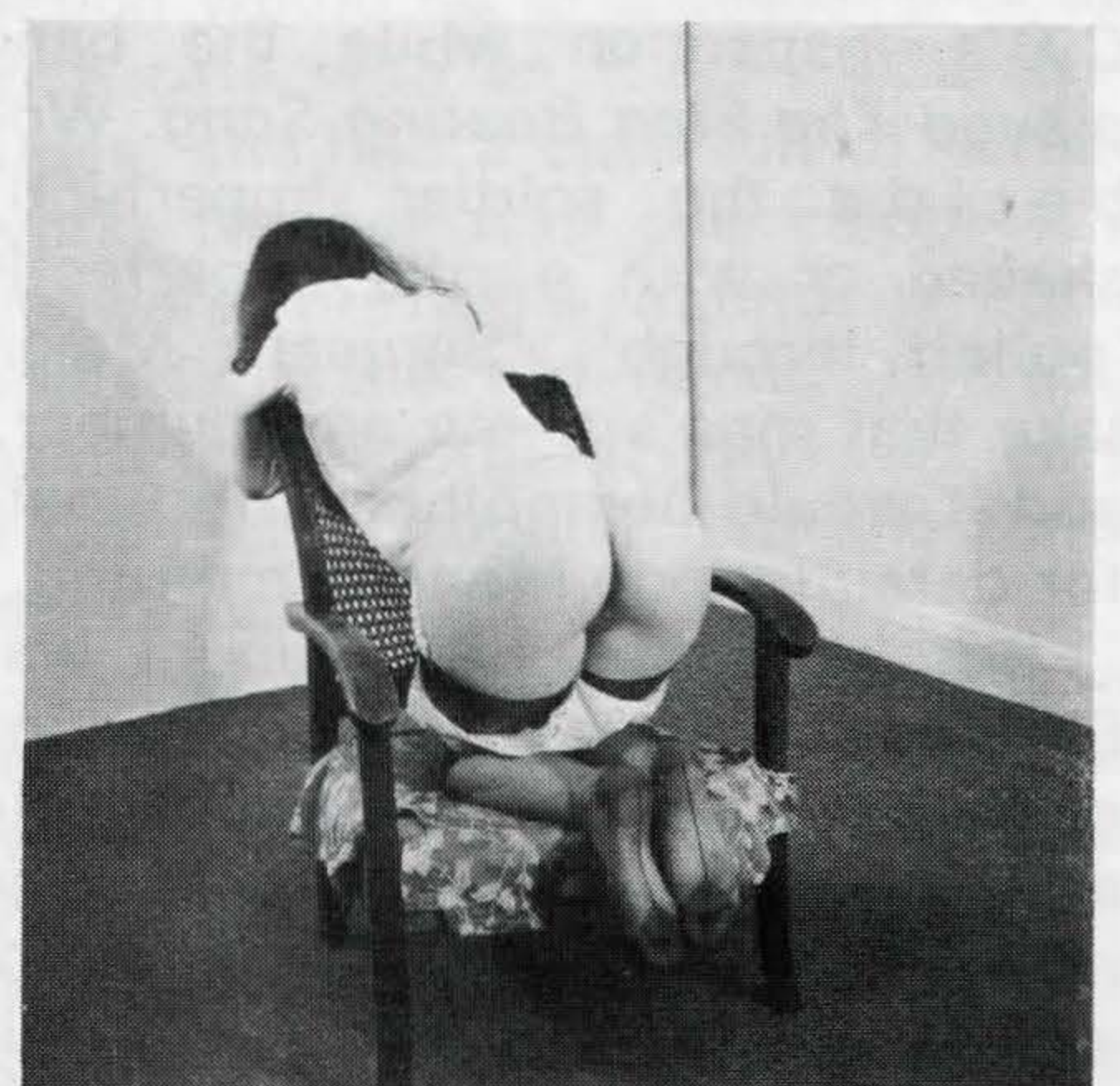
It was therefore inevitable that things appeared in a very different light when I returned to college this term. It was ridiculous of me to turn away male company. I enjoy it! I found myself sharing a room with a very out-going girl, and she had little difficulty in persuading me to join in all the sensual delights which are on offer at the college parties.

I knew I still had to go round to see Sharon. After all, she had specially taken the job and flat in order that we might be together. I felt awkward in her presence. I kept fearing she might start kissing me, or asking me about what I had been doing. She must have sensed something had changed. Her expression was one of sadness.

Now, she constantly crops up in my mind. I simply cannot stop myself from thinking about the spanking she gave me. These images are all the more vivid, when I am having a boy making love to me. My bottom twitches, and I find I am wanting to shout out; wanting to be asked to be punished! I blush at the very thought. I could never bring myself to utter

such a thing. Were I to do so, it would not be the same. So I am positively aching with frustration. I have tried being naughty in front of my boyfriends, but they have not laid a finger on me. It is intolerable!

Hence, I am in a dilemma. I am being drawn towards Sharon. I want to see her; I want to feel her. At the same time, I would find it quite impossible to give up having boyfriends now. Sharon, I am sure, would not understand that last point. The few times I have seen her in town, she has always been alone. Her big eyes look reproachfully at me. My choice seems to be between boys and my old room-mate, my chastiser. She is too possessive to share me. Yet I feel I am being propelled in her direction. Perhaps that is my only solution. Most assuredly, my Sharon would be determined to punish me on those occasions when she did discover I had been with boys. My body shakes with fear at the very thought. And I feel myself edging a little closer still to plucking up courage to go and see her!



DAUGHTERS OF THE REGIMENT

Mark Howarth

The windows of the Colonel's married quarters looked out on to the regimental parade ground. Sandra was only partly conscious of the squads of men marching and counter-marching, wheeling and drilling under the barked commands of the drill instructors. This had been part of her life since a little girl, and the marching men and the discipline was an everyday part of her life. The discipline. Lt.-Col. Andrew Hesketh-Blunt, D.S.O., was certainly a disciplinarian, both on the parade ground and in his family life. Sandra's mother had died when Sandra was seven and the colonel had brought her up himself in the full traditions of the service. Any transgressions on Sandra's part were punished, the punishment was physical, and time was the time of the weekly dress parade, Saturday morning.

The dress parade, known to the men as the 'bull shit parade' was a regular feature of the recruits' training. It was held on the regimental parade ground, the roped-off square of tarmac, flanked by the chapel at the far end, and by the two seven pounder cannon captured by the regiment during the Indian Mutiny. There, where small groups of men now drilled, the whole battalion would be out in number one dress uniform, together with the Regimental Band and the officers on parade.

Blanco spotless, brasses gleaming, boots polished to a mirror brightness, trousers pressed to a knife edged crease, the men would be drawn up in review order for the C.O.'s inspection while the band played *The Eton Boating Song*. Woe betide the soldier imperfectly shaved or with a rifle imperfectly 'pulled through'. 'Sergeant Major, take that man's name and number,' and it would be another unfortunate for defaulters on Monday morning.

But 'defaulters' for Sandra was Saturday morning. The inspection completed, the Colonel would hand over the parade to his adjutant and return to his quarters. A stiff peg of whisky and he was able to turn his mind from the discipline of his

regiment to the discipline of his daughter.

Although Sandra was now seventeen and in the sixth form of the local girls' High School she was always on parade in school uniform for these occasions. Naturally, perhaps, Colonel Hesketh-Blunt was a great believer in uniform and its value, and it was somewhat to his regret that uniform regulations at Highfield High School were relaxed for the senior girls. In no way he felt was a pleated skirt, blouse and blazer in any way a substitute for a gym tunic with box pleats, nor were tan nylon tights as appropriate to a schoolgirl as black lisle stockings. So for these punishment sessions Sandra was expected to wear the gym tunic last worn at fourteen. Not surprisingly Sandra had matured quite a lot since then, growing both upwards and outwards. It was as much as she could do to struggle into the navy tunic, which was not only painfully tight across the bust and hips, but now so short that it barely came to mid thigh. Sandra was well aware that any indiscreet movement could reveal a glimpse of stocking top and black suspenders, or even the leg of navy cotton school knickers. She hated this uni-

form as much as any part of these dreadful Saturdays. If the Colonel was aware of the deficiencies in his daughter's dress he said nothing. It could be that he approved. Many consider that an element of humiliation adds to any punishment.

Sandra's bedroom window also looked out over the parade ground, and Saturday morning would find her there waiting and watching for the inevitable moment when the Colonel, immaculately turned out as his batman could make him, ramrod stiff, would return Captain Vaisey's salute, hand over the parade, and march briskly off the square. Sandra would hear the house door open, the rattle of the whisky decanter from below, a pause, and then her father's step on the stairs. The cane was already in the bedroom with Sandra, she had instructions to have it ready for use. 'Attention!' barked the Colonel. Standing as stiffly as one of the recruits on the parade ground, thumbs in line with her suspenders, Sandra would hear the indictment of her wrong doings and misdemeanours of the last week. The sentence when it came was usually the same, except in extreme cases. 'Six strokes of the cane'.

Sandra stood at ease and moved

Heather found herself driving to a secluded country lane and positioning herself over the car's bonnet while the Colonel lifted up her uniform skirt and delivered half-a-dozen cracking strokes with his swagger cane across the rounded seat of her regulation bloomers.

to a clear space in the centre of the bedroom. Once again she bent forward and touched her toes, her legs straight in their black stockings. Once again she felt her father's hand at the hem of her gym slip as he pulled it up over her tautened buttocks. Once again the moment that never got any better, when she felt the tightening at the waist band of her knickers before they were peeled down over her plump white bottom. The Colonel pulled down her pants to just above her knees leaving her soft cheeks naked and vulnerable to the bite of the cane. She felt the tap of the rattan measuring its distance across the twin mounds of her rump, then as the regimental band struck up *Blaze Away*, the first swish of the rod and the stinging impact on her exposed flesh. To the sounds of the men being dismissed by company and the tramp of feet, Sandra would expiate her misdeeds of the week with six cuts of the supple cane across her submissive buttocks. Such was her self discipline that although she cried out she stayed in position for all of them.

* * *

Private Heather Morgan, W.R.A.C., skilfully threaded the large staff car through the city's traffic. She was alone, having been sent out on a message by the Colonel. She had been Colonel Hesketh-Blunt's driver for nearly a year now, and on the whole liked the work. She enjoyed the absence of a set routine, and driving the powerful saloon car. She was a good driver and knew it. She quite liked the Old Man too. Mind you, he was a bit of a martinet and with his own ideas of discipline, but you knew where you were with him. The first time she had fallen foul of him was after she had been driving him for about a month. He had dismissed her for some staff meeting, telling her to be back for him at 1700 hours sharp. She had parked the car and gone into a transport café for a cuppa and a fag, had lost count of the time, and was twenty minutes late for the pick up. It was her job to have been there, he had told her, even if it had meant wait-

ing outside all afternoon. She had tried to make excuses about traffic hold-ups but the Old Man was livid and would take no excuses. She could have the choice, he told her, either to be put on a charge and find herself up before the W.R.A.C. C.O. in the morning, or he could deal with the matter himself, as he would with his own daughter, with six strokes of the cane.

Heather did not really hesitate. She hated 'jankers', the five days confined to barracks, that would almost certainly be the result of an appearance before 'Tindrawers' Bailey, the C.O., and the subsequent fatigues. And so it was that Heather found herself driving to a secluded country lane and positioning herself over the car's bonnet, while the Colonel lifted up her uniform skirt and delivered half-a-dozen cracking strokes with his swagger stick across the rounded seat of her regulation khaki bloomers. The girls called them E.T.B.'s (elastic top and bottom), the men preferred to dub them 'passion killers'.

After that a red-eyed and very sore Heather had returned the Colonel to the Regimental Depot, sitting very gingerly on her driving seat. That had not been the last of such incidents, but Heather did not complain. She preferred the sting of the cane to the longer, more tedious C.B. which was the more proper punishment. Sometimes the Colonel would spank her instead. She quite liked this, it was preferable to the bite of the swagger stick even though he did take down her drawers and whack her bare bottom with his hand until she felt as if she had been sitting in a nettle patch. She quite liked the intimate feeling of being across Old Blunty's lap, and a certain hardness in that area suggested that the Colonel was not unroused too! He wasn't a bad looking chap, she mused, certainly not looking his age — and so masterful! You would never think that he had a daughter only a couple of years younger than herself. The Colonel never took any liberties beyond the spanking — but you never knew, one day perhaps . . .

Talk of the devil! There was old

Blunty's daughter Sandra waiting in the bus queue, coming home from school probably. Heather eased the staff car to a halt at the pavement and wound down the window. 'Want a lift?' It was against regulations to pick up unauthorised civilian passengers, but what the hell? She was the Old Man's daughter after all. Sandra thankfully got in, followed by the envious stares of the other queuers, and threw satchel and tennis racquet on the back seat. The two girls knew each other slightly as Heather often called at the house for the Colonel, and there was a mutual liking between them. 'I'm not really supposed to be back yet,' confided Heather as she adroitly piloted the big car through the rush hour traffic. 'I got done at G.H.Q. earlier than I expected, and if I go back I'm bound to land another job — car washing probably. You wouldn't like to stop for a cuppa would you?'

Sandra agreed readily. She had nothing much to hurry home for and with the lift she was already ahead of herself. They parked the car down a side street and went into a small café much frequented by troops from the depot. Over a cup of tea they talked and Heather lit a cigarette. Two R.A.F. boys came over and joined them, and the talk became of the 'chat up' variety. The two airmen introduced themselves as Harry and Reg, and were not averse to making dates for that evening. Heather agreed readily enough, Sandra was not so sure. She liked boys well enough and had had occasional dates, but she was well aware what her father's reaction would be to a casual pick-up in a café with an R.A.F. AC2. Besides, she had a case full of homework. Neither was she completely unaware of Reg's intentions. She smiled as the old music hall gag came into her mind: 'She was only a Colonel's daughter, but she knew what Regi-ment!'

However this social sparring came to an abrupt end with the arrival of two Military Police corporals making a routine check. They were particularly interested in Heather and Sandra, having observed them park

All right, you know why you are here. I propose to give you each eight strokes on the bare bottom.

the car. They carefully checked Heather's papers and work sheet, then: 'Why was Private Morgan in a café and drinking tea and smoking when she should be at General Headquarters? And why was Miss Hesketh-Blunt with her? She must surely now that it was against regulations to accept lifts in military vehicles, as Private Morgan undoubtedly did. The M.P.'s said that they should by rights arrest Heather, but as she was the Colonel's driver and the Colonel's daughter was involved it would probably be appropriate to refer the matter to the Colonel. Meanwhile Harry and Reg had beaten a hasty retreat. Probably they should have been on duty too!

* * *

'Thank you Captain Vaisey, carry on please!' Andrew Hesketh-Blunt marched smartly off the square and thankfully let himself into his quarters. Thank God that damned parade was over for another week. Sometimes it wearied him, the spit and polish, the shouting, and that damned band! He'd have to speak to the bandmaster. They were at least two beats late this morning.

Thankfully he sipped his whisky and brightened at the thought that there were *two* defaulters awaiting his attention this morning. He drained his glass and went upstairs. 'Prisoners attention!' he barked. Sandra in her ridiculous school uniform and Heather in her best walking out 'greens'. Both sprang to attention. Andrew picked up the supple cane from the dressing table. 'Alright, you know why you are here. I propose to give you each eight strokes on the bare bottom. Anything to say before sentence is carried out?' There was no response from the two girls, one blonde, one red-headed, standing rigidly before him.

'Good, in that case I want you both over the bed. Put a pillow down first so that your behinds are well up.'

Sheepishly the girls placed pillows in position and lay down across the bed. Without being bidden Heather wriggled up her tight green skirt before doing so. Sandra's abbreviated dress was so short that it rode up anyway. The Colonel looked down with some satisfaction

at the two shapely bottoms, one in navy blue knickers, one in bottle green regulation bloomers, presented before him. Two young ladies for whom he had a great affection, though one probably didn't know it. Absently he patted the well-filled knickers then, without hurry, eased them down over the soft buttocks which they contained. First Sandra, then Heather. In a way they were both in uniform he mused, and very fetching too! He caned each set of buttocks alternately, the supple cane stinging first Sandra's slighter cheeks then Heather's more chubby bottom.

Nothing was heard inside but the swish and crack of the cane as it instilled military discipline to the curved rear ends of the two young offenders. Nothing that is except their gasps, then yelps, then cries, then sobs as the pliant rattan played its symphony of anguish on its chosen instruments. It was accompanied from without by the sound of *Blaze Away* ('Why can't they play some other damned march,' thought Andrew absently, '*Stars and Stripes* might make an appropriate change!') He brought the rod swishing down once again on Heather's squirming rotundities. 'H'mm, why not a concerto for cane, female voices and military band? Why not? Perhaps I should mention it to the bandmaster sometime.' He smiled at the thought. 'Now, where was he? Oh yes, up to five on each girl.' He brought down the cane on his daughter's pretty behind for the sixth time and admired the criss-cross of wheals beginning to build up on the soft flesh. He believed in taking his duties seriously. 'Was he being too hard on Sandra?' he wondered. 'After all, by all accounts she was the innocent party. No, of course not, chatting up airforce erks when she should be concentrating on her studies! What would her mother have said?' The next stroke across his daughter's smarting rear brought forth a howl which emphasised his feelings in the matter.

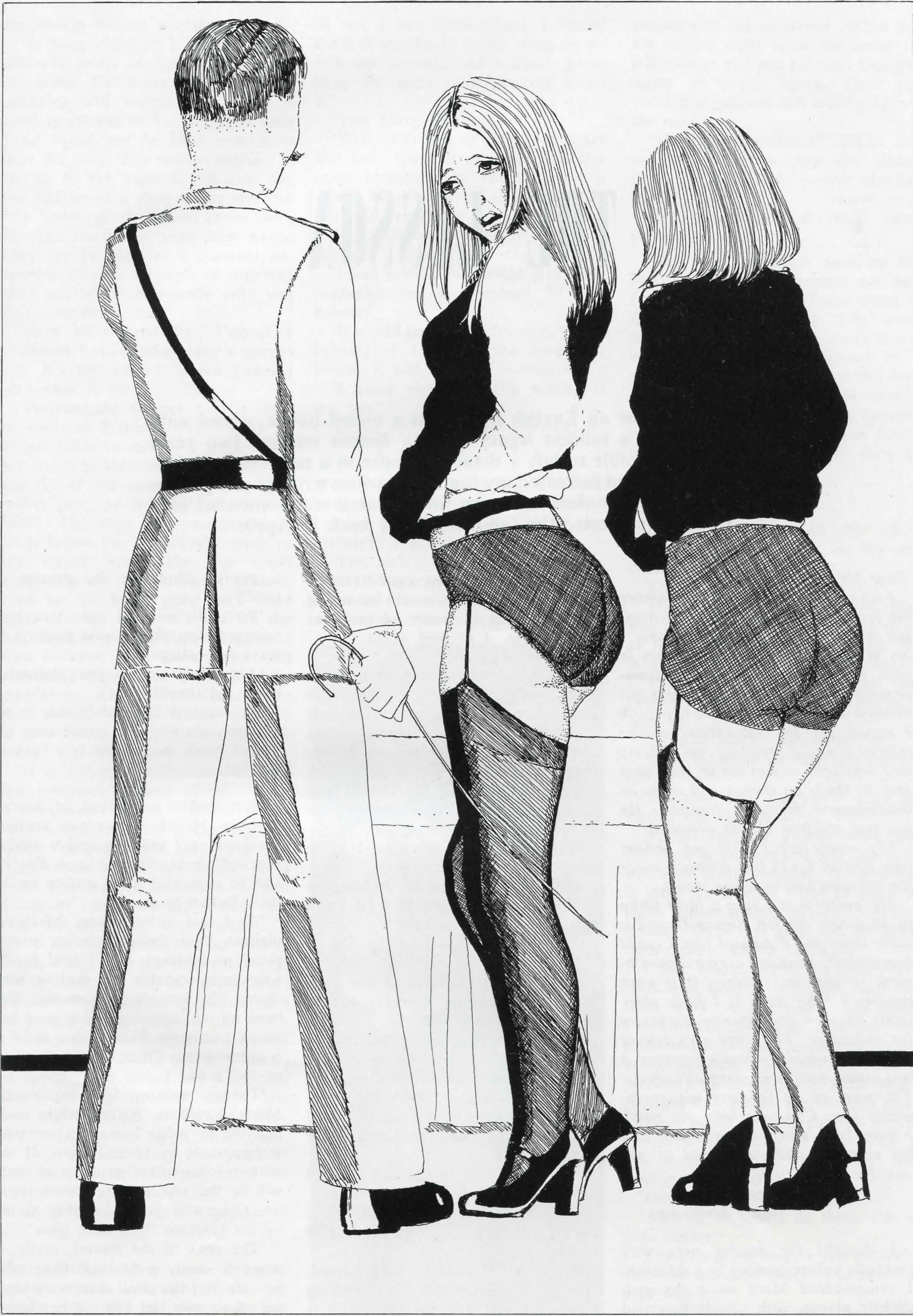
'And Heather . . . that little minx really should know better.' (Swish! Crack! And an anguished yelp from the unfortunate so-named.) 'Perhaps there had better be a few more sessions across his knee, or across the front of the car. He'd thought of putting her up for corporal. Well in that case she'd better get used to corporal punishment!' He brought the rod down again on his daughter's bottom cheeks, now an

angry scarlet beneath their tramway of stripes. 'Seven!' Sandra's young haunches twitched afresh and her slim legs kicked involuntarily. 'Daddy, please!' she gasped. The seventh stroke to Heather's delightfully plump backside also drew forth its bleat of anguish and a cry of 'Oh sir, my bottom!'

Andrew took his time over the last stroke. He looked down at both young bottoms conveniently posed before him, both now blushing scarlet, both twitching in anticipation of the final stripe. Both girls were sobbing quietly. 'Swish! Whack!' hard down across both of Sandra's pretty cheeks, then 'Swish! thwack!' across Heather's fuller mounds. There were renewed howls, partly of relief that the ordeal was at last over, and two pairs of hands frantically clutching and rubbing ill-used buttocks.

As the two girls stood to attention facing the wall, skirts pulled clear of the punished area, the Colonel reflected on the scene. Sandra would be leaving school soon. Mind you that would not excuse her from these Saturday morning punishment parades when she deserved it. He would keep the uniform and insist that she wore it. Nothing like it for reminding a young gal that she isn't too big for her boots — or gym tunic! Perhaps he would get rid of those navy pants though. Perhaps get her some silk directoire knickers. Sandra's mother had always worn those. Always 'turned him on' as they say. He particularly liked the way the thin silk clung to the curves of the bottom. And Heather . . . perhaps he might get her a couple of pairs of satin French knickers for her birthday. Next month wasn't it? He'd have to hint that he'd turn a blind eye to the regulation about wearing E.T.B.'s on duty. Whatever next? He, of all people, condoning a breach of discipline! All the same perhaps it would be a good excuse for a spanking. Andrew looked at Heather's plump bottom paraded before him and pictured it in white satin trimmed with deep lace, posed invitingly over his knee! He took a deep breath and pulled himself together.

'Alright you girls, you can go, and I hope that this will be a lesson to you!' Andrew almost added: 'And the occasion has hurt me more than it hurt you.' He did not though. Andrew Hesketh Blunt may have been a martinet, but he was no hypocrite!



THE LESSON

I used to be an English teacher at a mixed public school until I received a modest legacy from a distant relation two years ago. I was able to buy a detached house in a respectable neighbourhood and increased my funds by various writings and private tutoring for students at exam times. But it was somewhat of a surprise to receive the following letter back in April:

'Dear Mr. Bartholomew,

I do not know if you will remember me from (the public school) but it is due to your teaching that I am in the fortunate position I am in now. I recently answered an advertisement for an English governess but because of my age, 22, I did not think I would get the job. However the interview was a great success and my new employer wishes me to start next month. He is an Italian and owns an international financing business. He has two children and is widowed.

My wages are £5,000 per annum (tax free as I will live abroad), a car for my own use, and free travel.

My problem is I told a little white lie to secure the job. Signor Diagos is quite strict and I assured him I could competently hand out corporal punishment to his two children if it were necessary. The truth is I have absolutely no idea and am now desperate for assistance. You were very fair at school but when we pupils deserved it you could punish us very effectively. Yet none of us felt any malice towards you. Can you help me now? I have been given a substantial sum for expenses and can afford to pay you for your trouble.

Yours sincerely,

Mary Sinderman.'

I thought the matter over very carefully before coming to a decision. I remembered Mary as a shy girl, slightly plump, with blonde hair tied

in plaits. She had been a good earnest-scholar and I felt it would be wrong to deny her her chance of excellent employment. I phoned direct.

'Hello, Mary Sinderman? This is Mr Bartholomew. I've received your letter and given it some thought. I'm afraid there's no syllabus on corporal punishment and I can only explain in a series of several lectures. My housekeeper is on holiday for a week from Sunday so if you would like to stay here for a few days you can repay me by taking on the cooking.'

'Oh, thank you, sir. Can I come down Monday morning?'

'There's a train leaves Paddington at 8.30 and arrives here at 9.10. I will meet you at the station.'

* * *

I stood on the platform of our little station on Monday morning as the early empty train pulled in. The only passenger to disembark was a tall very elegant lady dressed by one of the best fashion houses. Either Mary had changed her mind or else overslept and missed the train. I would return for the late train or wait for a phone call.

I was hurrying to the exit when I heard my name being called.

'Mr Bartholomew!' I turned. It was the elegant lady. 'You don't recognise me, do you?'

'Good grief. Mary!' I exclaimed. 'The mind plays tricks. I was looking for a sixteen year old schoolgirl. I

forgot to allow for the passage of time.'

'Well, it's not old age. You look younger than when I said goodbye to leave for college.'

'Ah. They taught you diplomacy there did they?'

We laughed like old friends as we got into the car and talked over old school times during the trip back to the house.

Over coffee we talked of Mary's problem. Her duties were to teach a fourteen year old girl and a twelve year old boy etiquette and English and to supervise their studies set by their Italian tutors.

'As I said in my letter,' Mary explained, 'their father believes in corporal punishment and I told him I was quite capable of dealing with them. The trouble is, although I've been on the receiving end a good few times, I've never dished it out and I'm frightened that I'll either be too severe or too mild.'

'There's nothing like experience, Mary,' I replied. 'After a while you'll be able to judge how effective your technique is by several signs. If the bottom is bared for punishment there will be the visible signs as you lay it on. Otherwise you'll be able to tell by the reaction from each blow.'

'The crux of the matter, really, is when to apply a beating. Rule one, be sure that the pupil deserves a beating. Rule two, let him or her know

the reason for the punishment.

'In your situation I would suggest different levels of c.p. depending on the crime. For lesser matters a good spanking will suffice. Use either a strap or clothes or hair brush as your hand would not be hard enough to hurt for long. For serious matters it has to be the cane. I will give you the address of a shop where you can buy some good rattan canes with crooked handles to hang them where they can be seen as a constant deterrent. Choose a couple of different sizes and try them equally until you find your favourite.'

Mary interrupted me. 'I'm quite confident I could administer a spanking, it's the caning where I've no idea what to do.'

'Position the subject over a desk or chair as I think it is difficult to expect them to receive a proper caning touching their toes. Stand so that the tip of the cane is a couple of inches past the far buttock when it lands. The area for punishment is from below the end of the spine to the crease where the legs start, approximately the width of my hand. Line up the blow, draw back your arm, then — swish. Try to lay the first three or four parallel, taking your time between each stroke, then the remaining blows can be allowed to criss cross. Alternatively (excuse my pun) you can deal with one cheek at a time for a really serious punishment.'

'It is more complicated than one first imagines,' sighed Mary.

'I selected a couple of garden canes, not the best for the job, but they will suffice for practice. I shall show you by pretending this old bolster is a pupil. I've marked an area to suggest a bottom and if we lay it over this chair I'll show you what I mean.'

We did lay the old bolster over a dining chair with the marked area in the position where a naughty child's buttocks would be and I picked up a garden cane, the thinnest and whippiest I could find. I tapped the bolster with the cane, lining up my shot, so to speak, then raised my arm, and down, swiping the first line. I laid four parallel lines in the area indicated.

'There you see, Mary. Now you try.'

Mary took the cane and tried but her aim was slightly erratic.

'Carry on until your aim improves.'

* * *

Next morning Mary came down to breakfast with a thoughtful air.

'My arm aches but nine times out

of ten I put them where I intend them to go. There is one thing troubling me, though, and I didn't go to sleep for some time thinking about it.'

'Yes, Mary. What is it?'

'Well, it's such a long time since I've been spanked or caned and I've quite forgotten the effect. I feel it would help me a lot if I had some practical knowledge as well as theory.'

I cleared my throat. 'Now, Mary. What is it you're suggesting?'

'I was hoping you would give some examples on me instead of the bolster.'

'It would have to be for real, Mary, because if I reduce the force for lessons it will be quite ineffective.'

'I know that, but I'm willing if you are.'

'Brave girl. We'll start after lunch.'

* * *

We had a light lunch together then I took Mary into the sitting room.

'May I suggest taking this a step further?' I asked.

'Yes, sir?'

'If I start with a spanking then immediately afterwards you could write down your impression of the



punishment for reference. When you are feeling right again we could try a hairbrush and you put your thoughts down on paper again. Then this evening if you are still willing I'll use the cane.'

'That's a good idea, sir. I'll be able to analyse my reactions and understand better how to punish my two charges.'

'We'll start now if you'll come across my lap.'

Mary very obligingly took up her position so that her bottom was perfectly placed for what I was about to do. I lifted her dress up to her waist and looked down at the smooth young bottom inadequately protected by a pair of tiny panties. I pulled the material of these little knickers smooth so that the elastic of the legs bisected each buttock, the bare area below the panties would feel the sting of my hand.

'Ready, Mary?'

'Yes, sir, please, sir.'

I have a broad hand and Mary felt the force of it just on her left cheek.

'Ouch.'

The initial whiteness of the slap was soon superseded by a red glow as the blood rushed back under the skin. Spanking the cheeks alternately I soon had them blazing like two over-ripe cherries and my hand was tingling.

'Alright, Mary, you can get up.'

Mary stood up quickly and rubbed her bottom.

'Oh, that hurt. I'm not so keen on having the cane now.'

'It will hurt for a little while but the flesh is not bruised and the pain will very soon wear off. A spanking is ideal for a small child to teach it right from wrong quickly without severe effects. I'll give you an hour then resume with a hairbrush.'

I left Mary writing in her notebook and went to my study and did some work. At the end of the hour I returned to the sitting room not with a hairbrush but with a clothes brush. It was wooden, about ten inches long including the handle, with a flat back. A heavy instrument, a prolonged punishment would be quite painful, which I wanted to avoid as I must admit I was quite keen to administer the caning to Mary that evening.

'How do you feel, Mary?'

'Alright, sir, but I do think I'm a little tender.'

'I'm only going to give you six with this, two on each cheek, and two on both together.'

'How would you like me?' the young



lady asked.

'Would you lean over the back of the chair. That's right.'

Mary had walked behind the chair and leaned over to grip the armrests. Again I raised her skirt to reveal her very attractive rear end.

'Are you ready, Mary?'

'Yes, sir,' she replied, with a hint of a tremor in her voice.

I tapped the brush against her right cheek to take aim, drew the brush back and let fly.

SWAT!

'Ouch.'

The brush left a broad imprint across the plump buttock, the red cheek in stark contrast with its twin. I adjusted my position and repeated the blow on the left cheek.

SWAT!

Mary sucked in her breath and I half expected her to call a halt to the punishment but she regained control and settled back over the chair. Quickly I gave another blow on each cheek. Just a pause to take aim then — SWAT! — across both cheeks together. Mary clenched her buttocks several times with the pain but as soon as she stilled I gave the final blow with a little extra power. Immediately Mary jumped up and ran around the room, her hands grasping two very sore rear cheeks.

'OW-ow-ow.'

'I'm sorry, Mary. I quite forgot myself. I thought it was a real punishment and carried on.'

'Oooh, that's alright, sir. That's how it should be but, my, that did hurt. I think I'll write my notes out now while I can give credit to the effect of a brush.'

We had a light meal, excellently cooked by Mary and were into our second bottle of Chianti when I looked Mary straight in the eye.

'Are you ready for the cane, Mary?'

Mary answered softly, her eyes cast down at her plate.

'Yes, sir.'

'Very well. Fetch my cane.'

Mary left the room and came back with the thinner of the garden canes.

'You know why you are being punished (a nod). Do you agree you deserve a caning?'

'Yes, sir. I've been a naughty girl.'

'Bend over the back of that chair and raise your skirt.'

Mary obediently bent over the back of an armchair, lifting her skirt as she did so. Her legs were magnificent, tanned and tapering to slim ankles, buttock muscles taut under a small pair of red satin briefs.



'That's the wrong sort to wear for a punishment, Mary. Run along and change them please.'

'They'll be no protection anyway. Is it alright with you if I just take them down?'

I assented and Mary slipped the pants to her ankles then resumed position. The white area once covered by a bikini focused the target perfectly.

'I am going to give you six, no eight, strokes of the cane. Count them out aloud.'

I lined the cane across the creamy white hemispheres, drew back the springy rod and SWISH — a straight vivid red line now quartered the buttocks.

'One.'

I sighted an inch lower after a pause — SWISH — a second weal



ran parallel to the first.

'Two.'

Four strokes left four parallel lines and my fifth would be the 'five bar gate' as I called it, crossing all four of the other lines. This required extreme accuracy to which I added a little extra wrist movement.

'F-five.'

Six was to be along the same line but I must have dropped my arm a little as it ran alongside and a red weal twice as wide as a normal one now ran across the four.

'Six.'

I now moved to the right of Mary as I would finish with two back handers to leave an X across the four as a signature.

SWISH 'Seven'. SWISH 'Eight.'

Mary did not jump up but very slowly straightened, her hands going gingerly to her inflamed posterior.

'Oh, Lord. Ouch, ouch, ouch!'

'Alright, Mary?' I asked.

'I'll just lay across the settee if you don't mind.'

She lay belly down along the settee, her skirt around her waist, her knickers on the floor where she had stepped out of them. Her naked but-

tocks lay exposed to the cool air and I could see the bruises coming out.

'I'll get you a drink.'

I fetched her a large cognac and one for myself. She drank half in one gulp.

'Gosh, I needed that.'

'I hope the experience has been of use to you.'

'It's worth it to keep that job.' She pulled a face and I laughed.

The brandy on top of the wine was making us both lightheaded. Without realising exactly what I was doing I had fetched a jar of cold cream and was very tenderly rubbing it into her sore bottom. After a couple more brandies all inhibitions vanished and my hand slipped off her buttocks between her thighs and I felt a moist stickiness against my fingers.

'Yes, please,' Mary sighed.

I leaned over to kiss her and she turned to meet me. Her hot lips drew me in and bells rang in my ears. Mary's hands were at my buttons, seeking to release my eager member.

* * *

I woke up next morning with a throbbing head and breakfasted on two

aspirin and black coffee. As I sat at the table the memories of last night came flooding back. Mary's lovely young body as I took her twice on the carpet. The guilt came flooding in as I realised I had taken advantage of her while she was weak from the beating and tipsy from the brandy. Mary came in at that moment.

'Two aspirin, sunny side up, please.' She sat with her head in her hands.

I passed the box across and poured her a cup of coffee.

'Wow, some party,' she said.

'Mary,' I started. 'About last night. I'm sorry for what I did.'

'Why? I asked for it.'

'Not the caning — afterwards.'

'That's what I mean. I always fancied you at school. I used to be naughty in your classes so you would notice me. Last night you made a young girl very happy.' She leant across the table and kissed my forehead.

'The job wasn't just a story to come here, was it?'

'No, the job exists, but it was useful, wasn't it? I'll write to you from Italy and let you know how I get on.'

And she did.

THE FUNDAMENTAL OF JAPANESE EROTICISM

- ★ Why was the beautiful Japanese woman lying belly down and naked on the polished oak table of pain?
- ★ Why had she been allowed to wear short white socks?
- ★ Why was the thrasher garbed in tight red satin trousers?
- ★ What was the purpose of violently kneading and gripping her bum preparatory to punishment?
- ★ What was the significance of the three bamboo rods of differing length used in the process?
- ★ What is the meaning of 'climax suppression through cock enforcement' and how is it successfully achieved?

These and many other questions basic to a true understanding of the classic cult of sexuality are answered in this latest report from Laura Wells, exclusive Far Eastern correspondent to 'Janus'.

'Position yourself.' The order was rapped out in a quiet but curt tone and the beautiful young woman, entirely nude save for white socks which ended half-way up her graceful calves, mounted a stool and then climbed on to the long narrow table of highly polished oak.

Reaching the centre on all fours, she then lowered herself on her belly, stretching out her arms to allow each hand to grip a corner of the table and her feet, placed close together, to lie at dead centre along the length.

Her face was completely without expression.

The stout elderly man who had given the direction was garbed in a saffron robe which he now doffed to reveal a wide and bare chest and a lower half encased in tight red satin trousers which, though seeming of delicate texture, were elasticated so that each movement of the waist and bum was exactly reproduced without strain.

He now moved so that the woman's buttocks lay temptingly before his stomach. Raising his hands and slightly turning upon the balls of his feet, he placed each thumb-deep inside the bum's cleavage and extended his fingers laterally across as wide an expanse of each posterior as possible.

Pressing down with increasing power he aggregated to each hand a large volume of unresisting flesh, for the woman had not tightened the gluteals although I did notice a slight quiver the instant the man's hands touched the skin which, at that stage was of a delightfully pale golden complexion but soon, sadly, to be very much ravaged.

Up and down in a systematic rhythm went the remorseless hands and hard breathing could be heard from the operator. When gratified that he had exercised the main portions of the bottom in a vigorous up and down motion he let go the flesh

in a slightly dramatic action, suddenly raising both hands high above the now generally reddened posteriors though marked white here and there by the pressure of the fingers.

Pausing for breath in the frighteningly poised posture, he then brought his hands down to catch the sides of the bum with a lightning action and then, firmly gripping, kneaded each posterior together up to the centre and roved them about as if preparing for an attempt to tear them apart.

Bending over the girl, who now fought with some difficulty to retain her hold upon the top sides of the table, his bald head began to gleam with perspiration. It was the same with his massive chest although I never witnessed that until, after four minutes of this extremely swift and intense manipulation of the bum, he let both hands go, spun on his feet (so facing me) and picked up the smallest of three bamboo rods. Turning back

to the woman, he distanced himself about three feet away and addressing the bum with a baleful visage, measured it for thrashing.

I knew it was going to be severe because, according to the classic Japanese code of sexuality, the misdemeanour had been grave.

But how had I come to be in that room of punishment, alone except for the young woman to be excoriated, the processor, and the very prim and ceremoniously gowned woman supervisor; who was, in fact, the head of the discipline department in one of the most exclusive Houses of Pleasure in Honshu, the main Japanese island.

I had been advised that there was an even stricter run establishment on the island of Hokkaido and that would have been my preference to visit but I was up against the time factor. Three days were all I could spare from my business in central Tokyo and the social duties attendant upon the baron's ancestral home in the hills beyond. And I knew there would be much to see.

Being there had something to do with the requests I have received from *Janus* readers to expand upon the fundamentals of Japanese sexual theory and practice. But it also had to do with a quite independent and most gracious invitation I had been given to inspect the disciplines and further study the basic philosophy upon which they were grounded.

Before I describe the process of the thrashing I had been called upon to witness during my stay, I must outline the doctrines of Konsei Myojin and Kawn-Non, both inter-related and originating from the comprehensive Way of the Gods, or Shinto, religion which predominates throughout Japan. Unless I delay the description of the punishment process until that has been done, its wonderful inner meaning will not be appreciated.

We start with the assertion that Japanese classic sexuality has nothing to do with religious attitudes concerning right and wrong; that it is wicked to do that and right to do this, and so forth. Sex, according to Shinto, is a principle of life, operates throughout the universal realm of Nature, embraces pain as well as pleasure and crucially recognises what I know readers of *Janus* fully acknowledge, that the first former can be skilfully used to intensify the second.

To sum up Shinto in too brief a phrase, the art of life implies perfection in all aspects of sexual understanding and enjoyment. This involves the adoption of correct practices over

mind and body.

By 'correct practices' one means simply those which result in the most pleasure being ultimately obtained. Not only physically; the pleasure has to be mental as well as physical. Sometimes the practices can be so arranged as to combine in one splendid fusion the delights of the body and the mind; sometimes, different aspects of the practices can yield ecstasy for the body alone, or the mind alone.

In its purest form, classic Japanese sexuality has the effect of not tiring the body no matter what its age but, on the contrary, invigorating it. The process can be rhythmical, in which a short period of excitement is followed by another of lassitude, followed in its turn by a gradual flowering of an immense volume of physical energy. This very involved rhythmical process I will now detail only to this extent, that graduated and hard-to-maintain discipline has to be operated in the spanking of a plump and occasionally squirming female bottom.

But the sensual results are very well worth the extensive training necessary for both participants. Further details of this process will be given in a later report.

My dear protector is a dedicated practitioner of every department of Shinto sexuality and I am a much better woman for it, physically and mentally. But this improvement has not been painlessly gained. From time to time I too have had to undergo agonising disciplines of the kind I witnessed in Hokkaido; but it was always well worth it.

That is why the emotion of pity for the young woman who writhed in so contorted a fashion as the bamboo rods visited her posteriors would be rather foolishly extended. She was beautifully to benefit in the long term out of all proportion to the short term pain and this she realised even as she suffered.

It is important for readers in the West to understand at least the main outlines of the sexual philosophy of Shinto because the influence of Japan is growing rapidly in all parts of the world. But this fascinating body of doctrine will have to be broken up into small sections and published separately as time goes by.

Properly, a large volume is called for but that I have no time to write. In any case, the subject can be handled quite adequately by instalments and *Janus* is beyond all argument, the best magazine to carry them.

This is quite emphatically the case because the rôle of the bum, its fond-

ling, its smacking, its handling of the two masses, its fierce thrashing, its dressing and robing, and its almost limitless possibilities of erotic positioning, is more particularly accentuated in Shinto than in any other known approach to sexualism. Moreover, the theory and practice of bum usage in Shintoism is continually undergoing extension and refinement, so it is that along with the ancient practices, those of our times will likewise come under close consideration here as the series unfolds.

On his occasion, however, I will confine the explanation to the exact reason why the girl came in for this improving table treatment. In the first place, the administrator stood as a symbol of implacable Nature in reaction to a negative attitude which had been deplorably taken by the girl to an important aspect of sexualism. It was required of her, unavoidably required of her let me stress, that she climb upon the table of agony in order to erase the negative fault and be brought to a total appreciation of the positive process.

Rather shamefully, she had given way to an impulse to snatch a momentary pleasure for herself at the cost of losing for her gentleman the great boon of mental alertness. The situation had been as follows.

A highly valued veteran member of the strictly limited clientele had phoned in for a reservation of 90 minutes with his customary woman. But she, as it unfortunately happened, was acting as secretary to another gentleman on a diplomatic mission to Washington. A newly qualified practitioner had, with his consent, been assigned to carry out his requests.

These had been quite simple: half an hour's quiet relaxation in the perfectly laid out grounds within which the establishment was set, followed by half an hour's mental stimulation brought about by the climax suppression technique of cock enforcement. And that followed by another relaxed half hour, but this time spent on a gradual return to business life through watching television programmes and a perusal of the city pages of newspapers.

The young practitioner would accompany him at all times, taking part in such conversation as he felt inclined to begin. The girls, I may add, are superbly cultured and closely acquainted with industrial and commercial trends so that, as conversational partners on a wide range of business, intellectual and artistic subjects they leave nothing to be desired.



And that goes for their physical attributes as well. As modern courtesans they are probably the best equipped mentally and sexually in the world.

This was to be a vitally important booking for the old gentleman because he had a crisis-type board meeting late in the afternoon and had to be in tip top form in order to cope with certain critics who might just topple him from his executive position.

The Shinto technique of cock enforcement has been evolved to meet the situation whereby the excitement generated by sexual arousal is deterred from exploding into the emission of semen and driven back into the body. Forced in retreat along the nervous system, it is made finally to build up in the brain as scintillating mental alertness. It is as though the electric batteries of the mind, being run-down, are then totally re-charged through the arrival of inhibited sexually motivated energy.

Consider the word 'enforcement' because it is the key to the particular situation which brought the substitute practitioner briskly to the punishment table.

There is, of course, enforcement brought about by acute mental discipline. If this has been sufficiently developed the sexual climax can be suppressed from physical expression simply by bringing the mind to bear on the rising arousal. I have more than once detailed how incredibly developed this amazing power is with my beloved baron.

The semen can already be gushing along the final quarter of his cock, yet by taking powerful thought, he can compel the substance to slow, then stop, and subsequently retreat back into his main body system. For myself, who will have been yearning for him to climax in me, this can be frankly quite maddening.

That is, however, the very highest degree of sexual concentration to which a man might attain and understandably few manage to achieve it.

It was certainly not within the competence of the gentleman who had made that 90-minute reservation on that significant afternoon preceding the board meeting. He knew he had to have help in pumping into his brain the wonderful energy he was able still to generate through sexual excitation. And his regular woman at the establishment was always able to bring that about through cock enforcement.

This technique was also usually well performed by the subject now undergoing thrashing on the highly polished narrow table, but her range of tech-

niques was not all that wide. Which is to say that although she knew how to handle those gentlemen to whom she was regularly assigned, her ability to cope with the unexpected sexual mannerisms of those with whom she was not very familiar was not yet all it should be and helped by the punishment now proceeding, quickly would be.

The technique is this. The gentleman, reclining in a low and posture-regulated chair such as one always finds in well-furnished sun lounges, exerts his mind to the best of his concentration on getting the rising sexual arousal compelled back into his central nervous system and so up into his brain.

The woman, having stimulated this excitement in the first place, now grasps the penis in a correct manner with both hands and works on it by intricately graduated pressures of the fingers.

She first of all closes up the end of the passage through which the emission would have to travel and then, millimetre by millimetre, squeezes the semen back along its path until it, along with the nervous energy motivating its thrust, returns to the main body whence it came.

Together, the man by taking urgent and concentrated thought and the woman by direct physical action, are thus able to bring off the cancellation of the sexual climax.

This is an erotic game of the most entertaining character which can be played simply for the stimulating fun of it and not only for the development of greater mental sharpness. In this latter case, the aim and intention is not to have the climax take place in the form of semen eviction.

For pure sexual pleasure, on the other hand, the purpose of the participating couple would be to see for just how long and for how many upsurges within the column of the rigid cock, they can force back the semen before the raging sexual instinct defeats them and the pent-up load finds its final forward release. This delightful game can of course be played by Gays together should they wish, although with some reluctance I give the information since I have still to overcome a certain amount of resistance to the Gay philosophy of life.

As soon as any woman tries out this cock enforcement technique upon her man she will realise how excessively difficult it is. The very act of getting a grip upon the cock in the final stages of excitement can be enough

actually to advance the speed of the emission. Obviously, this is where the correct positioning of the fingers comes in and the first requirement is to choke off the possibility of emission by forcing one thumb hard down on the base of the cock knob and then securing that by a sort of double-locking pinching process immediately above. This brings the second thumb to the top of the knob.

If that clamping tight operation is performed with sufficient determination the flow of the rising semen cannot other than be blocked and one can then turn attention to the next phase of control which has to be put into operation by the remaining eight fingers.

In the exquisitely delicate language of classical Japanese eroticism, this is called 'playing the pipe' and is extremely hard, demanding as it does an absolute identity of purpose throughout between the man and the woman. It cannot be done by their acting independently. Moreover, the operation of the 'stops' in the pipe must commence the instant the exit is closed at the top of the cock. Were that not the case, the deplorable result would be the explosion of the organ. It would simply split its sides.

Additionally, the man must bring the full force of his will to bear on getting the surging semen to reverse its flow. Only he can do that. The rôle of the woman is to follow up by pressing down on the rigid column bit by bit, so shutting off any possibility of the male juice resuming its forward drive through any relaxation of the man's concentration.

True, the trained woman can detect, through the skin and hard gristle, that the drive has been arrested, but it is more an instinctive sense of when it is *going* to happen which denotes the really perfect professional. It is only an intense training in cock manipulation which can sufficiently sharpen that instinct. With the very best of them, they actually start to constrict the cock even *before* the power of the man's mind has had its effect.

The reason is that the man gains confidence and therefore greater power of concentration, if he knows the woman is backing him all the way even to the extent of taking the initiative.

The woman, of course, must never remove her hands but follow the retreat of the semen down the stiff organ by using her fingers in close sequence. By the time one of them (usually the last with big-cocked men) has reached the very root of the

weapon and is actually pressing into the base of the belly and if all has gone well, the climax will have been cancelled and the hands can be removed.

In the West I suppose the process would be described as 'playing the clarinet' (or recorder) but in Japan the classical wind instrument from which all the others have derived, is the simple pipe. And most appealing, as well as erotic, music the well-trained establishment hostess can draw from it.

After three or four cancelled climaxes it is customary for the man to rest half an hour or so on his own before proceeding to his next appointment or going home. By that time his mental alertness will be as sharp as a razor.

But what had taken place with the girl now undergoing a most excruciating thrashing, was that she, not the man, had lost concentration during the third phase of the operation and in so doing had brought everything to disaster. Here is how it went as confessed to me by the girl herself when, the punishment over, I interviewed her as she rested, belly down, on the divan in her room; her tortured bum having been sensitively lotioned for an amazingly rapid return to its tantalising natural beauty.

Question: You say you lost concentration as the old gentleman was reaching his third bid for climax.

Answer: No, I never said that. The aim was never to achieve climax but to overcome it.

Q: Of course, I used the wrong word. I apologise.

A: Just as long as you understand what was going on. In the West I do not think they have any grasp of this difficult exercise in mind control.

After my partner, who I did not know very well since he was not one of my regular gentlemen, had responded to my erotic breast and bottom swayings by starting to get into the grip of another fierce sexuality, I stopped my movements, got down on my knees and swiftly secured the top of his cock with my left thumb, immediately bolting it fast for safety with the right one.

It is our practice while this vital task of climax dispersal is going on, to study the face of our gentleman very intently because that is how we can gauge the degree of his concentration. On this occasion he was doing very well, my fingers having been deployed to well below half the length of his really very massive organ.

But at that significant point, he lifted his right hand and touched my left nipple.

I now know that he always does that when he is getting well on top of pulling back the semen. It is an understood sign to his regular partner that he is deeply satisfied with her work. But I had not been given that information and so it came as a shock. So much so that it touched off my own sexual excitement, which had arisen (but kept under firm discipline) because of his obviously magnificent virility.

So, with a cry of irrepressible delight, I lost control utterly, withdrew my hands and went down on him. Never have I enjoyed fellating a gentleman more and because this was a climax built upon two others which had been choked back, you may perhaps imagine the enormous quantity of emission with which I had to deal. But how I exulted while I coped! And how swift and appalling was the realisation that a terrible mistake had been made!

My gentleman began to scream, burst into tears, sobbed, screamed and screamed again until the supervisor and supporting staff came rushing to drag me away and begin the task of pacification.

Of necessity, it meant that instead of leaving the club in a condition of mental exaltation he had, on the contrary, been reduced to a state of severe physical exhaustion. Extraordinary measures had to be taken by the medical men and drug technicians to get him back to a reasonably normal condition, so enabling him to proceed to his board meeting and even deal with matters to such satisfactory effect that he emerged with his executive position still intact. It was that which saved me.

Q: How do you mean?

A: I was then given the gracious option of a punishment and a month's suspension. Otherwise my terms of employment would have been ended and I should have had to find another place. Which would be impossible at this exclusive and beautiful level of operation because I would have no favourable documents of reference. I would indeed have been lucky even to get a position in a middle standard massage parlour.

Q: So you chose the thrashing and the suspension.

A: Of course, and with sincere and abject gratitude to the management. I shall never fail them again.'

I now turn to the technique and inner meaning of the punishment the

errant woman had to undergo. As is the case with anything connected with Japanese high grade sensuality, it was almost totally symbolical and ritualised. Take, first, the punisher.

His tight red satin trousers stood for rampant sensuality; sheer uncontrollable sexual action. The bareness of his upper part stood for the majestic power of a strong male to defeat and overcome these raging instincts. Even his shaven head symbolised something: namely intellect, unclouded by distractions, symbolised by hair.

During the course of his thrashing he was to use three bamboo rods each succeeding one longer than that which had been taken up before.

As my readers will surely have guessed, the rods were symbols of the male sexual organ and representative of three decisive phases of manhood growth. The shorter one standing for inexperienced youth, the medium one for natural maturity, and the very long one for sophisticated and disciplined perfection in sexual gratification.

The woman was given 15 strokes with the first rod, 25 with the second, and 40 with the third; making 80 of shivering power in all.

But how about that initial kneading of the buttocks? This was the reply given by the supervisor to my question:

'In classical Japanese sexuality, the bum — male and female — is regarded as the source of all sensual potentiality. As the head is to the mind and the heart is to the emotions, so the bum is to the fount of procreation and sexual thrust.

'It is necessary to arouse every tiny particle of that potentiality if its fullness is to be disciplined. In light sexual play, conducted solely for the purpose of delightful sensations, the bum can be stimulated to provide developing excitement of a pleasing character, simply by smacking, spanking, and fondling. Those are what we call the first three degrees of excitation and we have defined four more separate but closely connected degrees beyond that. The seventh degree excitation attains to pure pain and develops at the peak of a punishment thrashing. The process you have just witnessed achieved exactly that.'

I said I imagined that the action of kneading the bum sections with the hands was to bring about the first degree and was surprised by the answer:

'No. It is mere preparation and not

considered as any form of degree at all. Bum fondling is the first degree, smacking is the second, and deliberate (as distinct from random) spanking is denoted the third. Kneading the bum is not practised at all when the aim is the arousal of sexual pleasure because, as you will have seen, it is a fairly violent operation.'

It certainly was and particularly in the case of small bums it must be something to be endured with difficulty. Apart from the strain it puts upon the gluteal muscles, there is the strong sense of the indignity of it. A woman never objects to having her bum fondled and seldom to having it even forcefully spanked. But to have it pummelled, pushed hither and thither and pinched not by pairs of fingers, but crushed by entire hands, that is something to which any woman possessing self respect and sexual pride could object with some justification.

'The aim,' continued the supervisor, 'is primarily speed in arousing the fundamental condition for maximum pain. From the very inner centres of the posteriors the punisher seeks to rouse up the elements of sexual energy which have sunk into a slumber and which are only slowly, but deliciously, activated by fondling, smacking and so forth. Indeed, they stir themselves into action whenever the subject is exposed to any form of sexual stimulation and are in full operation a fraction of a second before the semen is ejected. The dynamic which sends it flooding to the vagina of the woman and shooting through the cock of the man is unquestionably from the deep cores of the bum.

'Its unrestrained kneading and manipulation very quickly gets up the dormant energy of those cores and exposes the constituent particles to an unprepared-for thrashing, a state of affairs which causes the afflicted to experience a more intense pain from the exact moment of commencement than would otherwise be the case.'

Logically in line with this fascinating theory of sexual dynamism, is the Shinto concept of antipathy between Konsei Myojin and Kawn-Non to which I made reference earlier.

Konsei Myojin is the god of the male organ. An alternative way of putting it is to say that in the cults and traditions of classic Japanese sexualism, the cock is idealised as Konsei Myojin. And Kawn-Non is the female counterpart; in other words the vagina.

In temples erected to these deities

which in ancient times were to be found in very many places throughout Japan, both were served by very long-cocked and fat-testicled men and superbly energetic, long-vagina'd and marvellously trained whores.

Sexual intercourse is thus envisaged as a conflict between the two deities, one of which has to enforce its way into the other. In defence, the vagina (Kawn-Non) tries to kill the intruder by smothering with a quantity of thick and sacred water. This attempt is countered after a period of intimate physical struggle by Konsei Myojin letting loose a tremendous tidal wave of his own sacred water, an act which produces a miraculous transformation of the warring scene, turning it to one of passionate love from which eventually springs a new generation to perpetuate the cosmic struggle between the forces of male and female. A struggle, be it noted, which results in a shattering conquest for the male but which has a final sequel of mutual love and harmony.

And that, by the way, is now my personal reply to those women who are prancing about the world mouthing the ridiculous cries of 'liberation' and working for the subjugation of the male.

The punishment session of which I was a deeply interested witness carried the legend of Konsei Myojin versus Kawn-Non right into its execution. The former was symbolised by the thrashing instruments, the wands, while the latter was symbolised by the suffering bum.

As the supervisor elaborated:

'One cannot punish a vagina. In the first place it is much too precious, delicate and cosmically important. While, of course, the bum is also most important in the sexual process, nonetheless it is much tougher and not to put too fine a point on it, the incomparable zone of the human body expressly for the reception of punishment. In the Shinto theology, it is regarded precisely in that light, and the natural architecture of the zone lends confirmation.

After all, as anyone can appreciate, the cleavage between the posteriors can stand as symbol of a gigantic vagina and so can take the punishment accordingly.'

At that point I put a question to the supervisor which had long been at the back of my mind:

'How does Shinto regard a woman's breasts. Theologically, are they considered significant and have they a rôle to play in the maintenance of discipline?'

I am sure you will agree that the reply was in every way illuminating.

'Breasts have always been deeply revered in Shintoism and because of their irreplaceable value in supplying primary nourishment have never been contemplated as suitable punishment areas. From time to time, wicked men and women have, most regrettably, subjected breasts to forms of torture but that has always been in absolute defiance of our laws and creeds.

'But it is now admitted by the Shinto hierarchy that traditionally too little attention has been paid to breasts as delightful means of enhancing sexual enjoyment. Until fairly recently small but richly milked breasts were considered worthy of the highest admiration. Vast breasts were thought to be weighed by milk contents of meagre quality. That is no longer considered to be true. Sizeable tits are therefore getting to be much better favoured. Indeed, they are even being actively encouraged.'

'Why was the punishee allowed to keep on her white socks during the thrashing?' I asked, for this had greatly puzzled me.

'She did not have them on as a matter of course,' was thae reply. 'We instructed her to put them on when she chose the path of purification through pain. It revealed that a measure of virtue did, in fact, reside in her despite the awful relapse into gross sexual greed. The white socks we allowed her to symbolise a basic virtue.'

Finally, this month I must return to the actual style in which she had been punished who, through a disastrous lapse of concentration, fellated a gentleman instead of energising his mental powers.

I doubt whether anyone could ever be more totally thrashed. Admittedly, only 80 strokes were deployed across the bum and one can call to mind many exercises in correction, discipline, and sheer unqualified punishment which called (and often rightly called) for many more.

But it was the precise phasing and placing of the strokes and above all else the intense concentration of their delivery, which made this such a memorable experience for me as a practising student of sexuality and correspondent to *Janus*.

And it was certainly even more memorable for the rependant recipient. Her purification was absolute and I understand that her devotion to that exclusive establishment for gentlemen is at once happy and touching and could not be exceeded.



A DELIGHTFUL PASTIME

William Bailey

I have been fascinated by spanking and caning nearly all my life. My earliest recollection of this interest came from a children's comic, in which some children had bent down to pick up some sweets which were scattered on the ground. Some hoops, which had been thrown up in the air (don't ask me how, I can't remember after all this time), fell over their hindquarters. The teacher then caned each conveniently immobilised bottom in turn.

For many years my activities were confined to experimental self-spanking. Occasionally, I was thrilled to read spanking correspondences in newspapers, particularly the one that ran in *Picture Post*. By the time that I first felt compelled to seek out a girl to spank me and if possible to cane me, I was living in Birmingham. I had no idea how to find such a girl. However, I learned from an article in a local paper that Varna Road was a disgrace to the Second City. (I believe it has been pulled down now.) Following this timely hint, I found Varna Road on a street map, went there, and without much difficulty found a professional.

I asked the girl if she had a cane. She said no, but she had a belt. I said that would do, but when we got inside her flat, I found it was only a light cloth belt. I bared my bottom, but the belt had no effect.

'Isn't it strong enough for you?' she asked.

'No!' said I, and I asked her if she had a hairbrush.

She said she hadn't, but would get one. So I was left, trouserless, until she returned from next door with the hairbrush, rolling up her sleeve in a most businesslike manner. I asked her to give me a real thrashing and bent over the bed. She pulled my shirt clear of the target area and whacked my bottom hard and rhythmically. At first the blows stung pleasantly; then as the stinging increased, more excitingly; then they became more and more

painful until at last I was forced to ask her to stop.

A very satisfactory soreness lasted all the next day.

I visited several of the girls in the Varna Road area. For some reason very few of them had canes of their own. I searched around, but found that canes were not being sold in oilmen's and newspaper shops any more. I was told that, in earlier times, canes had been sold in toy-shops; which struck me as rather unfeeling. At length I came to the Midland Educational Supply Company, in the centre of the City, and found that, in a corner among text-books, exercise books and maps, they kept a gross or so of canes in a bundle. With a shyness I have since lost, I put forward a story that I had made a bet that I would find a place where I could buy a cane; and this was apparently accepted at its face value. I was able to choose my own cane out of the bundle — they were all 30" long and had no crook handles — and I picked out a nice, slender, whippy one, which afterwards proved to be capable of producing good smarting stripes on my bottom.

When I moved back to London, I had to start again, and investigated the girls who advertise by postcard. Some of them indicate, one way or another, that they are prepared to give spanking or caning; or 'correction' as it is called in the trade. But in my experience nearly all of them will do so; at any rate I only came across one that would not.

Eventually I got tired of the post-card girls. Some were nice girls, some were not, but there was no time to get to know them. I found that I hardly ever visited the same girl twice. In some cases I would have liked to see the girl again, but they move about so much that it is not always possible. Some girls could not, or were afraid to, give me the really hard caning that I craved — I have always had a rather tough bottom and a mild caning is no good to me. Also, I was coming more and more to want to spank as well as to be spanked, though I would always settle for being on the receiving end only. A few of the girls would let me smack their bare bottoms gently, but they were understandably unwilling to bend over for a caning from a man they did not know.

Most professional girls are busy and it was not unusual to find oneself amongst other clients 'stacked' like aircraft. No client is allowed to see another, and there might be one in the bedroom, another in the kitchen, and perhaps even one in the lavatory! It is not surprising that one tends to be hurried, though a true professional never makes this obvious, and always makes sure that each client is satisfied before he leaves.

It dawned on me one day that a lot of sauna establishments had sprung up all over London, and there were unconfirmed reports that spankings could be obtained. Oddly enough, I had been introduced to the Finnish sauna in North India, where I had



got to know some Finnish missionaries. It had been a very sedate affair, but I had enjoyed it, so I set out to explore, looking out for spanking opportunities. The massage that follows the sauna bath (in London) has a distinct sexual side which I fear my Finnish friends would not have approved of. Completely naked and relaxed, you submit to being rubbed and slapped all over by a pretty girl. It is

a subdued sort of sexuality, but sexuality just the same.

I have not visited more than a small sample of London's saunas, but I find that they vary a good deal. First, there are the 'straight' saunas; if you want a good sauna and massage, they are just right. In others you may get about ten minutes massage, and then you are offered all sorts of extras; and they are just out to fleece you. Most, however,

will give you a straightforward sauna and massage, and then the girl will offer you 'special massage' and so forth. If you bring up the subject of spanking, you can usually get it, but the price seems to me always to be too high, particularly since a massage cubicle is not the ideal place. There's not much room, and there is always the question of noise. So, on the whole I now only go to 'straight' saunas.

There is one exception, however. In one sauna I tried, the masseuse asked me whether I would like it 'topless'. (A fairly common 'extra').

I said: 'To tell the truth, I'd rather it was bottomless!'

'Why? What do you mean?'

'Well, some men are legs men, some tits men, and some bottom men — and I'm a bottoms man.'

Encouraged by the conversation so far, I confided to her my almost life-long fascination with bottoms and with spanking.

'So you like to be spanked?'

'Yes, please!'

'All right, then I'll spank you.'

'Would you like me to spank you?'

'Well, I don't know. What do you get out of it?'

That was a difficult question. How can you explain the sensations experienced by the *aficionado*, before, during, and perhaps most importantly, after, a spanking? So I told her about the delicious tingling feeling produced in the bottom, provided that the spanking was hard enough, but not hard enough to be too painful.

'How hard a spanking should be depends on the individual,' I said. 'I need it really hard. I'll start by spanking you very gently and gradually increase the force. When you find it too hard, I'll stop; the object is to give pleasure, not punishment.'

So at the end of the massage, she made me turn over, face down, on the table, with a pillow under my stomach. And as I lay there, completely naked, bottom upward, she smacked my bottom, harder and harder as I encouraged her, until it was glowing with warmth and tingling delightfully.

'It's your turn now,' said I, getting down from the table. 'Now, a spanking is more exciting for both parties on the bare bottom!'

So she slipped down her trousers and panties and bent over the table. This displayed a lovely full bottom, creamy and soft, beautifully curved. It made me remember a line from James Elroy Flecker's *Hassan*: 'Thy hips are like watermelons in the season of watermelons.' My hand came down, quite gently, and I felt the satin smoothness of her cheeks. I went on spanking, gradually increasing the force behind the smacks. After a while she said:

'Ooh! It's hurting now!'

I went on spanking her, but with a little less force, until her bottom was pink all over.

When she had had enough she got up, rubbing her bottom, and pulled

up panties and trousers.

'I see what you mean about the tingle,' she said, thoughtfully. 'Would you like some more?'

So I bent over the table for another delicious helping, and she had 'seconds' too. As I left I said:

'Of course, a cane is better!'

'I haven't got a cane, but you can bring one next time you come.'

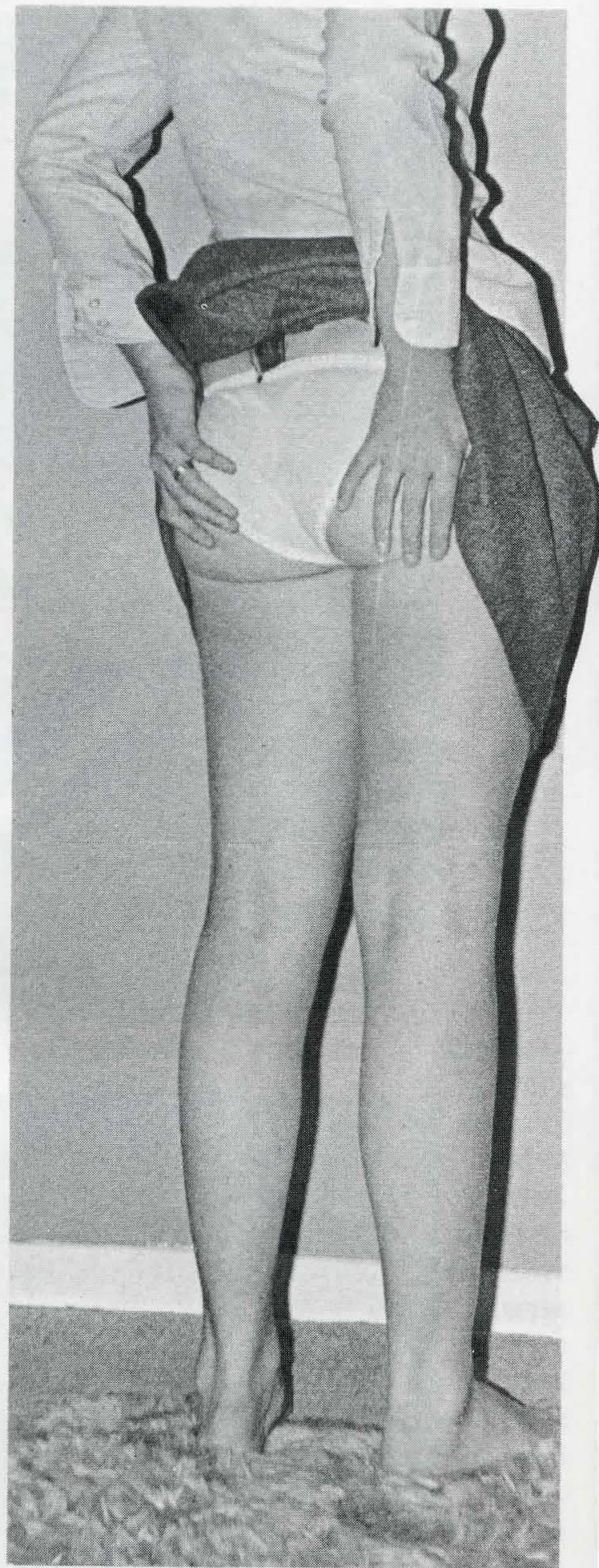
Before very long I returned, with one of my canes doubled up in my briefcase. (It is astonishing how far a cane can be bent without breaking.) In the massage room I took it out, straightened it, and put it on a chair before stripping and going to the sauna. I came out, relaxed for massage, and when it was over I handed the cane to the dear girl and bent over the table. In the wall mirror I could see my own bottom, just touched by the end of the cane as she measured the distance. Then she began to whack me.

At first the strokes were quite gentle, but I urged her to hit harder, and soon the cane was fairly whistling down, stinging more and more sharply, and finally giving the pain that is so pleasurable. At the same time I was watching my bottom in the mirror, the ripples spreading from where the cane landed, and the red marks forming.

When it was time to change over, she again pushed down trousers and knickers and bent over. I knew it would be a new experience for her, because I had asked her whether she had been caned at school.

'No,' she told me, 'but when I was at school in America the Principal used a strap. Once, when I had been caught cheating, I was sent to him in his office. There were other people there, but he just said: 'Pull up your dress and take your pants down!' So I had to take down my knickers and lift up my dress at the back in front of them all, and he strapped me on the bare bottom, about twelve times, I think. He hit me hard and made me cry. When I got home my parents wanted to know what was the matter, and when they saw the marks they were very angry.'

Obviously I must not be too severe, or I would put her off for good, so I began by bouncing the cane off her bottom from a distance of about six inches, with rapid strokes, but not hard. She said this gave her a most delightful feeling. Then I changed to slower strokes, slightly harder but still not very hard. Her beautiful bottom rippled and began to redden. I was careful to see that the strokes were



no harder than she could bear, or I might have turned her right off; and anyway the thing to remember in fun, spanking is that nobody gets *really* hurt.

We both came back for more. This time I lay face down on the table, with a pillow under me. She caned me hard, until my bottom was smouldering. She preferred to bend over the table as before. Afterwards I looked closely at my bottom in the mirror. I was not heavily wealed, but my bottom was covered all over with small ridges, and tingled nicely.

Later, we tried a small paddle, but it was rather noisy and it wasn't a success; so I bought her a cane of her own. After that I didn't need to bring a cane; she kept it concealed in the sauna and brought it out when I came. Sometimes she would tell me how she used it on other clients.

Unfortunately, for me at least, she moved away. The chances of finding



another girl like her in a sauna seemed remote, and I was disillusioned about 'postcard girls', so I tried contact magazines. John Hubbard wrote a useful article on this subject in *Janus* Vol. 6 No. 1 entitled 'Spanking Contacts'. As he says, it is necessary to have patience, as the right contact does not come immediately. I got three different magazines and answered eleven advertisements before I struck lucky, but when I did I really struck it rich.

Carol was a real sexy girl, and ready for anything. In such a contact, as John Hubbard says, the man usually has to pay for his pleasures; my experience is that you pay more to a 'contact girl', but you get much more for your money! More time, time to get to know the girl and build up a really affectionate relationship. When I first spoke to Carol on the phone, it was soon established that mutual spanking would be acceptable. When I asked her what she thought of the cane, she replied:

'I don't think the cane is very erotic!'

I said: 'I'll bring a cane for you to use on me, and we'll see how you feel about being caned yourself.'

When I visited her for the first time, we got on very well together. It is obviously important to be very considerate with a girl with whom you hope to build a lasting spanking relationship, and I used my usual technique — starting very gently and increasing the force of the spanking gradually, to see how much she could take. It is obviously foolish to spank a girl too hard — at least, if you want to see her again; but you must spank hard enough, enough to hurt a bit, or she won't get anything out of it. I carefully tried the cane on her bare bottom, remembering that she wasn't sold on the idea, but she enjoyed it at very moderate strength. I had to persuade her to cane me hard, but she soon realised that I was well able to accept severe caning and whacked me enthusiastically.

I paid her many other visits. We didn't stick to a fixed routine, but brought in something new from time to time. However, a typical session could start when she met me at the door in a trouser suit, minus the trousers. Her shirt hardly covered her bottom, and this was my cue to tell her that she deserved a spanking for wearing such a shockingly short dress. I sat on the corner of the bed and put her across my knees. In this way the upper part of her body lay on the bed, and her head did not hang low



so that the blood would run to it. Clearing her shirt out of the way, I tightened her knickers and gave her a few preliminary spanks. Next, I slowly pulled her knickers down, gradually revealing the soft white mounds of her bottom. After caressing her bottom for a while, I began to smack it smartly, up the sides and down the middle, until it was well reddened all over.

Now it was my turn, so with trousers down I went over her lap. After a preliminary spanking through my pants, I felt her fingers slowly baring my bottom, caressing me gently, and then the delight of direct contact of her spanking hand on my bottom. From that we proceeded to other instruments, taking it in turn to give or receive. I had a light paddle made of thin plywood; it didn't hurt much at first but how the sting could build up! I also had a strap, and a French style martinet, which I made myself from a wooden handle and twelve leather thongs made from bootlaces. This can be a very cruel instrument if used at full strength, but if it is used moderately it seems to be particularly effective in bringing a girl to orgasm, just on its own. In fact, Carol was the first girl I met who could be brought to orgasm — and repeatedly at that — by spanking alone.

We used all the instruments to hand, each having a turn at giving and receiving. We always ended up with the cane. Our favourite way of getting ready to receive it was bend-

ing over an ordinary straight-backed, unpadded chair, over the back and gripping the seat with the hands. Sometimes we used short, rapid strokes followed by longer strokes in the more traditional manner. I was always careful not to whack Carol too hard, as I wanted her to enjoy our games as much as I did. As we all know, a cane is a very punishing instrument if used at full strength on a bare bottom. At the end, we had both somehow come out of our clothes and lay on the bed for other enjoyment.

Once, when I was caning Carol, she had a remarkable orgasm. I said:

'Didn't you say that you thought the cane was not erotic?'

A rather shaky voice from somewhere near the floor answered:

'I take it all back!'

Nothing lasts in this life, and after a long and happy time Carol moved some distance away. I still see her, for we became very fond of each other, but only at quite long intervals. So I had to start searching again. For some reason, the contact magazines seemed to be full of advertisements from dominant ladies calling for slaves, and those wishing to submit to bondage, humiliation etc. Now this is all very well for those who like it and I have nothing against it from that point of view. I suppose that there is a certain degree of dominance and humiliation in 'baring and bending' for a caning, but I was not interested in going any further. As for being tied up for punishment, I prefer

to feel that if I am taking a caning, it is because I consent to it. After all, in the punishment of young boys and girls as depicted in the pages of *Janus*, for example, the victims bend over in obedience to authority. If they didn't they couldn't be punished, without resort to force one way or the other. On the other hand, I could see the attraction of being tied up for a caning, so that one would have no option but to take whatever punishment was awarded. So I resolved to try it, and found Janice to carry it out. It was agreed beforehand that, as it was my first time, the bondage should only be light.

Janice was an attractive woman in her forties, who assumed a dominant attitude as soon as I arrived at her flat. She made me strip naked, fitted me with a collar and lead, and led me up and down like a dog. I was taken rather aback, but went along with it for the experience: in any case it was a bit late to do anything else. Next she took me over her lap and spanked me hard, with fine, tingling slaps on my bare bottom. Then I had to kneel with my head on the floor and my bottom well up for a caning. After that I had to kneel on the seat of a straight-backed chair, with my chest on a cushion over the back. My wrists were firmly fastened and I was blindfolded. I couldn't see what she whacked my bottom with, but I think it was a two-tailed tawse. She chastised me so hard that I found myself actually wriggling my bottom from side to side, just like the *Janus* stories. I was released for some more caning.

'One side of your bottom has more stripes than the other,' she said. 'We can't have that! There must be a proper balance.'

So I got some more whacks just to even things out.

Afterwards we had a chat over tea and biscuits. I had not appreciated the domination, although of course there must be some degree of domination in any spanking situation. The tying up had something to be said for it, and it had been far from rigorous. I thought I might try it again, but not immediately. So I went home, and inspected a fine set of weals in the mirror. Leaving domination and bondage aside, I had had a very sound spanking, strapping and caning, and I felt very satisfied.

However, I was even more satisfied when I met Jill, a very pretty girl in her twenties. Her advertisement only offered caning, but it turned out that she had more to offer than that. When I phoned her, she seemed to be not

averse to receiving as well as giving, but she wouldn't commit herself until she'd seen me, which I thought a wise policy. When I got to her flat we had a talk, and she suggested rôle-playing, with me as a small naughty boy and she as a strict Aunt. I had taken with me several items from my collection of spanking instruments, which we discussed. She sat on an armless chair, and ordered me, quietly but firmly, to take my trousers down to my ankles and get over her knees. I did so, and

she made me move until my bottom was directly over her lap, and spanked me through my pants. Then she eased my pants slowly down, letting her cool fingers run over my bottom and gently caressing it.

'You have a beautiful bottom!' she said, and began to smack it in earnest.

'Get up!' she said when she had finished. 'Go and stand over there with your face to the wall!'

For a few minutes she sat watching my reddened bottom, then I was told









to go to the mirror and see how red it was — and it certainly was!

Over her knees again for a spanking with a hairbrush: every time I had to fetch the instrument of correction. All the time she spoke to me as if I was a naughty boy, and I answered in the same vein. I was told to fetch the tawse, and bend over the back of a chair for a stinging strapping, then I was whipped with a martinet, and finally I bent over the chair again for biting strokes with a cane.

Then it was my turn to be a stern 'uncle', and I sat on the edge of the bed and took my naughty 'niece' over my knees and lifted her skirt up. She wore neither stockings nor tights, and her flimsy little knickers did not cover the whole of her bottom. I gave her a few spanks and gradually pulled her knickers down; slowly uncovering her bottom, which was beautifully soft, creamy white and rounded into hills with a ravine between. I began to spank her, being careful as usual not to be too severe; all the same, when I had finished, her bottom was well reddened. She had to stand facing the wall with her skirt up, until, having had a good look, I sent her to the mirror, where she exclaimed delightedly at the colour of her bottom.

I sat on the bed again and told her to bring the hairbrush. She brought it to me, but remained standing.

'Over my knee!' I ordered.

'No!' she replied.

'Over my knee!' I repeated, more emphatically.

'No!' she said again. 'I refuse.'

'I said, get over my knee!' and I grabbed her by the arm and pulled. She gasped, but I didn't have to pull much; she practically fell across my knees. We both enjoyed this show of simulated force.

When I used the martinet on her, quite lightly, she had an orgasm. I turned to the tawse, but I was a little uncertain this first time because a strap has to be swung with a certain force or it won't straighten out. However, she took it well. Then she had to bend over a chair, with her lovely bottom well up, and I gave her a caning. Then we took off what clothes we had left on for a cuddle on the bed.

Unfortunately she took another job which did not allow her time for spanking sessions in the afternoon, and it wasn't possible in the evening, so our happy association came to an end. She is a lovely girl, and I treasure the memories of our afternoons together. Now I am again looking for a girl who will spank me, and whom I can spank.



CARELESS DRIVER

Constance was feeling elated. Life was just wonderful. There she was, sitting behind the wheel of her husband's new Porsche. It was the very first time that he had allowed her to drive it by herself. She smiled as she cruised smoothly down the outside lane of the Motorway. She glanced at the needle. It was just under 100 mph. She touched the throttle, and got it up to a ton. She almost purred with satisfaction. At the next exit she left the Motorway, and was soon engulfed in a maze of country roads. The radio blared out a disc from the Top Ten. She was in her seventh heaven.

Constance was a woman of twenty-three. She was a strikingly attractive female with long silken black hair, and deep violet blue eyes. She had been a model before she married a year ago, and a glance at her magnificently proportioned body was enough to tell you that she was built for the job. She wore a loose green satin blouse, and a full calf-length corduroy skirt. She had thrown off her shoes to drive in her stockinged feet. She wore black seamed stockings.

The powerful car swept through the narrow country lanes towards her home in Commuterland. It was probably because she knew the lanes like the back of her hand that she became careless. Familiarity breeds contempt. She took a nasty corner that bit too fast, and realised too late that a vehicle was approaching from the other direction. She pulled at the wheel, and braked sharply. The car bounced off the high grass bank, and she felt her body held fast by the seat belt. The sharp pain of it shot through her, but she didn't lose consciousness. She unfastened the seat belt, and jumped from the car. A quick look told her that the front wing was badly dented. The other car had stopped half-way up the opposite verge. The whole side was buckled. O God, it had been her fault. One momentary lapse of concentration. Her husband would never let her drive again. Suddenly she realised that there was no movement in the other car. The driver must have been hurt.

She dashed across the road, and pulled open the driver's door. A man was lying slumped over the driving wheel. He wasn't wearing a seat belt. He must have been thrown forward against the windscreen. She grabbed his shoulders, and gently shook him.

'Are you all right?'

She got no verbal answer. The man pulled himself upright in the seat and looked at her. She could see the look of anger on his face. Suddenly she felt herself lifted off her feet like a rag doll. Without warning he grabbed her, and in a trice she was straddled across his lap. Her face was pushed into the soft fabric of the passenger's seat. The hand-brake dug into her breasts. The small of her back was jammed against the steering wheel. Her backside was high in the air, and her legs kicked helplessly outside the car door.

'You careless little bitch!' snarled the man.

She felt her skirt jerked upwards. She suddenly realised what he meant to do. She was going to be spanked. She struggled violently, but he pushed his left hand into the small of her back. She had never been spanked in her life. She felt his strong hand whack down across her buttocks. She squealed. The sting that invaded her plump seat was made a thousand times worse by the embarrassment she suffered. The indignity being heaped upon her was unbearable. Helpless over a man's knees, and her bottom only covered by the very brief knick-

ers that she wore. Time and time again the palm of his hand smacked down onto her tender rump, making the countryside echo to cracks that sounded like pistol shots.

'Ohh — ow — stop — aw — please — stop,' she gasped. 'Oo — you're hurting me — ohh — please . . .'

She realised that the cheeks of her stinging bum must be red raw under the thin material of her brief knickers. The spanking had been hard and angry at first. The surprise of it had made her squeal, but it hadn't really hurt. Gradually the anger disappeared, and the man seemed to concentrate on his task. He began slapping her more thoroughly. He concentrated on each curved cheek in turn. He took his time between whacks; bringing his hand down really sharply so that her bottom jumped and wriggled under every well placed blow. The heat the spanking had generated in her aching backside began to spread into her thighs. She began to sob gently. She no longer tried to resist the degradation of her spanking. She felt his hand sting her twice more, and then she was pushed to her feet. She stood crying in the middle of the road. She wanted to grasp her burning bottom between her hands, but she wouldn't give him that satisfaction.

'I enjoyed that!' he exclaimed.

'You . . . you bastard!' she snapped.

'You deserved it.'

The tears ran down her face. She wiped her eyes with her hands. She looked like a little girl.



'Oh, stop that silly crying woman,' he growled, 'and give me your name and address.'

'What for?'

'Insurance . . . woman . . . insurance.'

She burst into tears again. The pain and indignity of the spanking was forgotten. She realised that she was the guilty party. Her husband's No Claim bonus would be forfeited. He'd be furious.

'What the hell's all that about?' he asked, 'haven't you ever been spanked before?'

'It's not that . . . my husband will kill me,' she sobbed, 'he'll never let me drive again.'

'You should have thought of that when you were driving like a maniac.'

'Can't you let me off,' she pleaded, 'say it wasn't my fault?'

He looked at her silently.

'Please,' she pleaded, 'it means such a lot to me.'

'You look like a schoolgirl who's just been caned,' he said, 'standing there crying all over the place.'

'I was never caned at school.'

'And I've never caned a schoolgirl,' he replied, 'but I've often thought I'd like to . . . I'll make you a proposition. You come to my office at 1 pm sharp dressed like a schoolgirl, and take your punishment. In return I'll report the accident as my fault.'

He pushed a business card down the front of her blouse, and started his car.

'One o'clock sharp . . . it's your decision.'

She watched him drive away. She had been compromised. Damn the man. What was she to do.

Two hours later she was back at home. She had spent a busy hour shopping. She carried a parcel from an expensive store. She had purchased a whole schoolgirl's uniform for herself. She had been a bit embarrassed having to ask the shop assistant for a white blouse and black pleated short skirt. She pretended that it was for her younger sister. Explaining that she was a big girl for her age, and about her own size, she had chosen white knee-length socks, but even the shop assistant had looked surprised at her request for thick navy blue schoolgirl knickers. The thicker the better she thought, as she chose them. All the better to take some of the sting out of the punishment.

She dressed in the uniform before a full-length mirror. She wore no make-up, and put her long black hair in a pony-tail. She smiled. She made a seductive schoolgirl. She threw a

full length duster coat around her shoulders.

At precisely 1 pm she knocked at the door of the man's office. He opened it, and waved her inside. As she passed him into the plush inside office he swept the duster coat from her shoulders. He sat down behind the big desk, and resting his elbows on it he gently tapped the tips of his outstretched fingers together. He looked exactly like a headmaster. She stood in the middle of the carpet facing him with her head bowed. She realised the picture she must present. A fully grown woman of twenty-three dressed as a schoolgirl in white blouse, pleated black skirt and white knee-length socks. Her fully matured body filled the schoolgirl's uniform with curves that stretched it to its limit. She was every man's dream of what a Sixth Form girl should look like — but never really did.

'You have chosen to receive your punishment?'

'Yes sir,' she whispered.

'It is your wish to be beaten?'

'Yes sir.'

He produced a cane from a drawer, and placed it on the desk.

'You have never received the cane before?'

'Never,' she replied.

'It's certainly rather late to start,' he smiled, 'but at least you now have a rounded femininity which will make your introduction to corporal punishment a very worth while task.'

She looked at the cane. She was no expert on the subject, but it looked nasty and vicious. About three-and-a-half feet long. Not too thick; but then not as thin as she would have wished.

'I suggest six-of-the-best for careless driving,' he said, 'and a further six for the accident being reported to my insurance company as my fault . . . do you agree?'

'Yes sir,' she murmured.

She felt terribly embarrassed standing there like an overgrown schoolgirl, but at least she was only going to receive twelve strokes she thought. It would soon be over.

'Bend over and grasp your knees young lady,' he exclaimed.

She bent forward, and making certain her legs were pressed close together, she grasped her knees just above her stocking tops. She felt her short black skirt being raised at the back, and was glad of the thick navy blue knickers that protected her behind. Then, to her horror, she felt his fingers pulling the elastic at the top of them. He was easing down her knickers to reveal her naked buttocks.

'We didn't agree . . .' she began.

'Shut up girl,' he interrupted her, 'or you'll be receiving more than twelve strokes.'

She blushed with shame and embarrassment, as he slowly pulled down her knickers to expose the curved cheeks of her mature seat. Thankfully he didn't pull them down any further, but left them creased at the top of her legs just hiding her nest of pubic hair. She heard the cane swish ominously through the air, and jumped with fright. It was a practise stroke, but it made her realise he intended her punishment would be severe. They were not going to be love smacks that she would receive. She didn't hear the first stroke. The cane caught her across the exact centre of her bottom with all the sting of a hundred wasps. She shot upright.

'Aahh — ooh!' she squealed with conviction.

She clasped the burning cheeks of her bum where a thin pink weal was quickly appearing. The sting brought tears to her eyes, and fire to her tail. O God, what had she let herself in for?

'Now touch your toes girl,' he commanded, 'grasp your ankles, and make sure you don't move again until you're told.'

Reluctantly she obeyed. Her bottom was raised high, and the skin even more taut for the remainder of her punishment. The second stroke cut into her left cheek, and was quickly followed by the third across the other cheek. Both low down on her backside close to her rolled down knickers. The fire stoked by each stroke made her wince, but she determined not to cry out again.

'Now bend your knees,' he said coldly, 'and arch your back.'

She did as she was commanded, knowing that her behind was pushed out to present its fullest and roundest target for the whippy cane. Three strokes followed. One across the middle of each plump cheek, and the third smack across the lower centre of both cheeks. Intense heat swept through her whole body. The tender flesh of her rump felt as though she had sat on a bed of stinging nettles. She stood up holding her scalding bottom.

'Ohh . . . oh . . . God you're cruel,' she cried, 'my bottom's burning . . . it's on fire . . .'

The tears rolled down her face. The lower half of her body was numb. She stood rocking herself backwards and forwards; whilst she quietly sobbed and moaned at the cutting strokes



she'd brought upon herself.

He watched her for a few moments.

'Now take off those knickers young woman,' he said, 'ready for the next six strokes.'

She wanted to argue. She wanted to refuse. Yet somehow she knew she would obey. She had begun to feel like a young girl being punished. She somehow felt that he was the master, and what he was doing was for her own good. She would be a better girl for it. She reached beneath her short skirt, and gently eased her knickers down her legs until they circled her feet. She stepped out of them. She watched him clear the top of the desk.

'Bend over that,' he commanded, 'stretch right over it and grasp the far side with your hands.'

She did as she was told. She just managed to grasp the other side by stretching her whole body over the desk. Only her toes touched the carpeted floor. She felt him grab the

hem of her pleated skirt, and pull it up as far as it would go. Her rump and lower back were completely exposed.

'Open your legs young lady,' he said icily, 'as far as you can.'

She hesitated. The initial anger she felt at his command gradually turned to butterflies within her stomach. She parted her legs, realising the delights that she was displaying to him.

The six strokes that followed seemed to merge into a blanket of sensual pain. It was like nothing she had ever experienced before. The cane cut across her tender flesh leaving red weals which hurt like the touch of a red hot poker. The sting of the caning made her yell. Beg him to stop. Shout for it to end. She grasped the edge of the desk until her knuckles were white. She wriggled and struggled, rubbing her body against the polished wooden top of the desk. Yet the stinging of the bare flesh of her ravished

bottom turned to an excruciating pleasurable heat. The last two strokes had caught her between her open thighs, and flicked into the tenderest parts of her body like charges of electricity.

She hauled herself to her feet, and deliberately held her pleated skirt high up at the back. She wanted him to see her ravished buttocks. She knew it must glow like a beacon. She wanted him to see the full results of his punishment of her. Why she wanted to display herself like that she didn't know. She'd really taken on the part that she had been playing. She was a naughty little girl who had been well and truly punished. She had read somewhere that girls had been expected to kiss the cane after correction. She knew that she would have done so. He had only to order her. She blushed at the thought, but he had obviously satisfied his desire to cane a schoolgirl.

'Pull your skirt down woman,' he snapped, 'and get out of my sight.'

As she left she suddenly realised that the feeling deep inside her was sexual. Her ordeal had left her sexually aroused. She was surprised that it hadn't affected him in the same way. After all he was the one dealing it out.

It was early evening, and she knew that her husband was due home. She stepped beneath the warm shower. She had spent the best part of two hours massaging cold cream into her raw backside. The vivid red weals had gradually turned a duller colour, but they still criss-crossed her bum in a pretty pattern. Her cheeks still retained a pink glow too; making her rear a most sensual sight. She pretended that she didn't hear her husband arrive home. She pretended that she didn't hear him enter the bathroom. She deliberately had her back turned towards him. She heard him catch his breath when he saw her under the shower. She flaunted her pretty striped bottom at him. What she didn't know was for the year that they'd been married he had wanted to slap those beautiful full cheeks of her lovely bottom. He had never dared approach her with his desire. Now everything had changed. Someone had thrashed those delightful cheeks, and she wasn't complaining. Whatever the reason she seemed unconcerned. In fact it was blatantly obvious that she was flaunting her derriere before him. The sight of that pink-striped bottom aroused him. Explanations could come later. After he'd tanned his wife's delectable buttocks. He looked around for some-



thing to spank that inviting posterior. He grabbed her hairbrush.

She had heard him enter the bathroom. She had known he was standing there watching her. She had deliberately displayed her striped backside before him. She had planned it. It was no sudden impulse. She felt a thrill of excitement as she heard him catch his breath. He didn't shout at her. He didn't demand to know how it had happened. She knew what the results of her actions would be. She felt a deep sensual desire within her. She felt him grab her, and she was pulled from beneath the shower. He was more masterly than she had dared to hope. Even though she was soaking wet she felt herself marched from the bathroom, and thrown face down-

wards onto the bed. He knelt over her with a knee in the small of her back, and applied the hairbrush to the wet cheeks of her burning bottom.

'Whack . . . crack . . . whack . . .'

The sharp sounds of the brush slapping down onto her wet skin sounded like a salvo of rifle shots. It mingled with her yells and cries to fill their bedroom with noises never heard between those walls before. The brush stung her with resounding slaps that spread immediate fire throughout her whole body. It was so different from the cutting sting of the cane. She wriggled and moaned and squealed, but underneath she knew that she deserved that spanking from her husband. She hadn't been unfaithful to him, but she had deceived him. She

had felt a certain arousal within her when she had suffered under the cane.

Now she was actually enjoying the spanking from her husband, as the brush whacked down onto her dancing flesh. Her tail gradually turned from a glorious pink to a fiery red. She heard him breathing deeply, and knew that he was aroused. She wanted to satisfy him. She wanted him to share the deep heat within her loins. She gasped at the last stinging blow, and rolled over onto her back. She moaned as he sank deep within her.

Instinctively she knew that her careless driving was going to improve her sex life. She grabbed the hairbrush from his hand, and kissed it. He smiled. Not a word had been spoken.

The Good Girl and the Bad Girl

Edward Boyla

Isabelle was a Good Girl. She was tall, slim, blonde and very good-looking. She sang sweetly in the school choir, knew hundreds of poems by heart, and worked so hard that her teachers sometimes worried about her health. She was unpopular because she was clever, never played the fool in class, and, it was whispered, sneaked, quietly and discreetly, on her fellows.

Jackie was a Bad Girl. She was shorter, had dark hair and eyes, and she was not so much good-looking as bursting with adolescent vitality. She listened to her transistor at the back of the class, knew hundreds of jokes, and only worked when she was reminded. The reminder sometimes took the form of a springy gym slipper smacking down on her knickers.

She was clever, like Isabelle, but she was popular because she was the ringleader of any number of illegal enterprises, from organised disruption of lessons to smoking pot. She thought it was a scandal that Isabelle was such a sneak, and, at the back of her mind, there was always a half-formed scheme for landing Isabelle in such hot water that the gym slipper smacked down on *her* slim, elegant bottom. So far, she had had little success: there was always a pattern of retribution for Jackie, and one of vindication for Isabelle. It began to seem to Jackie that there was a law of nature that protected Good Girls, while another — or perhaps it was the same one — ensured that Bad Girls were forever cycling home with a stinging behind.

The idea of a general law governing her actions first came to Jackie in the fourth form, in a gym class. As usual, she forgot to bring an item of gym kit, and inevitably, in these circumstances, it was her gym knickers that she forgot. The rest of the class wore thick, warm, all-enveloping blue gym knickers under their short, swirling gym skirts. Jackie had to wear a thin, white scanty pair of stretch nylon knick-

ers. She wasn't too bothered at first: the gym mistress had come to expect a flaw of this kind, and passed over it with a sarcastic comment. She ran, bounced on the trampoline, climbed ropes, and vaulted horses with the rest. Towards the end of the lesson, the best gymnasts had five minutes to show off, and demonstrate to the others how good they were, and how good the others could be if they really tried. The sight always nauseated Jackie: she always wished a shoelace would come untied at the psychological moment and bring the elaborate human pyramid crashing down on its ass. Isabelle was the pride of the show, perfectly lithe, perfectly balanced, perfectly accomplished; she was in the middle of a series of manoeuvres on a high beam which had everyone holding their breath. Naively, perhaps, but gamely, Jackie tried to upset her concentration and make her slip by sending a pile of gym equipment crashing to the floor: CRASH!

Everyone, except Isabelle, jumped out of her skin. Jackie was cunning enough to look round with a 'What on earth?' expression like everyone else, but the gym mistress wasn't to be taken in. She had, it seems, eyes in the back of her head.

Jackie was called out before the whole group. Isabelle, having finished her routine, perched easily on the thin bar, a smug smile on her face.

'Before you pick it all up, you clumsy child, go and fetch my ruler.' Gym mistresses don't really need rulers, but this one had an eighteen inch, thick plastic ruler. She used it to rule lines on the backs of girls' legs. Jackie appeared with the weapon, and handed it over. The gym mistress smiled grimly.

'This should make you think twice before you forget your knickers. Touch your toes.'

Jackie did, as she had done before.

'Legs perfectly straight.'

It was a gym lesson as well as a punishment. Jackie's skirt was uselessly up around her waistband as she stretched her hands to the floor. There was nothing between her and the gym mistress' wrath but fifty pence worth of stretch nylon. Oh God!

The gym mistress had powerful wrists, and she cracked the ruler down hard. There was an awed hush, then the report rang around the gym like a pistol shot. It stung maddeningly. She got another and another, all on her left side, then she got another three on the right

side, making her smart as though she'd sat on nettles. Red-faced, red-bottomed, she was made to take the ruler back, then put all the equipment back in its place. The sting had still not properly worn off by the end of the lesson, and as the girls changed, they were all fascinated by the red marks Jackie displayed for their amusement. Isabelle stole an occasional glance, and seemed to smirk. Jackie watched her slip off her gym knickers and go into the shower. She imagined the trim, neat, firm bottom bent over for six with the ruler. 'One day,' she vowed.

* * *

That was over a year ago. In the twelve months since then, Jackie had felt the ruler and the gym slipper more times than she cared to remember, and had not once but twice (unheard of!) been treated to the Headmistress' cane. There were still, as the summer term ended, very faint traces of the bruises left on the second occasion: nothing on the left side, but on the right side, where the tip had landed and bitten her, there were six light brown lines. She had come out of the Head's study hopping and wriggling. For once, she didn't think it even mildly funny, and her obvious discomfort and pain surprised those of her followers who had listened to every stroke of her martyrdom from the corridor. Had the Bad Girl finally been tamed? Was this the end of an era of daredevilry unprecedented in the school's history? Not entirely, but Jackie certainly trod — and sat — warily for the rest of the term.

* * *

By the time of the summer cruise, things were back to normal. As the liner puffed its way round the Mediterranean, all kinds of summer longings were awakened, and found their outlet in duty-free gins and cigarettes sneaked from the first class bar, night time rendezvous with the two or three youths aboard who couldn't believe their luck in being booked on the same ship as a party of fifteen- and sixteen-year-old convent schoolgirls, and incognito appearances at the dimly lit discotheques of Gibraltar and Alicante.

Of course, it couldn't last — no one imagined it would. Isabelle, reading Spanish poetry and winning deck tennis competitions, provided such a conspicuous model of virtue

that the illicit enjoyment of the others was bound to be quelled. It happened quite unexpectedly, sneakily even, in the second week.

About twenty of the girls were splashing merrily in the pool, taking refuge from the ninety degree heat. They, and Jackie was of their number, believed that the best cure for a hangover was a hearty breakfast and hearty exercise. The other twenty or so preferred to recover by lying in the sun, half dozing, building up their strength and vitality for the next round of debauchery. As always, there was a discreet, unobserved coterie of surprisingly sophisticated amateur voyeurs. Some looked, through sunglasses, apparently at the boundless sea, but actually at the boundless beauty of young limbs. Others, better hidden, feigned sleep and watched through half closed lids. A sensually inclined party on the bridge observed the scene through high-powered binoculars. There was the occasional discreet click of a camera shutter.

Away from this lazy scene, in Miss Scabbard's cabin, a conversation which was to have far-reaching effects was taking place.

'Isabelle, dear, I don't know how much you know about this, but I'm worried about what some of the girls have been getting up to. I had a complaint this morning about three girls who made a horrible row at about 2 am, staggering along the corridor, singing, being sick, banging doors. Do you happen to know who they were?'

Isabelle, the demurely disapproving little angel, pursed her lips. Yes, she had heard a row at two o'clock. She had looked out to see what was going on. She didn't actually see the girls, so she couldn't point the finger at anyone: she was sure it wasn't anyone from school. Anyway, they'd gone into Cabin 21C — that's not one of ours, is it Miss? I'm not getting anyone into trouble, am I Miss?

Miss Scabbard consulted a plan of the deck. 21C contained Jackie, and two other disreputable girls, Shirley and Jill. Isabelle said she felt awful now, because she'd got the girls into trouble, when all she'd wanted to do was establish that it wasn't the school party that was responsible.

'There's no need to feel awful, Isabelle. If it was our girls, I'd have found out anyway. Don't worry, I shan't tell them about this: I'll simply tell them I know they did it,

and I'm sure they'll confess. They may be bad girls, but they are not such accomplished liars as to be able to brazen it out. Thank you, Isabelle.'

'I suppose it's for their own good, really, if you put a stop to it now before they get into real trouble.'

'Quite so.'

'What will you do, Miss? I'd hate to think of them being punished because of me . . .'

'They'll suffer all right, but it's their own misdeeds that will have brought it on them.'

The events of the next ten minutes were, providentially, recorded on cine film, since they took place in public.

Miss Scabbard marched purposefully out of her cabin, along the corridor, and onto the deck. In her hand was a long, flashing, yellow cane. Exactly what sort of person would choose, of all things, to bring a cane on a school cruise, I'm not qualified to say, but whatever sort of person she was, Miss Scabbard had packed a cane at the bottom of her trunk. Behind her, slowly, elegantly — almost floating — followed Isabelle, looking like a virgin bride in her white dress.

Miss Scabbard arrived at the party by the pool. One by one, the girls in deckchairs and spread on towels began to notice her. Those in the pool continued to splash merrily, and toss a beach ball. She scanned the faces till she'd located all three culprits — they were together, swimming. She blew a loud blast on her whistle, and there was silence.

'Jackie. Jill. Shirley. Out of the pool this instant!'

Jackie waited for Shirley and Jill to scramble out. She was, after all, a Bad Girl, and Bad Girls never do what they're told at once. The situation was both awful and unread: awful because Miss Scabbard was obviously going to use that cane, and it would sting like fire on a wet bum. Unreal, because she was, after all, in a public place, and it's not quite the done thing to punish while everyone's looking. But Miss Scabbard took no notice at all of the spectators.

'Last night you three were out drinking: Offence Number One. You were out after ten pm: Offence Number Two. You made an unholy row coming back: Offence Number Three. Yes or no?'

Silence.

'Jackie: is it true?'

'Jackie,' said the Headmistress, 'I've had you up for a caning so many times that I think it's time I did something more drastic. A hundred years ago girls like you were birched. I'm not exactly going to birch you, but I'm going to make sure you don't walk out of here with a grin on your face.'

'Yes.'

'Yes Miss, you rude child. That's one extra for you. Fetch that chair, Shirley.'

Blushing a fiery red that was concealed by her deep suntan, Shirley fetched the chair in question — not a deckchair, but a more solid one, made, curiously enough, of cane.

'Bend over it.'

'Oh Miss, please, not here . . .'

'Yes Miss. Here. Now. Bend over.'

'I'm all wet. It will sting!'

'Obey me this instant or I'll take those pants down.'

Shirley bent over at the double. Her bikini pants stretched enough to expose the cleft of her buttocks. The whole scene seemed so unlikely that she thought: 'I'll wake up in a minute. This isn't true.'

The cane flickered, bent double and around her wet bikini pants. The crack resounded from Malta to Gibraltar, and Shirley felt a burning stripe across both her cheeks. AAAAAH!

Miss Scabbard squinted and aimed another, another, another, each one making an appallingly loud crack and raising a fat ridge on Shirley's flesh. She knew better than to get up: she hung on for another, then for the last one, then she was allowed up, given liberty to hop and squirm around the deck watched by an awed public.

'Next. Jill, your turn.'

Jackie watched every movement: Jill's hesitant leaning, Miss Scabbard's impatient hand, pushing the girl's shoulders down. Unfairly, unkindly, Miss Scabbard gave Jill a hearty swipe just *below* the bikini pants. 'Take that!' thought Jackie — 'I hope to God the old bitch doesn't hit *me* there.' Nervously, she tried to adjust her own pants so as to cover as much of the target area as possible. She could see, on Jill's bottom, a familiar red tramline, and watched fascinated as further whacks threw up small sprays from the fabric. Jesus, that must sting like fury! — poor old Shirley's still hopping around. And then it was all over for Jill, not, like Shirley, too modest to stuff her hands inside her pants and rub, no matter what the

public thought.

'Jackie.'

The Bad Girl swaggered, pouted, and sniffed with contempt. Then she bent over, feeling like a nineteenth century sailor about to be given the cat o' nine tails. She felt heroic as she took up the familiar pose, her bottom thrust out, straining the black stuff of her bikini. The bikini was heavy and soaking wet, and gripped her buttocks and hips tightly. Considering it cost £10, it was very poor value as a defence. There was a time when bikinis were cut with generous legs: now, they hardly covered the bottom at all, specially when you bent over and specially when bitches like Miss Scabbard first tucked them up at back, then hit low, to make sure the wet, chafed, half-sunburnt flesh got the worst of it.

OOOOWWW! One. OUUCCCH! Two. God. HAAARRRGGGHHHH!!! Three. O help! this is bloody *agony*! YIIIIIEEEEE!!! Four. Oh no, Christ! help me . . . OOOOHHHH!!!! Five. Oh shit . . . Wow . . . Ooh . . . Oh . . . Ow . . . Ooooch. Six. My Christ! Oh Jesus, no more! Seven. EEEEE! That's it. Ouch! Ow!

Fighting back the tears, Jackie stood up and rubbed. Miss Scabbard retired, a victorious smile on her face.

The Good Girl had seen it all: she offered consolation.

'Bad luck girls. That was an *awful* whacking she gave you. I could hardly bear to watch. You must be in *agony*.'

'You! It was you, wasn't it, Miss Good Girl Isabelle! You were the only one who saw us come in, so it was you who sneaked!'

'Sorry, girls. Still, better a little discomfort now than all kinds of trouble later.'

'It is *not* "a little discomfort". It is pure hell. Look — the marks are below the line. How do you think we can go swimming again like this? They don't go away overnight you know.'

Isabelle tutted, sympathetically.

'God, Isabelle, you're such a pain. I swear here and now in front of everyone that before Christmas I'll see you get a whacking, and

when it happens the whole class will be out in the corridor listening and gloating. And guess who'll have her eye glued to the keyhole? Me.'

Isabelle grinned angelically. Good Girls never got into trouble. Good Girls never had to suffer the humiliation of bending over and showing their knickers. They never went to bed with throbbing stripes across their bottoms: they never had to wriggle uncomfortably in afternoon lessons or have to show their stripes to the rest of the class. They were virgin-white, pure and untouched. They were innocent, and the innocence made them vulnerable, first because they do not suspect the deviousness of which Bad Girls are capable, and second because the flawless, soft skin of their bottoms is an affront to harsh disciplinarians like Miss Scabbard. Sad, but true.

* * *

So next term the moment came, but it took Jackie completely by surprise. Isabelle, quite simply and sweetly, asked to be caned!

Periodically, the prefects took it into their heads to search the girls' lockers, chiefly to discover forbidden items like cigarettes and *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. Because everyone knew they did so, they rarely found anything, but the artful Jackie, having persuaded Isabelle to write her address on a cigarette packet, planted the guilty item in the Good Girl's locker before one of these searches took place. As she saw Isabelle just before the search, she felt a wild elation, and simply had to smile: poor innocent Isabelle smiled back. The Good Girl, at last, was going to get hers.

But it wasn't to be: by some kind of apparently divine intervention, the packet was found not in Isabelle's locker, but in Jackie's (the conniving little bitch had seen Jackie plant them — no wonder she smiled so sweetly). Without a second's delay, Jackie was marched to the Headmistress. Totally unprepared, she quaked, even this veteran of corporal punishment. She knew too well that it would hurt, and there was the extra humiliation of knowing that the six she would undoubtedly get should have been wrapped around Isabelle's neat bottom.

There were more surprises in store for Jackie.

'Jackie,' said the Headmistress, 'I've had you up for a caning so many times that I think it's time I

did something more drastic. A hundred years ago girls like you were birched. I'm not exactly going to birch you, but I'm going to make sure you don't walk out of here with a grin on your face.'

She picked up the telephone and summoned her Assistant Mistress, then brought out a large but low padded stool, and placed it in the centre of the room. When the mistress arrived (she almost had to fight her way through a crowd of sightseers in the corridor, dispersing them for a few seconds only) she locked the door after her. Jackie felt cold and terrified, something she'd never felt in these circumstances. It was too serious, too prolonged. Her stomach melted.

'Take your skirt off.' As Jackie did so, the Head went to her cupboard and took out something that made the girl's flesh creep. It consisted of three long, flexible pieces of what looked like basket cane, with a plaited handle. Almost in a trance, she obeyed the Head's order to kneel on the stool with her head down to the floor. She rested her face on her hands, feeling her hair tumble awkwardly forward.

Then, unthinkably, the Head put her hand to the waistband of Jackie's thin black knickers and drew them carefully down to her bent knees. This was different: suddenly, Jackie didn't want to be a Bad Girl any more, she wanted to be like Isabelle and never get into trouble, never have to grit her teeth and pretend to be brave while she was thrashed. The Assistant took a firm grip on Jackie's shoulders, and pushed them down.

Jackie felt the rods tap several times, unable to swallow as she anticipated the horrible sting they would cause. Seemingly in slow motion, with every small sound of the rods' clicking clearly audible, the Head lifted her arm and brought it down FLLLAAAACCKK!!! — a triple bite on Jackie's bottom, the rods howling and whining then wrapping painfully round both cheeks, making her, for the first time ever, cry out; it was excruciating, and more would be worse: there would not be six well spaced lines, but every stroke would splay out, from top to thigh.

More taps, slowly, slowly, slowly until Jackie almost pleaded for it to be done quickly. Not yet, not yet, not yet . . . then the clicking, the Head's breath, Jackie tensing herself for the loud, accelerating whine

of the thongs, cutting inches deep again, making her struggle against the grip on her shoulders and yell 'OOOOOO—OOOOWWW!' so loud that everyone outside must have heard.

The pain refused to die away. It was still fresh and vivid, even while Jackie had to wait out another twenty- thirty seconds, more, until the arm went up again, and this time (Oh God, get it over! she almost screamed) the arm stayed aloft for several seconds until the girl relaxed herself just long enough for the appalling ZZZIIIPPPP—CRACK! making Jackie howl and howl and howl.

She couldn't believe there was more to come: it *must* be pure sadism to carry on, but the mistresses were as calm and determined as before. Only Jackie was losing control of herself, only she wanted things speeded up. She swore to herself she would never, *ever* be bad again but the charm didn't work, the lashes whined and one blistered the top of her leg and the others jogged memories of the first three blows and she cried out again and this time it wasn't just one cry, it was several, and it declined into sobs.

'It hurts does it, Jackie?'

She sobbed.

'Well I haven't finished yet.'

Slowly, slowly, the clock moved, while Jackie's sobs stopped and the new Jackie began to be born, accepting at last that she wasn't strong enough to be a Bad Girl. And up went the arm and it brought the rods down harder and fiercer than ever and Jackie yelled louder and longer than ever, not caring any more about what the girls listening in the corridor would think about this defeat.

And she knew the next would be the last and she had already abandoned her self control completely. She sniffed uncomfortably, the scalding welts on her bottom seeming to be etched directly on her brain. At last, the hand went up for the last time, held its position for the last time, then whizzed venomously and frighteningly hard on Jackie's bottom. She was too miserable to yell again, though the pain was as great as before. She just wanted to be alone and have a good cry.

She dressed quickly, feeling tingling, sharp ridges under her fingers as she slipped the pants up. There was no theatrical clutching,

no pert wiggle. She just went out into the corridor and faced them, red faced and red eyed, a changed girl. She wasn't even resentful that Isabelle was in the front rank, smiling her sympathetic angel's smile.

'I should hang on for a moment Jackie. I'm going to see her myself.'

'To get a medal for Goodness, I suppose.'

'No. I'm going to confess that the cigarettes were in my locker and that I moved them to yours so that you'd get the blame. I suppose I'll get whacked, won't I?'

Nobody spoke: they just looked at her in disbelief as she knocked, and was told to come in.

'I should keep your eye to the keyhole, Jackie. You'll see everything.' And the Good Girl smiled, but it wasn't an angelic smile at all.

So Jackie saw it all: the five minutes of talk (she could barely make it out), the Head's reluctant but resolute journey to the cupboard, Isabelle's slinky, elegant, provocative removal of her skirt, the implausible black slip that she wore beneath, the unthinkable bow-tied, lace-edged miniscule briefs, removed too. Jackie saw, but didn't really believe what she saw, as Isabelle bent as she had done, offering herself calmly, fearlessly and almost willingly to take the six whining, flailing, excruciating, reddening, maddeningly stinging cuts, every bit as hard and effective as those taken by Jackie herself. And she had to pinch herself to make herself believe that Isabelle took it all without a yell, without a flinch, without a tear, even though the stripes were wicked and made curved patterns like skates on ice.

Jackie watched on, as Isabelle stood, dressed herself pertly and impertinently, pulling her pants up with the beginnings of a wicked grin in her eyes and mouth. She walked to the door in the same exaggeratedly sexy way that Jackie sometimes walked when she wanted to tease and invite.

As she walked out of the study, and closed the door behind her, Isabelle's expression bloomed from a suppressed mutinous grin into a full, relaxed, wickedly blissful smile.

'Didn't it hurt?' asked the amazed Jackie.

'Yes. Ohhh yeeeesss!' confessed Isabelle, her hands at her bottom, not rubbing away pain, but adding her own delicate caresses to her now fully-awakened flesh.



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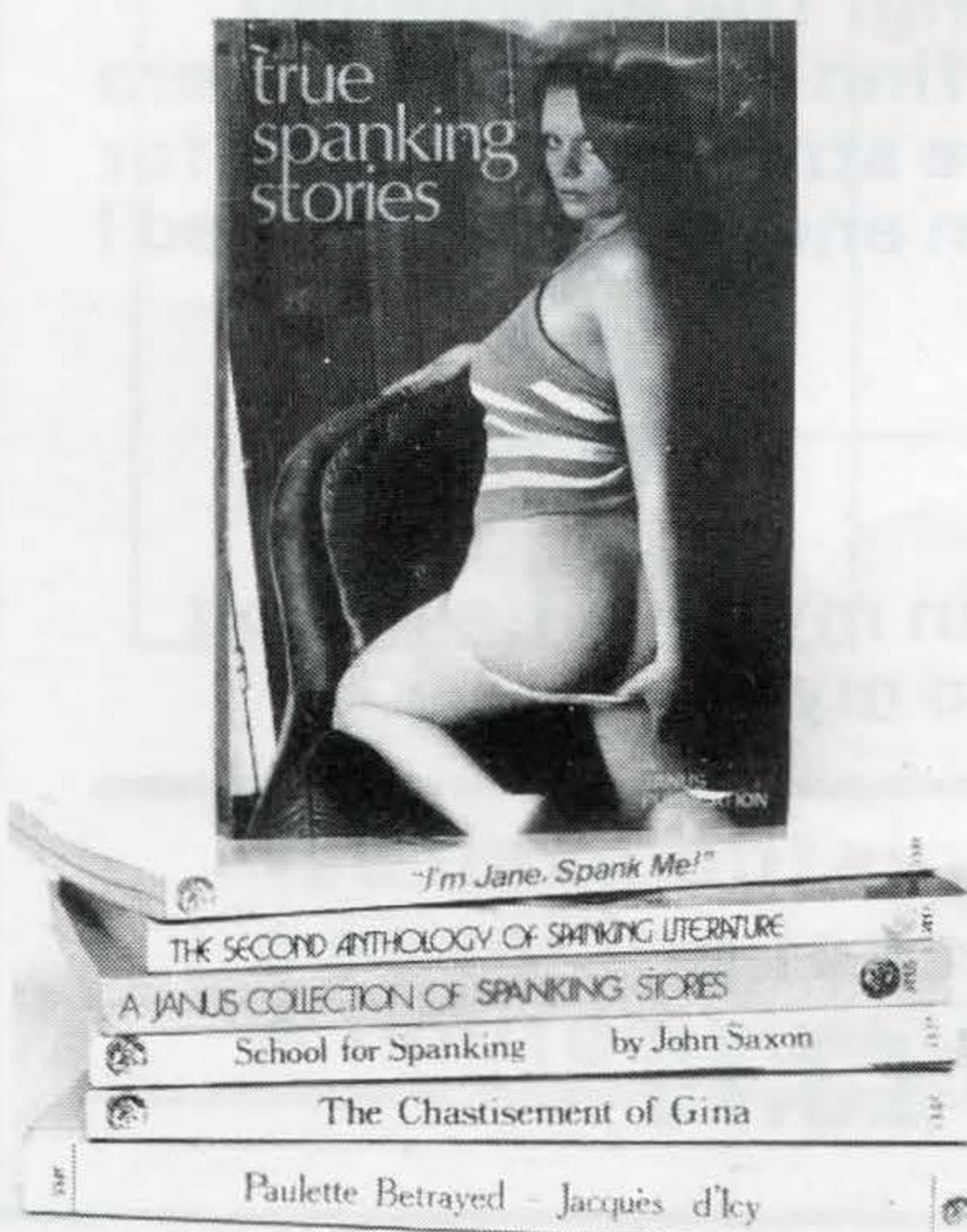
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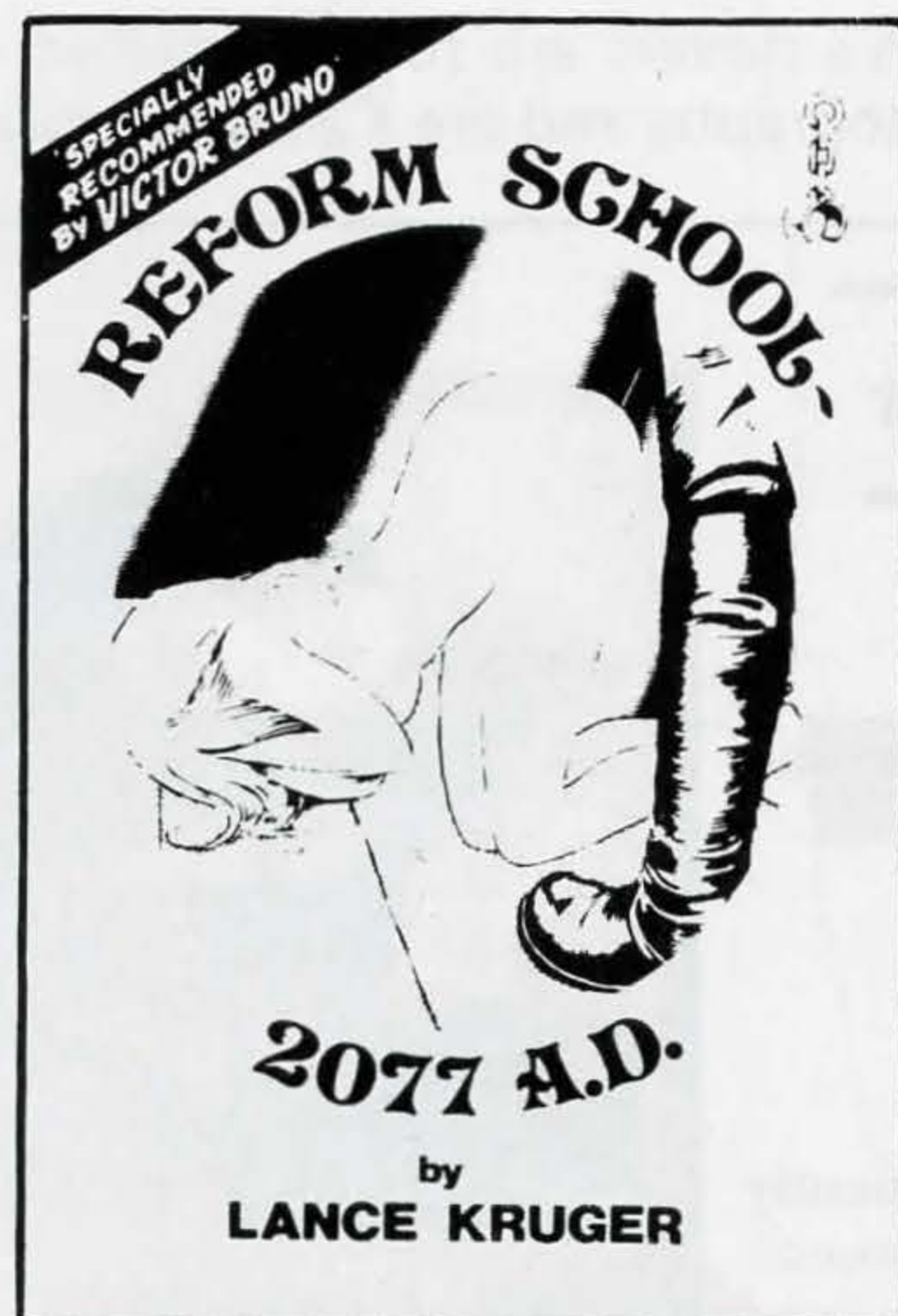
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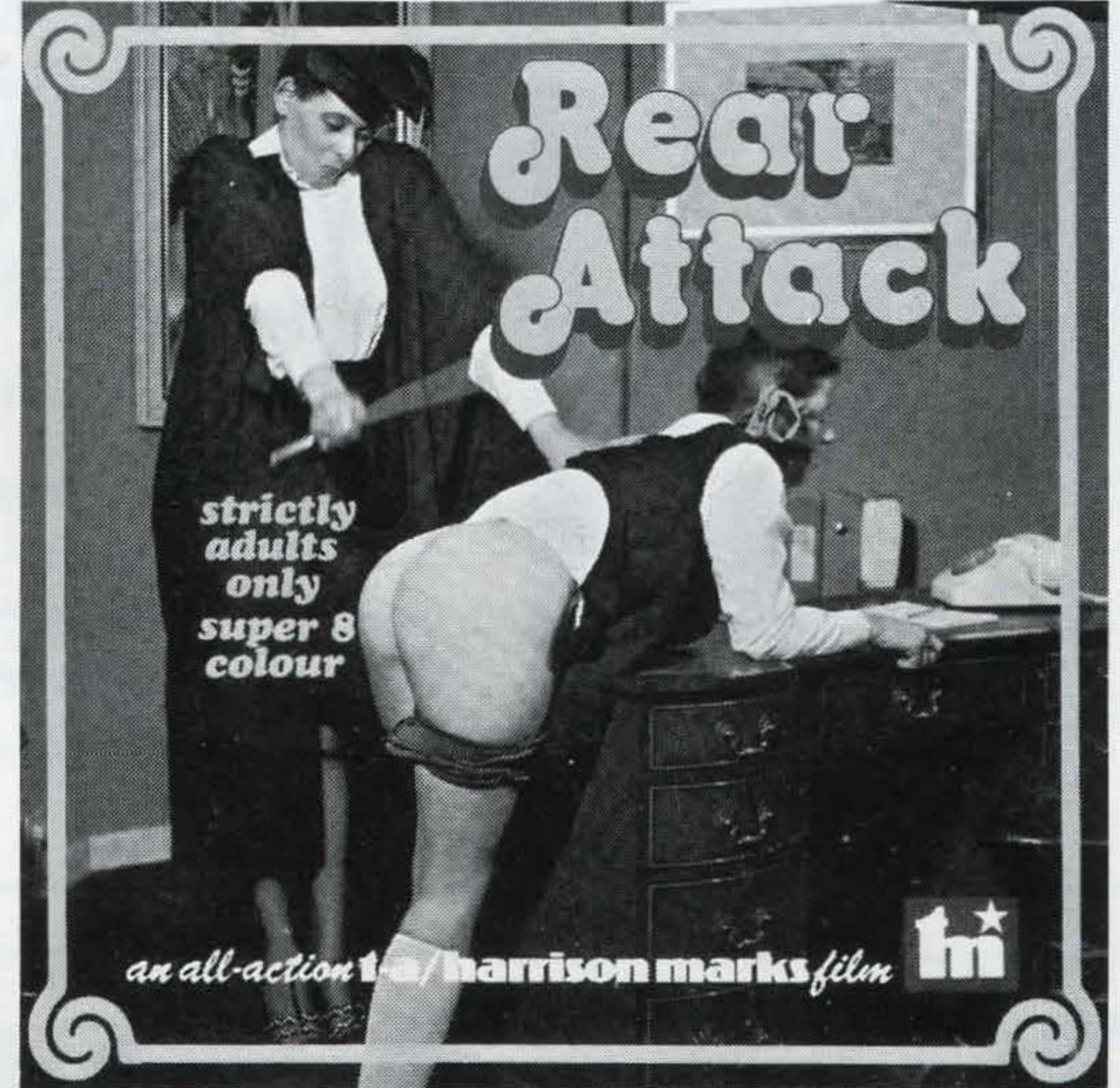
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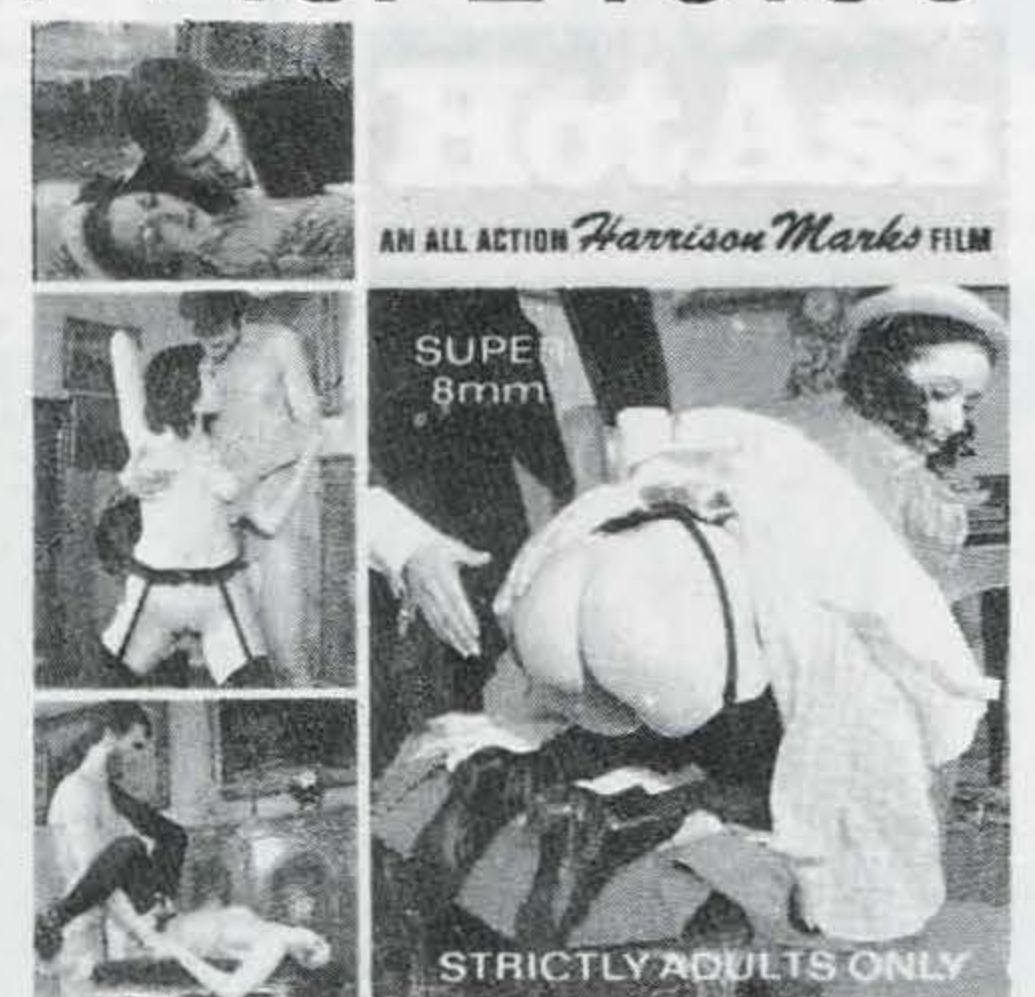
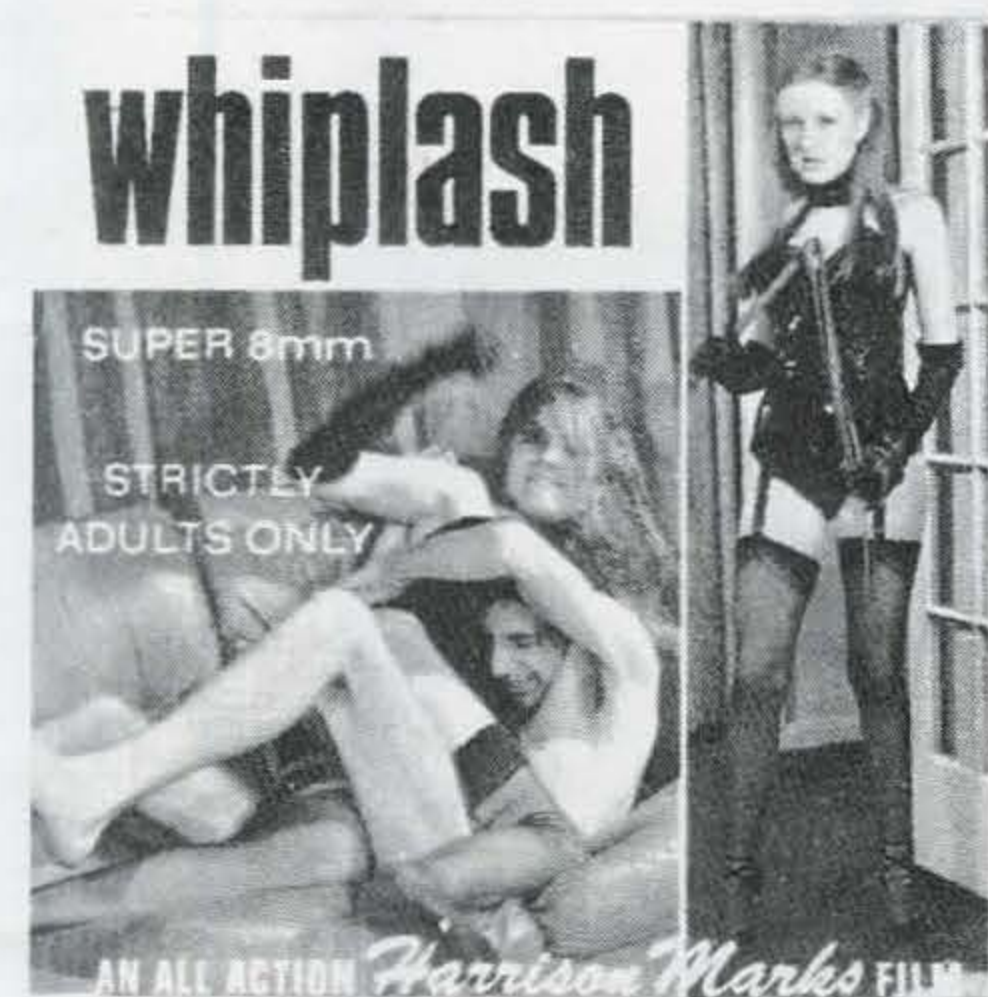
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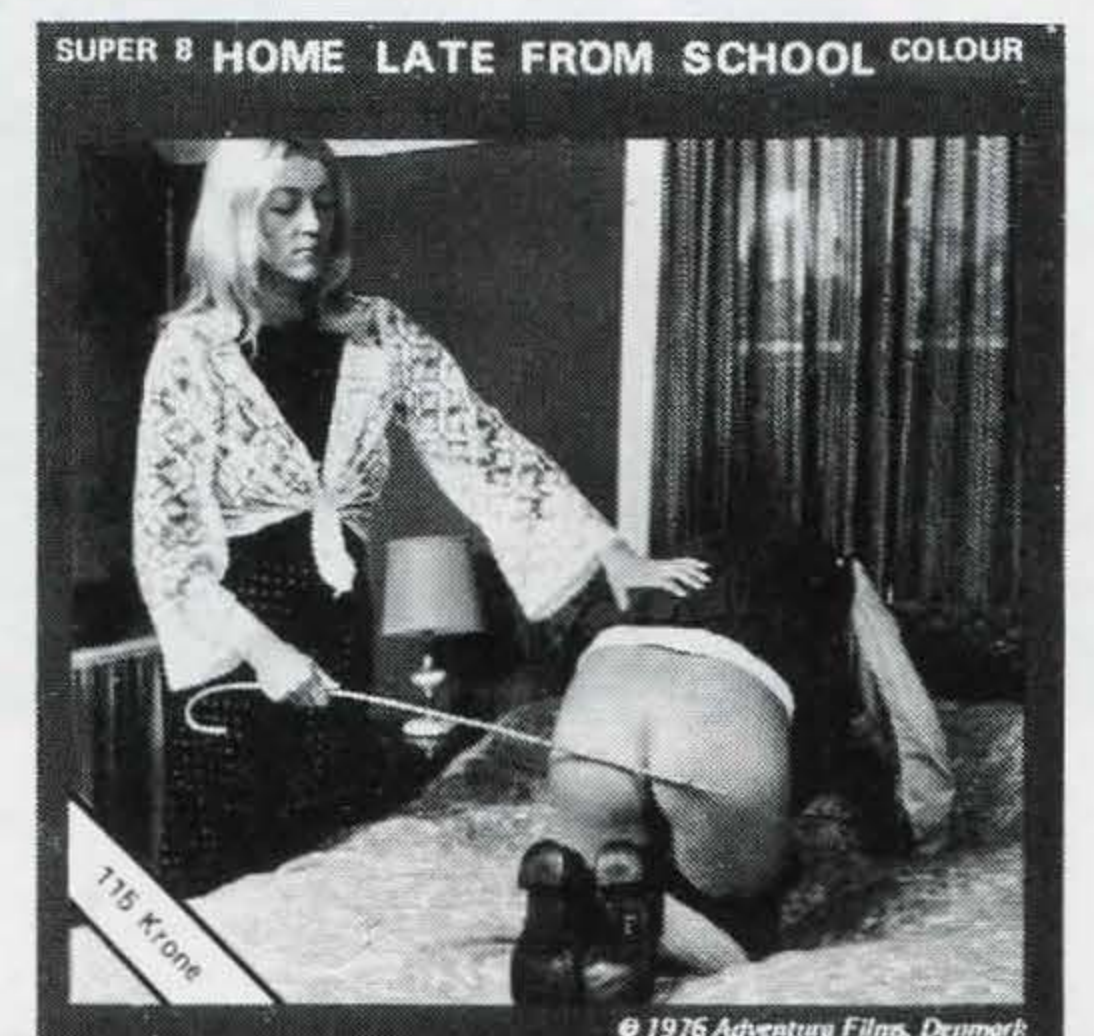
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DEAR EDITOR



PRAISE FROM THE U.S.A.

Thank you for making available such an excellent magazine. I have not been able to find anything published in the U.S.A. that can compare with *Janus*.

The tales your readers submit are lots of fun to read and the models who pose for your pictures are very pretty, to say the least.

I wish to apologise for not releasing my name. You see I still live at home with my folks and although they are very broadminded they may not understand how I, or anyone, for that matter, could get hooked on such a past-time. My anonymity will ensure that my parents will never find out.

Again, my compliments to the Editor and staff of *Janus*. Best wishes for your continued success.

Hooked for life.
Oakland, Calif.

HUMILIATING DRESS FOR GIRLS

I am a seventeen year old senior at grammar school and I think that your correspondent J.M. of Bristol (*Janus* Vol. 6, No. 10) is wrong in advocating bizarre dress and nudity as effective punishment for teenage girls. It is not that I am against it in principle — only the method of most advantageously carrying it out!

Just as the most effective lie is the one which is nearest to the truth, so the most humiliating dress is that which only deviates slightly from the norm. My parents discovered this some two years ago when I was going through a particularly wilful teenage patch. I had always been spanked as part of my upbringing, but as repeated and quite severe spankings (and even on one memorable occasion a caning) seemed to have little lasting effect, they decided

that something more permanent was needed than the transitory discomfort of a tingling bottom.

Their solution was to exchange my usual underwear of bra, tights and briefs for a bodice, suspender belt, stockings and director's knickers, this to be worn for anything from a day to a week, depending on the seriousness of the offence.

It may not sound much of a punishment, but remember that it is based on the very real fear of teenagers feeling *different* from the rest. At school there is the constant dread that a gust of wind, a chance carelessness in sitting, will reveal my shame to the ridicule of the other girls. If I pull down the legs of my silk 'bloomers' over my stocking tops they may be seen as I bend or run; pulled up to mid thigh there is the risk of stocking tops and suspender clips being similarly revealed. The modern girl does not

realise how naked she is without her tights!

The temporary loss of a bra is a further embarrassment. I am fairly well endowed, top and bottom, and the feel of my breasts bouncing free under my bodice is something of which I am constantly aware — though I suppose that few others notice it. So far I have managed to go undetected during 'Dress punishment' times, but changing for P.T. is a nightmare, and usually carried out in the privacy of the loo rather than the changing room. I dread the thought of a chance medical inspection — but have been lucky so far.

So much for school. At home a glimpse of suspender or knicker leg would not matter much of course, so there is a further refinement. My blouse and skirt are exchanged for a sleazy black silk dress which mum found in a local jumble sale. It must have



belonged to a middle aged lady in the 1940's, and wearing it I feel an absolute frump! The thin silk clings to every contour of my body, and worn without a petticoat and over only my bodice and tight-fitting directoire knickers I feel more exposed and vulnerable than as if I was as naked as one of J.M.'s victims. I try to take good care not to answer the door or to be around when visitors call, I can tell you, but sometimes mother insists that I stay when her friends call, and I am mortified by their curious looks, especially as mum usually tells them that it is my punishment dress.

Any sentence of 'punishment dress' automatically ends with a spanking. If it has only been worn for a day or a weekend then the spanking is no more than six or a dozen with a slipper, though that stings enough, but if the offence has warranted 'dressing' for a week then the punishment is correspondingly more severe.

On Saturday evening I must retire to my room and my wrists are strapped together in front of me and secured to the frame of the bed as I lie across it face down. There I am left for two hours to meditate on my transgressions. There is a large mirror opposite to where I am fastened, and short of closing my eyes I cannot avoid the sight of my reflection, the dreaded silk dress clinging to the curves of my full bottom, and with an awareness that the minutes are ticking past to the time of my final humiliating punishment. The only 'silver lining' being that at least it will be the end of *that* session of 'dress punishment.'

At exactly the end of the two hours mum comes and releases me and I am led down to the living room where dad is waiting to witness my punishment. Fortunately I am an only child so there is normally no one else to see my punishment, which is to be the soundest of spankings. But once Aunt Edith and Uncle Norman were staying when I was punished and it took place before them as well.

That was dreadful!

There is an upright chair in the centre of the room, especially placed for the occasion. At a sign from mum I must take off my black silk dress and fold it neatly, ready to go upstairs for the 'next time'. There I stand before them in just bodice, stockings and silk knickers. 'Aren't you *ashamed*, you bad girl?' says mummy. Yes I am, mortified! Then mum sits down on the chair and beckons me across her knee. I cross over and wriggle myself into position over her lap.

Mummy and daddy have a theory that spanking should be given *over* the knickers. They contend that if the thin silk is tight enough it keeps the cheeks of the bottom taut and compact, and helps to conserve the heat built up by a hard spanking hand. I would not know! What I do know is that the silk offers little protection especially after mummy has pulled up the already tight knickers at the waist, tugged down the elasticated legs and smoothed out every wrinkle, so that the sheen of my plump flesh can be seen through the straining material!

And of course there just *has* to be a mirror in the living room where the chair is positioned — surely no accident. I blush with shame to see myself, large buttocks raised over mummy's lap, those white knickers clinging like a second skin over my full curves, my legs in black silk stockings, and the black elastic tapes of the suspenders clearly visible under the semi-transparent bloomers.

I need not describe the spanking. It lasts ten minutes by the living room clock, and mum's lady-like hands may not seem much of an instrument of chastisement, but gosh how it stings as smack follows smack. And it's not only the smart to my tender flesh, but to my pride. It's not often that the humiliation of the *sound* of spanking is mentioned. Each smack cracks against my plump buttocks like a pistol shot, and by the end of the punishment my wails and pleas and mum's heavy

breathing have added to the unique spanking sound. Now we only live in a semi-detached, pre-war council house with thin walls, and I will bet a pound to a penny that both next door neighbours *and* their teenage children have their ears glued to the wall. And if they can't actually *see* then it does not require much in the way of imagination to picture the scene of me, a young woman, getting a baby spanking over mum's lap.

The ten minutes seem an age. I writhe and wriggle, but mum holds me effortlessly in a spanking grip, and calmly, inexorably, spans down on the easy target of my plump, silk-covered bottom, while dad sits in his comfortable chair, puffs at his briar pipe, looks on, and approves. It seems as if an inferno has been ignited in my buttocks! I am aware of nothing but my generous and increasingly smarting bottom and the slap of mother's merciless hand, that seems never tiring, never ending.

At last dad says 'Time mum!' and I am allowed to my feet, hopping around the room with scant dignity, both hands clutching my scalded bloomed bottom.

But it has not quite finished. I spend the next half hour in the corner, hands on head, my knickers pulled down to my ankles, my behind glowing like a brazier.

Now *that* J.M. of Bristol is what I call a humiliating punishment session and I take care to incur it as little as possible, and that surely is what discipline, and punishment, is all about.

M.A.
Gloucester.

MORE FROM S.A.

I simply must write to congratulate you on your excellent, most interesting Vol. 7, No. 2, which held me enthralled from the first letter by Old Seahamite (in which he so excitingly described the stimulation he and his wife derived from reading of the Army camp-followers receiving 36 lashes

of the 'cat' on their bare bums) to the final illustrated letter from H.B. Edinbough — and that two tailed Lochgelly quite dried up my mouth as I remembered 'All right young madam, take them down and let's see what your bare bottom things of six real stingers with my belt.'

I've studied the pictures of H.B.'s whipped buttocks and perhaps he would confirm my suspicions that his wife strapped each cheek separately, the left from the left side and the tails eating into the sensitive crease, as I used to find when I tawsed (of which much more later) that I raised particularly raised V-marks with the tail ends.

I admit I used an extra heavy (stamped XH on the handle) but the difference between that and the heavy, which I felt on my bottom as a girl, is no more than the ability of H.B. and my young female delinquents could support.

Incidentally, Old Seahamite and his wife should continue their historical studies as they will find a wealth of fascinating descriptive matter. Read of the transportation of female convicts to Botany Bay and Tasmania, and of captains who insisted that all ship's company and passengers, including 'ladies of quality' (wives of Government officials, civil servants and serving officers) and their maids *must* assemble to watch miscreants whipped — 'fighting harridans and innocent young victims of jealous squabbles alike being bent over a canon breach and 'readied for Betsy', meaning that their skirts were pulled over their heads — they wore no undergarments — and then the bo'sun shaking out his lighter 'cat' of seven unknotted lashes would ask 'How many, Captain?' For a 13 or 14 year old girl he might (mercifully) say 'I think 21 should bleed her Clarke' or for the broader buttock: 'Let's see what you can do with 39 lashes'.

'Remember that their seamen audience were liable for 100 or more, virtually a death sentence, and that young midshipmen could easily earn "40 with

the rope's end across the bare breech to teach discipline'."

Also 'Seahamites', read of the prison yard floggings in our colonies which made the public Tyburn whippings seem like a nursery spanking. 'Accordingly, before the Governor and his guests and their female retinue the unfortunate girl, only 17 years of age, was stripped naked, bowed out on the triangle and given 60 lashes from shoulders to tossing rump, after which more than one lady expressed gratitude to the Governor for seeing that such young jades received their due rewards'.

However I digress from my real purpose, so let me congratulate Mrs. Old Seahamite on so gallantly taking those '18 smackers' with the light 3-thonged tawse, and I'm glad (and envious) of her enjoyable aftermath. Those who have never experienced a mind shattering ride as red-hot bum-cheeks are gripped and squeezed have missed a marvellous experience.

It was, however, the letter 'African Justice' from a retired nurse Miss E.E., S.R.N. which I found almost unbelievable; it might have been written by me, as I was a V.A.D. at the time, in Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). Perhaps, Miss E.E. we met in the Buller Road, Colombo, hospital? Or in Kandy? Or perhaps Trincomalee?

It was a senior officer whom I had nursed who said if I really wanted to stay in the sunshine, instead of returning to the grey Shetlands, he would use contacts he had as a former District Officer, and some months later I arrived as Sister in an African womens' prison.

Here I must refer to 'Girls in Prison', an excellent account in Vol. 6, No. 12, by Herr Muller. The previous Sister was being promoted to an Administrative job involving travelling (she remained my immediate 'boss-lady' on the nursing side, although I took my orders from the prison authorities). How I agree with Herr Muller — 'if the law decrees corporal punishment then, if you can't

stand the heat, get out of the kitchen'.

I often wonder, if I had not been so young, would I not have been shocked to find, after settling into my most comfortable quarters, that one of my first duties would be to attend in the Punishment Block, as a batch of new arrivals included half-a-dozen girls who were to get a caning. Often this was specified by the Court — it was near a very large and modern city Mr. Muller! — but even omission of this on the record did not necessarily absolve the prisoner, and in the young prisoners' wing almost all girls convicted of certain offences had to endure the penal cane.

The punishment room contained the ominous whipping bench, gymnasium buck horse, and a set of low stocks in which offenders' wrists were held stretched so that when she was retained at the ankles her back was almost parallel to the ground and buttocks stretched and fully presented.

But the first 'corporal punishment award' I saw, within hours of arriving, involved none of this apparatus. The Sister I was relieving took me on a tour of the Infirmary and dispensary and the conversation went something like this — 'You'll find it's pretty general nursing. Anything serious goes back to town under guard. Here we have mainly minor accidents, sprains, unfortunately the odd stabbing, or, among the newer arrivals an occasional pregnancy; and I regret to say, a case of V.D. here and there. Then, of course there are the cases from the punishment block. But I'm forgetting, you are a newcomer and I'm a local girl. I suppose you know that there is an unwritten law that young girls are sent here to get a taste of the lash — I don't suppose you've anything against that, have you?'

'Oh no,' said I, suddenly gripped by a most strange vision of a sort of "Mutiny on the Bounty" flogging. 'The tawse is used on girls where I come from, and of course, boys get the birch and men get a taste of the "cat" in prison.' 'The only

thing some of them understand,' the Sister said, and approaching a bed, she drew down the sheet from the dusky body of a girl in her early 20's saying: 'Let's see those stripes.' There were a number of angry weals covered with some greasy ointment. 'She got ten with the cane a couple of days ago and the last time they turned septic so I'm keeping her in until tomorrow.' As we moved on the girl just lay and grinned as though she'd had no more than the prep school slipper.

'Do they actually flog?' I asked: 'You know, with a whip?'

'An older, repeated or serious offender can earn about a dozen with the 'bok and a few days with us.'

'These young nurses?' I asked.

'They are the pick of the good behaviour girls, and you'll also have a maid. They don't give much trouble but if they do you can have them returned to the prison routine — a threat is usually enough — or of course you can use a few striking arguments! I'll show you.' We went into her lovely office, soon to be mine, and opening a drawer she produced a thick 2" broad length of black eather. 'Not a tawse, I'm afraid, but they'll make one for you in the bazaar.'

I was fascinated. 'You actually use this?'

'Yes, and I sometimes borrow a cane.' Did she sense my surging emotions, I wondered. 'As a matter of fact, that reminds me,' and going to the door she called in a young orderly, about 15 years of age. 'You are getting lazy again, aren't you?'

'Oh no, ma'am.'

'Don't contradict. Those basins got only a cat's lick and now you are going to get the same. Get along to thirteen.'

She sent for tea, and then saying: 'Come on then, duty calls.' I followed her into the Punishment room and stood spellbound as the girl, at a nod, went over to the buck, stripping off her dress, then, pulling her white cotton knickers down to her skinny knees, she went over — right over with bum perched on top. 'You

are getting ten this time, five from me and five from your next boss lady.' This was almost unbelievable but I saw that strap deliver five vicious strokes before the leather was handed to me and I did my best to acquit myself. Later I found I'd been tested and had passed. I could strap.

Authorised, formal punishments were something else and within a few days I'd seen six new arrivals given between 7 and 15 cuts of the cane — a straight length of limber rattan — and a couple of married women 'birched', 13 to 18 cuts of a particularly wicked 'birch' consisting of 3 or 4 rods of a local prickly switch — which punishment gave me some nursing to do.

The 'bok' (sjambok) was, I found, very rarely used and most of the local guards used the cane — until my tawses arrived from home to cause a flutter in the dovecote! It fell to me to demonstrate the effectiveness of the tawse on a couple of Lesbian rapists — and since I was already having an affair with a young member of staff, I admit my mixed emotions boded no good when the two women, about 20 and 35 years of age, were stripped and bent across the buck and in the standing low stocks, respectively.

I did not sentence, merely standing with the XH Lochgelly (3 tails) until told '25 each, well laid on'. After about a dozen to the first victim's bare bottom I orgasmed. Yet I do not believe I deserve the sadist label some will surely apply to me. I hated the screams but delighted in the loud thwacks and the writhings; returning to my room and the attentions of my lover. 'Oh I enjoyed leathering those big bottoms,' I said, 'how must it have felt!'

A few days later I found out . . . My lover so captivated me that on her next turn on the punishment duty roster, three girls were taken by us to the dreaded room 13 and three bare bums were thrashed — although one of the culprits was dismissed with only a warning! That is why, Mr and Mrs Seahamite I know

the pleasure of being loved after a dozen with a heavy Lochgelly. But make no mistake. I really feared the leather more than many of the female inmates I saw thrashed with birch, cane and tawse; many of whom would almost philosophically plead 'Guilty' before the Chief and thumb down their knickers as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Something I never came to feel.

Everything is comparative, however, and although some of us were over-enthusiastic advocates of penal whipping, there were occasionally colleagues who said: 'I'm not like you,' or 'I wish these beatings were not necessary.' As we pointed out, this was an admission that a well-whipped bottom maintained necessary order.

On one leave, and not by accident, I spent some days at the home of a mistress in a school for white girls and contrived, with her assistance, to see a couple of teenage girls caned — 6 and 8 cuts of a good bendy cane across thin tropical schoolgirl knickers, and believe it or not I found this, despite its mildness by prison standards, a most satisfactory experience in spite of the white knickers.

Mr and Mrs Seahamite, how I wish I could have you as two of the many official visitors who made no secret of their unqualified approval of severe institutional whipping. Over our 'sundowners' (say a few large 'Tom Collins' in tall frosted glasses, served by apprehensive detainees) I would have discussed with you the pro's and con's of cane, birch and tawse and inevitably you would have expressed 'interest' in first-hand experience, which you would, excitingly, have pressed me to arrange. And of course I'd have told you that there 'just happened' to be a couple of offenders between 14 and 40 due to pay the penalty when I was good and ready. Just boring routine of 15 and 18 with the cane, or 18 and 25 with the heavy tawse, neither bum being as gorgeous as that on which you were sitting, Mrs O.S!

'Really?' You would gladly let me give you 8 of

the best after the official whipping? Come along then. No, leave your drinks, if you feel they've been tampered with when we return, well, don't worry there's a good unused birch behind the curtain. Yes, Mr O.S. I'd be glad of your relieving me of this strenuous, unpleasant duty, but only if you promise not to shirk your — or is it my — responsibilities. Just a moment, do you mind if I take off my panties? I seem to flog better when I'm knickerless, and after all, I am about to see your adorable wife with hers lowered in the low stocks. You do know I belt hard, don't you? But I'll go across your sensitive groove and if you take 'em bravely I'll give you a kiss that will add an inch to your hubbie's obvious hard-on! Come on! Let's hurry! My palm is itching to begin flexing a good supple cane and a really licky Lochgelly. Let's make it 24 and 30!

Sarah McL.
(ex V.A.D.)
London.

G.L.C. CANES 'SUPPLIED BY SEX SHOP'

Did you see the above headline in the *Daily Telegraph* of 28th October? The news item by Anthony Hopkins was as follows:—

"The Greater London Council has stopped the supply of canes to Inner London Education Authority schools until it has investigated allegations that they are being bought through a mail-order sex-aids shop.

They have come from an address on the outskirts of Leeds for three years.

The G.L.C. gave the contract to Mr. Ken Brown, a Canadian-born immigrant in lodgings in Leeds, after he had offered Indonesian kooboo canes 'on very favourable terms'.

But early this week the G.L.C. heard that the address for ordering the canes was a basement shop in Wellington Street, Leeds, which specialises in soft porn magazines and is believed to be used as an accommodation address for

buyers of sex aids.

5,000 supplied

Mr. Brown has supplied more than 4,000 canes to I.L.E.A. controlled schools. This year he filled an order for a further 1,000, which he cut to size in a workshop near his home.

Mr. Bernard Brook-Partridge, G.L.C. spokesman on law and order said last night: "This tender was obviously accepted because it was low, but we now feel we must enquire further into the background. We do not want it thought that the G.L.C. is supporting the porn industry".

This raises a number of interesting points. First, as I presume canes are supplied by the porn trade for peoples' pleasure, I presume that the G.L.C. are afraid that the boys and girls who bend over for 'six of the best' may enjoy the experience!! Secondly, I have always been led to believe that the I.L.E.A. schools were in the forefront of 'progressive' education and that C.P. was a thing of the past; and yet there is this vast quantity of canes pouring into I.L.E.A. schools; and yet again, on second thoughts, perhaps they are so 'progressive' that they are actually caning the children to give them pleasure!

If Mr. Ken Brown does lose his contract, perhaps he could be persuaded to write an article or give an interview on his cane-making business, and in particular give details of the sizes of canes he supplied to I.L.E.A. schools and the specifications for each he had to meet. I know myself when I see canes in Soho I always think that most of them seem very small compared to the ferocious ones used on us at school, but then it may be that my memory is playing me tricks because things always look bigger when you are a child. By the way, what is a 'Koo-boo' cane?

Perhaps *Janus* should obtain supplies and advertise 'Genuine G.L.C. canes as used in I.L.E.A. schools'. It might be a good sales gimmick and a lot of teachers might come direct to you!

What about requesting information from readers of *Janus* who may be teachers, parents or perhaps even pupils in I.L.E.A. schools about what actually happens in them today?

E.R.
Dartford, Kent

Editorial note:—

Can any reader tell us precisely what is a 'Kooboo' cane, and where it comes from?

KNICKERS FOR EVER!

Janus Vol 7, No. 1 is really, as our trans-Atlantic cousins so enigmatically put it, something else. To limit oneself to as mundane a comment as 'congratulations on this issue' is to fail totally to recognise that you have reached a positive zenith in appealing erotica. Of course, I'm biased because a fair proportion of my formative and adolescent years was devoted to the study and experience of girls' school knickers.

You have crystalised my memories in no uncertain terms and, I venture to think, this will apply to a high percentage of your readership judging from the letters published over the years. If a better photograph of a delectable pair of school knickers than that at the top of page 4 has ever been published, then I want to see it!

I used to love seeing the girls at school getting spanked. I suppose everyone's experience is different as to method and reaction, but the outstanding memory for me is of one dear old school mistress who was rarely upset, but who when roused was a tyrant.

She'd face the offending schoolgirl and sort of duck under the girl's left arm. Then she'd scrabble at the girl's gymslip until it and the shirt were well above where the vest tucked into the waist elastic of the knickers. Her left arm looped round the girl to keep these clothes out of the way whilst her right hand beat the daylight out of the naughty bottom.

But of course the visual

impact was the effect on the knickers. These were bottle green in interlock cotton with elastic at the waist and thigh just like, as far as I can tell, the pair you illustrate. Our school was certainly a trifle dusty, and it was fascinating to see how sometimes the first potent smack would raise a small cloud of visible dust from the knickers. Then as the schoolgirl writhed and twisted and danced about, her knickers followed suit resulting in delicious ripples and wrinkles in flesh and cloth. The leg elastic cutting into plump flesh was pulled up and down the thighs by the severity of the onslaught, but it was this total view of knickers framed between the white of the shirt and vest above the waist and the white of the thighs above the solid black stockings which was dominant in the whole scene.

Although in your photograph the man's hand gets in the way, it does illustrate how the bottom-packed knickers give under pressure. (The clarity and printing of this photograph are truly commendable, but do tell me, what is the peculiar little thing poking down just below the gusset of the knickers?)

I also enjoy the bare bottom pictures with the knickers bunched up underneath the buttocks, but for me the prime satisfaction, as you might say, comes from just seeing the knickers themselves. Some publications have shown these completely inside out hanging from the leg elastic still in place. This is very sexy. But the main error in black and white photography is to have a dark background since the knickers tend to blend with this and thus lose shape and definition.

This point has been repeated many times here and there, but although the solutions are simple, nobody seems to pay attention to detail. Also if you can, please do include the odd picture of the front of the knickers. That 'I Love to Tease' item you did some time ago was absolutely fabulous. The stockings were wrong, but then of

course no publication ever gets them right.

We used to do our own schoolgirl spanking and tickling. We could make any girl wriggle almost out of her gymslip by tickling her tummy and shoulders. She'd always kick and twist downwards if we'd got her lying on the grass, and when her knickers were fully exposed we'd tickle her through them. A crafty feel was part of the fun — boy! it made us sweat!

I sometimes wonder what today's youth makes of navy blue stretch nylon briefs and tights. I'm afraid that all these modern clothes turn me right off. For at least six years good old cotton school knickers provided me with a hell of a lot of fun one way and another; they were magic and your photos induced a deep warmth and longing I haven't felt in a long time. I wish you could show us a decent handstand or two, with the gymslip falling inside out. You wouldn't need to bother about inflation — you could name your price, particularly if you got the stockings right as well! Anyway you are now portraying what your readers write about so much and I do hope it's not just a flash in the pan.

G.T.
Littleover,
Derby.

PUNISHMENT OF A TOMBOY

I hope I am not too young to write to you but reading your letters section prompts me to write, I suppose a lot of your readers were tomboys, I well know that I was rough and tough, cheeky and stupid and that I deserved all I got. I had two naughty brothers James and Peter both younger than me, we all had a terrific if strict childhood.

I was sent to a convent school — uniform from head to toe — and the boys the village school. It was very strict and they were caned on the bot and had to wear grey shorts. Both James and Peter born in September and had to

stay at the junior school in shorts until almost twelve. Dad liked boys in short shorts, he had his way. I had to wear grey pleated kilts, knee socks, grey knickers and green blouses and jumpers, and out of school I had to change into an outgrown uniform to play in, as dad liked little girls in short skirts and school uniforms. Nobody challenged dad's rules.

We were caned by both Mum and Dad and my worst punishment by far was to do with catapults. Dad had forbidden them after Peter broke a caravan window. Then one day in the hols he had found some catapult elastic and made one. We all had a go with it in the orchard although warned by James but I insisted. I had one more and final go, a nice round pebble, wizz — off through the air right through a neighbour's leaded light window. Well she was round in a flash and kicked up hell with Mum. Mum offered to pay, but she was after our blood as after all we kids had given her hell for years — we ought to be thrashed she said (little did she know, that we knew that we certainly would be thrashed). Mum said wait till Dad comes home. I pleaded and pleaded with her to punish us, I even fetched her Dad's cane and bent over, but no, we had to wait.

All day long we waited, the boys in navy jumpers and shorts which they had to wear in the hols and me in my out-grown pleated kilt. I felt all hot and cold and so ill, so very ill, as I well knew that it was me that had done it. I went to the loo, felt more ill, went to the loo, but Mum who well knew what we were going through said you must wait for Dad to come home then take your medicine — they both agreed about family punishments with the cane.

Well the hours slowly ticked by as they do when you are waiting to be punished and we all watched from the window in horror as Dad arrived and slowly turned into our narrow gateway, when the dreaded furious Braddock woman

jumped right in front of the car stopping him. She was waving her arms, Dad stopped dead, the car behind him bumped into his wing and a police car passing stopped to sort it out. They found one of Dad's tyres worn and his licence disc out of date and said he would be reported. My gosh was he cross, off he went next door with Mrs. Braddock to inspect the damage, she had got her spoke in first.

I think now Mum realised she had been silly, the door slammed, Dad was here shouting for us as he did when he was really cross. We were all standing in front of him in the dining room. He asked who had fired it; we all stepped forward; who had broken the window; I stepped forward — the evil hour had come — the fatal words: 'Go and get the cane,' and grabbing Dad's arm Mum said: 'Don't be too hard on them.'

James brought the cane down from the top of the wardrobe, long thin rattan, my grey clad knees were knocking, I stood in my lace up shoes and giggled with fright, mistaken by an angry Dad as being clever. 'I will soon teach you, young lady, to think it's funny,' said Dad.

Poor James he had tried to stop us, took his shorts off and bent as usual for eight hard strokes, leaping upright and shouting as each stroke landed on his bottom, each time Dad waiting for him to bend again, legs apart, fingers touching his brown sandals.

Poor Mum looked as frightened as we were. Then howling, James was stood in the corner. It was Peter's turn. Bent legs apart, shorts and pants down he had nine across his white bare bottom or legs each time leaping up only to go down again, and crying and rubbing away the flaming pain of a rattan cane on the bare flesh. He was then stood in the corner with his brother.

Dad turned to me. He looked very very cross — 'Now young lady,' he said, 'it's your turn.' Without being instructed I bent as usual, but an angry Dad slashed me across the backs

of my legs — 'Knees straight girl' — Mum said: 'No John, not across her legs dear.' I felt his hand at my waist and my grey knickers being pulled down, I knew my skirt was well out of the way offering me no protection. 'Not on her bare bottom, John,' Mum was saying, 'not too hard for her John, it was an accident you know.' I opened my legs, I could see through them, I braced my knees and waited for the usual my bot all tightened, my pig tails hanging down to the floor.

It certainly came, the first three strokes were right across the tops of my legs, mum held dad's arm. 'Not on her legs John, she has dancing class tomorrow.'

Dad said: 'She should have thought about that before being disobedient,' and the next three strokes, equally hard, were right up at the very top but below my chubby buttocks. They hurt like hell, but at least I stayed down and at least those three would remain hidden by my knickers, but I couldn't hold back the tears and I was howling aloud and crying out at each stroke. Then the next six stripes were placed evenly across my buttocks in dad's usual manner, taking aim, taking his time, making me leap up at each stroke and waiting for me to bend again, legs apart, knees straight as we had been taught to when being punished.

I counted up to twelve. If mum hadn't stopped him then I don't know how many I would have got and I joined my brothers, still crying, in the corner, my hands on my head, and later mum came in and sent us all off to bed.

I didn't go to dancing next day, how could I in a brief white tunic and pants with three awful welts across the tops of my thighs and a stripe right across both my legs just above my knees? In my old pleated skirt as I ran around, went shopping, and doing my household chores, the marks could be seen. I myself could see them in the mirror when putting my hands on my knees, like

the boys' marks, they stood up like tram lines and were too tender to touch.

School started a few days later and Sister asked me about the marks and I simply told her that I had been caned by daddy for breaking a window. She gave me a hug, she didn't know I had nine more and worse marks hidden by my regulation school knickers which still hurt. One had cut the skin and the leg elastic of my knickers was pressing on the welt, giving me gyp, especially in gym and when I sat down, especially if I forgot about it. I think the marks lasted nearly a month.

I had many beatings, that was the worst. I hated having my knickers pulled down but it always happened. I felt so stupid standing there in the corner, hands on my head, my pants round my thighs or knees, in disgrace for up to an hour afterwards as was the custom in our house. Whoever was there, it just made no difference.

So much for punishing a Tomboy, and I must add, only recently. Now I am interested in C.P. as are all my friends; we talk and discuss it and swop school tales. If I get married and if I have children then I will punish them the same way — pants and jeans down. Dad and mum were right; if a punishment beating is to be given then it should be hard, short, sharp and swift and should be felt.

Amanda. Rowner
Hants.

UNFORGETTABLE SATURDAY

I am not very good at typing, but here goes: reading your letters and articles I thought I would tell you of my C.P. experiences which you may publish if of any interest to your readers.

Our Mum was very very strict, we were three girls and two boys — I was the eldest and got most of her wrath. A cane was kept above the kitchen door on two nails, a long thin cane cut from a yew tree in the adjoining graveyard where

we played when the vicar wasn't around.

If we misbehaved then we were sent to fetch the rod as Mum called it, and depending upon the offence or how mad she was, was your punishment. We all wore navy gym slippers, we had to bend and these were folded back, but sometimes she made us pull down our matching navy knickers and bend bare for her six hard stingers.

I nearly always got it bare as an example to the others, but so did the boys, she was very hard on them and laid the cane across both cheeks, making them cry out aloud enough for the neighbours to hear each stroke, then sending them to the bedroom where they cried for ages, often getting no tea.

I rather think that Mum liked punishing us. I well remember one Saturday morning my brothers had gone out on their paper round. We were not allowed the cat in our bedroom (it had worms). Jane brought it up to her room and heard Mum coming up the stairs, so popped it into my room and I hid Tinker in the bed. Mum came in and said: 'Is Tinkerbelle up here, Rhoda?'

'No mum,' said I.

'Me—ow!' said Tinkerbelle, hearing her voice.

No word was spoken. Mum went, mum came back with the cane. I lay on the bed, she turned up my old plaid kilt and pulled down my navy knicks. Twelve strokes later and with me writhing and screaming with pain, enormous welts across my teenage cheeks, still without speaking she departed with cat and the rod. I lay there and drowned my sobs in my pillow.

At 11 a.m. that same morning I was in the church yard where we were forbidden to play with a ball. The boys kicked it over from the yard. 'Kick it back sis, they shouted, and as I did, the vicar came round the corner, knocking his specs off and breaking them. I fled, but on creeping back an hour later nothing more was said, but my Mum took hold of my teenage ear with one hand and

the yew stick, laying waiting on the table, with the other hand and together we mounted the stairs to my room, shutting the door.

I slipped off my kilt, I slipped off my navy jumper, I unbuttoned my fleecy lined liberty bodice we girls had to wear and I pulled down my navy knicks and bent naked over an old chair. Mum had only pointed with the rod, not spoken one word. Then she said: 'You must be taught a lesson. You cannot break the rules and get away with it — do you deserve to be punished?'

I said yes, but that twelve had been too hard for the cat business.

'That my girl,' said Mum, 'is over and forgotten with.' So I bent for twelve more, many crossing my previous welts, and the pain at the time was terrible. I cried out but it made no difference — the strokes still landed and I knew better than to put my hands in the way (which the boys often did). I knew better than to try to get up, which Lucy my little sister often did.

No, Mum and I had a certain respect for each other. I was the eldest, I had broken the rules and as at school then I well knew that I must somehow be punished. I also knew that Mum's rod was no worse than the belt with its buckle the kids next door got, or the split strap our school teacher's children got. At least the pain from the cane was gone a couple of hours later and the marks couldn't be seen as could the strap or belt marks when given on the legs.

Mum laid her whacks on evenly, slowly and hard, just as she had had it as a girl from her dad who was a policeman, and he often told us of tales of the birching stool and birch that was used for boys aged eight and above kept in his police station. Also about a reformatory and about the boys and girls who had absconded and whom he had taken back, sometimes holding them in the superintendent's office whilst they were stripped and thrashed with a cane kept in a jug of brine —

all these tales fascinated us and must have affected how he punished Mum and her brothers and sisters and how we were punished, so we accepted our firm, in fact very strict, regular punishments.

But to return to and conclude my punishment saga: Dad worked at the hospital on shifts. On the Saturday in question it was seven minutes to three. He arrived home tired and teasy, had his lunch and sat down to watch sport on our then new black and white T.V. Curtains drawn, in silence, (we always had to be silent when he was watching TV).

Wrestling started and I was standing watching (too sore to sit). Dad fancied himself as Mick McManus. Jane passed without warning and pushed me down onto a hard wooden chair. Fires of hell in my pants! I leapt up shouting! Minutes later, knowing I was sore, she did it again and made me squeal. The third time she passed (she was doing some cooking) she went to push me but I smacked her across the ear, a real beauty.

Dad had been getting crosser and crosser. He jumped up and grabbed me, hauling me across his knee and pulling up my skirt, slapping my bum. Not knowing I had had two real hard thrashings he lambasted into my navy clad buttocks as hard as he could. He had hands as hard as iron and the more he slapped the more I squealed and wriggled until he clamped me between his legs and really started. Both cheeks and the backs of both legs down to my knees. Tears stopped coming, even the screams as the pain in my bot was uncontrollable. I counted about thirty slaps and was past crying and he rolled me off his knee in a bundle onto the floor.

I had lost my kilt — the side button had come off in the fight and the zip was all broken in any case. I just lay there holding my burning butt — Jane laughed, her mistake. Dad said: 'Go and fetch the rod.' I got up and fled to my room. Jane joined me ten minutes later howling her head off, pulled down her navy

knicks and looked into the mirror to see her fourteen-year-old bum covered in criss-cross stripes and like me threw herself on the bed to rub and cry away the raging pain.

I fell asleep and was wakened by mum. It was dark. She was pulling down my knicks, inspecting the damage. She had heard all about it from Lucy who had seen it all and as I hadn't appeared to lay for tea (an offence for me in any case) then she had come to find out why.

Kindly her big naughty schoolgirl was put to bed. She well realised that I had had too much for even me for one day.

I never found out if dad ever knew of the thrashings I had had before he started. Mum might have told him while he ate his lunch. That may have been why he was so cross with me, but next morning he called me over and turned me round and before I went off to the Life Brigade Church Parade he pulled down my navy pants to inspect my bot, slapped my bum and sent me off.

The seat in church was hard that morning, I had to sit on my thighs as I also did for a couple of days at school, the backs of my legs were a bit purple looking. But I still got the cane the following Saturday for being late home; but I never had another day like that unforgettable Saturday and we still talk about it even now.

My brothers and sisters now all believe in C.P. — we think the schools and many parents are far too soft. I have a big family and believe you me we keep a cane, and it is used — boy or girl — pants around their knees. Tell me why not.

Rhoda A.
Wakefield

NEWS FROM YORKSHIRE

I know we all like the sensational revelations of the tabloid newspapers, as well as the uninhibited features in *Janus*, but just occasionally readers of the more stuffy newspapers get their reward. A recent issue

of Yorkshire's own Law and Order daily newspaper showed a picture of an offender in Pakistan receiving ten lashes before a large crowd — and I don't think it was a hoax. For addicts of detail I can add that the not very clear photograph did reveal that he was strapped to a frame and though some of his outer garments lay on the floor his back and buttocks were not bared. Not so long ago (as has already been noted in *Janus*) readers were treated to the sight of a female police cadet bent enticingly over a birching frame, now kept in a Yorkshire police museum.

Either the paper has a *Janus* inclined cell or it has realized that there is a demand for S.M. orientated material from the grim faced businessmen of Leeds, because in the same issue of the *Yorkshire Post* as the Pakistan flogging there was an extremely provocative book review entitled 'No Sparing The Rod', referring to Jonathon Gathorne's *The Public School Phenomenon*. This book must have been in great demand in Leeds that day as we were assured that beating, one of its dominant themes, was mentioned on 70 out of 422 pages.

However, those less endowed like myself, who may have been deterred by the volume's £7.50 price tag, were not disappointed because the reviewer had extracted a number of tit-bits for us. Did you know, for instance, that one H. W. Moss, headmaster of Shrewsbury for 40 years, caused questions to be asked in the House of Commons in 1874 when he gave a boy 88 strokes of the cane. My question would have been: 'Why didn't he make it a straight 90!'

The reviewer does however have the decency to declare his interest. You see, he admits to having been beaten by a senior boy at Harrow for using another boy's football shorts. Even though he brags that the strokes were ineffectual — the prefect should have returned the shorts to their rightful owner first — I suspect that they lit a fire which is not

yet extinguished because our reviewer had more for us when he concluded (with a little help, I suspect, from Roget's *Thesaurus*) that the main fate of boys at Public Schools was to be 'beaten, caned, flogged, thrashed, lashed, spanked (no, surely not), strapped, tawsed, walloped and whopped.'

If any of you are still in doubt as whether to take Yorkshire's own newspaper along with *Janus*, another recent gem of investigative journalism should finally convince you. A star reporter has discovered that punishment canes are being supplied to London's schools by an enterprising businessman through an accommodation address in a Leeds newsagent's shop. Business is so good that after responding to a G.L.C. advertisement asking for tenders (yes tenders!) for the supply of canes, he sold them 1,200 last year and hopes to make it 1,700 this year. Another successful order contributed to the export drive when he ensured that there would be tender bottoms in New York City by supplying 2,000 lengths. So there's just a hope that the awful paddle might get some competition from the more efficient British alternative, which, for the information of any budding competitors, is 28" long and made from Indonesian kooboo cane.

For more information watch this space.

G.W.A.
Doncaster

'PUNISHMENT REGAINED'?

The enclosed item will doubtless tickle many *Janus* readers; also the circumstances under which it has been salvaged from the dustbin of one of London's many large Comprehensive schools. I won't say exactly which, because our head is a bit of a prude and might not approve of the idea that one of his younger female members of staff was a regular and enthusiastic peruser of *Janus*. It's my boy-friend's fault — he in-

troduced me to you in the first place!

These are the circumstances. One of our sauciest fifth-formers, who's also a girl of remarkable artistic and literary talent for a 16-year-old, took advantage of the temporary absence of a rather elderly, unpopular and not very attractive English mistress to amuse her classmates by drawing a 'caricature' on the blackboard when they were supposed to be engrossing themselves in the noble pentameters of our great English poet Milton.

Huge hilarity, interrupted by unexpected return of the 'victim', who took such a dim view of the proceedings that she promptly gave the artist '500 lines'. Mrs. — later relented, to the extent that she told the young lady that the repetitious tedium of 500 lines would be replaced by a 500-word essay on the subject of 'Discipline', to be handed in by that time next week.

The same day (7 November) the young lady had noticed in her father's *Daily Telegraph* a report about a proposal to bring back the cane in children's homes in Notts — for all inmates (and bottoms!) not excluding big girls of 16 and 17.

When there was a fresh report a few days later that the proposals had been carried by the county council our naughty fifth-former, who had meantime been racking her brains as to what to put in an essay on discipline (which wasn't her favourite topic at the best of times!) conceived the brilliant notion of 'celebrating' the Notts decision — not in an essay, but in a 'Miltonian' poem which she hoped would be accepted as a result. The day she was due to hand in her 'impost' (14 November) she added a 'postscript' which reproduced (and commented on!) part of a Leading Article that morning in her dad's ever-faithful *Daily Telegraph*, and took the finished 'lines' to Mrs. —.

As she read, that good lady's face blushed more and more crimson (especially, one would imagine, when she reached the bit about male Superintendents getting erections from

watching teenage girls getting their bottoms caned), but she couldn't very well say much because she had never made any secret of her own forthright beliefs on the virtues of corporal punishment.

Mark the sequel. The editor of the school magazine was just then appealing for 'contributions' for the Xmas bumper issue, and young Julie had the bright idea of submitting her poem. To the accompaniment of randy approval on the part of the male editorial staff and giggles on the female side, the '50 lines' were actually set up on the duplicator ready for inclusion. Unfortunately, however, the same Mrs. —, as head of English, was responsible for 'vetting' the finished product, and indignantly insisted on censoring her errant pupil's contribution.

She also thought it was time to give young Julie a serious talking-to, in the course of which she produced for the naughty poetess's benefit a copy of the Inner London Education Authority on caning, as applicable to our school. She pointed out to Julie that whilst the ILEA don't allow male teachers to cane girls, they *do* allow women teachers to cane female bottoms, and that the regulations contain nothing to limit the number of strokes to 'six of the best' or to say that the girl must at least wear a pair of thin pants, as in the case of Notts. 'It would be quite within the rules of *this* school, young lady, to take your pants down and give you *twelve* of the best on your bare bottom. I daresay that might make you laugh on the other side of your face.'

That, at least, was Julie's version of the interview. The 'grapevine' had it that Mrs. — was later heard bitterly complaining of the minx's sauciness. She had, evidently, made some threat about caning or the *possibility* of caning, but the young lady had merely giggled and said she didn't think her dad would approve, adding — 'I bet my boy-friend would, though!'

In the meantime, a copy

of Julie's poem has been salvaged for the amusement of your readers. I think it displays a mind quite as mature as the authoress's saucy teenage bottom, which is incidentally one of the roundest and most whippable young posteriors not yet pictured between the covers of *Janus*. When young Julie is stripped down to vest and pants for gym or PT, and the thin cotton material of the latter garment is snugly fitted right into the tightly-spaced cleft between those pert young cheeks, the resultant picture provokes many a wolf-whistle from some of our less inhibited male pupils, and I can quite understand even an old body like Mrs. — of the English department picturing what that ensemble would be like jiggling about under a smartly-applied whippy cane — with or without the protection of the tight cotton pants!

Yours spankfully (for all the previous enjoyment derived from *Janus*)

London Schoolmistress

Lines written in November 1977 upon learning that Nottinghamshire County Council had restored Corporal Punishment in the County's Children's Homes

Editor's Note: Reporting the decision on 10 November, the *Daily Express* told its readers that 'the rule applies to both girls and boys aged 7 to 17 — with a maximum of six strokes across the buttocks "through at least one layer of clothing".' On 7 November the *Daily Telegraph* had quoted Mrs Brenda Borrett, Chairman of the Social Services Committee, to the effect that 'girls would not be exempt, but they would be punished by a female member of staff in the presence of the head.' In all cases, caning on the buttocks would be the only form of corporal punishment permitted. The Committee's decision represented a Conservative reversal of the 'abolition' introduced

two years earlier under a Labour majority. Some local social workers were

noisily critical of the move, but were resoundingly 'chastised' by the *Daily*

Telegraph on the following Monday (14 November) in a Leading Article entitled

BRING BACK THE BIRCH?

I was flattered that 'Old Seahamite' (in Vol. 7, No. 2) was so stimulated by my earlier musings on the posterior consequences of Mr Graham Page's admirable 'Corporal Punishment Bill' in the case of female offenders. I can certainly return the compliment with a tribute to his own scenario of all those broad-hipped army wives howling in unknickered anguish under the posterior stimulus of the Iron Duke's regimental cat o' nine tails during the Peninsula War — not to mention the contemporary vision of his own wife's 'bare 26-year-old rump' being attended to by a regulation 3-tail Lochgelly!

I particularly liked his 'time-machine' inclusion in the historical scenario of one particular posterior which we had most negligently overlooked in previous nominations for *Janus's* noble order of the Burning Bot. Noble is the *mot juste* in this case — as we are 'dealing with' an earl's daughter! Incidentally, as they are so popular in other papers, could we not have a *Janus* crossword puzzle? Clues could be of this sort: —

'I tan for an arse: Puritan's wayward daughter just begging for dose of similar medicine? (anag.) (13)'

For those who are not crossword addicts, 'I Tan For An Arse' is a (13-letter) anagram of 'Antonia Fraser', daughter of a puritan (Lord Longford) and the possessor of a most luscious pair of nether rotundities which (As Old Seahamite reminded us) are just begging for the sort of medicine which could be described — although it would be putting it rather crudely — as 'arse-tanning'. Not quite up to *The Times's* standard, no doubt, but you get the idea.

To revert to more serious matters, here is some clear evidence that enthusiasm for Mr Page's aims is not confined to *Janus*, taken from the *Glasgow Evening Times* of 4 November: —

'Six Of The Best'.

The Powers That Be at NOTTINGHAM decreed
The county's children's homes must now be freed
From that Indiscipline which had appeared
Since that one sanction children rightly feared
Had been cast down in Godless LABOUR's reign—
Notts THATCHERITES, in short, restored the Cane.
Research they'd undertaken on the mode
Of safest application clearly showed
The fragile mechanism of the Hand
Was not the place where children should be tanned.
And so a rule *old-fashioned* was put out
From County Hall, that there should be no doubt
In any county superintendent's mind.

'All canings must be handed out BEHIND.
'When *stern* correction comes to bending Girls,
'The arm that wields the Cane and smartly curls
'Its whippiness around the writhing RUMP
'Must be a Matron's. Yet, the Schoolgirl's plump
'Well-whipped POSTERIOR squirmings must be viewed
'By Superintendent male. Lest there obtrude
'Some *stiffness* in the Trousers of our Man
'Upon our Discipline we place this Ban:
'There shall be no Inflictions "on the Bare".
'For teenage girls, especially, a pair
'Of skimpy pants or thin pyjama "trous"
'Meet Modesty's behest, and won't arouse
'The Lust a naked BOTTOM might provoke.

'Yet, through that flimsy veil the Cane will stoke
'A blazing Bonfire on the culprit's SEAT,
'For 'tis laid down that Heads of House may mete
'If it be meet, an old-style, meaty "Six"
'Right smack across the Wench's nylon knicks.
'All Naughty Girls, from seven to seventeen
'May now be whipped with but "One Layer" between
'Prepubertal or adolescent TAIL
'And Matron's BTM malacca FLAIL.'

Thus NOTTINGHAM, and on the Monday next

The *Daily Telegraph* was rightly vex'd
At carping critics of the county's plan.
Its Leader then opined — to soundly tan
Delinquent SEATS will have (as we will vouch)

Far more effect than *psychiatric Couch*;
'Six Of The Best', the *Telegraph* declared,
'Will clean the slate' (e'en with the SEAT unbarred)

The ungallant thought has since occurred to some

That if the 'Blackboard' be the Schoolgirl BUM,

The Cane's a 'Wiper' whipper which will raise

Some 'Marks' which won't be gone for several days!

The Forecast in this new *old-fashioned* NOTTS

Is 'rising temp'ratures' for Schoolgirl BOTS!





Helen Reveals Bare Facts on Birching

'Attractive Glasgow Tory councillor Mrs Helen Hodgins today revealed the details about her bid to have vandals and football hooligans birched.

"If it was done in private the offender would be birched on the uncovered bottom," said the blonde mother of two.

"This would be safer than on the back. If the punishment was done in public, as I suggested for football hooligans, then of course the bottom would have to be covered or else it would be pornographic.

"Girls would be just as liable to the birching as boys if they were guilty of a similar offence".

This item was headed by a lovely photograph of Mrs Hodgins herself, with a leather belt grasped firmly in her hand. Not (as you might think) some frightful old Tory frump of fifty in an enormous blue hat, for whom the adjective 'attractive' had been included through a sub-editor's kindness of heart. No siree! A very dishy young mother of 33, with a very pretty face and informal clothes, who went on to say: 'I would be quite able to carry out a birching. I used the belt a lot at school.' She was a recently-retired teacher, who must have left to bring up her family. I have the unworthy thought that some of the 'braw Scotch laddies' required to extend their palms for meaty smackers from Mrs Hodgins tawse may have manifested a 'stiffness' not confined to the said palms at the conclusion of the session. As to their feelings if required to doff their trousers and present their 'uncovered bottoms' to the strokes of her birch, I think these may have been summed up by a Labour councillor who was said to have muttered that he would smash every window in Glasgow if it meant having a birching from the luscious Mrs H!

But she has the right idea. In another article she suggested that if the football hooligans were birched on the field before the assembled spectators, it

might boost the attendance figures at football matches. Not half! If Mr Page takes the hint and includes this in his next Bill you can put me down right away for a Season Ticket for Celtic and Rangers — even if all those naughty Glasgow hooliganesses did have thin 'whipping-pants' to protect their posterior charms from rude prying eyes once their jeans had been slipped down and their teenage bodies strapped over the birching stool. The really bad ones, of course, would need to be dealt with in private where a wardress could get down to Mrs Hodgins' 'bare facts', and not even the thinnest layer of nylon need protect their 'saucy rumps from the scalding swipes of the prison birch as the supple withes were smacked fantail across the plumpest curves of their luscious young naked situpons!

Which raises, in another form, the age-old question of 'knickers or bare' which your headmistress correspondent Janet referred to in Vol. 7, No. 2. All the evidence suggests that Mrs Hodgins may need correction here (no, not that sort, although if the cheeks *not* on show in the *Evening Times* photo are as pretty as her face, it's admittedly an inviting prospect!) because bare bottoms are traditionally a 'must' for the birch. If modesty required pants or knickers to be interposed between the whipper and his (or her) target during public punishments, an alternative probably needs to be found. What better than a really supple whippy school cane, a three or even four-footer which would really wind itself round the seat of a teenage girl's knickers. Twelve smackers across thin nylon pants would be enough to make any Glasgow loutess sit up (or rather, stand up) and think before she threw toilet rolls on to the pitch again during a match. The difficulty she would experience in sitting *down* when she visited the ground's 'Conveniences' after her bottom had been publicly whipped would certainly act as a further reminder that toilet paper was designed for one

purpose and for one purpose only!

On a final posterior note, I see that Janet's headmistressly comments in the same issue on the efficacy of knickers caning for adolescent girls have been endorsed in a recent ruling by the Social Services Committee of Nottinghamshire County Council which has been very widely reported in the national press. According to the *Daily Express* of 10 November, not only has a sensible Tory majority now reversed a silly ban on corporal punishment introduced two years ago when Labour ruled the roost, but *girls up to 17* are now liable to 'a maximum of six strokes across the buttocks through at least one layer of clothing.' No nonsense here about any 'option' for punishment on the hands to protect the 'modesty' of naughty girls. If a girl needs a whacking, be she seven or seventeen, it's applied to the place nature intended. With girls, the actual punishment has to be done by a senior female member of staff in the children's home concerned (this ruling concerns only these institutions, unfortunately, not schools in general), but these schoolgirl-canings *have* to be carried out in the presence of the headmaster (lucky devil!).

As these canings are limited to the traditional 'six of the best', no doubt these headmasters will be shopping round for some really whippy canes that will do justice to the broad seats of the older girls' knickers. And for the really naughty ones, no nonsense about denim jeans or skirts when it's time to 'bend over'. 'One layer of clothing' will mean just what it says, and thin cotton pyjama trousers or the thinnest, skimpiest summer pants will be the order of the day. Although the maximum at any one time is six, no doubt any girl who tries to 'cheat' by putting knickers on underneath her pyjama trousers, or blotting paper down the back of her pants, will be told to report back for a 'supplement' at some later date.

And won't those head-

masterly (or matronly) studies echo to some teenage squealing! Indeed, it may well be that even now, as we muse on the wisdom of Notts. (stirringly supported by the *Daily Telegraph* on 14 November in a leading article entitled 'Six of the Best'), some naughty-girlish *Botts* are being energetically rubbed by big girls of 15 and 16 doing the usual 'post-punishment dance', with hot tears streaming down their hot and blubbered facial cheeks and both hands plunged frantically down the back of knickers or pyjama trousers to attend to the other pair which are more than just 'hot' — they feel as if matron has lit a real Guy Fawkes bonfire on them.

Pro-Tawse
(Newcastle-on-Tyne)

COMBINATIONS AND CORSETS IN THE 1920's

My sister and I were children in the 1920's. Our parents were a delightful couple, full of fun but firm with our upbringing.

In those days combinations were worn by women and girls, and boys wore them until they were about ten. They were a combination of vest and pants, with an open crotch and flaps which were folded over at the back.

Mother always wore them and my sister did until she left home in 1935. Neither of them wore knickers, except that my sister had to put her gym knickers on to go to school, as part of her uniform, but she took them off when she came home.

Combinations were very practical for spanking and I have very early memories of lying across Mother's knee and holding my combinations open for her to smack my bare bottom. My sister did the same. When we were little Mother used her hand or a hairbrush, but when I reached ten my father spanked me and mother spanked my sister. They used a heavy clothes brush which bruised very deeply. Six smacks were very sore for a few hours and left a gentle pain for

two or three days. As the bruises cleared up they covered the whole bottom with a greenish purple colour.

The first time I learned that girls had pubic hair was when I went into my sister's bedroom and saw her across the end of the bed with pillows under her hips, holding her combinations open and her legs apart, while my mother was delivering the first smack with the clothes brush. I retreated hastily, very embarrassed, but my sister didn't seem to mind although she was 14 and I was only 12.

Both my mother and my sister were very skilful at

hiding the fact that they were wearing a garment with an open crotch, though I think Mother sometimes flashed a glimpse of the promised land to my father.

My sister began wearing a roll-on when she was 15. She wore it under her combinations. I notice that in spanking correspondence a woman is often described as having her girdle pulled down round her thighs to make her bottom bare. This may preserve her modesty by keeping her legs together but it is much easier to undo the back suspenders and lift the seat of the girdle to frame the bottom. My sister, of

course, had to do it that way.

Mother wore pink, busk-fronted corsets with strong metal stiffeners, over her combinations. Sometimes she was spanked by Father and the only time my sister and I saw her getting it, her back suspenders were undone and the seat of her corsets folded upwards as far as the stiffeners would allow, and the clothes brush was applied to her bottom over her combinations. She only got three wallops and the two of them were laughing all the time.

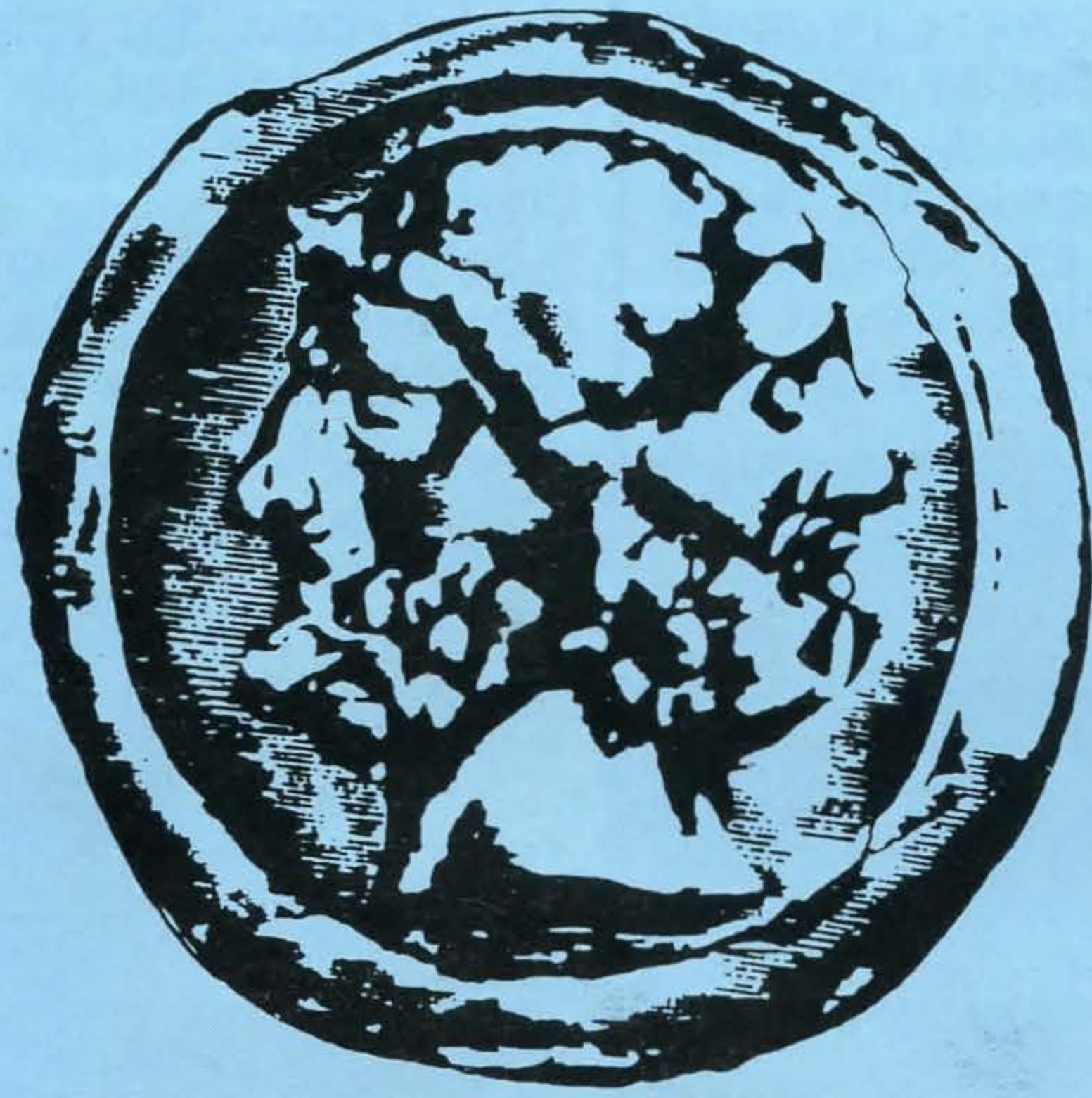
Sometimes combinations appear in shops still, but heavy busk-fronted corsets

are becoming rare, though for women and girls they were usual in the 1920's. Combinations are the only garments that make baring a bottom a very easy operation by simply holding the back open. They also made intercourse easy. Mother was a woman who obviously enjoyed sex and after I was born she was unable to have more children, so that she was free of an unwanted pregnancy. My parents often kissed and cuddled openly in the house and I think my mother found the open crotch handy in a garment that didn't look at all sexy.

N.M.

Edinburgh.





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