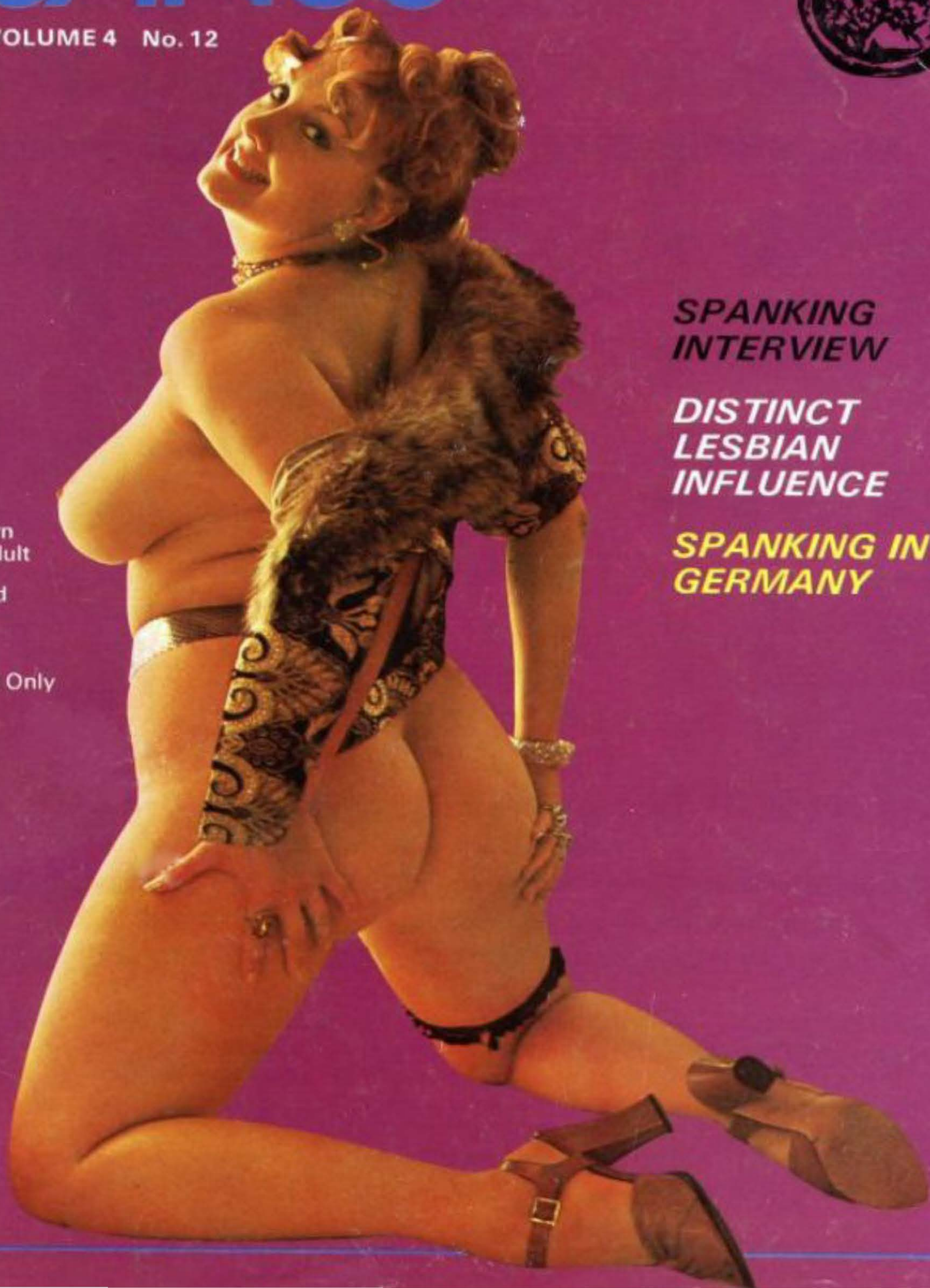


JANUS

JANUS

VOLUME 4 No. 12



**SPANKING
INTERVIEW**

**DISTINCT
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**SPANKING IN
GERMANY**

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JANUS

THE

INTERVIEW

Have you ever considered how a pretty young girl gets involved in spanking photography? Well, just read on and see how it happened to a nubile girl from Bideford who met the right people in Hampstead!

Interviewer: How old were you when you left home? And what did you do?

Sandra: I left home a few months after my eighteenth birthday. I'd planned it all with Josie, a friend of mine. She was six months older than I was, and between us we came up with a plan that seemed reasonable. We would go to London where Josie had friends she could stay with. I'd get a job somewhere which meant living in - and Josie and I would look for a flat for the two of us.

And that's what we did. Josie's friends lived in Hampstead, so that's where I looked for a job. I got one in a pub, serving behind the bar and helping with the food. I really enjoyed it, even though it was quite hard work.

Interviewer: Did your father do anything about your leaving?

Sandra: No, what could he do? I was over eighteen. I'd left a note explaining where I was. I felt pretty secure.

Interviewer: Did anything interesting happen to you while you were working in the pub?

Sandra: You mean of a spanking nature? I was coming to that. The couple who employed me were fairly young and very nice to me. We really got along together. But it was summer and they had to go on their holidays, so a relief manager came to take over for a couple of weeks.

At first I thought he was a little conceited. He looked a fairly standard type of home-wrecker: tall, fair, about thirty, unmarried - though I discovered later he had

been married when he joined the brewery, but his wife had left him and the brewery took to using him to do short stints in their whenever a replacement was needed.

I could tell he fancied me, but nothing happened for a few days. Then he began to move in on me, in what I thought was a rather unsubtle way, but I went along with it. I'd got no boyfriend and I hadn't had any sex since I left Bideford. I was in the mood, and I expected it to be a pretty straightforward piece of seduction, but that wasn't the way it happened at all.

Interviewer: How did it happen?

Sandra: I was in my bedroom one morning making my bed. I was leaning right over to the far side, straightening the coverlet when the relief manager's voice behind me said:

"Very nice!"

I was wearing a light nylon overall, buttoned down the front, with only a pair of briefs underneath. I realised that while I was leaning over the bed my overall, which was rather short, had risen up the back of my thighs, and he had a very good view of my panties and the lower curves of my bottom.

I spun round and found the relief manager standing only a few inches from me. As I told you, I didn't have a regular boyfriend then, and I suddenly realised I hadn't had a man near me for weeks, certainly not in circumstances as intimate as these.

"You really have the most marvellous bottom: the best I've seen this summer," he said.

"Do you make a practice of looking at them?"

"Yes," he said, simply.

I'm not sure to this day how it happened, but I found myself pressed against him, while his hands stroked the curves of my bottom and the tops of my thighs. At the time it seemed inevitable and right, but I don't think he would have found it so easy if I hadn't been doing without sex for some time.

We fell on the bed, kissing, while his hand squeezed and caressed my thighs, but he always returned to my bottom. He knew exactly what he was doing and I felt randy as hell. When I was sopping wet between my thighs he sat me on the edge of the bed and very gently began to urge me over his knee.

"What are you doing?" I whispered.

"I'd like to spank you," he answered, still caressing me.

It was the first time anybody had suggested such a thing to me. I found the thought of being bent over his knees and spanked as if I were a naughty schoolgirl strangely exciting, but I wanted to be certain he wouldn't really hurt me.

"It won't be painful, will it?"

He shook his head, undid the buttons of my overall, slipped it over my shoulders to the floor, and kissed my belly and navel. He was very gentle and didn't rush things as he settled me into position for what he was going to do. I'd been in that situation as a child, but never naked and with a comparative stranger.

When I was settled to his satisfaction, he started to fondle my bottom in a way I found terribly sexy. Then he began to spank me.

He was so gentle at first that I could hardly believe it was his idea of spanking. But, after a while, his slaps became a little harder and my bottom began to tingle and glow. It wasn't really painful; in fact, there was a pleasant warmth to it which I found very stimulating. I moaned and pushed my hips up towards his hand, wanting him to spank me harder.

Interviewer: So you found this really turned you on?

Sandra: It certainly did! And I realised something I hadn't guessed before: I liked small amounts of pain in my sex-life. I had an orgasm on that man's knee, and if anyone had told me before that such a thing could happen I wouldn't have believed him.

Interviewer: Did you have sex after the spanking, or was that all the relief manager wanted?

Sandra: You must be joking: of course we had sex! What with his erection and my randiness, it just had to happen. He didn't use spanking as a substitute for sex. Screwing was the main event for him, and the spanking was his way of getting warmed up for it, and that's exactly how it worked for me, too. He really sorted out my sex life for the remainder of his stay. I was sorry when the permanent landlord came back.

Interviewer: Was that the last you saw of the relief manager?

Sandra: Yes; he was sent to Bradford, after that. I wonder how he got up there? But I didn't really mind when he left. We didn't have time to develop any sort of hang-ups about each other. It was purely a physical thing; the result of our sexual needs and being under the same roof all the time. I enjoyed it though; and I really dug that spanking scene.

Interviewer: How did you start modelling?

Sandra: It all started in the pub. Josie and I hadn't found a place to live, although we were really trying, but flats with reasonable rents weren't easy to come by in Hampstead. Josie had got into the habit of dropping into the pub because it really was a pleasant, friendly place. A lot of very nice guys went there, and we had made friends with most of them.

Weil, one day a middle-aged man was introduced to me whom I'd never seen before. His name was Hugh, and I liked him immediately. He had a very gentle manner, and a way of speaking to a girl as if she was the most important thing that had ever happened to him. I thought he was terrific.

He took to coming into the bar every night, and when he did he always talked to me. I introduced him to Josie one evening and she liked him too, so when he suggested we went round to his place to have a few drinks and listen to some records, we said yes.

Hugh was a photographer and lived in one of those Hampstead studios which cost a fortune, so I guessed he was pretty successful. It was very comfortable, but full of camera equipment, props, and what seemed a lot of old clothes. It was only later I realised he had a use for all those gym-slips and petticoats.

Anyway, he seemed genuine, and after we'd had a few more drinks and were relaxed, the subject of modelling came up. Hugh said it was very easy, although I now know that's not quite true.

"You could do it," he said, speaking to me. "You've got a very good figure for it. And for some sorts of photography, you'd be ideal."

Josie was a little piqued by that, and said: "What about me? I've got a good figure, too," and she stretched herself on the couch she was lying on in a way that made it obvious that what she said was true.

"Of course you have," answered Hugh. "But your figure is a very contemporary one, a little slender, perhaps, almost boyish . . ."

Josie wasn't too pleased at this, and she'd had just enough to drink to make her slightly argumentative.

"I've got a *very* good figure," she insisted. "You just don't know. Anyway, what's so special about Sandra's body?"

Hugh's answer took us both by surprise.

"Her bottom," he said.

We sat silent for a moment. Then, very cautiously Josie asked:

"Just what does that mean? I've got a bottom too, you know."

"Yes," he answered. "I know you have. But I wasn't speaking generally. I was speaking from the point of

view of a man who wanted a particular type of girl as a model. Sandra would be ideal, with her delicate, rather submissive look."

At the back of my mind I had an idea of what he was getting at, but I let Josie carry on.

"Posing for what sort of pictures? Nudes?"

"Well, yes: that too. But I was thinking in particular of posing for spanking pictures."

"What, real spanking!" exclaimed Josie.

"Oh, no," Hugh replied. "You're not really spanked. It just looks as if you are. The pictures sell very well."

Josie looked at him incredulously for a moment and then began to smile, but she didn't reject the idea out of hand. I could see she was interested, and I certainly was. Anyway, once Hugh saw we were prepared to consider the idea, he began to talk about it.

And that's how we started.

Interviewer: How did you go on from there?

Sandra: We did a few sessions with Hugh. He really knew his stuff and after a while we'd learnt a good deal about the techniques of posing and the practical aspects of working with a photographer. We found we had a talent for it, so Josie and I put ourselves on an agency's books and in a little while we had quite a lot of work lined up for nude modelling and spanking pictures.

Interviewer: Did you and Josie work much together?

Sandra: Yes, we certainly did. We were usually dressed up as schoolmistresses and naughty schoolgirl-Josie was nearly always the schoolmistress and I was the schoolgirl. I hadn't worn gymslips since my schooldays, but I soon got into the habit again. The parts we had to play were always ones in which somebody young and submissive is punished by an older person in authority.

Interviewer: But these were all pictures of simulated spanking. When did a photographer ask you if he could really spank you?

Sandra: It happened with a photographer who'd booked us a number of times before. He'd got Josie and me along and we'd gone through the stern schoolmistress and naughty schoolgirl bit for him.

We'd finished the session. Josie had changed and left to go on to another modelling appointment. I was still in my schoolgirl outfit - gymslip, the lot - and having a cup of coffee and a chat with the photographer, a man I rather liked. We talked for a while, but he seemed to have something on his mind. Suddenly he plucked up his courage and said:

"Sandra, I don't quite know how to put this but..I'd like to spank you properly..you know, really spank you," and then he stopped, looking terribly embarrassed.

Well, as I told you, I liked him, and he wasn't a bad-looking guy - quite presentable, in fact. Besides I felt sorry for him, so I said yes. It didn't take him long to have me over his knee, once he realised I meant it. He put his arm firmly across my back to hold me down and lifted the skirt of my gym tunic before taking down the navy-blue knickers I was wearing.

His approach to spanking wasn't at all gentle. He didn't begin with any sort of fore-play, rubbing my

bottom or anything like that. He just began to spank me very hard right from the start. This was a good deal more than I'd expected. I struggled, but he held me down without any difficulty.

He was really hurting me, and I wriggled and squirmed on his lap, but, of course, this only turned him on more, and his hand came down harder and harder on my quivering burning flesh.

But very soon I began to feel that old tingling sexy glow again, and though I couldn't stop squirming, I didn't want him to stop. I became sopping wet between my thighs as a burning warmth flooded through me. It was marvellous!

I felt a pressure against my naked stomach as he held me over his knees. It took me a second to realise what it was. Then I knew: he had an erection. It was a big one, too. I felt it get larger and press harder against me as his hand went flailing up and down.

Suddenly he stopped, pulled me up from his knee, and put his hand between my thighs.

I could hardly wait for what I knew was going to happen. I put my hand on the bulge in the front of his trousers, unzipped his fly and took his penis out. It was an enormous, throbbing thing which jerked uncontrollably as my hand caressed it.

Within minutes we were on the studio couch with my legs in the air and his penis shafting away, deep into me. It was really shattering.

Interviewer: Did you go back to the photographer's studio often?

Sandra: You bet I did! But one thing that seemed odd to me then was that although I went there for him to spank me and then have sex, he'd always book me as if it were a real picture session, suggest some spanking pictures, and then end up screwing me without taking any pictures at all.

And another thing: he'd always pretend he was paying me a modelling fee, although the amount he gave me was always far more than I would get for a photographic session. He didn't pay me at his studio, either. He always sent me a cheque in advance. He was really very considerate. I liked him a lot.

Interviewer: But didn't you find this elaborate make-believe a little peculiar?

Sandra: No, not really. I'd already begun to understand the importance of rituals and detail to people interested in spanking, or any other fetish activity, for that matter. Part of this photographer's pleasure, a very necessary part, was having me go through the same routine with him, just as having me dress up as a naughty schoolgirl was. He paid me through the post because like a lot of men interested in spanking he was a very sensitive man and didn't want to think money came into it at all, so he practised a form of double-think by sending it off in advance.

Interviewer: How long do you think you will continue modelling?

Sandra: Quite a long time yet, I hope. As far as I'm concerned it's a case of the right girl in the right place.

Interviewer: Sandra, thank you.





american

spanking report

2

Editor's Note: This is the second of a series of articles on the American spanking scene written exclusively for Janus by a reporter who is thoroughly familiar with the topic.

In the three years that this reporter has covered the American scene, a number of activities involving spanking have received a great deal of publicity, sometimes even of a nationwide scope. For example, the nationally distributed magazine *Life* was until its recent demise the most widely read magazine in the United States since its inception in the mid thirties. On two different occasions *Life* featured stories involving spanking activities.

The January 20, 1941 issue contained an article with the provocative title "Utah Sorority Regulates Leg Competition of Campus Flirts. :: The article concerns certain coeds, activities at the University of Utah where, at that time, girls out-numbered boys. As a result, there was considerable competition among the girls to attract the opposite sex. According to the article, thoughtful female upperclassmen had noted that some of the girl students were resorting to practices which seemed unethical and unfair. These practices mostly concerned legs, as observant girls had noticed that the males on the campus were quick to discern any unexpected increase of leg area on view. To limit competition and restrain unfair practices, members of Chi Omega sorority drafted a code of campus behaviour. Misdemeanors, as defined by the code, were to be punished by public spankings.

The article is illustrated with seven photographs. The first photo shows a meeting of the members of Chi Omega sorority presided over by the sorority president, Mary Fisher. One of the girls can be seen holding a paddle. The caption for the photo explains the situation: "Council of war is called by members of Chi Omega sorority, outraged by unfair competitive tactics employed by campus flirts. They lay down a code of conduct, appoint teams of observers and agree that stubborn cases shall be disciplined by spankings, publicly administered."

The next five photographs are illustrations of the misdemeanors, as defined by the code, such as

straightening stocking seams in public and displaying stocking tops and bare thighs when alighting from a car. In one photo, a pretty coed is seated on the steps of the Student Union Building with her shapely legs crossed. She is talking to two boys while a couple of sorority members are seen observing her from the tops of the stairs.

The underlying caption for the latter photo reads: "Sorority Sister Tony Ryberg relaxes at noon on the steps of Union Hall. It is perfectly proper for Tony to enjoy the sunlight, but she doesn't require a tan above her knees. Vigilantes at the head of the stairs are noting Tony's exposure and the reaction it has elicited from her male companions. Tony will be reported at the next meeting of Chi Omega."

The final photograph shows the attractive Miss Ryberg and four other coeds lined up in front of Union Hall. All are bending over with their hands on their knees. Two sorority members, equipped with regulation sorority paddles, are punishing the guilty coeds while a group of students of both sexes watch with obvious merriment. The photo appeared to have been taken at almost the exact instant that one of the paddles landed on Tony Ryberg's *skirt*, and her blurred facial expression and wide open mouth indicate that the photo is thoroughly genuine.

The underlying caption for the photo reads: "Public punishment is melted out to violators of Chi Omega's code. Here Tony Ryberg collects the wages of her misdemeanor on the steps of the Union Building. Other offenders, who practice interesting variations of the code violations shown on the opposite page, await their turns at the paddle. Uncaught rivals and boys, who were the cause of it all, look on without regret."

Reactions to the article were varied, as might be expected. The President of the University of Utah was reportedly quite incensed by the article, although he later concluded that the publicity was good for the school.

Three years later in its February 22, 1943 edition *Life* published an article entitled "Life Goes to a Ladybug Initiation." The Ladybugs are, or were, the unofficial women's auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the article concerns an initiation conducted by the Council Bluffs, Iowa chapter of the organization. The initiates were two housewives in the over thirty age bracket and the ceremonies features rambunctious stunts at their expense. Among other things, the two were required to display their ability to roll chalk across a cement floor with their noses with stockings rolled down in the interest of conservation.

One photo bears the caption: "Candidate Grace Rohrer undergoes a paddling by Official Bumblefoots (mistress of ceremonies) Hazel Bishop." The photograph shows the not unattractive candidate stretched out tummy downward on a straightbacked chair attired in print blouse, dark skirt and rolled down stockings. (Apparently she was the loser in the chalk rolling contest.) Two members are seen holding her ankles, while the mistress of ceremonies prepared to paddle her with a wooden paddle.

In this connection, it should be noted that other American magazines have often featured articles about sorority and girls' club initiations. Of these, the most comprehensive and interesting is an article entitled "Are Sorority Initiations Becoming Too Torturous?" which appears in the November 1939 edition of *Click* magazine, at the time a nationally distributed publication.

The brief text of the article illustrates the journalistic prejudices of the time:

"The whack of a broom applied to the posterior of a terrified pledgee, the shriek of a hysterical, blindfolded girl who thinks a piece of ice drawn across her leg is really a razor-edged knife cutting into her flesh, the nauseated gulping of a victim who has been forced to swallow an oyster on the end of a string, only to have it yanked up again — these sounds echoing through sorority house halls of the country's universities are arousing parents' ire and are earning frowns from leading educators. College authorities say that sorority initiating is going too far, and many threaten to crack down."

The article features various photographs of the initiation rites observed by a sorority at Rider College in New Jersey. There are two photos of pledges bending over to be "dusted off" with a broom. One of the pledges has her skirt pulled up over the tops of her rolled stockings, while the broom is being applied to her slip-covered bottom.

Other initiation stunts are featured in the article. On one photograph a blindfolded pledge is holding her skirts up over the tops of her rolled stockings while a "hot branding iron" (actually a piece of ice) is drawn across her exposed thigh. Other stunts are also shown; in one the caption is

self-explanatory: "Still aching from the spanking, the blindfolded and unhappy girl is told to sing. A banana is promptly jammed into her mouth."

Other photographs of the same initiation can be found in other old magazines of the era. In one photograph a blindfolded pledge is being prepared for a paddling by several amused actives. The pledge is bending over at the waist with her legs straight, while one of the actives is sprawling her skirt up to reveal rolled stockings, bare thighs and snug-fitting pantie-girdle. Another active is awaiting with a thick wooden paddle, while several others are waiting their turn in the background.

In addition to paddling, pledges are often required to appear in public wearing outlandish outfits in connection with their initiations. A 1945 issue of *Look* also a nationally distributed magazine at the time, contains photographs of a young coed at Ohio State University taken before and after Hell Week. In an accompanying letter, the girl states: "For four days I had to wear a red skirt, purple sweater, black stockings, white sneakers, rings on every finger, green and blue nail polish and a stocking cap."

The May 1950 edition of *Hit Magazine* contains a photograph of two pretty co-eds dressed in baby clothes as part of their hazing. Both are carrying dolls and one has a baby bottle in her mouth.

The July 1941 edition of *College Humour* contains a photograph of an extremely attractive college co-ed being put through her paces.

The accompanying caption explains the situation: "The enclosed picture of Duke University Sophomore Ethel Lednum posed on the arm of a statue of the girls' campus was taken at the annual girls' athletic sorority initiation, which lasted from 7 to 10 p.m.

"The new members were made to wear outlandish costumes consisting of mismatched shoes, rolled black stockings, very short black skirts, and a pathetic-looking dead corsage on a white middie blouse. They carried a lighted candle, an umbrella, a rolling pin to ward off the too serious and a waste basket to sit on when they became weary.

"The girls patrolled the campus for three hours . . . They were forced to stop all automobiles entering the campus and obtain names of the drivers — failure to do so meant a paddling later. The pledge then asked if the driver wished to be entertained, and either danced or sang, as requested. Buses were also halted and boarded by the pledges, who went up and down the aisles 'bumming cigarettes for sorority sisters."

These and numerous articles too numerous to mention display the interest the American press takes in spanking and related activities.

The enema bandit

•100,000 bond set for
'enema bandit'

BY EDWARD BAUMANN

A 30 year old Palatine man suspected of being the "enema bandit" who has terrorized college coeds across the country for a decade was ordered held under \$100,000 bond Tuesday in DuPage County.

He was identified as Michael Hubert Kenyon, an auditor for the Illinois Department of Revenue in the Lincolnwood office at 7107 N. Cicero Av.

A spokesman for the office said Kenyon, who gave his address as 225 S. Rohlwing Rd., Palatine, took a leave of absence from his job "for personal reasons" last week.

Kenyon was arrested Monday after surrendering to Du Page County authorities on two charges of armed robbery stemming from two Glen Ellyn home invasions last year.

His possible involvement in the enema attacks was disclosed during questioning by Glen Ellyn police, according to Lt. Kenneth Kant.

Champaign, Ill., police were notified and they issued arrest warrants charging Kenyon with two counts of armed robbery, burglary and battery, and sent two detectives to Wheaton Tuesday to question him.

The detectives returned to Champaign Tuesday noon after conferring with Du Page County State's Atty. John Bowman. A "hold order" was placed on Kenyon so he can be turned over to Champaign authorities after disposition of local charges against him.

The Enema Bandit first appeared on the Champaign Urbana campus of the University of Illinois in 1966, when Kenyon was a student at the university, police said. There have been a total of 12 attacks there since.

Police Capt. John Wilkinson said the most recent attacks occurred May 3, when a man armed with a pistol and wearing a ski mask robbed a Champaign woman and gave her an enema. Later the same day four women in an Urbana sorority house also were robbed by a man who administered an enema to one of them.

Similar assaults were reported in Los Angeles, Norman, Okla., and Manhattan, Kas., at times when Kenyon served in the armed forces in those areas, police said.

Police Chief James Hill of Glen Ellyn said charges against Kenyon there stem from two late-1974 home invasions by a bandit carrying a sawed-off shotgun and wearing a ski mask, who tied his victims up and took small amounts of money.

BONDAGE

PART

6. Equipment and Aggravation.

Throughout the centuries it has been the male aggressor with women as their slaves and, therefore, most of the discipline or torture between the sexes was meted out on women, with the marked exception of the various witch hunts. Tortured men were usually at the hands of other men, stories of Boadicca and of St. Joan D'Arc tending to be the exception not the rule.

Today, however, we see the roles becoming more even, men being as addicted to punishment by women as vice versa. There are of course many men and women who prefer to be dealt with by their own sex.

Torture is an ugly word for an ugly and violent deed which must not be perpetrated. Whereas within the realms of pleasurable bondage no allowance can be made for this obscenity, in its place various acts to aggravate the recipient rather than to torture, to annoy instead of harming and to tantalise or humiliate rather than hurt, can be employed.

Sexual intercourse should not be partaken under restraint as not only is this a private act but it could cause physical harm. Equally, if a partially bound person is required to carry out various tasks, great care and supervision is required. Often the bondage itself is the aggravation or annoyance and various equipment can be simply made to ensure the correct position or to make the application of the aggravation easier.

A few of the simpler devices are given here but avoid deliberately the special equipment 'made to order' for personal use including chastity belts, leather/rubber/chain devices, headgear and bridles.

Perhaps the simplest of the special equipment is the chain with a hand/ankle/waist cuff attached to its end. This can be easily fitted to a sound wall or the hooks, eyes or restraining rings fixed direct. These should be designed so they can be readily adjusted to suit individual requirements.

An example of this type of gadget also used for aggravation is instanced by the girl who was bound with her hands behind her back and pulled upwards to a chain dangling from the ceiling so she was leaning slightly forward, the strain being against her arms and back.

This particular girl incidentally, was no stranger to bondage for this took place on a restraint weekend with friends in an old country house; her clothing for the occasion being two conical metal bra cups joined by a chain, a leather choker and leather 'pants.'

The easiest durable material to work with is timber allowing replicas of historical apparatus to be manufactured with relative ease. Into this category falls the once familiar sights of our village greens: stocks, pillory and gibbets together with the less commonplace rack, whipping post and diagonal lashing-frame. Whereas the latter items were originally for torture, replicas can still be used for harmless pleasure, the excitement value being increased by its more lurid ancestry.

When working with timber it must be remembered that it will not yield as ropes may, and therefore all holes to receive limbs should be slightly oversized to avoid constriction of the vital bodily functions.

To manufacture stocks, two pieces of timber each 2ft. 6ins. × 1ft. deep × 1½ins. thick are required. The

OR PLEASURE

TWO

timbers are joined together along the long edge by fixing a hinge at one end with a hasp and staple at the other, padlocked if required, making an overall piece of boarding 2ft. 6ins. × 2ft. high. Four circular holes are cut centered around the joint — two towards the ends for the wrists and two nearer the centre for the ankles. The holes could well be lined with polystyrene foam or similar material.

The completed unit should be mounted with the bottom edge fixed to the floor or to a suitably rigid base.

A pillory is made in similar fashion but with only three holes in the board, one for each arm and one in the centre for the head. This unit is then mounted on a standard about 5ft. high which in turn is fixed to the floor or to a suitable base.

A similar unit can be fixed horizontally like a shelf with the participant in a head erect position.

In history, the person sentenced to stand in the pillory or sit in the stocks, was usually pelted by rotten vegetables, fruit and so forth by their neighbours, a pastime still perpetuated in a much more jovial manner in at least one London restaurant.

I can well remember a weekend spent locked in various gadgets of this kind, but as space is limited my enjoyable experiences can wait and I will repeat two extracts from those of a girl named Lynn, a buxom wench who spent a week in an old castle with a girl-friend. A large amount of equipment was used and simple aggravation employed. When she was driven home, bound in the back of a van, her desire to repeat the experience and feel the thrill of domination mixed with the clamminess of psuedo-fear was sufficient for her to

invest in her own 'do-it-yourself' gadgets and give regular bondage parties.

“ . . . I was taken from my cell still dressed in bra, briefs and high heeled shoes and stood on the base of a 7ft. high gibbet type device. The upright of 4in. square wood had another member at right-angles above my head with two hooks on the end.

“Firstly my wrists were bound together in front of me, my ankles bound together and to the base. Further ropes were wound round my legs above and below the knees. My hands were raised and tied to the hooks above at full stretch so that I stood about eighteen inches from the post and facing it.

“Finally another rope was wound round my waist five times and secured to the post . . .

“ . . . every fifteen minutes or so, the rope from my waist to the post was tightened by means of a length of steel tube pushed between the strands and twisted, until I was leaning back as far as my arms would allow. My stomach was only six inches from the post. The strain at my arms was enormous, almost amounting to pleasure and I actually begged for more . . .”

The extract details events two days later.

One of the best wooden gadgets I have seen, though unfortunately was unable to use, consisted of a 7ft. square frame of 4in. × 4in. timber, cross braced diagonally, vertically and horizontally giving an end result resembling a Union Jack. Along the front face of each member at 6in. centres were leather straps allowing the 'victim' to be bound in a multitude of positions. I have, however, had personal contact with a simpler form of this frame and seen two others in use. The first

consisted of a vertical cross to which I was bound with my arms at shoulder level; ankles, knees and waist were also tied to the upright which I faced. Each of the four girls involved, all dressed alike in peep-hole bra, briefs, stockings and stilleto heeled shoes, whipped my swimming trunk clad body in turn, the lashings progressing from soft silk through nylon to leather.

The next example involved my brother, George, at the re-enactment of a witch trial. Three girls, two other men and I were firmly bound to the bars of our 'cage' awaiting trial while George was being 'persuaded to confess.' His period costume had been ripped off and he was suspended onto a diagonal cross by ropes at his wrists and ankles being stretched over the ends of the timbers.

This was his first introduction to bondage and to 'acting,' a bondage game of merit for not only can sensual pleasure be gained but also historical knowledge, the ability to adapt to suit the requirements of the age, an end result and a greater enlightenment of the tortures used in the past so these never may be perpetuated.

Naturally tortures as such must never be used but acceptable alternatives of similar nature.

The final example also has its origins in witches, the prototype being used to exorcise the evil spirit. Lynn, whom I mentioned earlier, had this great gadget built in her spare room and allowed me to strap her onto it.

The unit consisted of a piece of timber 7ft. long \times 2ft. wide laid horizontally and mounted onto a spindle, 3ft. above the floor. She laid full length on it and I strapped her hands above her head, legs together at full length and added further rubber thongs around her knees, thighs, waist and breasts. The board with its firmly held burden was then spun, apparently inducing slight dizziness and a desire to jump off increasing the pleasure of inability.

She has now added 'cobwebs' curtains and strips of wet seaweed etc. from the ceiling; all her 'patients' being blindfolded before entering the room.

Another of Lynn's 'inventions' is a sort of girdle suspended from the ceiling into which her 'victim's' body is placed. Her arms and legs are bound and her head held gently in place by a board fixed to the suspension ropes. The height of the body can be adjusted by slides on the ropes.

Probably the most common of all punishments inflicted during bondage is spanking and the last of the special equipment described is designed for this purpose. It consists of a simple upright timber about 3ft. high with a cross bar at the top approx. 3ft. long. The unit would again be secured to the floor or a suitable base.

The 'victim' is bent over the post and secured to each member so that his or her bottom presents an ideal target for the cane, slipper or hairbrush. The only drawback with this unit is the limited period available for its use as the head would always be downward causing dizziness and possible fainting.

Apart from chairs and that most inherently sexual

item of household furniture — the bed, little has been mentioned of the use to which other items normally found in domestic buildings can be put.

Dining room tables are ideal for 'spread eagle' positions and if the extending type is used, an ideal 'access' can be gained through the missing centre leaf. Smaller tables can be used for crouching, more condensed, positions and an inverted coffee table is useful for total caged restraint.

Most of the other useable domestic items are covered elsewhere in this article, but the towel-rail, sideboard and balustrade must not be forgotten. Perhaps the most bizarre bondage position I have ever seen was of a nude girl tied sitting on a lavatory with her hands reaching for the high level cistern.

Turning now to the applied aggravations to those incurred by the forced immobility and those mentioned previously; some of the details may appear obvious but it is often the obvious which is overlooked.

Most bondage games involve fear, the type of safe fear which we all experience and enjoy in the cinema watching horror films and thrillers. This has already been illustrated but I will add a further example from my own history, (most of the earlier examples have related to women because not only are they the 'weaker sex,' but they are better to look at than we men).

This particular event occurred during a session with Joan. We often have such sessions for although we are both married, our partners do not indulge frequently in the game and our relationship is purely platonic.

Joan had bound me naked to the newel post at the foot of the stairs. My hands were tied behind my back and ropes bound my body at chest, waist and thigh levels to the post. My ankles were also bound and I was blindfolded. Joan had been throwing quoits at my erect penis and scoring well but had now gone to the kitchen to make tea.

The real fear began when I heard the rasp of a key in the front door, less than ten feet away. Panic welled up inside me — her husband?, her mother? I called out and struggled as the door opened. It closed. Footsteps came towards me. The blindfold was whipped away from eyes and Joan said "Fooled you." This may be an extreme example, but the principle of fear and primarily the fear of discovery is one of the principle motivations of the bondage enthusiast; almost amounting to masochism.

An obvious form of annoyance is to be tickled. If applied with skill this can not only give the perpetrator a high sense of power but can also give the bound victim a highly sensitive tingling sensation and excitement whilst straining against the bindings. There is a male variation of this theme. The man is bound standing with his legs wide and his arms high above his head. An extension rope is looped from the wrist bonds through an eyelet at high level, passed back to the floor, under a rope between his legs and back up, finally looped over his penis. If his armpits are now attacked with a feather duster or similar implement, his arms will jerk downwards with obvious results.



The humiliation of men and women alike constitutes a further appendage after the initial tying up. Forced feeding, washing and dressing men in women's clothing are obvious examples together with the forced servitude of the 'victim.'

I give below six other examples of aggravation including, of course, one on spanking to complete, though not exhaust, this section of the article.

a. Having divided a group of people into two single-sex teams, organiser at a party drew numbers from a hat to pair each male with a female partner for the evening. Unfortunately there was a 'spare' girl, a tall brunette called Cheryl. She had her legs and arms chained together giving her just enough freedom of movement to hobble, serve drinks to all and generally act as skivvy to the nine cavorting couples around the house. Cheryl's humiliation did not end with the servitude for she also was recipient to bawdy abuse, pinches, spankings and so forth from her clients and finished the night being the only fully dressed and 'unserved' person present.

b. Earlier reference has been made to the rack, originally used for stretching criminals into confession. Here a more mundane implement was employed though the effect was similar. The subject was a man of 34, fully dressed in casual gear but with his shoes and socks removed. He was laid full length on a ladder, lashed by his assailant to two chairs, and bound hand and foot loosely to the top and bottom rungs. In accordance with their normal practice, he was left for a few hours. On his return, the assailant lengthened the ladder by one rung, tightening the bonds. Later the extending ladder was increased in length twice more although on the third attempt, the victim asked for, and got, mercy.

Ladders and household steps can be used in many bondage positions and games, the smaller steps being ideal for 'bending' methods in spanking exercises, etc.

c. Sandy's experience was totally different. She had been asked to help a girl-friend with her gardening one Sunday, but it began to rain so the friend suggested a bondage game instead, a pastime not unknown to either of them. They went into the through living room where Sandy was blindfolded and tied to hooks in the edges of the opening between the two original rooms. She stood in a 'spread eagle' position. After a short delay, her girl-friend slowly ripped the old gardening clothes from her back, leaving them in a tattered heap on the floor. She took scissors and cut her bra strap, then formed a new 'bra' with loops of silken cord under and between each breast finally secured behind her back. A light whip which stung, not cut, was applied to Sandy's back 25 times. After another short pause, her body was subjected to alternate hot and cold compresses held against her stomach, thighs, back and breasts. The heat was merely a face flannel soaked in tap-hot water but the effect was electrifying when immediately replaced by an ice cube. The treatment lasted over half an hour, and, after being dried, Sandy felt her briefs being cut

away at each side with the scissors.

The next hour comprised a smart spanking followed by a slow manual and oral masturbation of Sandy, her body straining and jerking against the ropes at the final orgasm. When her body had stopped its gyrations within the limits of the bindings, Sandy's blindfold was removed. She saw a room full of intently fascinated people. She was embarrassed, humiliated and aggrieved all at once, her first reaction being to cover herself, which of course was impossible.

She hung dejectedly, but as the women in the audience rushed to stroke and enquire of her feelings, ego overcame the other emotions and she stayed bound while her friends played with her and their menfolk.

d. In the previous example humiliation was transposed by the memories of sensual transgressions against the body and the natural ego of the girl was impressed by the admiration and attention she had gained from men and women alike.

A pleasurable series of sensations directed at the body can be further illustrated by Jacki, a frizzy haired blonde model.

She was bound, nude, to a beautiful four-poster bed, again spread eagled to give maximum access to her body. Her female partner clad in soft brown leatherwear, produced water paints and brushes spending more than an hour drawing roads, complete with pavements, lane-lines, zebra crossings and the other paraphernalia of the out-doors all over her body. The main road ran along Jacki's right leg, across her stomach between her breasts and up her right arm with secondary roads covering the rest of her soft white body. Her navel became a round-about and her breasts mountains with footpaths.

The soft tickling sensation of the brush gave rise to 'goose pimples' and a caressing irritation of the skin causing jerking movements only excelled by the harsher yet still caressing feel of the Matchbox cars later driven all over her. Constant fingertip walkers over the mountains and their apexes and 'courting couples' parking in the 'forest' brought a succession of orgasms. Her partner was equally aroused and had stripped to her leather briefs before Jacki in exhaustion requested her to cease.

e. Each year we have a Hallowe'en Event, a two or three day party full of erotic games, dancing, feasting and so forth. In 1973, it fell to us to organise the party; an enjoyable occasion though not as fantastic as last year for if the Event of 1974 were ever chronicled, it would fill a small library and set even the most erotic Scandinavian literature to shame.

I am however digressing somewhat, the early start to the festivities by two married couples being the relevant point.

They all came together the sixty miles from the coast in one car. Both girls sat in the back with one husband between them, the other being the driver.

Each girl had her outside ankle secured to the outside frame of the front seats, the other ankle was bound to the man between. Again, the outer arm of each girl was

secured to the armrest on the doors, the other arm strapped to those of the man in between.

They apparently thoroughly enjoyed the confined two hour drive often over uneven roads, and found their appetite for the weekend's events greatly increased.

For the return journey, the men changed places and an additional bond was used consisting of a fine nylon cord stretched from the gear lever through open flies to the man's penis in the back.

7. Conclusion.

The amount of violence in our society today can only be deplored and we must not increase it by inflicting unnecessary harm on others when if humiliation and aggravation are required, the desired effect can be achieved by more subtle means, pain free and

unpublicised methods and erotic operations. Equally even if we accept that consenting adults should be able to conduct any activity of their pleasing, it must also be remembered that the activity must not impose mental or physical pain on a third party.

By the use of the correct methods of bondage, much enjoyment can be gained by all participants, whether as an extension to a party game, a skillful challenge, pure sexual entertainment or a 'do-it-yourself' exercise.

I will not try to explain why so many people enjoy being tied-up, for I do not know why I get so much pleasure from it myself and I am not a psychiatrist, so I will conclude by suggesting that you should try an exercise of your own for you can only lose your time and after all 'nothing ventured is nothing gained.'



MANTRAP

MANTRAP

She was too inexperienced to control the cane but much too angry to care about that.

AT THE ARABIAN coast office of Pan-Global Oil, Sonja Graham lolled in her executive armchair, telling superb lies into the telephone.

"Oh, no," she cooed to the city's chief of police. "Not possibly — not our Mr Alan Lakey. He never left us last night till the party ended at 11 o'clock."

For a few moments the striking blonde listened, smiling delightfully.

Then she jerked upright, outraged. Really, Mr Ben Yussuf! You know perfectly well we never drink alcoholic beverages in your country — any more than you do yourself!"

Arab charm soothed her apparently ruffled feathers, and again she cooed into the 'phone. "Yes, you can indeed exonerate our Mr Lakey . . . and *all* the engineers of Pan-Global. We simply don't employ decadents," Sonja concluded loftily. . . . "How very kind of you, Mr Ben Yussef! Hope you get your man. Goodbye."

She replaced the receiver and sighed with huge relief.

Then she looked across her vast desk, at the six-foot young man standing penitently beyond it. She glowered up at him.

"You pure ripe basket, Alan Lakey," she began. The girls, and now yourself — we've all lied ourselves silly covering up your bacchanalia of last night! If the police rumble us — we'd be flung out of this Arab land and never see a fat tax-free salary again!"

The towering young man paled under his deep tan. "Heck, Sonja, I am so sorry. I didn't —"

"Shut up!" she fumed, her riot of blonde curls shaking. "You don't even know yet what you did last night!"

"First, this dock-gate policeman you thumped — after trying to drink dry the British ship in the harbour — you've

put *that* Arab gentleman in hospital with a broken jaw."

"Sonja, oh. *no!*"

"But oh, yes! Second — you totally wrecked Yvonne's party, gatecrashing it in the state you were in. You tore the party-frock, *and bra*, half off the youngest and newest girl in our staff — reducing her to floods of tears in front of *all* our expatriate secretaries!"

The darkly handsome young giant gaped down at Sonja with boyish dismay, and she seized her advantage.

"Then, Mr Alan Horrible Lakey," she spat the words up at him, "came your master-stroke. You were sick. Yes, sick, all over the framed photograph of Yvonne's fiance — the very centre-piece of this by-proxy engagement party!"

An appalled look on his face, he made to speak but Sonja waved him to silence.

"Now your apologies," she said rapidly. "They're not only urgent for the girls — for yourself they're crucial! So go right now to my villa, where I've sent the girls to wait for you. And you thoroughly apologize to them — before they change their tune to the police.

"One more thing, Alan," she said heavily. "Next time you come out of the desert with a six weeks' thirst — keep off our backs, will you? A company driver is waiting downstairs for you. Now *go!*" she yelled up at him.

Only a moment the young engineer delayed. "Oh, *thanks*, Sonja. You're terrific!" he gushed, and he was gone.

Sonja waited till she had heard him stride down the corridor to the lift, then reached for the telephone. As she dialled out the number of her villa she grinned broadly.

This 24-year-old, she decided, was a fool — but *very handsome!* She knew she was going to enjoy spanking and caning *his* bare bottom.



"Janice? Sonja here. He's on his way now! Play it cool, as planned. Now listen — he's only wearing sports shirt and slacks. So the lot of you can tie him down, then cut his clothes off him if it's easier."

... "Asked him . . .! No, certainly not! We'll ask Alan Lakey's permission to spank him when he's stripped and tied down. And *after* he's had put to him the option of being punished by the police instead! . . ."

"Yes, fiendish, isn't it. Just play it cool, Jan. He's big and tough, all right — but feeling *very* contrite. See you all soon!" said Sonja gleefully.

When she stepped from her air-conditioned limousine she saw the redoubtable Janice waiting on her doorstep, grinning broadly. "He fought like mad, Sonja — and the language on him!" exclaimed Janice as they went into the house.

"No one hurt or anything?"

"Oh, no — we were too many for him! He didn't even tear one mask off. Sheila bought some light canes in the Souk, and she's now getting a new shirt and pants for him. We did cut his clothes off, every stitch — and he's very beautiful! But come and see him," said Janice eagerly.

Sonja first looked to see that her paintings and easel had been moved to safety. Then she started. It was on her backless divan that Alan was naked, tied and gagged. He was spreadeagled over a pile of cushions and pillows, the intended target area the apex of a pyramid of masculine flesh.

She looked at the young man's bare bottom protruded up towards her and felt a thrill of surprise. There wasn't any hair on the cheeks. Upthrust, they were splendid white curves. She glanced at the long cleft. Though darkly masculine it formed a very graceful inverted vee.

For a moment Sonja felt she wanted to kneel down and hug Alan's magnificent broad shoulders and trace with her fingers his superb narrow waist. She knew she could abandonedly kiss his boyish round buttocks.

With a rush of anger she jerked her mind back to her purpose. "Gather round, girls!" she snapped.

The six of them swiftly closed about Alan's defenceless nude body. There was unmistakable excitement in their breathing and Sonja smiled mischevously. Gently, she began flicking the back of her hand across Alan's modestly parted buttock, and their soft quiverings brought giggles from the watching girls.

Suddenly she reared up on tip-toe, flinging high her open right hand. With all her strength she crashed it down across the lower end of Alan's cleft.

"*That's* where the flesh is deepest and you can hit him hardest," she declared. His wriggle subsided, they saw some of his roundest flesh turn vivid pink.

"Right, girls — line up three each side of him, and take it in turns. Swing up on to your toes, and use your weight!" Sonja stressed.

Even before she had stepped clear the girls were slamming smacks down on to Alan's upthrust bottom — the first from a girl on one side of him then instantly from a girl opposite. The queue of three girls on either side of him revolved like relentless clockwork — each in turn swinging herself high on to her toes, smashing an open hand down on

to Alan's soft flesh, at once making way for the next girl. For several minutes the room resounded to the barrage of smacks — and all the time, Alan's bottom, scarlet and quivering, lurched about vainly high above the divan.

"Good girls!" exclaimed Sonja as she approached. They faced her, panting from their exertion and bright-eyed with excitement, and she saw that already they had transformed this six-foot man's buttocks. They were sizeable orbs of gorgeous scarlet.

"Splendid — but let's leave no chance to our, um, insurance, she smiled. The girls laughed and one of them craned towards Sonja, hands close to her face and delicately miming. Sonja nodded to her, then said, "But fetch the bats first."

There was a burst of giggling as two table-tennis bats were brought in. But Sonja peered around at the masked girls carefully before choosing the pair to wield them. "Wait," she ordered, holding up a restraining hand. "Now I need to be near him."

She looked down at the big young man's powerful legs, force wide apart, then at his ankles — overhanging the corners of the divan in their bonds — and she stepped in between them. For a moment the close view of Alan's projecting red bottom stirred the artist in Sonja. She saw the pathos of the male curves framing massed scarlet, and of the graceful dark cleft, parted just decently.

Then her gaze strayed to the innocent-looking bats as the two masked girls toyed with them.

"Colour the fool deeply," she rapped.

The table-tennis bats cracked down on Alan's buttock in merciless succession. His muffled complaints streamed from low down on the divan, while high up on the cushions his bottom plunged about, the juddering cheeks brilliant.

And as Sonja stood between his tethered ankles, saw Alan's crimson round buttocks flatten incessantly under the raining blows, she felt a deep satisfaction. For a full minute more than was necessary for her purpose she let two girls continue punishing him.

"That'll do it," she said, and the pair stepped breathlessly aside. Sonja had already focused the camera when she swung it up to her face and looked through the viewfinder.

It framed Alan's blazing red bottom protruded helplessly towards her, the side of his gagged face clearly recognisable beyond, and she at once pressed the trigger. The flash completely surprised Alan Lakey. He flung his head face-down on the divan and roared with fury behind his gag.

For half an hour the girls and Sonja had sat in her next room, laughing and chatting animatedly over their snack-lunch. Now they were trying to arm "Babs" one of the youngest of them, with a few clues about caning.

"But why have you sent in our two 'heavies'" she laughed, to bend Alan over tighter?"

"Look, you can see these are only light canes. But if his bottom's stretched taut — they'll hurt a bit, where otherwise they wouldn't."

Then the two strongest girls returned from re-tying the young man. "Gosh, he struggled! But we've got him over tighter, as well as we could."

"Come on, girls," said Sonja. "Get your masks on, and let's cane this boy."

The sight now of Alan on the divan startled Sonja. She hadn't realised that a nude man could be tied so humiliatingly.

He was bent over tightly, forced down on his shoulders and widely parted knees — and as total target his buttocks loomed up, tautly stretched to their biggest.

She was glad for him that his balls were tucked from view, on the cushions heaped between his thighs. But her glance took in the gaping cleft and its delicate oval of hair and she felt a stab of remorse.

"Get round here on his left!" Sonja told the girls curtly, and as one of them tittered she told her to shut up — "else it'll be *your* bottom on show!"

She chose one of the long thin canes lying waiting across Alan's calves. Then her gaze travelled over his taut bottom, down his bronzed back to his gagged face.

It was screwed round comfortlessly on the low divan, his big brown eyes gazing steadily at her shapely legs.

Sonja hoped he wouldn't look up. She far from felt any anger towards him. But caution decided her to pretend it. "Remember, Lakey," she ground the words out at him, "you keep off our backs, and we'll keep off yours!"

And she turned to his big bent body, to the pitiful but magnificent target it presented her.

Carefully she tapped the long, quarter-inch-thick cane across the centre of his bottom's cleft, then launched it high.

SWISH! The nude young man shook as if he had been shot. But he made no sound. Sonja stood watching his rib-cage working as he recovered his breath, and again crashed the cane down across his taut cheeks.

"Give him two strokes each, girls!" she called, her enthusiasm quite returned. "And take your time, aiming square across that gape."

Sonja glanced down at the four short wheals she had made: they were expertly placed and already bright pink.

Smiling, she handed the cane to Janice. "Doubt the others can hurt him much," she muttered. "But *show* 'em how!"

Janice was heavier than the beautiful Sonja and experience could be seen in her deft aim.

She tore the thin stick down across the cleft's lower end, and as Alan shuddered she at once swept it high.

SWISH — and he was snorting loudly, while Sonja behind him glimpsed his most intimate flinching.

She was deeply thrilled by this game of power — knew now that it was far better than evil that she had contrived Alan's mild thrashing.

"Don't be shy," she coaxed the girls waiting. "It only hurts him briefly, remember." And as eager but less heavy strokes swished down, the big young man's body shook, his spread curves framing two brilliant pink lattices.

It was the pretty little brunette, Yvonne, whose party Alan had ruined, she suddenly refused to cane him.

She stood for a few seconds holding the strick, sloppily resting it across his bottom, then sobbed and tore off her mask.

"I won't do it!" she declared. "Look at him — he's getting

marked!"

"Of course he is, Yvee," Janice said kindly. "He's meant to!"

Sonja swiftly took charge. "You, Yvonne, last night, were the keenest to cane him! Now give him your two strokes — or take them yourself, as we agreed."

"Oh, Sonja," she said plaintively, "I did agree . . . and I'm glad I spanked him. But look — he striped, and he's going on leave tonight!"

As the girls sighed with impatience Yvonne blurted, "Oh, do it to me then — you rotten lot!"

The pretty brunette gave a whimper but helped them take off her frock. She stood meekly still as they unhooked her bra. But as hands reached her panties she begged, "Oh, *can't* I keep them on — " They were immediately slid to her ankles and she sighed as she let her feet be lifted out of them.

"Get her down," Sonja said angrily, "in front of him!"

The delightfully nude Yvonne gave an appalled gasp. Four girls lifted her off the floor, her graceful legs kicking, and she was swiftly carried round to the end of the divan.

"Oh, no — please!" Yvonne protested, "Not where he can see — " But the masked quartette wrestled her down on to her knees in front of Alan. They were soon firmly holding her position just as he was.

With his head craned up, he was devouring the sight of Yvonne's shapely thighs, her beautiful bottom and tantalizing sex.

"Hold her tight now," warned Sonja, moving in with one of the canes. And she told the two girls lying on the floor gripping Yvonne's ankles to keep their heads down.

SWISH! — Ooohoww!" Yvonne howled. "No — oh, please, uh, no!" she babbled, striving vainly to lower her taut bottom.

But Sonja had seen the intense excitement in Alan's eyes, and across Yvonne's gapingly spread bottom she slammed the cane down fiercely.

The girl burst into tears. But with soothing words the girls helped her up, gently massaged her lovely bottom, and she soon stopped crying.

One of them whispered, "She did it harder than any *he's* had! Reckons she's jealous?"

"Heavens — could be! Shut up, she's looking."

It was when Yvonne was handed her frock that she suddenly froze, staring at Alan's rear. "Look at him!" she blazed, pointing vigorously. And there was no mistaking the swelling below Alan's cleft betraying his excitement.

"The beast — and I took those strokes *for* him!" Her breasts quivering, Yvonne flung her dress to the floor, and her long dark hair flying, she seized a cane and with furious abandon began slashing Alan's upthrust buttocks.

She was too inexperienced to control the cane but much too angry to care about that. She wildly criss-crossed strokes all over his taut bottom making it plunge about. Then after a chance heavy stroke the cane snapped, leaving Alan gasping powerfully.

"There!" yelled Yvonne, gorgeous in her nudity and rage. "Think on that — party-wrecker!"

At once Sonja and the girls clapped, laughing uproariously, and as they helped the pretty brunette on with



er clothes she chuckled with delight.

"And there was little me, doing for him the *noble* bit," she laughed at herself.

"Good for you, Yvee," declared Sonja sincerely. But have you been caned before?"

"No, never. But I didn't, uh, spoil things, did I, crying and tugging back at him?"

"Yvonne, you've *made* the day! And I think you'll be able to handle your husband," Sonja smiled.

Why, I'd never thought — But I sorted *him!*" Yvonne said proudly.

Then two of the girls were worrying about being late for their Arabic lesson, and Janice about the office. But first she asked Sonja if she wanted any help releasing Alan.

"Thanks, Jan." Sonja leaned close and whispered to her. "I'm a bit afraid of him. But he's my problem now," she said gamely.

Then Sonja's house was quiet again. The masks were piled on a little table. And she was quite alone with Alan Lakey.

She knelt on the floor just in front of him. "Alan," she smiled nervously, "take it easy, when I take off that silly gag, will you?"

His big brown eyes stared at her keenly. But he read the fear in her face and slowly nodded.

"The girls were really worried about their jobs, and yours. They needed—even an extravagant event—to unwind them," Sonja said frankly.

He nodded reluctantly. Then Sonja saw his gaze harden. He clearly expected her to say more.

Her beautiful lips trembled an instant but she spoke softly and clearly.

"Alan, do you *want* me — to have your own back?"

He nodded, his gaze though still unrelenting.

"*And* to thrash my bottom?"

Again he nodded, but now Sonja saw his brown eyes fill with unmistakable warmth.

She rose to her feet, and as Alan's head craned up, she stepped back so that he could see her more clearly.

She undid her frock, gracefully slipped it off over her head, and he stared up at the revelation of her superbly jutting breasts. His eyes then roved over the splendid flare of her hips as she bent, daintily slipping off her panties.

For a moment Sonja stood before him, letting his gaze wander up over her nudity, and her blue eyes were softly radiant in surrender.

Slowly she turned, stood facing to Alan her gorgeous round bottom. She wasn't surprised to hear his sharp intake of breath above the gag. She swung round and quickly knelt close before him. Clasp his head between her hands, she warmly kissed his eyes then rained down kisses on his forehead and ears.

They were both breathing hotly when Sonja's hand flew to the nape of Alan's neck to unite the knot securing his gag.

(Continued in next issue)

SURVEY OF GERMANY

PART 1

“Nein, nein! Mercy! Oh dear! Hilfe! Hilfe!”

“There was no mistaking the voice. They had got Arthur in there and were robbing him and knocking him about. I might have known it. We were fools ever to have poked our noses into a place like this. We had only ourselves to thank. Drink made me brave. Struggling forward to the door, I pushed it open.”

But very often in this world things are not what they seem and Mr. Bradshaw, the reporting hero of *Mr. Norris Changes Trains*, was quite wrong about what they were doing to Arthur Norris.

“The first person I saw was Anni. She was standing in the middle of the room. Arthur cringed on the floor at her feet. He had removed several more of his garments and was now dressed, lightly but with perfect decency, in a suit of mauve silk underwear, a rubber abdominal belt and a pair of socks. In one hand he held a brush and in the other a yellow shoe-rag. Olga towered behind him, brandishing a heavy leather whip.

“You call that clean, you swine!” she cried in a terrible voice.

‘Do them again this minute! And if I find a speck of dirt on them I’ll thrash you till you can’t sit down for a week.’

“As she spoke she gave Arthur a smart cut across the buttocks. He uttered a squeal of pain and pleasure and began to brush and polish Anni’s boots with feverish haste.

“Mercy! Mercy!” Arthur’s voice was shrill and gleeful, like a child’s when it is shamming. ‘Stop! You’re killing me.’

“Killing’s too good for you,” retorted Olga, administering another cut. ‘I’ll skin you alive!’”

That quotation came, of course, from the Christopher Isherwood classic first published in 1935 and as a Penguin in 1942. It has gone through several reprints in the Penguin Modern Classics series and formed the basis for films (one a musical) and a stage show called Cabaret.

The notable thing about the novel is its veracity about the way things were in Berlin in the years before the war. Even “Arthur” had a basis in truth and when in June 1970 Gerald Hamilton died, an obituary in *THE TIMES* had this to say about him: “(he) was the original from whom Christopher Isherwood drew the central character of *Mr. Norris Changes Trains* . . . In 1956 he published his first volume of autobiography *Mr. Norris and I*. Isherwood contributed an introduction.”

The revelation to most of those who read the book some 40 years ago was that a mature man could derive a sensual pleasure from being whipped by a woman. But today there is a widespread realisation that for a larger number than one might at first suppose, the infliction of pain upon the bum can set in train a series of sensations which definitely include sexual pleasure. For women, moreover, no less than men.

At its lowest level of intensity the “punishment” is what is now commonly referred to as spanking. Few indeed are the couples whose sexual lives are not the richer for undergoing it. For a minority, however, the more vigorous

forms of bottom treatment are sought. As "Arthur" so sought.

And it is probably not a matter for argument that a greater knowledge of the sensual delights of whipping, caning, strapping and other forms of corporal affliction upon the posteriors, is to be found in Germany than in and other country of the developed West. The same can be said about corporal punishment. Both aspects of rump treatment have there been given more devoted scholastic examination than elsewhere and so it was with a sense of great optimistic expectation that we crossed the ancient and deeply historic Rhine and began the collection of material for this two-part study of the contemporary situation.

Thanks to the high international reputation of *Janus* as a magazine for the discerning adult, we found our search for information immensely eased by those we had been informed had the relevant specialised knowledge. No efforts were spared to help us and this applied to the Eastern section of Germany no less than to the Western. Indeed, it was in the beautifully restored city of Dresden that we were reminded of the profound influence which German educational theory and practice had had upon Britain during the last part of the 19th century. In the administration of corporal punishment particularly.

At that period Germany was famous as a nation not only of extremely hard working people but also of hard thinkers and erudite scholars. This had been the easier for the British to realise since their great Queen Victoria, had married a son of Germany and to every problem, great or small, private or of Empire proportions, he bent his trained and wide ranging mind.

"It was therefore not surprising," said our most friendly librarian in Dresden, "that when your influential Wellington College was being founded in 1858-59, Prince Albert, should suggest to the first head master that he spend the summer of 1858 touring Prussia and the rest of Germany in order to investigate the way things were handled in the leading academies."

However, the headmaster concerned returned from his survey with little fresh knowledge, so well recognised already were the advanced German doctrines of teaching, discipline, and organised games. In the matter of corporal punishment administration though he took important issue with the Prince Consort but was allowed his own way when the public school was opened.

The Prince, following the German practice, strongly objected to any master, other than the head, having the power to cane their pupils (of either sex): The reason was admirably humanitarian. One master, he pointed out, would almost certainly be stronger than another and a more savage disciplinarian. Thus certain boys would suffer more than others for similar faults. This, argued the Prince, was clearly unfair.

(Upon returning to Britain we were delighted to discover that this *contretemps* with the Prince Consort on the issue of thrashing, had been recorded by E. F. Benson in his delightful biography, *As We Were*, published by Longman at £2.50. The head-

master was his father who later became Archbishop of Canterbury and a great friend of King Edward VII.)

Few unclouded by prejudice would deny that both logic and the cultivation of kindly feelings placed the Prince Consort in the right. To allow each master to pursue his own style of corporal punishment could not fail to produce injustice. Others in Britain were thinking along the same lines and it may be recalled that in her memoirs written at the time (and partly published for the first time in a six instalment sequence in *Janus* Vol. 3 No. 9—Vol. 4 No. 2) Dolly Mason, in her role as corporal punishment administrator in an exclusive academy for young women, had been striving to attain precisely the kind of even handed justice which the husband of her Queen had tried officially to introduce to Britain.

To the traditional German methods of discipline maintenance in girls' schools we will direct our close attention next month. We will also then cover the subject of erotic arousal as stimulated by professionals thoroughly trained in spanking and thrashing techniques. A superb range of such services are available in both zones of the country and at prices which could not be considered outrageous having regard to the soaring rate of inflation prevailing all over Europe.

But it is to the domestic scene that we mainly devote this instalment because, after all, the basis of any true national discipline must be found in the home. If there is good order there, then assuredly this will be reflected in the larger boundaries of the state.

We take the case of a modern young couple in a typical urban setting to illustrate widespread tendency to rampant sexuality among German wives was successfully solved.

It is not suggested that the technique adopted by the very tolerant husband to curb his wife's dangerous sexual appetites will suffice in every instance. But at least it may suggest an effective approach for those wishing not to resort to the use of canes, birches, thin rulers, riding crops or whips.

The magnificent expanse of bum mounting up from the lap of Hans and gracefully overflowing his knees would have presented an awesome problem for most husbands or lovers. For it is well known that there is an optimum size beyond which punishment inflicted by the hand is ineffective and a cane or birch becomes necessary.

Several times during the first years of his marriage to Greta he had failed to bring her to heel for domestic offences simply because he would not accept that such "mechanical" means (as he termed them) were required. Again and again she had got away with what, to her, was scarcely more than an erotic spanking and though she had behaved with simulated cries of pain and enforced tears, she had never been taught the lesson she richly deserved.

But she was in no doubt that this was now to be the case. I would mark in fact, the first time she had taken the treatment which, by a determined study of old German sexual lore her husband had discovered.

It was cheap, instantly effective and lingered long in memory.



Leaning as far back against the rear of the settee as he could, Hans raised his right hand high up and brought it down with great vigour upon the waiting posterior. And that hand was tight-gloved in a light yellow leather. Greta's boar-skinned affliction had begun.

We shall trace the origin and describe in detail the patterning of the punishment because as far as we can tell, it heralds a quite new departure in modern techniques of corporal punishment in the interests of domestic harmony. And it was all of a piece with the logic of history that our introduction to it should have taken place in Germany. To be exact, in a prosperous little Bavarian town.

Through the highly confidential network of *Janus* contacts we had been told that Hans would be glad to pass his information to other correction specialists. Which was how we came to have two long interviews with him, one of them in the company of his superbly built wife. And we can say at once that she was no less eager to share the data than her husband.

"I know," she said, "how much unhappiness is caused by wives neglecting their husbands. Not necessarily by sleeping around because that I never did, but certainly by flirting and feeling around with other men. This is very likely to happen when the wife has nothing much to do, living as she may do (as is my case) in a very modern flat with every domestic appliance for easing housework that one can imagine.

"Under such circumstances the shopping expedition or the call of a serviceman becomes an adventure and one doesn't hurry over it. There are jokes and little cuddles with the shop assistants and all that. Consequently if a girl is of a friendly disposition, going to the shops or having the electrician visit often takes much longer than one had planned. The poor husband's lunch or dinner may therefore not be ready on time.

"That was how things were with me and Hans was quite rightly very angry when it frequently happened. Due to my plumpness, though, he could never manage to teach me a really painful lesson. The upshot was I took liberty after liberty until he found a way. Now it very rarely happens and we are both much happier with each other."

To our question why cane or birch was never used upon the recalcitrant spouse, Hans made it crystal clear that this was not because he was against their deployment in principle: "If I felt convinced that the use of even riding crops or whips was necessary in order to preserve the sanctity of the marriage vow and the basic purity of women, I would have no compunction but to use them readily. It was just that I looked upon it as a challenge to my manhood that I should bring about the drastic reform of Greta through my strong right arm and hand."

"And they truly are strong," added Greta with a shy sort of giggle, "nobody knows that better than I."

"I am not quite satisfied that I have driven the lesson right home to the point of utter conviction," continued her husband, "because there has been a certain amount of backsliding now and then. But, on the whole there has been a significant improvement in her sexual behaviour. I am confident that the solution will soon be final. Her bottom

will tire of it before my arm, that's for certain! But I would have lost ground had I not discovered the marvellous aid provided by the humble boar-skin glove."

There you have expressed in clear terms the essential diligence of the German male in his search for ways and means of maintaining home harmony. Nothing is prized more and no sacrifice too great for its achievement.

We are of course talking about the great mass of German people, those in the Eastern zone no less than those in the Western and the divided city of Berlin. To be sure, there are those who never cease challenging those traditional values and assert that any resort to compulsion for any purpose whatsoever should never be allowed. Not in the schools, not in the homes, not in the courts.

Such libertarian extremists never lack space in the German press or time on the broadcast media and for a time two or three years ago it appeared as though they were making headway in national and regional legislation. It is, however, widely accepted now that these muddle-headed "progressives" have lost whatever favour they once enjoyed: Certainly the central values of discipline in the home and school and male leadership in marriage have never been seriously threatened.

A certain tension between husband and wife concerning the methods of instilling respect for parents among the offspring has of course always prevailed in Germany. It is traceable in the educational recommendations and sermonising of the Middle Ages, through to the poems and plays of Goethe and so into modern times. The father has always tended to sing the manly virtues of bravery and valour while the wife has been continually inclined to stress those of gentleness and love.

And it would be of interest briefly to note the school of thought which attributes the explosive violence of certain periods of German history to the reaction of the grown children to the sentimentalism of the mothers.

"Whenever the fathers allowed the mothers too great an influence upon the upbringing of the children," said a distinguished professor of European history when we discussed the matter with him during the seminar in Bonn, "the result was nationally disastrous. The children grew up so smothered with love and over-devoted affection that they came to know nothing of the true nature of the world beyond the home. They came instead to expect that all they had to do if they wanted anything was to ask for it politely and with a smile and they would get it. For that had been the way of it with their mothers.

"But the world beyond the home is not like that at all and never has been. It is a never-ending struggle and to those who struggle most successfully, either in individual endeavour or through combination (as with unions or regiments), go the awards.

"Finding that they could not get what they wanted, finding indeed that their requests were treated as laughable, the grown-up spoiled children lost their illusions in double-quick time and then sought to obtain them through violence.

A child who has been given everything his parents could afford and wanting even more toys, tends in an

uncontrollably temper to wreck the nursery and burn down the home. I am afraid that German history can show too many tragic examples of such behaviour.

"It is why discipline in the home and in the schools is now so sincerely valued. We never want those experiences again. And of course the attitude in favour of a responsible use of discipline applies to the sexual as to any other aspect of social and private behaviour."

If the masculine virtues of battlefield chivalry and physical endurance to achieve conquest through blood and iron have seemed to foreigners to be predominant characteristics of Germany, it is all the more urgent for this survey to indicate the much softer and over-sentimental attitudes fostered in the home by the mother. Especially as they may well have been a fundamental cause of later aggressive propensities.

It all adds up to an unanswerable argument for the use of moderate, sensible but implacable physical punishment in order to maintain a balanced attitude between personal desires and social order.

There have always been those in Germany who would sturdily assert the truth of this; it is simply a sad fact that their voices have so often been drowned by the more vociferous shouts of others. Fortunately, a balance of influence now prevails and one compensation for the long-standing controversy about how to punish, if to punish, and if to punish when, has been the vast amount of detailed research and related theorising conducted down the generations.

Carefully preserved in whole libraries of fat and wonderfully bound volumes and adorned with countless breathtaking illustrations, the result is that Western Germany today is the true Mecca for the authentic student of corporal treatment in its three classically identified forms: admonishment, correction, and punishment.

And no less a stored opulence of discipline literature obtained in the Eastern sector, though its inspection by the foreign student is somewhat more intensely controlled.

As already indicated, there is today among German theoreticians and practitioners of behaviour modification an almost total acceptance of the classical progression of punishment. Where there are points still in dispute they are negligible and in this necessarily all too brief survey of the matter need not concern us here. But it was because this progression was meticulously observed in the treatment of Greta by her husband that his success has been so admirable.

She is a better wife than she was and is well along the road to becoming a model for all.

First, he admonished.

Second, he corrected.

Third, he punished.

The creation of erotic impulses may be construed as a progression into a different area of feeling, but with this Hans became only involved through original incapacity to administer the proper quantum of pain.

It is important that the implications of these three stages in the successful operation of bum treatment be understood.

Upon first detecting the impermissible sexual behaviour of his wife in relation to other men, Hans was naturally upset and complained with bitterness. He objected, he said and with heat, to her allowing her body to be felt, fondled and tickled by others. It may have been all right when she was a single woman, but now should realise she was married.

Had he left it there even greater mischief would undoubtedly have ensued and quickly. As it was he compelled Greta to get into the bedroom and take off her clothes to the limit of bra, panties, suspender belt stockings and shoes.

This inculcated in her an unusual and disturbing degree of vulnerability. What would her husband do next she wondered. Sexually subdue her by force, first tearing off her remaining clothes? Or would he produce some kind of punitive instrument and lay it upon her?

He did neither. Instead he instructed her to stand stiffly to attention while he read over the vows she made in the marriage service. Ordering her to keep her eyes fixed straight ahead, he then walked around her ample figure, moving very close from time to time but never touching any portion of her most desirable form. He confessed this had been very difficult to do particularly as her bottom most adorably more than filled the bright red corselet she wore above black lace suspenders. The temptation to pat and pinch the delectable bum overflows had been substantial.

Finally he returned to stand before her and into a notebook recorded the date, time and reasons why the admonition had been given. He added the warning that should it happen again, much stronger steps would be taken and of words there would be few.

He then bade her get dressed and left the room.

When she rejoined him a little later in the lounge to watch a Eurovision international football match, no further reference was made by either to the solemn domestic ceremony which had been carried out.

The result was a passing though for all that, a welcome improvement in the wife's behaviour. But before even a month was out his lunch had been late upon two occasions and dinner once. Since he had no more than an hour allowed for the mid-day meal, any lateness meant that he had to have a snack than a proper manly repast.

Finally, Hans rightly judged the time had come for the next stage in the unpleasant education of his randy wife but at this point it would be fair to say a word or two on Greta's behalf.

Essentially, she was a big, jolly country girl who found it hard to settle down into the many respectabilities of urban life. She had always enjoyed a rough and tumble in the hay with the village lads and from early teens had loved to play with their cocks, bringing them on and given that there was time briskly working them off. This had harmed nobody and it was not easy for her to understand that so long as she never actually took the cock into herself why there need be all the fuss there was when she had been caught.

Her father was always for using the strap and did three times against the desperate pleas of her mother. But whenever Greta had been tempted by the prospect of

livening up a really impressive prick, she usually took it. The strap she was never unwilling to risk.

Owing to her massive physique in which muscle was judiciously mixed with fat to compose a fraulein which no normal man could avoid tempting into his bunk, and bearing in mind the warnings of the church against copulation outside of marriage, as well as strong-willed enough to save herself for the marriage night. Hans had then smashed her maidenhead and she had loved and would forever cherish the memory of its collapse under one enormous thrust within four minutes of his getting firmly between her majestic thighs.

And no matter how much she would flirt and feel about with other men, she would admit nobody but her husband. All the same, it simply was not right to inflame men the way she was apt to do, the more so as it usually meant Hans having to return to his lathe in the nearby metal factory without a proper meal in his belly.

So the time had arrived for phase two of Greta's painful education into marital propriety.

Once again, following a dinner that was much overdue in arriving, she was ordered into the bedroom and this time told to take off all her clothes and foundations and put on a nightgown. (The ancient Bavarian manual setting forth the "Proper Christian Way to Bring A Sinful Wife To Chaste Obedience" which Hans had discovered in his diligent researches, had specified a "shift." In his view a nightgown was the modern counterpart.)

After giving his wife generous time to disrobe, the repeatedly wronged husband entered the room and to Greta's surprise ordered her to kneel before a chair which he placed at right angles to the side of the bed. Upon this he sat.

Again, following the traditional procedure, he read the marriage vows from start to finish and then bent forward to raise the nightgown above the bum placing it over the shoulders of his now quite anxious partner. Would he attack her up the back? Would he thrash her? What would he do? Whatever he intended he was in no hurry because haste was no part of the mournful ceremony.

After a minute of dead silence he told her to take hold of the hem of the nightgown, one hand each side of her shoulders, rise up and get across his knees, placing the upper part of her body athwart the side of the bed.

She was then accurately positioned for correction. Placing his left hand under her left breast as it reposed upon the bed, he then gripped as much of it as he could, holding the nipple rightly between the forefinger and the next so enabling the thumb to extend across a maximum area. He then began to spank with great deliberation working his hand first down the splendid right posterior and then slightly shifting the angle of his knees, going up the left one. And at every fifth smack he dealt one soundly clean across the central zone.

Hans had set himself no limit. He would, he thought to himself, continue on in this severely methodical manner until he estimated his wife had received enough to convince her that, in terms of merited pain, it simply would not pay to tantalise other men to the point of neglecting his own inner man.

But it never worked out like that. For although Greta's bum was very thoroughly warmed and maintained at a high heat for a long period of time, and although she shed buckets of tears and cried and wailed in a heartrending fashion, of real pain she experienced none at all.

In fact, she ended the session in such a state of sexual arousal that it was as much as she could do not to throw herself upon her husband, peel his trousers away and mount him. She realised, however, that this would only lead to trouble since she was expected to demonstrate penitence. So when the correction stopped, she let herself tumble on to the carpet and roll about in a first class simulation of a much suffering woman.

It was an excellent performance and left Hans feeling that his hand action had achieved its end that after a while, he helped Greta to her feet and into bed. He then went to prepare a cup of hot chocolate of which she was very fond. Upon returning with it, his wife in quite tones apologised for all the misbehaviour of which she had been guilty and promised it would never happen again.

That was exactly what Hans had been waiting to hear and he was so overjoyed that although he had made a decision to keep Greta short of sexual intercourse for several nights by way of an additional ingredient of correction, he quickly got himself stripped and into bed, sliding his by then rigidly eager cock into a vulva which, had he spent but a half-second's contemplation on the matter, he would have concluded was rather too prepared for his reception than was seemly.

To his surprise, the love session turned out to have been one of the best he had ever indulged and his explanation was that the woman beneath him, having decided to give up bad ways and pursue the path of strict domestic virtue, had dutifully concentrated her mind upon his physical requirements without letting it wander about over other subjects, maybe even over other men.

Essentially, therefore, the admonishment of Greta had failed and so had the correction. But here we must make the point that Hans should in no way be accused of laxity. Throughout he had followed nothing but time-honoured German procedure and let us remind ourselves that these have been adopted by a number of other national communities concerned to protect certain desirable behaviour standards. It is also right to summon to mind the fact that similar procedures have developed elsewhere quite independently of Germanic influence as cultural necessities for a civilised way of social life.

First, upon detection of wrong doing, there is admonishment.

In this the miscreant is called sharply to attention and the fault (or faults) detailed. He or she is then warned that if repetition occurs, painful consequences will inevitably follow. No argument on the main thesis is allowed. Not until there is incontrovertible proof of the wrongdoing, leaving not the slightest tittle of doubt on anybody's part as to the guilt of the admonished, is the procedure of admonishment permitted to take place.

Should any repetition be discovered, however, correction is arranged. This is purposely painful in a

physical sense to the recipient; but it is far from pleasurable to the correctionist. Indeed it is mentally disturbing because he or she cannot help but realise that the first attempt to prevent wrong-doing has failed.

Only to a slender degree does the element of punishment enter into correction, because punishment is a compound of deterrence and retribution. Correction is an endeavour to restore the person upon whom it is administered to the state of mind preceding the wrongful act. It is, one might say, a wiping out of that act and a starting afresh with a clean sheet. Put another way, it is the "correcting" of a mistake.

The slight degree of punishment in correction is made up of that portion of the procedure which takes account of the waste of time which took place during the admonishing ceremony. Time is precious and can never be recovered. It is only just that a price must be paid for its loss.

There will be few close students of *Janus* who are not well aware of these basic attributes of properly conducted admonishment and correction. They will realise that Hans in his treatment of the errant Greta had acted with admirably restraint and complete justification. In one particular only had he left himself open to criticism: he had taken too little account of the proportions of his Greta's bottom and the manner in which she reacted to its stimulation. Had he taken the necessary trouble to establish the relevant facts, the subsequent process of full punishment may not have been needed to bring her to heel.

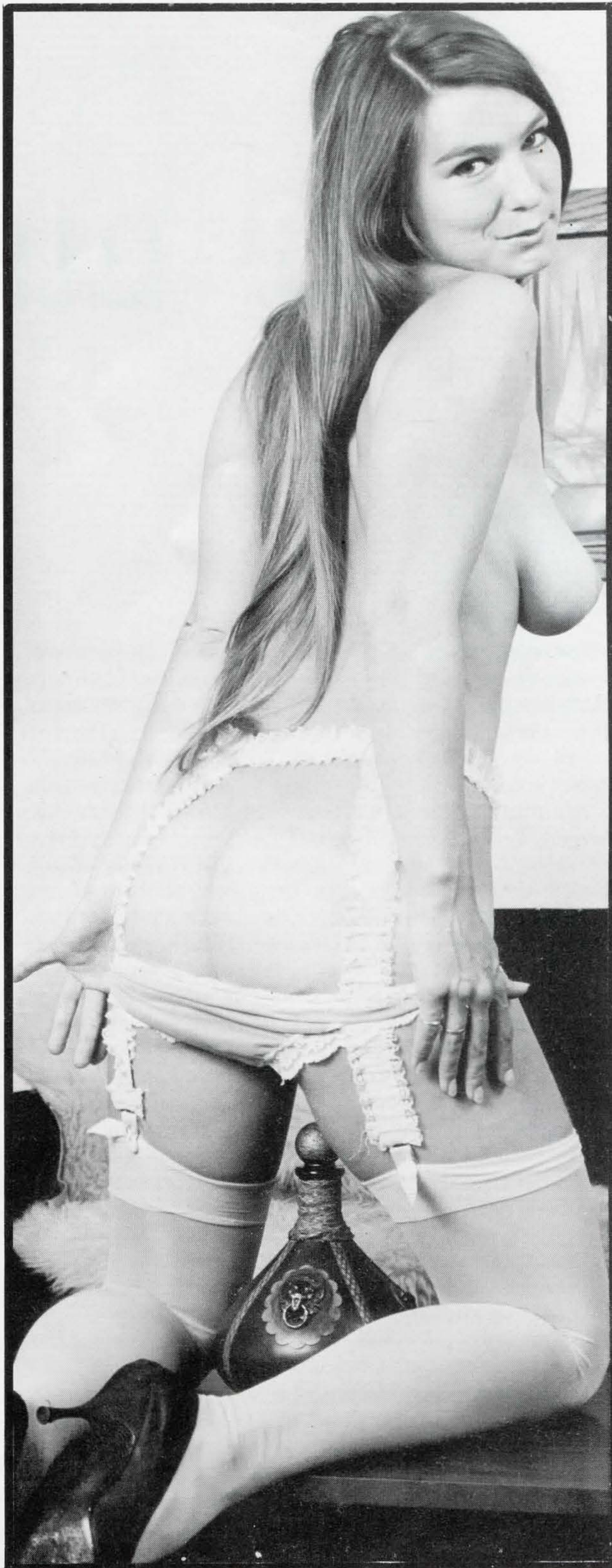
Her bottom, in taut, was of a size and splendid rotundity which, for efficient correction, demanded a much more precise instrument than a human hand. A cane would have been ideal and birch less so but far better than even a skilfully curve-adjusted hand.

But with the punishment ceremony, Hans was to rise triumphantly above his badly assessed formula of correction and his success is worth special praise since it was brought about without so much as a hint of a cane, birch, strap, or whip. But his own strong right hand he brought his wife to ultimate good behaviour, but that strong right hand had for the purpose been equipped with an aid which stopped short of the "mechanical" means for which he had no taste.

His earnest studies into traditional Germanic punishments for sinful wives had quickly brought him the knowledge that the skin of the boar was all he needed. And he went out of his way to get some.

The craft of the glover still flourishes in Bavaria and the revival of Falconry has had a good deal to do with the steadily rising demand for only one-hand coverings. So the order Hans placed for a tight-fitting glove from the shoulder skin of a mature boar was accepted without the slightest raising of an eyebrow. His measurements were taken and he collected it after five days.

Greta was to experience its massive and deeply stinging impact within five hours.



' A DISTINCT

LEA

The strangest feeling of all, but one to which Veronica the maid was slowly becoming accustomed, was the new emotion she experienced towards her young mistress Helen. Whereas before today she had merely afforded her a woman's appreciation of another woman's attractiveness, she now dwelt upon that attractiveness in her mind with something that slowly became an obsession. More than ever before she now noticed the charming curves of Helen's body; the swelling of her bosom; the firm but ever-so-feminine contours of her legs. While Helen sat over a lonely tea in a large dining room of the country-house, Veronica had ample time to admire with new found interest the superb roundness of her buttocks. Once, for an instant as Helen leaned forward in her chair, the neck of her chocolate dress opened and a tantalising glimpse of a cream coloured brassiere flashed before the maid's approving eyes. It was as much as Veronica could do to prevent herself seizing her mistress there and then and ravishing her right there at the table. But always, as the late afternoon drifted into early evening, that strange voice, breathing softly and sensuously beside her, curbed the maid's wild desires.

"Not yet! Soon, she will be in your power; unclothed and submissive! Your slave, begging for your caresses! Willing to do anything for your love — anything!"

And alone in her room, while the voice reassured her over and over again, Veronica was teased and tormented by the invisible hands whose presence was summoned by the fantastic panties of black silk and whose actions were controlled by the unseen and beautiful red-haired woman who never left her side. More hands than she could count were at her body. She was stroked and fondled from head to toe and her clothing rubbed about her most exciting parts, but soon the hands were

wriggling their way under her outer garments and by the time Veronica, laughing helplessly, was pulled across her white bed, her suspenders had already been released and the hands — lots of hands — wormed slowly into her underwear, into her brassiere to fondle breasts and nipples; down inside those tight black panties — front and rear! And for a while even her lust for Helen took second place to her own frantic desire for sexual release as she squirmed and tossed upon the bed . . . and finally shuddered, gasping loudly, and lay quite still.

Veronica had really no idea as to how Helen was to be approached and made to submit to a sexual affair. The slight dampness in the appearance of her mistress's neatly styled hair and the heady scent of talcum about her as she ate her tea alone was an obvious indication that she had bathed immediately before her meal and this frustrated Veronica even more since it represented a lost opportunity. Veronica had closed her eyes in ecstasy at the thought of her surprising Helen in her bath and dragging her, dripping wet and frantic to the bed and there . . . Veronica could even picture how soaking wet her uniform would be after the struggle which would end with . . . what? Just what was she to do, and how on earth was it to be done without her losing her job at this lovely old house for forcing her mistress to submit to lesbianism?

"Patience." The voice could hear her thoughts, "She will succumb; she will be delivered into your embraces . . . by the silken black knickers you wear!"

And Veronica gasped aloud as the taut black gusset tingled between her thighs.

The coming of night was hastened by the gloom of a day that had remained grim and rainy throughout and by half past eight the lights were lit in the main rooms and curtains were closed that would shut the misery of

BIAN INFLUENCE

the grey world outside. The house, solid and comfortable, glowed within with the subdued colourings of luxury. Veronica loved it here; it was the kind of appointment found usually only in the pages of romantic novels and the thought of how much she would have to sacrifice should her advances fail to thoroughly seduce her intended victim was the only bleak item in her otherwise eager search for the moment of opportunity.

She thought of bondage. On leaving school she had shared a flat with a slim, shapely young woman called Miriam. The two of them sometimes played pranks upon each other and on one occasion Miriam laughingly suggested that they tie each other up in turn and time with a watch how long they each took to wriggle free. Miriam was first and since Veronica was lenient with the bonds her captivity did not last too long. As soon as Veronica's wrists were tied behind her however Miriam suddenly stopped chuckling and became serious. More and more length of cord were produced from various hiding places and Veronica realised to her dismay that her bondage had been planned. Her pleas for mercy went unheeded. The only attention the other girl paid to them was that she eventually silenced them altogether by doing something that stayed in Veronica's mind for years afterwards; she hitched her clothing up and slipped off her panties (shocking-pink and trimmed with white lace; they were always remembered!) and then she shoved them without a single word into the helpless girl's mouth. Veronica never forgot the sensations of total helplessness she felt as her dress and slip were hauled up almost to her bosom, and she wriggled in silence beneath Miriam's approving eyes for a very long time! But her breasts whose softness bulged between cruel cords cannot be fondled, nor can well made thighs imprisoned by the entwining thongs, and a mouth

however sweet cannot be kissed when its soft lips gape like an endless yawn about the crumpled panties of a woman! And so Veronica put bondage from her mind because apart from these considerations, bondage meant Force and this was something she dare not use to excess. She waited in her room, her body aflame deep inside with longing for another woman and ever conscious of the panties upon her. Would they be the cause of Helen's submission as they had been hers? But surely her mistress would not have to wear them? How to get Helen into a position where *her* panties could be removed was a big enough problem; if, on top of that she then had to force her into *these* . . . The laughter close by was wild with delight.

The clock in the hall had barely finished its quarter-hour chime when Veronica thought she heard her name being called. She smoothed her uniform quickly with one hand as she went outside her room. At the end of the passageway where it opened into the hall was the staircase and halfway down the staircase Helen's head was peeping round at her. Her eyes, as the maid approached, were wide and apologetic.

"Oh Veronica; I'm sorry to be pestering you at this time, but do you know — I've got this shocking thirst! Do you think you could organise some coffee?"

"Of course, miss' replied Veronica with a smile, "Does Miss Helen want it in her room?"

The other woman smiled in return and nodded. Her hair, drier now, bobbed tantalisingly about her neck. "Please! Oh, I say!" she called out as Veronica moved back down the corridor.

"Miss?"

"Bring another cup; there's no-one here but we two and it seems a bit daft me sitting up there drinking coffee on my own! What do you think?"

The maid said nothing for a few seconds, but simply stood and looked at her mistress in silence and with the faintest trace of a smile at the corners of her mouth. Could this really be the idea of Miss Helen, or was some-one else putting the words into her mouth? Was this the beginning of the red-haired lady's promise to deliver this woman to her?

"Veronica?" Helen's voice broke into her thoughts and the maid quickly pulled herself from her ponderings. She smiled again, this time with more than a hint of satisfaction and nodded slowly.

"That's really very kind of you. Miss Helen; why don't you go and make yourself nice and comfortable while I make us both a nice big mug of coffee!"

Helen would not have understood the eagerness with which Veronica prepared their refreshment in the pantry. The milk could not heat quick enough in its brightly coloured pan, while spoons and utensils clattered as she accomplished her task at speed. From time to time, Veronica paused as if expecting to hear something, but there was no voice to breath instructions. The unseen priestess of the panties and the sexual hands was not at her side.

The maid placed her accomplishment upon the tray together with two large mugs and the sugar bowl and walked quickly to the foot of the staircase. She moved as briskly as her burden would allow but paused some steps from the door of Helen's room as a sharp cry rang out.

"Oh, No —"

Veronica stepped into the room and stood quite still in open surprise, for Helen was standing near her writing desk with her arms flung out on each side and looking down at herself. On the front of that pretty chocolate dress, quite visible in spite of the darkness of the material, was an enormous ink-stain. Helen grabbed at the lower part of the dress, plucking it away from her legs and looked up at the maid with bewilderment in her eyes.

"I can't understand it! I just noticed that the lid wasn't on the bottle of ink there, and I picked the blessed thing up, and then —" she shook her head as if baffled "— I don't know how on earth it happened but something just seemed to catch my arm, and the next thing I knew — Veronica! What a mess!"

"Take off your dress, Miss!"

Veronica was startled to hear herself speak words that were not even in her mind, and startled too at the authority in her voice. Helen stared at her for a moment and then nodded quickly.

"I'd better! Ugh! I'm sure it's going through; here —"

She turned away, indicating the catch at the back of her dress. Veronica placed her tray upon the low table near the door and crossed the room. In one quick movement her fingers had opened the catch and the next second saw Helen's chocolate dress opened at the back almost to her waist. She turned the other woman around to face her, holding her now by the shoulders. Suddenly, their faces were very close and their eyes looked right into each other. The hazel eyes of Helen held an

expression of uncertainty as she searched the maid's face. Veronica's eyes, dark and gentle, gazed straight back without blinking, in their steadiness almost a challenge. A faint frown, a frown of indecision appeared on Helen's smooth brow; her lips parted as if a word had slipped silently from them. Veronica suddenly released her and stepped back. Helen seemed to shake herself as if coming out of a momentary day-dream and then let out another cry of horror as she stared downwards again.

Matching the charming cream coloured brassiere whose cups were trimmed with black lace, she wore a nylon waist-slip of the same shade, also edged prettily in the same way. Very faintly through the garment could be seen the outline of her suspenders and the suggestion of another, much briefer article of lingerie. However, the most outstanding thing about Helen's underwear at that moment was the wicked-looking inkstain which was slowly enlarging upon the waist-slip.

"Oh Heavens!" She was almost panicking, "Veronica!"

"Miss Helen will have to remove her slip, too!"

The maid did her best to keep her voice steady. Suddenly, a whole succession of events which up to know she had considered impossible were indeed happening. Helen, startled, stared at her for only a moment and then her hands swept down the stained garment and she stepped out of the crumpled waist-slip and, hesitating a moment, placed it in her maid's outstretched hand. Without a word, Veronica went into the bathroom and ran cold water into the handbasin. She left the undergarment to soak and rejoined her mistress.

Helen was obviously self-conscious, and not entirely without reason for her generous bosom quivered in its cups with each movement and her panties of cream were tight and accentuated the lines and features of her body. Through their close fitting texture could faintly been seen the hint of a triangle of dark gold below the swelling stomach. Her suspenders were white, and taut over her thighs. Their shade of pastel pink was broken by a line of tiny red roses that made its way down each strap. She looked down at herself as if to ascertain herself how she appeared right there and then. The maid, aware now of a slight feeling of superiority, smiled at her and spoke softly.

"The dress will come to no harm miss; I've something downstairs that will lift any stain out of it and I think a good soak will cure your underslip as well. You'd better not spill anything else though; anything hot, I mean!"

Helen laughed; was that a hint of nervousness? She shook her head and looked about.

"I'm not sitting around in my unmentionables! It's not, it's not — well — done!"

She went to the bathroom and reached behind the door for her dressing gown; there was nothing there. She stepped through and into her bedroom and tugged one by one at the drawers of her dressing table; every one was fast. Shaking her head slowly from side to side,



Helen tried every drawer and every door of every article of furniture in her rooms — and she could not open a single one. Finally, she turned to Veronica and spoke in a voice strangely soft and full of resignation.

“Would you believe that I am standing here with nothing on but my underwear, and I can’t open a single damned drawer to get a single damned thing out to cover myself up?”

“Let us drink our coffee, miss, before it gets too cold to quench your thirst!”

They sat upon the settee, half turned to face each other with the small table now moved so as to be near them, and a full five minutes of silence passed while Veronica poured the drinks and her young mistress made a point of staring at her feet. The maid passed her a cup of the steaming liquid and smiled to herself as she caught the nervous rattle of the china. Her mistress was ill at ease and it seemed for a reason other than her near nakedness. There was something else . . . something . . . sinister perhaps? And the maid thought that she saw, for the briefest of seconds, a glimpse of another woman’s bareness over near the bedroom door; and a flash of red hair! Suddenly, Veronica knew beyond doubt that Helen had been delivered into her hands and that her young mistress was at her mercy. Helen’s eyes were fixed upon the carpet while her own never left Helen’s pretty face, and Veronica eventually spoke clearly and with deliberate slowness as she studied the expression upon the other woman’s features.

“You look exceptionally attractive, Miss Helen — in your underwear!”

Helen’s lips pursed but still her eyes stared downwards. It was then, prompted by a half-heard suggestion breathing at her ear, that Veronica made a sudden but careful movement of her body. She twisted so as to almost fully face the other woman and, placing her cup carefully upon the table, she leaned comfortably backwards and at the same time raised her left knee — the knee nearest Helen — and rested her left foot demurely across her right knee. Smoothly, irresistibly, her black skirt rose up to her thighs, and as Helen’s eyes, drawn it seemed in spite of some effort on Helen’s part to resist the view, raised themselves to the maid’s exposed stocking-tops, Veronica deliberately allowed her legs to open. The hazel eyes of the other woman widened as they saw right up her clothing to the most private of her undergarments; the colour momentarily faded from Helen’s cheeks and she licked lips which had suddenly gone very dry in spite of her coffee. She looked long and hard at the tight cradle of black silk hugging the maid’s intimacy between her generous thighs. Helen swallowed.

“Are they — are they —” her voice trembled, “Are they the panties that—” her voice seemed to fade away but her eyes remained fixed upon the underwear.

“Yes, Miss Helen,” murmured the maid, “The panties which you so kindly let me have; the very special panties of black silk. Would you like to feel how tight and silky they are! Would miss Helen like to

stroke them with her hand!”

The other woman’s head slowly shook from side to side as if with some enormous effort on her part and her answer was so low and trembling as to be barely audible.

“That’s — that’s — disgusting! You must never say that again! How dare — how dare you talk like this — I —!”

And now Veronica reached out and placed a hand carefully upon Helen’s knee. She fondled it for a few moments, savouring through her fingers the exquisite softness of the flesh beneath her mistress’ stockings before slipping her hand slowly up the leg and onto the thigh. Helen’s eyes were still drawn as if in a hypnotic trance to the strange black panties that seemed to be slowly drawing imperceptibly closer to her face. She made no protest as the fingers touched the black lace at the leg of her own tightly fitting panties. Her mouth hung slightly open as if unheard mumblings were still escaping her lips. The maid ran her fingers up the hips of the cream-coloured briefs and fondled their smooth belly for a few undisturbed seconds and then abruptly stood up and before Helen’s dazed stare slipped her skirt quickly down and stepped out of it in her stockings, suspenders and panties. A second later and the rest of her uniform had been removed and she confronted her young mistress in the erotic glory of her underwear. An almost hysterical laugh split the silence; a naked woman appeared at Helen’s back her hands upon the frozen woman’s shoulders. Her face was radiant with triumph. Veronica’s insides began to writhe in sexual anticipation as she stood very close to Helen, her panti-covered stomach thrusting only inches from the young woman’s face. Slowly, Helen’s eyes closed; slowly, her mouth opened wider and her tongue slipped forward over her bottom lip. In one quick movement, the maid slipped a hand behind her mistress’s head, holding her tightly and drawing her face firmly into the warmth and enveloping softness of the black silk underwear. She held her in this manner until the last timid trace of resistance had drained from Helen’s limp body and she felt Helen’s mouth moving over the straining gusset.

“What —” breathed the maid looking down through half-closed eyes at her mistress’s bowed head, “What do you want now more than anything else on this earth?”

“You!” The words exploded with a sudden warmth into the panties, “You!” Helen looked up at her and Veronica saw a look of bewilderment not unmixed with fear, as if Helen’s mouth was saying what her mind was striving to prevent . . . without success!

“I want to give you my body! Use me! Use me! Oh, my — my — LOVE!” and Helen, as if in a token of surrender, slipped down and crouched at the maid’s feet. Veronica’s heart pounded with anticipation and excitement and she closed her eyes and stood quite still for some moments to enjoy to the full the sensations of pure pleasure that were wriggling through her loins, then stooping quickly she slipped her arms under Helen’s shoulders and gently raised her until their faces



were almost touching.

Slowly and leisurely she kissed Helen full upon the mouth and to her joy the soft lips parted after only a second's hesitation and permitted her tongue to dart inside. Without a word, she hurried her young mistress into the bedroom and pressed her down onto the waiting bed.

Helen sprawled limply, eyes staring up at the ceiling and her legs wide open so that the gusset of her cream panties became a tortured straining thing of flimsiness striving to conceal her tenderness. Veronica, slipping quickly out of her brassiere, opened her mouth to speak to Helen, but the words that she heard uttered were not in her mind and their unexpectedness startled even her.

"Before I make love to you, Miss Helen, there is another thing that must take place."

"Anything! Anything." Helen writhed upon the bright red coverlet and gasped out her impatience, "Torment me, do anything you like but make it quick! I can't wait to have you upon me!"

"I must spank you".

The hazel eyes opened wide and briefly a look of horror flashed though them but that was only a passing emotion. Helen's eyes closed again and she swallowed noticeably before replying in a horse whisper.

"Yes! Go on! Do anything you want with me! And she turned herself over to lie meekly face downwards and her beautiful bottom quivered slightly in its tight-fitting panties, panties so tight and transparent that the tantalising cleft between those buttocks could be noticed through the nylon. Veronica, her composure a little broken by this sudden change of direction, stood looking down at her mistress as she lay with her face buried in the coverlet and her arms thrust out above her, but then the maid felt the touch of something cold, hard and slender in her right hand and she found herself staring at a wicked-looking black cane!

It was some three feet long and shone as if lacquered. The handle was covered with a strange design in gold and just below was a tiny crest, a crest which Veronica guessed was a twin to that upon the pantie-casket. How apt the moment had suddenly become! Miss Helen was in her power, her slave, and now had to be dealt with as a true slave would be before being allowed the delights of Lesbos! With a quick movement, the maid, wearing only the black panties, crouched with one knee on the bed beside her mistress and placed her left hand in the small of Helen's back to keep her buttocks still. She licked her lips, aware of a last minute hesitation on her part and then, gripping the black cane firmly in her other hand, Veronica brought it down as hard as she could across those sexy cream-coloured panties where they clung to her mistress's bottom. There was a sharp crack and Helen gave a muffled gasp. Again the cane came down, harder this time and again, and yet again. At each stroke, Helen's body jerked slightly and a subdued protest left her mouth, but she made no attempt to squirm out of the way and her arms remained thrust

submissively out in front of her.

Veronica's dark eyes were fastened upon the rounded seat of Helen's nylon panties. The woman's back was warm and its flesh soft beneath her hand but her eyes never wavered and she applied the cane without a pause. Gradually, she increased the force of the strokes, the instrument whistled eerily as it swept through the air. The sounds of contact become louder and more staccato and the twitching of the buttocks increased, as did the volume of the sounds which burst from Helen's lips with each kiss of the cane. Now she began to wriggle and her voice held a trace of tears and desperation.

Still the cane played upon her bottom, and through the taut material of her undergarment the hint of another shade appeared upon her flesh and, as her torment went on uninterrupted, grew in intensity. Stroke after stroke the nearly nude maid applied to her mistress's tortured behind, and still there was no easing of their severity. Five minutes of earnest caning went by, and then ten, and then — Oh God! — fifteen, and still the only sound in Helen's bedroom was the music of the cane as it whistled and cracked about her flesh.

A wild pleasure swept over Veronica that made itself felt inside her panties and about her nipples. It grew with each pleas and with each stinging slap from the quivering bottom of her mistress until eventually, the maid could stand it no longer. She flung herself across her young mistress and, dropping the cane, seized Helen by the elasticated waist of her cream panties.

A startled shriek exploded from the auburn-haired woman's mouth as she heard the loud tearing sound and felt her undergarment suddenly becoming loose and limp. The maid yanked almost cruelly at the pretty panties until their softness was torn wide open at the back and then she dragged them down Helen's limp thighs and flung them aside, gasping in triumph. Her dark eyes feasted for a few seconds upon the lovely bottom, so smooth and round but whose delightful colour was covered by the angry crimson of Helen's punishment.

She noticed the faint red lines about the extreme tops of the firm thighs where that black lace had tightly gripped her mistress's softness; but now the maid's frenzied fingers were working at the slender strap behind that brassiere and Helen was moaning, half with pain but half it seemed in anticipation of something to come. And now the catch opened and the brassiere fell apart. At the same time, the tautness left the dainty suspender belt as it too was unfastened and sprang away from Helen's body. Helen, as soon as her undergarments had been loosened, rolled over onto her back and stretched both arms up to her maid.

Her face was tear-stained and her lipstick faintly smudged, but she was smiling bravely in spite of all this and her legs opened before the attractive brunette who now bent over her. Helen's breasts were as firm as when their brassiere contained them; her nipples were dark crimson and prominent, and below that exquisitely curved belly, a triangle of dark golden hairs hid the final mystery of her innermost privacy.



At the foot of the bed, the beautiful woman with the red hair appeared and her naked form sat and smiled at Veronica as the maid slowly sank down upon her mistress, aware of the strangest of sensations as the fantastic panties of blackest silk slowly faded into

invisibility and left her own body completely naked.

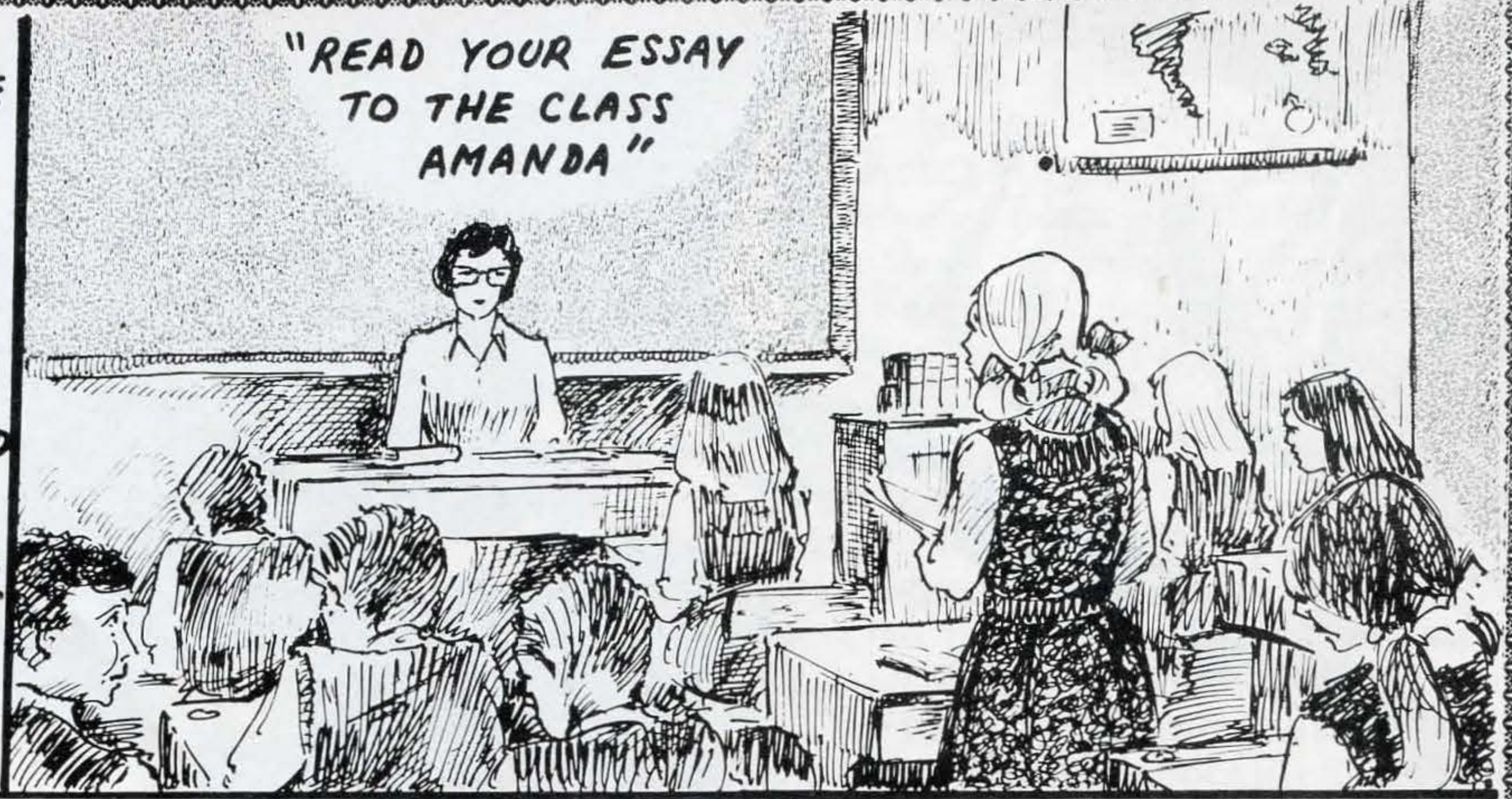
The bed creaked as two unclothed women writhed upon it and the red-haired woman sat in silence watching their every move like a mother watching the games of her daughter!

Dr. Pilgrim Says.....

No. 1



FEW PEOPLE REALISE HOW MUCH THEY OWE THE DEDICATED MEN AND WOMEN WHO TRAINED AND GUIDED THEM IN THEIR EARLY YEARS. TAKE MISS TRUMPTON MY ENGLISH TEACHER



"... AND THE PRINCESS CURTSIED BEFORE THE KING AND SAID..."



"OW, MY BUM!"



"I SAW THAT JONATHAN PILGRIM. COME OUT AT ONCE!"



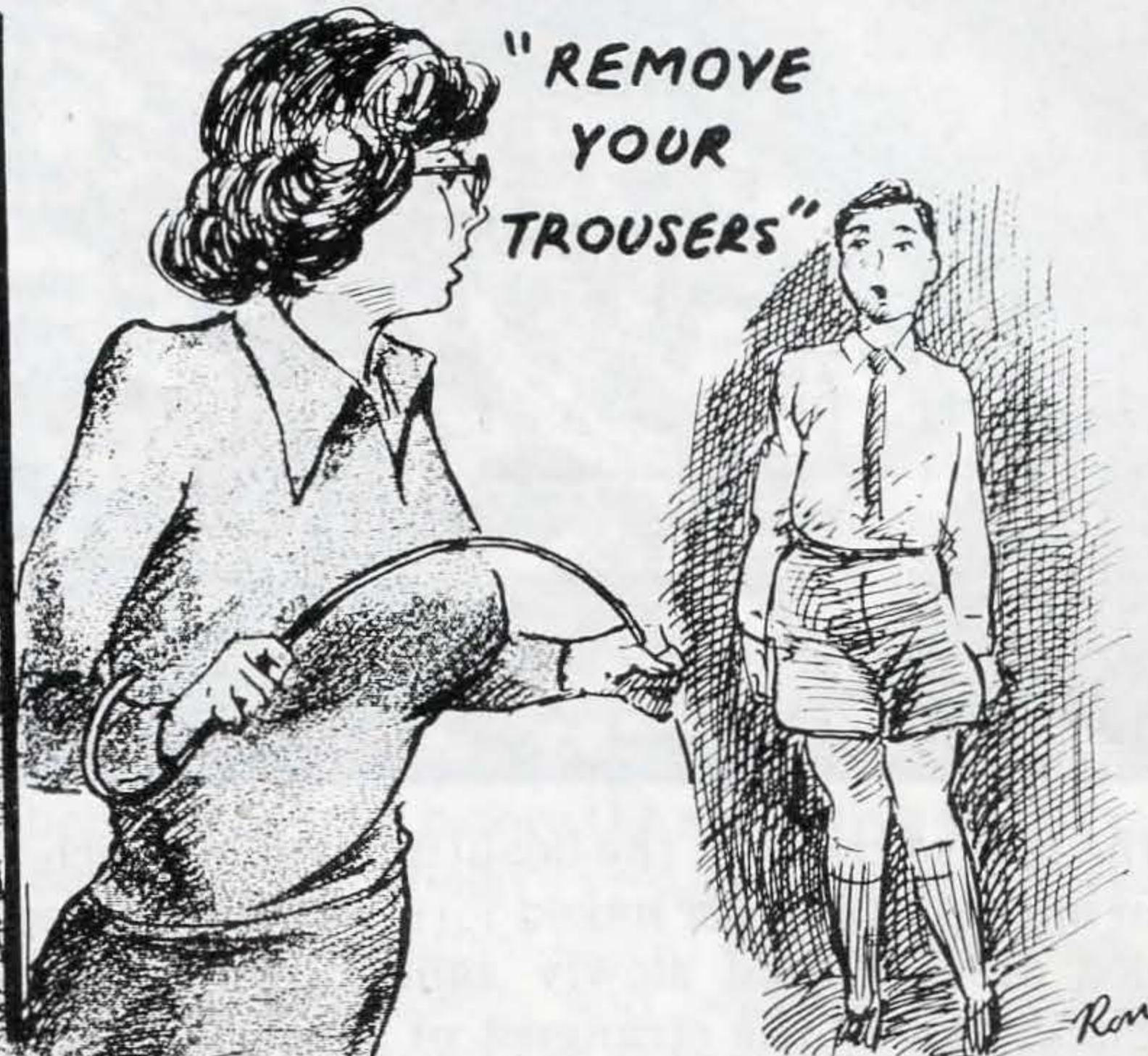
"STAND IN THE CORNER"



"I SHALL CAME YOU AFTER THE LESSON"



"REMOVE YOUR TROUSERS"



Ronald

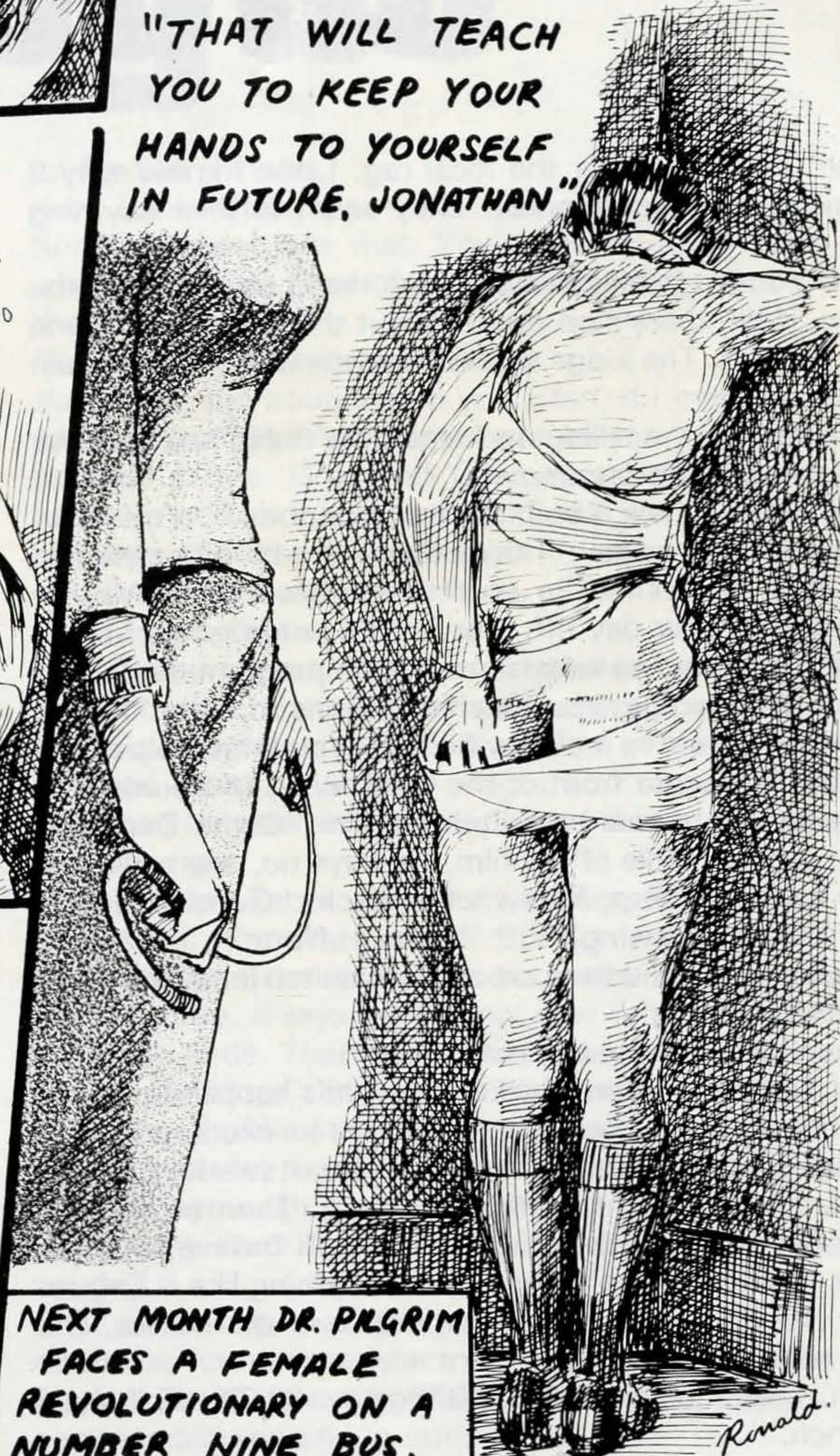
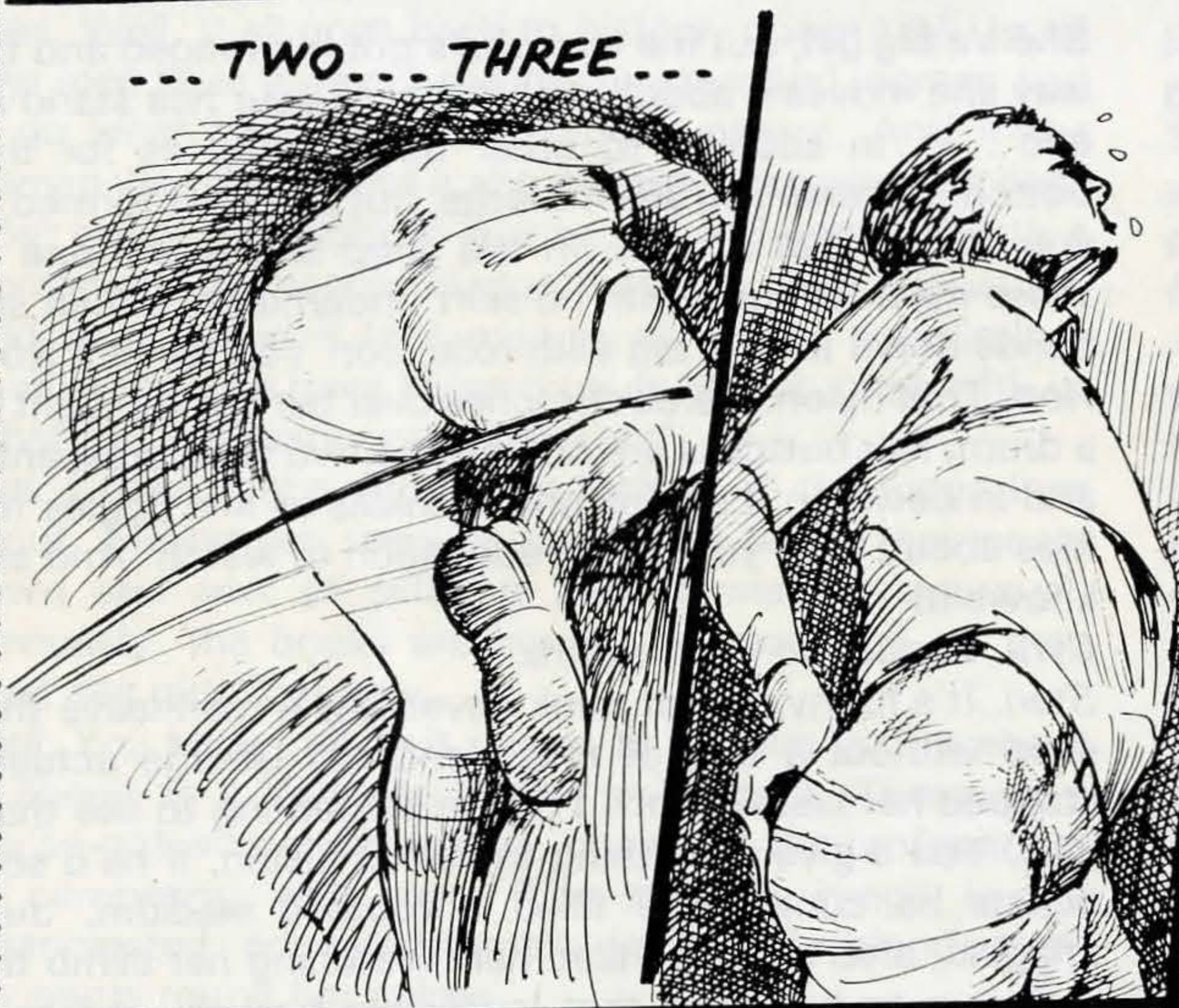
"BEND
OVER!"



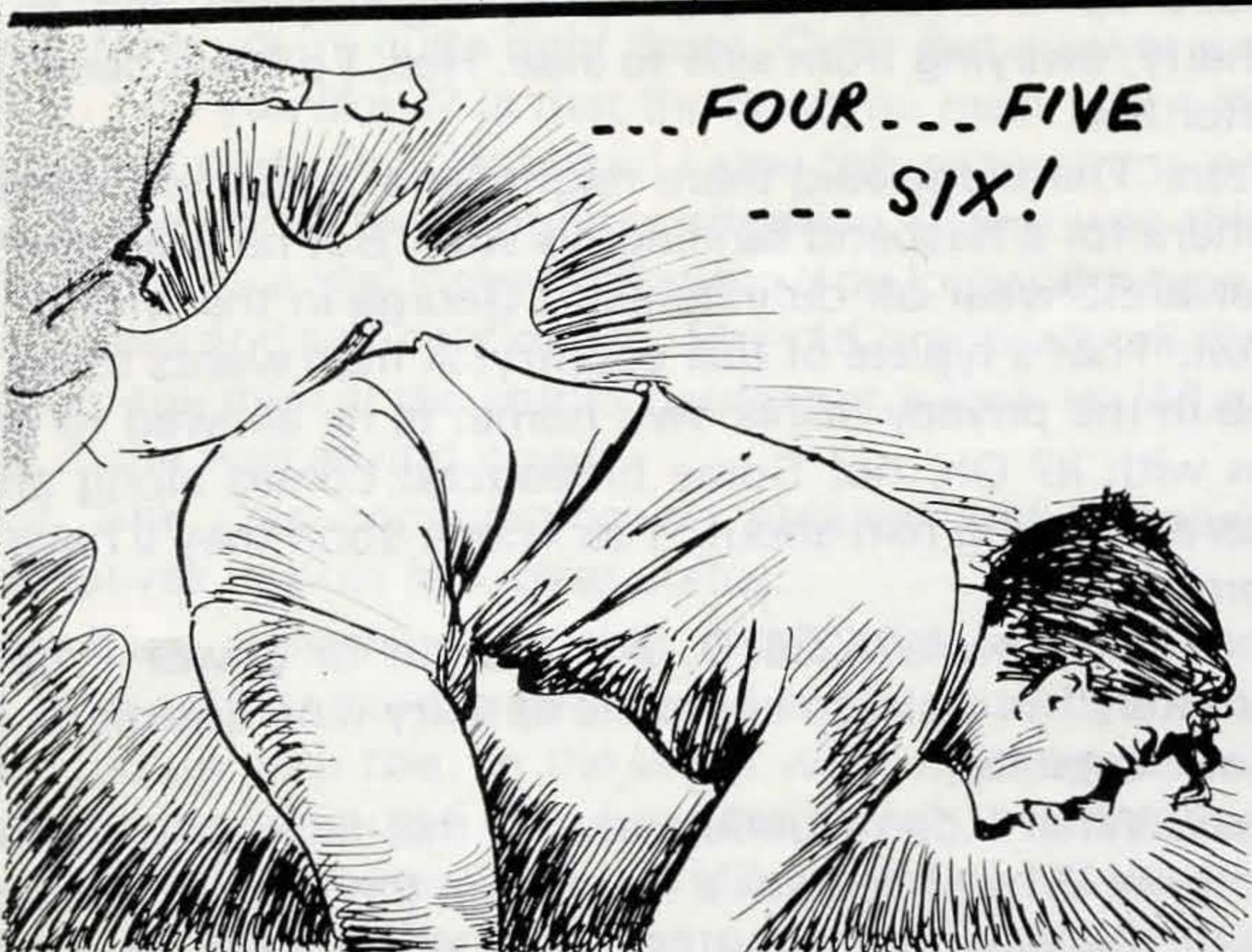
ONE...

"THAT WILL TEACH
YOU TO KEEP YOUR
HANDS TO YOURSELF
IN FUTURE, JONATHAN"

... TWO... THREE ...



... FOUR... FIVE
... SIX!



NEXT MONTH DR. PILGRIM
FACES A FEMALE
REVOLUTIONARY ON A
NUMBER NINE BUS.
(Continued)

Ronald

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE

dialogue

Stan. It was all over the local rag. I don't know why it didn't make the nationals. They seem to love anything like that.

Ron. You can't believe everything they put in the papers.

Stan. Well, there's no doubt about this case. It all came out in court. The judge and the lawyers went over it again and again.

Ron. And you're telling me he actually did it, just because of a television programme?

Stan. Well, I think it built up over a period . . . You know how it is with women. I think she was a bit of a tartar on the side. Of course, in court she looked like a Mother Superior on her day off, just for the judge's benefit.

Cyril. But just over television? Which programme was it?

Stan. Old George was watching "Guns at Noon", been looking forward to it all day he had. You know, pipe, cup of tea, feet up in front of the telly. Well, of course, the little woman wants to switch over to "Come Dancing" right in the middle of the film. He says no, she says yes. She switches over, he switches back. "Guns at Noon" . . . "Come Dancing" . . . "Guns at Noon" . . . "Come Dancing" . . . and then crack! The switch jams, stuck on "Come Dancing".

Ron. You can just see it can't you!

Stan. Anyway, before she knows what's happening she's got her skirt up to her armpits and her knickers round her ankles. Then he gives her what for, about twenty or thirty slaps she said, right on the bare bum. Then he actually sent her to bed. She said she couldn't believe it at the time. Apparently he'd never done anything like it before.

Ron. Is this the brunette who works in the bakers, the one with the big . . .

Stan. That's the one, Maisie Briggs . . . 38, 26, 40 if she's an inch.

Cyril. Is she attractive then?

Stan. Attractive! Listen, Maisie Briggs is your original cock teaser. She's not your slim-pin fashion model type.

She's a big girl, but the way she's got it arranged and the way she moves it about, well it makes your hair stand on end . . . in addition to other things. And as for that bottom of hers! You see it's large, but perfectly formed, if you know what I mean. In the shop she wears one of those nylon overalls with no skirt underneath. When she bends down to fill a big with rolls, cor! You tell him Ron. *Ron.* That nylon overall stretches over her bottom tight as a drum. Her buttocks are outlined as two wide crescents, and in between it strains and wrinkles as she jiggles her hips about. I tell you it's an education to watch. And she knows it!

Cyril. I could do with a drink.

Stan. It's funny, I don't think I ever saw a man leave that shop without a bag of rolls! 'and old George actually stripped her knickers off. I'd give something to see that!

Ron. You'd give something to see it! Listen, if he'd sold tickets he could have filled a football stadium. Just imagine, after he'd spanked her! Watching her climb the stairs up to bed . . . that lovely big bottom, red as a cherry, swaying from side to side. Hell, I'd have been up after her!

Stan. The judge said there might be a precedent somewhere for a husband tanning his wife. But he said taking her underwear off definitely put George in the wrong.

Ron. That's typical of this country! A man wants to do a job in the privacy of his own home. Is he allowed to get on with it? Oh, no! Some bureaucrat comes along and starts ordering him about. You know, soon they'll have a form for it:

"Form No. 437/236/D, Application to Lower Wife's Knickers" . . . please complete all sixty-nine questions in block capitals.

Cyril. What I don't understand is this fixation with the bottom. Why not smack a woman on the legs, or wrist or even the face? Why bother with skirts, slips, corsets, tights and knickers just to give it to her on the bottom?

DIALOGUE

dialogue

Stan. Well, it all goes back to history, doesn't it? Up till now men have always been the masters and women had to do what they were told. That's nature. And if the woman was slow about it she got the strap where it does most good. The bottom is a secret, intimate place to a woman and she would always prefer to keep it covered. And so showing it to a man is an act of submission. That's why men have insisted on getting to grips with it. What the professors call "symbolic".

Ron. I think that's right. Just look at all the magazines about. Always you see pictures of girls taking their pants down and sort of offering their bums for approval. Obviously, the books are bought by men and so they must see girls that way.

Cyril. You know, when it comes to women you're about as liberal as a Victorian draper's assistant. These days you've got women in politics, business, the professions, all competing with men. The modern image is the emancipated, educated female not a fluffy blonde with her pants round her ankles.

Stan. Now you're quite right there, Cyril. But answer me this . . . do you like it? Is that the way you really want it? Be honest now. Only last night I saw this programme on TV. It was about the economic situation. There was this woman on it, a real looker she was. You know the type, all degrees and self-confidence. She did practically all the talking, the men in the studio hardly got a look in. What was it she was saying now?

Cyril. She was commenting on political and financial alternatives in post industrial states.

Stan. Yes, something like that. Well, she went on and on. When a man tried to get a word in she squashed him. I got fed up with this. In the end I went right up to her with my nose about an inch from the screen, I looked her straight in the eyes and I said, "Missus, I'd give a week's wages to put my hand across your self-satisfied little bum!" I think she must have heard me because she shut

up for five minutes.

Ron. Look, Stan, it's no use just warming her behind. She'll soon get over that. You've got to really show her who's the boss. Sort of corrective training, that's what she needs.

Stan. So tell me more, Professor.

Ron. Well, the trouble with you Stan, if I may say so, is you lack subtlety. You can't treat a lady professor like the barmaid at the 'Goat and Compasses'. You don't just have her across the counter and pay her. It's your preliminaries that count. You've got to make an impression on her brain as well as her bum.

Stan. For example, Professor?

Ron. Take knickers. You don't just whip 'em down. You take your time. Start at the elastic and pull 'em down and inside out at the same time. Very slow all the way down, until the gusset is at knee height and the waistband is stretched between her calves. I read that in a book so it must be right.

Stan. I didn't know you were a reader, Ron

Ron. Well, normally I'm not. But some books give you really useful information. This book also tells you how to use the strap. It says the correct way to do it is with the girl in the nude. That means everything off right down to shoes, stockings, hair slides, even make-up. Then you make her hold onto a bar or something at shoulder height, with her head down and feet spread wide apart. That way you can get at everything.

Stan. Why don't they teach us useful things like that at school?

Cyril. Of course, that's only one man's point of view. No doubt he found it satisfactory. I read a book called "A Recipe for Domestic Bliss" where the author recommended something quite different.

Stan. Go on, what did he say?

Cyril. This chap experimented with what he called mobile punishment. He got the idea from accounts of public

whippings in sixteenth century England. You know . . . they used to tie a prostitute to the back of a cart and whip her through the streets. It was called whipping at the cart's tail. Anyway, he tried marching the little woman round the house walloping her behind. The idea was to show that he was master, whether it was in the kitchen, the dining room or the bedroom.

Stan. What did his wife think of it?

Cyril. Not very much. This chap had been divorced three times. He said he had most success with his fourth wife. She was Swedish. Apparently one of those busty blonde types, well endowed but not very bright. It didn't take him long to train her. He describes his methods in great detail. Rather in the style of a motor car handbook.

Stan. Go on! What did he do?

Cyril. Well, of course, he's a very dedicated type and does things properly. Puts great stress on ceremony. It's a pleasure to read him actually. They say attention to detail is a sign of genius . . .

Stan. Get on with it! What does he do?

Cyril. First he strips her with his own hands. He has everything off, until she's standing there in the middle of the kitchen, stark naked. Then they set off. She has to walk slowly in front of him. She has one of those nice round, high-cheeked bottoms. You know when a broad-hipped woman walks, one bottom cheek jiggles in front of the other, then she takes another step and the other buttock swings back?

Stan. Get on with it, for Gawd's sake!

Cyril. He follows behind slapping the cheeks as they present themselves. They get into a steady rhythm so that she collects one stinger every step. And so he marches her round every room, along every passage and up all the stairs in the house. The tour ends in the bedroom if he's in the mood. And after walking and slapping a blonde's bare bum for half an hour he usually is.

Stan. That bloke really knows a thing or two. Pity he can't deal with that woman on the telly. I bet no man has even slapped the back of her skirt let alone taken her pants down. It's a crying shame. Letting it go on is just storing up trouble for ourselves. Over-civilised. Afraid to follow the good old natural urges.

Ron. Yes, but it doesn't have to be all serious. There are always the amateurs.

Stan. What do you mean, "amateurs"?

Ron. We had a case round my way. There was this schoolgirl, Jennifer, eighteen and doing her 'A' levels at school. Very nice attractive girl. Well, about three times a week she'd say to her Mum and Dad, "Just going to baby sit for the Thompsons", and off she went. Of course they were very pleased. She was earning her own pocket money and helping the neighbours. Then her Dad found out that the Thompsons didn't have any kids. In fact they didn't even have a wife! There was only Mr. Thompson, a bachelor of about fifty.

It seems old Thompson was really turned on by the schoolgirl thing. It was his one and only hobby. Upstairs in his house he had a classroom all fitted out like the real thing, desks, blackboards, books, maps on the wall, the lot. He collected the stuff from all over and restored it.

And he had all the gear too, walked around in a gown and flat hat and stiff collar. Of course, young Jennifer played the part of his pupil. He never did anything to her in a sexual way, he'd never dream of that. There was no question of him doing anything against the law. He gave her light spankings on the knickers or the bare bottom. He had canes there, but just for show. What he liked was to see her standing in the corner after a smacking with her knickers round her ankles and her hands on her head, or standing on a chair having her legs smacked. He loved to put her through all the traditional school punishments and just watch her.

Stan. What happened when her father found out?

Ron. Oh, he just stopped it. Jennifer was hopping mad, especially when four of her friends at school phoned up



Thompson and offered to take her place!

Stan. It's a bit odd that that was all he wanted to do.

Cyril. I don't find it odd at all. Look at it this way. When an animal eats it does so just to survive. It is pure instinct to chew up anything that won't bite back. Compare man. He turns the necessity of eating into a fine art. He develops haute cuisine to delight the tongue. Creativity raises him a thousand miles above the dirt-chewing beasts of the field. It's the same with everything he touches, always he makes it more varied and exciting.

Now consider sex, the basic impulse for reproduction. You can have it straight in and out, no frills, no imagination. You have it with different women. You think it will

be different, but it's always the same. Then comes the innovator, the sensitive imaginative man prepared to live in an inner world of his own creating.

Mr. Thompson is an example. Just think of all the work he put into collecting the fittings for his schoolroom, all the hours of work to make it perfect. What was he thinking all the time he was getting it together?

Just imagine the kick it gave him to find a real school-girl to inhabit his creation. Think of him spanking Jennifer and then making her strip down to just vest and ankle socks. There she is standing on a chair with hands on head. The white vest is rucked up to show the girlish bottom blushing pink from the spanking. What did he feel as he gazed at her? I'll bet he got more pleasure from that sight than Mark Anthony ever got in Cleopatra's arms.



There's nothing wrong with a man who goes his own way and seeks satisfaction according to his instincts, provided he does no harm and allows other the same freedom.

Stan. Hear 'ear! Good old Thompson! More power to his mortar-board!

Ron. By the way, what did old George get for giving his wife a hiding?

Stan. Fined twenty pounds. What d'you expect with Maisie dressed up like Mary Poppins and fluttering her eyelashes at the beak?

Ron. Actually, that's not too bad really . . .

Stan. You thinking what I'm thinking?

Ron. Well, twenty pounds between the three of us, why not! We draw lots and the winner does it there and then in the shop.

Stan. What do you mean, the three of us? Pass the word round and we'll have twenty blokes in that shop all ready and eager to pay for the privilege!

Ron. You're right Stan! And I've got a cousin in Leeds. Just tell him there's a well-filled pair of knickers coming down and he'll be here with his tongue hanging out. And he'll bring a coach party from his factory too, sort of works outing, make a change from their annual visit to the Tower of London!

Cyril. Look, we'll have to put this on a proper business footing.

Ron. Yes, that's right. Listen to Cyril, he's an accountant.

Cyril. First you must decide on your programme, get the details sorted out. You know, ". . . the performance will commence at . . . and the knickers come down at . . . precisely".

Stan. I like it! I like it!

Cyril. Next, you've got to organise the spectator space. Now, you can get, say, twenty fans inside the shop, six sitting down in the front row, the rest standing. All places inside the shop to be booked in advance.

Ron. Not too many inside. We'll need plenty of spanking room.

Cyril. Then so many standing on the pavement and watching through the window. We'll sell these places to the first-comers on the day.

Stan. I can drop a hint to a journalist I know on one of the dailies. His paper will pay for a story like this. Can't you just see the front page? A picture of Maisie upended over a man's lap, knickers flapping round her ankles and her sit-upon glowing like the sunset!

Ron. I see it! I see it. And the headline . . . "Baker's Assistant Gets Her Bun Toasted".

Conclusion

Since Socrates disputed with his pupils on the hills of ancient Athens men have come together to engage in dialogue and argument. We see how a subject is explored in depth, each speaker offering his thoughts and experiences. Finally the spark of inspiration strikes amid the assembled intellects and speculation gives way to a plan of action. Perhaps this fusion of experience, reason and dialectic is the process whereby men inform their noblest actions, and thus advance civilisation itself. Let us give the last word to one of our noble thinkers:

Stan. Afterwards, we could auction her knickers!

DEAR EDITOR



SPLASH-SPLASH

Congratulations on your Issue No.33. You have finally printed the picture I have been waiting for. And you did it so subtly that I almost missed it.

I refer to the picture on Page 46. The model's considerable physical charm and the fact that her underpants are rolled part way down over her splendid bottom tend to draw one's attention away from the one detail that sets it apart.

Janus has finally dared to print a picture of a girl who has plainly wet herself, the first posed picture of this sort that I have ever seen.

If the number of letters mentioning urination that you have printed over the last two years are any indication, this is only one of many letters of approval that you will receive.

I am sure that I echo the feelings of many urolagnia fans among your readers when I say that I hope that this if the first of many such pictures.

I cannot imagine the photographer who had the opportunity to take the striking picture in question limiting himself to one such pose. I hope that the others will appear in a future issue.

I cannot help wondering if the model arrived at the studio with her

pants in such a state, or if the picture taking session simply lasted too long. I notice that the same model appears in three other poses in the same issue.

I realize that there maybe legal aspects that preclude actually showing a girl in the act of urination, although films like *La Bambina* on the continent and *The Exorcist* in the States seem to have found ways of getting around it.

There are many ways it could be suggested without going outside the bounds of good taste. It is your subtle, understated approach that makes the entire *Janus* package so appealing. And the perennial school girl who figures so heavily in *Janus* is a natural.

Everyone who ever attended a strict girl's school must have at least one memory of a blushing girl in gym slip and dark stockings standing in a puddle, or sitting helplessly at her desk with her legs crossed, trying vainly to control her bladder until dismissal time.

I have heard, and been fascinated by, accounts of girls who while in school learned to masturbate by retaining their urine and sitting with their legs crossed for long periods of time.

I hope this letter will inspire other readers with an interest in urolagnia to write, especially the ladies. I would contribute further

to such a discussion. For now I will limit myself to saying that perhaps one of the most advanced variations of girl-watching is being on the alert for the girl who has had an accident or was on the verge of having one.

I shall be waiting to hear from veteran girl-watchers on this subject. It is certainly something that you do not see every day, but I have seen such things more than one time when someone who was with me noticed nothing unusual.

I hope that I can look forward to seeing an occasional schoolgirl in your pages standing in a puddle or displaying her wet knickers and stockings.

J.F.C.
Ohio, U.S.A.

BRUT OR HIGH KARATE?

I found most interesting the letter from your young American reader, Miss S.K. of New York appearing in your recent issue. As an experienced spanker of teenage girls I entirely endorse her opinion that a prolonged application of hairbrush or paddle is far more effective than a short sharp caning.

The cane is not really at all a suitable, or even particularly effective, instrument for the domestic discipline of teenage girls. Female skin is very delicate and to avoid risk of damage a caning must be so limited as regards both the force and number of strokes as to be of no great practical value. Further the bare bottom, particularly if upon the plump side, is resilient and tends to absorb the limited strength of the strokes. It is for the latter reason that is is often suggested, and probably with some truth, that caning is more effective applied to a tightly clothed target. It is however obvious that for practical, and psychological reasons, the barrier of clothing is to be deplored, and that best results will be achieved by a suitable technique of application to the bare skin. For serious bare bottom business there is nothing to compare with the back of a hairbrush or a good paddle. Such an instrument will make excellent

contact with all manner of female bottoms without any risk of permanent damage, and hence there is no real limit to the extent and duration of punishment desired. It will customarily imprint a deep red hue but this will fade within a day or two; and sometimes some surface discolouration (what the Americans call blistering) but this also will vanish within a week. There is a widespread, and entirely erroneous, belief that spanking is a "nursery" punishment and does not really hurt a teenage girl - and for this reason many inexperienced spankers may impart more pain than they realise. In truth the hairbrush can, in skilled hands, inflict every gradation of punishment, provided the right

technique is employed. It is essential to commence comparatively lightly to avoid any numbing effect, and if this is done the sensitivity of the bottom can be raised to the highest possible degree as the strength of the licks is slowly increased. An experienced spanker can, for a start, maintain the level of pain just below the threshold of tears - a very minor degree of punishment suitable only as a warning or reminder. The pain level can then be raised until the spankee is forced to seek relief in tears - a suitable moderate chastisement for a minor offence. A greater degree of severity will force the subject to wriggle and squirm across the knees - and this is the sort of level of



punishment appropriate to most offences. I would add here that it is quite unfair to threaten the victim with additional punishment for struggling - she will be quite unable to submit voluntarily and it is unfair to penalise an involuntary reaction. And in any case there is no necessity to impose any limit upon the duration of punishment to require the justification of extension - always spank until you are entirely satisfied with the results. The real milestone in a spanking is when you elect to raise the tempo beyond the normal wriggling stage - and experienced spankees amongst your readership will know exactly what I mean.

It is the stage at which the pain becomes entirely intolerable - yet cannot be escaped. This is the real moment of truth for the spankee - her past and future pass into limbo, all eternity is the moment when the brush falls, and the whole universe, and the fibre of her being, her burning defenceless bottom. This is the time when she will promise literally anything just to be spared the very next spank. This sort of spanking is the ultimate deterrent and must be employed only of necessity for really serious offences. It requires great character and determination by the spanker not to lose her resolve when this stage is reached. The necessity for such punishment should be very rare, and perhaps most girls will never need it.

I was very interested in the use of after shave lotion by Miss S.K.'s Mama, when preparing her bottom for a spanking. I have read of the "Wet Bottom" spanking technique in American magazines but I have not previously seen it discussed in this country. The theory is that there is better contact, and enhanced results, upon a wet bottom. It is said that plain water is no use, as it forms droplets which shake off under the agitation of the buttocks induced by spanking; and that some emulsifying agent is necessary to secure a continuous film of moisture which will persist for the duration of the spanking. Soap and water is said to be a good

standby, but best water with the addition of a little glycerine. I had not heard of after shave lotion before, Miss S.K. is the first recipient of such treatment whose opinion I have seen, and it is interesting that she confirms its effect. I have never tried it myself, perhaps because I regarded it as something of a gimmick, and because I am never in haste when it comes to spanking and do not grudge the time spent in a leisurely warm up (which prepares the girl both physically and mentally for the experience). Miss S.K. makes me think that I have perhaps ignored a valuable aid, and I may well experiment along these lines. It would be interesting to know if other readers have experience of wet bottom spanking.

May I wish Miss S.K. all good fortune - and with her own experiences to draw upon I am sure she will make a splendid job of spanking her own daughters in years to come. Who knows, she may have a further mentor in the shape of a loving husband!

K.M.L. (Mrs)

Hants.

SHORT SHORTS AND BURNING



As a regular of *Janus* I should like to take the opportunity to make some comments, and give my own views, on the letter in the correspondence part of the most recent number, Volume 4 Number 9 entitled *Plea for Boy Spanking*. In general I agree with this reader in his view that not enough space is allowed for articles and letters dealing with the corporal punishment of young boys - for instance in your recent number I suggest that we could have done without that

stupid *Female Challenge* and also all that stuff about *Nappies for a reluctant husband*. And you do tend to show full page photographs of nude or scantily clad girls that have no connection with the articles in question.

I am not saying that the correspondence part of the magazine should only contain letters about young boys' punishments, as one has to cater for all tastes, but couldn't the letters be evenly divided between punishments carried out on young girls, young boys, and married couples or letters where brothers and sisters experience the same punishments as in *Step Fathers Discipline* in the latest issue?

I should also like to see more line drawings of bad lads being punished as were shown in the letters dealing with schoolboy punishments in the *Correspondence Special* or something like the magnificent drawings which went with *The Strict Woman* article. Perhaps we could have a few more articles like that well illustrated or as A.D., London says a series dealing with boyhood escapades. H.S., Bucks had the same idea in a recent issue and the *Diary of a Naughty Schoolboy* was really fine and very true to life.

The horizons are really boundless for this type of article for amongst your readers there must be many with memories of punishments received from parents, aunts, governesses, in schools, colleges, private schools, the home, Training Establishments, Remand Homes and Borstals. And one need not confine such experiences to the British Isles as we have already had some very good articles from France, Germany, etc. And if some of the articles received do show a spot of make-believe, if it's well written, who cares?

Regarding short shorts for boys. They are still very prevalent at present even in this country, though the French, Italians and Germans are really the forerunners in this field. But I do not live far from our county town, which has three schools. Each of these runs a Junior School quite separately and away

from the main School and all the lads have a uniform of very brief shorts, grey shirts, and various coloured stockings. And very smart they look, too. I should like to correct A.D., London in his statement about the Continental influence arriving in the 1950's. For I have a school photograph in front of me now, taken when I was in a class of 12 and 13 year olds, and all of us are wearing brief shorts, some of which are well above mid-thigh. Two of the boys were very good friends of mine and I've been present in their houses as a visitor on more than one occasion when their mothers took them to task for bad manners or some mischief, and watched with trepidation (as I had been part of that mischief) as their shorts were taken off and they were taken across a waiting lap for a good spanking on their bare backsides.

I was a regular recipient of a hot bottom from the time that I went to stay with an old friend of my Mother when she became ill. Mother died a year later and the friend adopted me (I was an only son with no other kin) and many's the time I had my shorts removed and my shirt tail tucked up before I went over her lap for a good tanning. She had a good cure, too, for boys who got too big for their britches — she just took them off me and I'd have to stand a morning of pure purgatory when visitors were informed of my punishment as I fretted in my short shirt before them. Auntie Mary had a daily woman and maid, too, and I had to be on guard the whole time to evade the many slaps directed at my plump bottom whilst I was without my shorts.

Well, I hope you can do something about this request and I should like to stress how delighted I am with your magazine.

Talking about my school photograph I neglected to mention that it was taken during the summer of 1928! So brief shorts were in the vogue even then!

I was just over 10 years old then and from being a very spoilt lad I was soon brought into line.

All my corrections were always in private in my room, or hers, and she

always undressed me down to my vest — in summer this meant that I got my spankings naked. I was invariably spread across her thighs with my own thighs spread open so that the cheeks of my bottom provided a large target — or I would sit astride her lap facing her or with my back to her. Facing her she would tuck me under her left or right side and take it in turns to smack my open bottom cheeks or smack both at once. Facing outward I would lean forward with my head and chest on a pouffe and my legs encircling her waist and again she would use the same method. Or I would be laid across the pouffe in a variety of positions and soundly spanked with hand or hairbrush — she never used anything else until I was over 13.

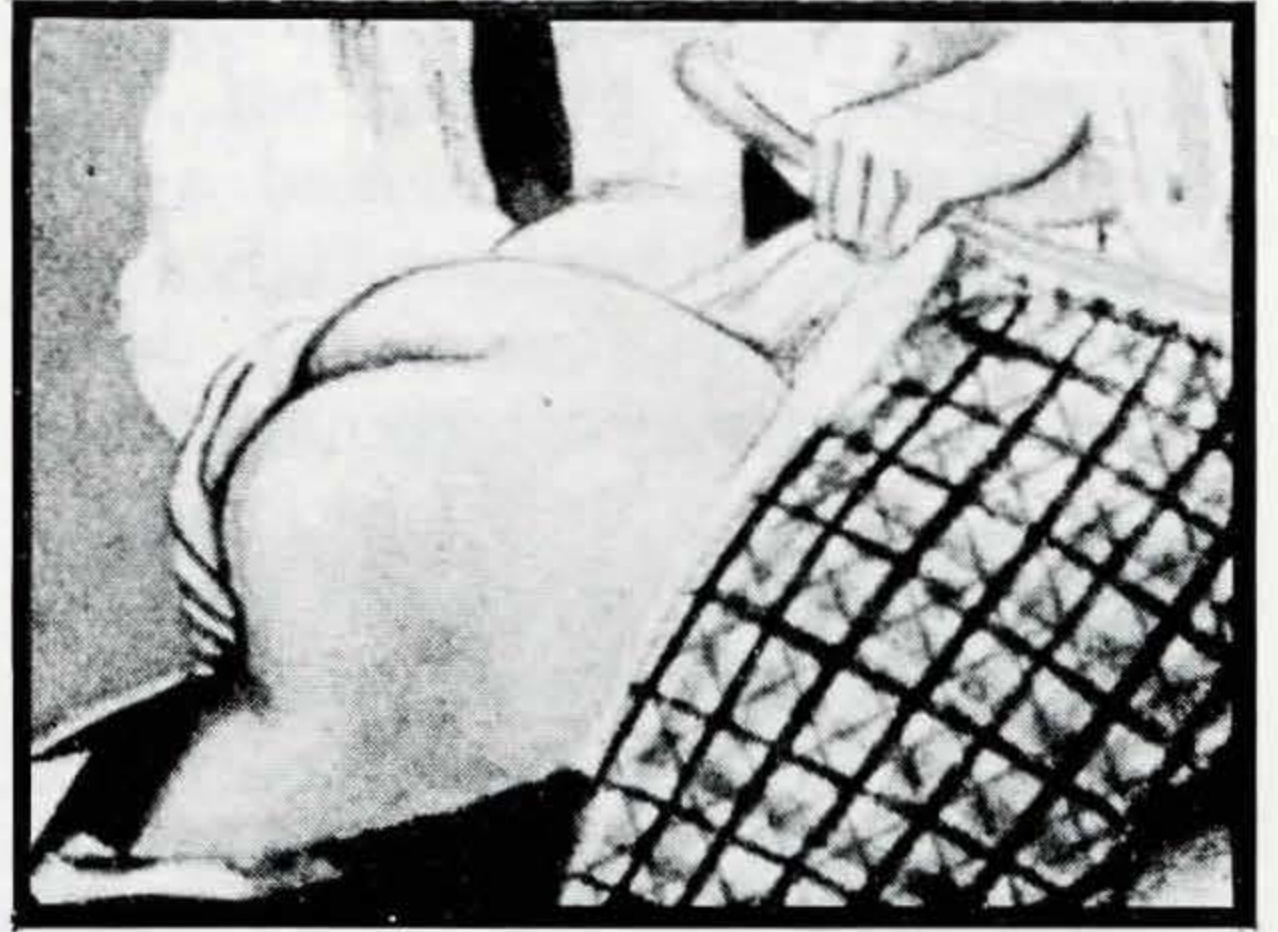
But whichever way she tanned me I certainly felt it and I would bawl the place down until she had finished with me — and have a tender bum for 2 or 3 days afterwards. After I was 13 she always caned me first as I lay spread over a high stool and then spanked me with a hairbrush, and can I say, that the pain was intense and lasted for days — the soreness I mean. So I was careful not to get the cane too often.

My worst moments, besides waiting for her to complete my disrobing, were coming downstairs after a spanking knowing that the daily and the maid had heard my howls and pleas and knew that I'd had a soundly smacked bum. And invariably the daily and my guardian would discuss the subject of punishing naughty boys and the daily woman would tell how she punished her own two sons.

I had ample proof of this when my guardian had to leave me with her for a fortnight and I went to live at the woman's house. Her boys and I were all spanked several times during that fortnight I can tell you!

T.G.
Somerset.

JANUS IS GOOD FOR YOU!



The first issue of *Janus* I saw was Vol. 3 No. 9. I was buying a packet of cigarettes in the lunch hour from a newsagents, and was fascinated by the remarkable resemblance of the model on the front cover to my wife. Apart from the colour of the dress your model wore, it could have been Shirley, and she often sits showing off her legs in this fashion.

I purchased the copy, not having the faintest idea what it contained, but it has proved a pound well spent. This issue had more letters in it than subsequent ones and during that afternoon work was brushed aside as I read from cover to cover. In spite of our having a swap date that evening with another married couple I was compelled to masturbate in my pants twice.

The picture that created this urge was the drawing of the three lads on Page 58, bent over with well striped bottoms, while the tight skirted mistress hovered behind them holding a cane. Until then I had never experienced any arousal over corporal punishment, but somehow it brought back an isolated memory of a time I was in junior school and got a caning from a lady teacher, whom, until that painful experience I had formed a boyish crush over.

Of course I had shorts on at the time, and I only received three strokes, but she killed my affection for her by laying them on so hard I had cuts on my backside. This must have instilled some latent eroticism for when I saw that sketch in *Janus* the old tiller vibrated as I recalled my pretty, but heartless school teacher, and it needed firm

handling.

When I arrived home Shirley was dressed for our evening out with Sandie and Jack. She had a full length dress on because tights are abandoned in favour of sexy stockings for such occasions. I left *Janus* in the car, but I hitched up her dress to have a peep to see how she compared and was told to lay off. Normally I have only to change my shirt and suit, but this time I called to my wife to throw me a clear pair of underpants as well.

your sexy ones you put on this morning, and you won't have those on long when Sandie gets her hands on you.' Shirley yelled back.

We met our friends, dined out and went back to their place for the entertainment. With Sandie and Jack we split up to separate bedrooms. I was not quite up to stuff and after making love to Sandie once I had no urge to try again due to my foolishness that afternoon. She commented on my performance to my wife when we met up downstairs, for normally I am more virile than Jack, which is why he likes to perform in private.

On the way home Shirley said, 'How come you let the side down, we never had it last night and you were horny enough then thinking about Sandie?'

I have never been ashamed to admit to my wife that I masturbate, for we both do it occasionally and have done it mutually often enough. So I told her about *Janus* and indicated the copy in the glove department.

She began looking through it on the journey and I pointed out the drawing which had caused the trouble. She criticised me for playing about when I knew we had to meet our friends, but when I told her about my old teacher she said, 'That is what you do deserve, but you wouldn't find it so funny if I put a cane across you. I'd make you wish you had behaved yourself.'

It was very late when we got home, but as she undressed she took a swipe at my bottom, which was very bare, with her garter belt. The

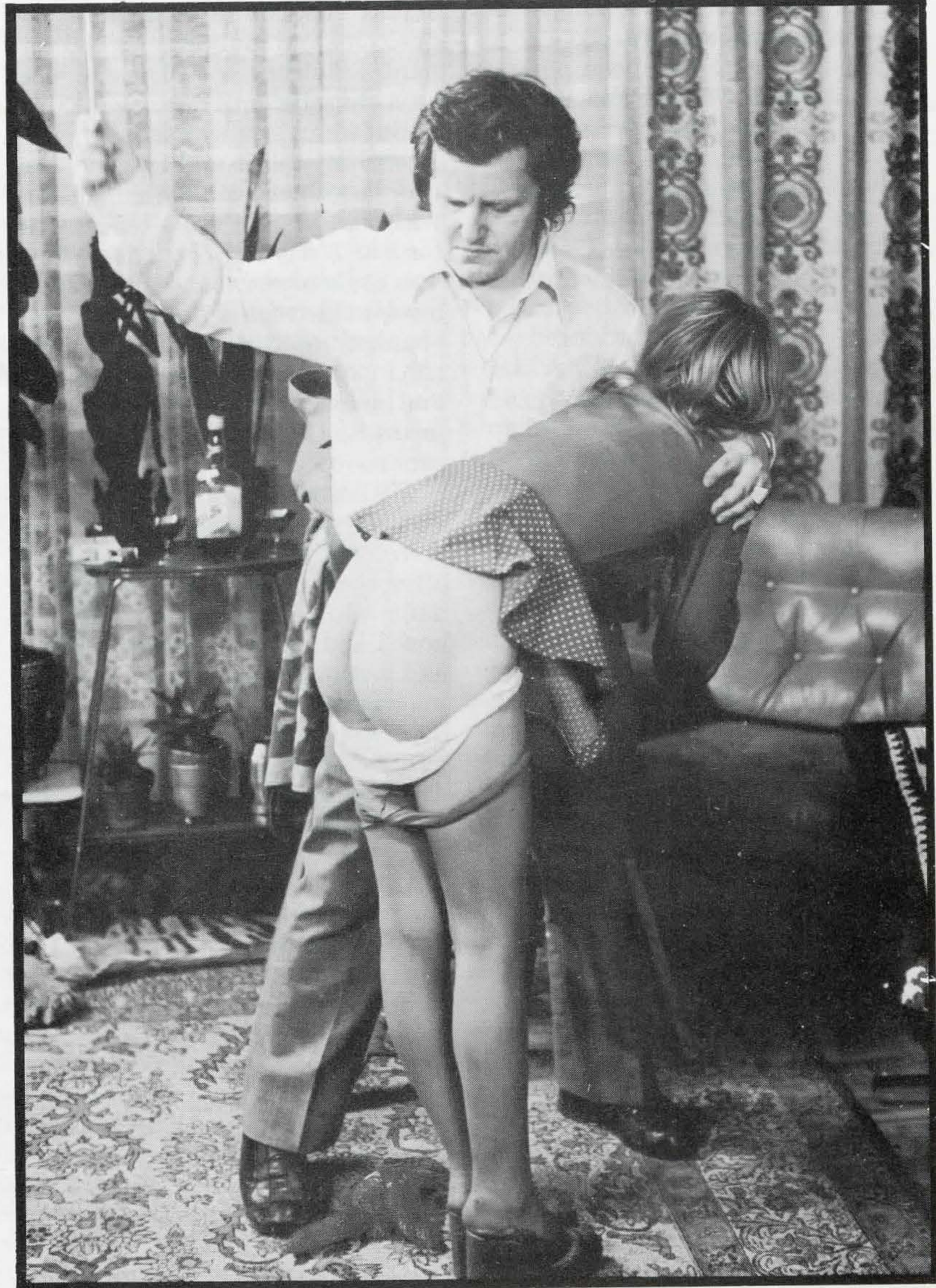
metal suspenders gave me a pleasant reaction and suddenly I felt like a whipping.

The only suitable implement was a yard length of plastic coated curtain spiral I pinched out of the bathroom. Shirley thought I was completely crazy but she whipped me as I lay across the bed. She was by then naked for she sleeps either in the buff or just a pair of panties. It was not a very severe whipping for she was clowning about, but when I got up and she saw how erect I was she agreed it had done me good.

"Pity Sandie can't see you now." she laughed, but she got the benefit of it, wanting it or not, for it is rare we have intercourse the night we have swapped.

When I got out of bed the next morning and saw those marks on my bottom I immediately felt randy and got back in with her.

"Hey . . . how about work, you horny sod," she protested, but she was soundly screwed twice and had no complaints. "You'll have to be whipped more often if it affects you like his." she murmured as I mounted her the second time.



We used that curtain rod a lot: the neighbours must have wondered why we kept taking the bathroom curtains down; but it was a bit unwieldy and Shirley ended up hitting herself if she swung it right back over her shoulder, so I brought a proper cane.

couples and also go to parties where things are less private, so we did not meet Sandie and Jack for a few weeks and by then Shirley was well used to whacking me. A bit embarrassing when confronted by a number of friends at a party who ask what relation I am to a zebra. When we did see Sandie again and I was on my way to bed with her, Shirley called after us, "If you have any trouble with him just smack his bum, it works wonders." But this was not needed as Sandie is a hot little piece when I am on form.

The second copy of *Janus* I took home we studied together on the settee. Shirley was wearing slacks. My arousal was so infectious she gasped, "Holy Cow, look, I've wet right through." She peeled slacks, panties and tights off and we made love on the spot: But she wanted it again. "Go up and get that cane you naughty boy . . . I'll put new life in you."

By the time I got back she had seen my pants which I had tossed aside. "You just couldn't wait . . .

By the time I got back she had seen my pants which I had tossed aside. "You just couldn't wait . . . could you. Don't you ever do any work in your office?" It was fun having her vent her feelings on my bottom, and the magic worked.

I wish you would publish further drawings by this artist on a similar theme, for that copy is getting well thumbed. My favourite dodge is to bend over the back of a chair, with that sketch on the seat in front of me, while Shirley goes into action on my bare bottom. I like to consider myself one of the lads in the sketch. I brought my wife a leather mini which fits her like a glove and by casting my eyes to my left I can vary the view and study her doling out the medicine.

She sampled it once. Baring her

bottom and going across the bed for an agreed six, she yelled "Holy Cow, you call this amusing!" and never wanted it again. That does not bother me for I prefer to take it.

Jane, one of our more mature swap friends, she being 43 but terribly attractive, has used the cane on me when at our place and she tasted the medicine because her husband spanks her with a hairbrush and she likes it. When he saw cane weals on her he promptly switched from hairbrush to cane and she jokingly curses me for his change of heart. He likes chastising her across thin slacks, without panties underneath and she complains he cannot see how hard he is whacking her. He considers her ample curves are made more attractive clad in tight fitting slacks, but I prefer the intimacies she reveals without panties when I spank her.

If I suggest the cane to Jane she insists she receives it first so that she can give me hell afterwards should I be too severe, and as she is less considerate than Shirley and very powerful about the shoulders I make sure she has little to get irritated over.

these interests though most of the girls admit to having been playfully spanked by one man or another during a love match.

Sexually I would be sufficiently satisfied with my wife, for she rarely declines sex and even then will satisfy me with her hand if I need it. But she likes different partners and it increases my virility to see her well straddled at a party or with friends who enjoy open planning. She reacts differently with other men, is more brazen and less patient than when making love with me, and this is good for both of us.

She read the current issue of *Janus* on the bed the afternoon after I took it home. Frankly admitting when I got in from the office that she had got aroused over the *Janus Interview* and part five of *Change Partners*.

"You're too late, I needed you this afternoon." she laughed, "I got myself feeling really fruity."

So thanks *Janus* for a wonderful

tonic, and to you Miranda I say thanks from my heart to your bottom.

G. R.
London, S.W.

WE ARE THE GREATEST!



I was persuaded to write to you after reading the letter from A.D. in your June number (A Plea for Boy Spanking). I think Mr. A.D. makes an excellent case. I would also welcome a full treatment of chastisement of boys by women in realistic situations. I have vivid memories of such things from my own school-days. I remember standing on a chair in front of the class while the teacher pulled down my socks and smacked the backs of my legs with her hand. It hurts, you try it. I am sure you will please very many of your readers by putting A.D.'s suggestions into effect, or rather into print and pictures!!!

However, to come to the point. You asked for criticisms of your treatment of the corporal punishment theme. Now as you asked for it I intend to spread myself on this, my favourite subject. While very tolerant to the interests of others and in no way denying them their full whack I personally have always directed my efforts at the female bottom. It is my conviction that warming the bottoms of girls and women is correct, right, justified, commendable, desirable, effective, satisfying, expedient, responsible, acceptable, reasonable, realistic, inexpensive, loyal, beneficial, public-spirited and patriotic. It is a practice to be desired and encouraged among all classes and conditions of men. Hoping this makes my personal views on the subject quite

clear let me now tell you where you're going wrong.

The first thing to sort out is this question of pleasure and punishment. Now if a bit of spanking gives an extra something to a couple's love life, then tally-ho!!! A bit of a bedtime romp never hurt anyone. Spanking as an aid to love is part of our subject and by all means treat it in the magazine. You see I'm always tolerant! But please, please, please. Don't confuse it with the real thing!

The purpose of spanking is punishment. A girl gets smacked because she's been naughty and that's that. So it hurts. So what? It's meant to hurt. In this life we can't enjoy ourselves all the time. No, spanking is punishment and should be presented as such. Girls don't like it. Well, they're not there to like it. They're there to do what they're told and learn how to behave. It never did anyone real harm and did most of them a great deal of good. So no more nonsense! A bit of good old physical chastisement applied with the firm masculine hand. Firm but fair. A maidenly pair of bottom cheeks blushing punishment pink under

the headmaster's hand. Justice done, and seen to be done!

So what do we want from your magazine, Mr. Editor? In two words authenticity, realism and subtlety (sorry that's three words). For instance a school-teacher or headmaster should look like a member of the teaching profession, not like someone snatched from a Maoist demonstration at the London School of Economics. A master trusted with the administration of corporal punishment might be thin, balding, elderly, experienced, severe-looking. He would wear a suit and tie, possibly a gown and glasses. A figure calculated to make the knees of the average school-girl tremble with guilty anticipation. A man who could squash any hint of disobedience with one look from his glittering eye. Above all he does not, like the models in some photographs, have shoulder-length hair, take his coat off, wear jeans or smoke.

Do you see all the subtleties and nerve-quivering details that go into the psychology of spanking. You must bring out the meaning of the relationship that allows the act to

take place. I think that in your publication policy you are beginning to sacrifice quality for quantity. We enthusiasts do not want a never ending supply of the same material, revamped but basically the same. We want the subject developed to ever higher levels by all the means available to the camera and artist. I don't want torrid descriptions of the sex act going on *ad infinitum*. I can get that from any one of hundreds of publications. With corporal punishment everything is in the act itself. Show it realistically and with subtlety and stop.

I think *Janus* is the best thing that's happened to the spanking scene in this country. But it's still not good enough, it never will be. It's the nature of the subject. The fans are just insatiable. Still I have great hopes for you. Just try what I suggest and I think you'll get the response.

A Demanding Reader.

Your criticisms are constructive and we would agree with you. We place great demands upon ourselves and are well aware that we do not always hit the bullseye, but we try very hard to aim at the centre of the target. You are not the only demanding reader, we get hundreds of letters from enthusiasts urging us on to greater achievements. We think we cover the spanking scene better than any other magazine but we can never achieve perfection. As you say, the fans are insatiable in their demands.



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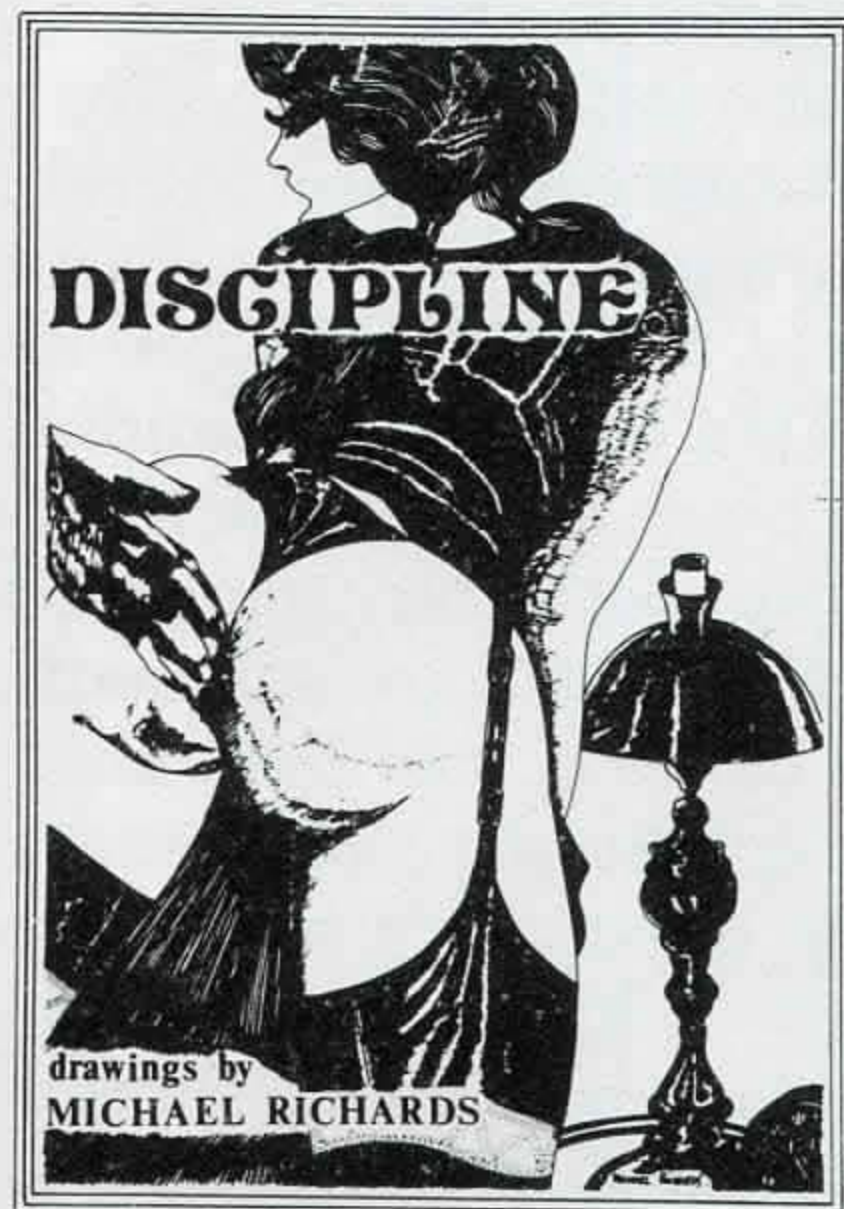
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KILTED AND CROPPED



Looking through some of your past numbers you ask for letters, I'm not sure if my letter is the sort you want but here goes, its about C.P. which appears to be your main subject thank goodness as it is our main interest.

My father ran a busy saddlers' business and a leather workshop and we covered all the agricultural shows selling bridles, saddles, whips, reins and the like in fact anything to do with horses. Our mother left dad when we were little, but we stayed with him being looked after by an old aunt. When I was about nine a new aunt was introduced to us, she took over the shop and helped in the house, she was much younger than dad and could have been no older than twenty.

Our old aunt left and aunt Glad took charge, she replaced our mother cooking, cleaning, dressing, and in disciplining us, in fact she was all powerful. Daddy had always been strict with my brother who was two years younger than me and with me and one day I was silly, dishonest and disobedient and he sent me downstairs to the shop to fetch a riding crop to smack me with as was his usual practice when he got cross with us. On returning in front of Aunt Glad, he grabbed me to put me across a long form we had in the kitchen but I struggled and slipped and ended up with one leg each side the form which had no back, and in this position he then held me down bent me over and pulled down my pants giving me eight or nine strokes with the crop on my bare bottom. A lecture followed telling Aunt Glad that this is how I was to be punished in

future every time I was naughty.

I realise now that dad had fallen for this bird, I also realise that he was a leg and knicker man, as he always liked me dressed in very short kilts or skirts with navy blue, bottle green, or nigger brown school knickers and Aunt Glad to please him I suppose (also to save washing, as they don't show the dirt) bought quite a selection of these regulation school garments from the school outfitters, it never occurred to her that I was to grow in the years to come. I see now that her main aim was to please him and to humiliate me so I spent most of my time in white blouse with tartan ties in very short tartan kilts showing all my legs and knickers, and even in the summer she made me wear dark knickers under thin school dresses, and I was well aware the outline could be seen as the boys all told me "we can see your knickers" and I started wearing my vest outside my pants to hide them, so she took away my vests saying I didn't need them now I was older.

One day a week or so later I was again disobedient to Aunt Glad, and in a temper she made me take off my kilt and sent me downstairs to pick a crop, the shop was full and I crept in took the nearest, a long thin one from its stand, and returned upstairs to her for my punishment. She made me stand astride the form, bent and catch hold of the end, keep my knees straight until they ached, she then pulled down my knickers leaving me bare. I felt awful as her sister was there at the time and she was little older than me and she encouraged her to punish me hard for being naughty and smiled at me in my misery and I knew that there was nothing I could do. I waited in this position for ages as they talked and looked at my bare bot; she was swishing the crop through the air. I refused to cry but pleaded with her but she just ignored me, then suddenly she raised the crop shoulder high and *swish* it landed across both cheeks. The strokes rained down one after the other curling right round my leg, I fell

forward but she stopped and made me regain my position. Finally I was screaming at each stroke and eight landed in all. When it finished I was told to pull my drawers up return the crop to the shop and go to bed. Looking in the mirror my bum was one mass of weals.

Well that was the first time of very many and next day she told daddy in front of me that she had given me a thrashing, and he said good, that is what she must have every time she deserves it. From that day onwards I think almost once a month until I was about seventeen I was thrashed, she really was a bitch, and with my legs spread apart she used to take her time and keep me waiting for the next stroke and then often place the end of the crop in some very tender places not meant to be punished. Oh I used to shout, jump, scream, jerk and try to put my hands in the way, but she always waited until I was still again before giving me the next stroke and if I tried to stand up she said she would start all over again or double the punishment I was to receive and she used to lay the crop on the table, fold her arms and say "make up your mind, I'm waiting . . . so knowing I couldn't win and standing there half bare and in such a stupid position would bend again for the remainder of my punishment and at such times it was then always laid on much harder than usual or even worse down the backs of my legs where I knew it could be seen beneath my very short skirts, though not in term time; she was no fool!

What could I do! At times she was a super person and if I was good kept out of trouble but I knew daddy approved of what she did although I'm sure he didn't realize quite what was going on as he was busy in the shop or workshop. He stopped her hitting my brother David at about fourteen (he had had it in exactly the same way as me, if not much harder) but not me and she still insisted I went to school in stupid short dresses and skirts far too short for me for

my age but I just didn't dare argue, I think if I had gone to a secondary modern school, then I would have dressed older, but being at a convent the nuns liked us looking like little girls even when quite old, so they approved and the sisters often told her how nice and young I looked.

Once at about sixteen and a half I rebelled, I had done something really wrong which did deserve punishment she said I was to have twelve strokes, so daddy came and he held me down for ten strokes, and as they worked together against me I just tried to be good. I even got hit when away in the summer at the agricultural shows, usually my own fault for going off, being late or not pulling my weight and looking after the stand or pricing the goods

or making a mistake with a sale. We lived in a large caravan and outside was a tent or marquee. On quite a number of occasions she took me into the marquee in the evening to be punished, pick a crop and over a trestle table skirt off (I was never allowed trousers like other girls on the shows) knickers pulled down (and by this time her supply of knickers were getting very tight for me but I was made to wear them) then she would start. Once we were interrupted by two men from the next stand who heard all the fuss and noise I was kicking up. They crept under the canvass to see what the hell was going on and saw me getting it and she stopped in the middle to speak to them on the subject of punishment while I lay there, then she let

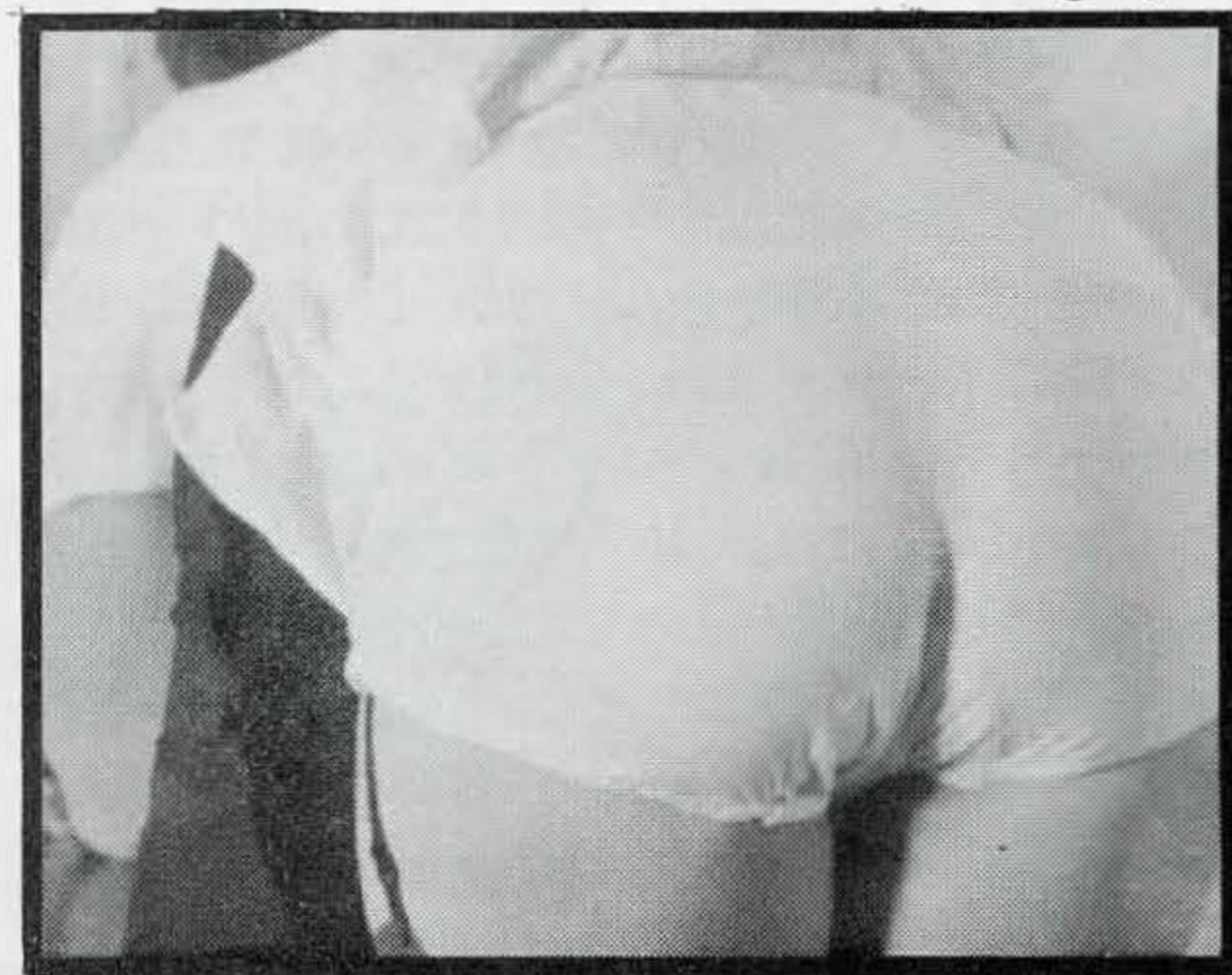
them stay and watch for the remainder of my punishment—they also told her how sensible she was with me, and I spent all next day hiding from them so that they wouldn't see me again as they had seen me all bare.

She really was a first class bitch and liked hitting me and once or twice after a whacking made me take off my knickers and leave them for all to see in the centre of the table, then in my short kilt I would be made to help around the house, or serve in the shop or even go shopping. Little did people know that beneath my kilt was a red hot throbbing bottom well covered with thin lines of criss cross weals and even worse some days I didn't get my knickers back at all and had to beg for a pair the following morning.

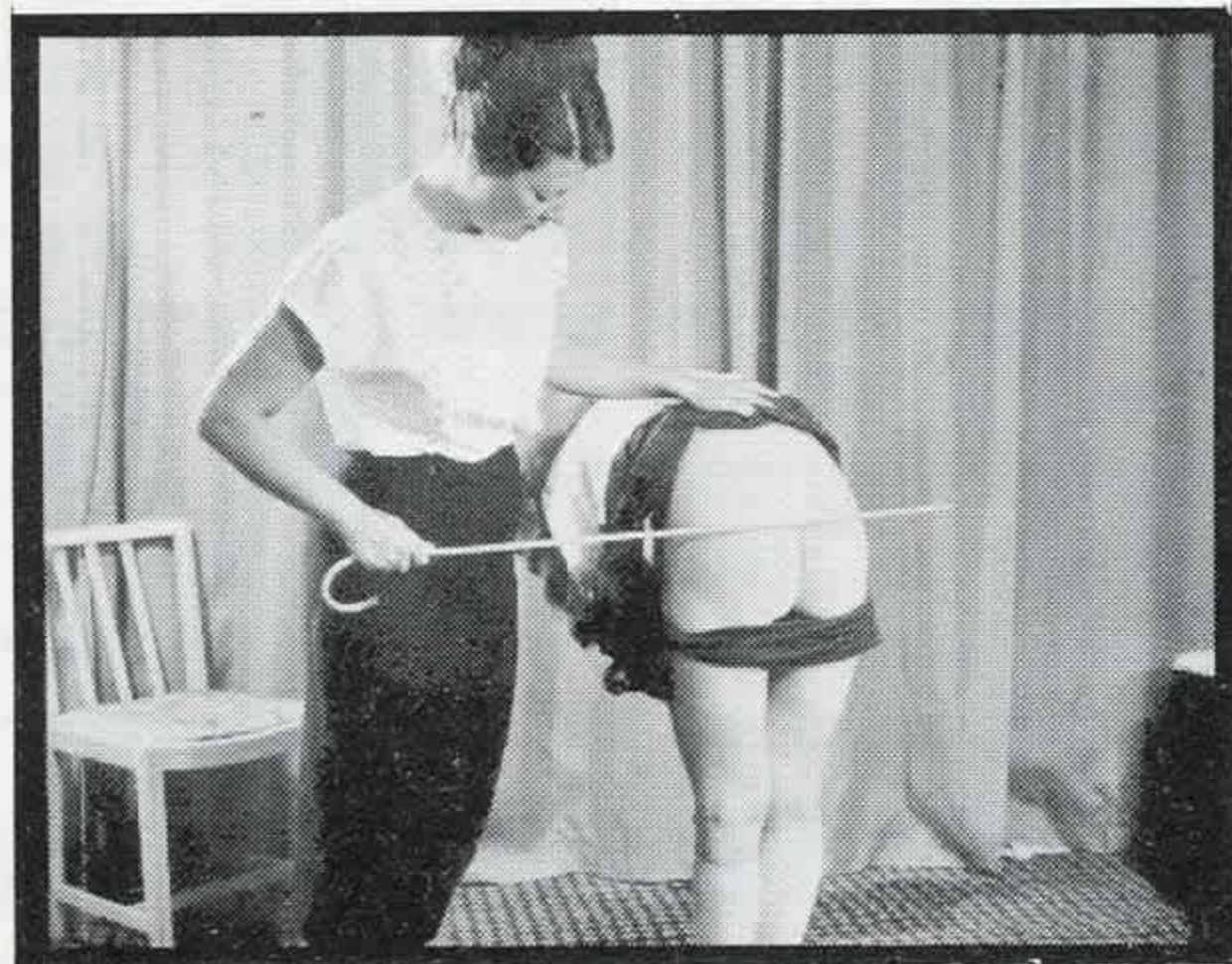
I left home to train as a nurse as soon as I could; then she suddenly died, also my father, so my brother and I now run the shop. We still stock canes straps and whips or crops and sell many to parents for their naughty children after discussing C.P. with them. Some of them punish their kids very hard even girls and quite often bare so they say. I don't think that the general public know quite how much smacking goes on in the home.

Anyway all my whackings did no harm, except that my brother and I are both hooked on C.P. I don't much like Scotch tartans even to this day. I hope that my letter is of interest to you, and hope that you will publish a lot more letters about home and school discipline as I think this is what your readers like.

G.R.H. (Miss)
Rugby.



FANTASY? NOT LIKELY



Up to this week I didn't know *Janus* existed, you will never believe where I found a copy, in a dentist's waiting room, you should have seen the lady's face who put it down, and I was busy reading it when my name was called. After my dental check-up, and all in order then I nipped back into the waiting room and stole it.

I am interested in C.P. and one letter interests me and to this one I will reply; it's a letter from a man from London who says that letters about being caned at school are a figment of the imagination, he also wrote about boys' shorts, which are allowed by most educational authorities. Before moving here we lived on the South Coast. I attended two different primary schools, one where girls who misbehaved had to remain behind after the lesson, when the Head made us touch our toes, lifted our dress and whacked our bottoms with a gym shoe, usually six strokes—the boys all got the cane across their tight shorts.

The second school was much stricter, we had a uniform of navy blue and white, white socks and shirts with blue ties. At this school both boys and girls were caned on the hand by the two senior teachers, and on the bottom bent over a desk by the Head. The girls usually had three hard strokes on their tight cotton pants, the boys six strokes; we all had it very hard: I know because I had it. All the parents agreed to this, the school had a large P.T.A. and I knew lots of girls who had the cane, some parents even took their girls to the school to get them caned and stood and watched

the Head doing it; others pulled down their naughty daughters' knickers first. Let me tell you that the Head laid it on, each stroke went right through you, left a mark about eight inches long which lasted a week—so Mr. A.D. from London, you are wrong.

Now regarding shorts—here he is correct, boys these days wore them very short and with good quality cloth. I have two brothers, one eleven, one twelve, both still wear very tight short shorts all the time at school and at home. They are both awfully naughty and both get the cane at their school both on the hand and on the bottom also the gym shoe from their P.E. teacher. Daddy is strict and canes while mummy and I sit listening in silence, to their cries, they usually get eight very hard strokes and howl afterwards. I am now nineteen and have just left school. They refuse to show me their marks, but I did see Ian's last summer quite by accident. Kevin is even ashamed to talk about or admit that he gets thrashed by Daddy. Actually Daddy is very strict with us all I have had many very hard slappings from him, he specialises on the backs of your legs leaving

terrible finger marks for all to see; but the point of me writing is also to tell you of the one real hiding of my life, quite recently, so here goes.

On the way to our school the girl next door and myself passed a creek where there was a rowing boat tied up. Jean said she knew where the oars were kept and had the owner's consent to use it. One summer day when we were sixteen, dressed in school summer uniform, dress and blazer with our lunch in our satchels, when we reached the creek Jean said why not play truant and have a day on the river in the boat. The sun shone down, the sky was blue, yes I said why not, no one will ever know. Well we had a smashing day drifting and sunbathing; we took our frocks off, our backs, legs and arms got very red and sore, Then suddenly we got stuck on the mud, the tide had gone out. We were stuck for hours, had our lunch and finally at about 6 p.m. the tide came in (I should have been home at 4.15 p.m.). We then had to row like mad against the tide to get home. Now as luck would have it, that day the boat was missed, Mr. Thomas reported it to the local police, yes two girls in our school uniform had been seen rowing it





away. The local copper checked up with our school, we were the only two missing Q.E.D.

The harbour and coastguards were alerted, our parents, and teachers looked for us.

When I arrived home Daddy went mad, he telephoned the local police then the boat owner also my headmaster. I was packed off up to my room. He then went next door to see Jean's parents and after more telephone calls and lots of shouting and bawling, clouting both my brothers, came up to my room. He burst in followed by Mummy and told me to put on my blazer and go with him. I was dragged down stairs out of the front door and pushed into the car — whilst mummy was saying "please don't be too hard on her." Daddy drove to school and waiting there was the Head, and the owner of the boat. In silence we all went into the Heads study and the door was closed and they all looked at me. My father said — "Carry on Headmaster," and Mr. Bennett explained what a day they had all had, and how my father suggested that I be punished in front of those most troubled — did I agree that I deserved to be punished. I felt like asking where Jean was, why she was not here, but I didn't dare to argue, I was tired, hungry and frightened, where upon my silence, my father took off my blazer, made me unbutton and take off my dress, leaving me in a vest and navy pants. The Head went to his cupboard and produced a long swishy length of ash, which he cuts from the trees in the school grounds and uses on the boys bottoms. My father said, — "Jill, you will have your knickers removed for a round dozen hard strokes of the cane — Oh my God I thought. Suddenly the Head objected, and Mr. Thomas objected, "Oh no" he said, 'not bare, she's a big silly girl, but not bare; I could not stand here and see her punished bare.'" The Head explained to daddy much to my added fear and horror, that this thin swishy ash stick, full of sap, really can sting, and will cut the bare skin. I nearly fainted. Daddy was very cross and very red and my knees went all weak

and the room was spinning round and I so badly wanted to go to the toilet — oh if only I had fainted, but no, without asking asking me it was agreed nine strokes with my knickers to be left on. I was quickly pushed over the back of a school chair, told to hold on to the front legs, and open my legs so that they rested against the sides of the back school knickers up as far as possible.

Whack! The first stroke landed dead centre, then two higher up followed by two lower down, the strokes were awfully hard, I saw stars, the pain welled all through my body, from my head to my toes, the swish was awful, the pain as the strokes decended was worse. It cut into the plump tight bottom only protected by a little pair of school cotton knickers. I knew I had wet my pants, and I jumped jerked cried, shouted and howled, then the last two strokes landed. These were laid on with full force, then the Head said, as he always said to the boys, "All right Jill, you have had your medicine, it's all over, you may stand up now." I stook up holding my bottom, then I put both my hands inside my pants, and standing like that with a big wet patch of navy pants in the front was made to apologize to them which I did but through sobs, tears and with crying it must have been more or less incoherent, and suddenly they had all gone, and I was standing half naked when my father came back in the room holding my dress and blazer and said, go and get into the car, Jill — howling I rushed into the playground where a pack of Brownies were playing, and they all stopped to look at me, as I rushed to the car, I realise now that as they were under the window they must have heard every sound of my thrashing in the study. I knelt on the seat.

Daddy drove me home not speaking. When I got home I dashed out of the car and into the house to be sent straight to bed. My bottom was red hot and had nine awful welts almost ½" wide reaching from side to side and standing up like ridges

far too sore even to touch. It was impossible even to think of sitting down, and that night I lay on my tummy and hardly slept at all.

It appears that Jean's parents wouldn't agree with Daddy to her being punished at school in front of those troubled, but she later told me that her father was very cross with her and had given her six strokes with a curtain rod, and it being very pliable had cut her quite badly. My brothers, waiting in the garden for my return, said they heard screams as she was thrashed just after we left, she sobbed and cried for over half an hour afterwards.

Next day we were both awfully sore and embarrassed, everyone knew about it, and how I had been punished, the boys in my form smacked or pinched me — one even made me cry, for it still hurt — some asked to see the marks and even the Head asked me if I felt alright, saying "I am not used to caning girls." We never played truant again but that was how I was punished.

J. M. C. (Miss.)
Exeter.

CYNTHIA'S BABY



The gentleman who wrote to you about being kept by his wife under petticoat domination, and having to do housework in a maid's frock and petticoats, has my deepest sympathy, for I can understand only too well the awful humiliation of being kept in such a position. And to be laughed at and ridiculed by his wife's boy friend and other males, in addition to her women acquaintances, must be the bitterest blow of all.

I married when I was quite young, my wife being considerably older

than myself, and for over twenty years I lived under similar domination, but carried to an even more humiliating extreme. Cynthia was very wealthy, and when she suggested that there was no need for me to go out to work, but that I could stay at home and help her about the house, I accepted readily. I remember feeling intense embarrassment when she said that I must wear a pinafore, but I could not very well argue, and daily I had the indignity of going to her to be fastened into my pretty little frilled pinnie before I started my chores. I did protest when she insisted that I must answer the door to any callers pinafored like this but she only laughed and said that this was part of a servant's duties.

Having broken me in like this, it was not long before her domination over me was taken a step further, by putting me into a frock and petticoats. Of course I hated the idea, and protested fiercely, but by now her hold over me was too strong, so I found myself forced each day to wear a smart little black silk maid's frock, and starched white lace petticoats, and a pair of Cynthia's own pretty little white silk bloomers. These bloomers were handed on to me each morning after she herself had worn them the previous day, which made it even more humiliating and unpleasant, but when I tried to protest, I was informed that I was honoured by being allowed to share her clothes in this way.

I begged to be allowed to wear my hair long, or to be given a wig, but this she would not allow, making it quite clear that she wished me to be recognised by everyone as a petticoated male. I still had to answer the door to callers, in spite of my ridiculous appearance, and she took a delight in inviting lots of her women friends round, so that they could enjoy the spectacle of me carrying out my domestic duties in my pretty outfit. My frock and petticoats were very short, so that when I bent down my bloomers could easily be seen, and she would smilingly draw the attention of the females to the fact that these were

her own discarded knickers, and I would then be put into them straight away, and have to spend the rest of my time wearing them, to the vast amusement of the lady concerned and to my own intense humiliation.

I did not believe then that humiliation could go any further, but it was not very long before I discovered that there were very much worse indignities than just the wearing of petticoats. It began when Cynthia decided that she was tired of seeing me in my maid's outfit, and would like me to wear something "prettier," and to my horror and disgust, she produced for me a typical "little-girl" frock of pink chiffon. I still had to wear petticoats, of course, but now much frillier and more heavily laced, and a pair of very fancy white cambric knickers buttoning up at the sides and with deep lace frills round the legs, and as a final childish touch, I was put into white ankle socks and low-heeled black patent shoes fastening with a strap and buckle. I flatly refused to wear such a ridiculous outfit, but of course her domination was much too firmly established for any rebellion, and I could have cried for shame when I saw myself in the mirror, with the lace frills of my petticoats and knickers peeping out under my pretty little frock and my legs bare except for those babyish little ankle socks.

At least now I was spared the humiliation of having to answer the door, but this was small consolation against the misery of meeting her friends dressed up in this absurdly childish way, and having to face their contemptuous smiles and merciless teasing. Even now, my hair was still kept short, to remind me that in spite of my girlish dress I was still a male, and in place of my household duties I was now given needlework and similar tasks. Talking to her friends, Cynthia would always refer to me as "the child," and I was not allowed to speak unless spoken to but must sit quietly, sewing or with my hands folded in my lap, whilst they laughed at me and made fun of me, or discussed my little misdeeds and

naughtinesses. "The child has been naughty today," Cynthia would often say, and all the ladies would scold me and say that I deserved to have my bottom spanked, although this was never actually carried out.

Daily I begged and pleaded to be released from my ridiculously childish clothes, or at least to be allowed to wear something less humiliating and shaming than those awful little-girl petticoats and knickers with their lacy frills and flounces. And one afternoon, when she was entertaining three of her lady friends Cynthia announced loudly: "The child doesn't like wearing his pretty knickers! — don't you think that's naughty of him, girls?" Of course, they all agreed, so she called me over to her and, ordering me to lift up my frock and petticoats, she unbuttoned my knickers and took them off.

I could have died of shame, standing there in front of them completely exposed like this, but when I tried to lower my petticoats, I was sternly told to stay as I was. But even worse was to follow for, with a cruel little grin, she said: "Since you're so rude and disobedient, and you don't like the pretty clothes I buy for you, there's only one answer, isn't there — I shall just have to put you in nappies until you come to your senses!" Naturally, the girls all hooted with laughter, and I was so ashamed and upset that I actually started to cry, which amused them all even more. And with them all gathered round, watching and laughing and jeering at me, I had to let her fasten me up into an enormous great baby napkin!

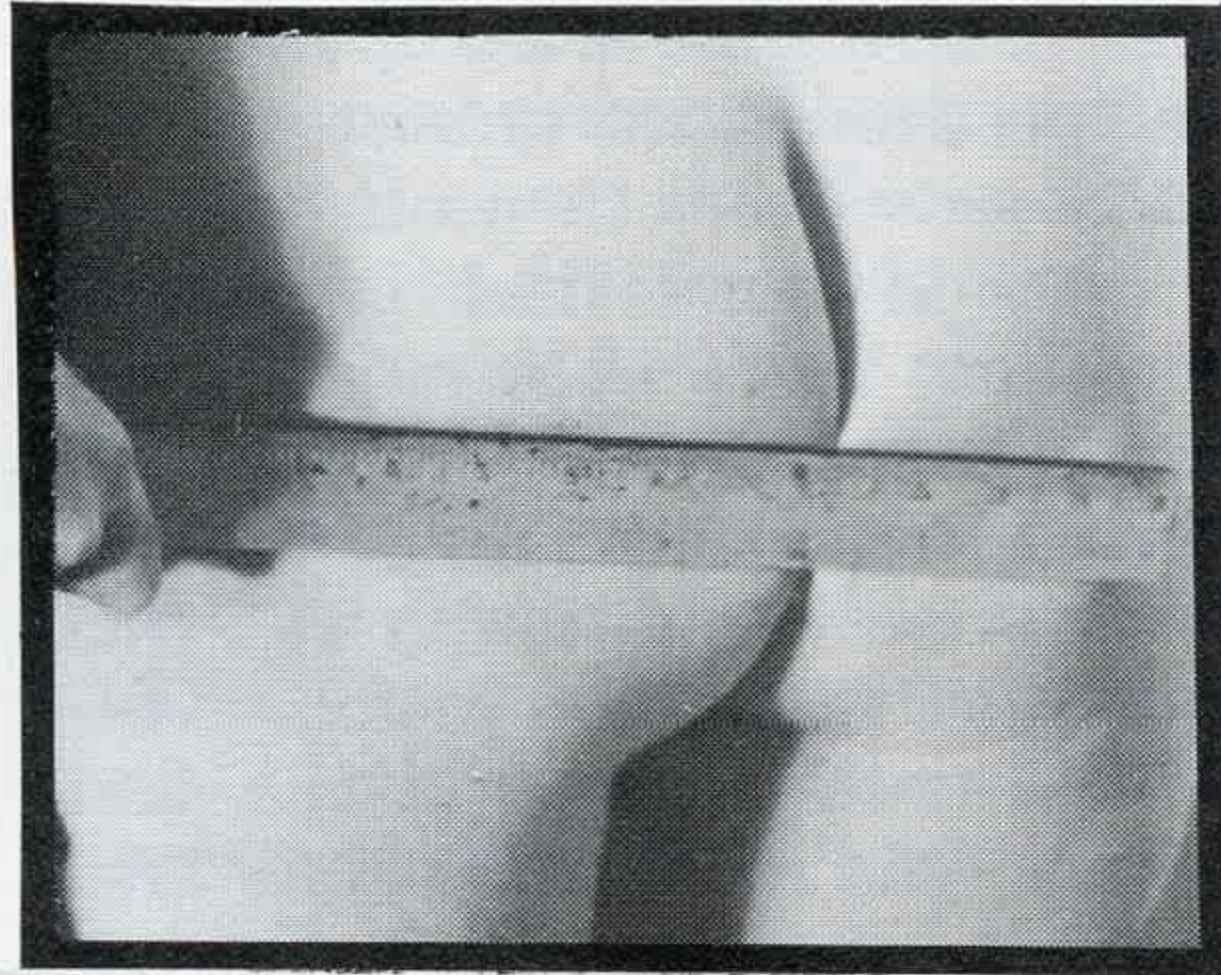
It was so big and bulky that I couldn't even get my petticoats and frock back down over it, but the girls all agreed that I looked nicer with my nappies showing. "Perhaps it will teach him not to be naughty any more, knowing what a great silly baby he looks," one of them said, and they all applauded when Cynthia produced a baby's dummy teat and pushed it into my mouth! Later on, in front of my giggling audience, I was fed from a child's nursing bottle. I hated the taste of

it, and tears of humiliation were streaming down my cheeks, but Cynthia would not be content until I had drunk it all up, and to everyone's amusement, she kept "winding" me at intervals, saying that I was a greedy little boy and must learn to feed properly.

From then on, until Cynthia died in a car accident two years ago, I was kept continually in nappies and baby dress, and I can assure any male who thinks he might enjoy being dominated by a woman that the shame and misery of being humiliated constantly in this way can be almost unendurable.

B.L.G.
Bristol.

PIERCED OR PAINTED



Recent letters in *Janus* on the subject of piercings have been most interesting and are in line with the trend towards the more widespread and open interest in this subject.

Several well known women's magazines have recently featured on their covers models with multiple ear-piercings — a delightful fashion now gaining in popularity with many women. Also, unless I am mistaken, there is a television advertisement which uses a model with two ear-studs in each lobe.

Ear and nose piercing specialists now advertise openly in the more fashionably periodicals for ladies and London has at least one highly successful piercing centre, ear, nose, nipple and other body piercings are undertaken by a piercing expert and I am sure that many people with an interest in body jewellery are very pleased that this type of service is now easily

available.

Like R.M. of Middlesex in *Janus* Vol. No. 8, I have carried out some piercing on a DIY basis. I have used a thick needle with a special sheath and have experienced no difficulty with ear-lobes, septum or nostrils. I have allowed the piercings in one ear-lobe and in one nose-wing to become permanent. A single ear-ring worn by men is now an accepted fashion and a nose-stud can be worn for special occasions. Nostril-studs and nose-rings for women are now to be seen more and more frequently.

I found it difficult to pierce my own nipples satisfactorily and on a recent visit to London I had my nipples pierced at the piercing-centre. When I have pierced myself I have never used any local anaesthetic, but at the piercing-centre ethylchloride was used, though I now regret that I didn't insist on having at least one nipple pierced without freezing, just for the experience.

During the five or six week healing period one is very aware of one's nipples through the routine of daily bathing and rotating the rings. The shape of even the male nipple is definitely improved and

sensitivity is enhanced greatly. It seems it is a fashion to be encouraged.

Finally, I wonder if other readers have noticed that an interest in piercing often goes together with an interest in tattooing. With me this is certainly true. I have read articles which suggest that tattooing is gaining re-newed popularity with girls as well as boys and it is always a delight to see women and girls with a few attractive tattoos.

I look forward to many more letters and hopefully some pictures on the subject of piercing — and maybe on the kindred interest in tattooing too.

K.W.
Dublin.

We have become aware that piercing has become more common of late, both from the letters we receive, and because we have noticed a number of advertisements which offer piercing services. We must, however, warn readers that D.I.Y. practices or those from unskilled operators can be dangerous. Septic infections and other complications can ensue and we would advise readers to deal only with skilled and sym-





pathetic practitioners. No such operation should be carried out unless the person concerned is utterly convinced that it will lead to their psychological and sexual well-being.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT



May I add my voice to the several readers who have already written to you asking for a little more space to be devoted to the subject of spanking young males? You publish such letters from time to time but you don't seem to do much about it. I find only one item that really interests me in No. 43, for instance, A.Y.'s fairly short letter, which I shall say more about later on. I agree we are probably in a minority, but I think you underestimate us. The bookseller who sells me *Janus* says he can't get enough male spanking material to satisfy the demand. Like other correspondents, I am still awaiting a really good photo of an attractive boy undergoing punishment. I know there are certain difficulties about publishing male nude pictures. Personally I find the covered male bottom very sexy if it is bent over tightly in a really "cheeky" position. So what about a photo of a headmaster (or headmistress if you like) caning a really nice-looking senior boy pupil? A good new picture I mean, not a second-rate one reproduced from one of the few male spanking illustrated books: I have them all. Most of your "girlie" pictures are new, while nearly all your "boy" ones are second-hand: It shouldn't be difficult to get male models for the sort of picture I have in mind. The boy would have to be a bit old, no doubt, but even if he was in his early twenties it would be O.K. if he was youthful looking with no

facial hair, and a lithe athletic figure. It is essential that we should see his face, although the centre of interest is the seat of his trousers, which must be skin-tight and stretched to the utmost as he bends over so invitingly that his backside just begs to be whacked. And the teacher should be standing over him in the act of bringing the cane swishing down dead on target.

In one of your back numbers a letter that I greatly enjoyed reading was the one from a man in Ireland describing how he punished a youth with a severe dose of the belt. If you could persuade your Irish readers to write more I am sure you would get a lot of new material, as I believe I am correct in saying that there is much more corporal punishment of adolescents going on there than anywhere else in the U.K., although discipline may have broken down to some extent because of the troubles. In Scotland the tawse tends to be used very mildly nowadays, two strokes on the hand being the usual amount, which may be increased to two or three on each hand for a more serious offence, but very seldom more than that, and it is hardly ever used on the bottom, in state schools at least. I am told that in Ireland, however, four or six on the buttocks with belt or cane is quite the normal punishment, with corresponding increases in severity for the real "hard cases". Sometimes both instruments are used in the same school and a boy may have painful experience of both stick and leather on the same day.

The letter from A. Y. about the thrashing he received from his football team manager after a massaging session inspires two thoughts. First, anybody who has the delightful job of massaging young men's backs must certainly be strongly tempted to contrive a situation, the target being presented literally under the nose, or handed on a plate. How often, I wonder, does it go beyond superficial play, and develop into sado-masochistic relationship? This seems to be a topic that has not been

fully explored — perhaps you could specially invite letters from masseurs and their clients?

My second thought is one that has been running through my mind for some time, but A.Y.'s letter has finally crystallised it. It is that if there is any group of young men in this country today who need some strong discipline it is these spoiled, self-centred, temperamental top-class footballers who are such a bad example to the fans who worship them. Heavy fines mean nothing to them, they are so highly paid. If only our laws and customs allowed them (or at least the younger ones, say up to twenty-five years old) to be dealt with in a more direct and humbling fashion, I am sure it would both them and countless others a great deal of good. This has inspired me to write the following fantasy, which may entertain your readers if you print it. Unlike so much of your material, it does not pretend to be fact, but it is no more fictitious, I suspect, than a lot of what your readers offer up as gospel truth!

"Yesterday, Billy Dribbler, 20-year-old star centre-forward of United Wanderers, appeared before the Discipline Committee following his third ordering-off this season. Billy was the first to come up under the new stiff Code of Discipline that was passed last week, so there was special interest in his case to see if the beaks would take full advantage of their new draconian powers and come down really hard on Billy, the likeable but wayward idol of the terraces. They did. Billy was stunned and turned white when he was ordered to receive twelve strokes of the cane! He seemed in a daze when he left the meeting with a grim-faced Mr Patrick Whumper, his manager, the man whose job it was to carry out the sentence. This Mr Whumper lost no time in doing as soon as they got back to the Wanderer' club rooms. There, in the dressing room, he wielded the three-foot-long, supple rod in the presence of all Billy's team-mates, who had been ordered to attend, and invited representatives of the sports press. The television people were

absent, as it was felt that Mrs Whitehouse would not approve the scene for family viewing, though it might on the other hand be argued that many of those who do not watch much sport on T:V: would be glued to their sets on this occasion and even request slow-motion action replays of every stroke. All the reporters agreed that Billy took his licking very well, with only muffled cries, gasps and groans as each stinging, well-aimed blow hit its mark in swift succession, with a loud crack every time flexible bamboo struck bare skin. By the time "Daddy" Whumper had applied the twelfth cut with the same cool, ruthless precision he had shown throughout the operation, the young player's sturdy, compact buttocks were a painful sight to look at, criss-crossed all over with angry weals, making an intricate pattern that left only small spots of pink untouched flesh. Some of the spectators felt their own seats tingling in sympathy, especially other players who now knew exactly what they were in for the next time, they indulged in childish tantrums. With agony showing all over his handsome face, Billy limped away to seek the privacy he so much needed to recover his composure. As he went, he was heard to murmur that he had learned his lesson: never again would he figure in the referee's black book.

"It was fully two hours before the chastened young man re-emerged to face the reporters who had patiently waited to question him. He managed a fair imitation of his usual cheery smile, but it was obvious he was still in considerable pain. Asked what he had been doing for the last two hours, he replied facetiously, 'Rubbing my bum with sandpaper to make it better.' More seriously, he stated that at first he had felt very sorry for himself and lay on his tummy and had a good weep. The one of his mates had been a great help to him, not only physically by rubbing cream on his weals which greatly eased the pain, but in talking him into the right frame of mind so as not to be bitter at being first to suffer under the new laws--

'After all,' observed Billy, 'It'll make sure I go into the history books, won't it?' 'Billy,' one reporter questioned, 'do you feel any resentment against Mr Whumper? Do you think he was too hard on you?' 'No,' was the reply. 'after all, he didn't decide the punishment, he just had to dole out what the beaks said -- although --,' he added hesitantly, as if he was afraid of saying more than he should, 'I must say I would have preferred if he had put less beef into it!' 'Did it really hurt a lot?' 'Like hell it did.' Asked when he reckoned he would be sitting down again, Billy announced that he might make cautious experiments with a thick cushion that evening, but, as he picturesquely put it, 'I expect it'll be days before my chair and my arse are proper mates again.' Billy left to a round of applause from the small company, and it looks as if the beating has not diminished his prestige at all. Far from it, it has possibly made him even more of a hero than ever, despite the undignified nature of the punishment. Advocates of caning will have to bear this point in mind. Perhaps they were unlucky that their first victim bore up so well; or maybe their idea of giving the embarrassing scene publicity has rebounded on them.

"Mr Whumper had evaded the reporters by leaving through a back door immediately after administering the whipping. Now that they had talked to the player, the press corps tracked the manager down at his home to get his comments on the incident. Did he approve of the new regulations? 'Yes.' Did he expect to have to carry out many more canings? He felt that it would be his duty to inflict some, but he thought that they were such a powerful deterrent that they would not be too frequent. One thing he was pretty certain of, that he wouldn't see the same bottom twice! Did he not think that he had been rather hard on Billy? 'Gentlemen, may I remind you that the sentence was not a matter for me but for the Committee. I merely had to obey their orders.' 'Yes Mr Whumper,

you had to give him twelve strokes, but when you saw that you had really hurt him with the first three or four, could you not have eased off a bit with the rest?' 'It has always been my policy and advice to do a job or play a game with full vigour from start to finish. That applied equally to this particular task, however unpleasant it happened to be.' 'Mr Whumper,' persisted one reporter, 'I would suggest it wasn't an unpleasant duty to you at all, you were bloody well enjoying yourself. I was watching you as you raised weal after weal on poor Billy's rump, and the glint of pleasure in your eyes was unmistakable.' There was some tut-tutting of disagreement or disapproval of the young fellow's outspokenness. Mr Whumper flushed angrily and looked as if he could cheerfully have dished out a dozen of the best to the handsome cub reporter there and then—and he certainly wouldn't have slackened off after the first three or four?

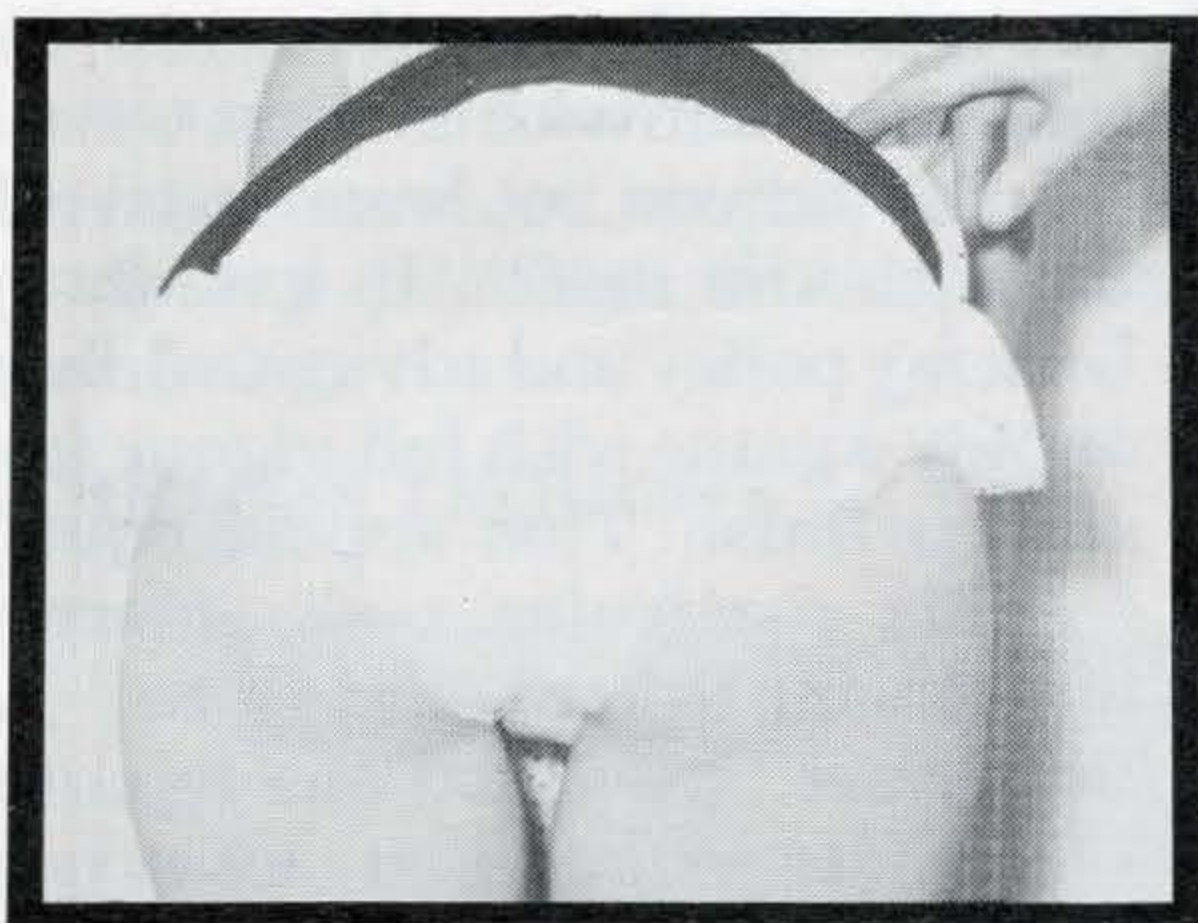
I will not reply to impertinent questions and scandalous suggestions. The interview is at an end.'

You will notice that in the above fantasy I have tried to hint at both sides of the argument for and against corporal punishment. You may wish that the scene described could really be enacted, and extended to others—tennis players? cricketers? students? demonstrators? striking stable lads? everybody under 25? Where would it end? At any rate, I hope I have given food for thought.

V.H.



SATISFIED CLIENT



Having enjoyed your magazine, especially the *Spanking Specials*, which contain many superb photographs and stories, I thought you may be interested to hear about my, so far, only visit to a young lady of discipline.

The young lady was about 24 years old, tall and had long dark hair. I was shown into a room which contained numerous canes, paddles and even a birch as well as stocks and a caning bench. She left me to undress completely and returned a few minutes later when she sat on the edge of the bed, pulled her skirt up high on her thighs and told me to place myself across her knees.

Having done so she then positioned my naked bottom in the best position to receive the blows from her hand and started to spank me. Whilst this was taking place I managed to push my hand under her skirt and rest it on the top of her thigh. She spanked me hard on both cheeks for about 10 minutes until my bottom was red and beginning to get sore. I then stood up and was ordered to bend over the padded bench while she selected a suitable cane. She came across to me with the cane in her hand but she was not satisfied with my position and I was told to bend over as far as I could with my hands almost touching the floor. Having satisfied herself that my bottom was in a position to fully appreciate the effects of the cane she raised it high above her head, brought it down with a whistle and it landed on my naked flesh with a *thwack*. She repeated this action 6 times with only a few seconds pause between strokes. I tried to stand up after this as my bottom was sore and this was

my first experience of a proper caning, but she pushed me over the bench again and landed a further 6 stinging strokes over the raised weals already apparent. I was allowed to stand up after this and rub my sore bottom. She put down the cane and offered to soothe my bottom for me and as she did so she again, continuing to rub my bottom. I was quite content to lie over the bench, relax and let her rub the soreness when suddenly she slipped her hands to my ankles and before I realised what was happening had both my ankles securely fastened to the bench with straps which were attached for this very purpose. I asked her what she was doing and she replied that my punishment was not yet over as she had decided to give me a further 6 strokes as hard as she could manage. I started to protest but she grabbed my wrists, pulled me right over the bench and fastened my wrists to the bench with straps. She selected a long crook-handled cane and took up her position beside me. There was a sweeping swish of the cane's impact on my naked bottom and an experience of pure pain.

She struck slowly and accurately until she had hit my scalding rear 6 times. I was then released and told to lie on my back on the bed. She then hoisted up her skirt and sat on my chest with her back towards me and manipulated me to complete satisfaction.

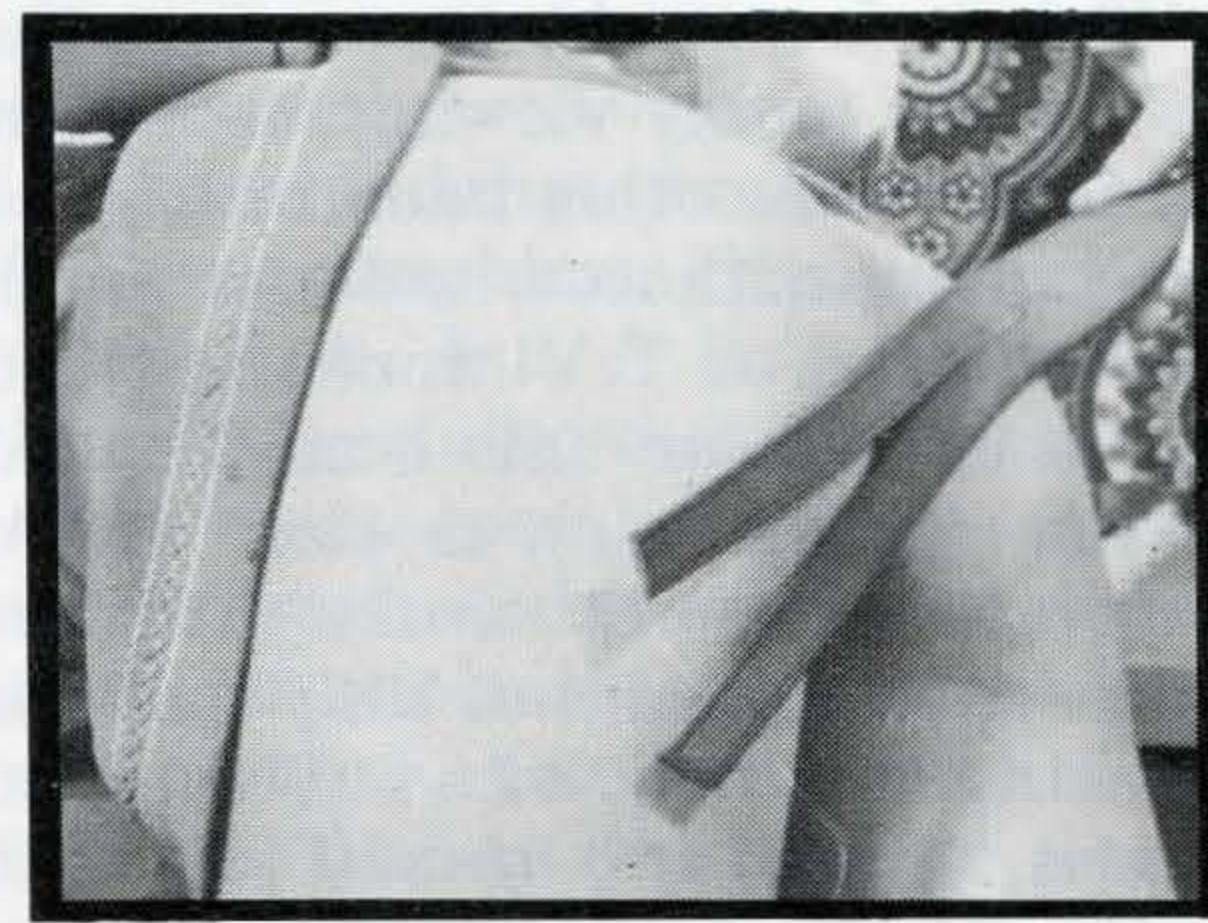
May I suggest that your magazine runs a contact section where readers could get in touch with each other and convert some of their dreams into reality without paying fees for it? I'm sure this will have great appeal.

Keep up the good work.

K.S.H.
Herts.

Your suggestion of running a contact section has been made by a number of other readers and it is a matter which is under serious consideration, but no decision has yet been made.

LUCKY MAN!



My wife and I are always particularly interested in letters about domestic family discipline and more especially in those dealing with cases of families in which the wife/mother is subject to the same sort of physical correction as her daughters. It seems that there are families in which the daughters are not only aware of the fact that their mother is spanked or caned but even see her under punishment.

Jean, my wife, was strictly brought up and was liable to corporal punishment in the form of hairbrush spankings from her mother and whippings with the cane from her father right up until we married when she was 21. Her mother spanked her for the last time only a couple of weeks before the wedding and her father had caned her a couple of months previously. Maternal spankings were invariably given on her bare bottom, but, when she was whipped by her father, she was allowed to keep her knickers up.

Having been brought up to expect chastisement for her faults, Jean quite naturally moved from acceptance of parental discipline to submission to marital correction. I have never used the cane on her, but in the thirteen years we have been married she has been over my knees to have her bare bottom more or less thoroughly spanked with the hairbrush at least a couple of hundred times. These episodes are always punishment — we do not indulge in spanking as an erotic exercise. There is no dressing-up as a schoolgirl or any other fancy. No, when Jean deserves it, I punish her, and she derives no pleasure





whatever from the pain caused by up to a couple of dozen whacks on each cheek of her plump sit-me-down.

Our daughter, June, is now nearly 12. She is often given a mild smacking over her mother's knees and sometimes feels a few smacks with the brush. We have never made a point of trying to keep my wife's punishments a secret from June. On the other hand, we have not yet allowed June to see her mother being spanked; although the time is probably coming when this will happen: We both think it is better to be quite open about the matter and we can both foresee the possibility or even the probability of June in a few years time being given visual evidence

that her mother submits to corporal punishment. Jean says that, although she is not looking forward to it, it somehow gives her a queer sort of thrill to think of her teen-age daughter actually witnessing her spanking.

Incidentally, Jean has never worn tights, which I abhor, but has stuck to stockings and knickers. During this present spell of hot weather, however, she has discarded stockings and has her legs nicely made up, and yesterday I discovered, when I took her over my knees for a spanking and turned her skirt up, that she has discarded knickers as well.

B.J.
Glamorgan.

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE



My only interest in spanking at home was the sting in my own backside when either of my parents spanked me as I believe that any young, normal and mischievous boy deserves from time to time. I do not bear any spite against my parents who disciplined me thus until I was about twelve.

The first time I recall seeing another person spanked was at the house of my aunt and uncle. My cousin Linda and I were given a pack of cards to play with to keep us quiet while our parents chatted. However, when my uncle gave them to us he warned his daughter not to cheat or else. Apparently, she had already been caught cheating and given a warning. Shortly afterwards he passed the table and saw her doing just what he had warned her about. He just picked her up and held her under his arm. Right in front of me he pulled her knickers down and spanked her bottom with his palm. She was almost twelve but wailed like a baby, and I will never forget seeing her buttocks turning red before my eyes.

Several years later our two families went on a caravan holiday together. We were left in the van one day while our parents went walking. I turned on my transistor radio to a sports programme and Linda insisted that there was a good pop programme on another channel. She tried to change to it and I grabbed the radio warning her that is she tried that again I would do what her father had in front of me on the previous occasion. She was now over fifteen and I seventeen. Linda said nothing but when I turned away she took the radio and turned the tuner to another station.

I tried to look angry, but I was really excited that she had done this. I did not know whether her father still disciplined her but I suspected that he most probably did. I ordered her to take down her trousers but she hesitated until I shouted my order anew. Linda undid the buckle at the waist, slid down the zip and peeled the skin-tight garment off her hips. This done, she came and lay over my lap, as if it was a much practised action. I took up my courage and hooked my fingers below the waist of her briefs and very slowly bared her much more mature buttocks. All the time I expected her to object, but she just settled herself into position and flexed the muscles in her buttocks while she awaited the first smack. I almost didn't start, but just as I was about to tell her that I didn't intend to spank her, she gave me a cheeky sideways glance which tipped the balance. I slapped my palm down on her bottom. My lack of experience meant that I followed no strict pattern of first one side and then the other or even up and down the buttocks, but I did notice certain spots of greater redness and tried to cover the spaces between these to achieve an overall result. Perhaps I spanked Linda twenty or thirty times on this first occasion, but partly because she started to cry and partly because I suspected our parents would return soon, I let her go. She stood rubbing herself behind with a smile through her tears. I had enjoyed myself, I realised, but now it seemed that my cousin had too. When I quizzed her about this she admitted that it was not the same to be spanked by a person of her own age and that she would let me do it again. You may be sure that I did, on four occasions during that holiday and a few times on later meetings.

However, as things go, Linda is now married and living far away. I have on several occasions spanked young boys or girls at a youth club that I administer. An unofficial warm bottom is easier, and a good deal more effective in most cases, than official reprimands and form-filling with letters to parents. I



believe the kids accept on the spot punishment as quite fair, and I hasten to add that I do not do it for any pleasure. I usually administer a slipper to the seat of trousers or skirt and my pleasure would only be in having a mature girl over my lap with bottom bared for action. I have still to meet a girl who likes more than an occasional smack, other than Linda whom I will always remember for the fun we had briefly together.

I.A.
Edinburgh.

We wish you luck in your search for a willing spanking partner, but even if you don't find one at least you have your memories of Linda.
ED.

PUNISHMENT PLAYBACK



Some of your correspondents seem to want to hear about husbands who are smacked by their wives. I fall into this category, so perhaps a few observations might be of interest.

Fortunately, my wife and I see

eye to eye on this matter, save that my wife does not like to be herself smacked very often, but she does thoroughly enjoy smacking me.

I use the word "smacking" in a general sense; my wife has at her disposal two flexible hook-handled canes, a home-made birch of fine straight fibres (obtained by dismantling a long-stemmed fan-shaped sweeping brush — it is about 24" long), a wooden hairbrush with a handle, a strap and tawse, and a woven cane spanking-paddle.

The bedroom is the scene of operations, and punishment is of course inflicted on my bottom; my wife always prepares me herself, an operation performed with deliberation to heighten the suspense.

Although my wife has so many instruments of discipline at her disposal, she much prefers to use a cane (it hurts more than any of the other smacking things — much more) and the back of a hairbrush; the latter is definitely not to be despised as a childish means of correction, it stings almost as much as a cane.

Normally, my wife adopts either the classic across the knee position in which to inflict chastisement, or else face-down upon the bed — the latter when she intends to be exceptionally severe. Occasionally I bend over a cut-down chair over a pillow placed on the back-rail, or tucked securely under her arm.

Because she likes doing it so much, I am punished very frequently, sometimes several times a day or evening — always, I might add, for a reason, albeit perhaps flimsy or contrived.

We are both well aware of the dramatic element in corporal punishment in that the preliminaries are as important as the actual infliction of the pain, so that the recipient shall suffer both embarrassment and humiliation to the maximum degree.

With this end in view, I am either sent or led upstairs to the bedroom to "get-ready". My wife has remade an old dress with a box-pleated skirt to resemble a school-girl's gym-slip and set aside a selection of her clothes for my use. These comprise

several pairs of silk elastic-leg bloomers, two pairs of stockings, one nylon, one lisle, two pairs of garters, one pair frilly black lace, one plain black elastic, a cotton vest, and a silk waistslip in white with a deep hem of white lace. The drawers are in several colours, including two pairs of black ones — more of these anon. There are also several pairs of French knickers including one pair of black lace trimmed with scarlet ribbon. A white shirt and tie to do as a blouse complete the outfit.

Thus attired, and I promise you, very red-faced and embarrassed, and feeling a weird mixture of excitement and trepidation, I am made to stand in the corner for a few minutes.

My wife then calls me over to her, lectures me on my faults, and orders me to fetch her cane. If she is sitting on the bed, I fetch the lighter, shorter of the two and hand it over. She then pulls me down over her knee, pulls skirts and slip up, and takes down the knickers and raises my vest, to expose my bare bottom, which then receives the stripes, laid

on with a vigorous hand. The punishment continues for a good five minutes — none of this six of the best sort of thing. It is, I know, ludicrous; a grown man, dressed absurdly in ladies' attire, sprawled face-down over his wife's lap with his bottom bare being caned, but however absurd the pleasure is intense as can be for us both.

After I have been caned, I am often sent to stand in the corner again, with knickers down and clothes up and am then called over and made to fetch the hairbrush so I may be spanked.

Alternatively, my wife may direct that I put on a pair of the black knickers I mentioned earlier; this means I am to be flogged or thrashed or both on the bed, a lot more hurtful than over her knee; or, after caning and spanking me on her knee two or three times she may direct me to exchange the drawers I have on for the black ones. In any event, I know that I shall either be thrashed with the back of the hairbrush or whipped with the "best" cane whilst face down on the bed over a pillow. The best cane is longer and thicker than



the other one, but just as flexible, and a lot more painful.

Two strategically placed mirrors enable me to watch my wife's energetic operations, and to see the cane or back of the hairbrush meeting my bare flesh.

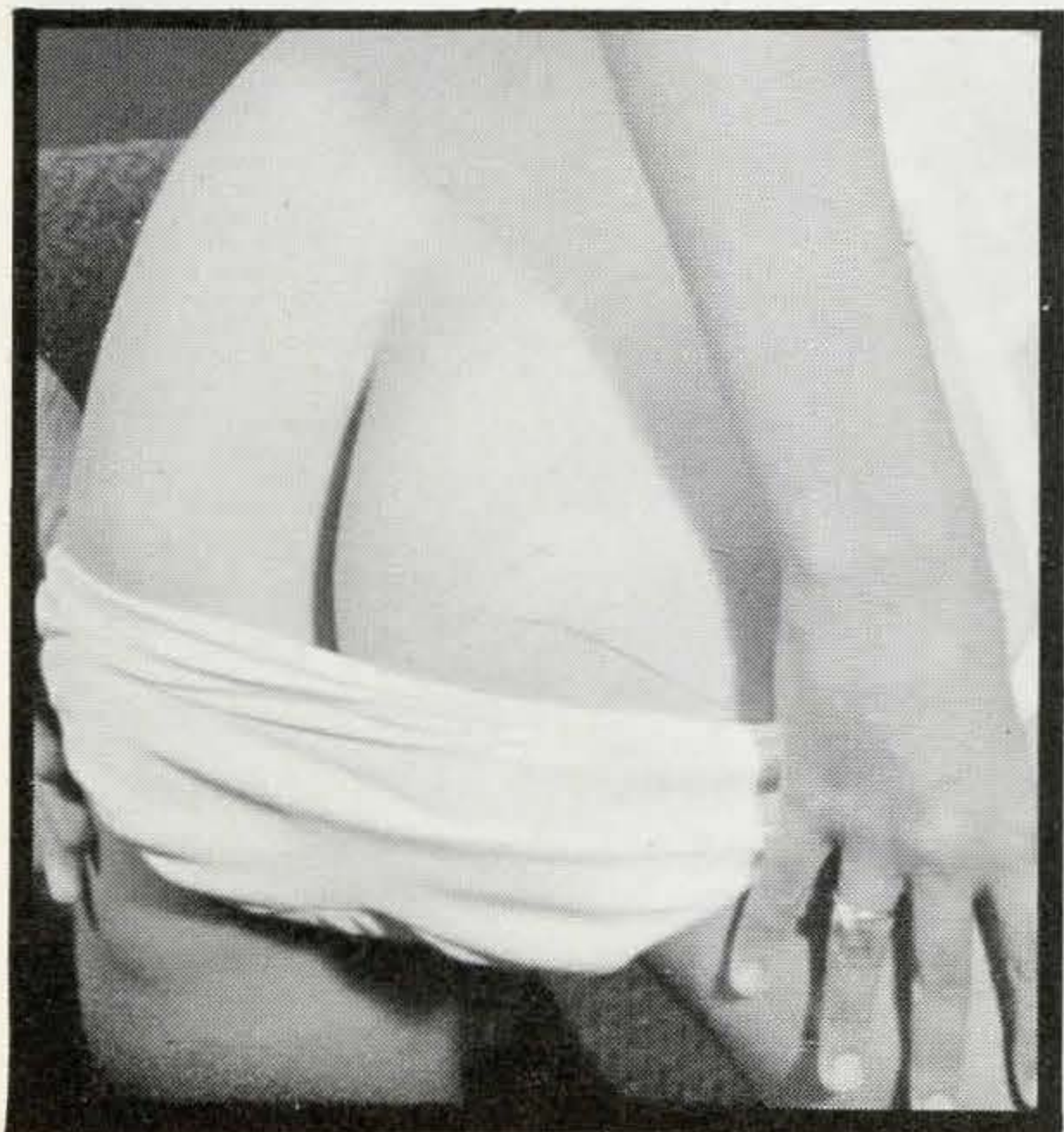
A tape recorder is sometimes used to give an interesting "programme" which is nice to listen to.

I read somewhere that ladies, secure from retribution and with a liking for using the Rod will, when given the opportunity, lay on without mercy, and I can thoroughly endorse this view. My wife hits as hard as she can, and no pleas or entreaties will deter her in her intention to punish with the greatest severity.

For some reason, there are times when I am able to endure the most savage flogging with great fortitude, remaining still and relaxed so my wife can cane me with the greatest convenience; this is a matter of much satisfaction and pride. Incidentally the tape recorder gives a speed of something between sixty and eighty strokes per minute when I am being caned.

I hope these few notes may be of sufficient interest to prove worthy of publication - if so, and you would like more detailed descriptions of specific occasions, I have diaries covering nearly eleven years which minutely record every spanking, caning and birching in the greatest detail, so I could write again if you wish.

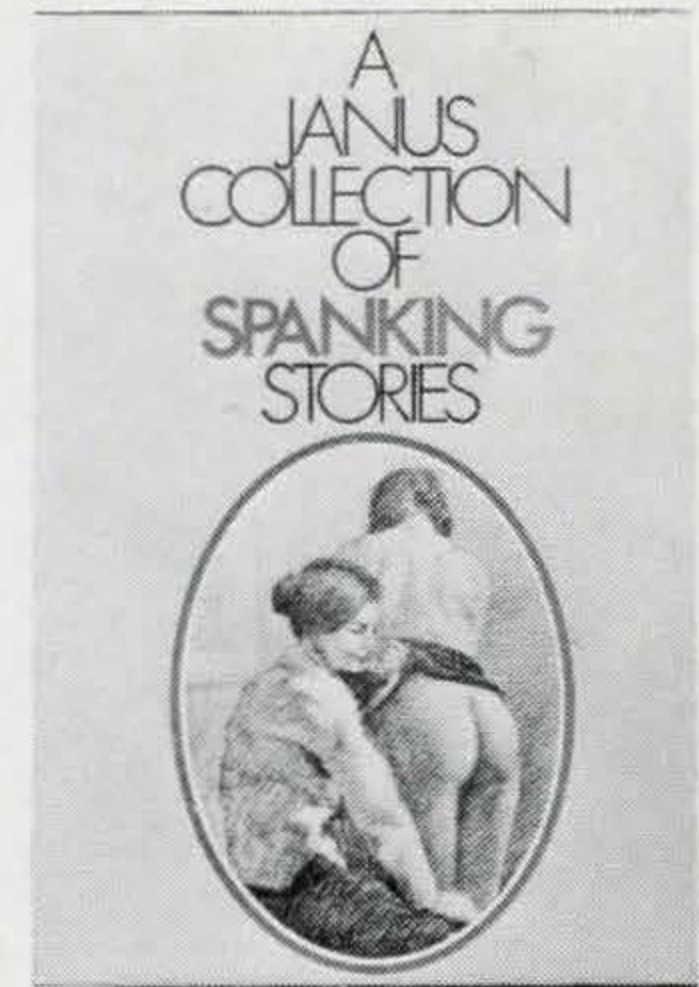
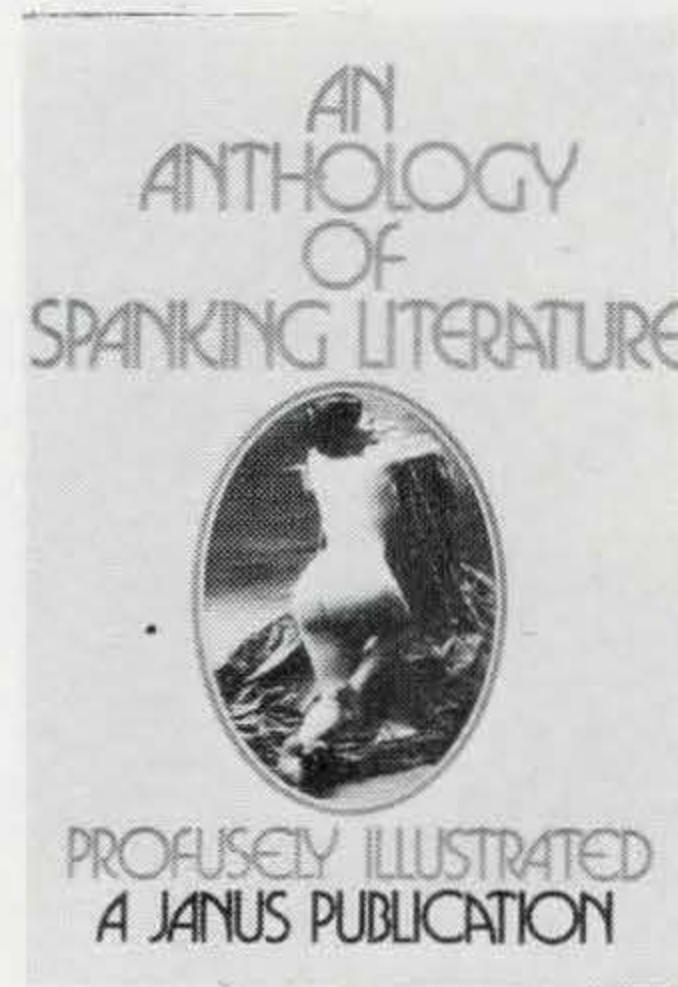
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