

KANE

76

The Ultimate in C.P Journalism for Adult Enthusiasts



*Not for sale to
persons under 18*

PUBLISHED BY Harrison Marks £10

**ARE YOU WEARING
MY SILK KNICKERS
YOU NAUGHTY
NAUGHTY BOY?!!!
THEN BE PREPARED
FOR YOUR
PUNISHMENT**

**0896
403
920**



**A Short, Sharp,
Stinging Pain for Natalie...
She Loves It Really.
0896 403 918**

**SMACK!!
SMACK!!
SMACK!!**

**MISS BEHAVIOUR
ADMINISTERS PUNISHMENT
TO A VERY
NAUGHTY PUPIL
0896 403 921**



**RED RAW
AND
BEGGING**



0896 403 919

**ST. TRINGIANS
COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES**

**TOO LATE FOR 0896
SORRY MY GIRL!! 403
923**

**DISOBEDIENCE DEALT WITH
IN THE OLD FASHIONED WAY
0896 403 922**



**AN ACHING BOTTOM FOR
DISOBEDIENT COLLEGE GIRL
0896 403 911**

**SNIFF & LICK MY DAMP KNICKERS
0896 403 910**

**SAMANTHA STRIP SEARCHED
BY MATRON
0896 403 908**

**BECKY WINCES WITH EACH
STROKE OF THE SLIPPER
0896 403 907**

**HOCKEY TEAMS GOLDEN
SHOWER INITIATION FOR
NEW GIRL
0896 403 906**

**TAKE DOWN MY NAVY KNICKERS,
& SMACK ME FIRMLY
0896 403 905**

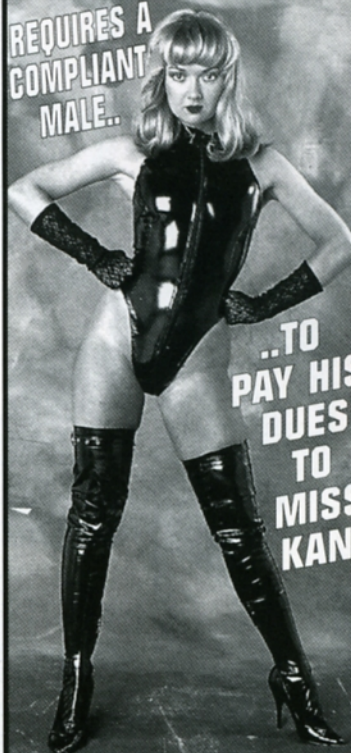
**30 SECOND INSTANT WANK LINE
0896 403 904**



**6
OF THE
BEST FOR
NAUGHTY
JANE
0896
403
903**

**WICKED
BITCH**

**REQUIRES A
COMPLIANT
MALE..**



**..TO
PAY HIS
DUES
TO MISS
KANE**

**0896
401 606**

**QUICK
INSTANT
RELIEF**

**0896
403 916**

**MISS
STEELE
CHASTISING HER
SUB TV HUSBAND**



0896 403 915

**Madam Sin
Punishing
Her
Transsexual
Slave**

**0896
403 917**



**BOTTOM
MARKS**



**SAM LEARNS
HER LESSON
THE HARD WAY**

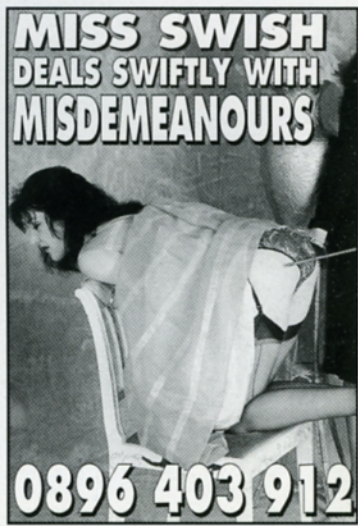
**0896
403 914**

**MISS
STERN
SHOWING
NO MERCY.
POOR SUE!!**



**0896
403 913**

**MISS SWISH
DEALS SWIFTLY WITH
MISDEMEANOURS**



0896 403 912

KANE 76

Publisher and Editor
J. Harrison-Marks

Kane Magazine
Wellington House
23 Wellington Ave
London N15 6AS
Tel: 0181-802-2555

The publisher of Kane Magazine and Kane International, wishes to make it perfectly clear this is a magazine for adult entertainment, containing photographs of pure fantasy and fun. It is not the publishers intention to encourage any of the acts portrayed. All sexual acts of whatever description should only be indulged by consenting adults. We and the law do not find the abuse of minors and the use of force, fun at all.

Likewise the people used in our picture stories and titles are either professional models or enthusiasts who elect to appear willingly on our photographic assignments. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. All stories in most part are fictional, although all readers letters are genuine and have been received at our office from readers. Josie & Cliff will be pleased to receive any contribution readers wish to make.

Submissions should be printed or typed on one side of an A4 sheet with double line spacing. These can be made on floppy disk in RTF, ASCII or Word format, accompanied by a hard copy of same. Legible hand written manuscripts will be accepted. However these generally take longer to be published.

We are also seeking female enthusiasts to appear in our features and be interviewed in Kane. If you are interested and are willing to be photographed and appear in the foremost spanking journal, drop us a line along with a recent photo. however, It must be realised our photo assignments are for real; they are not faked! And we do not deal with third parties.





A Testing Time

Josie Harrison-Marks & Cliff James Interview

Lorraine

Hi

, my name's Lorraine, Lorraine Ansell. I'm 22 years old and I've just come out of university where I took a degree in mathematics. I've come to Kane to talk about spanking, why I like it and how I got into it. It all started when I was at university.

The university I was at was really weird and wonderful. One of the senior lecturers there, Mr. Cormack, was a bit of a bastard. No one really liked him because he was very toffee-nosed and full of himself. His attitude was, if you don't listen to me and get it right, you're out.

When he gave lectures he would always ask the students various questions, and me, being a know all and thinking I knew all the answers would always put my hand up, but I always seemed to get the answers wrong. One day after the lecture had finished he asked me to stay behind. He told me that I'd been getting a lot of questions wrong and that if I didn't buck my ideas up I'd be out of university and I certainly wouldn't get a degree. I didn't like that very much because I didn't want to let down my family who had given me a great deal of support both morally and financially. Also, I'd gone to university to get a degree and it wouldn't look very good if I got thrown out and didn't get it. He was saying that basically he'd get me kicked out if I didn't buck my ideas up. I was very apologetic and said that I'd do whatever I had to do. Obviously I didn't want to lose my

place at uni 'cause I was at a very good one.



Behind his desk he had what appeared to be a ruler, but it was a weird looking ruler, it had a handle on the end of it, it looked more like a cane but obviously it wasn't a cane, I now know it was a technical drawing instrument, a tee-square. I tried to charm him by flirting with him, saying, what do you use that for Mr. Cormack? And he said to me, wouldn't you like to know. I said, OK, what do you use it for? And he said, Well let's say we can play this two ways: you can either stay at university by doing what I want you to do, or you can get kicked out now. So I said, alright then, what do I have to do? I said I wouldn't do anything seedy because I wouldn't be interested. I'm not like that. He said, no nothing seedy, all I want you to do Lorraine is lift your skirt up. I thought, oh my

God, lift my skirt up, what's going on here, this is a lecturer saying this to me.

Mr. Cormack wasn't bad looking; he was just so bloody toffee-nosed! I didn't like that, he was very snotty! He always looked down at his students. He was very arrogant. But I said, all right, as I knew I had nice underwear on that day anyway and I just thought, Oh sod it! If it's going to keep my place at university, I'm going to do it. I didn't want my parents to find out I wasn't doing well.

He told me to lift my skirt up and bend over his desk. Then, to my surprise, shock and horror, he's gone "SPANK SPANK" with his hand. I said, hold on, what are you doing? And he said, spanking you with my hand because you're naughty and I enjoy it. I was shocked because I was quite naive at that time, I didn't know that people were into things like spanking.

I don't know what it was, but the way that he spanked me really turned me on. It made my knickers quite wet actually. It's funny when I think about it now, Jesus, this was like, God... He carried on doing it then he picked up the instrument, the tee-square that I mentioned earlier and he started to whack my knickered bum with it.

After ten or twelve slaps with the tee-square he said, ok I'll give you another chance, you took your punishment well, or should we call it foreplay? I'll give you another chance Lorraine, but you mustn't tell anyone else about what happened today. Happily I agreed with what he said

and went off to my room and started studying.

The students used to meet up at the weekend and go to each other's room for parties. It's funny; another girl and me were drunk one night. We were having a laugh and a joke and talking about Mr. Cormack. This is when it all came out. We were half drunk, and I said to her, Mr. Cormack got me to bend over today, and she said, bend over, what for? And I said, well he's into spanking the old bums, like this, and I bent forward, raised my short skirt and slapped my bum. We both fell about giggling and she said funny you should say that, he used to do that to me. Then we asked each other what he did, I said bend over, and I'll show you, so she bent over and I lifted her skirt and spanked her quite firmly on the bum, then I bent over and she spanked me. It was quite a laugh. I'm not really into girls, but this girl was very pretty which made it quite enjoyable for both of us and so I carried on spanking her. I guess that's how I came into the spanking scene.

As the weeks passed, the weekend parties began to get worse and the spanking became more as more people got into it. Then more and more of our friends would come to the parties and we would get really, really, out of it and drink more and more.

Jo: It was your party piece.

Lorraine: Yeah, but it so happened that this Mr Cormack had spanked the majority of the girls in the room.

Josie: And he'd told all of them to keep it quiet.

Lorraine: Exactly. Perhaps that's why the parties got worse! I mean, we were using rulers and all sorts of things. I used to wear a wide leather belt to hold my skirt up - that was really good for cracking across bare bums, it left a really wide red band that stung like blazes.

It so happens that I passed my exams and got my degree.

After I'd left university, I used to go to these spanking parties. I used

to live in central London and was always passing through Soho, and I used to pop in to the sex shops and like. I didn't realise that there were magazines devoted to spanking and caning. This was good news as I'm quite into spanking: I like reading spanking magazines and books. I love looking at spanking videos and seeing who's in them and watching all of the glamorous and beautiful girls and guys.

I remember going into a particular sex shop and leafing through some spanking magazines and it really turned me on. One thing I vividly remember is seeing a batch of contact numbers in the back of one of these mag's. There was lots of girls and guys who were into spanking and spanking parties and that's how I came across you guys, which has been very exciting, I'm so glad that I found you. I really enjoy starring in the videos; it's a real bonus.

Cliff: Spanking really does turn you on, doesn't it!

Lorraine: Mmm, it certainly does.

Cliff: What do you do for spanking at the moment?

Lorraine: I have several friends that are into it, we'll have a drink and spank each other. That's pleasurable, but when I'm working for Kane it's even more pleasurable because I get spanked and caned...

Josie: And you get paid for it!

Cliff: To many of our readers you would be a dream come true. A girl that likes to be spanked is a prayer answered. Can you offer any advice to our readers who would like to spank a girl and who haven't yet had the opportunity to fulfil their desire? For instance: how would they go about finding a girl like you to spank?

Lorraine: I would suggest that they get in contact with the people who are running a spanking magazine, like Josie and yourself. I mean, you're always booking models like me who are very into the spanking scene. So, if you guys, or girls come to that would like me to come and

spank you or if you'd like to spank me. That's no problem, I'm sure we can arrange something, just contact Josie at Kane Magazine.

Cliff: Now that's an offer not to refuse, the only problem I'd have is, you're so bloody gorgeous Lorraine I wouldn't know whether I'd want to spank you or have you spank me!

Lorraine: Yeah. I know all about you Cliff. I heard the Clare Ashford interview on Liberty Radio. You want to be careful: Jo and I might thrash you right this minute!

Cliff: I'm sure I'd love every minute if you were to spank me, Lorraine.

Lorraine: You are a cheeky bugger!

Cliff: Seriously, I'm certain there are plenty of Kane readers who would just die to have Lorraine Ansell over their lap for a bare bum smacking or vice-versa. I think you'd be pleasantly surprised if you knew just how popular you are. So, if anyone out there wishes to spank or be spanked by you, you'd be happy for them to write to you care of Kane Magazine and for us to forward their letters to you?

Lorraine: Yes, that would be perfect, 'cause spanking is something I enjoy, it is the highlight of my pleasure. To me, spanking is more pleasurable than sex. I love it. It's a real turn on; it's great, and spanking's just brilliant!

Cliff: I'd just like to clarify, you're only interested in people contacting for mutual pleasurable spanking purposes, you're not in the least interested in offering any sexual favours, service or sexual activity.

Lorraine: Oh no, definitely not. This is what I've been saying, sex doesn't interest me. To me spanking is far more pleasurable than sex. I don't enjoy sex, I'd much rather be spanked or spank someone. I like bums: I like spanking people's bums and I like people spanking mine. That's my pleasure.

Cliff: Talking of spanking, do you have any favourite implements or do



you prefer a good old-fashioned hand spanking?

Lorraine: I do like implements but personally I like hand spanking 'cause I think hand spanking, and I really mean this, is far more intimate.

(At this point, much to our surprise and my delight, Lorraine stands up, lifts her dress and delivers a dozen slaps to her bare cheeks whilst punctuating each word of the following sentence with a resounding slap.)

I love the touch of someone, spanking my bum Jo, it's just brilliant. D'you know what I mean? It's so intimate. As I said earlier spanking to me is more intimate and I prefer spanking to sex. Therefore when someone's hand spanking me, it's a real turn on 'cause they're using their hand; but when it comes to implements, wow, ten or twelve strokes of the cane is fantastic. You can't beat it, it really gets through. It's like an instant reaction - instant pain, but it's not pain it's pleasure. Once you've been hit by one stroke you automatically forget about it until the next one. The point of someone dominating me, wanting to spank my bum and using an implement is the height of erotic pleasure. Hand spanking and caning, definitely, and if you're going to ask me what cane I prefer, I would say the big fat one.

I've learnt that there's three types of cane: there's a very skinny one - a long one, there's a medium sized one and a big fat one. Be-

tween the three of them, I definitely prefer the fat one.

Josie: Talking about canes, we recently found a supplier and we're selling three types of canes just like you've mentioned. I think you picked up on this when you've worked here. We have a long thin whippy one that we call the junior, then there's the standard school cane which we call the senior, and then we've got a really thick, dense, heavy one which we call the Governess. They're selling very well, which makes me pleased as I feel I'm providing a good service to my clients.

Surprisingly, quite a few have been ordered by ladies. You know, when I send them out I feel quite guilty as I imagine that they've been told to order them by their husband or boyfriend. I can envisage the scene when the canes arrive, these poor women bending over, having their skirts raised and their knickers taken down so that they can be caned on their bare bums with the cane I've supplied.

Lorraine: Oh Josie, you are wicked!

Josie: I don't care. It's not my bum that's going to be whacked!

Lorraine: Tell me, what are these canes like to use?

Josie: Strangely, I haven't used them yet which is a bit of a nuisance as I'm forever being asked which one's the best and what each one feels like: does it sting, leave good stripes or bruises and I just don't know what to say.



Lorraine: Then why not try them out on me? After all, you're a very attractive woman Josie, and I'd love to be caned by you. In fact, I was hoping you'd cane me but I didn't know how to ask. You give me six of the best with each one and afterwards I'll explain what they feel like.

Josie: If that's what you want, and flattery does get you everywhere. Which cane would you like me to use first, Lorraine?

Lorraine: I'll start with the smallest, the very whippy one. Shall I take my knickers off Josie?

Josie: What for, there's nothing of them. No, keep them on for the time being; you can take them down later, 'cause knowing Cliff, he's bound to want some shots of you being spanked totally bare bummed.

Cliff: I think the one you've chosen is the worst out of the three.

Lorraine: I think it is too.

Apprehensively, albeit in a state of nervous excitement Lorraine raises her navy crushed velvet dress and bends over, placing her hands on her knees she thrusts out her scantily clad bottom provocatively. Five minutes later, Lorraine has received six stinging cuts of the junior cane.

Josie: I think you took those rather well Lorraine. How's your bum feeling?

Lorraine: Oh it's really stinging. Oh God, my bum's really aching. Do you know what I feel like doing? I feel like going home and having a hot bath.

Josie: A hot bath after that!

Lorraine: A hot bath followed by a cold shower. My bum is stinging madly and it's starting to feel quite numb.

Cliff: So the junior leaves a stingy sensation?

Lorraine: That's what I just said isn't it? Men! Yes, it's very stingy.

Josie: A bit like a whip, isn't it, that thin one.

Lorraine: It's a weird feeling, it's very



stingy but the good thing about it is once you've had a stroke you forget about it until the next one cuts across your bum. Each stroke from that cane is extremely painful.

Josie: Is it a sharp quick pain?

Lorraine: definitely.

Josie: Is the pain deep, or is it like an overall pain?

Lorraine: It's deep. My whole bum feels really sore now. I don't know what I'm going to be like with the next one.

Josie: Talking of which, which one would you like next?

Lorraine: The middle one please, the senior.

Lorraine resumes her stance and again bravely offers her unprotected rear, this time for six of the best with the senior. After six cuts are administered, Lorraine's bum is covered with deep red, raised tramline like stripes.

Lorraine: Ooh my poor bum. I just can't imagine how I'm going to drive home. The last thing I want to do is sit down. It's just like - Oh God - Jesus; I dread the next one.

Josie: How did the school cane differ from the junior, the thin whippy one, the first one I caned you with?

Lorraine: I'm not sure. What it did

though, it brought back memories of when I was at university. That's what he, Mr Cormack used. It was the same sort of feeling. That caning got through to me. The way you did it was very hard it brought back flashbacks - memories. Very stingy, but meaningful stingy.

Josie: I'm afraid we've only got this big thick one left. Are you ready for this? That's if you're still willing to be caned with it.

Lorraine: Oh, I don't know if I'm ready for it. I don't know if my bum can take it. God, I've had twelve strokes so far and six with this means - oh my word, that'll be - eighteen strokes of the cane. Oh my God. Still, I can take it. Give it your best shot Jo.

Courageously Lorraine bends forward for her final six strokes, but this time she is a little fearful, knowing that she is about to receive six strokes of the governess cane. The first stroke impacts and for the first time Lorraine cries out. A deep crimson stripe rapidly rises, dissecting the centre of Lorraine's well chasten rear. Another four strokes are delivered, each one bringing forth a short cry from our



stalwart young lady and each leaving a sore weal in its wake. The final stroke impacts on the nadir of Lorraine's buttocks, only missing the tops of her thighs by a few millimetres and bringing forth a loud cry of discomfort. A few moments later Lorraine's ordeal is over and she stands up, rubbing her blazing bottom furiously in an attempt to ease the pain.

Lorraine: Oh God, that cane is so painful. My bum feels thoroughly bruised, in fact, I know it's going to be badly bruised. It didn't feel so much like a caning; it felt like a heavy stripe. It's as if someone was punching my bum, that's why I know I'm going to be bruised tonight. Out of the three I think the first cane one was the worst. The junior is very stingy, very stingy indeed.

Josie: Well I think you've been very brave.

Lorraine: My poor bum is marked to hell now.

Cliff: I hope your not working tomorrow.

Lorraine: I hope not too. I won't know for sure until I get home and check my messages.

After a break in which a liberal amount of cold cream is applied to Lorraine's rear we continue.

Cliff: Are you sitting comfortably?

Lorraine: Not really, my bum is absolutely killing me.

Cliff: Going back to your one to one sessions, I'm sure our readers would be more than interested to know exactly what happens. For example, if a guy was to approach you for a one to one session, what could he expect?

Lorraine: Every session is different as everyone has their own personal taste and requirement. The guys that I've seen in the past are usually professional people that are into it. Their way of spanking is sexually, because that is their turn on even though sex is not involved.

I can remember one guy, a very

nice chap, he liked role-playing, his scenarios really did turn me on, and the way he spanked me was excellent. He was a schoolteacher and he'd ask me certain types of questions, which of course I purposely got wrong. In this role-play I wasn't exactly a schoolgirl; he wanted me to pretend to be a naughty sixth former. I used to dress up in a black cape, white blouse, striped tie and of course, a black skirt.

He had a room that was complete with a hard wooden bench and authentic school desk. He'd ask me to knock on the door before I entered, that was great 'cause I love role-playing. I think it's very important to get into it. I'd go into his office and he'd tell me off about certain things such as being late for PE or being late for maths or science.

He'd tell me to strip down to my pants that were quite large school knickers, then he'd ask me questions. If I got them wrong, I'd have to put my hands on my head and stand in the corner. Then to my horror, he'd tell me to bend over a vaulting horse and he'd give my knickered bottom a thorough hand spanking. Then every time I got something wrong he would use the cane on me.

This guy was particularly good, as

he knew how to spank properly. I think it's very important when someone spansks you, they have to know where to spank. You don't spank on the legs and you don't spank on the top of the bum; you have to do it on the centre. Also, when you're using a cane you never cane onto the thighs, you do it on the centre of the bum and you do it very accurately and very sturdy.

This guy was great. That part of the scenario lasted for about an hour to an hour and a half. He always brought me up to my tolerance level, which is quite high, but as I said earlier, everyone is different, also you have to trust that person.

I love doing one to one because everyone is different and just meeting and speaking to people and them using various implements on me gives me a real buzz.

Cliff: Well I think you've just answered all of our questions. I know

you've got a modelling assignment this afternoon Lorraine, would you care to tell our readers what it is?

Lorraine: Not exactly, but I'm doing a television commercial for a well-known ladies product and luckily for me it's only my hands they'll be filming.

Cliff: I must thank you for coming today Lorraine and for being brave enough to try our assortment of canes, but before you leave, I know Josie is itching to give your bottom a good hand spanking and a taste of leather.

Lorraine: I know, she's already asked me. Don't tell her, but she made some excuse about you giving her a hard time if you didn't get pictures of me knickerless. Oh Cliff, if only Jo knew how much I want to feel her hand on my bum.

Cliff: She'll know if she reads this.

Thanks for being such a sport Lorraine, not only are you beautiful you're an absolute darling and I wish you every success for the future, and I'm certain you will receive a stack of letters from Kane readers wishing to meet you.

Lorraine: Why thank you Cliff, and thanks to both of you for giving me a great day and a warm bum...



If you enjoyed our interview with Lorraine, why not treat yourself to one of her videos and see her in action. Lorraine features in the videos: *Errant Wives & Secretaries*; *Uncle Sila's Bequest*, *The Master*, *Mistress*, *Maid* etc and *George's Gullible Girls*. All of these are available at £60 each plus £1.50 P&P. Also available are sets of the accompanying photos. These are full colour glossy prints and are available either as set (A) at £25 which contains the 10 photos featured in Lorraine's interview or set (B) at £50 that contains the same plus 15 unpublished shots taken on the same day.

If you would like to meet Lorraine for some spanking fun, send your letter and photo addressed to Lorraine, Co, J. Harrison-Marks 23, Wellington Avenue, London, N15 6AS, enclosing £5 for handling and forwarding costs. Who knows, you might be lucky enough to spank her cute bottom yourself!

Spankings I Have Known & Loved

By CP writer: Sarah Veitch

Recently an editor wrote to me about my four CP books. He'd liked them, but said that he wished they had contained more old-fashioned spankings. Flicking back through the pages of canings, whippings and tawings, I had to concede that he had a point. I'd often start scenes with an over the knee spanking but use it to prepare the girl's buttocks for further punishment with the four-tailed tawse, rod or strap.

The problem with just having a spanking in a *fiction* scene is that it simply doesn't feel strong enough for most CP devotees. After all, most of us fantasise about giving and receiving much stronger discipline than we'd actually receive or mete out. As such, I'll use an initial spanking to set the scene, to introduce the reader to the naughty grown up girl in question. Her squirming under the man's palm gives the reader immediate access to her subservient position and eroticised shame. But if I just ended the punishment with that spanking most readers - my editor friend excepting - would feel short-changed. It adds erotic impact if my dominant male tells the soundly spanked female that she's committed further offences so must now taste the birch, crop or cane.

In real life, however, a hand spanking can soon put a belligerent submissive in her place - her place being on her tummy! So here for my editor (and for the many Kane readers who have more than a passing interest in the subject) is a list of spankings I have known and sometimes loved.

THE PLAYFUL SPANKING

This is the type of spanking given to me by my partner when I'm rude to him just as we are leaving the house to - say - attend a vanilla party. He may bend me over the dining table or punish me briefly across the settee. He probably won't take time to pull down my knickers or lift up my skirt - and he'll only give me eight or ten whacks, albeit hard ones. I'll giggle or pretend to curse him, depending on my mood. These spankings are only erotic if he tells me what he's going to do to me later - and follows it up every so often with murmured reminders. Anticipation builds, and I'm wet long before we have a bare bummed spanking scene at the end of the day.

Dominant men who are new to the scene may like to use this playful approach when trying to introduce a

new girlfriend to spanking. After all, if the first smacks have been light-hearted, she's more likely to acquiesce to the next. It's often said that sub/dom games are primarily about mind control and by issuing occasional stern reminders of the spanking to follow, you'll hopefully get her feeling curious and excitedly apprehensive about her bare-bottomed fate.

THE IN-REAL-TIME EROTIC SPANKING

An erotic spanking is one in which I get sexual pleasure from each actual spank and sometimes go into a state where I feel as if I could be spanked forever. On those occasions I'm aroused *before* my partner starts to smack me - probably because he'll have been fondling my bottom for some time and telling me how much it's going to hurt by the time he's finished with it. When he does start to spank me, it's as if each whack has a direct line to my pubic area, which soon makes me moan. My lower body becomes suffused with pleasure and I go into a happily altered state. I know that some women can come from just being spanked - and when I'm in this phase I can believe it! Each smack sends that almost-almost-almost signal to my clit.

To give your partner an erotic spanking spend a long time undressing her and telling her how hard you're going to cane her - then apply moderate spanks (getting harder if she continues to goad you) to her receptive bare backside.

THE DELAYED-RESPONSE EROTIC SPANKING.

This type of spanking is probably the kind that we submissives experience most of the time. It genuinely hurts when we're on the receiving end - and we'll protest and jerk and wriggle. The nerve ends in our tender buttocks definitely want the spanks to get lighter or stop. Yet our minds love it on some subliminal level and soon make our vulval areas hugely aroused. Such spankings are hard for the outsider to comprehend. How, they ask, can a woman get off on being

soundly chastened? All we subs know is that as one erogenous zone gets whacked the other zone gets wet.

As a dominant male, you'll know that a delayed-response spanking has worked if she's flinching and yelling and protesting that her bum's too hot but is producing masses of liquid excitement. If she's objecting to the physical punishment but isn't getting sexually excited then try verbal control or mild verbal humiliation - and keep watching for signs of arousal - instead.

THE VERY DELAYED RESPONSE EROTIC SPANKING.

This type of spanking is all about pain at the time, and takes the submissive somewhat beyond her limits. At the end of it she just wants to recover - but she fantasies about it and brings herself to orgasm the next day. I don't claim to wholly understand this type of spanking - it seems to be more about masochism than submission. But devotees swear that it works for them.

THE RETRIBUTIVE SPANKING

Some CP authorities suggest that you should never spank in anger. Certainly no one should lash out in a blind rage - and spanking a partner who isn't into it is obviously just another form of domestic violence. But an experienced submissive who is spanked by a somewhat irate partner can experience it as an erotic and cathartic act. It's a two way street: he gets rid of the excessive adrenaline in his veins caused by her bad behaviour. She, in turn, stops feeling irritable and starts to feel sexually euphoric instead. Knowing that he's genuinely annoyed with her makes the scene much more real for the sub - and increases her eroticised apprehension. Similarly, he'll have conviction in his voice when he says 'your bare bum's really in trouble now.'

know that some masters and mistress's see punishment spankings and erotic spankings as wholly separate entities. They view the punishment type as being totally non-sexual. As a hedonistic submissive I don't view spankings in this completely punitive way. Basically if I get spanked I get turned on - and it's pretty obvious to my partner that that's what's happening. It's a strong man who can turn away from the aroused naked woman lying on her tummy over his desk, armchair or bed. An angry spanking followed by great sex

is the perfect way to forgive and forget a week's worth of petty irritations. There's a lot to be said for 'kiss (the whip) and make up.'

Incidentally, an angry spanking goes down especially well with me when I'm pre-menstrual. At that time light playful smacks or caresses just exasperate. Seasoned masters will already be familiar with their slaves monthly preferences - but newly dominant men may like to watch out for (and make the most of) such cyclical signs.

THE SEMI-PUBLIC SPANKING

If we're to believe some magazine confessionals then half of the nation's dominants are spanking their subs out in the open. I even read of one man who claimed to smack his wife in the park on a busy lunchtime - bet he lives in Fantasy City or Wish Fulfilment Land!

The fantasy is a sound one - she's thoroughly shamed by having her pants pulled down in a public setting. He (in the fantasy) gets support from other men who think that his wife deserves a reddened backside. They resolve their disputes by him giving and her receiving a tenderised and truly repentant arse. In truth they'd both be done for indecent exposure, for violence against the person, for.... need I go on?

Semi-public places can also fail to have the desired effect, even if the protagonists are really horny. My partner tried to spank me behind some trees on a pebble beach once, but all I got was a pain in my foot from the stones rather than an erotic pain in the arse.

The same applies to thin-walled hotel rooms. It's really hard to give of your 'Please, sir. No more, sir!' best if a modern day version of the *Waltons* are in situ next door watching *Supermarket Sweep*. Some CP fans suggest putting on the radio at full blast to drown out the spanking sounds, but you'll also drown out the submissive's own erotic whimpers, apologies and pleas.

Talking of pleas - it was traditional spankings that my editor friend wanted, so I'll end by describing my perfect spanking just for him. Hopefully it'll provide a blueprint (well, a red handprint) for anyone who's thinking of trying CP for the first time and who is wondering how a spanking scene might go.

In an ideal scenario, I've transgressed in some way so there's a genuine reason for the punishment. This helps to make me feel slightly on edge, makes it more real. My partner details my crimes and orders me to the bedroom for correction. Usually I mutter 'what if I don't?' and he then spanks me where I stand or

warns me that there is now extra punishment in store.

I then go into whichever room he's decided to set the punishment in. He'll have made sure that it's especially warm as I'm going to be nude or semi-naked. He'll have moved the furniture if necessary so that he has plenty of room to manoeuvre if he's using a cane. Similarly, there mustn't be furniture in my way so that I'm free to bend my legs right back in an automatic protective gesture following each swishy stroke.

My partner then tells me how to position myself across the table or chair or settee for the ensuring correction. He talks about how naughty I've been and catalogues all my recent wrongs. As he reminds me of my errors he edges up my skirt or unfastens my jeans.

When it comes to pulling down my pants, it's more erotic if he takes a very long time, even starting and stopping. He can edge them down as he gives details of how sore my bottom's going to be. It's a moment of supreme anticipation and apprehension, which can cause a huge rush of eroticised desire. It's probably especially shameful and exciting for a woman who is with a new lover to have him remove her panties, so it's worth lingering over this unveiling part. Talk about how long it will be until she gets to pull her protective briefs up again. Sound composed and a little regretful. (And slightly playful if she's genuinely unsure of you.) She wants to see you as being in control - not overtly sadistic or downright bad.

Once her bottom is bared, you can decide whether to leave her panties at her thigh backs or remove them completely. If unsure murmur 'Now shall I leave these pants at half mast or totally discard them?' If she says 'Please leave them on, sir,' then you must sound regretful and say that you've decided to take them off. Add that you're going to be spanking her so hard that you can't afford to have anything getting in the way of your strong right palm.

With her knickers out of the way, you have the option of further psychological chastisement or immediate physical correction. I favour a few spanks at this stage as it helps set the scene and stops the submissive thinking that the man's all talk. Thereafter, he can build further anticipation by, say, pushing a pillow or two under her tummy and moving her hips about till they're positioned the way he likes. There should be lots of gently shaming dialogue through all of this. E.g. 'Oh dear, that naughty bottom isn't nearly raised enough for me. I like a very high and vulnerable fleshy target. Now keep nice and still whilst you take your spanking, and don't wriggle when I fetch the cane...'

My editor friend will hate me bringing in mention of the cane again - but a spanker can verbally threaten to

bring in other implements even if he doesn't plan to use them. They sound erotic to most of us and make a relatively mild punishment sound more excitingly severe. Some women don't want to taste the tawse, paddle or rod - and others amongst us like only a mild to moderate application. Remember, it's usually about being made to feel submissive rather than being forced to endure considerable pain.

Thereafter, the dominant can begin to spank the naughty bum in question for as long as both parties like. He should start mildly, but should point out that this is just the warm up session to prepare the full soft cheeks for further punishment. When she starts to gasp and flinch in earnest he should slow down - then stop for a break a minute or so after that. By not stopping the second she starts to writhe, he's showing (for the purpose of enhancing their mutual sub/dom pleasure) that he's the one who's wholly in charge.

This is a good time to add an extra cushion or change position so that you pull her over your knee - something that keeps the momentum going yet gives her hot buttocks a moment to recover. Thereafter, resume the correction until her body language and verbal protests (or safe word if you've arranged to use one) tells you that she needs another short break. You can murmur 'All this moaning... I hope you're not being a dirty girl and getting excited?' and as you talk you can gently move your fingers to the area around her clit. If you arouse her further then it's likely that her threshold will increase and she'll be able to accept another series of spanks. Finally, you'll both be so aroused that the scene will hopefully end in mutual orgasm. And you can't get much more perfect than that!



DON'T LET THIS
HAPPEN TO YOU!
SUBSCRIBE TO SIX
ISSUES OF KANE
FOR ONLY £35
AND SAVE YOUR-
SELF £25 - THAT'S
WHAT SIX ISSUES
WILL COST YOU AT
YOUR NEWSAGENT.
OUR SUBSCRIPTION
FORM CAN BE
FOUND ON PAGE
50



Whipped Cream

He took the invitation from the mantelpiece and read it again. 'Sue and Jeremy Milton request the pleasure... Mr Barry Butler... Saturday 18th... Fancy Dress.

Barry wondered what on earth he could find in the way of fancy dress. Of course, there were places which provided costumes for hire, but that would be expensive. In any case the Milton's parties had the reputation of being informal, not to say thoroughly louche affairs. To turn up in full fig a Louis the Fourteenth of the Milkado would be as out of place as wearing a tie and tails to miner's gala.

He could find some excuse and cry off. But that would be a pity. He remembered the last party at Sue and Jeremy's. The girls had all been asked to go in stockings and suspenders. Most of them had complied, but as the evening progressed it was realised that the stockings and suspenders need to be seen if they are to achieve their full effect. And so before long the girls had discarded their skirts and dresses to provide the male guests with an unexpected thrill.

Naturally the sight of so many pairs of legs clad in gleaming nylon, with glimpses of white thighs bisected by black suspenders leading the eye to nubile knicker covered bottoms had provoked the men into all sorts of suggestions. Some were playful, some serious, but all served to heighten the atmosphere of sexual appetite and desire. Bottoms were pinched, thighs were stroked, and buttocks were slapped to squeals of mock outrage from the girls, but not one of them threatened to get dressed again.

And then something happened which really got the party going. One of the girls said something to which one of the men objected. An argument developed over who was

the star of some film or other. Barry remembered the girl well, dark and petite with a bouncy little body, called Samantha.

Although Barry was certain she knew she was in the wrong, she stuck to her guns and so infuriated her partner Ray that without warning he up ended her over his knee and gave her six really hard spansks with the flat of his hand.

The noise they made, Samantha's squeals combined with the smacking sounds of Ray's hand connected with her bouncy little bottom, drew the attention of the other guests. Excitedly they gathered round the sofa to watch.

'You beast, you bully. Ow. Ooh,' cried Samantha as Ray's opened palm met the soft resilient knicker clad bottom for the sixth time.

'Now then, admit you were wrong,' said Ray.

'Never!' she gasped, 'Never, never, never'. She tried to wriggle free, but Ray restrained her easily, holding her down with his left arm across the small of her back. Samantha kicked out with her legs, but Ray simply laughed and held her the more firmly.

'All right, you little minx. If you won't admit you're wrong you'll get the next six on the bare bottom.'

'You wouldn't dare!' squeaked Samantha.

'Oh yes, I would. Come on - knickers off.'

'No no, not that. Leave my knickers alone! Stop it! You'll tear them. Jeremy, help. Stop him.'

Thus appealed to, Jeremy stepped in to sort things out. Probably as the host he felt responsible for making sure matters didn't get unpleasant. So, he took the heat out of the argument by asking all the guests to give to give an opinion as to whether

Samantha's view was the correct one. The argument could be finally settled by one of his film reference books.

So, it was agreed. Each guest gave his opinion. Whether by accident or design the answers neatly split the guests in two groups, Jeremy then instructed everyone to pair off with a member of the opposite sex holding an opposite view. Again, this division seemed to embrace everybody except for a couple of don't knows, they were urged to take one side or the other for the fun of the thing.

'Now,' said Jeremy, 'Before I give you the correct answer, I want you all to agree to play a little game.' There was a general buzz of anticipation.

Everyone knew that Jeremy's little games usually had an ulterior motive, and that what started in quite an innocent fashion could end up as something very exciting.

By now Samantha was on her feet again, though Roy was holding her in front of him with both arms round her waist. She didn't seem to object, and indeed could be observed pressing her recently warmed up little bottom into Roy's groin. Nor did she stop at that. Slowly and seductively, she waggled her buttocks from side to side, working Roy up to a fine pitch of excitement.

Barry found himself paired with Tina Lawson, a slim cool green-eyed girl who looked ravishing in high heels and black stockings. The suspenders holding taut her stockings disappeared beneath the lacy hem of pink satin French Knickers, which in turn were filled out by a bottom of delectable shape.

'Come on, Jeremy,' called Tina, 'tell us what your little game is.' a chorus of voices agreed with her.

'Right!' said Jeremy, 'It's perfectly simple. Each of you is paired to some-

one who thinks the other is wrong. Right?' There was a moments pause as they worked it out.

'Right!' came the unanimous answer. 'So all those who are wrong must pay a forfeit. Agreed?' Again everyone assented, waiting with interest to hear what was the forfeit would be.

Sue moved across to join her husband. 'Hurry up, darling. We're all dying to know what you're up to.'

'The one who is proved wrong in each pair must take six spanks from his or her partner,' decreed Jeremy. There was a considerable outcry at this, some arguing against the idea, but the majority willing to treat the

suggestion as a bit of a lark. 'Everyone agreed? Then I'll get the book and look up the answers.'

'While you're doing that,' said Sue, 'the men can strip down to their underpants.'

All the girls endorsed this suggestion enthusiastically, though the men were at first reluctant to comply. But as Sue pointed out, the girls were far more vulnerable than the men and it was only fair that everybody should be similarly dressed.

With eager assistance from the girls, the men were quickly divested of shirts and trousers, to the accompaniment of much amusement and laughter.

Jeremy was now ready to announce the verdict, and everyone waited expectantly to hear the result. 'Roy was right, Samantha was wrong,' said Jeremy, 'so everyone who agreed with Samantha gets six spanks from his or her partner.'

'Except me,' cried Samantha, 'I've already had my six.'

'They don't count,' said Roy, and promptly pushed Samantha over the back of the sofa. Taken by surprise she found herself jack-knifed into the classic spanking position, head down on the sofa seat, legs at full stretch, and posterior properly presented for punishment.

Other couples were also position-



**EXCITEDLY THE OTHER GUESTS GATHERED
ROUND THE SOFA TO WATCH**

ing themselves to give or receive the spanking decreed by Jeremy. In most cases it was the girl who was to suffer, but in two or three pairs it was the man who had given the wrong answer. One of these was Barry. Tina surveyed him with her cool tranquil gaze. She smiled slightly. 'I think I'm going to enjoy this,' she said, 'come along.' Taking him by the hand she led him to a vacant chair, and sat down. Barry stood at her side uncertain what to do next.

Tina looked up at him, her green eyes sparkling with mischief. 'What are you waiting for? I want you over my knee.'

Barry looked round to see whether the others were preparing themselves for their spankings. With a good deal of hilarity from the men and protesting squeals from the girls everyone seemed to be joining in quite willingly. Even the other two men who found they had chosen incorrectly were settling themselves over the knees of their female partners. 'Come on Barry,' said Tina. If you're not going to wriggle out of it, so bend over.'

Resignedly Barry knelt on the floor at Tina's right hand side, leaning forward over her knees so that his head hung down on the other side. He felt her run her hands over his pants.

'These are giving you far too much protection.'

'Just as well, if you ask me,' said Barry.

'I don't think it's fair,' replied Tina, 'I mean all the girls are wearing flimsy little knickers in satin or nylon, but the men are wearing these great thick things.' She called over to Jeremy. 'Don't let anyone start yet, Jeremy. I think the men have an unfair advantage. They're all wearing these hefty Y fronts.'

'I don't see what we can do about that,' replied Jeremy.

'But it isn't fair,' Insisted Tina.

'There's only one way to make it fair,' chimed in Sue, 'and that's for everyone to be spanked on the bare,'

This brought loud protest from all those on the receiving end, together with shouts of approval from the spankers.

'Right!' called out Jeremy, 'Knickers off.'

A cheer went up from the spankers, and in spite of more screams from the girls, knickers were rapidly lowered. Barry felt Tina's cool fingers at the waistband of his pants, and before he could stop her she had skillfully peeled his Y fronts from his buttocks and pulled them down to his ankles.

'That's better,' he heard her say, 'now you'll be able to feel your spanking properly.'

She placed her right hand under on his bottom, gently rubbing the cheeks in a sensual caress. Barry became very aware of the proximity of Tina's stockinged legs and satin French knickers. It was developing into a thoroughly erotic state of affairs. All round him, Barry could hear the smacks and slaps as the other spankings began. Mingled with the sounds of hands striking resilient bottoms were wails and shrieks of distress from the recipients.

Barry's observation of the others activities was brought to an abrupt end as the palm of Tina's hand smacked down on to the bare skin of his bottom. 'Ouch,' he said, taken by surprise at the strength of Tina's arm. Without pausing, two more hearty slaps reined down, one on each buttock. 'Hey,' he called out, 'That stung.'

'It was meant to,' came the reply, 'and stop wriggling.'

'I can't help it,' said Barry. And indeed, he couldn't. The warmth induced in his bottom by Tina's slaps seemed to be spreading to his loins. This in turn helped to trigger the reaction that was already taking place due to the contact between his naked skin and Tina's stockings. In fact, to his considerable surprise, he was beginning to feel, well, in a word - randy. Twice more Tina's hand flashed down, and Barry's buttocks began to take a rosy glow. She paused before the sixth and final slap, running her cool hand over the hot skin.

'What a pity,' she said, 'Only one more to go.'

'And quite enough, thank you very much,' replied Barry. He turned his

head as he was speaking, taking in the line of Tina's thigh sheathed in black stocking, her hips plumply filling out the pink satin French knickers. But his enjoyment of this view was abruptly ended as Tina started smacking him again.

'Six,' she said as her hand came down. 'And this is for being cheeky.'

Without warning she began to spank him hard and rapidly, first on one buttock and then on the other.

'Hey, stop it,' Barry shouted.

Tina took not the slightest notice.

'This wasn't part of the deal,' he protested.

'Well it is now,' said Tina happily as she brought the palm of her hand down again. Barry tried to struggle to his feet, but she leant across his back with all her weight long enough to land two more resounding smacks.

Barry heaved himself upright, pulling Tina with him. Dimly he realised that all the other couples were similarly occupied in either trying to administer or evade more spankings. He twisted, turning to grab Tina's hands. She lost her balance, and together they fell to the floor. Tina lay half on her back regarding him coolly with those tantalising green eyes - then she drew him down her and kissed him. All round them other couples caught in the same atmosphere of provocative titillation were uttering little cries of excitement and anticipated pleasure. As Jeremy said afterwards it was, to coin a phrase, quite a party.

Yes indeed, thought Barry to himself as he replaced the invitation on the mantelpiece, it certainly was quite a party. All the more reason not to miss the next one. Tina might be there. On the other hand, since Tina had proved somewhat unreliable it might be more profitable to chat up some fresh talent, of which there always seemed to be plenty at the Milton's parties. But what should he wear? Or should he be thinking of a character to impersonate? Those that came easily to mind all seemed to require the services of a well-stocked costumier. Of course he could put his old boxing shorts over a pair of tights and go as Superman. But on reflection, he decided he didn't quite

have the muscle to carry that off.

His thoughts reverted to Tina. After such a promising start to their relationship he had phoned her the next day and suggested a meeting. She had made an excuse, told him to ring again, giving the impression that she was interested but wasn't going to let him take her for granted. He rang several more times, without making contact, and then after a gap of a few weeks tried again. This time she answered and sounded keen to meet him again. A rendezvous was arranged. Barry gave considerable thought to the way their evening should be spent, getting seats at the theatre and booking a table at his favourite Italian restaurant. And then with any luck it would be just a question of "Your place or mine?"

Unfortunately, as Barry was to discover, life was full of nasty little surprises. Tina stood him up. He couldn't believe it. Several times he rang her flat. No answer. The next day, still seething with hurt pride, he tried her number half a dozen times without success.

Finally, after a pause of several days he made one last effort to contact her. The phone was answered by a strange female who informed him that Tina's had gone to America with a boyfriend, and she - the strange female - was using the flat until Tina's return. Asked when that might be, the strange female said she hadn't a clue.

Thinking back over the episode Barry was amused to recall the phrase "a boy friend" not "her boy friend" or even "the boy friend" just any old boy friend. He supposed Tina acquired and discarded boy friends with as much indifference as a croupier dealing out and retrieving cards at baccarat. Well as far as Tina was concerned it was a case of deal me out thought Barry. With that he put her out of his mind and began to consider once again what he should wear at the Miltons' party.

Opening his wardrobe door, he glanced in. Nothing even remotely suitable there. A couple of sports jackets, a couple of suits, an odd pair of jeans, just the very ordinary wardrobe of a young man. He was

about to close the door when a polythene bag caught his eye. What was in there? He took it down from the rail and zipped it open. It was his BA gown and hood purchased for him by his parents. Many graduates nowadays do not bother to attend the degree ceremony, but Barry's parents, proud of his success, had wanted to be present and had provided him with the necessary robes. Barry wore them for the occasion, and ever since they had hung in his wardrobe unused. He took out the gown and tried it on.

The image reflected in his mirror was that of any young graduate. Not much good for a fancy dress party. He tried on the mortarboard. That looked a bit more promising. A young schoolmaster. Still not exactly fancy dress. He sat down, drawing his gown about him, and was amused to find himself reminded of a master as school who invariably adjusted his gown in just such a way. What was his name? Sykes. That was it, Swisher Sykes, so nicknamed by the boys because of his frequent use of the cane as a punishment.

Suppose he went to the party as Swisher Sykes? No, that wouldn't be any good. The swisher may have left a mark on Barry's schoolboy memory, but he wouldn't mean anything to other guests at the Milton's party. All the same, Barry felt that here was the germ of an idea. He tried to remember the names of famous schoolmasters. Wasn't there a Mr Quilp at Greyfriars? No good, Billy Bunter was the only Greyfriars character people remembered nowadays. What about head masters? Busby of Westminster, for instance, remembered as a severe disciplinarian.

Would Busby mean very much to the sort of people likely to be at the Miltons? Probably not.

Who else? Wasn't there a chap at Rugby? Arnold, that was it. Dr Arnold of Rugby. If he bought some Victorian side-whiskers and put on his cap and gown, he could go to the party as Dr Arnold, the flogging head master of "Tom Brown's schooldays".

Everybody must have heard of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" even if

they had never read it. The problem solved, Barry removed his cap and gown hung them in the wardrobe. Tomorrow he'd go to Fox's and see if they had some suitable false whiskers.

On the evening of the party Barry donned his fancy dress outfit and was well pleased with the result. For a small outlay on the side-whiskers, he had achieved a very presentable effect. From the mirror a bushy faced Dr Arnold stared back at him. Barry gripped the lapels of his gown in school-masterly fashion and tried to look severe as possible. 'Six of the best!' he growled. He wondered whether he ought to be armed with a cane in order to achieve a more telling impersonation. But since he had no idea where such a thing could be obtained, he packed his gown and mortarboard into a carrier bag and went down to his car.

After parking outside the Miltons' house, Barry decided to don his scholastic garb before ringing the front door bell. As he walked up the path, his gown billowing out behind him, he could hear the sound of party voices at high pitch, that octave in the human register released by the combination of alcohol and propinquity. He was rather pleased with that smile - it made him feel he was beginning to think in the orotund phrases that he imagined Dr Arnold would favour. Setting his mortarboard squarely on his head, he puffed out his cheeks and pressed the bell push.

The door opened by Jeremy. 'Ah, Dr Rhodes Boyson, I presume. Well done. Come in.' Barry's explanation that he was supposed to be Dr Arnold went unheard as Jeremy propelled him into the thick of the party, introducing him to everybody as Rhodes Boyson. Since this was greeted with considerable amusement Barry decided to let well alone. After all, what's a hundred years or so in the world of education?

Sue came over and gave him a glass, saying she was trying to pair off the guests according to the characters they had adopted, and she had found just the right person for Barry. She led him over to the other side of

the room, indicating a girl standing with her back to them. She was dressed like a schoolgirl, but like no schoolgirl Barry had ever seen. She wore a white satin blouse under a traditional navy blue gym-slip cinched tightly at the waist with a coloured sash. The skirt just covered the tops of her black nylons, and on her feet, she wore high-heeled shoes in black patent.

'There's somebody here I think you ought to meet,' said Sue. The girl turned. It was Tina Lawson. She looked at him with those cool green eyes, and in spite of himself, Barry felt a resurgence of sexual interest.

'Hullo,' she said, 'I'm the Head girl at St Trinians.'

Barry recalled the St Trinians films, and how the senior girls had been dressed in a way that must have provided half the men in England. But Tina was no fantasy. She was flesh and blood. What's more, she was well aware of the effect she was creating. Without acknowledging that she and Barry had met before, she held him with her steady almost insolent gaze. 'Who are you?' she said.

'Everyone keeps telling me I'm Rhodes Boyson.'

'And aren't you?'

'No, I'm supposed to be Arnold of Rugby. You know, in Tom Brown's Schooldays.' Jeremy overheard this, and moved over to join them.

'Ah yes,' he said, 'A stern disciplinarian. Very fond of a flogging, if I remember rightly. Where's your cane?' Barry confessed he didn't have one. He'd thought about it, but not knowing where to get one, he'd decided it wasn't necessary. 'Oh, but it is,' said Jeremy, 'most necessary. I'll get you one.'

Although Barry had learned never to be surprised at anything where the Miltons were concerned, he was a little shaken to discover that Jeremy was apparently able to lay his hands on a school master's cane so easily. 'Don't go away,' said Jeremy as he began to ease his way through the crowded room. Sue was coming round with more drinks.

'Where's Jeremy going?' She asked.

'To fetch a cane for Barry,' replied

Tina, her green eyes growing round with wonder, 'Fancy him having something like that in the house.'

'We've got several,' said Sue in the sort of casual voice with which she might have announced the ownership of two of three ashtrays or half a dozen dinner napkins.

'What on earth do you use them for?' asked Tina, her eyes even rounder. 'Whippings, of course,' Sue said matter-of-factly.

'Whippings?'

'Certainly. Very stimulating. Exciting too.'

'Do you mean stimulating like a Swedish sauna, where they're supposed to whip each other with twigs?'

'Something like that. But more fun,' replied Sue.

Barry had been listening to this conversation with growing astonishment. 'Doesn't sound like fun to me,' he said.

Sue turned to look at him. 'Of course it's fun,' she said, 'tremendous fun. You were at our last party, weren't you? Both of you were. Don't you remember what happened?'

Barry nodded and looked at Tina. 'I remember. You spanked me.'

'Yes, and you enjoyed it too, didn't you?' said Tina.

'I suppose so, yes.'

'You certainly enjoyed what happened afterwards, Everybody did,' affirmed Sue.

'Well, yes, of course,' replied Barry, 'but that was something special - something else entirely.'

'Of course it wasn't,' said Sue, 'the two episodes were completely dependent one on the other. First you had the thrill of watching everybody spanking or being spanked, the stimulation of being involved yourself and then the excitement rising to the point where everyone was sexually aroused. Caning is just the same, except the sensations are sharper. With the cane, the pain pleasure syndrome can reach the height of ecstasy.'

'You mean it doesn't hurt?' asked Tina. Sue smiled at her and gently patted her bottom.

'Oh yes, it hurts. But how much and how, long before the pain turns

into pleasure depends very much on your partner.'

'And on whether you're at the receiving end or dishing it out,' said Barry. 'True,' laughed Sue, 'I know which I'd rather be doing.'

Barry looked at Tina in her school-girl's uniform as he said this, and was gratified to see a faint blush appear on her cheeks as she caught his eye and then demurely turned her gaze down to her patent high-heeled shoes. At that moment Jeremy returned carrying a traditional curved handle schoolmaster's cane about two feet long. He handed it to Barry amid the joking remarks of other members of the party. Barry took it in his right hand. Almost instinctively he raised his shoulder high and swished it down through the air. Tina's eyes widened again at the whooping sound made by the cane.

'I wouldn't like to be at the receiving end of that,' she said.

'Wouldn't you?' asked Sue quizzically, 'Are you sure?' Once again Tina's eyes dropped demurely.

'No, I jolly well wouldn't,' she replied. And then without moving her head she turned up her eyes and looked for a moment at Barry. He caught the look, but couldn't quite fathom it. Was it an invitation? Or was she being merely mischievous? Greatly daring, he decided to see how far she would go.

Barry swished the cane through the air again.

'I'd certainly like to see you on the receiving end,' he said.

'Why?' asked Tina,

'Surely you know why,' interposed Sue.

'Well, yes. What I meant was why me in particular?'

Jeremy now took a hand in the proceedings. 'I would have thought it was obvious,' he said, 'You're dressed as a schoolgirl, and he's the flogging head master. You go together like bread and cheese.'

'There's another reason,' said Barry, 'An even better one. She deserves it.'

Sue looked interested. 'Does she indeed?' Then, turning to Tina, 'Have you been a naughty girl?'

Tina shook her head. 'I don't know

what he's talking about,' she pouted.

Barry taped the cane on the palm of his left hand. 'I'm talking about the time you stood me up,' he said.

'Oh that,' said Tina, looking down again.

'Yes, that,' replied Barry, 'I'd bought theatre tickets, booked a table, and you just didn't bother to turn up.'

'I had to go to New York,' Tina muttered guiltily.

Barry turned on her. 'You could have phoned. But no, you couldn't have cared less.'

'Well, I'm sorry,' Tina mumbled with rather bad grace.

Sue put her arm round Tina's waist. 'I don't think,' she said thoughtfully, 'I really don't think being sorry is quite enough. What do you think, Jeremy?'

'Not nearly enough,' agreed Jeremy solemnly.

Tina began to look alarmed. 'I've said I'm sorry. What else can I do?' she cried.

Sue tightened her arm round Tina's waist. 'You could agree to be punished, couldn't you?'

'Punished?' queried Tina nervously.

Sue nodded, 'Let Barry cane you. After all, you did behave very badly, didn't you?'

'Yes, I suppose I did,' said Tina contritely. She shot another look at Barry from her downcast eyes. Then she turned to Sue. 'Is it really as exciting as you say?' she asked.

'Yes,' said Sue with conviction, 'I know you'll find it an exhilarating experience.'

'Well, I don't see how it can be exhilarating. But Barry's right. I did behave badly. So I suppose I ought to

pay some sort of penalty.'

'Good girl,' said Sue, releasing Tina's waist and gently patting her bottom.

Jeremy moved over to any easy chair. 'Right, let's clear a space', he said.

'You're not going to do it in here - in front of everyone?' cried Tina.

'Why not?' replied Jeremy, 'I think they'd enjoy it. Brighten the party up a bit.'

*'YOU'RE NOT TAKING MY
KNICKERS DOWN,' SHE CRIED.*



'No, that's going too far. I won't agree to that', said Tina with unexpected firmness.

To everyone's surprise Sue supported her. 'After all, it is her first time. I think she deserves privacy on this occasion. We will go next door. Come along Barry.' And so saying she took Tina by the hand and led her from the room. Barry followed,

not quite believing that this was really happening.

He walked out into the hall, his eyes on the delectable figure of Tina. He watched her buttocks moving sexily under the skirt of her school gym tunic as her long black clad legs carried her along at Sue's side. The three of them turned into the adjoining room. Several other guests were standing round talking. Sue got rid of them by telling them Jeremy wanted everybody in the other room. After the last one had gone Sue shut and locked the door. She noticed Barry's look of surprise. 'I'm staying because you may need some help. It's the first time for Tina, and she'll need someone to give her a bit of encouragement. Besides, it's your first time too, I imagine,' Barry nodded in agreement.

'Have you thought about how to position her?' asked Sue. 'Not at all suitable for a caning. You can't swing it properly. Are you right handed?' Barry demonstrated that he was by swishing the cane down through the air. Tina drew her breath and her hands flew to her bottom as though feeling already the cane's sharp sting.

'Will you come here please Tina,' said Sue. She was standing by a Victorian chaise lounge in red velvet with a rolled and padded end.

Tina approached nervously. 'Over the end, here will do very well. I think you'll find it quite comfortable.'

As Tina, guided by Sue, positioned herself at the end of the chaise lounge, Barry could not help being struck by Sue's apparent concern and kindness. It was as though she was preparing Tina for a pleasant massage rather than to receive a painful

punishment. At the same time, he had to admit it was really extremely erotic. Sue directed Tina to place her hips against the rolled top and lean forward, placing her hands on the seat of the chaise lounge. Then she raised the short skirt of her gym tunic, laying it carefully in the small of Tina's back. Finally she inserted her fingers in the waistband of Tina's knickers.

At once Tina protested. 'You're not taking my knickers down,' she cried. 'Oh yes I am,' replied Sue.

'NO, I won't let you!'

Sue moved round to sit on the chaise lounge, taking Tina's hands gently in her own. 'There's a very good reason for it,' she explained in soothing tone, 'If you keep your knickers on Barry can't see the mark of each stroke on your bottom. That means he might hit you twice in the same place. Now you wouldn't want that to happen, would you?'

'Oh, all right,' said Tina reluctantly.

Sue nodded to Barry. 'Take them off,' she commanded.

Tina looked as though she was about to protest again, and Sue admonished her gently. 'Don't make a fuss, there's a good girl.'

Tina hung her head and waited unresisting for Barry to carry out Sue's instructions. His heart beginning to beat faster, Barry moved round to Tina's side and gazed down at the delectable sight presented to him. The curved position in which Tina had been placed showed her bottom to perfection. Her black nylon knickers clung closely to the white beautifully proportioned Hemispheres. The taut black suspenders straining at the black stockings that clothed her long and elegant legs bisected her thighs.

Her feet in their glossy high-heeled shoes just tipped the floor. Barry drew a deep breath, and then grasped the elastic waistband of Tina's knickers. Slowly he drew them down and carefully eased them over each foot. Tossing the knickers on a nearby chair he stood for a moment surveying the split peach of Tina's bottom, a sight made all the more exciting by the wantonness of her posture.

His erotic dreaming was interrupted by Sue.

'How many are you going to give her?' she asked.

Barry hadn't really thought about it.

'Six of the best, isn't that the usual thing?' he asked.

'Well, perhaps only, six as it's her first time,' replied Sue, 'Though I must say I think you're letting her off rather lightly.'

Tina looked up. 'I couldn't take more than six. In fact, I don't think I can take as many as that.'

Sue stroked her hair teasingly. 'Don't be silly, darling. Six is nothing. Just a warm up really.'

Tina seemed unconvinced. 'Are you sure I'll find it exciting?' she asked tremulously.

'Quite sure,' Sue replied firmly. 'Of course, it's going to hurt. You must expect that. But the effect it will make it worth the little bit of pain you'll suffer. Are you ready?'

Tina wriggled her hips. 'I - I suppose so,' she said uncertainly.

Sue caressed her hair again. 'I'm going to hold you so you won't be able to jump up and spoil everything. And I want you to count each stroke aloud. Do you understand?'

'Yes,' whispered Tina, dropping her head and closing her eyes tightly. Sue gripped Tina's hands in her right hand, and placed her left arm round Tina's shoulders, almost cradling her. She looked up at Barry and nodded. 'She's ready now'.

Barry positioned himself to Tina's right, flexed the cane and then brought it down through the air a foot behind Tina, causing her to flinch nervously. Then he measured his distance by laying the cane lightly against the soft white skin.

As Tina felt its cool caress, she winced. 'Oh please don't hit me hard', she begged, 'please don't.'

For an answer Barry raised the cane and whipped it down again. Bisecting the twin moons exactly in the middle. The stroke made Tina suck in her breath and her bottom tensed involuntarily.

Barry was amazed to see a red tramline appear as if by magic on the white skin. It acted as a marker, and

aiming the second stroke parallel but one inch higher than the first, he brought the cane down again.

His aim was good, and it landed where he intended. But this time the sting and bite were harder, making Tina gasp, her bottom quivering and rising as if trying to escape the third stroke which Barry delivered without pausing, aiming one inch below the first. Tina squealed, her hands gripping Sue's right hand and holding on tight. Sue bent her head to Tina's ear. 'Naughty Tina', she crooned, 'You haven't been counting!'

'Three!' called out Tina urgently.

'I'm afraid that's too late, darling. We must start again, which means you still have six more to come.'

'Oh no!' wailed Tina, 'It's not fair. I can't take another six.'

'Of course you can,' whispered Sue, 'Doesn't your bottom feel nice and warm? And doesn't it make you feel sexy?'

'I - I'm not sure', murmured Tina, 'Perhaps it does, just a little.'

Sue looked up at Barry. 'She's ready for it now, Barry. Six of the best,' Barry nodded, and conscious of his growing excitement he prepared to continue Tina's punishment. Looking up for a moment, he noticed he was facing a large gilt-framed mirror in which the entire erotic scene was reflected. He took in the picture of the schoolgirl in her black tunic and black stockings stretched over the red velvet end of the chaise lounge. Her face was momentarily hidden by her hair, her hands clutched tightly at Sue's hand, her white bottom already marked with three clear red weals twitched slightly as she waited for her ordeal to continue. Barry drew a deep breath in an effort to control the rising tide of sexual desire that was beginning to flood through him. Gently he laid the cane against Tina's bottom, causing the muscles to quiver and bringing forth a gasp of anxious anticipation. Taking careful aim Barry raised the cane and swished it down. It met the resilient flesh with a smacking kiss. Tina felt it, smarting, burning, at the same time as she remembered to call out 'one!'

'Good girl', murmured Sue sooth-



*TINA MOANED AGAINST SUE'S MOUTH AS
SHE FELT THE COOL TOUCH OF THE CANE*

ingly.

Barry raised the cane again. Again it cracked down leaving another neat tramline etched into the white skin. Tina squealed before she cried out 'Two. Oh please, not so hard,' But Barry was now enjoying himself. He remembered the evening when Tina stood him up, the wasted theatre tickets, the unused restaurant table. He remembered the haughty way she had of looking at him with her cool green eyes, and he remembered she didn't even rate him an apology, or think him worth a phone call. He laid on the third stroke with a will. The cane snapped down and connected smartly, and yet another red tramline

seemed to leap out of the white skin. Tina screeched, her bottom lifting the soles of her patent shoes lifting her clear of the floor.

'Oh please, oh please,' she wailed - then through the pain remembering to count. 'Three,' she moaned, writhing against Sue's restraining arm.

'Only three more, darling,' whispered Sue consolingly.

'I can't take them. I can't. I can't,' cried Tina.

'Don't be such a baby,' said Sue, lifting Tina's chin and kissing her softly on the lips. At the same time she slid her hand round underneath and gently cupped one of Tina's firm

young breasts. It seemed to Barry that Tina responded in a thoroughly wanton way, pushing her bottom out as if begging to receive the next three strokes. Barry took his time. Again he laid the cane against those shapely buttocks, choosing a space between the six red lines already there. Tina moaned against Sue's mouth as she felt the cool touch of the cane, the moan turning into a stifled 'No-ooo' as Barry delivered another sizzling stroke neatly between two of the existing weals. Sue withdrew her lips from Tina's as she gasped out 'Four. Oh, please no more,'

Sue was crooning softly into Tina's

ear, murmuring unmentionable delirious delights, causing Tina to move her hips in lascivious little jerks. With half her mind she wanted to avoid the final strokes of the cane; but the other half already succumbed to the effects created by her whipping. Her bottom was on fire, and the warmth was spreading to her loins, her whole body tingling with anticipation. She felt Barry's hand on the small of her back, pushing down firmly to prevent any further involuntary movement.

Once again the cane touched her gently as Barry sought an unmarked space on the once white skin. Tina shuddered, and opened her mouth as if to beg for release. Before she could speak Sue kissed her again, her lips parted, her tongue swirling against Tina's. Barry brought the cane whipping down. It connected with a resounding whack, and yet another tramline appeared as Tina's cry of 'Mmph' was muffled by Sue's mouth. Her hips wriggled and jerked. She felt pain and yet now after eight strokes she also felt pleasure. How could this be? How could the fiery stinging sensation be turning to stimulation? How could her mortified flesh be playing her false in this way? She withdrew her lips from Sue's and murmured 'Five'.

'I don't think Barry heard that,' said Sue, 'that means you still have two to come.'

Tina's only reaction was to sigh voluptuously. 'All right,' she whispered, offering her lips freely to Sue's mouth and searching tongue. This sudden acquiescence made Barry hesitate for a moment. He studied the tramlines marking Tina's well

formed bottom, searching for a place to deliver the final strokes. He ran his hand gently over the weals, causing Tina to wince and moan softly against Sue's mouth. Barry decided he couldn't be certain of hitting an unmarked section of buttock. If the last two strokes hurt more than the others; Tina would just have to put up with it. He brought the cane down hard. It snapped into the bruised flesh causing Tina to jerk up her head.

'Ooooh, no-ooo,' she screamed. Then her head dropped, her hips bucking against the top of the chaise lounge as she felt the pain turn slowly to pleasure.

'How many, Tina?' Sue reminded her.

'Oh God, six!' cried Tina.

Sue nodded quickly to Barry so that before Tina could recover completely the cane descended again, biting for the last time into the soft but striped bottom. Tina grunted as she felt the cane connect, tensing her muscles until the pain magically dispersed, leaving her bottom glowing as though a hundred bees had gently stung every inch of her once creamy soft buttocks. But those buttocks were now criss-crossed with ten red weals.

Barry looked down at his handiwork, and was filled with a desire to take this beautiful girl in his arms and comfort her. Sue whispered something in Tina's ear, bringing forth a languorous bubbling sound of agreement. Then Sue rose quickly, kissed Barry, and quietly left the room.

Tina made no move to get up or alter her position. She lay over the

rolled end of the chaise lounge, the red velvet contrasting with her white thighs and black stockings. An occasional shudder went through her as the burning sensations seeped through her nerve ends and seemed to spread to every part of her body. Never had she felt so sexually aroused, so ready, and so full of desire. She turned her head and looked at Barry, 'What are you waiting for?' she asked. Barry stood at the end of the chaise lounge, still in cap and gown, the cane in his hand. He didn't know quite what to do. The whole remarkable incident had left him wondering whether it was all really happening.

'I don't know,' he replied uncertainly.

'Oh, Barry, you're so stupid. Take me. Yes, like this. Now! For God's sake, don't you understand? I want you.'

Some time later they rejoined the guests in the other room to find the party was now really swinging. On the floor, on the furniture, even against the walls couples were, as they say, at it. Barry turned to Tina. 'I wonder what brought this on?' he queried.

'Us, I expect,' said Tina.

'But we were in the other room,' Tina turned him to face the large mirror on the wall. With a shock, Barry found himself looking at the red velvet chaise lounge in the other room.

'A two-way mirror! Did you know about that, Tina?'

Tina looked at for a moment with those maddening green eyes of hers. Then she said coolly, 'Of course, darling. Didn't you?'

*DOMINATION SISTERS, SEEK
MALE SUBMISSIVES FOR COR-
RECTION. LONDON AREA.*

CONTACT: SADIE 07957 755721

*KANE CLASSIC COLLECTION
VIDEO WANTED, THE GYM
LESSON, THE SCHOOL LES-
SON, THE RIDING LESSON -
FOR PURCHASE OR LOAN.
BOX DBP1*

Josie Harrison-Marks,
Cliff James

and all the crew at
Kane, extend to our
readers, the compli-
ments of the season
and a properous
new year.

*WE ARE PLEASED TO BE ABLE
TO OFFER ONCE AGAIN THE
FANTASTIC VIDEO*

Marigolds Academy

*CAUGHT SMOKING BY THE
GAMES MISTRESS, THE TWO
MISCREANTS ARE TAKEN BE-
FORE THE BEAK*

*AT ONLY £50 THIS VIDEO IS
A MUST FOR ANY TRUE CP
DEVOTEE*



*Clarissa, Stacey & Nigel act
out a scene from Mandy Bail.*



AN OCTOBER AFTERNOON

WEDNESDAY THE 28TH OF OCTOBER WAS A MILESTONE FOR THE NEW PUBLISHER OF KANE, JOSIE HARRISON-MARKS. AFTER MUCH PREPARATION AND PLANNING THE DAY HAD FINALLY ARRIVED FOR THE KANE LIVE EXTRAVAGANZA.

FEATURING FIVE OF OUR GORGEOUS GIRLS: LORRAINE, BRANDI, CLARISSA, RHONDA AND OUR LATEST ARRIVAL STACEY, PLUS OUR VETERAN WHACKERS, SIR LARRY, GAVIN AND NIGEL THE SHOW WAS BOUND TO BE A HIT! AND HIT IT WAS. THE FIRST HALF FEATURED STACEY AS THE NAUGHTY MANDY BAIT AND CLARISSA AS MISS WILLIAMS. THIS WAS RAPIDLY FOLLOWED BY THE LOVELY LORRAINE, WHO PLAYED THE PART OF MARY, THE ERRANT DAUGHTER, (AND A CHEEKIER DAUGHTER I'M SURE THERE NEVER HAS BEEN) WHO INSTEAD OF ATTENDING UNIVERSITY HAD BEEN PARTYING AND NIGHT CLUBBING FOR THREE DAYS NONE STOP. NEXT CAME OUR PROBLEM GIRLS PLAYED BY STACEY, RHONDA AND CLARISSA. CLOSING THE FIRST HALF OF THE SHOW WAS THE INFAMOUS SIR LARRY GREYTHORPE WHO ACCEPTS HIS TENANTS, ALICE AND TINA, (PLAYED BY LORRAINE AND BRANDI) RENT BY WAY OF A BUM WARMING.

A PAINFUL EVENT

AFTER A BRIEF INTERMISSION, THE SECOND HALF BEGAN WITH SIR LARRY VISITING MRS PERFECTS THEATRICAL SCHOOL TO INTERVIEW CHARMINE, (RHONDA) WHO HAD DRESSED AS A NURSE, AND KAREN (BRANDI) WHO HAD DONNED HER FRENCH MAID'S UNIFORM. NEXT CAME OUR TRILOGY OF SCENES FROM THE EVER POPULAR "DISCIPLINE IN THE OFFICE". IN THE FIRST SCENE, JANET THE M.D (CLARISSA) WALLOPS HER SALES MANAGER MR SMYTHE (GAVIN) FOR NOT REACHING HIS SALES TARGET. THE TRILOGY CONTINUES AS CHERRY, (BRANDI) IS SUMMONED BY MR SMYTHE WHO WALLOPS HER REAR TO CHERRY RED, SAYING IT'S HER FAULT HE WAS THRASHED BY JANET. CLOSING THE TRILOGY, MR SMYTHE APPROACHES JANET AND TELLS HER HE KNOWS HE REACHED HIS SALES TARGETS AND THAT SHE'S BEEN COOKING THE BOOKS. RATHER THAN HAVING HIM GO TO THE POLICE, JANET ACCEPTS MR SMYTHES SUGGESTION THAT HE THRASH HER AS SHE THRASHED HIM, AND BOY DOES HE WHACK HER. HOWEVER, THIS IS NOT THE END OF THE SHOW! JOSIE WAS JUST ABOUT TO MAKE THE CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENT AND THANK ALL THOSE WHO CAME WHEN GAVIN BECAME BOLSHIE AND REFUSED TO CLEAR THE STAGE PROPS. JOSIE WAS NOT AT ALL AMUSED BY HIS OUT BURST AND BEGAN REBUKING HIM WHEN SUDDENLY LORRAINE SHOUTED THAT JOSIE SHOULD WHACK HIM FOR HIS CHEEK. A MOMENT LATER ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE. AS MUCH TO GAVIN'S SURPRISE, ALL THE GIRLS RUSHED ONTO THE STAGE AND DEBAGGED HIM OF HIS TROUSERS AND PANTS. POOR GAVIN WAS THEN SOUNDLY THRASHED BY JOSIE AND ALL THE FEMALE CAST. HOWEVER, ALL WAS NOT LOST, AS NIGEL UPON HEARING GAVIN'S PLIGHT, LEFT THE BAR AND CAME TO HIS ASSISTANCE. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE TABLES WERE TURNED, THE GIRLS WERE LINED UP IN A ROW, KNICKERS WERE TAKEN DOWN AND THEIR BUMS WERE WHACKED IN A SPECTACULAR FINALE...

IF YOU'VE ENJOYED THE STILLS TO OUR LIVE EXTRAVAGANZA, AND WERE UNABLE TO COME ALONG IN PERSON. WHY NOT TREAT YOURSELF TO BOTH OF THE ALL ACTION VIDEOS THAT CAPTURE IT IN GLORIOUS COLOUR AND SOUND. AND IF YOU WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE THERE ON THE DAY, YOU WILL SURELY WANT A SOUVENIR COPY OF EACH TO TREASURE AND RELIVE TIME AND TIME AGAIN THOSE BEAUTIFUL BARE BOTTOMS THAT YOU SAW BEING WHACKED. AVAILABLE BY MAIL ORDER, EACH VIDEO IS PRICED £55 PLUS £1.50 P&P AND IS AVAILABLE ONLY FROM KANE AT: 23 WELLINGTON AVENUE, LONDON N15 6AS. CALLERS ARE WELCOME BUT PLEASE PHONE FIRST ON 0181-802-2555 OR 0958-795530. CHEQUES SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO: J.HARRISON-MARKS.

Please note: The above video is sold on the strict understanding that it is for private viewing only. It may only be purchased by adults aged 18 or over and may not under any circumstances be shown in public. All the models in the above video are aged 18 or over (proof on file) and are enthusiasts who appear of their own free will. Both the law and Kane Magazine, do not find the abuse of minor's or any other persons fun at all!



Dear Josie

Just a brief note to thank you and all those involved for an excellent afternoon's entertainment yesterday. Susan and I enjoyed ourselves immensely as we always do at such events. We look forward to your next 'do', hopefully in about 6 months time.

Now that the shows are 'up and running' again may I make one or two suggestions. School, maid, nurses scenarios are excellent but what about an equestrian or traffic warden theme. I have George's videos of 'The Traffic Warden' and 'The Riding Lesson' and would certainly like to see something along these lines at a live show. I am sure fertile minds at your end can come up with a good scenario.

The cost of tickets was reasonable and the meal excellent as always. Don't increase your prices though. you need to be seen to be giving value for money and the word may well then spread. If you need a bigger attendance to boost finances, why not consider a judicious note in a magazine like 'Forum'.

Don't be worried by stage nerves. Anyone who has done public speaking knows how you feel. And put your own stamp on the shows, don't try to imitate George completely.

Hope these suggestions are helpful.

With very best wishes from us both.

Yours sincerely

John Simon

*Lorraine & Brandi
pay their rent in kind*









FOR THOSE INTERESTED, WE HAVE AVAILABLE AN ASSORTED SELECTION OF SOUVENIR 6" X 4" COLOUR PHOTOS FROM OUR LIVE EXTRAVAGANZA THAT CAPTURE THE DAY'S ATMOSPHERE. THESE ARE AVAILABLE AS A SET OF 10 COSTING £25 OR 25 FOR £50. ALSO ALSO AVAILABLE ARE SETS OF 10 PHOTOS OF EACH GIRL: LORRAINE, BRANDI, RHONDA CLARISSA AND OUR NEW GIRL STACEY IN ACTION. THESE ARE ALSO PRICED £25. PLEASE ADD £1.50 P&P TO EACH ORDER.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO ORDER ANY OF THE ABOVE, SEND YOUR ORDER TO JOSIE AT THE KANE OFFICE STATING WHICH SET/S YOU REQUIRE.

PLEASE NOTE: KINDLY ALLOW AT LEAST 14 DAYS FOR DELIVERY WHEN ORDERING PHOTOS, AS WE ONLY PRINT TO ORDER.



*Clarissa, Rhonda & Stacey
our Problem Girls*



*Rhonda & Sir Larry
act out a scene from
School for Schoolgirls*





*More problems for problem girls
when Gavin returns home*





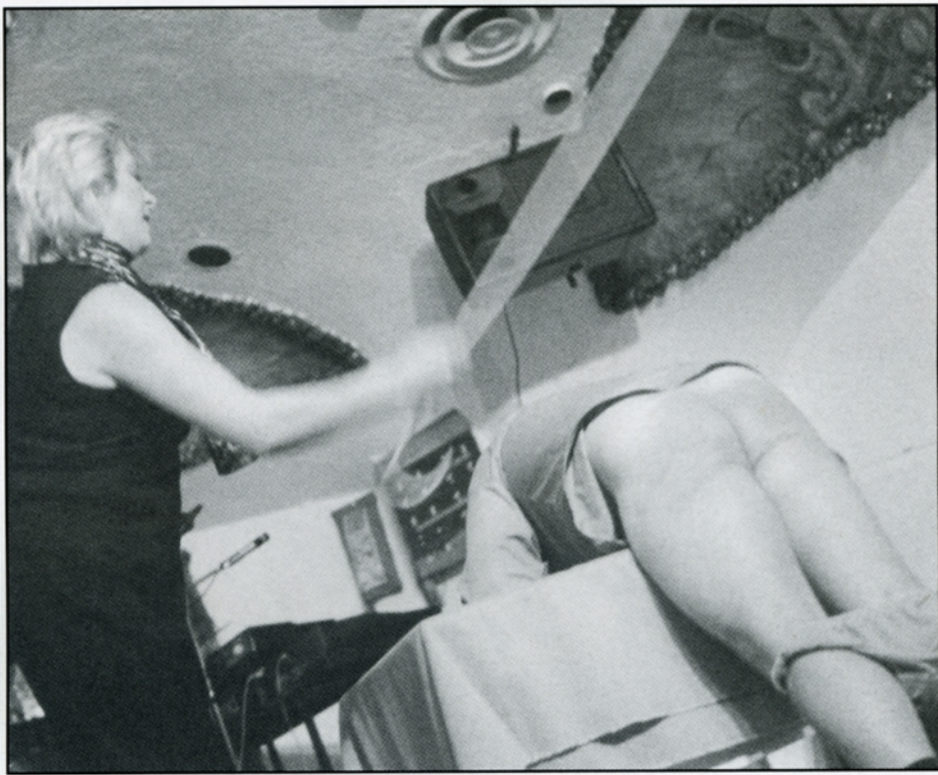


The end of the line





*Brandi & Sir Larry
in another scene from
School for Schoolgirls*



ABOVE: MR SMYTHE (GAVIN) AND JANET (CLARISSA) - BELOW: (BRANDI) AS MS CHERRY BOTTOM





29th October 1998

KANE PRIVATE MEMBERS CLUB NUMBER: 015

Dear Josie

I just had to write to congratulate you and all the girls for the fantastic afternoon's entertainment we all enjoyed yesterday. Even Gavin put up a brave front side (or should it be the opposite, I wonder?) Why you were so nervous beforehand, I cannot possibly imagine. The best show in London, without any doubt. Judging from the reaction, the afternoon was a great success and I for one cannot wait for the video recordings to come out, let alone the next 'live' event. More please!

For myself, I was truly amazed at the amount of punishment those five delectable bums were able to absorb. [Sorry, Gavin, but that's show business, I'm afraid] The action is indeed hot and heavy on your video releases, but until yesterday, I did not realise just how hot and how heavy! As your magazine so rightly states, Kane spanking is definitely for real. Seeing these performances in the rapidly reddening flesh for the first time was an absolutely incredible turn-on. The sights, sounds and impact of the arse-sorted wallopings were mind-boggling. No wonder I could hear members of the audience wincing at times. It sounded like World War III being fought out on those bare, bouncing, beautiful buttocks.

The girls each deserved a medal for courage above and beyond the call of duty - perhaps the Kane equivalent of the American Golden Globe award? The Scarlet Sit-upon? If there was any doubt, Nigel certainly proved that, in the words of the Good Book, "it is better to give than to receive."

I can only conclude by recommending that all other Kane readers thinking of attending the next 'bash' should stop thinking and just DO IT. They will certainly not be disappointed. Indeed, it will be money well spent, and they will be guaranteed an afternoon they will never forget!

Many thanks to all concerned, and congratulations once again.

Yours sincerely

N F

N.F, Birmingham

**GAVIN TAKES HIS REVENGE
ON CLARISSA FOR BEATING
HIM WITH THE RIDING CROP**



DID YOU SEE...?

BY: Andy van Heerden

I've just been watching one of my favourite new videos. The content is incredibly erotic. Maria, an American girl with short blonde hair spends two minutes explaining her submissive fantasy. She is a self-confessed masochist, and earns her living being the subject for dominant men. Her own fantasy is of submitting to a powerful woman. With the help of Mistress Catherine she is about to realise this.

The session is then shown. Dressed in a white camisole, with matching knickers, stockings and suspenders, Maria has her nipples teased by Mistress Catherine and another dominatrix. Then she is bent over a punishment bench and Mistress Catherine, resplendent in red bra, black PVC hot pants and boots, her long red hair flowing freely and a haughty smile on her elegant face, canes her. The camera lingers for some time on Maria's bottom and half a dozen serious strokes are delivered to her unprotected hindquarters. There is no faking here. She cries out in pain and eventually calls for mercy, at which point she is sent to touch up her make-up. But the unfortunate girl spends too long looking at the marks on her lower cheeks, and is rewarded with a slap across the face from her Mistress.

Earlier we met another of Mistress Catherine's female slaves. Jesse, a beautiful longhaired brunette, was suspended by her wrists whilst her breasts were fondled and her bottom lightly whipped. Clamps were then seen being removed from her nipples. All the time Jesse tried to explain to an unseen interviewer how her need for spanking and bondage came about and why she is now quite devoted to her Mistress.

The rest of the two-and-a-half-hour film deals with the domination of male clients by Catherine and her fellow dominatrixes at Pandora's Box, an exclusive S & M club in Manhattan. Where did I get this gem? Many of you will be thinking I have flouted the UK's strict video licensing laws by importing obscene material. Or perhaps it was produced right here? Just the same, a film that explicit could NEVER get a certificate, could it? And even if it did, the very act of sending obscene material through the post is an offence in itself. So which of these laws, designed to protect me from myself, did I break?

Actually, none of them. I taped the film off the television, as I am sure many more of you also did. And so long as I do not lease or hire it to a third party for commercial gain, I am not even breaking copyright law. Just in case you missed it, the film is "Fetishes", a documentary shown on Channel Four, and my video, and I imagine thousands

of others, clicked into life at eleven PM on the night of September the tenth 1998. There have of course been other documentaries about "the Scene", some good, and some best forgotten, but there were two surprising features about this particular attempt. Firstly there was the explicit detail shown and secondly the fact that despite this, it came and went with barely a mention in the media as a whole.

It is of course possible to make and sell specifically erotic or pornographic films in this Country. You can get them mail order or nowadays you can even walk into a music store in any large town and find a wide variety for sale over the counter in the ever-expanding video section. But these are uninspiring soft-core films, usually featuring the latest page three lovely to fancy herself as an actress, dancing to some mindless disco as she slowly removes her clothes. They almost all centre on the standard obsession with large breasts (for some reason this is considered normal, while a preference for bottoms is looked on as perverted), and are usually no more erotic than a keep-fit video. Nevertheless, they sell and there is no problem getting a British Board of Film Classification certificate eighteen for them. In fact, I have even spotted a couple which were so tame they were given fifteens! They are mostly bought by chaps who would like to have sex with the star of the film. I dare say a few of you readin this magazine may have some of these productions and watched them with the idea of taking a cane or tawse to that perfect bottom. But if you want to watch a video of a couple having proper penetrative sex, or of a woman being subjected (willingly) to corporal punishment, you have to break the law. You can get hard-core in Britain, there is no doubt about that, and it is usually only when it is imported from abroad that customs takes any notice at all of people's viewing habits. But it is illegal because a film which shows gratuitous sex acts will not be given a certificate for general release in the UK.

And yet you can make a documentary about it! And since "Fetishes", although flagged by Channel Four as educational television, was actually billed as a feature film, I assume the BBFC had also given it the all clear. Of course since the whole idea was to explore the relationship between a dominatrix and her client, for the film not to have shown exactly what they do would have left it fundamentally flawed and have been a cop-out of the highest order. But it does seem strange that you can watch a woman in fetish costume cane and dominate another in

skimpy underwear, as long as you are watching it for educational purposes. Just make sure you don't enjoy it!

Given the explicit material in the programme, I was interested to see how the media, particularly the tabloid newspapers, would react. Usually they give controversial television the kind of advanced publicity T.V. executives can only dream about. We all knew that a recent BBC drama series would feature lesbian and three-in-a-bed sex at least a month before it hit our screens, because of the fuss made by the morally upright tabloids. I even recall one of them getting hot under the collar when Madonna released her playful ditty "Hanky Spanky". But this time no pre-transmission mention at all. This struck me as odd, especially as "Fetishes" was being shown on Channel Four, which has in the past been accused of showing out-and-out pornography. Well here was one programme which could legitimately be labelled as such and yet not a dickie bird.

There was a reaction afterwards, but only a muted one. One of the tabloids and a couple of the qualities had short paragraphs about it in their T.V. review columns. But rather than make any constructive comments about whether they had learned anything from watching it, the critics all seemed to see it as an opportunity to make the old joke about "giving minority T.V. a fair crack of the whip". No scandal, no outrage, no calls for Channel Four's chief executive to be sacked, hardly a whimper from anyone.

So what are we to make of this? Did our newspapers consider the content so shocking it was too offensive to lay

before the eyes of their delicate readers? I doubt it. Or have the papers all gone liberal in their old age? That too I find hard to believe. I do not actually have an explanation, but I suspect it has something to do with us not being that bothered with people's private lives any more. The basic message of "Fetishes", if it had one, was that we can all come to terms with our own sexual needs, no matter how strange they may seem to others, and remain useful members of so-called normal society. Today we have openly gay MPs, actors and rock stars, and it is quite right they should be allowed to do their jobs without their sexual preferences being an issue. I even opened a copy of one of the worst Sunday scandal rags recently to find a centre page guide on how to improve your love life. Two of the tricks it recommended were bondage and spanking. "Bend your lover over a chair and start off quite gently. Increase the pressure until the skin turns pink. Then try it with an implement. A flexible ruler will do the trick, or even a spatula from the kitchen". This from a newspaper that takes great delight in exposing vicars, politicians or celebrities who might be tempted to follow their advice!

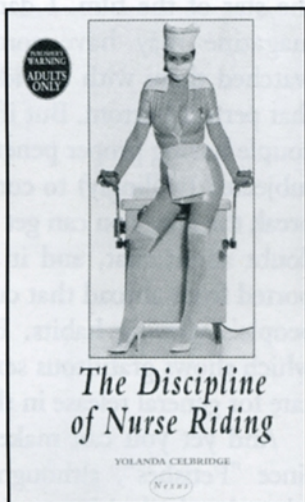
"Fetishes" may have come and gone on late-night British Television with hardly a whisper outside the Scene. I imagine Channel Four's executives are actually disappointed by the lack of controversy. But if by the very fact it failed to generate a reaction we are a step closer to seeing proper sex films and real CP action being freely available for the adult British video fan, then maybe it has helped us turn a corner...

CLIFF JAMES REVIEWS

The Discipline of Nurse Riding

By: Yolanda celbridge

When Sloane prudence Riding has a sudden fall from grace as her trust fund runs out, she decides to get a job - and what could be more worthy than becoming a nurse? The training at Cloughton Wyke Hydro is rather more severe than she is prepared for, however, involving as it does strict discipline, tight rubber uniforms and an education in the application of bizarre and exotic treatments. Nurse Riding's further instruction in the sophisticated use of medical restraints is interrupted by a hunch that her long-lost twin sister is nearby. can Prudence ever hope to find her?



A Taste of Amber

By: Penny Birch

Expelled from school for spanking a mistress, Amber Oaskley finds herself in disgrace and is sent to work on a farm. She quickly discovers that her godfather, Henry Gresham, is far from the respectable country gentleman he appears to be. Introduced to the delights of the strange worlds of pony-girls, Amber soon decides that she knows what she wants to be - a pony-girl mistress.

Published by and available from:
Nexus, Thames Wharf Studios
Rainville Road W6 9HT
or any good bookshop.
Price £5.99 each.

Please mention Kane when you place your order

SANTA'S LITTLE BELTER

Well, thought Linda, this has got to be the most ridiculous way I have ever earned a living. Bar none. Here I am, a talented budding actress, reduced to THIS. It's not that I couldn't get work on the stage, especially at this time of year, but pantomime just is not me. I want to be a serious artist, not prancing around in some stereotype infantile role.

On the other hand, she reflected, dressing as an elf and standing in the middle of a department store is not exactly the height of sombre drama. Nevertheless she had rent to earn, and on top of that there were her half-dozen nephews and nieces. Those small people certainly made Christmas expensive. She needed the money, and just prayed nobody who knew her happened to wander through the store.

Not only did her costume make her feel ridiculous, it also made her feel vulnerable. Having to wear that pixie hat over her long blonde hair was bad enough, but the green shorts, which must have been bought for a girl two sizes smaller, left very little to the imagination. Her legs were protected only by sheer green tights, and after six weeks of unwanted male attention and ribald comments, she was just about sick of it all. She had tried a trick suggested by a model friend who did car shows, giving marks out of

ten for originality, but what really got to her were the fathers who copped a sly grope as she ushered their children in to see Santa Claus. Of course she had to take it all with a smile. Store policy was not to upset the customers or their kids, especially at the most lucrative time of the year.

At least today was over, and there was only a week to go. The shop had closed half an hour ago and only a few of the staff were still tidying up. She slipped on her overcoat ready to leave.

"Okay Linda, I'm off now". It was Christmas, or at least David, the retired security guard who came back each year to supplement his pension by playing the part. "I'm going to the staff room to change, then I'll be gone. Don't forget to stack the presents inside the grotto, or security will think they're suspicious packages and call in the bomb squad".

"Okay, good night David" answered Linda, as his broad beam headed towards the lifts. She picked up the two sacks, labelled "boys" and "girls", and carried them into the brightly decorated tent which the camping department had thought would pass for Santa's home. Each sack contained gift-wrapped packages which she dished out to the kids after they had given Santa their greedy wish-lists. She dropped the bags in the corner as she did every

night, and was about to leave when a thought stopped her in her tracks. She was only doing this so she could afford presents for her nephews and nieces, right? But here were two sackfuls of ready-wrapped gifts which would do just as well! They were only discontinued stock, old toys which the store would not sell even if they were left over after Christmas. If she sneaked a couple out each night, who would know?

At first she baulked at the idea of stealing, then the little devil inside seemed to hijack her morality. All the verbal and physical harassment she had endured in the past six weeks flashed through her mind, along with the pittance she was getting for putting up with it. "Sod it" she said, "those bastards owe it to me!"

She went back to the bags and pulled a medium-sized parcel from each one. Although she did not know exactly what was in them she had a good idea it would be something suitable for any of her two sisters' brats. Tucking them into the pockets of her overcoat, she stood up and turned to leave...and found herself staring straight up into the white-bearded frowning face of Santa!

"And exactly what do you think you're doing?" growled David.

"I...er, I mean...I was..." she spluttered, feeling the colour drain from her face and her legs wobble.

"I'll tell you what you're doing, shall I?" he interrupted. "I come back because I've forgotten my pipe and I catch you in the act of pilfering from your employer!"

Linda saw there was no point arguing. He had obviously seen everything. "I didn't think anyone would miss them...they're for my nephew and niece. I'll put them back" she muttered lamely.

"And that's supposed to make it okay is it? How do I know this is the first time you've nicked stuff?"

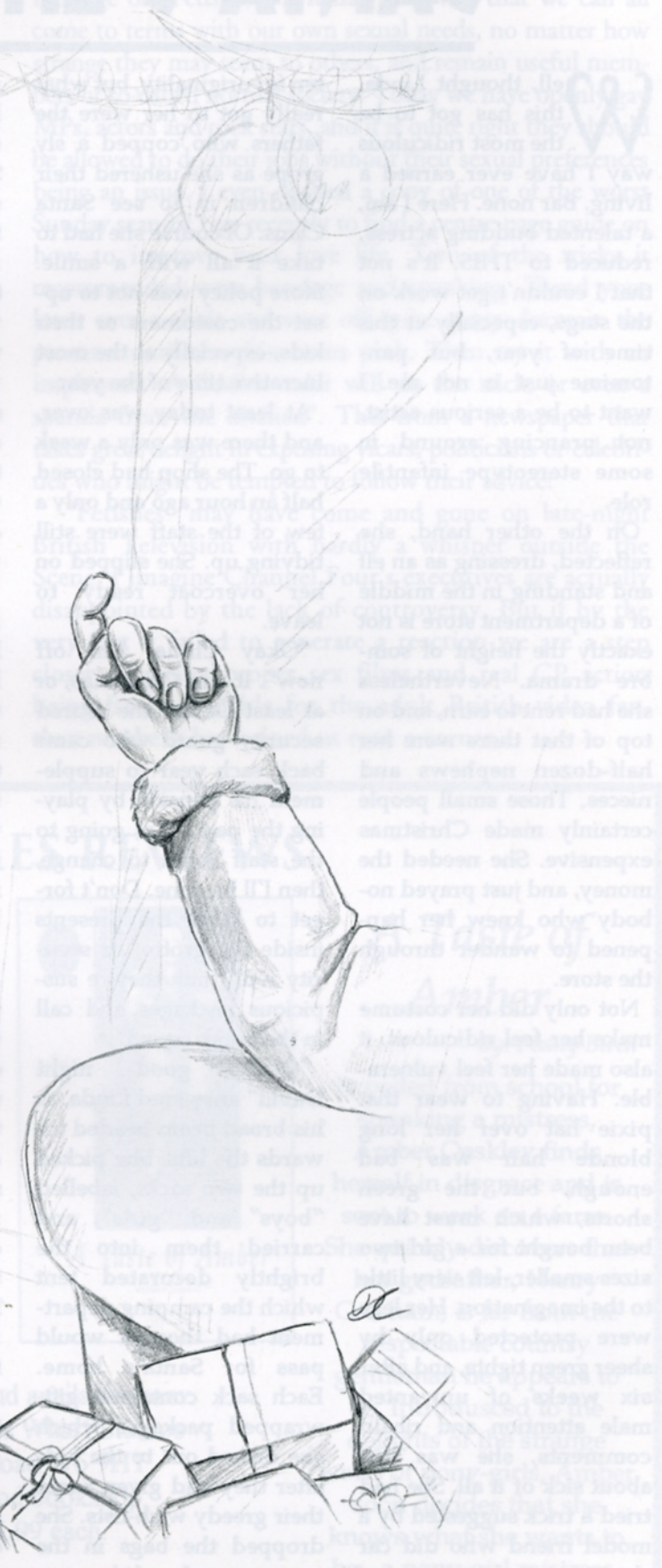
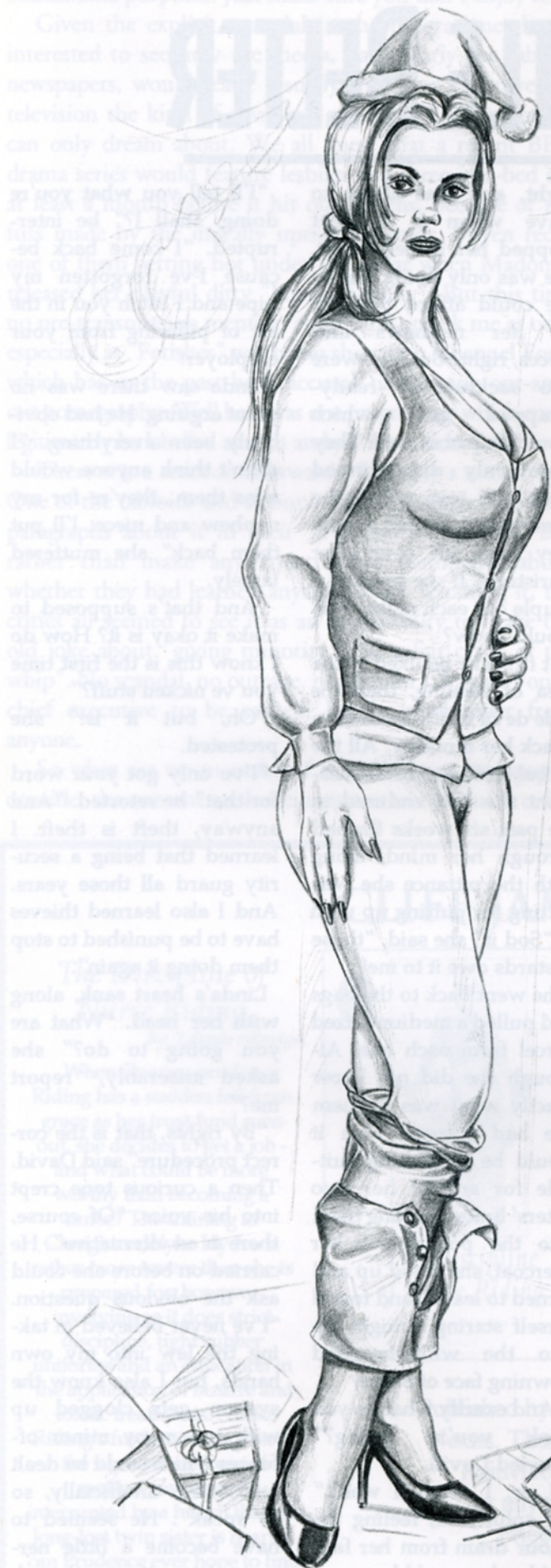
"Oh, but it is!" she protested.

"I've only got your word for that" he retorted. "And anyway, theft is theft. I learned that being a security guard all those years. And I also learned thieves have to be punished to stop them doing it again".

Linda's heart sank, along with her head. "What are you going to do?" she asked miserably, "report me?"

"By rights, that is the correct procedure" said David. Then a curious tone crept into his voice. "Of course, there is an alternative". He carried on before she could ask the obvious question. "I've never believed in taking the law into my own hands, but I also know the system gets clogged up with too many minor offences which could be dealt with, erm, unofficially, so to speak". He seemed to have become a little nervous himself, as though

The enforced striptease was torture for her



here were something he was plucking up courage to ask.

"What exactly are you talking about?" Linda asked with a little apprehension.

"If I report you, you'll certainly be dismissed, maybe even prosecuted. For a girl of your age to get a criminal record would be a shame. I don't want to do that to you, because I do believe you when you say this is the first time you've done it. And you're the best little elf I've had in years. On the other hand, you should be punished, but I think I could do that job quite sufficiently myself - the old-fashioned way".

"How would you...punish me?" said Linda, a horrible idea already half-forming in her mind.

"Young lady, weren't you ever spanked or caned at school? No, I suppose you're of an age when corporal punishment would hardly have been used. And look where such liberalism got you, eh? Stealing from Father Christmas!"

Linda was speechless.

"Look, I expect it's a bit of a shock to you. I'll give you a couple of minutes to decide what you want - to be dealt with by the authorities, or by me and have it stop here. I'll wait outside the grotto".

As David withdrew Linda sank despairingly into the chair he occupied during the day, playing his role as a jolly Santa. She now saw that the real David behind the beard was a million miles from that. She ran through the alternatives. At best she would lose her job, at worst her career as an actress would be blighted, maybe even ended, by a criminal record. But if she

let David punish her here and now she was sure it would be painful and humiliating. But it would stop here, wouldn't it? David could hardly report her if she could hold a scandalous assault like that against him!

She stood up, gathered her courage, told herself "I am a talented actress and this is just another role I have to play", and went out to meet her fate.

David turned as she came out. "Okay" she said, trying to keep her tone steady. "You win. What exactly do you want me to do?"

"Well first of all, back in the grotto. We've only got about quarter of an hour before they do the security sweep of this floor". They went back into the tent and David took his seat as Linda turned to face him. "Take off your overcoat" he ordered softly. She did so, letting it slip to the floor with the fateful presents still in the pockets. "Now take down your shorts and tights".

"What!" exploded Linda in disbelief.

"Come on Linda, it wouldn't be a proper punishment through all that padding. Those are my terms, and if you don't like them we can go to the head of security's office instead. I'll let you keep your knickers on while I spank you. That's if you're wearing any".

"Of course I am, you dirty sod!" she snapped back, then regretted it as she saw his eyes harden and realised she had now made things worse for herself. With tears welling, she fumbled with the buttons of her shorts. As the top two were released she breathed out, getting a lit-

tle relief from loosening the tight garment. But as she carried on down the fly this feeling rapidly vanished.

When her shorts were completely open she gave her tormentor one last despairing look but saw no change in his expression. So, putting her thumbs inside her tights and her fingers outside the waist band she began to pull them down. Because of the size of the shorts she had to wriggle her hips to ease them over her bottom, taking great care to leave her white bikini briefs in place.

The enforced striptease was torture for her. If there was one part of her body she hated other people seeing it was her bum. While everything else was in more or less the right proportions, her bottom had seemed to grow with a will of its own, until it reached what seemed to Linda twice the size it should have been. This had added to her problems getting into the shorts, and made her even more self-conscious standing in the store. Now here she was being forced to expose her fat bottom to this dirty old man!

She did not know whether he wanted her to remove the clothes completely so she carried on pushing them down her thighs. When they reached her knees he suddenly called "stop!" She did so immediately, letting go of the material and standing up, trying to stare defiantly at him. Not easy, she thought. Christ, if I felt stupid standing in the store fully-clothed, how must I look now, with the blouse and jerkin still in place, that stupid bobble-hat perched on my head and the bottom

half of my costume hanging round my knees.

"Now" said David firmly, "come and find out what bad girls get on Santa's knee".

Dejectedly she hobbled the few steps towards him, and put up no resistance as he seized her wrists and pulled her across his lap. She went limp as she lay there, hoping the path of least resistance would be the least painful. She soon found that was probably not going to be the case.

David's hand cracked down onto her defenceless rear with a sickening splat. The sharp pain which shot through her bottom proved the panties he had allowed her to retain would be little protection. When the initial shock wore off and she had given sufficient voice to her feelings, she realized the blow had landed entirely on her left cheek. But she only had a few seconds to think about this, before a second slap came on top of it.

"Eeeeh!" she wailed, as the pain of the first spank was added to.

"Do try and keep the noise down my dear" David chided. "The only other people in the building are security guards, old colleagues of mine. I doubt they'd disapprove, and you certainly wouldn't want them watching the rest of your punishment, would you?"

The thought sent a chill through Linda, so when the third whack hit home she let out a much more muted moan. It was soon followed by a fourth, fifth and sixth, all of which she greeted with as much restraint as possible, even though she felt as if her left buttock were on fire.

After the sixth spank there was a longer pause, but Linda did not need to be a genius to know what was coming. And it came, David's palm making short but heavy contact with her right cheek. Although it hurt, Linda felt a weird sense of relief that he had finished tormenting its

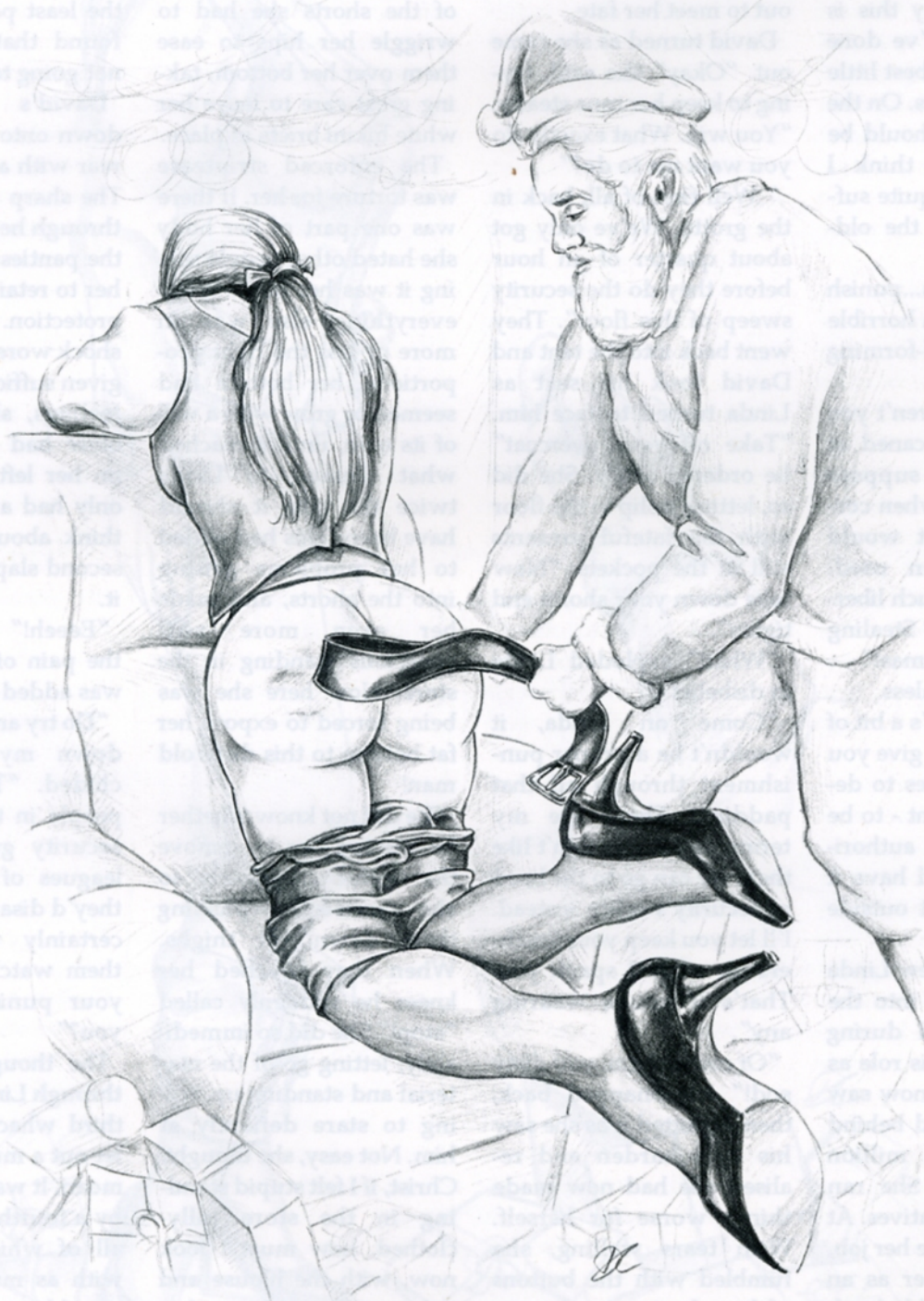
neighbour.

This did not last long though. As a second and third blow landed she found her mental resistance crumbling, and forgetting the facade she was trying to keep up she pleaded with David: "Oh! Oh God, no! Please stop David, please, no more!"

To her infinite delight he did stop, but her spirits dropped to a new low when he spoke. "Now now Linda, only three more of these and you can stand up". And he cracked his hard hand against her skin one more time. Linda broke into a series of choking sobs, as the fifth and

sixth blows hit home. And then they ended.

David eased her back onto unsteady feet. With her head hanging in shame and embarrassment, she tried to rub away the agony in her burning rear. Gradually she felt it subside into a warm tingling sensation, still painful but not as unpleas-



The strap landed squarely across the meat of her buttocks.

ant as the spanking itself. Her crying eased a little.

David had got up and moved behind her. She realised he was probably ogling her big red bottom but by now she just did not care. But his next words shook her to the core. "Now I think it's time for the second half of your punishment, Linda".

She span round to see he had taken off the wide leather belt from his Father Christmas outfit and was doubling it up in his hands. "You're...you're not going to use that bloody thing on me!" She meant it as a statement, not a question.

"But Linda, you can't call a gentle spanking a proper punishment for what you did. I even let you keep your knickers on".

"But I've done what you asked!" she protested. "You never said you were going to do that to me!"

"And I never said I wasn't. There's no going back now my dear. Kneel up on the chair please".

For a moment she considered refusing. If he reported her she would tell them about the spanking. But it would be her word against his. And why, they would be bound to ask, would an intelligent, independent woman give in to such an outrageous suggestion? She would have to tell them about her illicit attempt at Christmas shopping. The grotto she had walked into was in fact a very clever trap laid by this particular Santa.

Feeling she had sunk as low as she ever could, she climbed miserably onto the seat, placing her arms on its back, just as David directed her to. A second later she felt his fingers through the waist band of her briefs.

She turned her head and shot her left hand down to stop his next move, but he anticipated this and let go of the elastic to grab her wrist, which he then placed firmly on top of the chair. "Aaaah!" she gasped, as her underwear arrived to join her tights and shorts at her knees, exposing her throbbing nates to his gaze and completing her total humiliation.

She buried her face in her hands, having no desire to see what was about to happen. She heard David take a deep breath, then there was a short whistling sound - followed by the most agonising shot of pain she had ever felt as the strap landed squarely across the meat of her buttocks.

"Eeeeaagh!" she called out, her head jerking back with the pain. But as soon as she regained her composure she hid her face again.

She was better prepared for the second stroke, and just grunted through gritted teeth as it landed a little higher than the first. She found the pain of the belt duller than the spanking, although spread over a much wider area. With the third blow she noticed how it hurt more near the edges of the belt, as it bit into her flesh below where the first had landed. When the fourth came diagonally up from left to right, covering the whole of her tortured cheeks, she knew she was coming to the end of her physical limits of endurance, but she would be damned if she was going to give that bastard the pleasure of hearing her beg for mercy again. Summoning all her inner strength she stoically braced herself for the next blow, which

landed across the others again, this time down from left to right.

Drawing her breath in stiff, racking sobs, her body stiffened again as the leather landed a sixth time. But this was at the tender juncture of her bottom and thighs, which, as yet untouched, seemed particularly vulnerable, and the torture which jolted through her body made her lose her grip on the chair. She collapsed into a ball on the seat. Gradually recovering, she painfully pulled herself back into position for the next agonising blow. But instead of the low whistle of the flying belt she heard David's emotionless voice. "No Linda, I think you've learned your lesson. I'll leave you to get dressed". And with that he was gone.

Linda struggled to her feet, her breathing almost normal again, her bottom

certainly anything but. She rubbed it furiously, hoping to numb the sting, then began to rearrange her clothes. As she made herself decent she thought over the last ten minutes. "I've just been given a bloody good hiding, the first of my life, and by Father Christmas! Ho ho bloody ho!" And despite the pain she could not resist a smile at how ludicrous the whole thing was.

As she walked stiffly out of the tent she saw on the floor the two presents which had been the cause of all her problems. David must have taken them from her jacket, but why did he leave them there? As she bent to take them back to the grotto she saw a note beneath them, which she picked up. It read: "Dear Linda, don't forget these - you've earned them. Happy Christmas, Santa Claus"...

THE KANE PRIVATE MEMBERS CLUB

HAVE YOU JOINED THE KANE PRIVATE MEMBERS CLUB YET? MEMBERSHIP OF THIS IS JUST £25 PER YEAR AND ENTITLES MEMBERS TO A £5 DISCOUNT ON TAPES COSTING £50 OR MORE. YOU WILL ALSO RECEIVE PRIORITY BOOKING WHEN OUR NEXT LIVE EVENT TAKES PLACE

(HOPEFULLY MARCH 1999) DETAILS OF VIDEOS AS THEY HAPPEN, PLUS TWO FREE 6"X4" COLOUR ACTION STILLS FROM EACH SHOOT, PLUS FREE PLACEMENT OF CONTACT ADVERTISEMENTS IN KANE MAGAZINE.

EACH MEMBER IS ALLOCATED A UNIQUE MEMBERSHIP NUMBER THAT MUST BE QUOTED WITH EACH ORDER. ALL THIS FOR JUST £25 PER YEAR!

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO JOIN THE "NEW KANE PRIVATE MEMBERS CLUB" SEND A CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER MADE PAYABLE TO J. HARRISON-MARKS AT KANE MAGAZINE, 23 WELLINGTON AVENUE, LONDON N15 6AS

KANE KONTACT KORNER

If you're looking for some spanking action, why not place a contact ad. A box number will be given to all advertisers, replies will be forwarded on the Monday of each week. Our rates are as follows:- Up to 20 words: £20 per insertion additional words 20p each. Replying is just as easy, just select the advertiser(s). as many as you like, write a short letter precisely detailing your requirement. Write your name and address on an envelope and put on a stamp. Enclose the SAE and the letter into another stamped envelope and write the box no. clearly on the top left hand corner in pencil. Repeat this for each letter that you wish to be forwarded. A handling charge of £2 is made for each letter. Place your replies and cheque/postal order, payable to **J. HARRISON-MARKS**, in a larger envelope and send it to:-

CP. AUTHOR (WELL KNOWN TO KANE) WISHES TO CORRESPOND WITH BOTH SUBMISSIVE & DOMINANT FEMALES. ALA. NK4

WHICH WOMAN 20-40 SLIM WOULD LIKE TO CONTRACT A REAL OLD-FASHIONED MARRIAGE WITH A 44 YEAR-OLD GERMAN. IN WHICH THE HUSBAND SPANKS HER BARE BOTTOM? I'M HOME-LOVING, ENJOY WATCHING T.V. READING AND LOVE NATURE. NK5

ELEGANT GENTLEMAN NEEDS HIS GIRLIE BOTTOM SPANKED BY POSH LADY IN HER FORTIES OR FIFTIES. WILL TRAVEL IN KILT! PHOTO'S AVAILABLE. NK6

34 YEAR-OLD MALE WISHES TO MEET FEMALE COMPANION

TO ADMINISTER OVER-THE-KNEE SPANKING FOLLOWED BY STERNER ACTION.HONEST AND FRANK LETTER APPRECIATED WITH PHOTO. WILLING TO TRAVEL LONDON AND SURROUNDING AREAS. NK7

SHY MALE 46. WOULD LOVE TO SPANK LADIES AGED 20-55. YOUR PLACE. NO FEES. WOULD ALSO LIKE TO BE SPANKED BY AUNTIE TYPE. HANTS, SURREY & W.SUSSEX NK8

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG COUPLE. 30'S. NEW TO SCENE WISH TO MEET OTHER COUPLES WHERE WIFE NEEDS EXCITING. IMAGINATIVE PUNISHMENT FROM MALE OR FEMALE. ALSO CONSIDER LADIES SUB OR DOM TO ASSIST IN OUR

PLEASURE GAMES. INDOORS AND OUTSIDE.WE DRESS TO PLEASE. A.L.A WITH PHOTO. TOTALLY GENUINE. NK9

CONSIDERATE KENT BASED MALE (41) 5'10'' QUANTITY SURVEYOR WOULD LIKE TO MEET FEMALES UNDER 40 OF AVERAGE BUILD. CAN TRAVEL LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTRIES. NK10

DO YOU WISH TO PAMPER THEN BE CANED BY A SEXY YOUNG BLONDE MODEL WHO HAS FEATURED IN KANE MAGAZINE AND VIDEOS. IF YOU DO CALL ME. BUT DON'T EXPECT TO BE CANED FOR NOTHING. YOU WILL HAVE TO EARN YOUR THRASHING BY PAMPERING ME AS REQUIRED AND DOING YOUR CHORES PROPERLY. NK11

DISCREET CLEAN MALE 25 OFFERS OVER KNEE BARE BOTTOM SPANKING TO NAUGHTY WOMEN 20-60 NORTH EAST AREA. NK12

MALE WILL GIVE SPANKING HOLIDAY IN SWINGING DUBLIN FOR PRETTY LADY 25-35. CINEMA THEATRE HOTEL GRADE A RENTED CAR PROVIDED. MAX STAY ONE WEEK. NK13

I HAVE ORIGINAL PHOTOS AND STORIES. FOCUS: THE SEAT OF THE SKIRT. ANYONE CARE TO SWAP? NK14

MALE 25 WOULD LIKE TO MEET SUBMISSIVE LADIES 18-50 FOR SPANKING FUN FOLLOWED BY STERNER ACTION. A.L.A WITH PHOTO. EDINBURGH AREA ONLY NK15

Kindly write your advert (block capitals please) in the following form using one box for each word.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

I have read and understand the terms and conditions of advertising and agree to abide by them. I also understand, agree and confirm that as the advertiser I am solely responsible for any liabilities or actions that may arise as a result of the above.

SIGNATURE..... I CONFIRM I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE

KANE 76

Complete this slip and send it with your correspondence when replying to Kane KONTACTS

I am aware that is is an offence to send items of an indecent or obscene nature through the post and accept full responsibility.

I enclose. .letter (s) to be forwarded and enclose payment of £. .as required

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

I HAVE ENCLOSED A S.A.E IN EACH LETTER.- SIGNATURE.....

KANE 76

Please Note: the publisher of Kane will not be held liable for any situation arising from the placement of, or reply to any advertisement.



I hope all of you who attended the recent Kane Live Extravaganza enjoyed it as much as I did. It was a pleasure to meet all of you and I look forward to seeing you at the next one that is scheduled approximately for next April.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Cliff, my right-hand man and mentor for co-ordinating and stage managing the event. Lorraine, Brandi, Clarissa, Rhonda and our new girl Stacey who took it so well. Gavin, Nick, Sir Larry Greythorpe and our fantastic team of camera men who captured the event for all to see.

I love you all.

Josie

Dear Josie,

Many thanks for publishing my letter and photos in issue 72. It certainly reminded me of the fifteen strokes I received for having my husband's car towed away.

My husband has again instructed me to write following having just read the letter from MW of Radlett and your comment requesting more photos. Fortunately for me, my behaviour has not warranted a caning since the towing away incident but I have been spanked a couple of times. The last

time was in August following a long weekend in Paris. I had bought a new dress for the occasion but had lied to my husband about the cost. Unfortunately for me, as I unpacked it in our hotel the receipt fell onto the floor, my husband picked it up only to discover that the dress had cost just over twice what I had told him. He looked at me and simply said I shall have your panties down when we get home for a good spanking.

When we arrived home it was early evening, we

unpacked and tidied up and then I sat down to watch some television when my husband suddenly appeared with a dining room chair, placed it in the middle of the lounge and sat on it. Looking over at me he said, I think we have a small matter to discuss concerning a dress. I knew better than to argue and got up and laid myself across his knee. Then remembering there was one picture left in the camera from our Paris trip my husband took the enclosed, saying that you and MW may appreciate them, and that next time he caned me he would as you suggested, take photographs of my bottom before and after the event. Then having taken the enclosed I was spanked very soundly before being sent to bed with a very sore bottom.

Please feel free to publish if you wish and until the next time take care.

Sharon.

Josie: Thank you for the photo, Sharon, I'd love to see some pictures that show your bottom striped from a caning.

Dear Josie,

Great work on Kane magazine, good stories and layouts, the videos are also good, especially, Discipline in the Office, and, Errant Wives and

Secretaries. One thing I like about your video work is that we see good shots of the girl's bottoms. This is vital. We need to see full back shots of the girls with their bottom cheeks spread wide open, some of the earlier videos do not show this.

I hear on the grapevine that Sue Ellis is back for some video work. This is superb news. As you know, she is a very big hit with the readers of Kane and the collectors of your videos. I will tell you why. She has large, round, chubby bottom cheeks. She is strong, solid yet very feminine and sexy. We punters go for this build of lady, in a big, big way. She is like Jenny, the dark haired secretary to H.M who never did any video work (*Josie: what about "The Caning Club"?*) or Amelia, the Italian girl with big, wobbly buttocks, but a slim waist. Men love these figures.

You need to find more Sue Ellis, Jenny, Amelia types. There is another girl who has the same build, Sarah; she has done several private H.M live shows and features in, Hotel Derriere, and, The Real Business. She is being spanked for ages on the bed in Hotel Derriere whilst wearing sexy suspenders and panties. In The Real Business, she is spanked and whipped for



T.V rental arrears. She is also spanked and whipped last in the video, *A Sting in the Tail*. She has dark hair and a pretty face as well as nice, big wobbly buttocks. As for Sue Ellis, please, please, please make sure she takes her knickers off. In the two live shows, *Intimate Interventions*, and, *Snap, Crack & Hop*, Oscar spanked her, with her panties on the whole time! What is this? Also, she never seems to kneel on all fours and really poke or stick her bottom out properly, or kneel down with her head on the floor, her bottom high up, fully naked sticking out in the air. Why is this? Despite all her years with H.M she has only appeared with her knickers



JENNY

What is that instrument? A cat o nine tails or tawse? *Josie: It's a martinet, actually.* This should be how Sue Ellis is dealt with in the first scene, and she should be mooning her bum higher than the blonde girl in the video so that we can see right inside her bum cheeks as she wriggles and writhes to avoid the constant lashes. Please get Sir Larry back or I will stand in for him.

It is also very sexy, much more sexier in fact if a girl receives a spanking/caning with her blouse on and her skirt thrown up over her back, with stockings, suspenders and high-heels still on. A very sexy scene is where a lady is being reprimanded. Say, a secretary who's work is shoddy, having to stand still or kneel on the boardroom table while her skirt is raised from behind and her boss strokes the cheeks of her knicker clad bottom as he talks to the girl severely. Or teacher not being able to control her class. A fantastic scene for Sue Ellis would be to lean on a low stool with her skirt thrown up, her hands on the floor, thus elevating her bottom high

into the air. Her bottom cheeks well spread apart to receive a ten minute thrashing with the same instrument that Sir Larry used on the blonde girl in the video "*Stripe Me Pink*".

This would make for a superb return by Sue Ellis. You have a good instinct and good camera work. Essentially, we wish to see Sue Ellis in all her pretty glory, really receiving a good seeing to and her bottom MINUS her panties for a change!

The dark haired girl in "*Errant Wives & Secretaries*" *CJ: Sandie Lester*, also has a chubby, fleshy bottom. She should be encouraged to star some more. And what's happened to Trixie? Is she still around?

In my view (and I'm sure many punters would agree) Sue Ellis types need more encouragement. Please try to find girls with slim hips but big, round chubby bottoms like Jenny, Sue Ellis and Amelia. You only have to surf the tube to bump into such girls. They are all over the place. A few "*Anna Nicole Smith*" types would send your video sales through the roof. I promise you.

I know one such girl but she won't make a video because she is

afraid of showing her face. However, please do your best to find at least two other girls with slim waistlines, large breasts and big, round, hubby/fleshy bottoms with long deep cleavages between their cheeks.

Why not beg Jenny to do one video as a special? Or better still, just she and Sue Ellis! You would have a queue around the block for this video!

If you find two girls with the figures I have described, I promise I will give Kane a donation of three hundred pounds. You could introduce the girls at the live show in October. Is Sue Ellis going to be there as well?

Ideally the two girls should be at least 5'4" or taller and have superb hourglass figures. But essentially, their bottoms should have the ability to give men an instant erection.

I see these girls in the tube along Oxford Circus, shopping etc. use your skills Josie. I guarantee I am right that your punters will live these figures. But please use Sir Larry or someone as good and severe as Sir Larry with Sue Ellis, not that waster Oscar! And make sure she takes her knickers off! Keep up the good work Josie, and keep



SUE ELLIS IN A SCENE FROM SIX DAYS A WEEK

off in, *The Beak*, the *Mistress* and the *Schoolgirls*, *Six Days a Week*, and, *Mandy Bait*. This is not good enough!

Also, Oscar is too slow a whipper/spanker. Sir Larry on the other hand is superb; he is a master at the trade. He takes no nonsense and delivers the punishment in a swift, efficient and breathtaking manner. Look at the scene in *Stripe me Pink*, the poor blonde girl is thoroughly dealt with.



TRIXIE. WHERE IS SHE NOW?



SANDRA LESTER

those bottoms coming.

Kindest regards
Peter

Josie replies: Thank you for writing Peter. I sent a copy of your letter to Sue Ellis and I am pleased to tell you that she said your comments certainly gave her ego a boost. I have also asked her to reply to you through the letter pages. However, you're a little mistaken when it comes to Jenny, she did make a video, it's called "The Caning Club" and do I have news for you! Susan Ellis, who I deduce from the above letter is a firm favourite of yours, stars along side her.

If you've seen issue 75, you'll already know our last video "George's Gullible Girls" also features Susan. So, if I'm not mistaken that's £300 you owe me. As for the dark-haired lady who features in "Errant Wives & Secretaries", she is Sandie Lester who also features in our video "Noisy Neighbours". Whether she'll feature again, who knows.

And Trixie, sadly we don't know what's happened to her, but rest assured she would be welcomed with open arms if she were to contact us. In fact we would be pleased to hear from any ex Kane models, especially Amber Scott, who we still receive many requests for.

All of the above videos are available at £60 each plus £1.50 P&P.

We also have a selection of photos that feature Sue Ellis being spanked by Jenny, Sue alone, and stills of Sue taken during the making of George's Gullible Girls. If you are interested in purchasing photos please send me a sae with stamps to the value of 75p and I'll send you a complete listing and price list by return.

Dear Josie,

I work at Heathrow Airport dealing with people in general. I have been working there for a good few years, working in a team of four men and two women that included a married couple. We have worked together for some years and are very friendly towards each other.

I became very close to the married couple who for the purpose of this letter I will call Tom and Jane. Sadly though, the husband, Tom, died approximately eighteen months ago. He was involved in a fatal car crash.

After his death, Jane and I were paired up more frequently by our company.

Before Tom's untimely death, the three of us would spend quite a lot of our free time together. Sometimes we'd go to our local pub for a quite drink and more often than not go back to their place for a splendid meal. Being a single guy, I couldn't repay the compliment by cooking for them so I would reciprocate by taking them out for a meal.

As the months passed by, it appeared that Jane was coming to terms with the death of her husband. However, as the weeks and months continued to pass I felt she was trying to become closer to me, but I just put it down to her loneliness.

Soon the summer came, and as the weather warmed ladies winter coats and trousers were replaced by light summer frocks and shorts.

I have always maintained that the Airport is a strange place: motorists seem to lose all sense of direction and women tend to behave more outrageous. They reach into

the back of their cars, bending right over, not realising, or perhaps not caring that their skirts ride right up as they struggle to reach their luggage.

I once remarked to Jane that I would love to give a particular girl a good spanking for poking her bottom up so lewdly. Jane and I had a good laugh at my comment, but I soon forgot about it; but unbeknown to me, Jane did not. I now realise why she kept pointing out shapely bottoms to me, asking whether I would like to spank them. Sometimes she'd say that just a hand spanking would do nothing for the girl she had pointed out. Then she'd go on to describe in great detail what should be done to it, what should be used on it, i.e., the cane, tawse and paddle, and how severely she should be treated.

This continued for about two weeks until once sunny day when I said that her bottom was exactly the same shape and size as the one that she had just pointed out to me. I jokingly said to her that I needed someone to practise on before I could spank a stranger's bum.

When our shift was over, I suggested that we pop in to our local for a quick drink and a meal. Jane said she fancied a fish and chip supper and that we could take it to her house and that she had the best part of a bottle of whisky that we could share.

As we were eating, Jane spoke of nothing but bottoms being spanked and caned, and much to my surprise she said that she agreed with me, I would need to practise on someone before I spanked a stranger, and as she was a good friend

she would let me practice on her. I was astounded; I never thought for one moment that she'd taken my suggestion seriously. I laughed off her offer by saying that'd be fine, but I would need to get a cane and tawse so that I could do the job properly. We were not so much drunk, but all this talk of spanking and canes sobered me up extra fast.

I was about to make my excuses and leave when Jane stood up and beckoned me to follow her into the spare room. As I followed her she walked with a wiggle of her bottom that I had never seen before.

There wasn't much furniture in the room except for a small table and what I knew to be a builder's trestle. On the table there was an assortment of whips, canes and other implements and what effect they would have on a woman's bottom and thighs if used correctly.

When we returned to the living room, I poured myself another stiff drink for both of us. Jane was already sitting on the couch and as I offered her drink she looked deep into my eyes and touched my offered hand tenderly. She said that if I wanted to I could use her bottom and the implements she had just shown me as soon as I was ready, but I wasn't ready, so I made my excuses and left.

That night I didn't sleep at all well. I did not want to lose her friendship, yet, at the same time, not being into spanking, I did not want to make a fool of myself by trying something I did not have a clue about.

The next few weeks passed with me trying to avoid going to Jane's, that is until I came across your magazine. Although it took a great deal of

courage, I eventually phoned you to seek advice. You must have thought you were talking to an idiot, but thanks to your advice and a few large whiskies, I decided to go for it.

One evening I gave her a lift home and asked her why she was willing to let me practice spanking on her. I confessed I was very heavy handed and was scared I would hurt her, especially if I were to use the implements she had shown me. Jane smiled at this and said that she knew I was heavy handed and that's why she wanted to start something with me. She said that her mother had taught in a girl's school and had caned her, and with the years, the canings became more frequent and more severe. Then she married and on the day she and her husband returned from there honeymoon her mother presented the cane to her husband; saying her discipline was now his responsibility.

As her husband didn't want to use the cane on her initially she would go to home and annoy her mother to such an extent until she reached a point when she knew her

mother would cane her, married or not. She had become addicted to the taste of the rattan and had to receive it most severely to be satisfied. She said Tom and she had talked about it and eventually he did take over from her mother, and with practice became very good, that is until he died. That's why she had turned to me.

Caning Jane frightened me at first, but with your help Josie, I can safely say I am a master at it now. Jane says her canings have never been so good (well that's what she says). I don't take her to the spare room as often as she would like, but for the moment I think once a week is enough. I don't like to spank or cane a bottom that is marked from a previous session, but after a week the marks have usually faded, except for very faint marks. The longest ones that I apply to the top of Jane's thighs, just an inch or so beneath the crease where bottom and thigh join. As a matter of fact, these are the six strokes that I think she feels the most, as she usually makes a great deal of fuss when receiving them. That was when

was she bent over and could see me applying these strokes to that part of her body, but now I blindfold her with a silk scarf and she cannot see the cane at all.

Thanks for everything.
Nick

Dear Nick,

Thank you for taking the time and trouble to write and tell me how things progressed. I'm really glad that you and Jane got it together. I hope you have many years of happy spanking.

Josie

Dear Ms Harrison Marks,

I always thought I was a freak because I enjoy being humiliated and thrashed on my bottom, but thanks to you and your magazine I now realise I'm not the only woman who desires to have her bottom beaten. Thank you for enlightening me. I hope the enclosed letter is of use to you.

Forgive me for not giving my address, but it's taken all of my courage to write to you and I would not be able to sleep with the knowledge that my address may end up with the wrong type of person.

I am a single woman of thirty eight years of age, and manage my own business. Whilst I am soundly thrashed regularly, it is the humiliation aspect of my punishments which is the major aspect. Although I was spanked as a child both by my Mummy and Dad, these stopped when I was about thirteen, and I had no thought or interest in C.P. until I was nearly thirty and had purchased a magazine on a visit to Germany, which had a feature on adult punishment. This made me realise that I had this desire to be punished, but

had no idea how to get in touch with someone to oblige me my wishes. In the end, I purchased a contact magazine and wrote to a few men who had expressed their willingness to chastise naughty females. One of those who replied seemed suitable, and after a couple of letters, I decided to take the step and visit him for my first adult punishment.

The whole episode was most unsatisfactory; he was hesitant about the affair, and seemed unsure as to what he should do. The actual spanking and caning was good, and was what I had wanted, but somehow something was missing.

Later, when I thought about it, I realised that the part of the punishment that I had really got the most out of was the moment I pulled down my knickers to expose my bottom and other parts to him prior to the spanking taking place. I recalled the feeling of vulnerability and humiliation, and from that moment knew what I had to do to get the most out of any future experiences. This was not easy, and from some of the contacts I made, realised that most of the men also wanted sex. This was one thing that would ruin the whole session for me, so it took a long time to meet the right people. I finally made contact with a marvellous couple in their late fifties who were clearly C.P. devotees, and very understanding about my needs. We met several times before the first actual chastisement took place and talked very frankly about how it should be done. I accepted their view that the punishment had to be severe to be effective, and that I had to be completely obedient to their



wishes when I arrived for each thrashing. On their part, they would make sure by various means that my humiliation would be effective. On this basis we agreed that I should keep a diary of my errors, and after a fortnight should call them and list my misdeeds, and they would then tell me when to call for correction.

I duly telephoned and spoke to Ray, the husband, and listed my faults to him. He listened intently, and then in a very forceful tone told me that he was very disappointed in me and that he had not expected such a catalogue of misbehaviour, and that I would have to be very soundly punished for it. I actually had butterflies in my stomach as he spoke, and I really felt scary as he went on and told me to be at his house the next Sunday at two o'clock precisely. He then told me to hold on, and I could hear him discussing this with Maggie, his wife. Maggie then came to the phone, and said that both she and Ray were very angry with me, and that I would have to have a really severe thrashing. She

then said that she expected me to be totally obedient when I arrived on Sunday next, and then told me that I was to wear a vest with no bra, cotton knickers, and stockings held up by garters, and a simple dress on top. She went on to say that I could expect to be properly dealt with.

I was all in a dither after this call, and was on tenterhooks for the next two days until Sunday. I duly arrived on time, dressed as instructed at their house. Maggie let me in, and led me through to their lounge. To my surprise, Ray was sitting there chatting to another man about their age. He introduced me to their friend, and then to my horror he informed him that here was a very naughty lady who had come to have her bare bottom soundly punished. I was taken aback, and felt so sheepish, but then Maggie said that we had better go and get ready for my thrashing. She led me to a room off the hall, opened the door wide, and in a strict voice told me to go in.

In the room was a table on which there were

several canes, and a variety of straps with two, three and six tails. There was also a sort of padded table. Maggie told me to take off my dress, and I did so. She then instructed me to take my knickers off completely, and after I had done so she ordered me to lie across the padded table. She then told me not to move, and I could hear her leaving the room. After a few moments, I could hear voices, and it was clear that their friend was leaving, and they were coming into the hall. It then dawned on me that Maggie had left the door open and he could see me bent over with my bottom bare waiting like a naughty girl for punishment.

I was right, because I heard him say that it looked as if I was going to have a very sore bottom in a little while, but that it looked as if my fat bum could well do with it. I then heard the front door open and close, and then Maggie and Ray came back to the punishment room.

Ray then said that because of my appalling behaviour, I was to receive twelve strokes of the

cane, and twelve strokes from each of the straps, totalling forty eight, and that they would be given in six blocks of eight strokes each.

Maggie then came to the punishment bench and told me to stand up! I did so, and she then told me to roll my stockings down to just above my knees. As I obeyed, Ray walked around the room clearly having a good look at me, and when I tried to cover my pussy, he got really furious, and told me to take my hand away. He picked up a cane, came over to me and told me to hold out my hands, palms upward. There I was, naked from the waist down in full show in front of two other adults. As I held out my hands, Maggie tucked up my vest to show the whole of my stomach area. Ray then caned me on my hands six times, telling me that he expected total obedience from me, and that any other actions like that would result in having to deal with me more severely.

After the cane on my hands, I was slightly tearful, but I was told to get back over the table. This I

GENUINE CROOK-HANDLED CANES

TRIED AND TESTED BY LORRAINE!

ALL OF THE CANES WE OFFER ARE MADE FROM THIRTY-SIX INCHES OF QUALITY RATTAN, AND ARE GUARANTEED TO BRING A BLUSH TO ANY BOTTOM. PLEASE ADD £2.50 POST & PACKING PER ITEM OR IF ALL THREE CANES ARE ORDERED £5.00 THESE ARE AVAILABLE FROM: KANE MAGAZINE, 23 WELLINGTON AVENUE, LONDON N15 6AS - TEL/FAX:0181-802-2555 - MOBILE:0958-795530 CALLERS ARE WELCOME BUT PLEASE PHONE AND LET US KNOW YOU ARE COMING FIRST. PLEASE MAKE CHEQUES/POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO

J.HARRISON-MARKS

JUNIOR - 1/4" THICK OF WHIPPY BOONLOOT RATTAN £7.00

SENIOR - 3/8" THICK OF WHIPPY KOOBOO RATTAN £8.00

GOVERNESS - 3/8" THICK OF WHIPPY DRAGON RATTAN £14.00

did, and Maggie said that she would punish me first. From the corner of my eye, I could see her with a thin cane in her hand, and watched as she raised it. The first stroke landed with a loud swish and smack, and then the burning pain came. Hardly had I felt the pain than the second stroke came. Maggie then moved away, and I guessed she had gone to pick up the strap. I was right. I got two strokes from each of the three straps, and was howling. Maggie then told me to get up, and this time I was not interested in covering anything, my poor bottom was all I could think of. Maggie then told me to stand in the corner, and in exactly ten minutes, I was to come through to the lounge, and tell them I was ready for the next stage of my punishment. I stood in that corner feeling totally humiliated and my bottom was burning, but strangely, I felt elated in some strange

way. I certainly was not looking forward to the next five sessions, but knew that this experience of humiliation and pain was what I had been searching for. However, unknown to me, Maggie and Ray had really organised the session to play to my wish for humiliation, and when the ten minutes had passed, I went from the corner, into the lounge and there, not only were Maggie and Ray, but also their friend from earlier, who clearly had not left as I thought. I was lost for words, standing there completely bare from the waist down, with everything, including a scarlet bottom on display. Maggie asked me if I wanted anything, and I stammered that I was ready for the next stage of my thrashing. Ray told me to go back to the punishment room, and to be bent over the table when he came. I did as I was told, and in a little time he came in and

administered the next eight strokes. These were much harder than Maggie's and I yelled quite a bit. Then it was back into the corner, with the same instructions. This went on for rest of the afternoon, me having to display myself to their friend, be soundly thrashed, stand in the corner, ask for more punishment etc. At the end of it all Maggie took me across her knee in the lounge, pulled my vest right up to bare my boobs, and gave me a hard hand spanking in front of their friend. After it was all over, and I had dressed, we were all friends again, with no mention of the session, no embarrassment or any silly remarks. I felt very sore, but I had experienced everything I had wanted, and actually felt very grateful to Maggie and Ray for planning things so carefully. We still meet about every two months or so,

and they always have arranged something different. I have been smacked, caned, strapped, in various positions, in front of men, women, and on one occasion, two girls about twenty. I have also had to accept punishment from some of these people, but thankfully not from the younger girls. It still scares me when I have to expose myself to other people, but it is done so well, that I only feel such a wicked girl who is going to be soundly chastised, whether other people are their or not.

Ms Kaye P.
London

Dear Josie,
I have only written to Kane on one previous occasion, which was three or four years ago. At the time, I was concerned about falling standards of photo-sequences in the magazine. My main complaints were that the picture sequences seemed to be included solely for the

TREAT YOUR LOVED ONE TO SIX OF THE BEST FOR ONLY

£35

KANE MAGAZINE IS NOW AVAILABLE AT THE INCREDIBLY LOW PRICE OF JUST £35 FOR SIX ISSUES INCLUDING POST & PACKING. IF YOU WISH TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS FANTASTIC OFFER, PLEASE SEND A CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER MADE PAYABLE TO J. HARRISON MARKS, AT, KANE MAGAZINE, WELLINGTON HOUSE, 23, WELLINGTON AVE, LONDON N15 6AS

PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED MY CHEQUE/POSTAL ORDER NO..... FOR £..... AS PAYMENT FOR A SIX ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION OF KANE, STARTING WITH ISSUE NO..... EUROPEAN SUBSCRIBERS ADD £10 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES ADD £30

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

I CONFIRM I AM OVER EIGHTEEN AND UNDERSTAND THE NATURE AND SUBJECT MATTER OF KANE. I ALSO CONFIRM THAT I WILL NOT SHOW KANE TO MINORS, AND IF I DISPOSE OF KANE, WILL DO SO IN A MANNER THAT WILL NOT CAUSE OFFENCE TO ANY OTHER PARTY.

SIGNED..... DATE.....

PLEASE NOTE: YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR SUBSCRIPTION AT ANY TIME AND THAT ALL POSTINGS ARE DONE UNDER PLAIN WRAPPING. IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR COPY OF KANE YOU MAY PHOTOCOPY THIS FORM.



Lovely Lorraine in a previously unpublished still from George's Gullible Girls

So taken with Ms. Ansell that I am seriously considering buying "George's Gullible Girls" - if I do, it'll be my first purchase of a Kane video. Meanwhile I'm very much looking forward to the interview with Lorraine in issue 76.

Once again, congratulations on the current high standard of Kane.

Robert Eastcote.

P.S. If I have one teensy complaint this Tim, it is with the abnormally large number of male submissives featured in the letter pages of issue 75. I'm not sure whether this was just the luck of the draw for the issue, but it's a cause of concern if the balance of the magazine is moving away from its traditional concentration on female recipients.

Dear Robert,

Thank you for your letter and your kind comments concerning our girls. I'm sure you will be pleased to know that I've passed a copy of your letter to Lorraine, Brandi and Susan, they all send you their best wishes.

Regarding your previous letter, if you're a regular reader of Kane you will understand the problem previous editor, the late George Harrison-Marks had.

The large number of male submissives featured in the letter pages of issue 75 was the luck of the draw. Cliff and I will only publish real readers letters; if we have any doubt as to their authenticity they end up in what we call the round file, our bin. This sadly puts us in the situation where if we don't receive correspondence from our readers, there will not be a reader's letter section, but we would rather do this than publish what we feel to be nonsense. That said we really appreciate readers taking the time to put pen to paper and tell us their spanking exploits and adventures.

Finally, Lorraine has asked me to tell you that if you'd like to meet her for spanking games, you can write to her at Kane. I know she's looking forward to hearing from you.

Josie

Dear Josie,

Going to work used to be a pleasure, I'd get up in the morning and actively look forward to the trip to the small factory just on the edge of town where I worked. That twenty-minute trip was a real joy to me, watching the seasons change and the gradual development of the industrial estate where the factory was, was being the operative word.

You see, I began working for a friend of mine, Alan, as his workshop manager seven years ago when he set up his own business reconditioning second hand forklift trucks. Over the years I worked my butt off, but to be fair working for Alan has made me quite well off. However, two and a half years ago things began to change and I saw less and less of Alan as he travelled around Europe looking

for customers and forklifts that needed reconditioning.

The business grew rapidly and I inherited the job of running not just the workshop but the entire operation. But development and growth costs money and Alan turned to an investor who was prepared to plough a great deal of money into the firm. This didn't have any effect on my position or increase my work-load until Alan's new found investor appointed his own financial director as part of the deal.

I did not care about that aspect of my position being taken away from me, as frankly, I found finance a nightmare, plus the workforce had grown to over forty.

The first financial director that was appointed was an old fashioned sort of bloke who loved nothing more than to study the ledgers and our primitive form of book keeping, looking out for mistakes and correcting them with a sense of humour and sympathy. He, however, retired after only six months with us.

The troubles began when Alan introduced his replacement the new "Director of Finance" the subtle change in the job title belied the fact that she was going to take a much more proactive role than her predecessor did. Yes, I said she, Jennifer Dale, an attractive, medium built woman in her mid thirties, with long black hair and penchant for wearing silk blouses and stern business-suits. Ms Dale, as she insisted she be called was divorced with no children and lived in the expensive new Docklands apartments that replaced the dockyards beside the now unused canal basin.

As soon as she took up her position she wanted

to know every aspect of the business from the cost of raw material and machinery, down to the quality and price of the toilet paper we were using. One of her most endearing habits is to enter an office and demand instant answers, without regard to whether the recipient is on the phone, talking to a colleague, customer, or working on a difficult task. One afternoon though, she pushed her luck too far when she demanded to know from one of the older women if she was "bloody menopausal" because she was unable to give an instant answer to a fairly complex question about the parts that were used in an electronic ignition system. Mary, the woman she asked came to me in tears and was ready to put her coat on and go home.

Enough is enough, I thought and resolved to deal with the matter in the only way this woman could understand. I went to her office and without knocking stormed in. 'Ms Dale!' I shouted, as I slammed the door behind me. 'Your function here is to maintain the cost effectiveness of the business and to exercise monetary controls, not to behave like Attila the Hun with the staff. If I had spoken to Mary in the way that you just did, I would be expecting a call from the Sex Equality Police as well as facing a duffing-up from her sons. But you think that just because you have financial control, which, by the way is only delegated by your masters in the city.

That you have some sort of divine right to ride rough shod over people that you, in your high and mighty way, consider to be of a lesser species.'

Ms Dale turned, rose from her desk and made

to speak, but I was in no mood to be interrupted by her. Sod her! I thought. 'Sod Alan, sod this bloody job - sod it all! 'Don't say a word Ms Dale, just shut up, sit down and bloody well listen to what I have to say.' Much to my delight and surprise, Ms Dale who was visibly stunned by what I had told her sat quietly back in her chair. 'Why if you were my daughter I would be ashamed of you, your attitude and disrespect of others. This is not the dark ages; people are our greatest asset and as such deserve respect and understanding; not bullying and belittling. If you want to criticise or reprimand someone, then do it in private, not in the public arena of the workshop or office. My God, if this were the dark ages you would be horse-whipped for what you have done to the morale of the staff. I'd even do it myself just to teach you some humility.'

I had run out of steam by now and was already regretting the last sentence of my outburst, now all I could do was wait for Ms Dale's full wrath to be cast upon me, but Ms Dale's response was far from what I expected.

'You're right. I knew I was out of line with the comment I made to Mary, in fact I've been worried about my attitude since I arrived here Ken.' That was the first time she called me by my Christian name. This wasn't the feisty Ms Dale that I knew, her features had softened and she looked close to tears. 'Do you really think that I'm that awful? Do they really hate me? The staff I mean. Did you know Alan's complained to the board about me too?'

She stood up and

moved around her desk to stand in front of me. I could feel her body touching mine. The essence of her perfume surrounded me as she pressed her body close to mine, even though she wore five-inch heels her head hardly reached the top of my chest. I had not been this close to an attractive woman for years.

Suddenly the light and airy office seemed hot and uncomfortable. She reached up and took hold of my tie and gazed into my eyes, her face was wet with tears that trickled down through her immaculate makeup, leaving damp salty trails on her cheeks. 'Ken, you said I should be horse-whipped - and you're right, I should be. Will you - I mean, not whip me, I don't think I could stand that, but will you - will you, oh Christ - how am I supposed to say this? Will you spank me for what I've done? Please...'

If I'm truthful, nothing would have made me happier than taking the pretentious high and mighty Ms Dale across my knees and spanking her precocious bottom until she could not sit down for a week. But knowing Ms Dale as I did, I was sure her pleading was to lull me into a trap of which the consequences would no doubt see me on the front page of the News of the World.

Cautiously I took hold of her hands and pushed her body away from mine. As she let go of my tie she began to blush and faced towards the floor like a little girl, her hands fiddling with the hem of her short black pleated skirt. After what seemed like an eternity, she spoke. 'I'm sorry if I've embarrassed you,' Her hem fiddling became more agitated and her

voice dropped to a whisper, 'but I've never met a man who I have respected as much as you Mr Toms, even my dad was a real softie and let me do what I liked. And I've just divorced my husband because he confessed he was gay. So you see - I just don't know what a real man is like. I watch the lads in the works and I wish I could mix with them because they are real. I hear the girls chatting about their boyfriends, husbands and lovers. I guess I'm just deep down jealous. So please don't think too badly of me, I'm not really such a bad girl, I'm just a lonely one.'

I cleared my throat just to break the ensuing silence, and it became my turn to fiddle with my tie. I now realised that Jennifer wasn't baiting a trap; she was completely sincere in what she wanted.

'Ms Dale. Jennifer. I think that we should consider the options here. It seems to me that the disciplines of the work place are something that you have not fully understood and perhaps, as you suggest, it may benefit both you and our colleagues if we were to explore a few fundamental rules. I propose to invest a small amount of our time in order to bring you in line with some basic principles. So if you have no objection, and as the works is now closed for the day so this will not interfere with the work in hand, do you agree that some "Management Training" is in order?'

My heart was pounding, I did not recognise the words I was saying; but I did recognise the long dormant feelings that were stirring in various parts of my anatomy, some of which had long since been confined to the



JOSIE WASN'T AT ALL PLEASED WHEN GAVIN SAID HE WASN'T GOING TO CLEAR THE STAGE AFTER THE SHOW. BUT TO HIS DISMAY OR WAS IT DELIGHT! LORRAINE SHOUTED "WHACK HIM FOR HIS CHEEK JOSIE!" AND ALONG WITH THE OTHER GIRLS RUSHED THE STAGE. GAVIN'S BUM WAS SOON BARED AND SOUNDLY WHIPPED, PADDLED, TAWSED AND CANED BY JOSIE AND THE REST OF THE GIRLS.

ART AS YOU LIKE IT



Naughty young ladies, sculptured in rich bronze (cold cast). Fine detailed uniformed girls, ties, ribbons etc, gym knickers down, pleated skirts up. Standing a full 10 inches tall. Each with a superb antique finish suitable to take pride of place in any gentleman's study or private office. Handmade, each with a numbered certificate signed by the sculptor. Each collectable figure priced at £80 + £5 post & packing, sent within 7 days, or send £5 cheque or postal order, deductible from your first order, for our illustrated list of CP art works.

**B.J.M,
BOX 23172, LONDON S.E.1 9.G.P
FAX 0171-261-1613**

memory bank. Jennifer did not hesitate to answer, 'Of course Mr Toms, I would welcome any help you may wish to offer and I would be grateful if you would spend some time with me now. I'm not in a rush to leave and if I were, I would alter my plans so that I could benefit from your experience and your "Management Training" as you put it. I only hope that my "Training" doesn't delay you too much.'

'Don't you worry about me, Ms Dale,' I kept my voice as stern as possible for effect, 'I have no need to rush off this evening.'

I looked around the office and noted that the curtains were open and as darkness was approaching, I suggested they be closed in the interest of concentration. Still in my newfound authoritative role, I walked over to Jennifer's desk and picked up a half-metre wooden rule that was lying there. Tapping my left leg with it, I motioned for Jennifer to turn around and face the desk. 'Lift up your skirt Jennifer,' I instructed, and watched in awe as she compliantly tucked up the short skirt, revealing lace topped hold-up stockings that encased her sturdy legs. Her knickers, such as they were, were no more than a piece of string that disappeared between the crevice of her buttocks.

'Bend over the desk Jennifer and grip the edge, I'm certain this will sting a great deal, but it is important that you learn to take this punishment stoically, as you have not as yet shown enough remorse for your selfish behaviour.'

'Yes I know,' Jennifer replied solemnly.

'Yes what?' I queried.

'Yes sir - Mr Toms,' she replied demurely.

I allowed myself the privilege of viewing the sight she presented for a few seconds then took a swipe at her perfect buttocks that were exposed and so defenceless. The ruler slapped on the soft flesh with an awesome crack that caused Jennifer to wince, but she did not utter any complaint. Another swipe, and this one hit in exactly the same place as the first, thus leaving a red mark on the light tan of her skin. Swiftly I followed with another four. I was now feeling quite in control and decided to end her thrashing before it got out of hand, but before the last stroke impacted, she started to plead with me.

'Oh please don't stop Mr Toms, I can take much more and harder. It is only just getting through to me that this is what I have craved for so long now. Please, oh please carry on.' Her voice indicated that she really was not so much enjoying this but was taking something from the beating that she actually needed.

'If this is to continue then I must take my jacket off,' I said, 'Just stay as you are young lady.' After I had hung my jacket on the door, I studied the form before me, resisting the urges that ran through my lower regions to complete the task I had been asked to do. Nonetheless, I wanted to touch the red cheeks and feel the heat that was emanating from them and I allowed myself that luxury. My fingers ran over the satin like flesh and as I expected the prone body before me twitched and she uttered a low moan as my fingers passed between the crevice at the junction of her buttocks. Her head was lying on

the desk, her hair covered her face but I could sense that she was smiling at my gentle touch. Her legs, up until now clamped together parted slightly and I responded by inserting two fingers into a very moist channel, the gusset of her panties was distinctly wet.

I removed my fingers and commenced the task. After five more blows the ruler snapped and I thought that the game must now end but Jennifer implored me to continue using just my hand if there was nothing else suitable. The feeling of flesh on flesh was almost more than I could bear and I could only administer about six smacks before I called a halt and told her to stand up. She turned to face me, her dishevelled hair covering most of her face but I could see she was glowing, radiating a serenity that was enhanced by her beauty. Her blouse had come open exposing her magnificent breasts, a sight that not many men had been privileged to see.

I was sweating with excitement. I could feel beads of perspiration running down my back and dampening my shirt. She ambled up to me, her skirt falling back into place but now somewhat creased and with a small damp patch. She threw her arms around my waist and uttered her thanks. I pushed her gently back and looked down at her as I held her arms and said, 'I hope that I did not hurt you Jennifer, but I think you've just received what you've wanted for such a long time. 'Oh yes,' she replied, 'I certainly have and it was delightful.' She moved her arms and I let go of her. As soon as her hands were free from

my grasp she moved forward and touched the bulge in my trousers, deftly undid the zip, slipped out my manhood and placed her lips around it's circumference, took it into her mouth and began sucking greedily.

The following Monday morning my journey to work was one of mixed feelings as I wondered how Jennifer would behave towards me after what had happened. When I arrived, Jennifer's car was in its usual parking place but there was no sign of Jennifer. Then I saw Mary who was grinning like the cat that got the cream. She rushed up and greeted me saying, 'I don't know what you said to Miss Iron Knickers Ken, but she rang me at home on Saturday and apologised for her rudeness. She also told me not to leave and not to speak to anyone but you if I had a complaint, as you had already dealt with it. I don't know what you said to her, but whatever it was, thanks. I really didn't want to leave, I like working here.' With that and much to the amusement of the other staff, Mary kissed me on the cheek.

I blushed a little and walked as composed as I could to the sanctity of my office. My desk was just as I had left it Friday evening, cluttered with unfinished paperwork, but in the middle of my organised muddle was a small rectangular package with a note sellotaped to it. Curiously I opened the package and found it contained a crook-handle cane and a note that read, 'Use in emergency only. J.'

Ken Toms
Cramlington

Bottom Worshipers Only

**NO MORE
YOU BASTARD!!**
0896 403 902

**CP FOR
BAD BOYS**
0896 403 901

**STRICT
HORSERIDING
MISTRESS AND
HER CROP**
0896 403 898

**OUCH!! SIR,
THAT HURT**
0896 403
907

QUICK RELIEF
0896 403 904

**BARE
CHEEKS
AND
PADDLES!!**
0896 403
899

**A PAINFUL
LESSON
LEARNT
BY LINDA**
0896 403
911

**LIVE
MISTRESS**
0896 401
335

**A VERY FIRM
HAND FOR A
VERY FIRM
BOTTOM**
0896 403 913

**HEADMASTER
ADMINISTERS
PUNISHMENT
TO PUPILS**
0896 403 923

P.O. BOX Forum, 1823 London N18. 0896 calls cost £1.00 per minute at all times. HELPLINE: 07000 469 121

**LAURA, MADE
TO LIFT HER
SKIRT AND
TOUCH HER TOES
BEFORE SIR BRINGS
DOWN THE SLIPPER
ON HER SOFT WHITE
VIRGIN BOTTOM!!**



**0896
403
921**

**THE
ADVENTURES
OF MISS CROP**
The Young &
Beautiful
Horse Riding
Mistress



0896 403 897

JOIN US IN THE TRAINING ROOM



0896 401 601

**REAL UNCENSORED
SPANKING
FOR THE
CONNOISSEUR!!**



0896 403 919

**MOIST, DAMP KNICKERS
EXCITED GIRLS
JUST CAN'T WAIT!!**



0896 403 905

**Naughty Nurses
Giving Enema
Relief!!!**



0896 403 896

Maid for Spanking

**SPANK OUR
BARE BOTTOMS**

**LIVE
1on1**



**NO
CREDIT
CARD
NEEDED**

**NO
INTERNATIONAL
CALLS**

0896 401 336

**STRICT
MATRON
WILL
DEAL WITH
DISOBEDIENT
pupils**



**0896
403 912**

**RED
BUTTOCKS
FOR
BAD
GIRL
SUZY!!**



0896 403 914

Kinky Sex

**FOR THOSE
WHO
PREFER
THEIR
SEXUAL
SATISFACTION
TO BE A
LITTLE BIT
DIFFERENT!!**

**TOO LATE FOR
SORRY
MY BOY!!!**
0896 401 602

**GOVERNESS OF
DOMINANCE
WITH HER SHE
MALE SLAVES**
0896 401 603

**CASTLE OF
ENFORCED
FEMINISATION**
0896 401 604

**MATRON
VICTORIA'S
HOUSE OF
BABIFICATION**
0896 401 605

**INTRODUCTION
TO SLAVERY**
0896 401 607

**MISTRESS
CORINNE
ADMINISTERS
TOTAL FEMALE
DOMINATION**
0896 401 608

**MADAM
MANDRAKE'S
DUNGEON OF
KINKY SEX**
0896 401 609

**MADAM
STELLA'S
DEN OF
DOMINATION**
0896 401 610

**CASTLE OF TV
SERVITUDE**
0896 401 612

**MISS CINDI'S
HOUSE OF
TRANSVESTISM**
0896 401 613

**FORCED TO
BE??**
0896 401 614

**MISS VERONICA
WELCOMES
YOU TO
HUMILIATION
HOUSE**
0896 401 615

**CASTLE STERN'
VISIT MADAM
STRICTLAND IF
YOU DARE!!**
0896 401 616

**MISTRESS
LINDA'S
ACADEMY OF
SLAVE
TRAINING**
0896 401 617

**ENFORCED
SEX SLAVES**
0896 401 618

P.O. BOX Forum, 1823 London N18.
0896 calls cost £1.00 per minute at all times. HELPLINE: 07000 469 121



DARE YOU MISS OUR NEXT ISSUE IN WHICH WE FEATURE

Clarissa Armstrong