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PRIVILEGE

Club

"We'll keep you better informed"

Number Forty Two

NOT FOR RESALE

SECRETARY'S MESSAGE

I AM greatly heartened at the amount and diversity of material, penned (or in many cases 'word-processed') by Members from their experiences or imaginings, arriving on my desk. You may be assured that every item receives a thorough reading, and I am only sorry that it is not possible to publish everything you send.

On that point, I feel it timely to stress that the law of the land decrees that the chastisement of minors below the age of 18 may not legally be depicted — so if a story, anecdote or letter of yours has this as its theme, it cannot appear in these pages.

Another factor which tends to make an item unusable — be it never so worthy in every other respect — is inordinate length and unwieldiness. For those contributors who have avoided these pitfalls and are waiting to see their offerings in print, please be patient — your item may have been earmarked for the next edition.

I would like to hear more from users of our Contact Service. Not since a letter in PRIVILEGE 39 titled 'Happy Contacts' (please let us hear from you again, R.S. of Harrow) has any word been articulated by contactor or contactee. Although not every advertisement is destined for fulfilment, it is evident from the volume of mail which follows each edition that this section is generating a not inconsiderable volume of enquiry and activity.

For those combing the columns for female advertisers it is worth noting that, just as in everyday life the woman will *more usually* attend the man's initiative in certain matters, so it seems to be with our Contact Service: those of the fairer sex are more likely, in the first instance at least, to respond to rather than instigate. But, beyond any doubt, contacts are constantly being made and relationships forged.

At the end of the day, my own dearest wish would be to hear of a marriage which has resulted from an introduction via our famous 'back pages'. This would be entirely in keeping with our policy of 'caring' CP, and make your Editor a very happy and humble absent guest at the celebrations. Indeed, this magazine offers a magnum of champagne to all couples who 'tie the lovers' knot' via our columns.

Good luck!

GORDON SERGEANT

BARBARA'S MATCH

by Paul Best

MORNING Assembly at the Josephine Friar School For Girls had, over the past two years, degenerated into a chaotic gathering of rebellious, wayward young women.

Mrs Kent, the Headmistress—a sweet, grey-haired lady—usually started with a hymn, followed by a prayer, before finally losing control of her unruly pupils halfway through the sermon. But the increasing lack of discipline at the school was no longer of any consequence to her. After 21 long years in the job she was weary of her onerous responsibilities, and her early retirement could not come quickly enough. As far as she was concerned it was now down to her successor, Miss Thompson, to sort out the school's disciplinary problems.

Initially, it was the 45 members of the Sixth Form who were summoned to meet the new Head. Miss Thompson, they were informed, would take full control of the school from the following Monday, three weeks earlier than expected. The Headmistress Designate, an attractive woman in her early 40s, was dressed in a severe, elegant black suit, patent leather shoes and pale stockings. She gave a brief resumé of her career, paying special attention to her period in charge of an austere German orphanage. Miss Thompson then went on to remind the girls firmly that, although they were indeed Sixth Formers, all school rules still applied and that any transgressors would be dealt with accordingly.

'Accordingly?' murmured Suzanne, a statuesque, slick blonde. 'What could she possibly mean?'

Hardly surprisingly, all the girls—with the exception of Barbara Long—were totally over-awed by the woman's authoritative personality. Barbara was petite yet voluptuously proportioned, with a cheeky but extremely pretty face framed by untamed clusters of thick dark curls. Now she grinned, her green eyes shining with devilish, pent-up mischief.

'Don't like the look of her,' Suzanne continued apprehensively.

'Her?' sniggered Barbara. 'All bark, no bite.'

'DO YOU MIND!' thundered Miss Thompson, hands on hips, eyes blazing. 'I can't remember giving you two permission to speak.'

Barbara and Suzanne looked up in shock, and after an uneasy pause the new Head continued her lecture in an atmosphere of deathly silence.

After that initial meeting, rumour quickly spread that the school had been taken over by

an uncompromising tyrant; and a week later, as Miss Thompson conducted her first full Assembly, all 460 girls were seemingly petrified by the very presence of the woman. Throughout these proceedings, Carmel Ross—an obese, strapping Sixth Former—stood conspicuously at the foot of the stage, biting her nails and fidgeting nervously. After the accustomed hymn, Miss Thompson launched herself into a scathing attack on the school's appalling disciplinary record, pointing out that in view of the current sad state of affairs she had no alternative other than to reintroduce corporal punishment. A comment which brought gasps of amazement from the gathering.

Motioning the now snivelling girl on to the stage, the Head magically produced a wicked-looking cane. Then, roughly bending Carmel over a chair, the grim-faced woman turned to the Assembly and warned her astounded audience that in future all truants—like this culprit, and any other delinquents—could expect to be thrashed in front of the whole school. She seized the hem of the girl's gymslip, flipped it up around her waist, and the Assembly watched in a mixture of fascination and sheer terror as Miss Thompson proceeded to wrench Carmel's grey school knickers all the way down to her ankles. The new Head then tapped the girl's inner thighs with the tip of her cane, intimating that she should position her legs more widely apart. Carmel's huge white backside quivered in anticipation as she shuffled her feet in an outwardly direction, after which Miss Thompson stood back and brought the cane cracking down for the first stroke. The girl let out a hoarse yell that shattered the breathless silence as the stick cracked loudly across the bulging buttocks. Without warning or delay, the cane flashed down again to strike against the snow-white moon-halves, producing a second agonised howl.

THWACK!

And another desperate yelp.

From the rear of the hall Barbara Long watched, horrified but mesmerised, her own buttock muscles clenching and unclenching with mounting sexual excitement as Miss Thompson continued to unmercifully lay her cane across the bare backside of the squirming, roaring recipient. Indeed, the sight of that first public punishment under the new regime had such an effect on the petulant, patronising girl that she sought relief immediately afterwards in the

privacy of a cubicle in the toilets. Strangely, though, it did not actively deter her from her old aloof, wilful ways — for Barbara simply could not conceive of anyone *daring* to attempt such an outrage on her. Her subsequent behaviour, therefore, seemed more of a direct challenge to the Head's authority than mere rebelliousness.

It happened like this. Whilst on a trip to Britain, Professor Connie H. Kennedy, one of America's most eminent scientists, had obligingly agreed to give a talk at the local Polytechnic — and Mrs Booth, head of the school's science department, was fortunate enough to acquire five tickets.

'Now remember,' the teacher advised. 'Even though this event is taking place in your own time, you are still required to wear school uniform.'

'What?' snapped Barbara.

'Full school uniform,' repeated Mrs Booth with great deliberation.

'You must be joking. As this event is taking place in MY own time, it's up to ME to decide what to wear!' declared the pretty, dark-curled girl in her usual superior manner.

'For all I care, Barbara, you can wear a clown's costume,' the science mistress told her. 'But I'm only repeating the Head's instructions — and if she insists that you all wear uniform for Friday evening's lecture, then you jolly well will wear full uniform! O.K.?'

'No it's not O.K.' pouted the girl.

'Well, what about Vicky, Suzanne, Judith and Jane?' said Mrs Booth, indicating Judith's royal blue gymslip as she tried to reason with her haughty pupil. 'Do you think they enjoy wearing this uniform any more than you?'

'Yes, what about us?' chipped in Vicky.

'I don't give a damn about you!' ranted Barbara, stamping her foot in anger. 'That bitch has no right to tell ME what I can wear in MY own time!' Then she stormed out of the room.

'Spoilt brat,' said Mrs Booth. 'I don't know how you lot put up with her.'

'Neither do we,' muttered Vicky darkly.

Suzanne and Judith were first to arrive at the Polytechnic at 6.30pm, followed by Vicky, then Jane. As they were comically debating whether or not their 'honoured friend' would actually appear in a clown's costume, a soft 'Minnie Mouse' voice called out from the other side of the foyer.

'Hi, I've been looking everywhere for you lot.'

'Babs!' gasped the four girls in amazement.

'Some clown's costume,' smirked Jane with breathless admiration. 'She's certainly got a lot of bottle.'

'And that's not all she's got a lot of,' replied Vicky, enviously eyeing Barbara's enormous breasts.

'What do you think?' she asked, giving a theatrical twirl. 'A bit more sexy than your stuffy old uniforms.'

Dressed in an outfit designed to display her voluptuous figure to maximum effect, Barbara was wearing a seductive low-cut frilly blouse, tight black ski-pants, black patent leather boots and far too much make-up. With her long dark-brown hair flowing wildly and coiled with curls, she looked and indeed felt incredibly sexy. Oozing with confidence she crisply turned and, seductively wriggling her ample young backside, led the way into the lecture hall.

Speaking in a broad Southern dialect, Professor Kennedy began lecturing promptly at 7pm. 'It sure gives me great pleasure to address such a wonderful English audience ...' the eminent scientist began.

'I didn't know that Scarlett O'Hara was giving the lecture,' whispered Suzanne.

'Neither did I,' replied Barbara, imitating the professor's comical Virginian accent.

'Gee, you must feel just like a cat on a hot tin roof,' continued Suzanne in similar vein.

Joke followed joke, and halfway through the lecture the two girls had an uncontrollable fit of the giggles. Despite several requests from the chairman for order, they were unable to curb their laughter and were eventually asked to leave.

Much to Vicky's disgust, Barbara and Suzanne stumbled out through the door before collapsing in a state of absolute hysteria. After a good ten minutes of frenetic laughter, the dynamic duo regained some composure and eventually decided to 'freshen up'. Needless to say, in their frivolous mood, they lost themselves in the labyrinth of Polytechnic corridors and wandered aimlessly around. Twenty minutes later, Suzanne literally saw a light at the end of the tunnel. As they approached, music and laughter could be heard.

'This look promising,' enthused Barbara.

And indeed it was, because by sheer chance they had stumbled across the students union bar. Attracting admiring glances, they strolled in and promptly ordered two gins and tonics. The barman initially refused to serve the girls, but with all her artful skills of deception and persuasion, Barbara convinced the young man that they were full-time students and had just returned from a fancy dress party (thus explaining Suzanne's school uniform).

Several minutes later they were joined by a group of rampageous medical students who insisted on including them in their round. The drinks flowed, and being the centre of attention in such an intellectual crowd suited Barbara's astute personality to the full. However, Suzanne, much the worse for drink and fed up with her

friend's pretentious act, decided to call it a day and abruptly parted at 10pm.

Still the drinks flowed. Suddenly there was a loud crash, and all hell broke loose as two drunken louts from the rugby team picked a fight with one of the barmen. In the uproar, chairs were smashed, windows broken and light fittings shattered. Barbara and her drinking partners joined the mêlée. Chaos reigned for twenty minutes, and by the time order was restored the bar had been completely wrecked.

'Quite finished have we?' came an autocratic voice from the doorway. Ordering the mob to remain still, a severe-looking police officer entered. Surveying the damage, he removed his note book and menacingly approached Barbara, whom he took as one of the ringleaders.

'Name, Miss?' he frowned . . .

As the girls chatted over their coffee at school on Monday morning, an unusually subdued Barbara stood morosely by the common room window staring dreamily out at a parked police car. Wearing white ankle socks and a skimpy mini skirt, the lovely girl looked the picture of innocence, though slightly tense.

'What's up with her?' asked Jane.

'Babs? Oh, probably in one of her moods. She'll be all right in five minutes,' said Michelle in a tone of total indifference.

'Vicky,' whispered Jane. 'Look at her. I bet you a pound that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.'

'She's so angelic.'

'About as angelic as barbed wire,' came the sarcastic reply. 'Did you hear about Friday night?'

The sound of girlish gossip came to a frosty end as Miss Thompson, immaculately dressed in a crisp grey pencil skirt and black blouse intimidatingly appeared in the doorway. Strikingly beautiful, she stood there, a magnificent specimen of womanhood: extremely shapely with large uptilted breasts, mature hips and a powerful but not overlarge backside. After carefully scrutinising the scene, she walked stylishly over to an upright chair upon which she regally sat, smoothing her tight cotton skirt over her muscular thighs as she did so.

'Come here, Barbara,' she said coldly, removing imaginary specks of fluff from her clothing.

With all the arrogance and grace of a model on a catwalk, the girl contemptuously crossed the room and stood within a yard of the Head. There was a slight pause as Miss Thompson partially rolled up her sleeves.

'Now, girl,' she said severely, looking up at Barbara for the first time. 'Have we told our friends about Friday evening's little fiasco?'

'What?' the girl replied in a tone of exaggerated innocence.

The Head sat back, folded her strong arms and gave Barbara a thin smile. 'Don't try to be clever with me, Long,' she said icily. 'Now, let's start again. Friday evening? Kingsmead Polytechnic? She leaned forward, staring accusingly at the arrogant girl. 'Come along, we're waiting. Speak up, I haven't got all day!'

'Madam, I am not in the witness box,' Barbara countered in her usual supercilious manner.

'No, my girl,' retorted the Head. 'It's only thanks to me you are *not* in the witness box, in the local magistrates' court!'

'I don't have to put up with this,' interrupted the girl, turning to the door with an angry expression on her enchanting features, tossing her wild mass of dusky curls.

'Oh no you don't!' boomed the Head. 'I haven't finished with you yet.'

Miss Thompson, then, to the astonishment of Jane, Sally and the rest of the girls, reached out and grasped Barbara, vigorously pulled her across her knees and, as the shell-shocked audience looked on, delivered an agonising smack to the girl's bare thigh.

'You bitch! You fucking bitch!' screamed the outraged Sixth Former at the top of her voice as she frantically tried to break free.

'That sort of language won't get you anywhere here,' growled Miss Thompson as she comfortably contained the wriggling girl. Taking her time, she expertly delivered two more mighty slaps to her vulnerable thighs as Barbara sprawled ignominiously forward across the woman's lap. Suzanne's heart pounded in absolute terror as she breathlessly watched her helpless friend squirm.

'STOP STRUGGLING, GIRL!' Miss Thompson waited for the dishevelled miscreant to calm down before returning the shocked girl to her feet. Then she stood and addressed the Sixth Form.

'As you know,' the Head announced in ringing tones, 'Barbara, along with four other girls, various local dignitaries and an assortment of pressmen, were invited to attend a lecture at the Kingsmead Polytechnic. What you may not know,' she continued as she reached out and twisted the girl's ear, 'is that Barbara, wearing the attire of a common prostitute, proceeded to disrupt the lecture, bringing it to an abrupt end.' The Head paused. 'Jane,' she said, as calm as a lake in Heaven. 'Go to my office. In my top drawer you'll find a tawse. Fetch it.'

'No!' yelled Barbara, flushing with humiliation. In answer, Miss Thompson tightened her grip, forcing her struggling charge to stand high on tiptoe.

'Ow! Stop! You're hurting me!' grimaced the aloof 18-year-old.

Unmoved, Miss Thompson stared directly into

the girl's eyes. 'So,' she went on, 'Not happy with your little performance you then proceeded to vandalise Polytechnic property, causing over £1500 worth of damage.'

'It wasn't just me,' cried Barbara through gritted teeth as she continued her struggle for freedom. 'Let go, you fucking cow!'

'You insolent little tart, I'll teach you humility,' snarled the Head. 'If it wasn't for my efforts you'd now be facing police charges of drunkenness and criminal damage. It's high time you were taught a lesson you'll never forget.' Sitting down again, she once more began to smooth her skirt over her muscular thighs.

'Get across my knee,' the Headmistress ordered.

'No!' shouted the wilful girl, rubbing her throbbing ear.

'Are you arguing with me!' thundered the Head, her voice literally shaking the soul of every girl in the room. She patted her lap, glaring at her wanton pupil.

'Get across my knee this minute!'

'No!' reiterated the girl. 'No, I'm too old for this!' Pouting and sulking, Barbara seemed about to storm from the room—but suddenly, with the speed of a striking cobra, the Head pounced and unceremoniously dragged the girl across her knees where she hung helplessly, kicking her feet in fury.

'Right, you arrogant little vixen,' snapped Miss Thompson with a great deal of satisfaction. 'You've had this coming to you for quite some time.'

Jane re-appeared, holding an ugly two-foot tawse. Realising that she was in for one hell of a thrashing, Barbara began to struggle even more furiously.

'You dare touch me and I'll tell my parents!' she spluttered. 'I will! I will!'

'Please do, it'll save me the trouble,' the Head replied, with the kind of smile that goes with a silk noose. 'But in the meantime, my girl, I'm going to give you the whipping of your life.'

Glancing up in wild panic, Barbara noticed a sadistic smirk on Vicky's face and realised that someone, at least, was going to enjoy her humiliating chastisement. Still scarcely able to believe it was happening to her, the girl violently kicked and punched for several minutes more before giving up in a state of exhaustion.

'Finished have we?' enquired the Head with mock politeness, continuing to hold Barbara's shapely young body firmly down across her thighs.

'You rotten cow' whispered the breathless girl.

'Good,' Miss Thompson said, ignoring the insult. 'Now, with madam's kind permission, I'll continue.'

Vicky, on the verge of ecstasy, looked on as the

new Headmistress turned up Barbara's minute mini-skirt to expose a delicious knickered rump. Hooking a forefinger into the elasticated waist of the girl's expensive black silk panties, she pulled them decisively down over her hips and her succulent thighs to her knees. The bottom she unveiled was a perfect specimen of the female posterior. Not too fat with beautifully rounded cheeks, smooth and firm, the deep dark crevice warm and inviting.

'Jane, the tawse please.' The radiant Sixth Former eagerly handed over the evil-looking implement.

'Now then,' grunted Miss Thompson. 'Let this be a lesson to you, my girl.'

The tawse venomously flashed down.

CRACK! The leather strap smacked searingly across the crown of Barbara's bottom.

'Bitch!' hissed the girl, frantically clenching her buttocks at the shocking pain. As the tawse rose, a wicked red stripe appeared on the virgin flesh. Again the strap flashed down, landing this time on the full roundness of Barbara's left cheek.

CRACK!

'Ow!' she yowled. 'That hurt!'

'It was meant to hurt,' said the Head coldly. Having delivered her first two strokes, Miss Thompson quickly fell into a steady unflinching pattern, regular and at a good pace.

CRACK!

'Oww!' CRACK!

'Stop!'

CRACK!

'Oww!' gasped Barbara. 'Not so hard, you ... you ... y-you ...'

CRACK!

Yet again the tawse slammed down across the curvaceous bottom now bearing the bright markings of a good, sound, severe thrashing.

'No! Enough! Stop! Please!' begged Barbara as her crimson backside oscillated suggestively beneath Miss Thompson's relentless tawse.

'This is your reward for behaving like a vulgar whore'

CRACK!

'Owwwww no!'

The girl's tangled panties had now slipped down to her ankles. Her body bounced and shuddered, tears spilled from her eyes—tears of rage as well as pain.

CRACK!

'Please stop. PLEASE!'

CRACK!

'Fuck you!' screamed the girl as she involuntarily arched her bottom upwards, exposing her secret openings to the Head's stony gaze.

'Any more of that language and I'll thrash you again in front of the whole school,' threatened Miss Thompson, delivering yet another stroke of

unbearable force.

CRACK!

'Stop! Stop! Stop!'

'This will teach you obedience.'

CRACK!

'Ow! Please, enough!'

'It's certainly not enough, you wickedly naughty girl.'

CRACK!

'Just a few more like this ...'

CRACK!

'And this ...'

CRACK!

Miss Thompson finally stopped, and held the tawse out for Jane to gleefully take. 'Get up!' she snapped, her tone displaying not a trace of sympathy for the writhing girl whose magnificent buttocks she had just so soundly thrashed.

'Get up,' she repeated.

Slowly and painfully Barbara stood. 'You wicked old cow!' hissed the girl. 'Just you wait, I'll get you for this!' Having never experienced such defiance, Miss Thompson was momentarily taken aback. 'Just you fucking wait!' sobbed the girl as she gingerly began to pull up her panties.

Miss Thompson rose to her feet, grabbed the obstinate girl by the scruff of her neck and violently threw her over the large oak table in the centre of the room.

'It appears, Barbara,' the woman snapped, 'that you STILL haven't learnt your lesson.'

Unable to contain her pent-up excitement, Vicky snatched the tawse from Jane's grasp and keenly offered it to the Headmistress. The other girls, amazed at Vicky's vindictive behaviour, could only gape as Miss Thompson again took possession of the tawse and raised the girl's skirt up her back. Admiring anew the gorgeous contours of Barbara's delectable bottom, she ran the supple implement through her slender fingers before measuring up for the first stroke. Barbara, in one last act of defiance, compressed her bottom-crack to a thin tight line as, with lips

pursed and eyes gleaming, the Head deftly brought the tawse lashing down across the temptingly upraised moons.

Miss Thompson strapped slowly, pausing maliciously between each agonising stroke. She made the tawse hit full across both cheeks so that it would really sting. Seven times the leather swished through the air to print deep, scorching stripes across that full, exquisitely curved backside. The tawse hurt terribly, but Barbara gripped the table desperately and screwed her eyes tight shut. As the final stroke landed, the girl's shoulders jerked up, and it seemed as if her voluptuous breasts would burst through her thin white blouse.

Miss Thompson took two paces back to proudly admire her handiwork, panting a little from her exertions. Barbara continued to lie across the table for several moments more, sobbing, writhing and squirming. Then, very slowly, she managed to raise herself and stand on her feet again. She was unrecognisable as her former self. The arrogant, self-assured young woman had been replaced by a whimpering, pitiful girl.

'It gives me no pleasure to have to punish a Sixth Former in this way,' their new Headmistress declared. 'STOP SNIVELLING, GIRL! In future, I expect you to act and behave like an intelligent, mature young lady. Now, pull your knickers up and stop making a spectacle of yourself.'

Crying quite uncontrollably now, Barbara obeyed.

'And as for the rest of you,' continued the Head, 'let this just be a warning of what you can expect if I catch any of you misbehaving.' Without delay, Miss Thompson then departed — leaving the distressed Barbara Long and a horror-stricken Sixth Form dumbfounded and confused, as they pondered over a bleak, painful and perilous future at the Josephine Friar School For Girls.

Unless, of course they decided to behave. ●

BOOK REVIEW

by Julie Holmes

SPANKING THE MAID by Robert Coover
(Paladin, £2.95)

EARLY one morning, the maid enters her master's bedroom, displeases him and is summarily punished. The 'story' is as simple as that—if story it be.

To be sure, the narrative covers these events, but in so doing it describes not so much an erotic encounter as the process by which such tales are constructed. The story begins, then stops, then begins again. This time there is more detail, the scenario is extended ... then abruptly halts. Once more it starts, changing the details slightly. The maid is appropriately dressed but clumsy in her action. No, wait. There is something wrong with her clothing. Her master is asleep in bed. He is already up and busy in the bathroom.

Round and round it goes. The characters both conspire with one another to help the tale unwind, and yet are set in permanent opposition. The master sets traps for his employee; she is intentionally provocative. It is the same day; the story is being developed to perfection, the earlier drafts being discarded along the way. Or is it really a daily ritual, each morning bringing minor variations to the pattern?

The appeal of this slim (102 pages) volume lies

not in the actual predictable outcome of a familiar disciplinary situation, but rather in the *recognition* of a pattern we have all in one way or another experienced. Take your favourite fantasy: whether it concerns corporal punishment, sporting activity, sexual conquest, career success or whatever, is irrelevant. Consider the fantasy's development: does it unfold in your imagination structurally and chronologically perfect? Or do you make modifications as it progresses? Do you ever change your mind about the weather, items of clothing, location or details in the dialogue? Is even the most familiar fantasy consistent? Certainly, Robert Coover's yarn describes perfectly my own experiences of writing stories for JANUS. No sooner does a character enter a room than I've changed my mind about their age, appearance or purpose!

Despite its brevity, *Spanking the Maid* is a book that works on many different levels simultaneously and therefore can be appreciated by virtually anybody, whether or not they are particularly interested in disciplinary activities. It would certainly make an ideal 'stocking-filler' for anyone of either sex during the festive season.

MEMBERS' LETTERS

The Happy Valley

Dear Sir,

MAY I thoroughly recommend 'The Happy Valley' as the most remarkable portrayal of corporal punishment seen on television, and hope for a speedy repeat for the sake of any Member who missed it. I read about it the *Radio Times* beforehand and couldn't believe it when they said how completely Holly Aird lived the part of the teenage Juanita Carberry. They said she was still trembling two hours after one of the caning scenes and that the real Juanita, who was an advisor to the film, said how realistic Holly was. It is an amazing film, derived from the book (and later film) 'White Mischief', set in East Africa just after the war. But 'The Happy Valley' concentrates less on the main true story of the book and completely on the teenage life of Juanita — also true and obviously very authentic since she was advisor.

The story opens with Juanita at an English Boarding School where she is insolent in class, answering her teacher in Swahili. She is made to hold out her hand for three hard strokes with a ruler across her outstretched palm and told to report to the Headmistress straight after the lesson, for the third time in a week. The film then moves to Africa, but anyone who was at school in the 1940/50s knows what reporting to the Headmistress meant. She would undoubtedly have been caned on each visit to the Head and, from a good knowledge of normal school discipline in those days, we can be pretty sure of the punishment she received. Six strokes on the first occasion, across her navy blue knickers with her gymslip raised. On the second visit she would have received ten strokes of the cane across her tightly stretched knickers, and after the third offence in a week of defiant insolence she would have had her knickers lowered and received twelve strokes with the heavy cane on her bare buttocks. 28 strokes of the cane in less than a week, so she certainly was a tough young lady and must have arrived in Africa with a well-marked bottom.

Soon after her arrival in Africa the scene shows her sitting with her father, stepmother and new governess Miss Helen Tapsell — played by the attractive young blonde Cathryn Harrison. Her father tells the governess that his daughter is a liar and a thief and was punished at school for being insolent in Swahili. He says, 'You didn't think we'd let behaviour like that go unpunished, did you? Off to the schoolroom with you.' As

Juanita walks across the garden, followed by her father and governess, he says, 'You are a governess, Miss Tapsell. Let's see how well you govern.' In the schoolroom he says, 'You'll find what you are looking for in the top of the desk.' Miss Tapsell opens the desk and takes out a yellow cane of medium thickness, about 36" long and with a curved end. She says to Juanita, 'Bend over, please,' and he says impatiently, 'Bend over the chair.' Juanita is wearing loose khaki shorts, and lies across both arms of a small armchair from the side. Not a very good position for punishment because her legs and body are too straight and her buttocks not stretched enough. The film shows Juanita's troubled face in close-up, and then switches to her stepmother who is playing a record to drown the sounds of the caning. We know Juanita is being caned during this sequence, and I reckon she received five or six strokes before the scene moves to Miss Tapsell laying into Juanita with three more quite hard strokes. She pauses as if she has finished after eight strokes and father says, 'Very good. Only it needs more effort, much more effort.' Miss Tapsell then lays on three very hard strokes in quick succession, and then you hear four more, making a 15-stroke caning. Juanita is then seen curled up on her bed, and when she gets up to cross the room she winces with the pain from her obviously bruised, wealed bottom.

Despite being caned over her shorts it must have hurt a great deal because there was only a second or two pause between strokes, and this builds up pain terribly. As anyone who has been caned or strapped knows, there are several factors which affect the severity of corporal punishment. 1. The position — bending over stretches the skin and flesh of the buttocks, and it is more painful the tauter they are stretched. 2. Bare buttock canings are much more painful than through knickers or shorts, which break the impact of the cane. 3. The force of each stroke. 4. The thickness of the cane — heavier canes make bruises which hurt much longer afterwards. Thinner canes sting more immediately but bruise less. 5. If the tip of the cane is used to full effect, falling on the edge of the buttocks — it travels faster and hurts much more than the main length of the rod. 6. The time between each stroke: the pain surges through the entire body for 20-30 seconds and then starts to fade. Quick, rapid strokes are excruciatingly painful because the build-up of pain is cumulative until you feel you will burst. 7. The lower overhang of the buttocks

and the upper thighs are much more sensitive than the centre of the buttocks, so strokes across this area are more painful. 8. It takes about seven or eight accurately laid strokes to cover the buttocks from top to bottom. Subsequent strokes land on flesh already wealed and sore and are thus additionally painful.

The second caning sequence takes place a few weeks later when after a party Juanita hears noises from her bedroom and comes out in her nightie and, looking through a half open door, sees Miss Tapsell and her father on a bed together with the governess mounting him with great vigour. The scene moves to the schoolroom next morning where Juanita is already in position across the armchair, so we know that she is in for another caning. Father is holding the cane in his hands and says, 'Little sod-ears, spying on people.' Handing the cane to Miss Tapsell, who is looking increasingly attractive and wearing brief shorts, he says, 'I think we might enjoy this, Tappie.' The governess then gives Juanita eight hard strokes, all with only a second or so between, and the last three very hard and close together. Quite a severe caning, as close-ups of Juanita's face show, but she does not make a sound.

The final thrashing is very severe. It takes place after the murder, and after Juanita has talked to one of the suspects and then started telling people her views. Her father is enraged, and considers this extremely bad behaviour. The scene is again set in the schoolroom where he says to Tappie, 'You will find what you are looking for in the hall by the clock.' Juanita's stepmother pleads with him not to punish her, but he tells her to go and take a little stroll, then says to Juanita, 'Well Miss, I think this calls not just for punishment, but severe punishment.' After a pause he repeats, 'You heard what I said, I said severe punishment.'

I could not believe my eyes as Juanita's hands go to the waistband of her shorts, which she unbuttons and pushes down to her ankles. For a moment I thought severe punishment meant taking her knickers down as well, but she just stands there in her tight-fitting white 1950-style knickers and says, 'Nothing you can do will hurt me; nothing.' Tappie had returned from the hall holding a thick leather bull-whip or sjambok, some 40" long with a loop at the handle. She flexes it between her hands and walks over to Juanita who has bent across the armchair ready for her punishment, her buttocks stretching the white cotton knickers tightly. Her father says, 'Beat her,' and Tappie measures the thick whip carefully across the seat of Juanita's knickers and, raising it high above her head, brings it down very hard across the centre of her buttocks.

The whip makes a much lower-pitched 'whoosh' than the cane and sounds much heavier as it

strikes the girl's bottom, and a close-up of her face shows her wince with pain. Tappie gives her four hard strokes about three or four seconds apart, and you see Juanita wince each time the whip strikes her buttocks, but she does not make a sound. 'Beat her until she starts crying out,' says father, and Tappie gives her another five hard strokes, and she still remains silent though her face is contorted with pain at every one. After the ninth stroke he shouts, 'Beat her senseless, do you hear?' and the whipping goes on until she has had 17 really hard strokes.

Her mother meanwhile is playing the gramophone to drown the sounds. Tappie is all flustered, hot and sweating from the exertion of whipping Juanita, who has still not uttered a sound. At this point they should have stopped, because 17 strokes with a heavy leather whip, delivered with only a few seconds between each, is a very severe thrashing and her buttocks and thighs must have been badly bruised, her thin knickers offering no protection whatever. But her father storms over and shouts, 'Give me that bloody whip,' and grabs it from Tappie. This is where it changes to being really nasty as he applies the whip across Juanita's buttocks, thighs and back with all his strength for another ten strokes. After 27 strokes in all you see Juanita's hand fall limp as she loses consciousness, still without making a sound. She is a tough, brave young woman to have taken such a dreadful whipping without crying out.

Later she is seen limping painfully from the schoolroom across the garden and tells one of the black servants to bring her horse. She rides off, lying face down around its neck, to Nairobi. Here she goes in the Police Station where she lifts her shirt to show her back, and then collapses on the floor. She is cared for in the hospital and never returns home again.

It was a beautifully-made film, and since it was based on fact and supervised by the main character, it must be authentic. It demonstrated the severe punishment that was commonplace in East Africa — and still is in most of East, West and Southern Africa to this day, although not with the cruelty of the final whipping from her father. It illustrated the great difference between erotic punishment and that fine line where the severity makes it cruel and no longer exciting.

E.C.P.,
Bracknell, Berks.

Sub Hub

Dear Gordon,
BOTH Sally and I (John) are in our 20s. We have nearly a full collection of JANUS and have been

PRIVILEGE Members for some three years. We have noticed that the letters published in PRIVILEGE lean towards the usual girl/woman being dealt with. Although we both read these with interest, our particular scene is the reversal of the norm in that I am on the receiving end. I hope you will feel able to publish this letter.

My interest in CP goes back several years, although active participation really started when I met Sally. At the time we met I already had a modest collection of JANUS, which Sally discovered one evening. At first she was a bit shocked, but after a while agreed to at least read them, and in time we got into a range of role-playing games. A range of instruments were acquired: tawse, canes, paddle, hairbrush, slipper, etc.

At first I took the initiative, but as time went by Sally increasingly seemed to like taking the dominant role. I usually ended up suitably 'dressed up' and with a sore bum.

One or two examples: naughty schoolboy spanked by teacher, parent, etc. On occasion Sally even dressed me as a schoolgirl! The spanking always seemed more severe if I was in knickers etc. Sally certainly found it more exciting, particularly afterwards.

When we married a camera was acquired, and Sally took on more and more the role of punishing me. Her own sessions of 'receiving' soon stopped. I should say at this stage we have some 50 shots showing various stages of my punishment. Sally's favourite snaps of me are when I am dressed in French knickers and stockings. She has over the years bought me 17 pairs of knickers in a range of colours. At first she was a bit wild, particularly with a cane. She got carried away, and the strokes went all over the place, but now she can place a stroke precisely where she wants.

Usually punishments start knickers up, and end with them down. Positions vary: over pillows on the bed, back of sofa, over tables, chairs and of course across the knees. The severity also varies, but I can be guaranteed a sore bum for a few days, with the occasional bruises. It is not uncommon for the odd tear or two.

Sally appears to thoroughly enjoy punishing me, and is always looking for good ideas. She even likes me to wear French knickers under my trousers at home during the evening and at weekends. Her dress when punishing me is whatever she is wearing normally. No outlandish costumes.

Frequency of punishments varies. In the six years or so we have been married the average is probably twice a month. Reasons also vary, but usually I have annoyed Sally over a period of time. So far Sally has not involved anyone else when, as she puts it, 'smacking' me. However, an interesting comment was made on a girls' night

out by one of her friends, Mandy, regarding her playing schoolteacher games with her husband. Sally asked if she smacked him, but unfortunately this was met with a negative answer.

Finally, before Sally adds her comments, I will give you an example of a recent punishment. Sally has a thing about me coming in late from work, or anywhere else for that matter. We had reached a Thursday and I hadn't been home before 6.30pm all week. Sally was becoming increasingly irate. When I arrived at about 6.45pm I went upstairs to get changed and found on the bed a pair of mauve French knickers, stockings and a suspender-belt. On the chair was the leather paddle and two canes, one somewhat thicker than the other.

I knew immediately what was coming. I put on the knickers and stockings, and waited with hands on head in the corner. Sally arrived upstairs after a few minutes and told me to lie over some pillows in the middle of the bed. She let off a lot of verbal steam whilst using the paddle to good effect, 24 full-blooded whacks over the knickers. These then came down for a dozen with each cane, by which time I was promising never to be late again, and apologising at the same time.

Afterwards, I had to stand in the corner in the lounge for 15 minutes, knickers down, with scarlet, wealed bum on display.

Sally says she now wants to include her views...

* * *

Hi, Sally here. I've read John's part and I'm sure a number of Club Members are by now doubting the authenticity of this note, but I can assure you John's account is definitely accurate. I cannot stand lies, and John knows what happens if I catch him out!

As a child I was never smacked, nor even witnessed anyone else being smacked. When I met John I was quite shocked to find out he read JANUS, but I soon got used to it.

I discovered that I thoroughly enjoyed giving him a good smacking. He can be so cocky on occasions. I can't recall quite how the knickers came in, but he does look sweet, bum upwards and totally at my mercy. I know from John's wails that they are no protection. Shall I leave them up? What will it be: cane, brush, paddle, tawse? I have the decision, any lip and he knows what he will get.

I was interested to see John mentioned my friend Mandy in his part of this letter. It prompts me to relate a few details of what happened when he mentioned how he wouldn't mind being smacked by another of my friends, who I will call D. I gave him a hiding to remember, finishing up

with 12 from the thickest cane I've got. Afterwards his bum was like corrugated cardboard. No more comments about my friend smacking him!

I've often thought about having a second male bum to deal with, and also having a level-minded wife to discuss methods and ideas, or perhaps even try them out together. Enclosed is an ad which I would be grateful if you could include in the Contact Service.

One final point. John hasn't been smacked for far too long. I think we will put this to rights later. Why? Why not? Dress him up and give him a good smacking. No, seriously, he has taken most of the afternoon to do his part—far too long, don't you agree?

Thanks for a great Club,
Love,

**Sally and John,
Chelmsford, Essex**

*** Students of calligraphy may be interested to note that while John's handwritten letter was penned in a backward slant, Sally's lettering was bold and upright. It is a pity that such subtleties do not show up in print. — G.S.**

Secret Self-Caner

Dear Gordon Sergeant,

WHEN I first married my wife I tried all ways I could think of to encourage her to take an interest in what is taken for granted by PRIVILEGE readers. Had she ever been spanked?—No. What did she think of corporal punishment for football hooligans?—Nonsense. To the exaggerated accounts of how I was caned in my youth she just shrugged and showed no real interest. I even bought a proper cane from a sex shop and left it around the house, but she told me to get rid of it before she put it on the fire.

It was some years afterwards, when we were cleaning out my office cupboard, that this cane came to light again. It was quite an evil weapon, four-feet long, nearly half-an-inch in diameter and capable of being bent almost double. It was clearly intended for greater things than tying tomatoes.

'I thought you had got rid of that ridiculous thing,' she snapped. I promised to do so.

'No need. I'll do it myself,' she said, and I put the matter out of my mind.

Only a few days later I returned home early from work to see the most rewarding sight through the lounge window as I approached the house. My wife had removed her skirt and, with her back to the window, was belabouring her bottom for all it was worth with that cane. She was holding it in her right hand and, with an

accomplished flick of the wrist, was giving her scantily-covered backside quite a dusting.

I watched with amazement as she finished and threw the cane on to the settee, then rubbed her rump quite frenziedly. I slipped round the house and noisily entered via the back door. A moment later she skipped through fully dressed with a red face, not to mention rear end! Nothing more was said until bedtime, when I noticed with amusement how she managed to keep me from seeing her bottom. The way she got out of the bath was a sight to be seen.

Once in bed and down to the business of the hour, I was able to check the damage. 'Your bottom feels very warm,' I said. 'It reminds me of how mine used to feel after I'd been to the Headmaster's study.' It wasn't just warm, either; there were the familiar ridge and furrow outlines too, under my searching fingers. She did not react, except in a way which made the next half hour extremely memorable.

I never referred to what I had seen through the window that afternoon, but it was the first of many such occasions. Every so often when I return home early I may miss the preliminary warming-up, but I can always tell from the other signs that tonight is going to be special. And it always is.

**G.W.A.R.,
York**

Coming Out Of The Closet

Dear Gordon Sergeant,

I AM writing to you to raise an important point which I have never seen referred to in PRIVILEGE, although I am sure that it is both highly relevant and appropriate to Members' interests. Reading Members' letters over the past three years I have built up an impression of the kind of people who have joined and what their ideas are—and, accordingly, in addition to my own personal experience, I have some objective material to base my comments on. There appear to be two main groupings of interest in the Membership: those who are concerned with the use of CP in the context of discipline, justice and traditional values with no (admitted) sexual interest; and those with a sexual motivation, either with a partner as 'consenting adults' or in a formal punishment scenario. I will refer to the first group as the 'reductionists' since they claim no more interest than the propagation of CP as a practical solution to discipline problems. The second group I am calling the 'recreationists' since their interest is to do with how they can enjoy themselves (and others, but I distinguish between the 'consenters'

and the 'imposers'. Sorry if this all sounds very academic!)

We all know about the Gay revolution when homosexuals 'came out of the cupboard' en masse, threw aside their fears and smashed (or at least badly dented) the prejudice of society which had held them in captivity. I regard our own sexual taste as in about the same position with respect to society as the Gays' was some 30 or so years ago. Since then, for Gays, the 60s sexplosion and a gradual process of self-realisation and change of values has led to broad social acceptance. I hope to raise the idea that we can do the same if we go about it properly and are prepared to make some sacrifices.

It occurs to me that a vital part of the process is the appreciation of mutual responsibility: a prerequisite is the organisation of people with the same feelings to give a group identity and a sense of leadership. The first has already been achieved in the form of the Privilege Club, but I see no leadership and no sense of responsibility yet. We will never get anywhere if we all remain isolated individuals with random fantasies and spurious moral guidelines. The first task must surely be for as many of us as possible to meet and discuss the issues at stake. I will be very disappointed if this letter, for instance does not initiate a lively debate, for that would prove that no one was interested in anything other than their own selfish hedonism — I hope not.

To the reductionists I would say: if you are really sure you cannot be accused of selfish motives then you should speak out boldly and expose your ideas to the cold light of public debate. I would ask the recreationists to look carefully at the morality of their desires and to form a reasonable consensus which can be used to prevent the promotion of what is downright wrong, and to show the world that we too have values. I believe that the vast majority of Members are decent, reasonable people and will see the value of some sort of self regulation. There are, however, some among us who are undoubtedly too affected to discern right from wrong, and it would be a major step forward if help and guidance was provided for them through the Club.

As you can imagine, I could easily fill a whole issue of PRIVILEGE with ideas, but I think I should stop here and let you digest these general principals: That it is good for us and society if we stop being so isolated. That we need to organise and help each other to feel more confident and to establish a standard of decency. I really hope none of these ideas are regarded as too radical or I feel we will deserve all the derision we receive now.

J.P.,
Ipswich

***Do fellow Members feel, as does J.P., a sense of isolation from what is considered 'normal' society? Do we seek to 'come out' in public, or are we content to continue 'coming out' in private (those who have done so) and allowing the momentum of so-called public opinion to carry unchecked its 'non-CP' ideology into the wasteland of increasing public anarchy? Let PRIVILEGE be your debating forum. — G.S.**

My Dundee Aunt

Dear Mr Sergeant,
SEEING recent comment on the 'Scottish scene' I am finally prompted, after reading your mag for quite some years, to put pen to paper.

Back in the late '50s my parents were posted abroad with Father's company, leaving my brothers and I in the UK. We had attended our local schools up until then — both strict schools in the West Midlands where boys were caned and girls too. If my brothers were caned they usually got another six at home that evening. I was never caned at all, however — until just before I left my school when in my teens.

The Headmistress there was a real disciplinarian and I had received many essays and DTs from her and other teachers. When our parents went off to Kenya my brothers were due to go to boarding school and it was arranged that I would stay in Dundee with an Aunt I'd never met before. Just before leaving my local school I was rather rude to my Form teacher in front of the Head, who promptly told me to report to her study after school.

At 4pm, shaking like a leaf, I knocked on her door and was told to enter. Inside were my Form teacher and the Head, both in their gowns. She gave me a long lecture on my lack of manners, which had me squirming — but then she said, 'Usually I would settle for a couple of detentions, but up in Scotland you will find the teachers far more strict, and as your behaviour does not seem to get any better, I consider that I should give you a taste of what is to come.'

With that she took out a black book and started to write in it. From where I was I could read my name, and what she wrote next to it. Six strokes! — I was horror-struck. The Head then looked me in the eye and said, 'I am going to cane you.'

I pleaded to no avail as she went to her cupboard and withdrew a short thin cane. I was told to bend over. The Head lifted my pleated skirt and the Form mistress held it up and pulled my knickers up tight. Six hard strokes were

applied to my bottom. I then left the study and went to the cloakroom to study my bottom, which was marked by six parallel red marks. My friend Jane was there, and tried to comfort me by saying that the marks had soon gone after she'd been punished three weeks before! The Head certainly knew how to use a cane!

As I say, I had never met this Aunt in Dundee when, a couple of weeks later, I arrived at her home at the start of my stay. She was very kind to care for me, but she was firm and intended to fulfil her parental obligations. She had one daughter—Flora, who was the same age as me—and we went to school together and became good friends. Flora soon filled me in on home and school life. I told her of my recent caning, and she told me that her mother used the tawse, and which of the teachers were fond of using the cane or strap. At the end of that term our reports were not too good, and Aunt summoned us to her front room for an explanation. She scolded us for our lack of effort, gave me a severe warning, and told Flora to go to her room. She then told me that she was aware of my bad reports from my previous school, but I think my attitude upset her. She shouted to Flora to come down again and informed us that we were both to be punished. She opened the dresser drawer and took out a tawse. Flora went first. She was bent over a chair and to my surprise her knickers were pulled down, revealing a round pink bottom and tufts of golden pubic hair. I watched fascinated as the tawse was put against her bottom, followed by six hard strokes. I then received mine, and we went to our rooms clutching our burning bottoms. From then on Aunt Clara had only two occasions to punish me, but when we were nearly 19 things changed.

Flora and I went to a dance and were told to be in by 10pm or else! We missed the last bus, so had another dance and walked home, not getting back till after 11pm. We were sent to bed, but nothing else happened until we returned home from school the next day. We were at once told to go to our room and prepare for bed without any supper. Flora and I both expected a few strokes of the tawse, and discussed it casually as we undressed.

Aunt then came in and told us to go to her room. There, on the bed, we saw a long, thin bamboo cane. Aunt Clara picked it up and flexed it in her hands and said that as we were now 'big girls' it was time to remind us what discipline was. We both pleaded not to be caned, but she told Flora to bend over the end of the bed, without delay. Flora did so, and her bottom pressed tight against the fabric of her nightdress. Aunt pulled it up around her waist and told her to put her feet apart.

Flora stood there, her breasts quivering over the quilt, every muscle tense. Aunt stepped back, touched Flora's curvaceous bottom with the cane, drew it back over her shoulder and brought it swishing down, leaving a long red mark across both cheeks. After nine strokes Flora was allowed up, clutching her bottom, tears running down her face. Then it was my turn! I protested, but Aunt pushed me over the bed and bared my bottom. After just four strokes I was rubbing my behind and standing against the wall—those strokes were the hardest I had ever had. Aunt ordered me to bend over again but when I refused she sent me off to bed.

As I lay in bed I wondered what would happen next. In the morning I was in the bath when the door flew open and in marched Aunt, cane in hand. She told me to go to her room to finish the punishment, or else she would tell the Head to do it in front of the Sixth Form. I did not doubt her word, and climbed out of the bath looking for a towel to put around me. Aunt said it was not necessary, and frogmarched me dripping wet to her room, where a chair was placed by the bed and I was forced to bend over naked while Flora held me there.

Aunt Clara tapped the cane against my bottom, drew it back and delivered a red hot stinging swishing stroke I'll never forget. That was the first of nine more, all the same. Flora and I then went to our room where Flora pulled off her nightdress and, seeing my obvious distress, embraced me and whispered words of comfort in my ear. Her hand reached down and caressed my striped bottom, and I soothingly rubbed the long marks on hers. As if the caning—although deserved—was not enough we had gym that day, and in the showers afterwards it was impossible to hide our marks from the curious girls even though they had seen similar before.

It was the last time Aunt caned me, but Flora and I remember it well and still chuckle over it whenever we meet.

(Ms) Suzy H.,
Reading, Berks.

A Painful Memory

Dear Mr Sergeant,
I AM a 26-year-old male who has only recently discovered your magazine, but am now a regular and enthusiastic Member of the Privilege Club.

I am a firm believer in CP, but find myself wondering why it is always the female of the species who is punished in stories and in

JANUS, for I am quite sure that men and boys wander from the straight and narrow as often as do the ladies. I am also a little uncertain as to whether the severity of the punishment dispensed to girls is warranted. Surely a thorough caning on their naked bums seems to be just a bit more painful than is strictly necessary? A bottom encased in fitted jeans or close-clinging clothing is quite in order (a photograph of a lady bending over in a tight skirt would illustrate that there are few more beguiling sights). And anyway, I think the embarrassment of being caned, particularly if others than the recipient and the administrator know about it, is as bad as the pain itself, which of course wears off after a while.

I can vouch for this personally because of an event which occurred about 3 months before I left school in Melbourne ten years ago. The normal form of punishment was for the hands to be strapped, up to six on either or both palms, depending on the misdemeanour committed.

Much earlier than this I had been the victim of an illness which left me weak and underdeveloped, and although I had recovered and physically matured, my Headmaster had been advised that I was not to be subjected to normal discipline because of the risk of damage to my fingers. Naturally it did not take me long to wake up to this situation, and so my attitude to teachers and office staff, which had always been offhand and cheeky, became quite outrageous on account of my 'guaranteed immunity'. Whenever the situation got too much for the class teacher to handle, I was sent to the Headmaster's office where I was sat down and lectured, which of course I completely disregarded. This went on for two or three years until one day I again gave cheek to the class teacher and was duly told to report to the Headmaster's office. This didn't bother me in the least, so I walked down the passage past the other classrooms quite confidently. I certainly could not understand the look of satisfaction and the half-smiles on the faces of the other teachers, all of whom had been victims of my tongue, as I passed their rooms.

I entered the outer office of the Headmaster and was asked to wait by his secretary who, along with her staff, also wore a strange look on her face. In due course, the door opened and the Headmaster asked me to come in and sit down. He began, as usual to admonish me on my behaviour, and when he saw my bored look he reminded me that this had happened several times before and that, because of my illness, I had not been punished in the usual manner.

He then produced a letter from his drawer which he asked me to read. It was a reply to a letter he had recently sent to my doctor, explaining my attitude over the years — and the

doctor had written to confirm that my hands were not to be strapped because of the risk of bone damage. However, the letter stated in official terms, my bottom was a different matter. I found out later that the contents of this letter had been discussed at a meeting of teachers and staff, and plans already been made for my 'downfall'.

My face must have drained of colour as I realised my fate, and when I looked up from the typed sheet the Headmaster was just sitting there smiling.

'Would you bend over the arm of that chair you are sitting in, please,' he said, his smile vanishing.

By now I had lost all of my self confidence, and could do nothing but comply with his wish. The chair was of the old-fashioned leather club variety, with high arms and a deep seat. When I positioned myself, my head was well down into the padded leather cushioning, with my buttocks arched high and my feet barely touching the floor. He pulled my jacket up to my waist so that he had an unimpeded view of my bum, by which time my trousers were almost splitting because of their tightness.

I lay there in that ignominious position for several minutes, not daring to move, while he swished canes through the air behind me saying, 'No, this one won't do; nor this one,' etc. Whether he actually had more than one I will never know, but when he finally laid the cane against my upturned bottom and tapped it a couple of times to get the range, I felt my buttocks tremble.

'You've got three years' worth coming to you,' he said and gave me 15 strokes in fairly rapid succession. It seemed that the 'thwack' of the cane across the drum-tight seat of my pants would be heard all over the school. It was certainly heard in the outer office, because the staff were all trying to stop giggling when I finally emerged wet-eyed, and very red in the face, and walked gingerly back to my classroom.

It hurt for quite a while, of course — but not as much as the knowledge that every other teacher in the school, as well as all the other staff and the secretary, knew exactly what had happened to me, the embarrassment of which I carry with me to this day.

G.A.,
Thoona, Victoria, Australia

Video Value

QUITE by accident I came across a video tape called *To Ride a Tiger*. It featured a young lady by the name of Lynne Paula Russell. I also have the video tape *You'll Love The Feeling* which also

features Ms Russell, only here she uses the name more familiar to PRIVILEGE and JANUS readers, Paula Meadows.

Paula's beautiful bottom reverberates to great effect in *You'll Love The Feeling*, by the hand of dominant Zoe Jardine. The idyllic setting is an English country mansion, one balmy summer's weekend.

It is the video tape *To Ride a Tiger* to which I would like to draw attention, where Paula discusses her love of nature and her attraction to a tree — her tree. I feel that this tape provides an answer to those people who would like to see *Pain for Pleasure* and other X-rated (adult) tapes of an explicit nature banned nationwide. As it is, the availability of these tapes in Australia is confined to certain mail order houses in Canberra. However, I digress.

Back to Paula, one of my favourite CP artists prominently featured in JANUS 29, 38 and 50. She takes some of her paintings with her to Amsterdam, where she visits B&D mistress Monique Von Cleef. Together they discuss the psychological aspects of a painting of a girl riding a tiger. The girl is a self-portrait of Paula, Paula's needs and desires are objectively discussed, after which Monique takes Paula to her dungeon — often referred to as her playroom.

The whipping scenes are for real, but there is a great mutual respect between the participants. Lovely Paula, wearing the outfit as in the self-portrait in colour plate page 36 JANUS 29, plays her part beautifully. Both during and after the bottom-whipping scenes, Monique gently coaxes a smile from brave Paula, highlighting the beautiful face familiar to JANUS readers. Together with a crop and a whip, Paula gets a taste of the sjambok. Monique displays a great love for humanity, despite her dominant role. At one stage Paula giggles whilst over Monique's knee. That giggle is short-lived! There is no mental cruelty at all.

There are two other very minor roles. Susan Williams is 'The Girl in Green' and Kurt Rothenberg is 'The Tattooed Man'.

I do not know if either *You'll Love The Feeling* or *To Ride a Tiger* is available in Britain, but I would recommend fellow Members to view these films.

B.B.,
Eltham, Victoria, Australia

More Spanking Scenes

Addendum to the Bibliography published in PRIVILEGE 38.

Dear Sir,
READERS of Wilbur Smith books will know of his many references to spankings, but in his novel A

SPARROW FALLS there's a splendid description of the heroin 'Storm' being soundly spanked by her father ... "his palm, like leather, cracked across the tight double bulge of her buttocks"... and there's more, too!

Science-fiction fans of the writer Robert A. Heinlein will also know of his many comments although, sadly, few of his heroines ever seem to end up getting their just deserts, but the writing's sexy and the imagery good. (Try THE CAT WHO WALKS THROUGH WALLS).

The classic to me is Alec Waugh's erotic comedy A SPY IN THE FAMILY (Members should also get a copy of THE FATAL GIFT by Waugh), and it seems all the sexier for being so well written and placed in such a believable setting.

Do any of your readers know of up-to-date films that have spanking scenes? If so perhaps they could write in and give their choices? It would also be nice to learn of other books where the writer includes spanking scenes.

J.W.,
London W4

Private Writings

Dear Gordon,
MANY Members enjoy the stories of Pauline Wright and some, especially G.A.W., expressed their desire to read more explicit descriptions of the punishment and treatment of naughty girls and erring women in a free style of text and story content. It is well known that there are many people on the CP scene who practise much harder rituals than described in PRIVILEGE, or would like to write and read fantasy stories depicting such. Of course, even as a Club Magazine, PRIVILEGE cannot publish these more 'extreme' stories, and I agree fully with Gordon Sergeant's Message in PRIVILEGE 38, that 'to open the gates to the ultra-erotic gratuitously unrepressed style of text and story content would ultimately demean rather than enhance' this publication.

I am sure the majority of the Membership will share your views, and applaud your stand for the retention of decency and respect. Nevertheless, there may be enough Members with sufficient interest in privately-generated 'stronger' material to found a 'Club within the Club' — which could work with some help from the Club, without compromise to it.

I would like to propose the following rules for the setting-up and maintenance of such a 'Club' for the special private pleasure of current PRIVILEGE Members who share these more 'robust' interests.

PROPOSAL

1. It is fun to write freely about the punishment of girls and women. It is more fun if one knows that

someone else will enjoy reading it. It is also fun to receive such stories and letters, while preserving one's anonymity.

2. Privilege Club shall invite 10 to 15 Members, who have shown their interest in such themes by writing letters like G.A.W. or sending stories which could not be published on account of the above-stated.

3. Privilege Club opens special boxes numbered SP 1 to SP 10, the names only known to the Club.

4. Each Member of this special private club writes (printed, not in handwriting) a letter or story about the given theme, situated in school, office, home, army; copies it ten times, puts the copies in ten envelopes, writes in pencil the numbers SP 1 to SP10 on these envelopes, writes his Membership number on the back flaps and sends them together at the end of April, June, September and November to Gordon Sergeant, who distributes the envelopes into the indicated boxes, where the Members can get them personally or by post.

5. Each Member gets for his letter 9 others, can adapt his writing to the wishes or styles of the others, writes a new letter or story, inspired by the ones received, even a sequel to one, and after three or four periods an agreeable exchange takes place.

6. After November the Members decide if they wish to continue, and if and how this arrangement could be improved. Perhaps it may be continued in different groups with special interests (e.g: school—or domestic-scenes, willing or unwilling culprits, girls or boys, etc.)

7. By using the Privilege Club in this form anonymity is kept, and the Club is not involved in the unrepressed style of words and story content.

8. It is forbidden to pass on the stories to other people or to publish them. The copyright stays with each writer, but the Club has the right to use any material deemed suitable for wider publication.

9. The Members pay a special fee for the administration to the Club.

IT IS AN ENJOYABLE EXPERIMENT. LET'S TRY IT!

G.P.V.,

Vienna, Austria

***Do any Members wish to participate, or have any further ideas for the implementation of such an exchange? — G.S.**

Sandra's Payne

DUSK falls on a smoky evening,
Sombre shades of winter gloom,
Windows glow with cheerful brightness
From the teacher's study room,
Where, in timid apprehension,
Eighteen-year-old Sandra Payne
Now presents her soft bare bottom,
Bending over for the cane.

Having bared her shapely buttocks,
Smith, the stern Headmaster stands,
Fingering a springy rattan,
Flexing it between his hands.
This is what she gets for cheating,
Being rude, and telling lies,
While she waits, her little knickers
Settle further down her thighs.

Sandra's fingers grip the chair-seat
And the back supports her hips,
Frightening anticipation
Brings a tremor to her lips.
She was sure she'd take it bravely,
But her resolution crashed
When she heard that she'd be having
Her bare bottom soundly thrashed.

Now the cane, across both buttocks,
Tapping gently, firm and slow,
Measuring the squirming softness,
While she whispers "Please, Sir, no!"
Softly down the darkened window
Falls the steady winter rain.
Softly trembles Sandra's bottom,
Bending, waiting for the cane.

D.F.,

Warminster, Wilts.

CONTACT SERVICE

The Privilege Club is delighted to remind Members that all charges for advertising in PRIVILEGE and for forwarding replies to Members' advertisements have been abolished.

Members wishing to contact other Members may send us an advertisement written on plain notepaper, giving your name and address for our office files. A new advertisement may be supplied for each issue if desired, but we cannot undertake to repeat an advertisement until further notice.

Members replying to advertisements should write out their individual replies, place them in sealed envelopes **bearing sufficient postage** and write the box number for which the letter is intended on the back flap of each envelope IN PENCIL, adding a covering note stating your name and address. Your envelopes and covering note should then be placed in one large outer envelope and sent to:

Gordon Sergeant
40 Old Compton Street
London, W1V 5PB

IMPORTANT NOTE: Advertisers are reminded that advertisements are accepted strictly on the basis that they are genuine and legal, that no financial transactions will take place between advertisers and respondents, and that advertisers undertake to answer all replies they receive. We should be obliged to hear from any Members who experience otherwise. We reserve the right to amend or refuse advertisements in the event of unacceptable content. Replies not bearing sufficient postage for the stated destination will not be forwarded.

Membership of the Privilege Club is restricted to adults over 18 years of age, and the Privilege Contact Service may be used only by Members of the Privilege Club.

Box T1. Free discipline service offered for naughty wives, girlfriends or single ladies with guilty conscience to appease. I am a middle-aged professional schoolmaster-type and can cater for mild fun correction up to severe punishment, in fiction or fact situations. Safety and discretion assured, introduction meeting if desired. West Essex.

Box T2. Single male (26) with a long-time interest in CP. But with no practical experience in receiving or giving. Would like to meet lady who will give him school-type punishment. Also willing to give punishment. Cannot accommodate, but willing to travel. First advert.

Box T3. Male enthusiast (young 34) would like to hear from any female readers who are interested in any aspect of discipline and correction, Pen-friendship and possible meetings. I am single and can accommodate married ladies. Couples also welcome. London.

Box T4. Male (33) wishes to meet couple to join in or simply watch your CP activities. I have a girlfriend who will join in also once contact is established. Can travel. North-East/Yorkshire/Cumbria/Scotland.

Box T5. New Member, single male (a very youthful 40) wishes to share interests with lady and invites correspondence. Discreet, considerate and imaginative. Fine personality, attractive and genuine advertiser. S. Dorset.

Box T6. American gentleman (41), attractive, experienced in discreet, quality CP. Travel to England, London area frequently on business. Interested in ladies, couples with sincere interest in and need for, CP. USA.

Box T7. Male (22) — new Club Member, wishes to meet dominant, mature female or male, or couples who are interested in giving or perhaps receiving a thorough spanking/caning. Unfortunately I cannot accommodate. Midlands or South Yorkshire.

Box T8. White American male (43) visits Britain often, wants contact with submissive female(s). I want a true friend for correspondence and a possible meeting. I am real and understanding. Any age. ALA. USA.

Box T9. Naughty, disobedient male (40) requests the privilege of inviting strict no-nonsense ladies or couples to carefree seaside holidays. No charges. Brighton.

Box T10. Male (22) seeks a woman to pull down my pants and spank me across her knee. Would also give same treatment. Photo appreciated. ALA, Wilts/Avon/Hants/Berks.

Box T11. Sincere, sociable, professional male (35) would appreciate discreet observation or can offer assistance to any CP situation. Respect, privacy and all limits. Exchange correspondence and experiences if further details required. London and surrounding areas.

Box T12. Gentleman divorcee (41), own house and car, would like to meet lady in her 30s for loving relationship, but when naughty will get a good spanking across my knee, or the feel of my cane. So come along girls, contact me now. ALA. New Forest/South Coast.

Box T13. Ladies! This young man guarantees that each and every lady responding to this ad will have the opportunity to cane his bare bottom severely. Husbands may be present, also other ladies or mixed groups. I have a large, sexy backside that will absorb a great deal of corporal punishment. I will visit or can accommodate. Photos available. I am based in East London. So start flexing your canes and get writing now!

Box T14. New Club Member, male (44), 5'9", slightly built, would like to meet lady for fairly regular meetings, outings, friendships and of course spankings—both ways. You will be respected and appreciated and age is not important especially if you are well-curved! My interests are motoring to wherever you like, serious music, not-so-serious walking, and you. I'm based in Derbyshire, travel, so no distance a problem, or my place.

Box T15. Male (young 43) with smooth buttocks, willing to give or receive with hand, slipper, hairbrush or cane, seeks like-minded person of either sex for fun relationship, your place or mine. Genuine first time enquiry—very inexperienced and shy, but enthusiastic, Cheshire area.

Box T16. Male (33) clean and discreet, chastises naughty girls, boys and couples, over 21s only. All fantasies and limits catered for and respected. I am also willing to submit to your discipline. Herts, Beds and all surrounding areas.

Box T17. Disobedient young lad (24) requires 'short sharp shock' treatment, preferably from female member (any age), but father figures can also reply. Discretion assured. Correspondence/friendship also sought, and if required I'd be more than willing to play the dominant role with any female Member aged up to about 40. I live in East Anglia and do not drive.

Box T18. Buxom, callipygous mature women sought by good-looking professional male (32) for serious caning relationship. All letters replied to. London.

Box T19. Professional gentleman (40) would like to meet or correspond with ladies for fatherly punishment over my knee with your knickers taken down. Fun only, nothing sadistic. Discretion expected and assured. Genuine and sincere. ALA. Southern England.

Box T20. Ladies, remember your school medicals or maybe your first full examination at the doctor's? I would like to hear of your experiences so that I can introduce my girlfriend to this form of humiliation. Oxford.

Box T21. Tall, humorous, professional male (40) seeks correspondence and/or meetings with saucy, shapely girl who likes to wear tight skirts and dresses and who needs to be put across his knee. I will take you out for a meal and drinks and as you smooth your skirt you will think of the spanking that awaits you.

Box T22. Male (32) wishes to hear from all PRIVILEGE Members interested in forming a singles social group in the North East London area.

Box T23. Public schoolmaster (60), still in charge of soccer and cricket and P.E., offers disciplined training to lads and lasses. London.

Box T24. Single male (41) tall and slim, wishes to meet ladies for mild caning and spanking. Will give and receive. I have CP videos. Will travel or entertain at home, ALA Portsmouth/Hants.

Box T25. Spanking couple (late 30s) want more variety, seek similar for female chastisement by males (for fun and excitement). Female tolerances to be honoured. Wife takes lengthy spankings with hand, paddle, strap and moderate tawse—occasional caning. Visit or partner exchange. Would also like to attend a spanking party. Ladies, if your partner does not share your interests, husband willing to satisfy your needs (prefer partner's approval). All serious proposals considered and replied to. London / Beds / Herts / Cambs / Essex and surrounding areas—can travel elsewhere.

Box T26. Now is your chance to act out your most personal fantasies. Man (43), slim and well-muscled, with considerable appetite for punishment, wishes to place himself at your disposal. Will consider any scenario as long as it involves my severe treatment. I look for imagination and ingenuity. London-based but willing to travel.

Box T27. Sincere and friendly new Member, handsome, athletic, ex-public schoolboy (28) wishes to meet an attractive but very strict Headmistress who will administer a regular punishment with slipper, cane or strap in the privacy of her study or in front of her friends at an informal/formal tea party. Also any young attractive 'schoolgirls' who deserve to have their

bottoms spanked, for fun. Your place please, anywhere UK. Complete discretion and confidentiality assured and required.

Box T28. Mature gentleman, ex-teacher, would like to correspond with or meet ladies and young men who require corrective treatment. Firm but not harsh. Please write frankly about your fantasies and desires. Shropshire.

Box T29. Club Member wishes to hear about (preferably real-life) instances where parents' divorce/separation resulted in a boy becoming liable to bare-bottom CP from ultra-strict stepfather or mother's boyfriend. Particularly interested in cases where beatings were received for trying to keep contact with own father or refusing to call stepfather 'daddy'. Always interested to hear about punishment for self-abuse. Surrey.

Box T30. Single man (34) seeks lady of about similar age for mutual over-lap smacking. Kind motherly approach desired. Photograph appreciated. All letters answered. Salisbury/Wiltshire.

Box T31. Male (28), single, good-looking, desperate for experience of spanking a female bottom. Would love to meet someone who could oblige, possibly give and take. Can accommodate. Cumbria, anywhere.

Box T32. Middle-aged gent requires severe thrashing with suitable thin swishy cane.

Box T33. Single male (37) would like to meet females who have been naughty and deserve to have their bottoms spanked — Brighton area.

Box T34. Businessman (late 20s) enjoys dressing as schoolgirl or maid for CP fantasies. Seeks strict mistress or schoolmistress in London, South East or Midlands.

Box T35. All girls under 30, if you're naughty and flirty your bottom will need to be smacked, I am aged 22 and am waiting for you so I can put you across my lap. Dorset/Hampshire area.

Box T36. Master (62), English, presentable, wishes to discipline young men. Scenarios acted out. TVs OK. Dagenham.

Box T37. Mature male, slim build, submissive/dominant, seeks singles/couples for spanking/caning games/punishment. Will give/take/watch. Also seeks long-term relation with female based on firm discipline. Discretion/cleanliness assured/expected. Can accommodate

or travel, any area considered. SAE or phone number with brief details. Bucks.

Box T38. Experienced male (32) wishes to receive discipline and punishment from males, females or couples in a fantasy situation. Leeds. Will travel.

Box T39. Good-looking male (34) would like to meet anyone interested in spanking (give or take) to meet on a regular basis. I am very clean and discreet. I would also be willing to attend a 'party' where my bottom is bared and spanked. Herts/Beds or 100 mile radius.

Box T40. Professional single man (youthful 40), who is enthusiastic but inexperienced, would like to find a lady of about the same age or younger who wishes to explore the pleasures of giving and receiving spankings, possibly moving on to other forms of CP. If hot bottoms lead to a lasting relationship then so much the better. Also looking for JANUS video *Night (H)owls* to swap, borrow or buy. Bristol area but can travel.

Box T41. Male (26) needs strict disciplinarian to teach him obedience. Willing to accept punishment and training as instructed. Discretion assured and required. London/Kent/Essex.

Box T42. 'There is a North Devon tannery for soft and tender hides — can accommodate'.

Box T43. Slim attractive ex-public schoolboy (30) needs a strict master or mistress to bare his full firm buttocks and expose them for a sound beating. Would also like to be reintroduced to formal/Victorian corporal punishment scenes. London/South.

Box T44. In return for a photograph of yourself I (male) will write for you your own personal fantasy story. Young (18-30) females only. If you have any specific storyline you wish me to follow, please state it. Strict confidence is guaranteed. Devon.

Box T45. Male would like to correspond with other Members, especially females, on CP subjects and experiences, fact or fantasy ALA Cumbria.

Box T46. New Member, desirable single gent (youthful 40s) with desirable residence, invites correspondence or discreet involvement from ladies of any age who delight in the subject of discipline. A golden opportunity for the right lady dom or sub. Dorset.

Box T47. Brand spanking new Member of the Privilege Club (24) seeks submissive ladies of all ages to help him in his quest for total domination (Sophie or Paula perhaps?). Interested parties please send frank letter and photo if possible. ALA London/Home Counties.

Box T48. Middle-aged gentleman requires severe school bare-bottom punishment with birch or cane, have own place. Milton Keynes.

Box T49. Chubby civil servant, male (28) requires a lady for strict school discipline. London/Berkshire area. Photo appreciated.

Box T50. Male (31), 6ft tall, slim, single, own home, seeks lady 20-32 interested in CP for long-term relationship. NE London.

Box T51. How many parents still spank? We all know it makes sense: stop apologising and let us share views and information. Serious factual accounts sought—but not brutal or fantastical. Access offered to my own unique and fascinating evidence. I am sensible and discreet. Schoolmasters also welcome, as well as those who have recently benefited from a firm hand. All letters will be fully answered. London.

Box T52. Educated dominant male (28), tall, good-looking, seeks female submissive. Would especially like to meet those with no previous experience. Discretion assured. Own flat in London and will reimburse travelling costs.

Box T53. Male (40s) seeks ladies 18—50 who need their bare bottom spanked, strapped, and caned. Mild or severe limits respected. South Wales.

Box T54. Shy, considerate but strict, professional male (27), new Member, seeks naughty ladies (any age over 18) to spank, slipper or cane—you set the severity. Absolute discretion assured and expected. Own place in Slough, or can travel (30 mile radius). Alternatively, as I travel home often, how about you naughty ladies in South or East Devon?

Box T55. Please, please, please. Single man (34) seeks lady of about similar age for mutual over-lap smacking. Kind motherly approach desired. All letters answered. Salisbury/Wiltshire.

Would Tony of Merseyside and the 38-year-old Professor, who recently submitted advertisements, please supply them again as we do not have their full names for forwarding purposes. Their advertisements will then be inserted in the next issue.

How would you like to appear as a model in JANUS magazine?

Beautiful submissive girls—and gentlemen aged 35 and over with an air of authority—who nurture this ambition are invited to write with details including age, CP experience (if any), telephone number and address, enclosing recent photograph(s) to:

THE PHOTO EDITOR
JANUS
40 OLD COMPTON STREET
LONDON, W1V 5PB

PLEASE NOTE: The magazine DOES NOT use male submissives, but DOES require dominant males. Girls should be (ideally) between the ages of 18 and 26 and photogenic.

Applicants must be available to work, by arrangement, in London during normal office hours.

