A woman with dark, curly hair is reclining on a brown sofa. She is wearing a light-colored, off-the-shoulder dress with a ruffled collar and a patterned skirt. Her right hand is resting on her head, and her left arm is crossed over her lap. The background is a soft-focus indoor setting with a plant visible on the right.

# THE VICTORIAN IMAGINATION:

A Sampler  
Anonymous

Grove 62074-7 \$3.95

The Victorian  
Imagination  
*A SAMPLER*

The Victorian  
Imagination  
*A SAMPLER*

*Tastings from Forbidden  
Books*

EDITED BY  
RICHARD MANTON

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PART ONE

The Victorian  
Imagination  
*A SAMPLER*

Wiley



# PART ONE



## Pressing the Flesh



# 1

## CHARLES CARRINGTON

### The man and his books

ON A SUMMER day in 1898, plain clothes policemen began to move into place unobtrusively round a large suburban house in Cambridge, England. The famous university town lay tranquil in the warm sunlight of the long vacation, the mediaeval colleges deserted and the river running gently under green willows.

The man who occupied the house was known to his neighbours as Dr. Roland. The local police knew of him as De Villiers. Chief Inspector Drew of Scotland Yard had been in touch with the Ministry of Justice in Berlin, where De Villiers was known under his real name of George Ferdinand Weissenfeld.

When his men were in position, Inspector Drew walked briskly up the drive of the house, a burly figure in formal suit, bowler hat and well-trimmed moustache. With two constables at his back he hammered the knocker of the handsome front-door and presented his search-warrant to the astonished maid-servant. At the sound of the inspector's voice, the house seemed to fill with echoes of scamp-ering feet and doors being slammed. Drew put his police-whistle to his lips and blew a strident blast. In a moment more the rooms of the spacious villa echoed to the thunder of constabulary boots moving at speed.

Mrs. Weissenfeld, *alias* De Villiers, *alias* Roland, was seized and brought to Inspector Drew. She insisted that

her husband was not at home. Drew was not deceived. His men had been watching the house for some time. They had seen Weissenfeld arrive and were certain he had not left again. So the house was searched. There was no sign of the wanted man. The inspector had an uneasy feeling that someone had made a fool of him—by no means for the first time.

Fuming at the thought of another failure in his campaign to purge England of pornography, Drew heard a sudden shout from one of the constables in an attic room above. The young officer had leant against a wall-panel which swung open to reveal a secret room in the roof. Crouching within, among rows of books, was the bulky, beetle-browed figure of Weissenfeld. He looked desperate and ready for a fight but in a moment more several of the squad had overpowered him and snapped the handcuffs shut.

He was taken to the police-station, followed by Inspector Drew, whose heart swelled with satisfaction. Then there occurred an event which no novelist would have dared contrive. As the prisoner was charged with every offence known to the Obscene Publications Act, he raised his handcuffed wrists and put the back of his hand to his mouth. Then he appeared to bite on one of the rather gaudy rings on his fingers. In a moment more he fell to the floor, and a moment after that he was dead. Officially the cause of death was given as "apoplexy." Yet Weissenfeld's friends knew that he, a character from Gothic romance, wore a poison ring. He had sworn to die rather than rot in gaol.

Inspector Drew returned to the villa and examined his haul. The cause of the raid had been a "lewd, wicked, bawdy, scandalous, and obscene" book published by Weissenfeld through The University Press at Watford. It was Havelock Ellis, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*. Yet as he examined the other books stored in the secret room of the Cambridge villa, Drew became aware that he had just missed arresting



an even more wanted man, Charles Carrington, the most active and subversive publisher of erotica that England had ever known.

By the time that the truth dawned, it was too late. Carrington was already on his way back across the English Channel to Paris, where his publishing house and bookshop was the great supplier of erotic fantasy to the entire British Empire. As Drew later told a parliamentary committee, these red-hot novels were sent not only to England but to the Colonies, as if that were the very worst crime a man could commit.

One can only picture the inspector picking through the stack of horn books, each bearing the imprint: "Charles Carrington, 13 Rue du Faubourg Montmartre." Edward Drew's life was punctuated by their appearance. *A Man With A Maid . . . Lovely Nights of Young Girls . . . Beatrice . . . Eveline . . . Dolly Morton . . . Raped on the Railway . . . Colonel Spanker's Experimental Lecture . . . Birch in the Boudoir . . . Studies in Flagellation . . . Nights of the Rajah . . . Pleasure Bound . . . The Amorous Adventures of Captain DeVane . . . Venus in Tight Trousers . . . Lesley: The Days at Florville*. Was there no end to it?

Sitting there with such a pile of confiscated literature, the conscientious officer is obliged to flip through the pages, in the course of duty. "Alice desperately squeezed her thighs together as closely as she could, at the same time drawing in her stomach in the vain hope of defeating my purpose." Should he read on or open another volume? "With an ear-stunning crack the slim black lash snaked down curling and clinging to the bare wifely cheeks of Lesley's backside."

Perhaps the secret attic room seemed to grow a little warmer as Mr. Drew returned to his task of perusal. "His arms were pressed tightly round the pretty naked girls by his sides, and he kissed them alternately. The third little darling had his cock right in her mouth and was sucking it tenderly." With a deep sigh, the worthy officer must try

again, "The jellied mounds of her breasts were firm and full—only a trifle smaller than my own. . . . Her head fell back. I licked my tongue along her teeth and laughed."

Faster and faster the pages turned. "The gentlemen whooped and shouted as they watched the extraordinary sight: five naked women staggering along the corridor as fast as they could, each woman carrying on her back another naked female!" Edward Drew wipes a band of perspiration from his forehead in the warm room. "The bamboo flashed down across the bare tomboy cheeks of Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom." What was this? A judicial reformatory punishment? There, at last, was something of which even Inspector Drew could approve.

And what of Charles Carrington himself, the culprit whose publications caused so much overheated squirming to the unfortunate inspector? From humble origins in London as vanboy and men's room attendant, he had risen to be the proprietor of a barrow of books in Farringdon market. Self-educated, with an interest in mediaeval French literature and plays of the Shakespearean age, he began to make friends among the literary figures of his own day. Oscar Wilde was to be among his acquaintances and was to play a part in Carrington's publishing career. With the "decadents" of the nineties like Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson, he had a natural affinity.

Carrington did not set out to be a publisher of pornography. In the 1880s it truly seemed as if a new age of artistic freedom might be dawning with the acceptability of the Aesthetic movement, Bohemianism, and "Art for Art's Sake." Sir Richard Burton had issued limited editions of the *Kama Sutra* in 1883 and *The Perfumed Garden* in 1886. One of Carrington's earliest ideas was to produce English translations of such erotic classics of the ancient world as Lucian's *Ass* and the comedies of Aristophanes, some of which were not translated in England until the 1950s. He launched The Athenian Society for this purpose, seeing no reason why such material should be avail-

able to any schoolboy who knew Latin and Greek but banned for ordinary men and women who only read English. Copulation, homosexuality, the buggery of women, erotic flagellation were not taboo subjects—the prestigious Loeb Library volumes showed that—so long as they remained in Latin and Greek.

Carrington soon learnt his mistake. After Burton's publications, the English moral establishment moved to crush such "libertine literature." The publishers in England of Boccaccio, Maupassant, Zola, were denounced by vigilante groups, prosecuted and gaoled. In 1892 Oscar Wilde's *Salome* was banned, echoed in Boston, Mass. by the banning of Richard Strauss' opera based on the play in 1907. After Wilde's own trial for homosexual offences—none of which nowadays would be an offence at all—the English press, wallowing in a warm bath of self-righteousness, drove all his plays from the stage.

Carrington was soon well aware of the fate prepared for those who dabbled in the publication of erotic literature in London. Edward Avery was tricked into selling a banned book to one of Inspector Drew's men and was sent to prison. Leonard Smithers, solicitor and publisher, was coaxed out of business to prevent any more of his editions of the erotic writings of Balzac, Gautier and Voltaire. H.S. Nichols dared to issue a generally available, though expurgated, edition of Burton's *Arabian Nights*. He was soon on the run, evading the English law long enough to get to Paris and then New York.

By contrast with such publicly-denounced rogues, the flower of English manhood was engaged in imposing the same moral order on "the lesser breeds without the law." Carrington was, certainly, one of nature's rogues. He could scarcely stand comparison with those who blew Indian mutineers from the mouths of cannon, provoking a frisson in the watching English ladies as a few raindrops of blood spotted their white dresses. Nor, indeed, could he equal those heroes of Omdurman in 1897 who charged the Su-

danese tribesmen and rode back leaving 11,000 piled up corpses and many more who were abandoned to die in mortal agony. "Very thankful there was no hitch," said Kitchener, nimbly accepting a peerage for the achievement.

In 1904 Carrington was already in the thick of a battle with the English and French law, as well as with the censors. Yet the comparison between his so-called "indecent" books and the savagery of England's imperial heroes cankered him with bitterness. He wrote up a special preface to Jean de Villiot's *Woman and Her Master*, a novel about the Sudanese wars which he published that year in Paris. "Far from inventing anything," he says of the author, "he has even been forced in some instances to mitigate too hideously repulsive details. Thanks to this book, it is now possible to relate adequately the savage, merciless struggle that had the Valley of the Nile for its theatre in those years."

Grace Marjoribanks, the heroine of the novel, is taken prisoner by the Mahdi's men after the fall of Khartoum and the death of General Gordon in 1885. A proud young woman of the English ruling class, Grace vigorously resists the demands made upon her in the harem. Despite her struggles, she is raped, buggered, and whipped, being taught to accept such ordeals as the accompaniment to her life of slavery. At last, Kitchener's relief force arrives and she is rescued. On the last page she confronts Kitchener, who was still alive when Carrington published the book. When he assures her that she will be taken back to England to begin life anew, Grace is dismayed. She refuses to go, insisting that she will stay as a slave in the harem of her master. To be raped, buggered, and whipped as she has been means more to her now than life in the high noon of imperial grandeur. The novel is Carrington's most savage comment on the Victorian morality which had driven him into exile.

Before establishing himself in Paris, Carrington went first to Holland and Belgium, the refuge for publishers



expelled from other European countries in the 19th century. In Amsterdam he made the acquaintance of August Brancart. Here were published in French books which Carrington issued in English on his own account in Paris. *Colonel Spanker's Experimental Lecture* was one of these, "Published for the Cosmopolitan Society of Bibliophiles." This is a classic Carrington by-line and used often by him in varying forms.

The novel is set in London, displaying the conduct of England's high society. Colonel Spanker and a group of aristocrats have a well-appointed house and garden in Park Lane. Beautiful young girls are seized and brought there, in order that the colonel may demonstrate upon them the erotic delights of birch or whip. The lecture takes place in a fine conservatory of tropical plants at the centre of the building. Julie, the model used for it, also appears in a later Carrington publication, *Nights of the Rajah*. Like a number of his heroines—Beatrice, Eveline, Lesley, Noreen, Alice—she must have been a favourite with the readers. It seems to have been Carrington's policy, when a book sold well, to carry one or two of the girls on to the next story. It was, after all, a time when readers became attached to their characters, as was the case with Sherlock Holmes in another *genre*. Hence Carrington's success with *Eveline* (1904) was so remarkable that two further volumes were issued. *A Man With A Maid*, one of the first and best of Carrington's books, ran to three volumes.

Colonel Spanker's Julie is more fully described in *Nights of the Rajah* as a nineteen-year-old nymph, slim-thighed and pert-breasted, her saucy young bottom being the fattest feature of her *petite* figure. Her top-knot of blonde hair crowns a sulky, sharp-nosed little face with sly hazel eyes.

Protesting and petulant she is stripped and bent over a frame which resembles a velvet-padded step-ladder. She is strapped down so that her plump little bottom, the centre of the colonel's attentions, is thrust out at the onlookers. "Julie's backside was whipped very hard, until blood was

drawn. Then the assistants brushed her rear cheeks well with stinging-nettles and warmed the cheeks of Julie's arse with little discs of metal heated red. They turned her so that the audience might study the frenzy in her face. At first, as they continued their attentions to Julie's bottom, they allowed her to cry out and scream. . . . Then they gagged her, knowing that anguish which cannot find release in screams will become a hundred times more intense."

Copies of such books, which Carrington assisted to produce even though he did not originate them, began to find their way to England. Those who came across them accidentally complained to the police or kept the book to themselves, according to taste. The arbiters of moral taste in Britain demanded that a stop be put to the trade.

Yet these demands concealed a disturbing truth about the moral state of Victorian life. Carrington found that it was difficult to satisfy the English market unless the novels he issued had a seasoning of "punishment scenes." Many of those which sold best took such incidents as their main theme. The reasons were simple. A woman being birched or whipped was a powerful aphrodisiac to the English male. The actual flogging of women in public had been preserved into the 19th century. Long after that, life as colonial rulers had offered some Englishmen a chance to pursue their pleasure. Many of Carrington's bestsellers dealt with the sexual use of chastisement of dark-skinned girls, the beauties of the plantation in *Dolly Morton*: Nabyla or Jennifer Khan in *Nights of the Rajah*, Connie, the Chinese girl, in *Days at Florville*.

In 1894 Carrington moved to Paris and began work on his own account. He set up house and shop at 13, Rue du Faubourg de Montmartre. It was a stone's throw from the gaslit brilliance of the Boulevard des Italiens with its tall elegant houses, the *grands salons*, cafes, and theatres. The quieter Rue du Faubourg de Montmartre ran gently up the long slope at the head of which rose the white domes of Sacré Coeur.

The repressive prudery which marred English life was absent in the Paris of the 1890s. Yet the area in which Carrington lived had long had the nickname of "the clitoris of Paris." This had been won for it by a number of dissolute Englishmen who lived there. One of them, who died a few years before Carrington's arrival, would make even Colonel Spanker shudder. In the nearby Rue Lafitte lived Captain Fred Hankey of the Guards, son of the governor of Malta and sometime page to Queen Victoria. He was known politely as "The Man Who Liked Girls' Skins"—to bind his library of pornography in. He had begged Burton to bring him back a girl's skin from Africa, explaining that it must be removed from a living subject, otherwise it lost something of the fine exquisite lustre of the beauty herself. Moreover, if Inspector Drew wondered how Carrington's books were so successfully smuggled into England, he should have checked Hankey's history as a smuggler. The man who liked girls' skins had found the simplest way of all. It was perfectly possible, by a bribe here and there, to have bales of pornography loaded into the diplomatic bag at the British embassy in Paris, so that it would pass unmolested through the English customs and be collected in due course from the Foreign Office. If this method was not open to Carrington, that had nothing to do with the morality of his publications. His fault was in not being a guards' officer and a gentleman.

Some of Carrington's first publications were also his most successful. *A Man With A Maid* is a compelling, claustrophobic drama about a man who must abduct, imprison and enjoy a particular girl upon whom his heart is set. In his obsession with her he will spare her nothing, rape, buggery, whipping, enforced lesbianism with her maid, and total submission. The first volume is one of the most intense and compulsive erotic daydreams ever devised.

With *Beatrice* (1895) Carrington entered the realms of fetishism, which had become a new preoccupation in the age of Krafft-Ebing and Havelock Ellis. The wet-look and

the pony-girl are clearly anticipated in the novel's pages. There is also the gentle incestuous seduction of the beautiful heroine by the elder male and female members of her family, as well as by other girls. It is a charming and gentle story, in which even the whippings are administered with love and lechery.

A number of Carrington's early novels explain themselves by their own titles. On his arrival in Paris he began to issue stories which he called "Social Studies of the Century." The first of these, in 1894, was *Raped on the Railway: A True Story of a Lady who was first Ravished and then Chastised on the Scotch Express*. And so she was.

The French authorities at first left Carrington alone. He set up house with his French mistress and had children by her. Indeed, the French governments of the Third Republic showed themselves sympathetically disposed to the sale of erotic literature by post. Under a law of 16 March 1898 it was enacted that erotica might be sold by post, provided that it was sent in sealed parcels. Carrington, in association with H.S. Nichols and other exiled English publishers, seized the opportunity. There was nothing in French law to prevent them supplying customers in England. Members of the English Parliament, clergymen, even Lord Edward Spencer Churchill, appeared on Carrington's mailing list. This was revealed when a misdirected parcel came to Ernest Flower, a Member of Parliament, who went howling to Inspector Drew with his complaint.

In the closing years of the nineteenth century, Carrington scored three successes in the publishing of erotic literature and so increased the demand in England for his books. *Flossie: A Venus of Fifteen* (1897) was another of his "Social Studies of the Century—Printed for the Erotica Biblion Society of London and New York." Its appeal went straight to the heart of the English lust for the unspoiled virgin. Perhaps this taste derived from the Victorian myth that to deflower a virgin was a cure for the pox. Whatever the cause, Flossie had an immediate market.



"The pampas-grass waved, the legs parted, and nestling between the ivory thighs, I saw the scarlet lips open and show the erected clitoris peeping forth from its nest below the slight brown tuft which adorned the base of the adorable belly. . . . I pressed towards the delicious spot and taking the whole cunt into my mouth passed my tongue upwards along the perfumed lips until it met the clitoris which thrust itself amorously between my lips imploring kisses. . . ."

In the privacy of their studies, England's politicians and men of affairs took Flossie to their hearts. In the following year, Carrington added to his list, *Pauline: The Memoirs of a Singer*, translated from the book attributed to the *prima donna* Wilhelmina Schroeder-Devrient, who first sang Wagner's Venus. Its strange lesbian beauties, the tales of girls masturbating while having their bare bottoms whipped in Hungarian prisons made this a book of human curiosity as well as a compelling tale.

In 1899, Carrington published what remains, perhaps, his best known novel, *The Memoirs of Dolly Morton*. Set in the period of the American Civil War it is a well-told story of a white woman's abduction into the household of a sadistic Virginia planter. Enforced sexual submission and savage whippings are the fate of these white women and black slave-girls in common. Like *Woman and Her Master* and the varied "amorous memoirs" of Capt. DeVane it is also one of those novels, published by Carrington, in which the erotic enjoyments are set against some great historical event. The other two books portray, respectively, the war in the Sudan and the Boer War in South Africa.

Carrington himself wrote an introduction to *Dolly Morton*, in which he defended the right of mature men and women to read of the horrors of war and imperialism as they truly were, and not as they appeared emasculated in such works as *Deeds that Won the Empire*. He had no illusions as to the nature of the material.

"The pages of *Dolly Morton*," wrote Carrington, "are

not meant for the eyes of 'babes and sucklings'—its tropical descriptions would scorch their weakling sight and unsettle their wavering soul. These private memoirs elucidate certain vagaries of the ever-changing human mind which are good to be known, though only by scholars and accredited bibliophiles. . . . The chemist is allowed to dispense poisons under certain conditions: the lawyer, judge, and doctor, to enquire into matters wisely hid from the common ken, and such a work as *The Memoirs of Dolly Morton* falls, we opine, under the same rules and restrictions."

However easy it is to condemn Carrington as an opportunist pornographer, his books were expensively produced in comparatively limited editions and were directed at much the type of readership he describes.

At the turn of the century it seemed that Carrington's prestige was growing. After the trial and imprisonment of Oscar Wilde in 1895, English publishers and booksellers declined to have any more dealings with books which they had admired only a few weeks earlier. It was Carrington, with a mixture of altruism and self interest, who stepped in and bought the right to publish the works of one of the most truly original geniuses that Britain had known. He re-issued *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, which had been cited at the trials to prove the "immorality" of Wilde's writings. He also arranged for a French translation of *Poèmes en Prose*, by the French poet Hugues Rebell, the pen-name of Georges Joseph Grassal.

Rebell was a friend of Wilde's and had become bankrupt through compulsive gambling. Carrington offered him an allowance in exchange for writing French versions of his publications which, it seems, Carrington himself then translated into English. The two men appear to be the authors behind such names on the title-pages of the novels as "Jacques Desroix" and "Jean de Villiot."

On the assumption that policemen rarely read any language but their own—if that—Carrington would issue in

French milder versions of his English books. The Surété, on reading them, grew even more irritated at the fuss the English authorities made. *En Virginie* was *Dolly Morton* with the wilder excesses left out. *La Chambre Jaune* (1902) was a toned-down version of *The Yellow Room*.

In all this, Hugues Rebell was an invaluable assistant, though he was to die in 1905 at the early age of thirty-seven. Yet in his own right he was the author of such novels as *Les Nuits Chaudes du cap Français* and *La Nichina*, the tale of a Renaissance courtesan in Venice. "We also owe to him a large number of works on flagellation," says the 1980 edition of *La Nichina* circumspectly.

Beyond this, however, Carrington appeared as the publisher of curious or erotic works with genuine pretensions to scholarship, revealing him as a curious blend of frustrated academic and nimble entrepreneur. *The Manual of Classical Erotology*, published in 1899, was a long compiled work by Friedrich Karl Forberg, a collaborator of the German philosopher Fichte. It is an anthology from Greek and Roman literature of the sexual deviations of the ancient world, from oral sex and buggery to lesbianism and multiple copulation. From this a reader learnt that many noble Romans, including Caesar, were in the habit of turning their equally noble ladies over and sodomising them vigorously. Carrington followed this book with Julius Rosenbaum's *Plague of Lust* (1901), an account of venereal disease in classical antiquity.

The imperial civilisation which Britain and France had imposed upon much of the earth produced a number of studies detailing unusual sexual practices in far-off places. The most outspoken of these were by a French traveler, Louis Jacolliot, who wrote as "Jacobus X." In 1898 Carrington issued a two-volume English edition of this author's *L'Amour aux colonies* as *Untrodden Fields of Anthropology*, trusting to its innocent title to get it past the British customs. He followed it next year with Jacolliot's *Ethnology of the Sixth Sense*, described as studies and researches into

the abuses, perversions, follies, anomalies and crimes which stemmed from sexual desire.

By this time Carrington was publishing on a scale which might have done credit to many a legitimate firm in London or New York. Moreover, his range of books was far beyond the conventional idea of the pornographic novel. Yet the English authorities took one look at his brochure for 1901 and girded themselves to renew the fight against the Librairie des Bibliophiles, as Carrington now called his premises in the Rue du Faubourg de Montmartre.

Carrington's list was, in one sense, a mirror of English taste and it was this which the British government found most galling. He gave Englishmen what they wanted, since that was his livelihood. The prospectus seemed to reveal the nation's moral character to the world.

It began with *Studies in Flagellation*, a series of tales which were mainly concerned with women under the whip. The book was 670 pages long with twenty-one illustrations. There was also another book of whipping-stories, *Curiosities and Anecdotes of Whipping and Corporal Punishment*. The leading novels on the list were illustrated editions of *Miss Bellassis Birched for Thieving* and *A Society of Female Flagellants*. By this time, too, he was able to advertise his French editions in the popular press of Paris.

Yet Carrington's greatest achievement in 1901 was the publication of a book which had little to do with *Le Vice Anglais*. It was the novel *Suburban Souls*, which was described as "the erotic psychology of a man and a maid."

The author is a Paris stockbroker who calls himself Jacky S . . . and who tells the story of his five-year love affair with a girl of nineteen, Lilian Arvel. At first Lilian is submissive and willing, then increasingly withdrawn from him. In many respects their relationship bears comparison with the far more famous drama of love and jealousy which Proust portrays between the figure of the narrator in *Remembrance of Things Past* and the sexually ambiguous character of Albertine. The same infatuation alternating with dis-



gust, the same hints of lesbian corruption and female perversion are present in both cases. As a study of neurotic sexual infatuation, *Suburban Souls* has far more in common with the mature imagination of Proust or Henry James than with the run of the mill pornographic novel.

It was not to be expected that Chief Inspector Edward Drew, still recalling the abortive attempt to bring Weissenfeld to justice three years before, should care whether *Suburban Souls* resembled the great fiction of the age or not. Weissenfeld's suicide seemed only to show that a policeman's lot was not a happy one. "He took with him when he died a lot of information which might have been useful to us," the inspector said grimly when questioned about the incident. There had been no less than four *tons* of publications by Carrington and his associates concealed in Weissenfeld's hidey-hole.

Yet Drew was not the man to give up without a fight. In 1898 he had tried to get Carrington extradited to England by the French authorities. Unfortunately, the French law of that year made it legal for Carrington's books to be sent through the post under sealed cover. The fact that many of them were addressed to England was no crime in France. "He has been carrying on his business through the post," said Drew indignantly, "in the shape of sending books of a very obscene and vulgar character." There was no doubt that England's ruling class was panting for more tales of erotic flagellation. Carrington, as Drew described it, was sending his books "in very large quantities in bulk." They were received by Carrington's agents in England and then sent on to individual customers.

Inspector Drew and his squad swung into action to put an end to this wholesale booklegging. Customs officers at British ports were issued with an order to seize *any* book bearing Carrington's name, putting even the works of Oscar Wilde at risk. The police closed in upon Carrington's agents. One of them slipped away from London just in time, but an arrest was made at Folkestone. In France, the

Paris Vigilance Association (a front organisation for an English vigilante group) managed to get a conviction against Carrington for a technical breach of the French law.

The Foreign Office in London pounced on this pretext for having the bookseller expelled from France. Delcasse, the French minister of justice, had the expulsion order served and then never bothered to enforce it. The same fate attended another expulsion order which Inspector Drew insisted on in 1907.

The last shot in the expulsion battle was fired on 29 January 1908. Carrington's illustrations in books sent to England showed girls with pubic hair. "Naked women, showing the hair on their private parts," was how Drew phrased it. Everyone knew, he added, that a girl's pubic hair "would be deemed here to be obscene." Women ought not to have pubic hair and, if nature endowed them with it, they were certainly not permitted to show it. By some psychopathic quirk of English law, a nude model could show her genitals with the hair shaved off. If she kept the hair on, it was a crime against the king's majesty.

Inspector Drew wrote to the Surété denouncing the crime of the pubic hair. The French were puzzled. Could he be serious, or had Monsieur Drew flipped at last under the strain? They replied tactfully that girls with pubic hair "would not be considered by them as obscene." Edward Drew, muttering curses on the degeneracy of the Gallic race, abandoned his pursuit of Carrington.

While the legal storm raged over him, Carrington went on publishing his books. In 1902 he issued *The Dawn of Sensuality*, which had been printed for him in Brussels the previous year. It consisted of the first six chapters of *My Secret Life*, one of the most remarkable private diaries in the English language and a unique chronicle of one man's experience with a variety of women.

The diary had first been printed in Amsterdam, about 1888, in eleven volumes. Carrington had apparently acquired the remainder of the stock and was selling it off at £60 a copy.

Carrington issued a long prospectus of his work in 1902 as *Forbidden Books: Notes and Gossip on Tabooed Literature*. To advertise *My Secret Life*, he quoted the story of a woman told to the diarist. The girl and her sister had been raped by Austrian soldiers on the eve of the battle of Solferino in 1859. The commanding officer had given the soldiers half an hour to enjoy themselves with the two young women. Taking the older one into a bedroom they had held her down on the bed and raped her, one after another. During her own ordeal she heard the cries and sounds of her younger sister, Margaretta, being raped. Eight or nine men raped the older girl, two of them bringing her to a climax. What she remembered chiefly, however, was the great weariness in her legs when it was over. One of the men with Margaretta, turned her over and sodomised her—"tailed her." He excused his conduct by saying, "If the French catch you, they will bugger as well as fuck you, and will certainly cut your throats afterwards."

*My Secret Life* stands apart from the fantasies of erotic fiction, by virtue of its social realism. Yet not until half a century after Carrington's sale of it did the diary become what Max Lerner called "a long-buried classic," adding a new dimension to the modern image of the Victorian age.

In fiction, no less than fact, the success of Carrington's publications continued. In 1904 *Eveline: The Adventures of a Young Lady of Quality Who Was Never Found Out* ran to two volumes and several editions. The beautiful Eveline, with the innocence of total sexual surrender, moves from finishing-school to Edwardian high society in London's west-end, and the languid summer days by the sea at Eastbourne. Seduced as a young girl in Paris, ravished by high and low in London, unable to resist even the penis of her own father, Eveline tells her story with a self-aware candour which makes this one of Carrington's most engaging books.

Yet Carrington's sardonic commentary on the ethics of British imperialism continued with a variety of sexual antics along the lines of "An exchange of intimate letters

between a young lady and a gentleman, recording their true amatory and disciplinary experiences of an Arabian harem and an English girls' reformatory establishment." As the editor insists, it is the libertines who are more innocent and the moralists of empire who are truly vicious.

One young builder of empire is shown practising domination with whip, penis, and glowing havana upon a naked golden skinned beauty. A medical man punishes the waywardness of a nineteen-year-old girl by pumping a huge enema up her behind and then thrashing her with the birch. The enema as a means of correcting girls' behaviour was practised and advocated in fact. Dr. Tyler Smith in the *London Medical Journal* for 1848 (I,607) suggested chilling the infusion with ice-water for greater effect.

Another moralist, a schoolmaster, is seen watching enthusiastically the whipping of wayward young women through a private window. At the same time he takes on his knee a solemn schoolgirl beauty on the threshold of her teens. With her blue eyes and fair tresses, she must sit on his naked manhood. "As she slips off her skirt and pants, he remarks that Rachel's bottom already resembles that of a real young lady." We are then allowed to hear this moralist murmuring to his young pupil, his finger moving between her thighs.

"Is that nice, Rachel? Is it? Ah, I think it is! Watch them whip her! Is that nice just there? Move your bottom a little, Rachel, so that my stiffness lies between its cheeks! . . . Watch the punishment, my sweet. Ah, did that hot splash startle you? I feel I must deluge you there in a moment . . . The sight of her firm bottom striped and squirming under the leather pony-switch! . . . Try to come as well while you watch . . ."

Among these later novels the imperial theme was sounded loud and clear by two volumes of memoirs by Captain Charles DeVane. *Nights of the Rajah: The Indian Loves of Charles DeVane* is set in British India. The captain also records events which took place during the war be-



tween the British and the Boers in South Africa, in 1899–1902.

Captain DeVane poses as an officer and a gentleman. Beneath this he is what his contemporaries would have called a bounder and a cad. He reveals the truth about the sex-life of the British Raj, the seductions of white women, the bugging of Asian beauties, the gleeful whippings and the prevalence of lesbianism. Apart from this he is also the joker in the pack with a devilish sense of the ridiculous.

One hilarious episode in *Nights of the Rajah* describes a wicked vengeance on the white women of a travelling column by his own Indian slave-girl. After hard riding in the saddle, English ladies felt more than a little tender in their most intimate places. To ease this, "saddle-balm" was rubbed in. It is DeVane's Indian girl who spices the entire supply of balm with a virulent aphrodisiac powder. That night, the ropes creak and the tents quiver with the force of "fifty masturbating memsahibs," young and old, pretty and plain, from the colonel's lady to the camp whore. The entire British encampment heaves and shudders with copulation and self-administered relief. Next morning, however, these fair-skinned maenads have resumed their frozen dignity as if nothing had taken place at all.

Yet the novel also shows English girls as the Rajah's slaves. A proud mature young beauty of twenty-five, Susan, is ordered to strip and perform an erotic dance for her master. Refusing him indignantly, she only begins her naked squirming under the pitiless commands of the whip. "Lashed into lust," as DeVane calls it, proud Susan rides her admirer's penis and, terrified of more whipping, bends with her bottom-cheeks held apart for further submission. Her captors exult that "a haughty young woman like Sue had been obliged to surrender her last defences."

Captain DeVane's amorous memoirs were later to detail the pleasures and ordeals of women in the South African War. Teenage nymphs are loved or chastised by the hero and his cronies. One nineteen-year-old, Noreen, is

spectacularly buggered on an armoured train before her bare bottom is publicly whipped in the barrack yard for her treachery. Though the background of the war is well described, one wonders how DeVane managed to pull his pants up for long enough to fire a gun.

Carrington's novels continued to appear—*Sadopaedia*, *Pleasure Bound*, *The Beautiful Flagellants of New York*—until Europe was engulfed in that greater war of 1914. Even then he continued to issue reprints of Victorian erotic novels for the troops on leave in Paris. One colonel of a British regiment in the trenches is recorded as finding a new way to nerve his men against the saturation bombardment of German artillery. He would gather them round and read aloud from Edward Sellon's Victorian romp, *The New Lady's Tickler*. His audience listened with baited breath, oblivious of the scream and thump of German shells.

Carrington survived the war and died in 1922 at the age of sixty-five. His mistress arranged a splendid funeral in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, Carrington now having made his peace with the Catholic Church. After 1918 the nature of his business changed, for he was blind in the last years of his life—an affliction which his enemies quickly attributed to syphilis. His sons now turned their attention to the American market and St. George Best went into the booklegging business to run Carrington's novels into the United States from Cuba and Mexico.

In Europe, Carrington's mantle fell upon Don Brennus Aléra of the Select Bibliothèque, publishing in French and English. This was the period when, between them, the two houses revamped a number of Carrington's pre-war books. *Frank and I* was transformed into *Fred and Frida* which dealt with girls-as-boys and boys-as-girls. *Pauline* was rewritten as *Secret Talents*, the story brought up to date. *Dolly Morton* and *En Virginie* now became *Under the Yoke* and other stories of white women held in slavery on secret plantations.

The titles had a more modern ring to them. *White Slave-*

*Women; The Castle of the Whip; Beauty Sold and Subjugated; The Rule of the Riding-Boot and the Crop; Slave-Girl Fillies; In Satin Slippers and Steel Manacles*: were among the translated titles. A favourite theme of the illustrations was to show one slave-girl or a pair of them harnessed naked between the shafts of a little carriage while the master took his place, whip in hand. In *Plantation Tales*, two working-girls are used in this manner, Maggie a rather stocky pale-skinned blonde and Noreen with her lank brown hair, firmly filled seat, and fair skin. The method of harnessing is lovingly detailed. Two bars are fastened across the shafts. The girls bend tightly forward over the rear one, strapped down on it at their waists. Their wrists and leather collars are fixed to the bar in front. The driver is thus confronted by their two sturdy young bottoms, tightly bent and with cheeks spread. As the two young women labour at their task, their hips and backsides writhe and wriggle in the most enticing manner. The master smiles and reaches for his whip.

Even a less fetishistic novel like *Secret Talents* or *The Days at Florville* anticipates the more modern tastes for bondage or the wet-look. Lesley, in the latter book, has a perversely modern appeal of the emancipated young wife with hair cropped boyishly short and fringed. Punished for her desertion of children and marriage, her firmly mature young figure is presented in wet translucent tights. She is bent tightly over a stone pedestal for her master's attention.

"Soaked and clinging smoothly, the tights made her upper thighs and the proud cheeks of Lesley's mature young bottom seem fuller and fatter in this posture. For half an hour he used a broad leather thong to spank Lesley's bottom in wet tights, strapping the young wife's backside with explosive smacks. . . . Her blue eyes under her little-boy fringe were in floods of tears after only a few minutes. By the end of the vigorous and smarting bottom-smacking, the crimson soreness of Lesley's firm wifely buttocks was a

visible glow through the seat of her tights. The man would then peel the wet tights down and employ whipcord across the wet trembling cheeks of Lesley's seat."

By the time that Carrington's career in erotic publishing was over, the world of sexual fantasy had changed considerably. It was aided by the new morality which followed a world war, as well as by the frank discussion of sexual variations in the work of Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis and others. The ideas were not in themselves new but they had been under rigorous censorship for half a century before the works of such men became public property.

Carrington remains a curiosity of publishing rather than a great patron of literature. Yet undeniably through the books he published he explored and expanded the erotic imagination of his time. The books themselves remain the evidence upon which he must be judged, in this respect, and to the best of them we must now turn.



## 2

# MY SECRET LIFE

IT WAS IN 1902 that Carrington announced *The Dawn of Sensuality*, printed for him in Brussels the previous year, and consisting of the first six chapters of *My Secret Life*. His preservation and reprinting of that remarkable Victorian diary was a true service to the state of literature.

The origins of *My Secret Life* are as strange as anything in the book itself. About the year 1888, a Dutch printer—probably August Brancart—was visited by an elderly and eccentric Englishman. The old man was very rich and wished to have his diary printed. That diary ran to eleven volumes and was a chronicle of sexual thoughts, ambitions, and experiences from his earliest years. He had been born about the year 1820, had been a young man in the turbulent times of the 1840s and 1850s, and passed his middle years in the raffish London society of the 1860s.

Oddest of all, he stipulated that this eleven-volume work was to be printed in a limited edition of *six* copies only! Carrington suggests that the printer, hoping to sell extra copies on his own account, ran off a hundred more. It was these which had found their way on to the second-hand market by 1902. Yet there were few enough of them. In our time only six copies are known to exist of this original edition. Four are in the United States—one at Yale and one in the Kinsey Institute. Of the other two, one is in the British Library and the other in Paris, privately owned.

The identity of the diarist—who simply calls himself “Walter”—remains a mystery. In some respects he bears a resemblance to the bibliophile and oil magnate Henry Spencer Ashbee. Yet Ashbee was not born until 1834 and the story cannot be his. Moreover, Walter has more than a touch of the military officer. He was educated for the army, posted to the War Office, but left and resigned his commission before he could be sent to a regiment. This was “to the great horror of my mother and family.” His godfather was an army surgeon-major who lectured him on the evils of masturbation. Cousin Fred is an officer in a regiment sent to India. Walter’s chief crony at his club is “a retired major and a most debauched individual.” His own father, to judge from his absences abroad and the military ethos of the family, may well have been an officer of the Victorian army.

The way in which Walter begins to smash up a brothel when a girl demands extra money from him, like his sneering dismissal of a girl’s father as “only a merchant,” shows the same contempt for civilian life.

None of these characteristics would match the personality of a successful entrepreneur and amateur scholar like Ashbee. The truth is that, for most readers, the identity of Walter matters little. What more enjoyment would there be if we knew that his real name was Henry Ashbee, or John Smith? It is the totally convincing revelation of that hidden Victorian life which strikes us most forcibly. Sparring no detail, Walter recounts hundreds of intimate moments with a wide variety of girls. Copulation, sodomy, fellatio, and even rape form the stock in trade of his sexual commerce.

The diary was begun in the 1840s when Walter was about twenty-five. He added a memoir of his childhood and later revised the entire manuscript during a period of illness. His own comments as he re-read the earlier portions are a fair summary of the contents.

"What reminiscences," he wrote. "How true the detail strikes me as I read of my earlier experience. Has anybody but myself faithfully made such a record? It would be a sin to burn all this whatever society may say. It is but a narrative of human life, perhaps the everyday life of thousands, if the confession could be had."

Many a man has considered the possibility of keeping a complete diary of his sexual activity with no thought or act omitted. Few have attempted it and none has published so complete an account. Walter's greatest stimulus, during the years of his unhappy marriage, was an affair with a girl, "with whom I did, said, saw, and heard well-nigh everything a man and woman could do." The women in his life were numbered in hundreds, some of the relationships being casual, beginning and ending in a few hours. There were girls of fourteen and married women, child prostitutes, maidservants, working-girls and their mistresses.

Happily for Walter, he had an excellent memory. "I recollect even now, in a degree which astonishes me, the face, colour, and stature of well-nigh every woman who was not a mere casual, and even of some who were."

For his own publication, Carrington chose the opening chapters of *My Secret Life*, Walter's account of his life until he was seventeen years old. His interest in sexual matters began when he was little more than five years old. His nursemaid, while walking with him, picked up a man and took him into a hired room in a public house in order to make love. On another occasion she tried to work off her excitement on the child himself. She kissed him, played with him, and rolled on the carpeted floor. Then, it seems, she took one of his hands and rubbed herself between the legs with it. "I recollect her bare legs and one of her hands shaking violently, and of having some vague notion that the woman was ill."

His mother later confided to a female cousin that she had dismissed a nursemaid, "a filthy creature," for her

“abominable practices” with the children. This may have referred to the secret practice whereby nursemaids masturbated their charges to make them more amenable.

Information about sexual acts remained hard to come by. At twelve years old he was still informed by the old family nurse that babies came “out of the parsley bed.” At the same time, his godfather—the surgeon-major—had begun to interrogate him as to whether he had fallen prey to masturbation.

Walter’s father was serving abroad at the time. The boy looked to his godfather for pocket-money and the eventual purchase of his commission as an officer in a British regiment. In return he was subjected to constant questioning about whether he was “up to tricks like the other boys.” To protest innocence was of no use. “You’ll die in a madhouse, if you get up to those tricks, lots of boys do,” the surgeon-major swore. “I shall know by your face and not a farthing more will I give you.”

As it happened, young Walter was already frightened half out of his wits by a book of illustrations put in his way, showing the ills of sexual intercourse. “The illustrations of faces covered with scabs, blotches and irruptions took such hold on my mind that for twenty years afterwards the fear was not quite eradicated.” In the background rang the voice of his godfather. “Look me full in the face, sir! You’ve been up to your tricks! Don’t add lying to your bestiality, sir! You’ve been at that filthy trick! I can see it in your face! You’ll die in the madhouse or of consumption! Do you hear me, sir? You shall never have a farthing more pocket-money from me! And I won’t buy you your commission, nor leave you money at my death!” When the boy protested his innocence, the answer was short and final. “Hold your tongue, sir, unless you want me to write to your mother and tell her everything.”

It might have been expected that Walter, like the other boys of that generation, would be frightened into chastity and even impotence. In his case, as in that of so many



others, the attempt to impose morality by terror failed. In the years that followed there were, by some estimates, up to eighty thousand prostitutes on London's streets. It seems that loveless marriages and the poverty of working women proved too powerful a combination for the ranting of the surgeon-major.

Walter himself had yet to be initiated. It was not until he was seventeen that the opportunity came to him in the shape of Charlotte, a servant in his mother's house. Their idyll of young love was perhaps the story of most Victorian teenagers, if the truth were known—which England's leaders hoped it would not.

## EXTRACT

### *"The Dawn of Sensuality"*

SHE WAS A little over seventeen years, had ruddy lips, beautiful teeth, darkish hair, hazel eyes, and a slightly turn-up nose, large shoulders and breasts, was plump, generally of fair height, and looked eighteen or nineteen; her name was Charlotte.

I soon spoke to her kindly, by degrees became free in manner, at length chucked her under her chin, pinched her arm, and used the familiarities which nature teaches a man to use towards a woman. It was her business to open the door, and help me off with my coat and boots if needful; one day as she did so, her bum projecting upset me so that as she rose from stooping I caught and pinched her. All this was done with risk, for my mother then was nearly always at home, and the house being small, a noise was easily heard.

I was soon kissing her constantly. In a few days got a kiss in return, that drove me wild, her cunt came constantly into my mind, all sorts of wants, notions, and vague possibilities came across me; girls do let fellows feel them, I said to myself, I had already succeeded in that. What if I tell that I have seen it outside? will she tell my mother? will she let me feel her? what madness! yet girls do let men, girls like it, so all my friends say. Wild with hopes and anticipations, coming indoors one day, I caught her tightly in my arms, pulled her belly close to mine, rubbed up

against hers saying, "Charlotte, what would I give, if you would . . ." it was all I dared say. Then I heard my mother's bed-room door open, and I stopped.

Hugging and kissing a woman never stopped there, I told her I loved her, which she said was nonsense. We now used regularly to kiss each other when we got the chance; little by little I grasped her closer to me, put my hands round her waist, then cunningly round to her bum, then my prick used to stand and I was mad to say more to her, but had not the courage. I knew not how to set to work, indeed scarce knew what my desires led me to hope, and think at that time, putting my hand onto her cunt, and seeing it, was perhaps the utmost; fucking her seemed a hopelessly mad idea, if I had the expectation of doing so at all very clearly.

I told a friend one or two years older than myself how matters stood, carefully avoiding telling him who the girl was. His advice was short. Tell her you have seen her cunt, and make a snatch up her petticoats when no one is near; keep at it, and you will be sure to get a feel, and some day, pull out your prick, say straight you want to fuck her, girls like to see a prick, she will look, even if she turns her head away. This advice he dinned into my ears continually, but for a long time I was not bold enough to put his advice into practice.

One day, my mother was out, the cook upstairs dressing, we had kissed in the garden parlour, I put my hand round her bum, and sliding my face over her shoulder half ashamed, said, "I wish my prick was against your naked belly, instead of outside your clothes." She with an effort disengaged herself, stood amazed, and said, "I never will speak to you again."

I had committed myself, but went on, though in fear, prompted by love or lust. My friend's advice was in my ears. "I saw your cunt as you got down from your father's cart," said I, "look at my prick (pulling it out), how stiff it is, it's longing to go into you, 'cock and cunt will come

together'." It was part of a smutty chorus the fellows sang at my college; she stared, turned round, went out of the room, through the garden, and down to the kitchen by the garden stairs, without uttering a word.

The cook was at the top of the house, I went into the kitchen reckless, and repeated all I had said. She threatened to call the cook. "She must have seen your cunt, as well as me," said I; then she began to cry. Just as I was begging pardon, my friend's advice again rang in my ears, I stooped and swiftly ran both hands up her clothes, got one full on to her bum, the other on her motte; she gave a loud scream, and I rushed off upstairs in a fright.

The cook did not hear her, being up three pairs of stairs; down I went again, and found Charlotte crying, told her again all I had seen in the court yard, which made her cry more. She would ask the cook, and would tell my mother—then hearing the cook coming downstairs, I cut off through the passage up into the garden.

The ice was quite broken now, she could not avoid me, I promised not to repeat what I had said and done, was forgiven, we kissed, and the same day I broke my promise; this went on day after day, making promises and breaking them, talking smuttily as well as I knew how, getting a slap on my head, but no further, my chances were few. My friend, whom I made a half confidant of, was always taunting me with my want of success and boasting of what he would have done had he had my opportunities.

My mother just at that time began to resume her former habits, leaving the house frequently for walks and visits. One afternoon she being out for the remainder of the day, I went home unexpectedly; the cook was going out, I was to fetch my mother home in the evening; Charlotte laid the dinner for me; we had the usual kissing, I was unusually bold and smutty. Charlotte finding me not to be going out, seemed anxious. All the dinner things had been taken away, when out went the cook, and there were Charlotte, my little brother and I alone. It was her business to



sit with him in the garden parlour when mother was out, so as to be able to open the street-door readily, as well as go into the garden if the weather was fine. It was a fine day of autumn, she went into the parlour and was sitting on the huge old sofa, Tom playing on the floor, when I sat myself down by her side; we kissed and toyed, and then with heart beating, I began my talk and waited my opportunity.

The cook would be back in a few minutes, said she. I knew better, having heard mother tell cook she need not be home until eight o'clock. Although I knew this, I was fearful, but at length mustered courage to sing my cock and cunt song. She was angry, but it was made up. She went to give something to Tom, and stepping back put her foot on the lace of one boot which was loose, sat down on the sofa and put up one leg over the other, to relace it. I undertook to do it for her, saw her neat ankle, and a bit of a white stocking. "Snatch at her cunt," rang in my ears, I had never attempted it since the afternoon in the kitchen.

Lacing the boot, I managed to push the clothes up so as to see more of the leg, but resting as the foot did on one knee, the clothes tightly between, a snatch was useless: lust made me cunning, I praised the foot (though I knew not at that time how vain some women are of their feet). "What a nice ankle," I said, putting my hand further on. She was off her guard; with my left arm, I pushed her violently back on to the large sofa, her foot came off her knee, at the same moment, my right hand went up between her thighs, on to her cunt; I felt the slit, the hair, and moisture.

She got up to a sitting posture, crying, "You wretch, you beast, you blackguard," but still I kept my fingers on the cunt; she closed her legs, so as to shut my hand between her thighs and keep it motionless, and tried to push me off; but I clung round her. "Take your hand away," said she, "or I will scream." "I shan't!" Then followed two or three loud, very loud screams. "No one can hear," said I, which brought her to supplication. My friend's advice came

again to me: pushing my right hand still between her thighs, with my left I pulled out my prick, as stiff as a poker. She could not do otherwise than see it; and then I drew my left hand round her neck, pulled her head to me, and covered it with kisses.

She tried to get up and nearly dislodged my right hand, but I pushed her back, and got my hand still further on to the cunt. I never thought of pressing under towards the bum, was in fact too ignorant of female anatomy to **do it**, but managed to get one of the lips with the hair between my fingers and pinch it; then dropped on to my knees in front of her and remained kneeling, preventing her getting back further on the sofa, as well as I could by holding her waist, or her clothes.

There was a pause from our struggles, then more entreaties, then more attempts to get my right hand away; suddenly she put out one hand, seized me by the hair of my head, and pushed me backwards by it. I thought my skull was coming off, but kept my hold and pinched or pulled the cunt lip till she hollowed and called me a brute. I told her I would hurt her as much as I could, if she hurt me; so that game she gave up; the pain of pulling my hair made me savage, and more determined and brutal, than before.

We went on struggling at intervals, I kneeling with prick out, she crying, begging me to desist; I entreating her to let me see and feel her cunt, using all the persuasion and all the bawdy talk I could, little Tom sitting on the floor playing contentedly. I must have been half an hour on my knees, which became so painful that I could scarcely bear it; we were both panting, I was sweating; an experienced man would perhaps have had her then, I was a boy inexperienced, and without her consent almost in words would not have thought of attempting it; the novelty, the voluptuousness of my game was perhaps sufficient delight to me; at last I became conscious that my fingers on her cunt were getting wet; telling her so, she became furious



and burst into such a flood of tears that it alarmed me. It was impossible to remain on my knees longer; in rising, I knew I should be obliged to take my hand from her cunt, so withdrawing my left hand from her waist, I put it also suddenly up her clothes, and round her bum, and lifted them up, showing both her thighs, whilst I attempted to rise. She got up at the same instant, pushing down her clothes, I fell over on one side,—my knees were so stiff and painful—and she rushed out of the room upstairs.

It was getting dusk, I sat on the sofa in a state of pleasure, smelling my fingers. Tom began to howl, she came down and took him up to pacify him, I followed her down to the kitchen, she called me an insolent boy (an awful taunt to me then), threatened to tell my mother, to give notice and leave, and left the kitchen, followed by me about the house; talking bawdily, telling her how I liked the smell of my fingers, attempting to put my hand up her clothes, sometimes succeeding, pulling out my ballocks, and never ceasing until the cook came home, having been at this game for hours. In a sudden funk, I begged Charlotte to tell my mother that I had only come home just before the cook, and had gone to bed unwell; she replying she would tell my mother the truth, and nothing else. I was in my bed-room before cook was let in.

Mother came home later, I was in a fright, having laid in bed cooling down and thinking of possible consequences; heard the street-door knocker, got out of bed, and in my night-shirt went half way downstairs listening. To my relief, I heard Charlotte, in answer to my mother's enquiry, say I had come home about an hour before and had gone to bed unwell. My mother came to my room, saying how sorry she was.

For a few days I was in fear, but it gradually wore off, as I found she had not told; our kissing recommenced, my boldness increased, my talk ran now freely on her legs, her bum, and her cunt, she ceased to notice it, beyond saying she hated such talk, and at length she smiled spite of her-

self. Our kissing grew more fervid, she resisted improper action of my hand, but we used to stand with our lips close together for minutes at a time when we got the chance, I holding her to me as close as wax. One day cook was upstairs, mother in her bed-room, I pushed Charlotte up against the wall in the kitchen, and pulled up her clothes, scarcely with resistance; just then my mother rang, I skipped up into the garden and got into the parlour that way, soon heard my mother calling to me to fetch water, Charlotte was in hysterics at the foot of the stairs—after that, she frequently had hysterics, till a certain event occurred.

My chances were chiefly on Saturdays, a day I did not go to college; soon I was to cease going there and was to prepare for the army.

I came home one day, when I knew Charlotte would be alone—the cook was upstairs—I got her on to the sofa in the garden parlour, knelt and put my hands between her thighs, with less resistance than before, she struggled slightly but made no noise. She kissed me as she asked me to take away my hand; I could move it more easily on her quim, which I did not fail to do; she was wonderfully quiet. Suddenly I became conscious that she was looking me full in the face, with a peculiar expression, her eyes very wide open, then shutting them. “Oho—oho,” she said with a prolonged sigh, “do—oh, take away—oh—your hand, Walter dear,—oh I shall be ill,—oho,—oho,” then her head dropped down over my shoulder as I knelt in front of her; at the same moment, her thighs seemed to open slightly, then shut, then open with a quivering, shuddering motion, as it then seemed to me, and then she was quite quiet.

I pushed my hand further in, or rather on, for although I thought I had it up the cunt, I really was only between the lips—I know that now. With a sudden start she rose, up pushed me off, snatched up Tom from the floor, and rushed upstairs. My fingers were quite wet. For two or three days afterwards, she avoided my eyes and looked

bashful, I could not make it out, and it was only months afterwards, that I knew, that the movement of my fingers on her clitoris had made her spend. Without knowing indeed then that such a thing was possible, I had frigged her.

Although for about three months I had been thus deliciously amusing myself, anxious to feel and see her cunt, and though I had at last asked her to let me fuck her, I really don't think I had any definite expectation of doing it to her. I guessed now at its mutual pleasures, and so forth, yet my doing it to her appeared beyond me; but urged on by my love for the girl—for I did love her—as well as by sexual instinct, I determined to try. I also was quickened by my college friend, who had seen Charlotte at our house and not knowing it was the girl I had spoken to him about, said to me, "What a nice girl that maid of yours is, I mean to get over her, I shall wait for her after church next Sunday, she sits in your pew, I know." I asked him some questions,—his opinion was that most girls would let a young fellow fuck them, if pressed, and that she would (this youth was but about eighteen years old), and I left him fearing what he said was true, hating and jealous of him to excess. He set me thinking, why should not I do it if he could, and if what he said about girls was true?—so I determined to try it on, and by luck did so earlier than I expected.

About one hour's walk from us was the town house of an aunt, the richest of our family and one of my mother's sisters. She alone now supplied me with what money I had, my mother gave me next to nothing. I went to see aunt, who asked me to tell my mother to go and spend a day with her, the next week, and named the day. I forgot this until three days afterwards, when hearing my mother tell the cook, she could go out for a whole holiday; I said, that my aunt particularly wished to see mother on that day. My mother scolded me for not having told her sooner, but wrote and arranged to go, forgetting the cook's holiday. To my intense joy, on that day she took brother Tom with

her, saying to Charlotte, "You will have nothing to think of, but the house, shut it up early, and do not be frightened." I was as usual to fetch my mother home.

In what an agitated state I passed that morning at school, and in the afternoon went home, trembling at my own intentions. Charlotte's eyes opened with astonishment at seeing me. Was I not going to fetch my mother? I was not going till night. There was no food in the house, and I had better go to my aunt's for dinner. I knew there was cold meat, and made her lay the cloth in the kitchen. To make sure, I asked if the cook was out,—yes, she was, but would be home soon. I knew that she stopped out till ten o'clock on her holidays. The girl was agitated with some undefined idea of what might take place, we kissed and hugged, but she did not like even that, I saw.

I restrained myself whilst eating, she sat quietly besides me; when I had finished she began to remove the things, the food gave me courage, her moving about stimulated me, I began to feel her breasts, then got my hands on to her thighs, we had the usual struggles, but it seems to me as I now think of it that her resistance was less and that she prayed me to desist more lovingly than was usual. We had toyed for an hour, she had let a dish fall and smashed it, the baker rang, she took in the bread, and declared she would not shut the door unless I promised to leave off. I promised, and so soon as she had closed it, pulled her into the garden parlour, having been thinking when in the kitchen how I could get her upstairs. Down tumbled the bread on the floor, on to the sofa, I pushed her, and after a struggle she was sitting down, I kissing her, one arm round her waist, one hand between her thighs, close up to her cunt. Then I told her I wanted to fuck her, said all in favour of it I knew, half ashamed, half frightened, as I said it. She said she did not know what I meant, resisted less and less as I tried to pull her back on the sofa, when another ring came: it was the milkman.

I was obliged to let her go, and she ran down stairs



with the milk. I followed, she went out, and slammed the door, which led to the garden, in my face; for the instant, I thought she was going to the privy, but opened and followed on; she ran up the steps, into the garden, through the garden parlour, and upstairs to her bedroom just opposite to mine, closed and locked the door in my face, I begged her to let me in.

She said she would not come out till she heard the knocker or bell ring; there was no one called usually after the milkman, so my game was up, but nothing makes man or woman so crafty as lust. In half an hour or so, in anger, I said I should go to my aunt's, went downstairs, moved noisily about, opened and slammed the street-door violently, as if I had gone out, then pulled off my boots, and crept quietly up to my bed-room.

There I sat expectantly a long time, had almost given up hope, began to think about consequences if she told my mother, when I heard the door softly open and she came to the edge of the stairs. "Wattie!" she said loudly, "Wattie!" much louder, "he has," said she in a subdued tone to herself, as much as to say that worry is over. I opened my door, she gave a loud shriek and retreated to her room, I close to her; in a few minutes more, hugging, kissing, begging, threatening, I know not how; she was partly on the bed, her clothes up in a heap, I on her with my prick in my hand, I saw the hair, I felt the slit, and not knowing then where the hole was or much about it, excepting that it was between her legs, shoved my prick there with all my might. "Oh! you hurt, I shall be ill," said she, "pray don't." Had she said she was dying I should not have stopped. The next instant a delirium of my senses came, my prick throbbing and as if hot lead was jetting from it, at each throb; pleasure mingled with light pain in it, and my whole frame quivering with emotion; my sperm left me for a virgin cunt, but fell outside it, though on to it.

How long I was quiet I don't know; probably but a short time; for a first pleasure does not tranquillise at that



age; I became conscious that she was pushing me off of her, and rose up, she with me, to a half-sitting posture; she began to laugh, then to cry, and fell back in hysterics, as I had seen her before.

I had seen my mother attend to her in those fits, but little did I then know that sexual excitement causes them in women and that probably in her I had been the cause. I got brandy and water and made her drink a lot, helping myself at the same time, for I was frightened, and made her lay on the bed. Then, ill as she was, frightened as I was, I yet took the opportunity her partial insensibility gave me, lifted her clothes quietly, and say her cunt and my spunk on it. Roused by that, she pushed her clothes half down feebly and got to the side of the bed. I loving, begging pardon, kissing her, told her of my pleasure, and asked about hers, all in snatches, for I thought I had done her. Not a word could I get, but she looked me in the face beseechingly, begging me to go. I had no such intention, my prick was again stiffening, I pulled it out, the sight of her cunt had stimulated me, she looked with languid eyes at me, her cap was off, her hair hanging about her head, her dress torn near her breast. More so than she had ever looked was she beautiful to me, success made me bold, on I went insisting, she seemed too weak to withstand me. "Don't, oh pray, don't," was all she said as, pushing her well on the bed, I threw myself on her and again put my doodle on to the slit now wet with my sperm. I was, though cooler, stiff as a poker, but my sperm was not so ready to flow, as it was in after days, at a second poke, for I was very young; but nature did all for me; my prick went to the proper channel, there stopped by something it battered furiously. "Oh, you hurt, oh!" she cried aloud. The next instant something seemed to tighten round its knob, another furious thrust,—another,—a sharp cry of pain (resistance was gone), and my prick was buried up her, I felt that it was done, and that before I had spent outside her. I looked at her, she was quiet, her cunt seemed to close on

my prick, I put my hand down, and felt round. What rapture to find my machine buried! nothing but the balls to be touched, and her cunt hair wetted with my sperm, mingling and clinging to mine; in another minute nature urged a crisis, and I spent in a virgin cunt, my prick virgin also. Thus ended my first fuck.

My prick was still up her, when we heard a loud knock; both started up in terror, I was speechless. "My God, it is your mamma!" Another loud knock. What a relief, it was the postman. To rush downstairs, and open the door was the work of a minute. "I thought you were all out," said he angrily, "I have knocked three times." "We were in the garden," said I. He looked queerly at me and said, "With your boots off!" and grinning went away. I went up again, found her sitting on the side of the bed, and there we sat together. I told her what the postman had said, she was sure he would tell her mistress. For a short time, there never was a couple who had just fucked, in more of a foolish funk than we were; I have often thought of our not hearing the thundering knocks of a postman, whilst we were fucking, though the bed-room door was wide open; what engrossing work it is so to deafen people. Then after unsuccessfully struggling to see her cunt, and kissing, and feeling each other's genitals, and talking of our doings and our sensations for an hour, we fucked again.

It was getting dark, which brought us to reason; we both helped remake the bed, went downstairs, shut the shutters, lighted the fire which was out, and got lights. I then, having nothing to do, began thinking of my doodle, which was sticking to my shirt, and pulling it out to see its condition, found my shirt covered with sperm smears, and spots of blood; my prick was dreadfully sore. I said to her that she had been bleeding, she begged me to go out of the kitchen for a minute, I did, and almost directly she came out and passed me, saying she must change her things before the cook came home. She would not let me stay in the room whilst she did it, nor did I see her chemise, though

I had followed her upstairs; then the idea flashed across me that I had taken a virginity; that had never occurred to me before. She got hot water to wash herself. I did not know what to do with my shirt; we arranged I should wash it before I went to bed. We thought it best to say I had not been home at all, and that I should go and fetch my mother. After much kissing, hugging, and tears on her part, off I went, hatching an excuse for not having fetched mother earlier, and we came home with Tom in my aunt's carriage, I recollect.



AFTER HIS experience with Charlotte and the ending of their affair by the two families, Walter never looked back. Under the tutelage of his scapegrace Cousin Fred, he was soon indulging in orgies with Lord A. and several girls, infatuation with a French girl, Camille, who liked to be buggered in the intervals of copulation, and a long series of casual affairs.

Neither Carrington nor any other publisher of erotica issued a second book of such range and absorbing social—as well as sexual—interest as *My Secret Life*. It was unique and was, in any case, outweighed by the vast number of erotic novels which popular taste demanded and which were the staple of the trade in England.

One of the first and best which Carrington put on sale was *A Man With a Maid*. He claimed that it was first issued in 1893 but it may have been a year or two later. The usual objection to such novels is that they are far-fetched, mere fantasy, the daydreams of male chauvinism. What more likely in the case of this one? It is, after all, the story of a man who fits out a special one-person prison for the girl who obsesses him. He equips it with every device necessary to train her, tame her, and generally make her appreciate him.

Who could blame its critics for saying that such a thing

could never happen in reality—nor anything remotely like it? The stories of girls held in bondage by such captors—and in such secret places—must belong to the realm of the fantastic and the absurd.

Truth, which is not only stranger but more repetitious than fiction, suggests otherwise. Far from being a mere male sex fantasy, the bondage of Alice is very likely being acted out all around us. No story, of course, could bear comparison with the novel which Carrington published. Yet the best introduction to it may be a curious incident which actually took place in London, England, in our own time.

# 3

## A MAN WITH A MAID

ON 1 JUNE 1957 a curious case was reported in the London press. It concerned the trial of John Bridal who lived in Lewisham and who was accused of unlawfully detaining a young woman of Elmers End. The girl, Miss J., was twenty-eight years old and had never met Bridal until the incident began. The secret and obsessive longing which he felt for her was known to him alone.

Miss J. woke during the night of 8 January 1957 to find Bridal standing in her bedroom. By threats and persuasion he obliged her to let him tie her hands and tape her mouth. Then he led her to his motor-bike which was parked near the house and fastened her behind him on the saddle. Like a desert sheikh, he rode off with his feminine booty.

For some time he had been constructing a special underground room beneath his home to serve as the prison of his "woman slave." Miss J. remained captive there from 8 January until 21 April. During this time he provided her with food and spanked her when she refused to eat. In return, he made her undertake long hours of manual labour stripped to her panties.

When she tried to escape, the punishment was more severe. He fetched a cane and made her bend over the bed with her buttocks bare. Describing such a thrashing to the



court, Miss J. said: "He beat me on my bottom and it hurt for about a week. The skin was broken."

At last she began to write notes on scraps of litter, appeals for help which might be read by the world outside. In doing so she risked having her bottom caned again for every "offence" of this kind which her master noticed. A while later, one of the neighbours noticed a discarded wrapper from a packet of tea.

Written upon it was the slave-girl's desperate message. "Help! Police! Call police! Urgent! I am Miss J. of Elmers End. I have been missing since January. Please call the police. I am in a big hole down the shed."

The investigations began and soon Miss J. was, quite literally, unearthed. Her captor seemed unmoved by this turn of events. "I had to be firm with her at first," he told the police, "but she was beginning to like it." The police-woman who examined Miss J. reported that she seemed almost to have resigned herself to her fate and accepted her new way of life in the "big hole down the shed." In its turn the court was as firm with Bridal as he had been with his captive, sending him off to gaol for a year or two.

Six years later the story received a more solemn and sophisticated treatment in John Fowles' novel, *The Collector*. Yet for most readers the case was summed up in the lurid headlines. "Woman Slave Thrashed by Captor! . . . Court Told of Underground Gaol! . . . Night Abduction! . . . Hands Tied! . . . Ten Strokes Given - Skin Broken!"

The theme of *A Man With A Maid*, which Carrington issued in 1893, is a splendid celebration of the private obsessive lust of one man for one girl. With compelling force it unveils that state of mind where the hero broods upon the young woman, watches her secretly, follows her unobserved, and plans to enjoy her in absolute slavery. Such obsessions are quite the contrary of the traditional harem daydream where one man takes his pick from a hundred submissive beauties who are in his power. To the

man who cherishes such an obsession for one girl, she is a harem in herself. He must possess her whatever the cost.

In the course of such love, the man is voyeur and spy, then gaoler and tormentor. Not until he has used and abused the girl to the point of her surrender does he become lover and master, she his willing slave. Alice, the beautiful victim of *A Man With A Maid*, has enough description lavished on each part of her beautiful body to depict a whole seraglio. Her lover delights in detailing her face, breasts, thighs, bottom, legs, and the excitements offered by them.

Carrington specialised in novels which presented women in a state of sexual slavery and this is no exception. *Dolly Morton* was a spirited account of slave-girls of the Deep South. *Woman and her Master* described English girls in Arab harems after the fall of Khartoum. Captain DeVane's randy adventures and the sagas of birch in the boudoir all end with the girls as prisoners of the seraglio.

*A Man With A Maid*, like that other early Carrington novel *The Yellow Room: or, Alice Darvell's Subjection*, is much closer to reality, being set in late Victorian England. That men, in reality, kept girls as slaves and did as they liked with them was common knowledge. Viscount Frankfort had kept Alice Lowe a prisoner just as Jack does with the fictional Alice. Miss Lowe, desperate to escape her ordeal, found her way to freedom at last, taking his lordship's gold snuff-boxes with her. She was prosecuted for theft but acquitted when the jury heard that she had been held captive and that her master had used her "in every sexual manner." Lord Frankfort was not prosecuted for this, though gaoled for indecent libel ten years later. Such was the case which provided inspiration for the tale of Carrington's fictional Alice in 1893.

Jack, the hero of *A Man With A Maid*, describes how he made his preparations for revenge upon Alice, who had spurned his advances. By good fortune he was able to acquire an unusual apartment near London's fashionable Regent Street. At the end of a passageway was a strange win-

dowless room with a tight fitting door. "The walls were thickly padded, while iron rings were let into them at regular distances all round in two rows, one close to the floor and the other about a height of eight feet; from the roof-beams dangled rope pulleys in pairs between the pillars."

Like lightning the thought flashed through Jack's brain that this was "nothing more or less than a disguised Torture Chamber," where Alice should be made to pay the price of her indifference to him. "She would be completely at my mercy, for her screams for help would not be heard and would only increase my pleasure, while the bolts, rings, pulleys, etc., supplemented with a little suitable furniture, would enable me to secure her in any way I wished and to hold her fixed while I amused myself with her."

Filled with unholy glee at the prospect, Jack proceeds to furnish the place with soft stools and comfortable chairs, laying the floor with thick Persian carpets. A convenient alcove with running water is adapted as a toilet for Alice's needs and as a "photographic laboratory" for his own purposes. The idea of the camera as an additional instrument of violation, recording the girl's ordeal so that it may later be enjoyed by others, occurs several times in Carrington's books. In an age when a mere glimpse of the young woman's bare breasts or bottom, even her upper legs, was a shameful disclosure, the power of such public humiliation by photograph was all the greater. Thirty years later, in *Days at Florville*, Lesley the wilful urchin-cropped adulteress is to be photographed systematically as her backside receives a prison whipping. Beforehand, one of the two men takes her over his knee and masturbates her to "get it out of her system" before the punishment. Holding her face-down over his knee, his fingers busy between the young wife's pale thighs, he chides her bashfulness. "Don't turn your face from the camera, Lesley! Look into the lens properly . . . Collectors pay well for pictures like these. They'll want to see your face as you're having your climax."

In *A Man With A Maid*, when Jack has finished his



preparations the room is sumptuously furnished. It is known, although a torture chamber, as "The Snuggery." Once again, it was Carrington's style to make stripping, ravishing, and whipping an accompaniment to the male pleasures of brandy and cigars, for all the world as if the heroines were being whipped or enjoyed in some gentleman's club in Pall Mall, where the Prince of Wales might walk into the room at any moment.

On the day of Alice's visit, the action centres upon the duet stool of the grand piano. An improbable piece of furniture for a torture chamber, the stool was "for all practical purposes, a rack actuated by hidden machinery and fitted with a most ingenious arrangement of straps." Yet first of all the beautiful Alice is seized and secured standing upright with her arms above her head.

"All the ropes and straps were fitted with swivel snap-hooks. To attach them to Alice's limbs, I used an endless band of the strongest and softest silk rope that I could get made. It was an easy matter to slip the band (doubled) round her wrist or ankle, pass one end through the other and draw them tight, then snap the free end into the swivel hook. No amount of plunging or struggling would loosen this attachment, and the softness of the silk prevented Alice's delicate flesh from being rubbed or even marked."

In next to no time, the girl is imprisoned in these bonds, like a beautiful butterfly in the toils of a web. Her moans of protest rise to shrieks as Jack's hands begin to mould her breasts, to stroke her thighs and buttocks under her petticoats. To feel her wriggling and squirming in shame is the man's most powerful aphrodisiac. With lascivious hands, the hero strips his captive girl naked, relishing "her frantic cries and impassioned pleadings . . . Straining wildly at the ropes with cheeks aflame, eyes dilated with terror and convulsively heaving bosom, she uttered inarticulate cries, half choked by her emotions and panting under her exertions."

With gentle and tantalising skill, Jack begins to masturbate Alice, obliging her to look at her own naked beauty

and his erection in a convenient mirror. This is the beginning of the "torture" which he has planned. Alice, standing with her wrists held in the rope-bonds above her head, struggles frantically, pressing her bottom against the pillar behind her in a vain attempt to evade Jack's intrusive fingering. He strokes her teasingly but with great care, determined not to spoil the occasion by allowing Alice to have her orgasm too soon.

At one moment, the girl begins to thrust her hips forward, instead of back away from him. Despite her loathing of what was being done to her, she was "begging for more close contact with my busy fingers." Jack pauses. "I knew this meant that her control over her sexual organs was giving out and that she would be driven into spending if I did not take care." Reluctantly, as he says, he ceased the "torture."

To the modern reader there is something peculiarly Victorian in the notion that this intensity of pleasure should be a torture and that the place where it takes place should be called a torture-chamber. Yet one of the qualities of *A Man With a Maid* is that of investing the least sexual act with conflict and drama.

So the torments inflicted on Alice become more severe. Jack opens a glove-box and shows her "a dozen long and finely-pointed feathers." Alice at once guessed her dreadful "fate," that her cunt was to be tickled with them. "Oh, my God! not that, Jack! . . . not that! . . . you'll kill me! I can't stand it!" He begins with her breasts ignoring her cries. Yet when the feather begins to tickle her clitoris and vaginal slit, Alice throws her head back and shrieks, for all the world like a girl being tortured in earnest.

Her first orgasm takes place, strapped on a couch with her thighs spread, Jack's tongue tickling her vaginal slit without mercy. Alice comes with wild cries and reaches a climax of such intensity that she swoons. She has been masturbated for the greater part of an afternoon. Yet her "ordeal" has scarcely begun. The hero leaves her strapped



on the couch and retires to pour two glasses of wine. "Knowing what severe calls were going to be made on Alice's reproductive powers, I took the opportunity to fortify these by dropping into her glass the least possible dose of cantharides."

With a twirl of his villainous whiskers, this young Victorian libertine then returns to the room where his beautiful captive lies in her straps. She will need all her strength for the greater ordeal which now begins . . .

## EXTRACT

### *“Swooning in her Ecstasy”*

MY READERS will naturally wonder what my condition of mind and body was after both had been subjected to such intense inflammation as was inevitable from my close association with Alice dressed and Alice naked.

Naturally I had been in a state of considerable erotic excitation from the moment that Alice's naked charms were revealed, especially when my hands were playing with her breasts and toying with her cunt. But I had managed to control myself. The events recorded in the last chapter however proved too much for me. The contact of my lips and tongue with Alice's maiden lips, breasts and cunt and the sight of her as she spent were more than I could stand, and I was nearly mad with lust and an overpowering desire that she should somehow satisfy for the time this lust after her.

But how could it be arranged? I wanted to keep her virgin as long as I possibly could, for I had not nearly completed my carefully prepared programme of fondlings and quasi-tortures that gain double spice and salaciousness when perpetrated on a virgin. To fuck her therefore was out of the question. Of course there was her mouth, and my blood boiled at the idea of being sucked by Alice; but it was patent that she was too innocent and inexperienced to give me this pleasure. There were her breasts: one could have a delicious time no doubt by using them to form a

tunnel and to work my prick between them, but this was a game better played later on. There were her hands, and sweetly could Alice frig me, if she devoted one dainty hand to my prick, while the other played with my testicles, but nothing would be easier than for her to score off me heavily, by giving the latter an innocent wrench which would throw me out of action entirely. The only possible remaining method was her bottom, and while I was feverishly debating its advisability, an innocent movement of hers and the consequent change of attitude suddenly displayed the superb curves and general lusciousness of her posteriors. In spite of my impatience, I involuntarily paused to admire their glorious opulence! Yes, I would bottom-fuck Alice, I would deprive her of one of her maidenheads!

But would she let me do so? True, she had just sworn to submit herself to my caprices whatever they might be, but such a caprice no doubt never entered into her innocent mind, and unless she did submit herself quietly, I might be baffled and in the excitement of the struggle and the contact with her warm naked flesh, I might spend, "waste my sweetness on the desert air!" Suddenly a cruelly brilliant idea struck me, and at once I proceeded to act on it.

She was still lying curled up in the arm-chair. I touched her on the shoulder; she looked up hurriedly.

"I think you have rested long enough, Alice," I said, "now get up, I want you to put me right!" And I pointed to my prick now in a state of terrible erection! "See!" I continued, "you must do something to put it out of its torment, just as I have already so sweetly allayed your lustful cravings!" She flushed painfully! "You can do it either with your mouth or by means of your bottom, —now say quick—for I am just bursting with lust for you!"

She hid her face in her hands! "No, no" she ejaculated—"No. Oh, no! I couldn't, really I couldn't!"

"You must!" I replied somewhat sternly, for I was getting mad with unsatisfied lust, "remember the promises

you have just made! Come now, no nonsense! Say which you'll do!"

She threw herself at my feet: "No, no," she cried—"I can't!"

Bending over her, I gripped her shoulders: "You have just sworn that you would let me do to you anything I pleased, and that you would do anything I might tell you to do, in other words, that you would both actively and passively minister to my pleasures. I have given you your choice! If you prefer to be active, I will lie on my back and you can suck and excite me into spending: if you would rather be passive, you can lie on your face and I will bottom-fuck you! Now which shall it be?"

"No, no, no!" she moaned in her distress. "I can't do either! Really I can't!"

Exasperated by her non-compliance, I determined to get by force what I wanted, and before she could guess my intentions, I had gripped her firmly round her body, then half-carried and half-dragged her to the piano duet-stool which also contained a hidden mechanism. Onto it I forced her, face downwards, and in spite of her resistance, I soon fixed the straps to her wrists and ankles; then I set the mechanism working, sitting on her to keep her in proper position, as she desperately fought to get loose. Cleverly managing the straps, I soon forced Alice into the desired position, flat on her face and astride of the stool, her wrists and ankles being secured to the longitudinal wooden bars that maintained the rigidity of the couch.

Alice was now fixed in such a way that she could not raise her shoulders or bosom, but by straightening her legs, she could heave her bottom upwards a little. Her position was perfect for my purpose, and lustfully I gloated over the spectacle of her magnificent buttocks, her widely parted thighs affording me a view of both of her virgin orifices, both now at my disposal!

I passed my hands amorously over the glorious back-



side now at my mercy, pinching, patting, caressing, and stroking the glorious flesh; my hands wandered along her plump thighs, revelling in their smoothness and softness, Alice squirming and wriggling deliciously! Needless to say her cunt was not neglected, my fingers tenderly and lovingly playing with it and causing her the most exquisitely irritating titillation.

After enjoying myself in this way for a few minutes and having thoroughly felt her bottom, I left her to herself for a moment while I went to a cupboard, Alice watching my movements intently. After rummaging about, I found what I sought, a riding whip of some curious soft substance, very springy and elastic, calculated to sting but not to mark the flesh. I was getting tired of having to use force on Alice to get what I wanted and considered it would be useful policy to make her learn the result of not fulfilling her promises; and there is no better way of bringing a girl to her senses than by whipping her soundly, naked if possible! And here was Alice, naked; fixed in the best possible position for a whipping!

As I turned towards her, whip in hand, she instantly guessed her fate and shrieked for mercy, struggling frantically to get loose. Deaf to her pitiful pleadings, I placed myself in position to command her backside, raised the whip, and gave her a cut right across the fleshiest part!

A fearful shriek broke from her! Without losing time, I administered another, and another, and another, Alice simply now yelling with the pain, and wriggling in a marvellous way, considering how tightly she was tied down. I had never before whipped a girl, although I had often read and been told of the delights of the operation to the operator, but the reality far surpassed my most vivid expectations! And the naked girl I was whipping was *Alice*, the object of my lust, the girl who had jilted me, the girl I was about to ravish! Mad with exultation, I disregarded her agonised shrieks and cries. With cruel deliberation, I selected the tenderest parts of her bottom for my cuts, aiming some-

times at one luscious cheek, then the other, then across both, visiting the tender inside of her widely parted thighs! Her cries were music to my ear in my lustful frenzy, while her wiggles and squirms and the agitated plungings of her hips and buttocks enthralled my eyes. But soon, too soon, her strength began to fail her, her shrieks degenerated into inarticulate ejaculations! There was now little pleasure in continuing her punishment, so most reluctantly I ceased! Soothingly I passed my right hand over Alice's quivering bottom and stroked it caressingly, alleviating in a wonderfully short time the pain. In spite of the severity of the whipping she had received, she was not marked at all! Her flesh was like that of a baby, slightly pinker perhaps, but clean and fresh. As I tenderly restored her to ease, her trembling died away, her breath began to come more freely and normally, and soon she was herself again.

"Well, has the nonsense been whipped out of you, Alice?" I asked mockingly. She quivered, but did not answer.

"What, not yet?" I exclaimed, pretending to misunderstand her. "Must I give you another turn?" and I raised the whip as if to commence again.

"No, no!" she cried in genuine terror, "I'll be good!"

"Then lie still and behave yourself," I replied, throwing the whip away into a corner of the room.

From a drawer I took a pot of cold cream. Alice, who was fearsomely watching every movement of mine, cried in alarm: "Jack, what are you going to do to me? . . . oh, tell me!!" My only response was to commence to lubricate her arse-hole, during which operation she squirmed delightfully, then placing myself full in her sight, I set to work to anoint my rampant prick.

"Guess, dear!" I said.

She guessed accurately! For a moment she was struck absolutely dumb with horror, then struggling desperately to get free, she cried: "Oh! my God! . . . no, Jack . . . no!..you'll kill me!"

"Don't be alarmed," I said quietly, as I caressed her

quivering buttocks, "think a moment, larger things have come out than what is going in! Lie still, Alice, or I shall have to whip you!" Then placing myself in position behind her, I leant forward till the head of my prick rested against her arse-hole.

"My God!—no, no!" she shrieked, frantically wriggling her buttocks in an attempt to thwart me. But the contact of my prick with Alice's flesh maddened me; thrusting fiercely forward, I, with very little difficulty, shoved my prick half-way up Alice's bottom with apparently little or no pain to her; then falling on her, I clasped her in my arms and rammed myself well into her, till I felt my balls against her and the cheeks of her bottom against my stomach!

My God! it was like heaven to me! Alice's naked quivering body was closely pressed to mine!—my prick was buried to its hairs in her bottom, revelling in the warmth of her interior! I shall never forget it! Prolonging my rapturous ecstasy, I rested motionless on her, my hands gripping and squeezing her palpitating breasts so conveniently placed for their delectation, my cheek against her averted face, listening to the inarticulate murmurs wrung unconsciously from her by the violence of her emotions and the unaccountably strange pleasure she was experiencing, and which she confessed to by meeting my suppressed shoves with spasmodic upward heavings of her bottom,—oh! it was Paradise!

Inspired by a sudden thought, I slipped my right hand down to Alice's cunt and gently tickled it with my forefinger, but without penetrating. The effect was marvellous! Alice plunged wildly under me with tumultuous quiverings, her bosom palpitating and fluttering: "Ah! . . . Ah! . . ." she ejaculated, evidently a prey to uncontrollable sexual cravings! Provoked beyond endurance, I let myself go! For a few moments there was a perfect cyclone of frenzied upheavings from her, mixed with fierce down-thrustings from me, then blissful ecstasy, as I spent madly into Alice, flooding her interior with my boiling tribute! "Ah! . . . Ah! . . ." she gasped, as she felt herself inundated



by my hot discharge! Her cunt distractedly sought my finger, a violent spasm shook her, and with a scarcely articulate cry but indicative of the intensest rapture, Alice spent on my finger with quivering vibrations, her head falling forward as she half-swooned in her ecstasy!! She had lost the maidenhead of her bottom!!!

For some seconds we both lay silent and motionless, save for an occasional tremor, I utterly absorbed in the indescribable pleasure of spending into Alice as she lay tightly clasped in my arms! She was the first to stir (possibly incommoded by my superincumbent weight), gently turning her face towards me, colouring furiously as our eyes met! I pressed my cheek against hers, she did not flinch but seemed to respond. Tenderly I kissed her, she turned her face fully towards me and of her own accord she returned my kiss! Was it that I had tamed her? Or had she secretly tasted certain pleasure during the violation of her bottom? Claspng her closely to me I whispered: "You have been a good girl this time, Alice, a very good girl!!" She softly rubbed her cheek against mine! "Did I hurt you?" I asked. She whispered back: "Very little at first, but not afterwards!"—"Did you like it?" I enquired maliciously. For answer she hid her face in the settee, blushing hotly! But I could feel her thrill!

A moment's silence, then she raised her head again, moved uneasily, then murmured: "Oh! let me get up now!"—"Very well," I replied, and unclasping my arms from round her, I slowly drew my prick out of her bottom, untied her—then taking her into one of the alcoves I showed her a bidet all ready for her use and left her. Passing into the other, I performed the needful ablutions to myself, then radiant with my victory and with having relieved my overcharged desires, I awaited Alice's re-appearance.



ALICE BECOMES a slave of pleasure under Jack's supervision. In a little while her maid, Fanny, is abducted and



seduced into their games. Connie, a young married woman of twenty-two, is the next victim. After that, it seems, there is little left to add except the classic Victorian taboo of incest on which so many erotic novels of the day thrived.

Jack's chance comes when he meets Lady Betty, a young widow in her thirties, and her daughter Molly who is eighteen. There is no suggestion that the pair are particularly beautiful or glamorous. Lady Betty is a snob and a bore, though described as "a fine armful." Molly appears as "a small and dainty edition" of her.

Their fate is as much an act of vengeance as one of lechery. The two of them become Jack's prisoners, under the greedy eyes of Alice, Fanny the maid, and Connie. Lady Betty and her daughter are ravished in one another's presence, then fastened head to tail and ordered to suck one another off in classic "69" fashion. Frantic at such an outrageous command, they refuse at first to comply.

Their defiance comes as no surprise to Jack, who has a riding-whip conveniently to hand. It takes only four agonising cuts across Lady Betty's backside before she begins to lick her daughter's vaginal slit. A single cut across Molly's young bottom is enough to drive her into action. Meanwhile, Alice and Connie fall into one another's arms. Fanny, the servant, addresses Jack with a meeker sense of propriety: "Oh, Mr. Jack, please frig me!" So he does.

As the orgy and the book come to an end, every possibility seems to have been exhausted and every available orifice plumbed by the hero's erection, every recalcitrant rump given a cut or two of the whip. Yet the last word must surely be that of the maid, Alice, rather than the man. The girls are ready to leave but Jack is all for continuing the fun. It is then that Alice turns to him with simple archness and says:

"I think you've had enough, sir!"

# 4

## BEATRICE

FROM TIME to time among the novels of the period there appeared one which was imbued with a delicate and sensuous eroticism, a woman's own story quite unlike the masculine strength of *A Man With A Maid* or *My Secret Life*. Such a novel was *Beatrice*, which appears to date from 1894-5, the early years of Carrington's publishing career.

The story recounts the country-house life of a young girl whose marriage has failed and who has returned to live with her own family. It is a strange world of gentle love-making with other men and women, even her own father and her sister Caroline. In that respect it is a world without shame or guilt. The summer beauty of parkland and sunlit bedrooms is seen with something like the impressionistic dreamlike vision of a movie camera.

In other ways too the novel looks to the future rather than the past. Straps and bondage play an important part in the love-games. Whips are used on the girls but with such gentleness that the lash seems intended as an instrument for caressing them. The sexual excitement of seeing girls saddled or being saddled did not come into its own until the 1920s, yet it is clearly anticipated in this book. Similarly the appeal of a girl whose breasts, hips, and thighs had been sponged and wetted was a more general attraction in the years ahead than in the 1890s.

Yet even before the 1890s such things existed and we

should not be surprised to find them in an erotic novel of great subtlety and originality as this. The cases of girls being whipped in the gaols of Austria-Hungary, recorded in *Pauline*, anticipates the wet-look. Janina, a nineteen-year-old student with a soft pale figure, blonde hair boy-cropped and slant green eyes, was whipped wearing panties of thin tight silk, on one occasion. Once she had been strapped on all fours over the bench, the hangman took a sponge from a pail of water and soaked the seat of the girl's panties so that they clung tight and transparent to the soft pale cheeks of Janina's bottom. Thus, without the scandal of nudity, her buttocks were perfectly displayed to the whipper.

The pony-girl fetish was older still. Themistocles of ancient Greece had his garden-carriage pulled by a pair of naked courtesans. Mulay Ishmael of Morocco used harem girls for the same purpose. The homicidal Sultan Ibrahim in the seventeenth-century kept such a stable of "young mares." Even Marco Polo tells the story of a Chinese prince who was towed everywhere in a carriage propelled by such pollution-free engine-power.

The striking thing about *Beatrice* is not that it introduces new forms of sexuality but that it creates a haunting, evanescent dream of erotic excitement. In one of the finest chapters, the second, there is a last hour of pleasure between the heroine and her father before he sails for Madras on Indian service. They begin by French-drinking a bottle of wine, he taking the liquid into his own mouth, warming it, and then delivering it into his daughter's.

Then they go up to the attic together, a place of discarded tables, abandoned tapestries and faded silks. A fine dappled grey rocking-horse stands among the bric-a-brac. "Sunlight filtered through a dust-hazed window." The young woman undresses to her silk stockings, tight panties and chemise. She mounts the rocking-horse, for which she has grown too big, and lies forward on it so that her behind projects over the grey haunches. "Where shall you ride to?"

her father asks. "To Jericho!" she says. She begins to rock the horse. His hand smacks down hard and rhythmically on her bottom in the tight-stretched thinness of silk knickers. It hurts her—yet not too much. Is this truly a sexual encounter or is it a game which father and daughter have played, almost innocently, since she was a little girl?

The book answers no such questions. In its strange felicities the reader must find his own conclusions.

The story of Beatrice is filled with incident, yet some of its most memorable passages describe merely a glimpse or a scene in which scarcely anything seems to move. In this lies its strange enchantment. In the fifth chapter, for instance, the heroine is visited by her cousin, Jenny, who is something of a dominatrix. She makes the young woman strip to stockings and long leather boots with a brief corset whose lower arching leaves her belly and backside exposed. Then her wrists are fastened behind her with light steel manacles and her ankles also pinioned together. In this state she is bundled face-down on the bed.

Left alone like this, the young woman has no possibility of "action." But now she is helpless as a little girl again and she lies there, thinking in just the way that a child of her kind might.

"I was alone with my aloneness. In the night. Where was Caroline? I listened as I listened when a child, on evenings when the curtains were drawn in my room against the evening light. There were footsteps, soft voices. Voices heard, unheard. Was it the wind? I was half naked and bound, strange in my half-nudity and bonds. Jenny was naughty. She would come and release me and I would dress in my summer dress and we would picnic. Caroline would be tied to a tree. She would watch our small white teeth nibbling cakes. Lemonade would gurgle down our throats. The world would never end."

It is Jenny, their cousin, who commands the two sisters in their early twenties to become lovers. This incestuous lesbianism is far more convincing than that between Lady



Betty and her daughter Molly in *A Man With A Maid*. The sisters live for pleasure, the sensuous comfort of bodies touching, lips nuzzling and thighs squirming together. Each is fully aware of the other's beauty and warm sexuality. Once again, it is like a game of childhood, romping and wrestling, adapted to the adult world. The animal comforts of close companionship are now invested with a new and exciting significance.

## *The "Sisters"*

THE SUN WAS warm when I awoke. The curtains had been drawn back—the lamps removed. Evidently I had slept heavily. Jenny roused me, smiling from the doorway where she stood. The gong below sounded for breakfast.

"You are late," she said. She wore a long black skirt, the waist drawn in tight. Her blouse was white, the buttons of pearl. Beneath the silk of her blouse, her breasts loomed pinkly. A perking of nipples. They indented the material. Like a child late for school I was hustled into the bathroom and out again.

"I have no dress to wear," I said. Jenny smacked my hand.

"You are late," she repeated. The smell of sizzling bacon came to us. I was hungry. My mouth watered. The wardrobe doors were opened quickly. A thin wool dress of light brown colour, rust colour, was handed to me. "Nothing beneath except your stockings," Jenny said. She palmed my bottom and my breasts as I raised my nightdress. The sensation was pleasant. The dress cascaded over my shoulders and was worked tightly down over my curves. It was as if I were naked. I was preferred in boots today, Jenny said—black lace-up ones that came to my knees. The heels were high. I feared to fall down the stairs. I told her.

"Nonsense," Jenny said. "Brush your hair quickly. Show me your teeth. Are they clean now?"

I was taken down. Approaching the dining room we walked more slowly. My legs felt longer in the boots, the high heels. My aunt and uncle and Caroline were already seated. Silver tureens stood on the massive sideboard. Caroline looked up at me quickly and then attended to her bacon. We ate in silence as if some doom were pending. Neither my aunt nor uncle spoke, even to one another. It was a penance perhaps. I ate voraciously but delicately. The bloom of health was upon me. The kidneys and mushrooms were delicious. The maids who served were young and pretty. I liked them. They avoided my eyes. They had learned their learning.

With every movement of Jenny's body her breasts moved their nipples beneath her blouse. Beneath the tablecloth my uncle's hand stole onto her thigh. She wore garters that ridged themselves slightly through her skirt. He caressed them. His palm soothed from one leg to the other. Jenny parted her legs beneath her skirt and smiled. I wanted to suck the tip of her tongue.

At a nod from my uncle we were dismissed. Caroline and I rose together and wandered into the drawing room. We were lost in our foundness. We held hands. Our fingers whispered together. In a moment, from a side entrance, my uncle appeared in the garden. A carriage had arrived, it seemed, but the visitors came not to the front of the house. They skirted the side and appeared where my uncle stood.

The woman whom he greeted was in her early thirties. I had a vagueness of seeing her before. Her flowered hat was large, of pale straw with a wide brim. She wore white kid gloves to her elbows. Were they my gloves? I had left mine in the sea at night. The fishes had nibbled at them. She was beautiful, elegant. Her dress was of white and blue, the collar frilled. Pearls glinted around the neck. Beside her came a servant neatly dressed in black with velour lapels to his jacket. He had an air of insolent subservience.

"She is beautiful," I said to Caroline, "do you know who she is?"

Jenny's voice sounded behind us. "What are you doing?" she asked in a sharp tone. A tone that scratched.

"I was asking," I answered.

Caroline moved. Her palm was moist in mine. "I know her. She is Katherine Hayton—an actress. We have seen her at the Adelphi," she said. Her eyes were saucers as she received Jenny's stare.

"You were not told to hold hands," Jenny said. She jerked her head at me and said, "Come. Beatrice, come."

Forlorn, I relinquished Caroline's hand. Our own house was yet an ocean away. In the bedrooms women with bronzed skins and supple hips were lying. They would wear my clothes and steal my jewellery.

Jenny led me down the hall. To my astonishment we entered the linen room. It smelled of starch and nothing. "You must learn—you must both learn, Beatrice. Do you not know?" Jenny asked me.

I blinked. I did not know who I was. Father had lied perhaps. He had not gone to Madras. He was with the women in the rooms. They would French-drink. Their lips would taste of curry. There would be musk between their thighs. I said yes to Jenny. My voice said yes. My hands were at my sides.

"Kneel before me, Beatrice."

I did. My head was bowed, my hands clasped together I prayed for goodness. Edward's mother used to undress with her door half open. We could see her as we went past. Her bottom was big. I told Edward that she should close the door. He smiled. His eyes were small and neat. Like his *pine* when it was not stiff.

"Kiss my thighs," Jenny said. She raised her skirt, gathering up the folds. I was blind. A milkiness, a perfume. Her drawers were split both back and front. It was the fashion then. Women could attend to their natural functions without removing them. In my mother's early days women had never worn drawers.

The curls of her slit, her loveslot, honeypot, were framed



by the white linen. My palms sought the backs of her thighs. Her knees bent slightly. I could feel her smile. My tongue licked out, sweeping around the taut tight tops of her black stockings. Her skin—white like my white. She tasted of musk and perfume and the scents of flowers. My lips splurged against her thighs.

“Ah, you lick! Like a little doggy you lick,” Jenny laughed. After a moment or two she pushed me away with her knees. “It is too soon,” she said. I wanted to cry but she would not let me. I was brought to my feet even as the door opened and Jenny rearranged her dress. My aunt led Caroline in and frowned a little at Jenny, as I thought. The window of the linen room was set high up at the other end from us. The light was morning soft. Caroline wore, as I did, a woollen dress of fine skein.

“You will see to them, Jenny,” my aunt said. From our distance I heard my uncle and Katherine enter the house. There was a tinkling of glasses, laughter. The door closed, leaving the three of us alone.

“Remove your dresses,” Jenny said. My hands went to the buttons of mine, but Caroline hesitated. Jenny smacked her and she squealed. “Quickly!” Jenny snapped. We stood naked except for our stockings and boots.

Jenny drew us together, face to face, thighs to thighs. From a drawer she took cords and bound us tightly together—ankles, thighs, waists. We could not move. Our cheeks pressed close. Placing her hands beneath Caroline’s bottom she urged us slowly into a corner. I stood with my back to the meeting of the walls. Caroline’s breath flowed over my breath.

“Your bodies merge well together,” Jenny said, “are your breasts touching fully? Move your breasts. Your nipples must touch.”

Yes, I said, yes Jenny. Our nipples were like bell-pushes together. Mine grew and tingled. Caroline’s grew. Her toes curled over mine.

“Please, don’t,” Caroline whispered. I knew that she

wasn't speaking to me but in her mind speaking. I moved my lips against her ear. Jenny had gone.

"You like it," I said. I wanted to make her happy. I coaxed her. She had had the cane. Was it nice? "Do you like it?" I asked. I made my voice sound as if we were going on a holiday. If she liked it we would be happy.

"I don't know," Caroline said. Her voice was smudged. Our bellies were silky together. I could feel her slit warm, pulsing. It was nice standing still. I moved my mouth very slowly from her ear to her cheek. I felt her quiver. Had she sucked his cock? I would not ask yet. I would ask later. The tip of my tongue traced the fullness of her lower lip, the Cupid curve. Caroline moved her face away. Her cheeks burned. Our nipples were thorns, entangled.

"Do not!" she choked.

"Jenny will come," I said. Caroline moved her mouth back to mine. The bulbous fullness of her breasts against mine excited me. Our mouths were soft in their seeking. I sought her tongue with my tongue. It retreated, curling in its cave curling. Sipping at her lips I brought it to emerge. The thrill made us quiver. Our nipples moved, implored. My belly pressed in tighter to hers.

The door swung open of a sudden. It was Jenny. She scolded us and said we had been kissing. Working her hand between us she felt our lovemouhths, secretive between our thighs. They were moist. Her hand retracted. Her fingers sought our bottoms.

"You must practise—you love one another. Caroline—put your tongue in her mouth."

We swayed. Caroline's tongue was small, urgent, pointed in its flickering. Hidden by our lips our tongues licked. It was a secret. I wanted.

"Open your mouths—let me see your tongues," Jenny commanded. We obeyed.

"Half an hour," Jenny said. She moved to the door and we were alone again. Birds sprinkled their songs among the leaves outside. I was happy. The richness of our bodies

flesh to flesh was sweet. Caroline's eyelashes fluttered and tickled against mine. I could feel her belly rippling.

Our tongues like warm snakes worked together. Our thighs trembled. The ridged tops of our stockings rubbed.

Perhaps the door would remain closed forever.

Our minds whispered together like people in caves.



"SEXUAL SERFDOM," in Krafft-Ebing's view, did not amount to abnormal sexual behaviour. But where did serfdom to the beloved end and the morbidity of masochism begin? There was nothing abnormal in "a quite unusual and very striking state of dependence on another individual of the opposite sex, even to the extent of losing all personal will-power, a dependence which compels the overmastered party to actions and tolerances which mean a great sacrifice of the person's proper interests and often enough come into conflict with morals and law."

Where, then, does masochistic perversion begin? "Love which is willing to bear tyranny for the beloved one's sake," says Krafft-Ebing, "then becomes a direct love of tyranny. . . . This is the way masochism can be bred."

In the lives of the young women who inhabit *Beatrice*, love of one another is important. Yet the significance of the symbols of that love—the boots and stockings, whips and manacles—grows all the time. How long will it be before each of the girls can be excited by the mere glimpse of such a symbol rather than by the young woman to whom it belongs?

As for the love of tyranny, this is not something which comes easily. The heroine and her sister Caroline are to be trained for their service of pleasure. They have yet to experience the full pleasures of masochism which lie in wait for them.

By the 1890s certain erotic phenomena like the enthusiasm of little girls for straddling their horses, or the eager-

ness with which little boys (in Wilkie Collins' *Moonstone*) liked to drive little girls in toy harness, seemed less innocent than they had done half a century before. Harness and riding, spurring and driving, had a new significance too. How often, on a music-hall stage, did the line of chorus girls appear with hair done in pony-tails, bells jingling on their hips, little tails over their rumps, and smart leather boots on their calves? Exactly what did the male audiences dream of while they watched? A final glimpse of the young ladies of *Beatrice* provides one possible answer.



## *"Sweet Young Fillies"*

THE ROOM was stark—the stonework not plastered within as I had expected. A large bed stood in the centre of the floor. The foot of it faced the door. The headboard was mirrored with three ovals of glass set in gilt frames. On either side of the bed a cabinet. There was a single wardrobe, heavy in aspect. Its doors were mirrored as was the headboard. A thickpile carpet was the only comfort.

I removed my bonnet and dress slowly, then my chemise and drawers. I was to keep my knee-length boots on, Jenny said, and to keep my stockings straight and taut at all times. My lips must always be slightly parted.

"Why are we here?" I asked. I lay down as Caroline had lain, arms straight at my sides. Jenny nudged my ankles to make my legs part wider. The moisture of the long journey was around and within my cunny. Jenny moved to the end of the bed and gazed at me.

"Erect your nipples," she said. I licked my lips and passed my palms lightly over my breasts, flicking the tips until they rose. The cones pointed from their surrounding circles of crinkled flesh.

"You are to be trained," she told me. "No harm will come to you if you obey." She moved along the bed to the cabinet on my left. A long leaded-glass window with a deep stone sill was also on my left. A vase stood upon it with a single withered flower. Dipping the tips of her fin-

gers into the pitcher of water she sprinkled it upon my breasts. The sudden cold made me start. My nipples quivered and stiffened harder.

What is the purpose of our training, I asked, but the question stayed in my head like a wasp in a jam jar. It buzzed and spun. Jenny turned and gazed down through the window at the meadows beyond.

"Did you want to kiss Katherine?" she asked. "Answer quickly!"

I did not look at her. I knew I must not. I said yes. Questions poured over me. I said yes. I said yes I would like to see her breasts, to kiss her thighs, to tongue her slit. I hated Jenny. She knew it was true.

She had turned away again. She seemed no longer amused by my meanderings. "There will be a reception this evening, Beatrice. I shall instruct you in what to wear. A servant will come for you in an hour. Obey her."

She was gone. A key turned in the lock. I made to rise. Were there cracks in the stone? Watchers? Seekers? My aunt might come. I closed my eyes and walked down corridors of thought. Would Mother return? She had gone with a man to Biarritz, it was said. I remembered his carriage arriving one afternoon, my mother peering through the curtains. He had gazed at us palely.

"I shall not be long," my mother had said. A servant had opened the door for her, gravely. Her footsteps had sounded down the drive, certain, uncertain. A crack of a whip and the coach was gone. Dust rose in the roadway upon its departure. I thought to catch the dust in a jar and watch it swirl forever. It would not do that, Caroline said, when I told her. We had sat quietly until Father had returned that day. He had said nothing of Mother's absence. In the evening I chased a butterfly towards the sun.

I had dozed. A servant was shaking my shoulder. She was the housekeeper I had seen on the steps. I sought my dress, my chemise, my drawers, but they had gone. She tossed a grey cloak down around my feet.

"Come!" She did not call me M'am. I cast the cloak about me. We went up to the floor above and along narrow passageways to a second, smaller staircase. At the foot of it Caroline waited. She was garbed in a cloak as I was. Beneath she wore only her stockings and boots.

"Go!" the woman said. A side door with an iron latch was opened for us by a young servant girl who curtsied. We passed outside onto the stone flags through which grass and weeds sprouted. There were smells of chickens, pigs and hay. "Go forward to the stable," the woman said and pointed. My shoulders nudged Caroline's. The knuckles of our hands touched beneath our cloaks. Our feet stumbled over rough grass. The doors of the stable loomed large, yawned open. We were within.

Open shutters allowed rays of sunlight to enter the stable. We passed through the bars of the light to the further wall. There were iron rings, chains. We were made to stand side by side while the woman removed our cloaks. Our arms were raised, spread apart, our wrists secured to rings. The tip of my nose almost touched the timbered wall, as did Caroline's.

Our legs were parted roughly a full three feet so that our stockinged and booted legs were strained. Metallic clicks. Our ankles were secured. Our breathing was tremulous. We dared not to look at one another. The bales of hay about us dreamed of past summers.

There were voices beyond. I felt the woman's return. My head was drawn back. A leather gag was inserted between my lips and tied behind in the nesting of my hair. Caroline's lips would not open to the gag. She received a loud smack. Her yelp gurgled away behind the leather.

"Wash them down," a voice said. Pieces of rough cloth were bound tightly around the tops of our thighs to prevent water trickling down our stockings. There came water, wetness, cold. I jerked. My spine curved. The sponging was insistent. It passed beneath my bottom, cooled my slit. Fingers quested at my lovelips as they urged the sponge. I

was forced to strain up on tip-toes. The sponge passed beneath my armpits, in the curls there. It roamed over the hillocks of my breasts. Water tickled me, trickling down my belly. There was laughter as I squirmed. I did not know the voices.

Caroline was attended to next. The sponge trailed longer beneath her quim, I thought. Was I jealous? Her lovem-outh pouted no more tightly than my own. A rough towel dried us. Our nipples perked against the wall. The iron rings, the manacles, the bonds about our ankles, clinked.

"Six," a voice said. I sensed a movement new—a soft, insinuating sound as of leather passing across a palm.

*Cra-aaaack!* Broad width of leather seared across my bottom. *Ah!* I jerked. My belly to the wall I jerked. Cheeks wobbling, tightening, I received another. The sting was sweet, laid full across my buttocks.

A humming whine behind the gag. My own or Caroline's? Father—no! Father would not permit this. Surely his ship would turn, its tall sails straining. Commands. Feet urgent on the deck. My eyes screwed up. The heat flared in my bottom at the next.

"Harder!" I had heard my mother say when Jenny stayed that night.

*"Neeymmnnng!"* Cries strangled in my throat. Flame-searing, the strap took me again. Again. Again. The trees could not see me. The grass did not care. Tears pearled down my cheeks. In my rudeness I squeezed my scorched cheeks tighter.

"Ah, the fullness of her—the thighs, the cheeks. What delicious plumpness," a voice said. Was it Katherine? I heard the cries, unheard, of Caroline. The strap attended to her next. "Let me feel the heat," a voice said. It was the same cultured woman's voice. Palms palmed my wriggling bottom with womanly tenderness. They felt its fullness, the throbbing. Caroline's hip bumped against mine in her squirming. The loud slap-crack of the leather sounded. Fingertips sank insistent in my burning bulge. Cupped,



held, I sank my weight upon the palms. My big plum, my pumpkin.

The last crack of the leather.

"Let me feel her," a voice said. Another came whose perfume was as Katherine's. Behind us they stood side by side, controlled our squirmings with their seeking hands. I heard kisses. I could feel tongues. An urgent jerk from Caroline nudged me hard. A small laugh, husky, intimate.

"Not now—not yet," the woman behind me said. Her fingers unclasped as if reluctantly from beneath my bottom. "Is she wet? Tell me," she said, "Ah, give me your tongue!" She had spoken of Caroline. She was wicked. I could not restrain the working of my hips. Long tongues of flame licked through my buttocks still. Baby fingers of warmth moved in my groove. My love-slot pulsed gently. My nipples stiff.

"Leave them—they have been well attended to. What sweet young mares. They can be watered now."

The voice was her voice. I knew her as Katherine now. Our gags were loosened. A tin mug passed between the wall and my mouth and tilted just sufficiently to let water trickle between my lips. I did not want it. I wanted wine. Had the servant unpacked my trunk? She would find my flask of liqueur.

The water had slopped down over Caroline's chin in her blubbering. I could feel it. Globules of water fell and decorated her nipples. Then the doors closed, the big doors in their closing. We were left alone.

I wanted to speak in my speakness. I knew not what to say. Caroline hung her head. Her forehead rested against the wall.

"I love you," I said. The fleshiness of our hips touched. She would not answer me. She made silly, babyish sounds. With my legs wide apart I closed my eyes again and dreamed of the stemming of cocks, the rubicund heads upon the waiting pricks—the nubbing thrust between my open lips. When my bottom was thrust over the end of the rocking

horse, the taut cotton had outlined the lips of my honey-pot beneath. I had rubbed against the haunches—felt their pleasure.

"It hurts," Caroline whined. I shushed her. We must not be heard. "Squeeze your cheeks," I said. I wanted to touch her bottom, its polished roundness. There were footsteps—a slurring of feet upon the ground, the wisps of hay.

"What have you been doing?" Jenny asked. "Have you been wicked?" She released us. Caroline covered her face. She was ignored. "Put your clothes on—you cannot be seen like that. There are workmen about—rough men," Jenny said.

We donned our cloaks. The tops of my stockings were damp. It was a feeling I liked. The stinging moved in my bottom still, but it was sweeter now. It made me walk differently. My hips swayed more.

"That is good," Jenny said. She could see. She walked behind us. The doors were open again, huge in their hugeness. Two men with pitchforks stood beyond. They touched their caps at our passing. We did not look at them. Their voices were country voices. They breathed of warm milk in stone jars, left overlong on windowsills. Stale cheese—dried scraps of bread. They were rough men. My bottom moved—a silky bulb of heat beneath my cloak.

# 5

## SUBURBAN SOULS

THE BOOKS on Carrington's list were always a medley of the erudite and the flashy. He published his fair share of novels whose titles suggested the "sporty" sex of late Victorian or Edwardian raffishness. Then, for no apparent reason, he would produce works whose commercial prospects were dim to the point of invisibility. What possessed him, for example, to make a foray into questions of literary authorship with *Lord Rutland Est Shakespeare*? How many copies did he hope to sell of such recondite sexology as *The Ethnology of the Sixth Sense*?

"What a curious type he is," Oscar Wilde wrote to Leonard Smithers in 1898 after an evening in Carrington's company. To the English playwright there was something twisted and even hysterical in Carrington's conduct. He would turn from the Wodehousian account of some sexual romp to slang the vices of British imperialism or racism in the United States.

Yet between these extremes lay some of the best work which he issued, notably in the first years of the twentieth century. He was the publisher of *The Dawn of Sensuality* as the first part of *My Secret Life* was termed. In the field of such biographies—fact or fiction—he also published *Suburban Souls* and gave it the date of 1901.

If Carrington was not the author of this novel himself, he certainly supervised it very closely for in some parts it is

a calculated prospectus of his own work. Its true date was surely a few years later than 1901, since he refers in it to books of his which were published well after that.

*Suburban Souls* is a novel of sex and jealousy, obsessive in its way as the self-consuming passion of the Narrator for Albertine in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. A decade before the first volume of Proust's great novel, *Suburban Souls* dwells on the true nature of erotic jealousy. In its final stages the jealous emotion is not Othello's torment of tragic grandeur. Rather, it is necessary to the victim and, in its way, gratifying as the stimulation of sexual enjoyment.

*Suburban Souls* is the fictional autobiography of Jacky S., a middle-aged broker on the Paris *bourse*. In the last years of the nineteenth century he makes the acquaintance of Eric Arvel, a writer for the financial press who lives in the outer Paris suburbs at Sonis-sur-Marne. Arvel's household consists of his mistress and the woman's adolescent daughter, Lilian, with whom the narrator falls in love.

Though its sexual descriptions are more explicit, the novel has far more in common with the naturalism of Zola or Maupassant than with the pipe dreams of Edwardian erotica. The Parisian world of the 1890s, its cafes and railway stations, its metropolitan avenues and the semi-rural suburbs of brokers and entrepreneurs, are evoked by a suggestive impressionism appropriate to the age.

The novel is more French than English. As so often with Carrington's publications it has the style of a book written in another language and then translated literally. There are such verbal oddities as the references to the Eastern Station in Paris, when even an Englishman would be more likely to recognise it as the Gare de l'Est.

Yet the strange and growing involvement of Jacky S. with young Lilian Arvel is meticulously and yet vividly observed by the victim himself. For Lilian is not the innocent Little Nell or Little Em'ly of Victorian family reading. She is eager to be morally corrupted, her passion woken with a perverseness which unnerves her middle-aged sed-



ucer. *Suburban Souls* sees this girl-child by the new light of Freudian theory rather than in the comforting glow of Dickensian sentiment.

Jacky himself is set on enjoying her. Yet, he adds, "I wanted her to find a worthy husband and go to him a virgin. I told her so. I made her understand that on the day of her marriage I would retire from her life." This confusion of passion and guilt augurs ill for the developing relationship.

In no time at all the hero and his adolescent mistress are meeting secretly in an apartment on the Rue de Leipzig. Though Lilian's virginity is preserved, she is an eager partner in bed, sucking her lover's erection, guiding it to the entrance of her vagina, though restraining its penetration, and squeezing it to orgasm between her bare thighs. The girl, as much as the man, seems anxious to preserve her virgin status. Unlike the heroines of pornography she fears the ordeal of being deflowered, pushing the narrator away with cries of "You hurt me!" Though she sucks him until he comes in her mouth, she finds no evident pleasure in this experience at first.

The course of true love is far from smooth in *Suburban Souls*. Indeed there are moments when the intercourse of the man and the girl becomes confused to the point where even the participants are not quite sure of what is going on. Pushed away from Lilian's vagina, Jacky seeks consolation by placing his "bursting" erection between her buttocks. Pushing and thrusting, he is convinced that in the final moments he has penetrated her behind. Lilian assures him that nothing of the sort happened. As so often in the book, even the antics of the bedroom are principally an account of the state of the hero's mind and the impressions he receives.

As the story unfolds the book becomes far more the account of the mental state of Jacky S. than a study of Lilian and her depravity. One of the most exciting incidents, in its effect on the narrator, is one in which he has

no direct part. Lilian describes a young law student's vigorous attempt to rape her. Jacky is neither jealous nor outraged. To hear of the young man's assault on the girl he himself loves acts as a powerful aphrodisiac—to use his own term—and he makes her repeat it to him often.

At this time the hero's emotions of jealousy begin their pathological development. He presents Lilian with a copy of Sade's *Justine*, urging her to pay particular attention to Saint Fond's account of the pleasure to be derived by seeing one's mistress in the arms of another man. In a little while Jacky even encourages Lilian to try and excite her stepfather, Eric Arvel, the very source of the jealousy which is to torment him later in the book.

"You should rub against him whenever you can," says Jacky to the girl, "and let your cheek and hair touch his face while type-writing together, etc., and then look at his trousers and see if he is in erection."

Whether or not Lilian becomes, in the end, the instigator of depravity she is certainly a willing pupil for all that Jacky has to teach her. On the occasion when he gives her several strokes across her bottom with a cane she "hardly winces" at the cuts. "I am certain she likes the chastisement of the male," he concludes, though we have only his word for it.

Their shared fantasies become more extreme. He devises a scene in which Lilian must sit naked on the toilet while he cleans his teeth. When rinsing his mouth, he is to spit the water over her. Lilian's role is to be "the living chamber utensil of her master." Her only reproach against him in this matter is that he talks about such ideas but does not put them into practice. "I saw that she really enjoyed these filthy projects," he wrote afterwards.

The relationship between Jacky and Lilian changes from that of an older lover—her Papa, as she calls him—and an adolescent girl into the contract of a whore and her paymaster. He calls her his whore for the first time while they make love and later on makes her masturbate him by the

street railings as a common prostitute would. "Oh, yes, I am your little whore!" she whispers as she does so. "And would you do anything for me?" he asks, "Anything, no matter how dirty or disgusting?" Her answer is false but it is the one he waits to hear. "Anything, as long as it is you!"

Inevitably, his reward for reducing her to the level of a prostitute in their fantasies is that she begins to act like one in reality. In his account of their relationship, Jacky complains increasingly of the mercenary motives which seem to drive Lilian towards him. His heart grows full of the "uneasy feeling of repulsion that her broad, mercenary hints were beginning to cause in me." His first revenge is in the cruelty of language which he uses towards her both in their meetings and in his letters. But this style is entirely apt in their new relationship. "The more cynically and brutally I wrote, the better she liked it."

For Lilian to be mercenary was not the worst which might happen. There were, after all, plenty of kept women in the Paris of the 1890s who lived on easy terms with their keepers. Soon, however, Jacky guesses that she is a confirmed liar in the area of sexual relations. Her expertise in bed, so engaging at first, merely serves to convince him, "that other hands and other male organs had been in contact with Lily Arvel's body."

*Suburban Souls* is never more purely the story of Jacky's own obsessions than in his analysis of Lilian the moral delinquent. Convinced that he has caught her out in lies about letters which she claims to have written but then lost, he gets out the packet of her correspondence to him. By means of this he subjects her, *in absentia*, to a psychiatric examination in the terms of the day. Like Proust's Narrator, it is the man rather than the girl who makes the better subject for this. However, he concludes: "She suffers from anaemia or chlorosis. There is evidently psychopathic deterioration and she is a neurotic subject. . . . Masturbation and unnatural practices before the age of puberty have

produced neurasthenia with its attendant symptoms. It is a clear case of hysteria."

Such passages serve to remind us that whether or not 1901 was the publication year of *Suburban Souls*, it saw the appearance of a far more famous work: Sigmund Freud's *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*.

By a natural progression, the hero's abhorrence of Lilian's greed for money and his conviction of her falsehoods ripen at last into an all-consuming sexual jealousy. "She inspired disgust and excited desire," he confesses toward the end of the novel. "In a word she troubled the brain of whoever took an interest in her." Their relationship had begun with Lilian addressing him as "Beloved Master." Before the end she is calling him "My Own Slave." The links of the chain binding them are forged from a self-tormenting jealousy which consumes him like a wasting sickness.

Like Proust's Narrator who abhors Albertine's lesbian love for Andrée while remaining hungry for details of it, Jacky S. sees the same unnatural affection between Lilian and her friend Charlotte. Above all, he is convinced that she shares the bed of her own stepfather, Eric Arvel.

As in all such cases, the victim is torn between the hope of his mistress being proved innocent and the satisfaction of finding her guilty. When the Arvel family goes to Belgium, Jacky asks a lawyer of his acquaintance to investigate the sleeping arrangements at the hotel. He even has a plan of the rooms drawn up. The gossip of the servants, the state of the beds, a dozen such details convince him that incestuous love has been consummated.

The behaviour of the victim in his helpless envy follows a predictable passion. Upon such evidence he rages at the girl for her betrayal and whoredom. Then, with the first sign of affection, he begs to be forgiven and to be allowed to love her again.

Unlike the more conventionally constructed fiction of



Zola or Maupassant, the drama of *Suburban Souls* has no stylised ending. As in life, so in the story of Jacky, the play must continue though the curtain has been rung down.

"In life there is no ending to the long succession of comedy and tragedy which is played out in many acts, and is never ended. Death now and then calls at the stage-door, and one of the players: poor, painted false villain, or roguish clown; tragedy queen, or meretricious dancing-girl, is carried away in the black hearse, but the universal spectacle of love and hate goes on all the same."

A curiosity of *Suburban Souls* is the manner in which Carrington's own publications are used to seduce Lilian's mind. The titles occur in a steady procession: *The Horn Book* and *The Yellow Room*, *Colonel Spanker's Lecture* and *Flossie: A Venus of Fifteen*. *The Mysteries of Verbena House: or, Miss Bellassis Birched for Thieving* makes its appearance towards the end of the book, along with Carrington's prospectus for *The Ethnology of the Sixth Sense*. It was a favourite technique of his to carry over characters from one book to another, by courtesy of his authors, and to mention one publication in the pages of another. Indeed, he was not above insisting that the entire documentary story of the reformatory caning of Elaine Cox should be used as a chapter of fiction. Waste not, want not.

Paradoxically, perhaps, there is a strong vein of puritanism in *Suburban Souls*. For all his seductions of Lilian, the narrator is easily repelled by the grossness of their conduct together. He talks of the evils of masturbation or unnatural vice, the wiles of women and the corruption of society with all the vehemence of a popular Victorian moralist.

If there is one passage, however, in which the gaslit Paris of the *fin de siècle*, the easy-going sexual accommodations of café and boulevard, and the ambiguous passion of Jacky and Lilian is best summed up, it is surely that evening when the matter of her virginity was at last put to the test. The incident occurred on a Sunday, 23 April 1899. That morning Jacky had received a telegram from the girl,

asking him to meet her at 9 P.M. in the American Bar, near the most fashionable of all Parisian thoroughfares, the Avenue de l'Opéra. The sequel to this invitation is graphically described in one of the most evocative passages of the entire book. Had the great novelists of the later nineteenth century permitted themselves the range of such subject matter, this might well have been the sort of chapter which resulted. At the very least it puts *Suburban Souls* high among the achievements of writing about sexual relations in the late Victorian and Edwardian periods.

## EXTRACT

### *“Lilian’s Guilty Secret”*

I WENT AND found my charmer in a new flaming dress, made entirely of vivid red cloth. She had white kid gloves, with a nice hat, and looked very well, being very red in the face too. She had with her the Lesbian Lolotte, ex-mistress and ex-betrothed of her brother Raoul. They were both very jolly. I had never seen Lolotte before, but she knew me by name from Lily. I chaff them about their sexless kisses when alone together, and want to know who is the man of the two. It is the stereotyped stuff that is always poured out to a tribadic couple. Lolotte is a pretty, plump blonde. She was very free and charming; about Lily’s age, 22 or thereabouts. We are soon very comfortable together in the back saloon of the bar, where, it seems to me, Lily is well-known. It was near the Café de la Guerre, and she went there with her brother on Shrove Tuesday.

Directly I saw Lilian, I exclaimed: “Hullo, all up for our luncheon to-morrow!”

“How do you mean?”

“Why, you fetching me out in Paris to-night proves it is all off.”

“But that would not prevent us lunching tomorrow, although I can’t come for the following reasons. How strange you should have guessed it! I had to take some hats to a customer in Paris on Monday, so I profited by that to get to you. This morning comes a postcard, which Mother sees, to say that the lady prefers to come down to the

country. So I can't get out to Paris. My excuse is destroyed. If it had been a letter, I could have suppressed it, and seen the lady to-day, so as to stop her coming down. Thus our lunch is knocked on the head!"

"Lies!" I thought, but I said nothing. I should have liked to have seen that postcard.

"I have finished *Césarée*," said Lily. "It is beautiful. You have marked it well, and scored the best bits, but you are all wrong in one instance."

"About the bedrooms at the Swiss hotel, I suppose?"

"Yes. You know you are quite mistaken in your ideas about me!" She said this slowly and dreamily, not looking straight at me.

"I am absolutely convinced of the truth of my conjectures and stick to every word I have ever said or written on the subject!" I say this firmly, loudly, and impressively.

Charlotte was listening to the conversation, and Lily spoke quite openly, showing that her fair friend knew the secrets of Sonis. I told her that Lily was a liar, and had an awful temper. She knew it, and replied that all women were liars, out of necessity.

Lily's friend talked about London and declared that she would like to go there during the season. I offered, jokingly, to take her. She replied with emphasis, that it would be very nice, and people would take her for *a daughter travelling with her Papa!*

And she looked fixedly and archly at me. I had enough presence of mind to pay no apparent heed to her bold words, but I felt I had scored again. She knew.

I said I was impotent. Lily cried out: "No, he isn't!"

Lolotte said she was sentimental, and Lily was not. Nevertheless, the blonde confessed that she liked something stiff and rather long. I could see by the way she spoke that Lily was now like herself; a common, ordinary, middle-class, half-and-half kind of whore, always on the look-out for a man with money, and had I told her the story of her friend's virginity, she would have been quite surprised. It was a great pity that I knew Lily's stepfather-lover and all



his connections and history so well. Under ordinary circumstances, they would never have thought of hatching these intricate and silly plots against me.

I spoke of Raoul, but both the girls begged me never to tell him of the meeting of the two beauties in Paris at night.

Lily told us the story of her day:

"I got up at nine, had a bath, lunched; then went on my bicycle, came home, dressed again; came to Paris, fetched Charlotte, and we both went to Narkola's to dine, *us two girls alone* (!!). We had lots of nice things—*bisque* soup and fine wine."

"In a *cabinet particulier*, both alone together?"

"Oh no, in the public room!"

All lies, but I say nothing.

"How *dry* you must both be now!"

They roar with laughter, and whisper together, and giggle; and again our conversation about the sexes becomes lewd and stupid. They have two American drinks each. I have a soda and Scotch whisky. Lily amuses herself dropping her saliva in my half-emptied glass, making me drink her spittle mixed with my beverage. She tells me that Gaston taught her that clean manner of showing affection. Lolotte gets on well with me and wants me to take her to London more than ever.

To lull Lily into security I thank her for having sent for me, and she alludes to how I said she sickened me, when she sent me a sudden summons by wire last September. She also spoke of my birthday, and remembered the date well. I merely quote these two facts to show that her brain was clear on technical points, and although she was artful enough to give no sign, all I had ever written to her, all I had ever said, had always gone right home to the mark, and remained in her memory. No doubt she read my letters over and over again. Poor, miserable Lily!

The girls kiss and say good night. We put Charlotte in a cab, and off she goes to her home, somewhere beyond the Bastille. Lily has a little, jealous scene about my free-

dom with her friend, as Lolotte had taken off her glove and held my hand and tickled it. We go for a ride to the Eastern station, to catch the 10:30 to Sonis. I am not to get out of the cab at the station, so as not to be seen by the neighbours who might be taking this train, or anybody, or somebody.

"When shall we meet again?" I ask.

"I don't know. You are aware how difficult it is for me to get to Paris."

"It used to be difficult. It ought not to be difficult now."

No answer.

I tell her I shall masturbate her in the cab. We get in. We exchange hot and luscious kisses, as we have been doing all the evening, more or less. After a lot of resistance, with cries of: "People will see us! Oh! They are looking, etc.," I get my hand up her clothes. I pull down the blinds. She pulls them up. At last, I overcome her feigned resistance and begin to excite her with my finger.

She has on her best drawers, and to my surprise, her cleft, generally smelling strong of the wonderful odour peculiar to the sex, is quite inodorous. It has evidently been freshly washed after dinner. My fingers afterwards were entirely without any feminine perfume. I knew also that a virgin's vulva is always more fragrant than that of a woman used to coition. I remembered that when her people were at Nice at January, she had a dinner at Narkola's, with Madame Rosenblatt and her male relations, who had purposely sent a false telegram to her Granny. Of course that was a cock and a bull story. Here is Narkola's again! Had I chosen, I could have gone there the next day, and inquired about an imaginary earring dropped by the young lady in the red dress, but I really was now quite indifferent, and would not have walked twenty yards to find out anything about her. I had spied upon her in Brussels—that was enough.

Suddenly, while gently caressing her clitoris, I turned half round, so as to get almost facing her, and placing my right forearm under her chin, on her throat, I drive her

backwards into her corner of the cab, and while she is thus pressed there, unable to move, I thrust the middle finger of my left hand as far up her vagina as I can, until it is stopped by the knuckles.

I measure my finger next day finding 2 ½ inches, and my hand is small.

The 2 ½ inches of medius go up easily. I move my finger about inside, with a slight corkscrew motion. Within all is soft and damp, but not wet from randiness, only from the drink. She has not left me to void her urine since 9 P.M. She shrieks loudly and says:

“You hurt me! You hurt me!”

She struggles, but I have her tightly jammed in the corner. I find that her grotto is strangely altered. The outer lips were always very fleshy, but inside all was small, and the skin tightly drawn together, as on a thin hand. Now it is very fat, mellow, and as I said, not wet, as she was not feeling “naughty.” My finger went in as in butter, and she has now evidently what I should call a large, fat gap, which has been properly stroked, doubtless by big, manly tools. But then, having been used that evening, it might be a little puffed up, as women’s parts are after connection.

I cried out: “You are no longer a virgin! No longer a maid! Now I shall be able to have complete intercourse with you!”

I took my finger out and released her. She made a wry face, as she put down her clothes, saying:

“Oh, you did hurt me! But I’m still a virgin. Your finger went in because it was not in the right place. *You were between the two!*”

Possibly meaning just under the clitoris and above the hymen. I need not stop to point out the absurdity of this anatomical statement.

“You are a virgin? Bosh!”

“I swear I am! *On my mother’s life*, I swear I am still intact!”

I was so delighted at having attained my object, that I did not realise the contemptible horror of the situation. It

was only afterwards, when I was alone, that I gauged the depths of Lilian's baseness. At the moment, curiously enough, I thought of how I should describe the scene in my book. I saw it all in print, and it seemed comic and unreal, as if it was happening to someone else, and I was but the spectator of my own disgusted self. But there was a glorious warmth of triumph thrilling through my veins. I felt like a detective, who after many months has run his man down, and at last got the handcuffs on a criminal. I do believe that if I had found she really was a virgin, I should have been disappointed to find a maidenhead. It would have seemed like a monstrosity. Never did a surgeon operating on some special case of hidden cancer, feel more awful, intense joy than I did at that critical juncture.

"Come," said I, laughing, "and I'll finish you gently."

She was now quiet and subdued, and expected likely enough a storm of reproaches. She kissed me and let me put my hand up her clothes without any show of revolt. I began again to manipulate her rosebud, but naturally enough, she had no enjoyment. Then I got very stiff, but not too much, as I had been indulging that afternoon, and I got it out and put her hand on it.

She caressed and agitated it a little. Seeing we were getting near the station and having a sudden desire for her hot mouth, which I knew would make me ejaculate in a jiffy, beter than her awkward pulling at me with her gloved hand, I said:

"Give me your mouth, Lily!"

She shook her head, and kept on with the movements of her fingers. I take her hand away and say:

"I must have your lips and tongue, Lily!"

She sulks and turns her back to me, looking out of the window.

"Well, I'll masturbate myself!"

"Oh no, don't do that!"

"I will! I'll spend alone! And you can go to the man with no finger nails!"

At this rude remark, which called up the vision of the



hands of her mother's lover, to my astonishment she turns round and kisses me. She was so pleased to find I showed jealousy of the wrong person. She was waiting for a scene about the people she had dined with. Out comes her hand again. I push it away, and rub my member a little, like a schoolboy. She turns her head away again, and to give her a chance, I say:

"I suppose your stays prevent you stooping down?"

She, the fool, cannot take my handsome hint, but has turned her back once more entirely towards me, and does not answer.

So I, in despair, cover myself up and button my pants. At this moment, we are just nearing the station.

Seeing this, she is evidently delighted that all is over for the evening, and turning, draws me towards her, gently patting my cheek with her hand, her arm resting on my shoulder, as I had often seen her with her Papa. At this Judas-like caress, I confess that I felt myself boiling over with rage.

She has disdainfully refused me her lips, without a word of excuse, although I have not spent with her since the 1st of March, and have not had her mouth since the 1st of October.

If she had said: "I am tired. How can I suck you in my tight stays, new dress, jacket and hat?" I would willingly have excused her, especially as I was not very lustful just then. But she had not even taken off a glove. Her stroke on my cheek meant: "Now that it is too late to suck him, I'll make it up with the idiot."

My blood boiled at this thought, and I repulsed her, pushing her from me by the shoulder. She was on my right hand. I felt like a brute and behaved like one. I dashed out my right arm and caught her a fearful backhander on the lower part of the left cheek and jaw.

She gasped for breath, and said slowly and quietly in a low tone:

"How brutal!"

"I am mad," I replied, "go and spend when you get home."

This was foolish, as she had freely emitted in Paris, and was not ready for me after her dinner, frolic, and two American champagne mixtures. She had had *her* enjoyment, and was not yet whore enough to play the proper part with another man at two hours' interval. Besides, her temper would not allow her to do so.

She was on the proper side to leave the cab, as it was now stopped, so she stepped out without a word, and I saw her go slowly and shakily along the station frontage, not boldly entering the first door in front of her, as she ought to have done, but sneaking along slowly, evidently thinking I was going to come after her, or perhaps tipsy, or crying, or mad with rage at being outwitted. Or going to the ladies' W.C. at the end of the building.

I slowly paid the cabman, watching her the while. I dared not follow her, for I knew that if I did—God help me!—I should have struck her again. So I turned away and walked home. How I got along and what streets I took, I do not know. I am surprised I was not run over. I found myself in front of my door, that is all I can say. It was about 11:30 or 11:45. I got into bed and smoked until 2 A.M. I could not settle to read. I could only smoke and stare at nothing. I was very much upset, although I had known the truth all along by intuition.

Then I found that the knuckles of the second and third fingers of my right hand were torn and bleeding. I did not think I could have burst the skin with the force of the blow on her face. I do not suppose I hurt her much, as I had no room to swing my arm in the cab, and she did not put her hand up to her face after the blow. I hoped that I had torn my knuckles on her brooch, or neckpins, or earrings, or garters, or something of the same kind, while struggling with her, and these slight abrasions were only coincidences.

Strange to say, but it is the truth, I had no regret for

having struck her and feel none now. When I wrote her that insulting letter about the Belgian trip, and sent the analysis of her own letters, I felt strangely delighted, and was surprised when she was silly enough to answer.

It was the first time in my life that I had ever lifted my hand to a woman in anger.

The next day I was quite calm again, and hugely pleased to find how well I had succeeded.

I had quite deceived the infamous Trinity at Sonis and I had proved to Lily that I knew she was no longer a virgin.

I had set myself a threefold task: to prove that Lily was Papa's mistress, by exposing the lies from Lille; that her maidenhead was gone, despite her assertions to the contrary; and that they were all in league to conspire against me.

All I had to do now was to bide my time to taunt her with her complicity, and then I could go away.

# 6

## EVELINE

FROM *Moll Flanders* and *Fanny Hill* to the *Memoirs of Harriette Wilson* or *La Dame aux Camélias*, the lives of ladies of pleasure had seldom failed to reward handsomely both their authors and their publishers. Charles Carrington's most successful contribution to the *genre* was *Eveline*, published in four volumes in 1904 and since reissued in two parts as *Eveline* and *Eveline II*.

Carrington's preface claims that the book is merely a re-editing of a novel of the same title published clandestinely in London about 1840. This is certainly not so. *Eveline* is a novel of 1904, redolent of Edwardian England. Among the accoutrements of the plot are trains with corridors and electric lighting, both of which characterise a period half a century after 1840. When Lord Salisbury installed electric lights in Hatfield House during 1880–81 it was still regarded as a considerable novelty. The railway system of England's south coast was not developed to the extent which *Eveline* describes until well into the second half of the nineteenth century.

Nor does the language of the book suggest that it was early Victorian rather than Edwardian. The word "kleptomaniac," for example, first appeared much later than 1840—to be precise in Sir Richard Burton's account of the Mormons of Utah, *The City of the Saints*, in 1861. Even after that, "kleptomanist" was often the preferred form. The



form "Pathan" to describe an Afghan tribesman—as used by Eveline—is first recorded by the Oxford English Dictionary as appearing in the *Strand Magazine* in 1903. This fits perfectly with a novel of 1904 but not with a relic of 1840.

As an Edwardian romp—"The Adventure of a Young Lady of Quality Who Was Never Found Out"—*Eveline* forms the memoirs of a high-spirited, well-bred girl. She is a creature of wit and vivacity, lascivious and laconic in equal parts. Like Carrington himself—and for that matter like such authors as Hugues Rebell—she never tires of demonstrating that it is the most apparently moral stratum of society which is, secretly, the most debauched. The figures of law and order are those most often caught with their pants down in the pages of her recollections.

Eveline's education in sexual matters begins early, when she is obliged to share a bed with her brother Percy. She, at thirteen, was two years his junior and the masturbatory idyll ends with Percy's departure for Rugby School to be fashioned into a Victorian gentleman. Eveline herself was consigned to a girls boarding school at Brighton where the only male presence was that of a page-boy. He it was who brought down the wrath of society upon the entire establishment. "One of the elder girls, whose inquisitive genius had discovered the interesting fact that he had hair on his belly and a thing which stood upright, essayed in secret to take advantage of this development; induced him to put it in her on more than one occasion, with the result that she was discovered to be *enceinte*. The fact could not be concealed; the Brighton press took it up, and the 'select establishment' was closed forever."

From this moment, Eveline embarks upon a career of what can only be called "sexual mayhem." Sent to a finishing school in Paris, she plays truant to beg erotic volumes from a fat little bookseller. Her sexual favours are the price of this, willingly paid. With his bandy legs, squat build and sinewy erection, the little man in his naked state "seemed

to me to resemble nothing so much as an exaggerated teapot with a straight spout."

Home from school, the precocious pupil sets about the seduction of John the footman, in a manner which suggests those scenes unacceptable in a series like "Upstairs, Downstairs." Her true passion, however, is reserved for her father, Sir Edward, whom she has not seen since she was a little girl of eight. By this time in the story he has just retired, as a Major-General and a Knight Commander of the Bath, after a long period of distinguished active service in India. To a modern reader there is a curious ambivalence in this study of a family relationship. Eveline surrenders herself to his lusts and he takes possession of her with very little sense of shame or even impropriety. The rule of family obligation in this, as in so many other aspects of Victorian family life, is made to seem absolute. The most illuminating aspect of their relationship is not so much the sexual acts as the attitude of the pair. Eveline, for all her emancipation elsewhere, regards herself as the natural property of her father—as daughter or mistress. He, by the same token, takes possession of her as if by right. Her willingness and her enjoyment are almost incidental to this central truth.

Much of the novel is taken up by sexual dalliance against the backdrop of the London season at its most glittering, or sunlit summer days in the fashionable resorts of the Sussex coast. Yet the novel is not entirely devoid of social comment. The depravity of the magistracy and the police—Sir Langham Beamer or Chief Inspector Walker of Scotland Yard—is shown with almost predictable regularity.

Yet Eveline is also fascinated by how the "other half" lives. She permits the footman or other servants to enjoy her—indeed she virtually obliges them to do so. When she is propositioned or even forced into copulation with strangers far below her own class in society, her hunger for enjoyment is merely sharpened. In her reactions to these

situations she illustrates the belief—from a view contrary to Kipling's—that the Colonel's lady and Rosie O'Grady are sisters under the skin.

A theme uniting many of the novels which Carrington published is the use of the camera as an instrument of quasi-sexual violation. Eveline, ever ready to submit to such things, goes slumming by putting on a cockney accent and offering herself as a street-girl to be photographed naked in Pimlico.

## EXTRACT

### *"A Photographer's Model"*

AS I APPROACHED the Pimlico district, the houses became a little better. Steps had been cleaned and doorknockers polished. A carriage stood outside one, from which a man of about thirty-five descended. Paying the cabman, he stared at me and then walked quickly across my path.

"Pardon me, but you are exceedingly pretty. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Edwin Pickles, photographer."

"Indeed? And how would that interest me?"

I placed a nasal Cockney twang in my voice, but my vocabulary evidently puzzled him. He was of neat attire and wore a sporting jacket and modishly tight trousers with black silk bands running down the sides. His shirt was open. Like the corset designer, he wore a cravat.

"I seek models. You would make a perfect one. I would pay you, of course."

"Oh! ain't you a lark! Naked I suppose?"

"Would you like to talk about it? I pay a guinea for first poses—more later."

I sniffed. I was remembering the manners and speech of some of the maids we had had. To imitate them amused me.

"As you like."

We mounted the steps of the house. The hallway was clean within. I was led into a sitting room, as it is called in such dwellings. Scarce had I sat than a woman appeared.



She was much of the man's age and had a slightly common but attractive face. He introduced her as his sister, Edwina. Her eyes cast up and down me.

"This one will do, yes. A pretty one."

I affected to look pleased, pretended a bit of sharpness and tried to bargain for thirty shillings, but they would not have it. A glass of cheap sherry apparently assuaged me. I was led up two flights to the studio which had a large roof light. Couches, armchairs, and drapes of various shades lay about. On the floor were cushions. A painted cloth backdrop showed a rural scene. There was even a Penny Farthing, propped in one corner. In the centre of the room stood a large brassbound camera of mahogany on a sturdy tripod. The back of it was covered with a black cloth. A big brass lens gleamed at the front.

"Take your clothes off and I will pose you."

I had little enough to take off. My dress followed my bonnet. I stood naked in my stockings and boots.

"What a beauty! I swear you are the loveliest girl I have had here!"

"Then you should pay me more, eh? How about it?"

He was close upon me. Poor girls did not struggle very much, I imagined, if there were money in the offing. He made bold to caress my naked bottom. I wriggled it a little and cast my eyes down.

"Will you pay me more if I do?"

His erection was evident already. He pressed it to me, raised my face and kissed me. His hand sought my breasts. It was two days since I had been mounted and I still had visions of Emma in her transports.

"Another guinea, by God, you shall have it!"

"Promise? You got to promise! Oh my gawd, what a whopper, what a big one!"

We were on the cushions. Their purpose was obviously twofold. A shaft of impressive size quivered in my grasp. His mouth smothered mine. I absorbed his tongue. Breeches

sliding down, he prepared himself for the assault. I would have preferred some preliminaries, but my lust was as great as his. I panted. I guided the knob to the orifice. It sank within. A gasp of pleasure escaped us both.

"My, you're lovely! What breasts, what a bottom—it's as round as a peach! Put your legs up over mine!"

I obeyed. It would not do to be too forward with my skills. His cock sank in me to the root. I squeezed.

"Oh! you're hurting me with it! Don't go too fast!"

"There, there, you'll like it in a minute. Hold it in. Can you feel it throb? No one ever brought it up so quick, I swear. What a perfect fuck you are!"

"Suck my tits, then—I likes that."

He began to thresh. His piston moved in my spongy clasp. I closed my eyes and felt a complete delirium. There are occasions when I can be mounted three times in a day and then feel that the fourth is the first I have had for weeks. It was so now. I bucked my bottom to encourage him.

"Do it fast—I like it! Make me come!"

"You beauty! Oh, what heaven!"

His knob seemed to be thrusting up almost into my womb. His balls made a fine smacking sound. Beneath the cushions the floorboards squeaked. I was wet already with my spendings. The perfect, simple glory of the act overcame me. Those who scorn such "wanton pleasures" know nothing of the richness of experience such as only the truly initiated can enjoy. My pleasure was twice and thrice his own, had he but known it. Lithe in his movements he pumped it back and forth, his cock well oiled by my juices.

"Don't come in me! Suppose I 'as a child?"

Too far gone, he did not care. I pretended of a sudden the same abandon. I heaved to his heavings. Our pubic hairs rubbed together. My nipples were stark against his chest.

"You like it? Have I got a big one? Is it nice?"

"Oh, I loves it! Do it more!"



"I HAD LEARNED something at least about the economics of copulation among such people," writes Eveline of her descent into the twilight world of the female working-class. Indeed, her education is not yet over. She meets a girl of fifteen or sixteen with dirty golden hair, ragged skirt and worn-down shoes. The youngster is begging for pennies. "Evie," as the girl calls her, takes her back to the photographer on her next visit and there follows a scene in which the making of Victorian photographic pornography is vividly depicted.

Yet Eveline is no philanthropist and when she talks of spending one can be sure that the substance is sperm rather than lucre. She makes the necessary marriage to Lord Endover, in order that social conventions shall be observed. Like many girls of her age and type, she regards the relationship as one of convenience rather than love. It is true that she bestows her favours on others rather than on her husband. Yet in Eveline's scale of morality that is surely no worse than the conduct of those wives who—for whatever reason— withheld sexual pleasure from their husbands while remaining chaste to the rest of the world.

At the centre of Eveline's life is her relationship with her father. If she is faithful to anyone it is to him. Incest was—and is—one of the most difficult themes to treat successfully in erotic fiction. Among contemporary authors it has been best portrayed in such subtle and sympathetic studies of the brother-sister relationship as Jacques Serguine's *Mano L'Archange* (1962). The Victorian age, in reality, was a more brutal time for ordinary men and women. It was the era of shared beds and overcrowded rooms, where such closeness and intimacy of siblings, or parents with children, was enforced rather than desired.

To the daughters of Mayfair or the children of the slums

the figures of parental authority acted as family overseers. How easily, in the world of sensual luxury which Eveline inhabits, the role of the father might slip imperceptibly into the mood of the lover. All the more poignant are the failures and frustrations by which the path of such sexual ambition is mined.



## EXTRACT

### *"A Night at the Opera"*

"EVELINE, WILL you go to the opera tonight? There is *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden. Your mother declines to go."

"I shall be delighted, dear papa. I have just time to dress before dinner. We can even dine half an hour earlier."

Papa was pleased. He looked young and handsome that day. He was really young for his years. Hale and stout—vigorous, active, he commanded respect. He had the air and carriage of a great soldier. I was as charmed in his society as he evidently was in mine. When we were quite alone he would sit with my hand in his. Frequently he would slip a new ring furtively on my finger. When I discovered the little device, he would ask me to kiss him for it. At such times his voice would sink almost to a whisper; his eyes suffused with sudden passion. His breath would come in great sobs of delight.

I knew well enough why my mother had refused to go. She had been indulging again in champagne and soda all the afternoon.

The spirit of jealousy and mischief possessed me. I dressed with extraordinary care. I put on exactly what I knew papa liked best. Beautiful long white gloves fitting like my own skin, softly glowing in the sparkling light from the huge chandelier. My low dress, the bodice covered with the finest Brussels lace. My jewels, selected for their simplicity and their rarity, were confined to bracelets

and earrings. A small bouquet of the choicest flowers rested on my corsage. He gazed upon me with an admiration which was only given to myself to understand. His inordinate sensual instincts were aroused. Like the bloodhound who scents the vital fluid, so he, in his innate sensibility, scented the perfume of my being. Desire shone in his large eyes. He was in a condition of extreme excitement. It was my purpose and my intention to fan the flame.

I know I am beautiful. Do you suppose that any woman does not know the exact merit of her own attractions? I know a beautiful face when I behold one. I am capable of the same artistic admiration for a beautiful statue, a lovely picture, which is shared by all who are even novices in art. I am not usually taken for a fool. I look in my glass. I see there reflected a face, a bust, a figure and a personality which is not only beautiful—unusually beautiful—but graceful and elegant, endowed with such power to please—when I choose—gifted with such rare possession of a power to charm—when I desire to put it forth—that Eveline could have the world at her feet—did she desire it.

I am not going to indulge you with a vulgar list of my perfections—you must take the fact from me. Or, if you prefer it, close these pages. I do not want your admiration. I am not open to your flattery. Every woman, young even to childhood, or matronly enough to be the mother of a family, can readily dissect your mere flattery, if they have only the sense to pause—to think; you want something, if only to gain the attention of her you flatter. In flattering me you are flattering yourself—*voilà tout!*

“My darling Eveline, you never looked more beautiful than you do tonight.”

It was no flattery. He felt it. It came straight from his inner consciousness. From his brain to mine.

“I am always happy when I please my dear papa. You are inclined to enjoy yourself tonight. You are free, and alone with your little Eveline beside you.”

I leant towards him. I caressed his hand in mine. Under

pretext that his white dress tie required arrangement, I put my gloved fingers under his nose. I could see his nostrils dilate as he sucked in the perfume of my glove.

"Darling girl!"

"I do not care much for the music tonight, papa. The instrumentation is too much for me. It gets on my brain. It makes me nervous. Let us sit back in the box. My head aches."

"Dear child! Let me kiss it—so—on the temples—on the cheek. Now say if it is not better? Give me again your dear little hand to hold in mine."

"Kiss me again, papa. I love your kisses."

In the shadow of the box he kissed me long and voluptuously on the lips. He took my hand. He pressed it. He laid it on his left thigh. He must surely have counted on my inclination for pleasure. I felt a something which throbbed beneath the soft impression of my hand.

"You are not quite in spirits tonight, Eveline. I think the music, as you say, is too much for you."

"It is too bad to blame Wagner for my nervousness, dear papa, yet I know I am a little distraught."

I leant my head on his shoulder. I pressed more firmly on his thigh. I felt the throbbing mass increase in volume. I turned my eyes up to his. We read each other's thoughts.

I felt his hand, trembling with passion, pass round my satin-robed bust. I even moved that the action might be facilitated. He sighed with pleasure—with longing—undeveloped, but to become realised.

"Poor papa! You are out of sorts also."

"No, Eveline, not out of sorts, but this atmosphere is not agreeable. I am half suffocated. I want air. Suppose we leave, and go to a restaurant and have some supper? You hardly dined at all."

"Oh, papa, that would be lovely!"

We descended—called a cab. Sir Edward ordered the driver to go to a certain well-known but somewhat retired restaurant.

We were easily installed. A little charming boudoir on the first floor—what they would call in Paris a *cabinet particulier*.

The obsequious waiter, having deposited a sumptuous supper on the table with champagne of approved mark, left us to ourselves.

"How good of you, papa! This is fun!"

I perched myself upon his knee. My seat was not altogether a comfortable one. He shifted about. There was something terribly hard and unyielding beneath me.

We supped well. I had an appetite. The champagne warmed our blood. I laughed. I was gay.

"Oh, my garter is coming down!"

I put a daintily booted little foot upon a chair. In so doing, I let him see well up my calf to my knee.

"How clumsy I am! I must have had too much champagne."

"My darling, let me try. See, I can fasten it at once."

"Oh, but you tickle, you naughty, dear papa! It has come undone again!"

His hand trembled with excitement. He was in no mood to draw back. His fine eyes looked imploringly upon me, alternately fierce and loving.

I nestled close to him.

"Poor papa! Eveline loves to please her darling papa!"

My dress was well open in front. His hand still lingered on my knee, on the silk stocking around which I sought to clasp my garter. I kissed him warmly on the lips. He returned my kiss with interest. He pressed his left hand on the back of my neck. He pushed the tip of his hot tongue into my mouth. My tongue met his. We remained thus. Our tongues played lovingly together. His right hand stole forward towards my thighs.

"Dear papa! Your little Eveline loves you dearly."

I laid my hand again upon his thigh quite by accident. It encountered the same bulky mass.

"Oh! Eveline!"



"Oh, my darling papa!"

His hand went further. I squeezed that which I felt beneath my fingers in his trousers. There could no longer be dissimulation between us.

He renewed his kisses. His tongue again sought mine. He was beside himself with passionate longing. I maddened him still further. It gave me exquisite delight. My hand moved gently up and down his thigh. My eyes looked into his. He read consent there.

"Dear papa! Your Eveline is your own little girl!"

"My sweet! I love you beyond all in the world!"

He sank down at my feet. He attempted to raise my clothes. I did not yield, yet I offered so faint a resistance that I spurred him on.

"You have all the right to love me, darling, for I am your girl."

He bent forward over me. His face was close to mine. His passion appeared to have reached its climax. As his fingers touched the centre of sensation, I felt myself dissolving in a furious sense of longing for what was to come.

I pushed my hand impudently inside the opening of his trousers. He assisted the movement, which was sufficiently suggestive. I turned aside the fine cambric shirt he wore. I grasped that which I had determined from the first to possess.

It was indeed beautiful. To my disordered imagination it appeared the perfection of man's sexual power. He pressed me down upon the lounge on which we had been sitting. He threw up my clothes. He implored my pardon for what he said he could not resist. I rendered the attitude more propitious. I was on fire. His excitement even exceeded mine. His salacious rage was pitiable. I endeavoured to adjust the parts. He approached his impatient member to the orifice. The hot head even sought the well-moistened lips. To my surprise—to my utter dismay at that moment he sank forward on my prostrate body. With a groan of disappointment, he discharged a volume of seed all over my belly and my thighs.

PART TWO



Whips  
and  
Scorpions



# 7

## BIRCH IN THE BOUDOIR

"WERE BOTTOMS so formed that they might be whipped?" wrote the Reverend Francis Kilvert in his diary on 17 December 1878, "Or why, since the foundation of the world has this part of the human body been universally chosen to suffer chastisement?" Kilvert, the curate of Clyro in the Welsh border country, and son of the Rector of Langley Burrell, Wiltshire, had given much unembarrassed thought to the subject.

On this occasion, he had been walking through the country hollow of Lower Cwm when he heard a woman call to her child "that threatening promise which in this form is probably as old as the English language. . . . 'I'll whip your bottom!'"

Earlier still, in August 1874, Kilvert had been confronted by the problem of Fanny Strange, a rebellious and deceitful adolescent whose parents had tried whipping her to extremes. The mother assured Kilvert that Fanny had been "whipped six times or more this week and on some days she had been flogged twice severely on her naked bottom." But Fanny proved "incorrigible." Kilvert visited the house and reported on the saga of flagellation which it had witnessed.

"She has during the last few weeks been repeatedly stripped and has had her bottom flogged naked with great severity. . . . She was whipped every day, and often twice



or three times in the day and then when her father came home at night he got a stout switch, stripped the girl naked, laid her on her face across his knees and whipped her bare bottom and thighs again till they were covered with weals and the blood came."

Kilvert quickly volunteered to do some of the whipping himself, but Mrs. Strange thought her daughter so hardened that it would do little good. Yet after a while, the punishments had "broken her self-will and cured her of her faults."

In an age hardier than our own, such punishments were routine and an interest in them was highly laudable. On 12 August 1875, Kilvert recalls seeing a girl's clothes pulled up round her waist as she got down from a swing. She wore no knickers. Her bare bottom, he wrote wistfully, was "plump and smooth and in excellent whipping condition." Yet Kilvert was a man of great charm and gentleness, who repeatedly intervened to prevent real cruelty in the labouring families of his flock.

Kilvert's thoughts were confined to his diary. Despite this, the French had ample reason for regarding flagellation as *le vice anglais*. During the so-called Jamaica mutiny of 1865, the British army went on a rampage, hanging male suspects and whipping young women by the hundred. As Sir William Hardman remarked, everyone knew but no one officially admitted, that the customary English way of whipping women was "on their naked posteriors. . . . publicly and indecently exposed in shameful nakedness."

In their pre-Freudian security it was possible for England's rulers to maintain the sexual innocence and moral wholesomeness of such thrashings. The public followed where its rulers led. A correspondence on the moral desirability of whipping and birching young women—"Birch in the Boudoir"—rumbled on in papers like the *Family Herald*.

The discussion came to a head in 1869 in *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*. Its editor, Samuel Beeton, was

the husband of Isabella. Mrs. Beeton's *Book of Household Management* remains the most influential cook-book and housekeeping manual of all time.

A correspondence on corsets and tight-lacing was followed, in 1868, by a letter supporting the whipping of girls in prisons and reformatories. This spread to a discussion of whipping of daughters at home or at school. The trickle of letters grew to such a flood that in 1870 a special supplement was needed to contain them all. The senders signed themselves, "An English Mama," "Pro-Rod," and "A Lover of the Rod." England's censors, so eager to pounce on Carrington's wares, smiled indulgently on the loving accounts of stripping, positioning, and flogging so many young female bottoms.

The discussion spread. "Birch in the Boudoir"—which gave fiction its inspiration—was actually the name of an article in the *Saturday Review* on 30 January 1869. This laconically suggested that the time had come to establish a Society for the Whipping of Young Women. In February, *Punch* added that women who whipped their daughters' bottoms must also consent to be whipped in turn by their husbands. *The Daily Telegraph* accused Samuel Beeton of having made up the entire correspondence in his magazine.

On this last count, he was surely innocent. However willing he might have been to fabricate letters in order to stimulate sales, he did not need to. There were a hundred readers, pens quivering in their hands, ready to supply him with details of domestic and school discipline. So long as the sexual enjoyment derived by many of the chastisers was carefully veiled, the authorities would not intervene. On the other hand, the man who dared to publish such "utter filth" as the novels of Zola or Maupassant, or Boccaccio's *Decameron*, would go to prison for it.

Anyone who believed in the wholesome moral effects of such punishments had only to look about him at the thriving flagellation trade in the brothels of Victorian Lon-

don. There was the famous "Verbena House" in Circus Road, near Regents Park. It was immortalised by George Augustus Sala—a British newspaper reporter in the American Civil War—in his novel, *The Mysteries of Verbena House: or, Miss Bellassis Birched for Thieving*. This book, like *Birch in the Boudoir*, was eventually published by Carrington and advertised in his brochure for 1901.

Incredible though it may seem, some of these brothels were used as disciplinary establishments by the Victorian middle class, who were presumably unaware that the houses served any other purpose. Bridie Stephens, a girl in Sarah Potter's house in London's Wardour Street, described this. In *Mysteries of Flagellation*, published in 1863, she recalls a well-dressed man bringing his adulterous young wife to Wardour Street. As though it were a "chastising service," the young woman had agreed to be whipped by the hand of one of the girls as the price of her forgiveness. Her lover consented too, in order to avoid being ruined by public scandal.

It was hard to tell where the brothels ended and the chastising services began. Mrs. Walter Smith of Oakfield Road, Clifton sold her skills in the columns of the newspapers. In 1889 she asked £100 a year's course of punishment, though if the girl was over twenty the price was higher. She was very proud of the specially made table over which the girls were fastened bending. Twelve strokes with a birch were given from each side across the bare buttocks. The punishment did not end there. Few girls would take such punishment without screaming and, as Mrs. Walter Smith added, "For screams, increased strokes must be given."

"Behind closed doors," might have been Mrs. Smith's motto and under this title her work was later reviewed. No doubt the fifteen-year-old girl, Jennifer Parry, was typical of many culprits at Oakfield Road. With her fair-skinned, softly-rounded figure she had "a pale face, solemn grey eyes, and ash-blond hair cropped short." To curb the girl's pride, Mrs. Smith dressed her in a plain tight jumper and



tight trousers of small check. The effect of Jenny Parry's bottom with its soft traces of puppy fat in adolescence hardly needs to be emphasised.

Mrs. Smith's moral reputation stood high, if a girl could be brought all the way from Hertfordshire to undergo a year's training. Jennifer Parry was birched and caned at quite frequent intervals. For regular daily use there was the broad leather punishment-strap, split into three tails at its end. This would sting like fire, yet leave no lasting mark.

The innocence of the girl's soft pale face on these occasions was no defence. She would be bent over the table and strapped down. Mrs. Smith reserved to herself the right to undo and take down Jenny Parry's knickers, baring the soft pale cheeks of her backside. The older woman was then able to engage in as much fiddling and fondling as she liked, with no fear of awkward questions being asked afterwards.

The cane was measured across the culprit's behind and then brought down in the first of twenty-four sadistic lashes across the soft pale cheeks of Jennifer Parry's bottom. The shrill cries rose and the ash-blond adolescent began to writhe vainly in her straps.

But Mrs. Smith was not alone in this moment of high drama. There were, it seems, peep-holes in the wall of the room, "behind which England's upper crust bulged and sweated." Nor were they disappointed. Jennifer Parry screamed long before the twenty-four strokes had been completed. She was at once reminded by Mrs. Smith of the extra punishment incurred by these cries. Indeed, since Mrs. Smith could make the girl cry out at every stroke, there was no reason in theory why the thrashing should ever end. It seemed infinite as the universe itself.

So the men who thought Havelock Ellis and his kind "thoroughly filthy" grinned and gasped at the mounting toll of swollen weals across the soft cheeks of Jennifer Parry's adolescent bottom.

One day, Sigmund Freud and Krafft-Ebing would re-



veal this "discipline" for the erotic enjoyment it actually was. Yet it was the work of men like Carrington which first punctured the bubble of "moral correction." He delighted in taunting England's leaders, who had sought his arrest for so long. If the houses run by Mrs. Smith and her kind were not officially sanctioned, what about those that were? And what about the way the English law operated?

In a famous case, the prosecution of Mr. James Miles for birching and caning reformatory girls was laughed out of court by the Rochester justices. The *Britannia* newspaper wrote that it was "wholly up to him to decide what degree of punishment" to inflict on adolescent girls. In 1904, the sixth edition of the *Digest of the Criminal Law* added that "the number of strokes and the instrument used are at the discretion of the person by whom the whipping is inflicted."

Reformatory masters and their kind, who dealt with rebellious adolescent girls, talked of the need for "exemplary chastisement" or "a real lesson in manners," administered to the bare buttocks of a fifteen-year-old tomboy like Elaine Cox with a prison cane. The English bourgeoisie growled its approval. "First-rate disciplinarian," wrote Archibald Sinclair in his 1857 *Reminiscences*, "Never gives less than three dozen."

Some reformatory masters could scarcely believe their good fortune. They were handsomely paid by the state for stripping and whipping the girls of their choice, whose ages ranged from as young as thirteen up to twenty-eight. The attempt to prosecute James Miles for his sadistic whippings of the girls in his charge revealed that Sarah Barnes was flogged at thirteen and Phyllis Blake at twenty-eight. Mr. Miles need not have worried, however. As the *Morning Chronicle* reported in January 1841, the justices laughed the case out of court and sent him back to carry on the good work.

Even after Carrington had set up business in Paris, ex-

posing the fun the reformatory masters were having in such books as *Studies in Flagellation*, the whippings still continued. In 1897 a Parliamentary Commission took evidence from one master, the Reverend Marshall Vine. He was referred to cases, such as those in which girls had been fastened bare-bottomed over the punishment block and sadistically thrashed with cane, birch, and whip. Jane Mitchener and Sally Fenton had been regularly dealt with in this way at fourteen years old, by Carrington's account. Though by 1897 the courts awarded only eighteen strokes of the whip as a summary punishment, reformatories would give thirty-six and more as a routine discipline. "I should give three dozen!" said the Reverend Marshall Vine, "And I have done so!"

By sending a girl into a reformatory for five years, the justices were consigning her to the master's private flagellation harem, while the government paid him a handsome salary for indulging his pleasures. Indeed, if the master fancied a particular girl, there is evidence that the justices, with a knowing wink and nod in his direction, arranged for her to be put under his care. In 1871 a curious case occurred at Grantham. It involved a pretty, brunette adolescent girl, whose photograph is still appended to the documents from Huntingdon prison. Her name was Julia Oglethorpe and she was charged with stealing a piece of bread. It was hardly the most serious crime in the calendar, scarcely a crime at all. Yet Julia was such a pretty girl and many a middle-aged master would have paid handsomely to have her bare bottom at his mercy. So on 5 January 1871 the justices handed her over to the lucky man in question for five years of regular reformatory discipline.

Then, it seems, they remembered that there had to be a trial before she could be sentenced. So, more than three weeks later on 27 January, Julia was found guilty and the verdict entered. Of course, the verdict was never in doubt. This was not a jury trial. Her guilt or innocence was de-

cided by the same justices who had already packed her off to the reformatory to begin her ordeal of regular thrashings more than three weeks before.

We should not be surprised if Carrington roused the anger of the English law by exposing such systems as this. Under the smug pretence of "moral discipline" the reformatory masters and matrons were thoroughly enjoying themselves with girls of fourteen like Julia or Jane, Sally, Linda or Valerie, no less than with such fifteen-year-olds as Elaine or Jennifer.

Why was it, Carrington seemed to ask maliciously, that it was the pretty girls who were always whipped most often? Why Jane or another favourite girl and not some ugly adolescent? Not only did Carrington describe vividly how these middle-aged reformatory masters enjoyed themselves during the bare-bottom thrashings, he said bluntly that the girls were used for sexual purposes. All that the master need do was to avoid an embarrassing pregnancy. Hence the story of a cheeky young imp like Sally being required to suck off her middle-aged master or else the whiskered old fellow with his spouting penis tightly and deeply sheathed in Jane Mitchener's bottom.

Understandably the authorities preferred not to listen to such tales. Even the staunchest supporters of the system might have felt uneasy if they thought that a master could also have young women in their twenties strapped over the block with their pants down for the cane and whip. Such treatment of Phyllis Blake or any others was best not talked of. The *Morning Chronicle* referred to one instance but then the whole affair was hushed up. It was only a group of justices, invited by the reformatory master as witnesses who saw the flogging of Phyllis Blake or the use of the whip across the bare white cheeks of a mature female bottom.

One can well understand why the British authorities and the "disciplinarians" who served their purposes should have exploded with fury when Carrington turned his at-

tention to the topic of "Birch in the Boudoir." Though the story of that scandal did not appear until 1905, the subject had been well discussed in many of his earlier publications. *A Man With a Maid*, *Beatrice*, *Pauline*, *Dolly Morton*, and *Frank and I* all feature it as a major theme.

What was Carrington's crime? After all, if England's rulers believed that flogging was essential to moral education and that it never did anyone any harm, why should they object to books written about it? It was certainly never a crime to describe such capital punishments as hanging in a novel. Why such a fuss about flogging?

The answer was simple. Carrington's books told the readers a truth which the British establishment had, for various reasons, chosen to keep to itself. Taking down a pretty girl's knickers and thrashing her bottom was not only elevating—it was *fun*! And even some of the pretty girls thought it was fun too. Those who were in a position of power to indulge the sport had long known this, but once their much-vaunted discipline was seen as an aphrodisiac, moral and social revolution threatened them.

Almost from its beginning, Carrington's fiction insists on the enjoyment a man can get from whipping a pretty girl. Worse still, the hero explains that the best place for such fun is "an English girls' reformatory." The sex-palace of an Arabian harem cannot compare with the bevy of slave-girls whose bottoms are available to his whip and his penis alike.

This was precisely the sort of publicity which the leaders of Victorian England dreaded. The punishment-registers of their reformatories had always been very coy and secretive about the behaviour of the girls and the chastisers during birchings and whippings. The entries would merely give the girl's name, age, offence, and sentence. "Louise Parker, age 16. Guilty of insolence. To be strapped down lying astride the vaulting-horse. Thirty-six strokes of the birch across her bare buttocks. . . . Sarah Barnes, age fourteen. Guilty of deceit. To be fastened on all fours over the



block. Thirty strokes of the cane across her bare bottom." The comments were brief and uninformative, beyond adding that Louise Parker received four extra strokes for excessive squirming or that Sarah Barnes's bottom was spanked with a strap next day because her conduct showed no improvement after the bamboo cane.

Occasionally the comments would mention that the girls screamed under punishment, which gratified the authorities. Carrington described some of the other things they did. In 1875 there had appeared a second part of *Aus den Memoiren einer Sangerin*, which was attributed at first to Wilhelmina Schroeder-Devrient, who first sang Wagner's Venus. Whatever its authorship, the book describes two cases of female masochism among the girls who underwent whippings in the prisons of Austria-Hungary. In one case the girl masturbated by squeezing her thighs together while being whipped. The second culprit was driven to masturbation afterwards by the excitement of her ordeal. The news was dynamite to the English view of chastisement as a fine moral example. So Carrington thought.

He published a translation of the *Memoiren* in 1898. But when the shock of "Birch in the Boudoir" broke upon England's readers, the time had come for its young ladies to do a little thigh squeezing on their own account, as they bent over to receive the cane or the whip.

The Carrington novel is an exchange of letters between Charlie and Lizzie. She writes from Arabia, where her father is British envoy at the sultan's court. As a highly respected member of her sex, Lizzie has the full run of the harem. The scenes she reports include all-out lesbian orgies between tawny-skinned Asian beauties and pale English girls. Cunningly-spiced unguents rubbed into the pudenda drive their helpless female victims frantic with desire. An adolescent girl is harnessed bending between the shafts to act as her master's carriage-pony. In the final harem orgy a young English woman is whipped and marked with her

master's brand, while a randy old onlooker takes her schooldaughter naked on his knee.

Yet as Carrington shows, none of this can excel the fun to be had with the girls consigned to Greystones Reformatory in England. The establishment is run by Miss Martinet and, on receiving his letter of appointment, the scapegrace Charlie sees the instruction to bring with him any cane, birch, or whip which he would like to use in maintaining discipline among the girls.

His first assignment is to supervise the young women of nineteen or twenty who work in the stable-block. One of them, Maggie, a blonde of twenty-three, takes his fancy at once. "Her golden blonde hair hung straight and loose to her shoulders, parted in a fringe on her forehead. . . . The pale oval of her face was marked by features which were firm and perhaps a little crude. Yet you would admire her blue eyes and the lashes which she darkens so skilfully. Maggie is a bewitching combination of the brazen slut and the innocent child. She is firmly built, though not tall. Her lack of height gives her a coltish, stocky appearance. Yet her thighs are taut and her hips firmly covered without being fat. Her breasts are softly hung and Maggie's bottom-cheeks have the trim maturity of young womanhood. Though she wears no wedding-ring, I wager Maggie's cunt has been well-ridden."

Framed by a large window, Maggie is engaged in laying out the harness. Her lower limbs are shaped by tight blue riding-jeans and her upper body by a snug singlet. Small wonder that the gentlemen who pass stop and admire her, while Charlie licks his lips at the thought of what lies ahead.

The men outside the window admire Maggie at her chores, eyes gloating over the sight of her sturdy young thighs and buttocks in tight denim. In Charlie's opinion, Mag is a young slut who knows quite well that the men are watching her, and who enjoys displaying herself. There is a certain hardness in her pale features and blue eyes, a

wanton slackness of her posture, a knowing lewdness even in the shaking of her light blonde hair. The men who watch her tighten their mouths with determined zeal as she bends over in the tight riding-jeans. As Maggie finishes her work and polishes the floor on all fours they move for a better view of her full, tight-jeaned bottom-cheeks. Yet it is Maggie herself, sitting on her heels with her back to them who kneels forward suddenly, forehead right down to touch the floor, pretending to have lost a stud. She remains like this, the jeans-seat so tight and spread that the very shape of her soft vaginal flesh between the rear of her thighs is visible. Her sturdy young buttocks are broadened and parted, Maggie's anal cleavage wantonly revealed. We are left in very little doubt as to her moral character by this calculated display.

Charlie sanctions a whipping to be inflicted upon Maggie for her vulgar conduct. As a novice, he does not do it to her himself but watches while the stable-grooms deal with her. All but one of the grooms are absent just then, enjoying themselves with Jennifer, Pat, Noreen, and the other girls who work in that block. The remaining groom has taken Maggie behind a screen and is having his fun with her. There are unmistakable sounds of her riding-jeans coming off and of Maggie's knickers being taken down. He makes her lie head-to-tail with him. "If I do that, you will make me take it in my mouth," says Mag in her soft lilting love-voice. "Do it all the same, Maggie!" he insists.

With her curtains of golden blonde hair sweeping his loins, Maggie is made to suck the long white shaft of the groom's penis. His own eyes and lips are inches from her mossed thigh parting and from the pale cheeks of Maggie's bottom. His tongue runs in her vaginal groove, his kisses brush her buttocks and thighs. At last his sperm fills her mouth and she swallows him for the first time.

Meanwhile, the hour appointed for her whipping has arrived.

## EXTRACT

### *“Maggie Well-Chastised”*

JUST THEN the grooms returned. Maggie, who had not nearly completed her chores, was sentenced to be chastised for her dillitoriness. When the first groom came to tell me that Maggie was made ready to be caned for idleness, I could hardly find an answer! Imagine how eagerly the men who had watched at the window while she worked at the harness display would have taken this opportunity! I could scarcely believe that it was my own voice saying, “Ah . . . yes . . . indeed. To be sure. Perhaps, though, on this first occasion, you would be good enough to deal with her for me.”

A broad smile crossed the groom’s face. All the passion which he had pumped into Maggie’s mouth, the love with which he had spangled her thighs and backside, did not restrain his zeal for chastising her.

We went into the main part of the tiled stable, where a padded leather bench stood at the centre of the floor. Maggie was stripped to her singlet, made to kneel at one end of the bench and lie forward along it. Her pants and knickers (a pair of stretched cotton briefs) lay discarded on the table. They had tied her blond hair in a short pony-tail, and I was pleased at that. It enabled me to watch more clearly her blue eyes and fair-skinned features.

I nodded to the groom, who made the preparations required by the Greystones regulations. Maggie’s wrists



were strapped to the far end of the bench, her waist buckled down, and her legs belted tightly together just above the knees.

All this will sound so severe, Lizzie, that you will scarcely credit how much pleasure there was for Maggie in her punishment. Yet such was the truth, as I discovered when I made my inspection of her before she was bamboo'd.

I squatted down behind her and studied the area which offered itself as a target to the groom. Maggie's buttocks, firmly and fully presented by her posture, were stretched hard apart. Both the rear pout of her vaginal purse and her anal cleft were in full view. I teased our blond shopgirl gently. "You've been making love, haven't you, Maggie?" I stroked her down the length of her cleavage, between the fair-skinned sturdiness of her buttocks, tickling the rear of her vaginal pouch and finding it moist. She was far away by now, her mouth open a little, and her blue-green eyes blank, as if she could not hear.

Can you guess the truth, Lizzie? Any of the other shop-girls punished in this manner—Pat or Jennifer or the rest—would have trembled at the ordeal. Maggie, however, was a lover of that delight known to us as "Birch in the Boudoir." Even a prison caning was the occasion for her pleasure. It is true, is it not, that certain girls, like the slave, Janina or the Grecian nymph, Sarita, have found pleasure under the rod of their Turkish masters? Maggie was a worthy novice!

Already I could see that her pale, firm thighs, in all their stocky power, were squeezing rhythmically together. It was impossible to prevent, except by ordering her legs to be strapped apart. To tell you the truth, my curiosity was so great that I could not bear to do that.

"No wonder the men watched you as you set out the harness display, Maggie," said the first groom, "if you were misbehaving like that!"

But the young shopgirl had no shame, Lizzie! I vow she continued with the thigh-squeezing and the buttock-clenching as if she could not have stopped it for dear life.

The groom cut the air with a trial swish of his bamboo. Our young blonde masturbatrix stopped, frozen in a moment of apprehension, and then resumed her labours of self-love.

"Thirty strokes across your bare bottom, Maggie," I said softly, and I nodded to the groom to begin the punishment with the long supple bamboo.

How the first stroke of the cane rang out across the firm, pale cheeks of Maggie's bottom! She gasped, cried out, but never ceased to squeeze her love-lips hard between her thighs. Again the cane lashed across her seat, and again. She gave a soft cry but it was hard to say whether pain or pleasure drew it from her. The groom was quite pitiless with her. Believe me, any true disciplinarian who had watched Maggie displaying herself at the window would have approved that. Six times the cane raised a weal across the cheeks of Maggie's bottom—and twice across the backs of her thighs. She cried out with the hurt and with the pleasure of her own thigh-squeezing at the same time. In truth the vicious prison bamboo was a smarting agony across the bare cheeks of her backside. Only the swelling balloon of pleasure in her own loins enabled her to endure it with such insouciance.

After the first fifteen strokes, the groom handed the cane to his colleague for the rest.

"Almost at the summit of your climb, Maggie?" asked the second man. "I shall let you get there before I cane. Then fifteen wicked strokes across your backside, with no distractions!"

Mag cried out again, begging him to bamboo her in her present state. But he waited until her thighs seemed to beat quickly in their squeezing, like soft white wings. He stood, undid her legs, and strapped them again with knees wide apart. Then he caned the impudent blonde shopgirl without compunction.

I was conscious that the lads she had romped with earlier had their eyes pressed to every chink and keyhole in the place. Under the second groom's attentions, Maggie

screamed and her green eyes brimmed over. Unlike his predecessor, he was a moralist and no libertine. His righteous anger brought thin ruby trickles from the new weals across her bottom-cheeks.

At last Maggie lay limp and gasping, her behind blushing and marked by swollen stripes. I stroked her blonde hair, calming her. "Come to my room tomorrow morning, Maggie," I said gently. "You'll be tanned now until the grooms are satisfied with you. Tomorrow, I'll treat you to some softer discipline of my own."

Was it pleading or was it gratitude she showed? Maggie, the randy young bitch, brazenly licked my fingers in anticipation! Had she much to be grateful for? It depends which groom was the harder to satisfy. Was she given to the gentler of the two? He would surely allow her to ride the rubber dildo while his rod merely stimulated her passion. But Maggie the young shopgirl with her golden-blonde hair touching her collar and fringed on her forehead, might well provoke a gentle, affectionate lechery.

Yet the other groom seemed more fiercely provoked. Was it by the rather hard, crude features in the pale oval of her face, or the blue-green eyes with their mascara'd lashes? Did her slight stockiness, the firm young thighs and buttocks, move him even more?

With the first lover, Maggie might play out an amorous comedy. If the second was allowed to take her into the fateful room, a darker drama would ensue. It represents a more sombre scene, shadows falling on a fixed block where Maggie kneels strapped over it, securely gagged. Only her short, black singlet clothes her. I fear the tale must be one of Maggie's wadded screams and flooding tears, her bottom bruised and swollen by weals which will not fade for a week. Even then, I suspect, this wielder of the pony-switch knows no pity.

I wonder which of my suppositions is correct? Perhaps neither. Perhaps, indeed, I malign the second fellow. Yet there was a certain look in his eye. Not that I think him

alone in his inclinations towards such a young woman as Mag!



EVEN IF Maggie escaped the more severe whipping this time, she was to experience it later, both alone and with Jennifer, Pat or the other girls. She appears in another Carrington novel, set in a Louisiana plantation of captive white girls. Mag has been bent over a harness-bar, her arms and wrists strapped, a rubber gag between her teeth. Though made to bend tightly in this manner, her legs and hips are still free. Her pants have been taken down and her singlet pulled up clear of her waist.

A chastity-strap has been fastened, running down her belly, under her legs, and up between her buttocks to the back of her waist. Its purpose is to prevent the menials making use of her. However, two of the cunning grooms have coated it on the inside with sexual irritant, causing a virulent erotic torment between the young blonde's thighs and buttocks.

Her master, armed with a long slim leather switch arrives to find her rear cheeks squirming and thighs twisting. He orders her to keep still. Maggie mewls through her gag, driven beyond control by the maddening itch. Outraged at her refusal to obey, her master gives a cruel slash of the leather switch across the pale broadened cheeks of Maggie's bottom. Screaming into her gag with agony Maggie's backside surges wildly. Tight-lipped, her owner orders her again to keep her arse quite still. The whip slashes her across her bare buttocks. Her head is twisting wildly and blonde hair flying. Mag's backside writhes and rolls in mounting pain.

"Another taste of the whip across your bottom-cheeks before you'll obey me, Maggie?" he asks. "Very well then, you young slut!"

A prolonged thrashing leaves the cheeks of Maggie's



behind bruised, swollen and latticed with raised weals. The man flogs her across them, regardless of the blood drawn. She obeys at last, lying still only when she sprawls limp and swooning over the bar.

After this stable orgy, it is Charlie's bed which is her destination as soon as the punishments are over. As one might expect from her earlier behaviour, Maggie is an eager partner.

## *“Ride a Cock Horse”*

MAGGIE LOOKED at me, hard and lascivious, as she moved her thighs wider yet and clambered astride me. Lowering her hips she touched the knob with her hole as if by instinct. I put a hand under her and smiled at the amount of self-lubrication.

“You young whore, Maggie! You’ve been making love to yourself!”

“What if I have?” She shook her blond fringe with a hardened impudence.

“Would you like to be made to do it in front of the men who admired you while you were setting out the harness?”

“Don’t mind.”

I’m sure she did mind, but Mag was too brazen to admit it. I turned her ’round a moment and was not the least surprised by the fading traces of stripes and one or two small bruises on Maggie’s bottom-cheeks. It was clear that, when I left after her punishment the other night, one of the grooms had taken Maggie into another room and caned her viciously.

“Very well, Maggie,” I said quietly, “the next time you’re caught at it, I’ll have you strapped for the pony-lash on your bare bottom. How do you like the prospect of that?”

For answer, Maggie gave a little hip swagger and impaled herself astride me! She is more of a slut than her friends Jenny and Pat, but deliciously lewd as well. She

thrust her tongue into my mouth and began to ride the erection.

"You randy young bitch, Mag!" I gasped. "I believe you really were trying to show yourself to all the men who passed by!"

Her cunt was tight and smooth, exquisitely so. As I rode to bursting point I also tasted the fresh mint in her saliva.

"I'm going to come," she whispered soon. "I've been on heat all day for this. I can't help it. Let me do it harder!"

Her juice seemed to be streaming down over my cock already, but that was mere lubrication. She pulled up the singlet so that I could smooth her belly with one hand and worry her nipples with my teeth. I kissed her forehead, where the blond fringe parted. With my free hand I fingered her arsehole.

"You won't be spared that way either, Maggie! If we have to strap you bending for the lash, the stableboys won't be able to resist it! Remember that when next you play with yourself!"

Mag is one of those girls who are excited by violent imaginings. I murmured promises in her ears of places where she might be taken and given to the unspeakable lusts of libertines. She cried out in her triumph, her head hanging limply over my shoulder, her hair loose down my back. Shuddering, she went into one erotic spasm after another. Her screams, which might have been pleasure or torment, decreased at last, and she flopped almost senseless against me. Kissing her eyes I tasted tears of relief—or even frustration. Then I comforted her for she was sobbing quietly in the reaction from such exultation. I kissed her gently on the nipples, on the belly, on the warm, firm cheeks of her bum, and then on the lips again. I led her gently to the sofa and bade her lie there.

"You will rest a little, Maggie," I said, smiling at her. "You must gather all your strength again for the night which lies before us. Ah, I see a tear or two in the desola-

tion which follows such joy! Have no fear, you shall scale the summit of pleasure again in a little while!"



ONE OF Carrington's most popular devices in his novels was the spectacular scene consisting of a banquet, an orgy, or some kind of sexual athletics. A famous chapter of *Dolly Morton* is taken up by a dinner at Randolph's plantation-house in Virginia, where the waitresses are all naked slave-girls. After the meal, the girls are made to perform pony-races, the smaller ones horsed naked on the backs of the larger ones as they run. Large bets are laid by the dinner-guests, each of whom has a whip ready to lash the bare buttocks of the pony-girl and she-jockey on whom his money is placed.

*Colonel Spanker's Experimental Lecture*, first published in French by Carrington's friend August Brancart, is set among the garden courts and feasting of a Park Lane house in London's Mayfair. *Nights of the Rajah*, the first volume of Captain DeVane's amorous memoirs, has the supper orgies of the perverted Rajah of Shivapore, whose depravity in the acts he makes captive English girls perform seems to know no limit.

Charlie's adventures have a number of these set-pieces, one of the best being the grand dinner given on board the yacht *Brandon* on the last night of its voyage to Arabia with a cargo of white slave-girls for sale to the harems. The captain, like Sade's Minski in *Juliette*, employs naked girls even as platters and table-supports. He does not go quite as far as Minski in using them as the table-top, which is of a more conventional kind. Nor does he agree with Minski that the produce of the girls' own bodies is the culinary triumph of such an occasion.

Maggie makes her appearance again on all fours as the support for one end of the table. At the other end is No-reen, the well built fair-skinned "trollop" of nineteen with



her lank dark hair and insolent brown eyes, who makes her appearance several times in Carrington's fiction. Interestingly, the banquet is perverse enough in its demands on the girls but it is not cruel as some of the whippings given in the name of law and order had been. Moreover, a strong vein of sardonic humour runs through the description of it.

## *"A Banquet of Bare Beauty"*

WE ENTERED the main saloon with its silks and cut glass. I vow, Lizzie, I experienced a combination of sensations unknown to me before: a stiffening penis and a desire to roar with laughter. Separately, these are common enough. Together, they must be rare indeed.

Ahead of me was the banquet table at which the inspector, the Captain, and I were to sit. It consisted of a light, wooden surface, some six feet long and two feet across, and a hole cut in the middle through which the lighting column rose. What is so curious, then, you ask? The table was supported at either end, not by legs but on the backs of two figures kneeling on all fours. Well, you say, such carvings are not unusual. Ah, but these were not carved figures. The nude flesh of Maggie and Noreen was more succulently moulded! The stools over which they were strapped supported them in turn and the tabletop was secured by a harness 'round their waists and shoulders. A man who sat on one side would have Maggie's blond protruding head on his left-hand side, from under the table end, and the pale spread of Noreen's strapping young hips on his right. Those who sat opposite would have Noreen's face and Maggie's rump either side of their chairs!

The lighting was more ingenious still. Our good inspector had had cause to arrest three loud-mouthed street girls, some fourteen years old, for their noisy conduct. He

had carefully ensured that they should be among our cargo in order that he might have some stock to drive to market.

Mandy, Tracy, and Sal (as Sally preferred to be known) stood naked upon the central platform of the table and provided our candelabra. Their wrists were joined in the leather cuffs above. It was Sal who provided the light for me and to whom I gave the most attention. What a pint-sized little strumpet she was at thirteen or fourteen! Imagine a broad, highboned face with rouge on the cheeks. Picture the snub little nose and the dark, defiant eyes. Add to it a collar-length crop of fair, tousled, wavy hair. In her figure, she was not tall, even for her age. Unlike the elegance of Tracy's skirts, Sal's costume for roaming the streets included the tight denim of her working trousers. Picture the two as they must have been—almost like boy and girl!—the firm tomboy thighs and the fat little cheeks of Sal's bottom rolling as she walked, filling the tight jeans cloth so heavily!

Now, like her two young friends, she posed naked on the pedestal. Like them, too, she had an ingenious dildo threaded in her cunt, curving out in the front to become a triple candle holder with its three tall flames twelve inches or so from her belly. At the rear, an identical candelabrum had been firmly inserted between the fat little cheeks of her arse!

Vanessa and the other girls attended as our charming naked waitresses. As we awaited the first course, the inspector told us humorously of his arrest of the three street girls. How they had gone through the quiet middle-class thoroughfares, Sal bawling her war song: "I go out on Saturday night, and I look for a fucking fight!" How she had insolently begged for a cigarette—"Got any fags?"—and how she had surrendered to the riff-raff melting pot of society. Having apprehended the three young strumpets, he was struck at once by the thought of being a partner in Uncle Brandon's business rather than a mere assistant.

Six waitresses entered, almost staggering under the

weight of the huge salver, whose cover still hid from us our banquet. The splendid piece was loaded onto the table and the cover removed. Can you guess, my sweet?

It was twenty-five-year-old Jackie, the promiscuous young slut with her bell of blond hair, impudent blue eyes, sullen jaw, and fattish hips. Have no fear, she was not the meal itself, merely the delectable platter. Upon her breasts were arranged the hors d'oeuvres, so that her nipples appeared as the cherries stop them, for she was entirely naked. Jackie's sluttish young body was to provide all the plate and glass we required. We took wine by pouring it into her mouth and she turned her blond head obediently to the imbibor and gave him the draught from her mouth into his, nicely mulled.

Our fingers worked eagerly on the salad of the hors d'oeuvres, the slightly acid tingling of the salad dressing causing Jackie's nipples to stiffen remarkably. Finger bowls were not needed: glancing down at the firm, pale insolence of Noreen's face, I had only to hold my fingers to her mouth and command her tongue to do the work. There were some very firm bananas in the fruit bowl and you will believe I could resist taking one in my other hand. Maggie's blond hair, as well as her crude, pale features, were reflected for me in a mirror. As I coaxed the banana into Mag's young cunt, she was as eager as I. Then her tongue washed the Captain's fingers lovingly.

Was Noreen more or less fortunate? In her case, the inspector took a different aim. The banana entered between the pale, strapping cheeks of Noreen's nineteen-year-old bottom. That left only one receptacle for the olive stones of the salad. In my own case—for I enjoy a meal of olives—I judged it uncouth to litter floor and table. To recompense my young blonde, with her firmly broadened buttocks and thighs, I first gave her a frig-jig with the banana. Then, one by one, I popped the olive stones up her arse-hole. We now went on to the salmon mayonnaise and asparagus.



The main dish was served upon the proud curve of Jackie's young belly, though the asparagus stalks were tucked deeply into her love-pouch, protruding between her thighs, which gave them a most novel savour. We ate heartily, but did not forget the hunger of those who supported us. In my case, it was possible only to feed Noreen from my hand. She hesitated at first but the folly of refusing such delicious morsels was soon shown her. In the end, she ate with relish some of the asparagus impregnated with Jackie's own girl taste.

I will not weary you with every course and wine we enjoyed. The dessert was of pancakes, and for this we required a clean platter. It required only Jackie to turn over on her mayonnaised belly in order for the pancakes to be served upon her seat-cheeks. They were hot enough to make her stir a little but not excessively so. The advantage of the pale, fattish cheeks of Jackie's arse was that they provided a convenient central cleavage for the droplets of lemon and sugar. To dunk each bit of pancake between Jackie's sluttish bum-cheeks was most lewdly enjoyable.

Our banquet ended with fruit of the season: grapes accompanied by peaches and plums. Jackie would take the grapes in her mouth, pop them open, remove the pips with her tongue, then feed the fruit into the mouth of the man whose open lips covered hers. Plums she treated similarly but, turning her head, Jackie was of course obliged to spit the stone lightly into the man's hand. Maggie shook her blond fringe indifferently, but there was some apprehension in her blue-green eyes. A plum stone, after all, is a size larger than that of an olive. Alas for Maggie! How easy it is to eat those sweet, syrupy plums voraciously. I thought of those men who had pressed at the Greystones stable window to goggle at the young blond saddle-dresser as she worked with her nonchalant sluttishness in tight riding jeans. Imagine their delight now, had they been able to see the intruding banana, the waste bowl presented to Mag-

gie's bottom, and the slow, measured clatter of falling plum and olive stones.

I thought how inexpressibly randy and delicious it was to have one's dinner impregnated by the skin flavours of a girl's most intimate body surfaces. We pushed back our chairs a little and lit our cheroots. This was charmingly done: it was young Sal who was my human candelabrum. Once I had the weed between my teeth, she backed a little towards me and bent over so that the rear triple candle was presented. She had to tuck her knees forward a little, for Sal, of course, stood above me. You may be sure I detained her a moment in this posture.



*Birch in the Boudoir* was presumably one of the three titles by Carrington seized from a bookshop in Duke Street, near London Bridge in April 1907. Chief Inspector Drew, tireless guardian of the law and the establishment, persuaded the Foreign Office to seek Carrington's expulsion from France. On 29 May M. Hamard, Chef du Service du Surêté, replied to the Assistant Commissioner of Police In Whitehall. "I have the honour to inform you that this person has just been expelled from France." When Drew was told, he said gloomily, "But there you see he was supposed to have been previously expelled—twice in six years!"

The title of the new book was added to the British customs stop-list of publications to be seized. It was said to be indecent and sadistic in the manner of *Colonel Spanker's Experimental Lecture*. Colonel Spanker had submitted the bare buttocks of Julie Ponsonby to ordeals by whip, stinging nettles, and small metal discs heated red-hot. The rebellion of a strongly made nineteen-year-old like Noreen with her firm pale features and lank brown hair was summarily punished. Held over her master's knee, her knickers pulled right down, the glowing tip of a cheroot played

havoc with the pale cheeks of Noreen's strapping young bottom.

If the authorities denounced such fantasies, committed merely on paper, they did so largely to cover up what they themselves were doing in reality. No punishment, not the slightest reprimand was suffered by British officers after the Jamaica Mutiny in which they flogged girls' bare backsides with piano wire until they fainted—only to be revived for a continuation.

In Carrington's novels, by contrast, such girls as Noreen and Maggie seem well able to take their thrashings. If Maggie, in a later episode, swoons under her master's leather switch across her bottom, the reason may be merely the tight strapping which held her down at the waist and perhaps made breathing difficult. Such girls are not child-like waifs and there is no doubt at all that many a reformatory master in reality would have whipped Noreen's buttocks until she swooned and felt proud of himself.

Once again the indignation of England's rulers over such books concealed their own practices. The heroine, in reality, would be an appealing youngster of fourteen with a firm neat figure, lank brown hair worn to her shoulders, steady brown eyes, and an open fair-skinned face. Smiling or teasingly setting her strong young teeth on her lower lip, she scarcely looked a criminal. Yet from the day of her arrival in the reformatory, a pretty adolescent like Jane would be regularly called to the master's study.

With her skirt removed and her knickers pulled down, she would spend an afternoon kneeling forward over the sofa. Those outside would hear her weeping and pleading as the punishment-strap exploded in whip-like smacks across the taut pale cheeks of Jane Mitchener's fourteen-year-old bottom. The suggestion is that Victorian men were actually more turned on by such girls, their buttocks developed to the intermediate stage of childhood and womanhood. The strap could be used on Jane several times a week and the cane every week or fortnight.

Such a pretty girl was always included in the official punishments on justices' night when she would be strapped kneeling on all fours over the block with her bottom bare. The caning was impersonal and pitiless, however excited the middle-aged worthies might get. The total of thirty-six strokes was almost always exceeded, the matron standing by to apply the smelling salts if needed. However wealed and swollen the tight young rounds of Jane Mitchener's bottom-cheeks, however wild her screams, the justices found some way of adding "just another dozen" to her sentence.

Such fictional heroines as Maggie and Noreen seem, by contrast, to be well-made for their punishments and almost to invite them.

The expulsion order was duly served on Carrington by the Surété. He thanked them and did precisely what he had done on the two previous occasions—stayed put in his home near the bright lights of the Boulevard des Italiens with its theatres and cafes. The French did not care. He had committed no crime in their country. They regarded England's protests over flagellation novels as hypocritical hogwash.



# 8

## NIGHTS OF THE RAJAH

IN 1904–1906 Carrington turned his attention to erotic novels dealing with the more exotic regions and thrilling events of the British Empire. They were often violent and sadistic stories, as well as being erotic. However, as he pointed out in his own preface to *Woman and her Master* (1904), the bloodletting in the fiction he published was the palest reflection of the carnage which British imperialism brought in its wake.

Carrington might well have wondered, for example, whether the alleged indecency of such novels as *Woman and her Master* could match Kitchener's conduct in the Sudan after his triumph at the carnage of Omdurman. The body of the country's religious leader, the Mahdi, was exhumed. The head was cut off, the flesh to be scraped away so that Lord Kitchener might use the skull as an ink-well or a drinking-cup. The nails were removed from the fingers, to be mounted as trophies at White's Club in London. When such souvenirs had been collected, the remains of the corpse were to be thrown unceremoniously into the Nile. Small wonder that when the Boer War began in South Africa in 1899, anti-imperialists like W.S. Blunt hoped that Kitchener and his kind would be more likely to "break their teeth over those tough old Boers than go on slaughtering helpless black brown or yellow people with impunity and calling it glory."

By contrast with this, the wildest excesses of *Nights of the Rajah* or *A Night in a Moorish Harem* or even *Dolly Morton* seem like a good natured romp. Some of the girls in such books may get a spanking, a birching, even a good whipping but at least they are not shot through one midriff and left to die in agony, which was the reality of Kitchener's triumphs.

Captain Charles DeVane, as the hero of *Nights of the Rajah* or *The Amorous Memoirs of Captain DeVane* has more in common with P.G. Wodehouse's Bertie Wooster than with Lord Kitchener, a greater affinity to an amiable crook like Raffles, the Gentleman Cracksmen, than to the young officers who regarded Asia and Africa as their private shooting-gallery. DeVane makes love rather than war at every opportunity. He passes through the mayhem of India and Africa scarcely firing a shot. In one respect he belongs to that tradition of military anti-heroes, from Bar-dolph and Pistol in Shakespeare's *Henry V* to Milo Minderbinder and his cronies in *Catch 22*. His motto might be those two lines from a British army song of World War I.

I don't want a bayonet in me belly,  
I don't want me bollocks shot away.

*Nights of the Rajah* is a tale of native rebellion in northern India in the 1890s. It has some resemblance to the events of the siege of Chitral on the north-west frontier in 1893. DeVane and his crony, Lord Algernon Regis, are bundled off with their regiment to join the relief column which attempts to fight its way through to the beleaguered garrison. Their efforts are almost frustrated by the wily Rajah of Shivapore whose chief object seems to be to add the English girls of the regimental families to his own well-stocked harem. In this respect, he and Captain DeVane have a good deal in common.

DeVane is in England, on leave from duty with his regiment, when the crisis breaks. As an officer and a gentle-

man he must answer the call to arms. All the same, he sees no reason to set off in a great hurry. It is characteristic of our hero that he decides to take the long overland route to India, meeting his chum Algy Regis in Budapest. While prepared to die for queen and country, he sees no need to do so in a hurry.

"Tedious though the journey might be," he writes, "it was a good deal preferable to being cut down by savages in the hills of the north-west province or dying of the plague in the garrison hospital." The truth was that a good many of his real-life contemporaries harboured much the same sentiments.

While the gallant defenders of Shivapore hold out in hope of rescue, DeVane and his friend enjoy a leisurely week of late summer pleasures in Budapest. They make a special outing to Raab where a most unusual girl, Julie, has deliberately earned herself a prison whipping because it excites her so greatly for the cell-block orgy which follows. Preposterous though this may sound, it seems to parallel a real case described in *Aus den Memoiren einer Sangerin* in 1875, an account which was even then attributed to the *prima donna* Wilhelmina Schroeder-Devrient.

Julie's story is followed from the bookstall counter at the market to the multiple copulation at Raab. Then DeVane's journey continues, though enlivened by passionate love-making with an Arabian beauty, Nabyla, on a P and O luxury liner in the Red Sea. Another pause occurs in Bombay, where he gains right of entry to an academy of young ladies. He hopes that, with any luck, the fighting will be over long before he reaches northern India. However, he buys a voluptuous tawny-skinned slave-girl with dark smouldering eyes—just to divert him on the way.

As well as Jenny, his Indian slave, he has charge of proud Susan, a young governess, and one or two girl pupils. It is the wicked Jenny who brings havoc upon the supply column which they join at Jummo.

The ordeal of riding a saddle all day led English ladies

to devise a soothing unguent known as "saddle-balm." This was brought round to the tents each evening by a servant and discreetly applied to the affected parts. Jennifer, determined to work off some spite against her white rivals, mixes into the cream some powerfully aphrodisiac powder, guaranteed to set up a virulent irritation. It takes DeVane a whole chapter to describe the creaking and flapping of canvas, the wild coupling and crying in a camp of "fifty masturbating memsahibs." But with the *sang-froid* of the English middle-class, they appear as cool and collected next morning as if nothing had happened.

The great drama of the novel is easily predicted. Disaster overtakes the column. DeVane and the girls become prisoners of the wily Rajah of Shivapore. "Monstrous" orgies follow in which the Rajah and his cronies submit their beautiful captives to copulation, lesbian seduction, sodomy and the lash. DeVane, protesting feebly, is obliged to join in the enjoyment. His nights are disturbed by Daxa, a beautiful lynx-eyed Indian girl who gives his unfortunate penis no peace. Roused by the touch of her cool slim fingers, he sees Daxa—tall and dark at eighteen—kneel beside his bed.

"She played a little more with my prick," recalls the young officer, "which began to stiffen somewhat. . . . Then Daxa drew back the foreskin fully and, very lightly, kissed the revealed and swelling knob. . . . She opened her mouth, took my erection inside it and began to suck me with a gentle rhythm of her warm tongue. The raven silkiness of her hair spread about my thighs and belly as she performed this service with such demure humility. From time to time, Daxa would draw the penis from her mouth, gaze at it wistfully, kiss the knob lightly, and then take it once more between her lips."

At this time, DeVane is still tied to the bed as a prisoner and unable to initiate their pleasures. It is Daxa who clambers astride him and rides his erection "with the skill and sensitivity of a bare-back performer."



Yet it is the proud young English governess, Susan, with whom DeVane is destined to perform before the Rajah and his guests. He describes Sue as a potentially pretty girl though with a hint of frigidity about her, which leads her to keep the male sex at a distance. Before she can become a fully-fledged member of the harem, this phobia must be dispelled.

Later on DeVane despite his protests is obliged to strip, suck, and impale the young governess fore and aft. Indeed, though he protests at the time, he is prepared to take the first opportunity to repeat the performance privately. Yet even before their public copulation in front of the dinner guests, the Rajah decrees that Susan's indifference must be conquered. Upon his orders, she is to be "lashed into lust."

*“Lashed  
into Lust”*

THE ARROGANCE and cruelty of the despotic Rajah made me fearful of what might be in store for the other girls, as well as Sue. On that evening, I was once again the unwilling guest at his dinner table. As on the previous occasion it was draped in a cloth of brilliant whiteness and set out with the costliest plate and enamelled porcelain. He did not refer to the young woman again until the meal was done. Then he snapped his fingers and gave orders in his own language.

Two servants came in, bowling a round platform about the size of a barrel-top. When set on the marble floor under a beam, it was a tiny stage, some twelve inches high. A rope was attached to the beam above and I saw for the first time that the beam itself was not part of the roof-structure. It could be raised or lowered until it lay almost on the floor.

A pair of musicians with flute and tambourine came next and sat cross-legged before the little pedestal. There were also two of the Rajah's boys, little fellows with bare feet and knowing smiles who carried a variety of implements. Last of all they brought in Susan, who was now led forward by a couple of the guards holding her at either arm.

Picture the scene, if you will. There at the richly laden table sat the Rajah and his guests, myself included. Yet

now all had turned to watch the drama unfolding. Sue was dressed in her riding costume for lack of any other clothes. I confess, she seemed more beautiful than ever in her confident manner. The nut-brown hair that had been freshly brushed moulded round her head to the collar and parted upon her forehead. Her little chin and prim mouth were set defiantly, the blue eyes narrowed in disdain. Yet the charming hint of freckles about her nose still softened her hauteur a little.

The snug silken blouse, ending at her waist, made her breasts seem all the more round and taut as it clung to them. For the rest, her tan riding-boots had been left off, but she still wore the skin-tight blue denim of her riding-jeans. You may imagine how eagerly the eyes of the Rajah and his guests feasted upon the charms which the thin denim promised them. The outward branching thighs of this trim young Amazon and the concave triangle of her loins was superbly delineated. As she turned, the same agile thighs were crowned by the firm cheek-swellings of Sue's bottom.

I now saw that the Rajah had taken something from under the table. It was a beautifully made riding switch, three feet long and fashioned in black leather. At its handle the switch was thick as his thumb, yet it tapered to a point that was no more than the tip of a pencil. He smiled cruelly at his twenty-five-year-old slave-girl.

"Get on to your little dancing-stage, Susan!" he said, laughing at her, "At once!"

"No!" There was, however, a note of despair in her refusal.

The two guards hauled her up and fastened her wrists above her head by the rope which hung from the moveable beam. Then they attached her ankles by short chains to a bolt at the centre of the little platform on which she stood. The result of this was that Susan must now move her feet within a very limited area and was certainly not able to stretch them to the edge of the circle on which she stood.

She stood there, the lamplight shining on the smooth grace of her thighs in the riding-jeans and the cheeks of her bottom, which was the view she turned to the Rajah and the rest of us. Sue was, of course, watching us with a mixture of dismay and loathing over her shoulder. The prim little mouth and the blue eyes were so narrow, yet the nut-brown tresses and the pretty freckling softened one's heart towards her. The Rajah got up and went across to stand in front of her.

"When the musicians begin to play, Susan, you will dance for the entertainment of my guests," he said pleasantly. "I have promised them the diversion of seeing a young English slave-woman perform, and I am a man of my word. See to it that you writhe your torso and squirm your hips, as you would in a lover's embrace."

"Never!" Sue's cry rang across the room. She tugged and twisted in vain at the ropes and wrist-cuffs which held her hands.

"Writhe your thighs as you would when your lover's erection was between them," the Rajah continued curtly. "Remember, too, that some of your admirers are sitting behind you. Therefore, I wish you to arch the small of your back inwards and swell your arse outwards, Susan. Bend over from time to time and roll the cheeks of your bottom as if you were inviting sodomy."

These preposterous instructions brought a faint blush of anger to the young woman's face. Yet I confess that the thought of Sue made to dance in so lewd a fashion greatly intrigued me.

"I will not!" she cried in her fury. "I would rather die!"

The two musicians smiled at her and began to play the haunting cadences of the belly-dance on flute and tambourine. Susan stood immobile. The Rajah at once nodded to the two little barefoot boys. Each of them took a slim stick with a needle at its tip. It was just possible to see that the sharp metal had been coated with a yellowish substance.



"It is the yellow fire of the hornet sting," said the Rajah, acknowledging the curiosity of his guests, "A most precious commodity and only to be used on such rare occasions as this!"

The first lad made a quick jab, the needle easily penetrating thin denim and entering the rear of Susan's thigh, just below her buttocks. We heard Sue give a cry and saw her start forward, just as though she had been touched with a hot coal. She bent the leg upward at the knee as far as she could, perhaps trying to contain the agony by this means. The second young devil jabbed her in the opposite cheek of her statuesque young bottom. Sue cried out and began to squirm with the savage pain of the sting.

Now her two young tormentors took a goad in each hand and fell upon her energetically. Sue cried out wildly as the hornet sting stabbed first one cheek of her bottom and then the other. The boys' venomous needles pierced the flanks of her hips, the inner surfaces of her thighs, the broad young cheeks of Sue's bottom in the tight jeans-seat.

She writhed wildly under this treatment, her buttocks clenching and arching, hips rolling, and thighs twisting vainly in her ordeal. The tambourine player walked round and round her slowly, emphasising the beat of the music and urging Sue to match her surging and writhing to the rhythm. She would have won no prizes for her terpsichorean expertise, yet by her hip squirming and arse contortions, Susan was dancing already. The guests beat out the time on the table with their hands and the boys pricked Sue between her buttocks and under the opening of her legs with the hornet sting.

Under the parting of her brown tresses the narrow blue eyes were wide in their frenzied appeal, the prim lips distended in a cry of intercession. One of the guards climbed on to the little platform behind her. He quickly freed her blouse and drew it off, and ran his fingers over Sue's breasts until her nipples were stiff and the pale globes taut.

The Rajah admonished her not to cease "dancing," as

he called it, while she was stripped. So the man who attended her undid the jeans and stripped them down. The tight cotton briefs of Susan's panties were now her sole remaining garment. With fingers intruding lasciviously between her thighs and buttocks, the native guard stripped these from her as well and we enjoyed the pale beauty of her nudity.

Desperate to avoid further reprisals, Sue was jiggling her proud pale backside from side to side in all its firm erotic maturity. Tiny red swellings, the size of a sovereign, showed where the hornet stings had pricked her in a dozen places.

She looked back over her shoulder with the gaze of a girl who is fearful of displeasing her masters. The guards were slowly lowering the beam now, the effect of which was to make Susan bend forward more and more tightly. We held our breath at the drama of this. The brown tresses of her head were bowed and her breasts quivering a little with their own soft weight as they hung unsupported. To see a firmly-developed young woman in this posture is a spectacle to remember. Her lightly-muscled legs were strained still more taut by such bending. Her buttocks were spread so that her anus as well as a rear view of her love nest became visible.

The Rajah stood up and walked across to the little platform where his new slave was writhing her behind and squirming her thighs in the best manner she could. Smiling vindictively, the villain then raised his long quivering riding-switch and brought it down viciously across the pale Amazonian cheeks of Susan's bare backside. She yelped at the torture of it and when her cry had died away to a muted sob, he said,

"You shall dance to the rhythm of the whip now, my beauty!"

He thrashed her across her bottom-cheeks again and again, while she surged and twisted wildly in her new dance of torment. With callous deliberation he used the slim black

leather of the switch to whip her across the backs of her thighs—once, twice, and thrice.

The flute and tambourine were disregarded now, though they still played to drown Susan's screams a little. Every movement of her body—every jerk and contortion—was ordained by the rule of the whip. How long he whipped his fair-skinned slave I do not know, but it was not to be expected that he would tire of the enjoyment easily. At his command, the two boys held her still so that he might give the last dozen strokes across her backside with a wicked precision and vigour. Susan's screams seemed to falter and when the tension on the rope was released and she was drawn upright, Susan hung limply in her bonds, her head lolling to one side as if she had swooned under the thrashing.

Yet it was not that. She had done her "dance" for an hour in the sweltering heat of the palace room with its flambeaux giving warmth as well as light. Now, the perspiration running from her neck, breasts, and flanks, she had failed from exhaustion.

Then there occurred an incident so strange that you may not at first credit it. Yet I believe that, on consideration, you will find it true. There stepped forward our younger high-school pupil, Natasha, with her blonde chignon and the pouting sulkiness of her fair-skinned face, which also betrayed a certain sensuality. I had heard it rumoured among the Rajah's guests that Natasha had been made to spend the previous night in his bed. It was also said that she had not resisted even the most perverse demands upon her.

She stood before Susan, her blue eyes darkened at the lashes and the lids painted blue in the manner of the harem.

"Make her open her legs!" she said to the Rajah. Sue heard the order but, slumped exhausted in her bonds, was slow to obey. The Rajah came forward, raised his whip and lashed it down with such energy that it drew a line of punctuating blood-dots across both cheeks of Susan's pale

arse. She cried wildly and opened her legs as far as her knees would go, in terror of another such smack of the whip. Natasha, though the junior by more than ten years, thrust her hand between the young governess's thighs.

"She's wet!" Natasha said with a snigger. "I think she likes it!"

Nor was that all, for the little Messalina who had been so lewd with Miss Jennifer spared Sue nothing. With a look of contempt she milked the helpless victim's love lips, and then her forefinger was in Susan's bottom-hole to the very knuckle.

Soon it was the turn of the two guards, fortunate fellows who had greatly hoped to be chosen for this evening's duty. Sue's ankles were now fastened wide apart and the first lucky dog lay on his back on the little platform, his erection pointing upwards. They slackened the rope by which Susan's hands were held above her and the young woman sank with the weight of her own exhaustion. Yet there were ready hands to guide her, so that she came to her knees and impaled herself on the hard sinewy shaft by her own weight.

She gave a shudder and a groan, compelled to straddle him on hands and knees. The lucky fellow held her to him and Sue's own weight, as her hips slumped downward, obliged her to impale herself upon the fleshy weapon with a moan of surrender. Natasha, the most depraved of all the girls although the youngest, walked slowly round and round the little platform on which the act of love was now performed. What a change had overtaken our prim young governess herself. Susan's head and shoulders were arched back as she thrust and rolled her hips, ramming herself rhythmically upon the man's erection. Her eyes were closed but from her quivering lips there came such tremulous sounds of desire. All the pent-up needs of the past few weeks and months forced their way from her heaving bosom and throat.

From time to time, two of the Rajah's servants would



still the young woman's hips, holding her forward a little so that their master and his guests might see the state of her loins and thighs as she squatted upon the erection. Indeed, it appeared that Sue herself had lost all sense of shame, for she obeyed their hands eagerly, as if proud to show us the dew of excitement which shone everywhere between her legs.

When they released her on the last occasion, Susan set to with redoubled energy, the perspiration shining on the pale slopes of her breasts, back, and flanks. The man on whose erection she rode uttered an exclamation, deep in his throat, betraying the first salvo of his lust. Sue gave a curious little cry between pressed lips and began to jig in a vigorous but erratic motion. At last, to the accompaniment of this strange duet, she received the warm throbbing tribute in her womb and sank exhausted upon her lover.

There was a long silence among the spectators who heard only the gasps of the lucky fellow beneath her and the quiet sobs of Susan's own fulfillment. Then the Rajah gave instructions to two of his fellows to lead her away to the women's quarters. There she was to be douched, bathed, and refreshed before being returned to us. He looked at me with amusement.

"Did you suppose, my dear DeVane, that our night's entertainment was over? What a niggardly fellow I should be to leave my guests with their appetites whetted and no banquet to follow. I assure you, captain, our revels have only just begun!"



*Nights of the Rajah* combines the more obvious qualities of erotic fiction with a plot that is strong on action. That being the case the story takes a turn which one might expect, for instance, in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Having thoroughly enjoyed the pleasures of the harem, though protesting all the time that he is acting against his wishes,

Captain Charles DeVane becomes the rescuer of the imprisoned girls and the man who saves the brave garrison of Shivapore—not to mention the regiments of the next relief column.

On the other hand, there is a more sombre tone to some of this writing, particularly if one takes a forward glance at the Boer War in South Africa, which DeVane does in his amorous memoirs. The erotic, like the dramatic, may have two contrary styles. If the theatre boasts tragedy and comedy, then erotic fiction of the kind Carington issued has one face of light-hearted clowning and another which looks upon a darker world. So in the South African war the fate of a different type of girl, Noreen, was to be described.

Like a substantial minority of the female characters in the novels, Noreen is a working girl rather than a young lady of leisure. At nineteen years old she is quite tall and strongly built, first seen while working as an assistant in the shop of a saddler. With her dark brown hair worn straight and lank to her collar, the lazy insolence of her firm pale features and brown eyes, Noreen is made to appear both a common-looking girl and yet sexually challenging.

Her work and social class require her to dress "quite unlike the town-bred miss." She appears in the saddler's shop in a simple and provocative riding-costume which consists of a blouse and tight-fitting riding-jeans of pale blue denim, pulled in at the waist by a broad leather belt. Her thighs are revealed as taut and lightly-muscled, her stomach firm and flat, the cheeks of her bottom strongly filled out but without a pinch of surplus fat.

In this costume she is admired by passers-by as she kneels at her work, polishing the floor round the saddler's exhibits with wax and a cloth. Perhaps there was something suggesting submission in this menial chore which appealed to the men. "Then she lifted her hips and went forward on hands and knees. The pale blue denim was

drawn tight as drumskin across the strong mounds of her buttocks. The central seam of the jeans seat was pulled deeply and suggestively into the cleavage between Noreen's bottom-cheeks. . . . it even parted the lips of her cunt, for it was strained taut as a hawser-wire between her legs."

Carrington certainly liked his novels to describe "the dire reality of fact . . . war's severities as they apply to women," which is the case with Noreen. Those who shudder at such a prospect, either in her case or in that of Julie in *Nights of the Rajah* are invited to skip the chapter and go on to a more genial and gentle narrative. Naturally, he wished his authors in such books as *Woman and her Master* to justify the accounts. "Better a thousand times that truth be known than that men and women remain ignorant of the horrors of war," says the narrator. In the light of the conduct of Lord Kitchener and his kind, it has to be admitted that such publicity might be no bad thing.

In the Boer War, Noreen is seized by the other side, after perjuring herself in order to get men executed as spies so that she may make off with their possessions. Justice is not long delayed. This young woman, at least, soon meets her masters.

At the appointed time a large cart-wheel is set on its side at the centre of the barrack yard. Noreen is led out in her tight pale blue riding-jeans and white blouse. In no time at all, two troopers have her strapped face-down on the broad wheel, her ankles pinioned together to the rim at one side and her wrists at full stretch to the other. Noreen is in effect kneeling very tightly forward over the tall central hub. Her lank brown hair is still simply cut and fringed. However, one of the troopers draws it back and ties it in a collar-length pony-tail, so that her firm pale features and sullen brown eyes are more clearly seen. Once more the faded blue denim of the jeans is "drumskin taut," the central seam pulled deep and tight between Noreen's bottom-cheeks so that their lower fatness almost closes over it.

Grace Marjoribanks in *Woman and her Master* gets off lightly by contrast with Noreen. At twenty years old, quite strong-hipped into the bargain, Noreen is judged able to take a flogging with no question of leniency or respite. One trooper undoes her broad leather waist-belt and strips off the jeans. The white stretched cotton of Noreen's panties is pulled down to her ankles. The instrument of punishment is a three-foot long cord whip with a wooden handle.

The soldier who is to administer the whipping goes off with the lash to the privy and returns with the cord well soaked to give it greater effect. His colleague has spent the ten or fifteen minutes mortifying Noreen in a way which many a middle-class Victorian might have felt appropriate for an insolent young shop-girl or, "a young trollop," as Noreen is habitually termed.

Every window overlooking the barrack yard is crowded with eager spectators, native boys at the gate squeezing their loin-cloths to show Noreen their excitement in the fate awaiting her. The trooper smilingly whispers lewd compliments in her ears as he parts her firm pale thighs a little and uses his fingers to show her vaginal sheath to the onlookers. A moment more and he presses her buttocks wider apart so that Noreen's anus is on display.

The soldier who returns with the whip prepares Noreen expertly for punishment. An inch thickness of india-rubber is wedged between her teeth to protect them from chipping when she clenches them in frenzy. Laces tied behind her neck keep this "bit" firmly in place. Several times the soldier cracks the whip in the air just behind her, to see fright replace impudence in the strong lines of Noreen's mouth and jaw, as well as in her brown eyes. He trails the soaked whip-cord teasingly over her pale statuesque young buttocks in order to see Noreen tighten her rear cheeks with instinctive fear.

We are repeatedly assured that those who admired Noreen at her work, her full-cheeked rear view in the tight riding-jeans, would have longed to witness what followed.



At the first stroke, the whipcord flashing over the two bare swellings of Noreen's seat, her brown eyes widen and her mouth distends in a wild cry. Her imploring gaze meets only the randy grins of troopers and their women, the wide-mouthed excitement of the native boys who masturbate openly in the excitement of seeing her thrashed. The first part of Noreen's whipping alone lasts for ten full minutes. "The full pale globes of Noreen's bottom rounded and writhed as the long interlaced streaks of crimson appeared. The whipcord curled and clung to her rounding and surging buttocks . . . The robust young cheeks of Noreen's arse rode as if on a saddle of fire, their fatness jumping and quivering at each impact of the lash."

Positioned as she is, the stretched and parted cheeks of Noreen's backside invite a more intimate punishment. The trooper aims the whipcord so that it curls "wickedly" into the cleft. Noreen's screams are redoubled, she does herself worse injury still by clenching her buttocks on the skinning cord as it flashes between them. In her frenzy at this she bites right through the thick rubber "bit." At last the official part of the whipping is over, yet as the senior officers leave, they take good care to ensure that what Noreen has endured so far is merely the overture to a five-act drama.

Such novels as *Dolly Morton*, *Woman and her Master* or *Nights of the Rajah* represented, to the high noon of English imperialism, a slur on national grandeur. But Carrington was surely right to suggest that the ravishing, the bugging of Noreen, her flogging and all the rest was not much more obscene than the 11,000 dead and dying for whom Kitchener received an earldom, or indeed the dismembering of the Mahdi's rotting corpse to provide trophies for England's upper crust. Noreen was very severely whipped, without physical injury to anything but sheets of paper. She was a good deal more fortunate than the thousands in World War I who died—sometimes "cleanly" and sometimes, despite their protests, with a bayonet in their bellies or their bollocks shot away, or even worse.

## THE DAYS AT FLORVILLE

CHARLES CARRINGTON survived World War I by five years, long enough to see the first transformation of erotic fiction from the Victorian to the modern style. The contents of some of his earlier publications passed to new publishers, with or without his permission. *Dolly Morton* gave birth to such other "plantation slave-girl" novels as *Under the Yoke* and *White Women Slaves*, among the first fifty publications of the Select Bibliotheque. *Pauline* was recast as *Secret Talents*, while *Frank and I* reappeared in two versions describing the appeal of girls as boys, or vice versa.

The studies of Havelock Ellis and Krafft-Ebing channelled the sexual enthusiasms of the inter-war years in a predictable direction. *The Diary of a Whipped Woman*, *Slave-Girl Fillies*, *In Satin Slippers and Steel Manacles*—to give the titles their English form—reflect the truth of this. The novels of the Collection Documenta-Erotica were produced in competition with these, *Modern Messalinas* using much of Carrington's subject-matter and *Orgies on Board a Yacht* echoing his publication *Pleasure Bound*, which had appeared before the war.

*The Days at Florville* is not so much a modern novel as a novel of modernism. It hardly belongs to an age of computer-science or supersonic travel. Yet it reminds us of how much in our own world was available then. Automobiles and flashlight photography are taken for granted, emanci-

pated young women wear panties rather than old-style drawers, there is nothing out of the ordinary in making a sound-recording of a young woman being thrashed. It seems as if the date of the action might be anywhere in the twentieth century that the reader chooses.

*The Days at Florville* describes the journey into sexual slavery of a group of young women. With their lovers, who are also their masters, they progress from the metropolitan sophistication of the winter city to the fashionable resort of Florville by a warm summer sea. Here, in the seclusion of a luxurious villa, four of the girls serve the increasingly perverse pleasures of their two masters. It seems to be an open secret that their destiny is to be taken to a house of absolute and permanent slavery in a remote mountain region, probably in northern Africa or southern Spain.

The four girls are varied in appearance and type. Judith is a tall willowy nymph of sixteen with a veil of light brown hair. She stands for demure obedience. Connie is a slim Asian or Chinese beauty with a natural aptitude for bizarre sexual practices. By way of contrast there is Maggie, the blonde and rather "common" girl with a certain hardness and vulgarity about her. Yet if the story has a heroine it is Lesley, a young married woman in her late twenties. It is her belief in her right to be sexually emancipated rather than to serve her husband and children which, ironically, ensures her slavery. This is evident even in her physical appearance.

"A quite tall and trim young woman, twenty-eight years old, whose firm pale features and blue eyes were composed in an expression of self-possessed arrogance. She had the classic fair-skinned beauty of an English middle-class girl, from the aloofness in her clear blue eyes to the slight sulkiness of her mouth and chin. Her straight fair hair was cut in an urchin-crop, shaped close to her head from the high crown to the jaw-line, and worn in a long centrally-parted fringe. This boyishly unfeminine hairstyle was her boast of

being an educated young woman, one who was modern enough in her outlook to be emancipated from any sense of belonging exclusively to her marriage and children."

The description of this educated yet sulky young woman detects in her a resentment at the world in general and particularly towards the male sex. She combines her right to indulge in whatever pleasure she chooses with a dismissive contempt for any man who dares to cast a hungry eye upon her. To make a slave-girl of such an unwilling subject is both a challenge and a pleasure to her masters at Florville.

As the story develops, it contrasts the irony of Lesley the unwilling slave and Lesley with her cool indifference towards admirers before her abduction. Early in the story she is described, during the last days of her liberty, gardening in a twenties coolie trouser-suit of thin black cotton. She was aware of a man, a middle-aged stranger, watching her as she worked with one of the children close by her. Characteristically she dismissed his admiration with a look of cold rejection.

The camera, in much of the fiction which Carrington published, assumes an almost phallic role. So it does here. Only after some time has passed does Lesley realise that the man is not merely watching her but taking pictures of her. Even then she is not to know that he is, apparently, a talent-scout for the lovers who eventually lure her into slavery.

Through the viewfinder, he chooses the exact moments to photograph her face, "in every mood from a sulky turn of the mouth to a thoughtful softness in her blue eyes under the fair parted fringe." His camera captures the moments when she is "standing, sitting, holding the child against her, her breasts perfectly outlined by the white singlet." When the urchin-cropped young woman bends over to weed or pick flowers, he records a rear view.

"Her firm thighs were braced apart a little and her knees bent forward. The thin black cloth of her trouser-seat was



drawn skin-tight over the fully rounded and widely-parted cheeks of Lesley's bottom." Later on it is explained to her that this view stimulated her admirer greatly, Lesley's back-side presented as if for the ordeal of "whips and impalement."

Having abandoned domestic bliss for sexual emancipation, the self-possessed young wife begins an unwitting progress into the total captivity of sexual slavery. At first she merely exercises a woman's right to explore the pleasures of her own body in a masturbating session on the bed. This develops into mutual caressing with the young Asian woman, Connie. Her male lover, Kurt, compels Lesley and Connie—Lesley unwillingly and Connie eagerly—to minister to his pleasures in bed simultaneously.

Not until after the arrival at the villa in Florville does Lesley realise that her submission must be absolute. Now there are rooms with barred windows and locked doors. The men talk openly of the house in the mountains, where Madame Claire is mistress and from which the slave-girls never return to tell tales. Gagged and bound, if necessary, Lesley is to make that final journey in a little while.

For the time being, Kurt gives her to Hassan, while Lesley's own sexual ambitions turn towards the tall sixteen-year-old girl, Judith. The love of the young married woman for the girl who is little more than half her age is not a physical lesbian passion, but, rather, the love of a governess for her favourite pupil, or perhaps even the love of Lesley for her daughter. It is Judith who initiates the first night of love-making between them, while Lesley's scruples tempt her at first to resist.

Hassan's use of Lesley marks her more certainly as a slave than any of her love-making with Kurt. When she begs him not to force Judith yet, he agrees to this—but only if Lesley will pay a price instead. The scene takes place in the young woman's bedroom, adjoining Judith's, late at night. Lesley is lying on the bed in a short white vest and a pair of translucent panty-tights as Hassan turns her over

on her belly. As his recompense he demands the one entrance to the young woman's body which she has consistently refused to her husband and lovers alike. While she sprawls face-down over the pillows, he considers the view.

"The honey-toned film of the tights was like a seductive veil over the proud pale moons of Lesley's bottom and the dark cleavage between them. He whispered in her ear what he was going to do to her. The young wife's buttocks tightened together in alarm and her protest came in the petulant wail of a pampered little girl."

Hassan mocks these peevish protests. After several years of regular exercise in the marriage bed and in those of her lovers, as well as two experiences of child-bearing, it is absurd for Lesley to act like a virgin of sixteen. In her age and condition, she is well able to endure the bugging. Anticipating *The Story of O*, Hassan chooses to sodomise Lesley not so much for the act itself but as the means of enforcing her ultimate sexual submission. With her fair short-cropped hair bowed, clenching the pillow desperately between her teeth, Lesley yields with a stifled cry to the sinewy erection which presses hard between her firm pale buttocks. With his penis sheathed in the tightness of her behind, Hassan still thinks in terms of conquest. With his weight on top of her Lesley is truly impaled. Unable to close herself to his thrusts, Lesley must accept whatever he chooses to do inside her. It is Hassan's enjoyment, not the young woman's consent, which will determine the amount of sperm Lesley must receive and contain in her backside.

This philosophy is as old as erotic literature. Lesley may plead with her ravisher like a sulky little girl. Yet both she and Hassan already know that the emancipated young wife is in fact destined for a slave harem where she will be bugged regularly by those men who are denied the pleasure elsewhere. She has yet to be thrashed but in that other house Lesley's bottom will also be whipped as such young women can only be whipped when they will never be free to tell tales.

Having "triumphed" several times that night in sodomising her, Hassan promises Lesley that she will be stimulated regularly in that sensitive part of her body—by force if necessary. This will continue until she is an addict of the morbid pleasures associated with such activities.

As in *The Story of O*, while her vaginal pleasures are more often shared with the other girls at Madame Claire's, Lesley's anal region is stimulated and then violated by her male admirers. Gone are the days when she could dismiss with a glance of icy contempt the man who was entranced by the sight of her gardening in the black trouser-suit.

The house in the remote mountains to which she is taken is a place from a gothic novel. It is a scene of sexual tyranny and hints at a darker fate. Madame Claire tells Lesley of a certain room to which a girl is taken when her sexual attractions begin to pall. This reminds one strongly of the fate of girls who are disposed of by their captors at Ste. Marie des Bois in Sade's *Justine*. The room is said to be equipped with whips and sinister implements of every description. A girl is taken there by a man of "rare tastes," and is never seen again. After what the law would call the "final severities," a convenient trap-door opens and her body is tumbled to the hunting ground of jackal and lynx, hundreds of feet below. So at least the parallel with Sade suggests.

Like all the best gothic horrors, the room exists only as an idea and is never shown in reality. Lesley is thus able to experience the ultimate masochistic thrill without undergoing the ordeal. The reality was reserved for Vanessa and the other girls who made their way there.

If those horrors awaiting her at Madame Claire's are no more than a dream they are none the less significant. Perhaps they are the ultimate fears which need to be exorcised. Lesley's sulky self-indulgence and her wilful promiscuity are crushed without remorse. In her absolute slavery, even her own body does not belong to her. Echoing Sade again, her most menial functions are forbidden on the grounds



that she must serve the pleasures of a man or woman that evening. When that hour comes, Lesley must be in a state to perform whatever act is commanded. Even the nightmare of an almost incestuous situation is not spared her. Lesley, strapped bending over a table with her bottom bare, can be made to "horse" her schoolgirl daughter, a beauty on the threshold of her teens. Lying astride Lesley's waist, the pupil offers her taut slim buttocks above the mature bottom-cheeks of the "urchin-cropped Venus," in a double target for the whip. The situation may correspond equally to a nightmare of repressed desires for the young woman and a male sexual fantasy.

Before her life as Madame Claire's slave begins, accounts at Florville are settled by giving Lesley a sound whipping. Her greatest crime has been to make love with Maggie. Lesbian sex is not forbidden at Florville but, in this case, it took place without the man who is Maggie's master being asked for his permission—and so having a chance to enjoy the spectacle.

Lesley gets her whipping at night in the tiled wash-room, after being made to wait several days for it. The punishment is carried out by two men whose profession it is to inflict such thrashings. Half an hour before midnight they secure her face-down on the leather sofa in the tiled room with her bottom bare. It is more than three hours later when the last strokes of the whip are given.

As if in the manner of a *roman nouveau*, the long punishment is not directly described. The reader sees it through the eyes of an adolescent boy, who enters the deserted villa a few weeks later. There he finds a box of photographs and a sound recording, all of them made while Lesley was getting the whip. He examines the pictures in sequence while he listens to the record in the privacy of his own room. His growing excitement at the sadistic treatment of the young woman in the photographs adds a further dimension to the drama. At first he is shocked by Lesley's screams but soon they begin to intrigue and then to rouse him sexually.



He puts the collection of pictures and the recording away, knowing that he will often use them to bring the scene to life again.

There is only one thing that troubles him. At the end he finds a note in Lesley's handwriting, smuggled into the pile of photos. She begs to be rescued from her slavery and begins to describe how she may be found. The boy stops reading. He knows that one day he may yield to her request, having seen how sadistically she was whipped. To prevent this, he drops the note into the fire with her instructions unread.

The photographs include full-plate portraits of Lesley's face in every state from urchin-cropped aloofness to brimming eyes and wailing mouth—or even her mouth wedged by the gag. There are general views of her strapped over the sofa and close-ups of Lesley's bottom at every stage of punishment from unblemished rear cheeks to buttocks ablaze with raised weals of cane and whip, and cuts from which red droplets have trickled down.

The drama of the photographs and the recording begins on an October day with the first true hint of winter in the air, as the boy wanders into the grounds of the deserted villa. . . .

## *"The Scene of Lesley's Thrashing"*

AS SUMMER turned to autumn, the stars glittered more coldly above the tide-washed sand and the white terrace of the casino. By late afternoon the sun was low in the sky and the wide boulevards of Florville were empty of all movement but the dry scuffling of fallen leaves.

The Villa Rif stood untenanted and desolate in its deep gardens. Those whose voices and passions animated it in summer had gone, some to the winter city and a few to that other house beyond frontiers and a mountain range. The very furniture had been removed from the spacious rooms, leaving only the bare floors and the walls and ceiling from which footsteps rang harshly.

A boy of fourteen, a solitary youth with private dreams and passions, noticed the open and untended gates on a fine autumn afternoon. Unchallenged, he walked along the driveway to the house, the grass and weeds already luxuriant after several weeks of neglect.

The windows of the house were shuttered and its doors still locked. Yet the first of the equinoctial storms had blown down a small tree and broken a catch on one of the window shutters. The boy heard the irregular clatter of the hinged wood, swinging back against the stucco of the wall.

No one would come there again until the winter was past and the early spring brought a time for refurbishing and painting the villa in readiness for the new season. The

boy followed the sound and found the open shutter. It could only be secured from the inside. The boy knew that it would be an easy matter to open the window, close the shutter and the catch from within, then let himself out by one of the doors which would lock again by means of its yale fastening.

As he swung himself through the space of the open window and into the first room, the boy paused and gazed at the ghostly grandeur of the bare walls, dimly lit by the light which filtered through the slats of the closed shutters. He walked slowly through the echoing apartments until he came at last to a room which was brightly lit by contrast with the others, for its windows were covered by an iron grille and it needed no shuttering.

The floor of this room was paved in marble and the walls with their white tiles seemed like those of a prison or institution. It was strangely furnished. A hand-basin and a toilet-pedestal gave it the appearance of a wash-room. Yet there was also a padded leather sofa with no back but having a heavy scroll at one end. This was almost the only piece of furniture left in the villa and stood at the centre of the paved floor. At intervals on its mahogany frame, restraining straps had been strongly riveted to the wood.

The boy was intrigued by the disorder of this room, as if it had been left forgotten by the occupants of the villa. No attempt to tidy it had been made in the days before their departure.

On the sofa lay a young woman's panties, a brief film of apple green translucence. The boy's interest quickened as he picked them up. A bamboo cane and an open jar of vaseline were on the floor beside the divan. As he lifted up these curious items, he noticed that where the restraining straps were low down, beneath the padded scroll, the varnished wood bore sheaves of tiny scratches, as if from the frenzied nails of strapped hands. The wiping-rag and a box of tissues lay on the sofa. A pulse of excitement and curiosity beat harder in the boy's throat as he tried to conjec-

ture what had been done to the young woman in this room. On the padded leather of the sofa lay a soft pliable gag-strap, upon which it was just possible to see the impress of her teeth clenched in desperation. A pencil-shaped glass squirt and the liquid-soap dispenser from the hand-basin had been left on a nearby stool.

Entranced by these objects, the boy examined the brief silk panties eagerly. They were not the knickers of a school-girl or a teenage nymph but belonged, he thought, to a mature young Venus.

The rest of the villa was empty, devoid of furniture or even discarded clothing. It was only as the boy walked through the rooms for a last time that he noticed the white leaves of paper in a grate.

There was no doubt that the bundle had been placed on the fire in order that it should be burnt. Some charring of the paper suggested that a match had been set to it and that it had been left to blaze. Whether it was carelessness in arranging it or some quirk of down-draught in the chimney would never be known. Yet the boy picked the papers out and found them unharmed. There was also a small package, which when unwrapped contained a recording.

The boy's heart jumped as he saw that most of the papers were full-plate photographic prints, ten inches by twelve. At the top of the pile was a surreptitiously-taken picture of a young woman standing in a garden with a child of ten or eleven. The boy looked at her firmly mature young figure, the fair urchin crop, and the regular fair-skinned features. He turned the print over and saw the name "Lesley" pencilled on the back.

There was no time to examine the rest in detail. A glance at them proved that most had been taken in the tiled room of the villa at night. They showed Lesley stripped and at the mercy of two sadistic prison guards. Anticipation rather than unease made the boy collect these discarded treasures quickly and make his way from the Villa Rif.



Returning home, he locked the door of his room to guard against parental intrusion, and began to investigate the photographs and the recording. But first he read a short dossier describing Lesley.



THE FIRST photographs and the start of the recording describe the two chastisers going to Lesley's room at night to prepare her for her ordeal. They catch her in the act of rousing herself. One of them brings this to completion with a skilful hand, so that nothing shall distract her from the punishment. She is then led to the white-tiled room, where Lesley's panties are discarded and she is made to lie face-down on the sofa with rubber cushions under her loins to raise and broaden the swell of her seat. The firm pale cheeks of Lesley's bottom are "admirably framed by the white elastic arch of the suspender-belt across the back of her waist, the elastic straps drawn down either flank and honeyed gloss of stocking tops at mid-thigh."

The photograph shows that it is half an hour before midnight by the wall-clock. Holding the print, the boy admires "the high crown of Lesley's coiffure, the way her straight fair hair had been cut at the jawline and shaped so closely to her head. A last chill of self-possessed arrogance still lingered in her fine long-lashed blue eyes. Indeed the fear of what lay in store for her had not yet dispelled all the slight sullen hardness of her mouth and chin."

Promiscuous though the young wife may be, she does not welcome the sort of attention the two men give her. Strapped down on her belly over the sofa, she is obliged to submit to other demands too. They fondle and squeeze her "long trim legs . . . especially the bare pallor of thighs above the tops of her glossy stockings." They stroke the fair pubic hair peeping back between the rear of her thighs, and then finger her between her buttocks.

Though sex is not overtly described the sound on the

recording is unambiguous. One man fucks Lesley between the legs from the rear as she lies there. Then the other man, who is going to do the whipping presently, uses the vase-line and buggers Lesley as Hassan had first done a few weeks earlier. She tries to wheedle and coax a reprieve from him, much to his amusement. He chides her for making such a fuss about such a little thing. "You won't be the first young woman to get a whipping—nor the last." So the boy turns to the fifth photograph in the series. . . .

## *“Lesley Under the Whip”*

5. THE preliminaries were over and Lesley was sprawling on her belly over the cushions, still strapped by one ankle. Her face was turned in dismay towards her ravishers, one of whom had now picked up a long slim cane. The light caught a trace of wetness at the rear parting of her thighs and a slight oily smear at the meeting of Lesley's buttocks.

“Take your hands away from your bottom, Lesley,” said the voice of the man on the recording, “You won't like the cane across your knuckles.”

“Wait,” said the second man, “She needs more cushioning under her belly, so that her arse is properly lifted. Lift your hips a little, Lesley. At once! Or must we add a refusal to your punishment?”

There was a sound of the cushions being arranged and the cane being touched lightly across the young wife's buttocks. Then the cane lashed down in a vicious stroke across the bare pale cheeks of Lesley's bottom. There was a split-second's pause of total silence. And then Lesley screamed.

Again the bamboo rang out across the firm pallor of Lesley's bottom-cheeks—and again she screamed at the swelling agony of the impact. Eagerly the boy counted the strokes to himself to see if it would be six—but it was more—or twelve—but that passed too.

6. The clock in this photograph showed that it was half an hour after midnight and that a dozen strokes or so of

the caning had been given. The bamboo had left deeply coloured weals across the firm erotic maturity of Lesley's bare bottom, as well as two marks across the backs of her thighs. Frantic with the burgeoning smart, the young woman had twisted round on her hip and was clinging hard to the arm of her chastiser to prevent him raising the cane. Under the parted fringe, her blue eyes were imploring him as if her life depended on his answer. Her mouth had the woebegone, downturned shape of a penitent little girl who pleads with her teacher.

7. The next camera study was made only a few moments later. Yet there was a significant and predictable change in the scene. To avoid such an interruption as had taken place, Lesley's wrists were strapped together to the far end of the sofa frame and the caning had continued. Her finger nails clawed at the polished wood until they broke, in the agony of the thrashing. Her hands clenched into fists until the nails drew blood from her palms.

Her head was still turned, her mouth and eyes wide under the fringe of her short-cut fair hair as she screamed for a respite. But the two men replied to the desperate appeals of the promiscuous young wife with smiles which promised a long ordeal. The man with the cane had thrashed the crowns of Lesley's twenty-eight-year-old bottom-cheeks to deep crimson. Now he was measuring the bamboo across the softer, sensitive undercurve of her backside, just above the crease dividing her buttocks and thighs.

On the recording, the boy heard Lesley scream at the first of these savage lashes of the cane. Yet even so he was able to hear how the men had taught her to accept the inevitability of her punishment. Half an hour before, under the first stroke, he had heard the young woman cry out not to be caned. It amused him now to hear Lesley screaming instead only to have her strokes delayed. The boy hoped this would be denied—and it was.

8. It was almost one o'clock and the boy felt a stiffening excitement in his loins at the knowledge that the two men



had made Lesley's punishment last so long. Indeed, it was by no means over, though the scene had once more altered. From the voices on the recording the boy had heard that Lesley was crossing her legs desperately, jamming one knee into the back of the other to contain the appalling smart of the bamboo. The men had already denied her this relief by strapping her ankles a few inches apart to the sofa frame.

To take the cane upon the flank of her hip was painful enough. Yet the boy had counted at least fifty strokes of the bamboo across Lesley's bottom and knew how frantic she must be to shield it from further punishment. So she had begun to twist on her side, away from the man with the cane. It was the second man who came to his colleague's assistance. Smiling at the folly of Lesley's attempted evasion, he perched on the edge of the sofa, tightened his arm over her waist, and turned her seat back to face the punishment. He remained like this, holding her, so that only Lesley's bottom and legs were visible in the photograph. It was on the recording that the chastiser's voice explained the consequences of her disobedience.

"Your punishment will continue in a moment, Lesley. First of all you must receive properly the stroke which you tried to avoid. Then there will be six extra strokes for your failure to keep still."

The boy listened with his pulse racing to the sounds which followed these words. He heard the extra strokes given with vicious skill. Lesley screamed for her husband, her lovers, her children, as if one or all of them could hear her and would come to her rescue.

It was also in this photograph that Lesley, in her writing, had thrust her bottom out to its fullest extent and thus offered her most complete rear view. The boy took a magnifying glass and scanned the picture with prurient curiosity. He saw, between the rear of her thighs, the light pubic hair matted by the moisture of sexual excitement. Between her buttocks, the few stray hairs near Lesley's

anus were plastered flat on the smooth skin by the sheen of vaseline.

9. At this point, for the prison thrashing was still continuing after one o'clock, the boy could not resist glancing at the piquant contrast offered by Lesley in the days before her enslavement. There was a photograph of her gardening in the black coolie-suit, not long before she had renounced her married life and children. Her present ordeal was all the more exciting for this portrait. The picture showed Lesley standing to face the camera, holding a child with its back to her. the arrogant blue eyes looked a little away from the lens and the fair-skinned facial beauty under the parted fringe was marred by her customary sulkiness seen most clearly in her mouth and chin. How much more the boy preferred to see her contrite and weeping under the bamboo.

10. From this portrait of an emancipated young woman, the boy turned to a full-plate study of Lesley's face during the present caning. He held the two pictures side by side and saw how the arrogant self-possession had crumbled at the first strokes of the cane. The picture of Lesley's face while she was chastised was one which any true disciplinarian would have hung among the treasures of his collection. Under the long fair-haired fringe, the aloof blue eyes were now wide with pain, the mouth forming a howling oval of torment.

Like the chastiser in the next picture, the boy had to undo the front of his trousers at this point in order to ease the discomfort of his erection.

11. Lesley's bottom was once again the centre of the composition. Now, however, tight strapping round her waist held her down without the need of a man's arm. The hands of the clock showed that the picture had been taken just before half-past one in the morning.

There was no longer any part of Lesley's behind which was not deeply coloured by the cane, except for a strip of

whiteness where her buttocks curved in together. The cane was unable to touch her there and, for that reason, a whip was kept in readiness.

The chastiser was now caning her hard and sharply across the earlier weals of the bamboo. Lesley's voice was shrill with panic.

"Don't cane me any more! Not yet! Please! Oh, please!"

"Lie forward properly over the cushions, Lesley," said the man impatiently. "Don't clench your buttocks like that!"

"I'm being tortured!" Her cry made the stone walls ring.

The other man laughed.

"You shall learn the true meaning of that word, Lesley, in the place to which you are being sent."

12. With astonishment and delight, the boy saw that the caning had still not finished. The supple bamboo rod smacked and lashed across the woven crimson which marked Lesley's buttocks.

For the first time the boy paused to consider his own reactions as he followed the events of the photographs and the recording. In truth, he had first heard Lesley's cries and outbursts with a profound shock. By now, however, he was intrigued enough to consider them more rationally. He noticed, from the intensity of her screams, that the initial impact of the cane across Lesley's bottom seemed to swell for several seconds to an unbearable torment, sharpening her cry to a wild shriek.

It was also evident that her screams were now more abrupt than they had been at first, perhaps from so much crying out and pleading. It could scarcely be that she noticed the pain less. Between the strokes and the screams, Lesley gave vent to a storm of sobbing, rising in shrillness or falling in despair, like the arpeggios of punishment.

The boy wondered if the drama was merely acted for camera and recording. Perhaps it was. Yet he knew by instinct that no actress, of however consummate ability, could mimic such a performance as Lesley's. In the photographs,

there was a sense of authenticity which the onlooker saw immediately.

In the present photograph, Lesley's high-crowned head was turned, so that she faced her chastisers in pain and panic.

"You've cut me!" she cried out, "I can feel it!"

The boy looked quickly at the photograph. Where the bamboo had landed aslant Lesley's right-hand bottom-cheek it had raised a well-marked weal. It was plain to see that several ruby dots had welled up along this line and that the largest of them was trickling down the lower curve of Lesley's backside to gather in the crease which divided her thigh and her behind. The men dismissed her frantic cry.

"You have much to learn about prison thrashings, Lesley. You are not a little girl being smacked by a teacher. A young married woman of your age and type must expect a prolonged judicial punishment. A well-used bamboo will cut your backside a number of times before the thrashing is over. Lie forward properly over the cushions. There is much worse to come yet!"

There was much following this which had not been photographed, yet was to be heard in fragments on the recording. At one moment it seemed that Lesley was undergoing a softer ordeal in the hands of the two men, for she sounded like a spanked little girl now pleading affectionately to be loved and forgiven.

Soon after this she cried out in panic and seemed to wrestle vainly with the men who positioned her. A man's voice said,

"Don't be foolish, Lesley. You're here to be punished. We want you strapped bottom-upwards over the sofa-scroll, bending very tightly forward."

13. It was shortly before two in the morning. Lesley was indeed strapped down kneeling very tightly forward over the heavy padded scroll at the end of the sofa, her arms strapped at full stretch to the base of its frame. In this posture her firm pale buttocks were pulled hard apart,



showing the yellowed-ivory smoothness of Lesley's bottom-crack where the skin curved in towards her anus.

They were punishing the young wife for her promiscuity, using a pony-lash with a stout handle and a short tail of braided leather. It was the second man who whipped her now. He cracked the snakeskin lash across the bare pale moons of Lesley's bottom in a sinuous weal. The whip curved and clung agonisingly to her first seat-cheek, curled down into Lesley's bottom-crack, and then curved up over the further cheek of her behind.

Lesley's high-crowned urchin-crop was turned and the blue eyes under her parted fringe matched the expressive frenzy of the shriek on the recording. Every muscle in her thighs and hips seemed contracted by the anguish, her knees were jammed urgently together and her toes curled with the sheer intensity of the impact.

Unmoved by this, the man who held the lash took aim across Lesley's backside, even including the rear of her thighs, and whipped, and whipped, and whipped.

There was a pause in the discipline, allowing Lesley to check her sobs a little. It seemed that the men wished her to understand exactly what was going to happen.

"Now you must undergo the last part of your thrashing, Lesley. It will be the hardest for you to bear. The full rigour can only be exercised when you are already supremely sensitive from the previous strokes. Let us have no hypocrisy about punishment. I want to take you far, far beyond the limits of punishment, into a twilight world where nothing exists for you but the anguish of the whip across your bare buttocks. Don't twist your mouth from the cotton wad, Lesley! It is prudent that you should be gagged for this last adventure!"

Even before the first stroke was given, the recording caught the small sounds of Lesley's frenzy. Her shrill pleading and protests were reduced by the gag to an urgent mewling. The sofa springs echoed the strapped writhing of her thighs and hips. He heard the young wife's bare belly

slithering vainly on buttoned leather in the sweltering southern night. Unable to contain her panic, there was a short sound of feminine rudeness from Lesley's behind.

14. Was it all a charade or did it truly happen as the man promised? The boy heard a wild mewling as the smack-cuts of leather across Lesley's bottom made the stones ring. As for the next photograph, it had been taken just after half-past two.

In this full-plate study, the whipping was over, the last stroke just given. Lesley was unfastened and her gag removed. Indeed, the two men had raised to her feet this urchin-cropped young wife, her firm erotic maturity laid pale and bare. As they assisted her upright, it seemed that Lesley's bottom had patterned the floor with red petals from the final tapestry of the pony-lash.

There was one more detail, deeply exciting to the boy as proof of how far the men had taken her. Lesley's head drooped on the man's shoulder as he held her, her arms limp at either side. The second man stared in wide-eyed admiration and open-mouthed delight. Like a ravished virgin-bride, Lesley had swooned in her chastiser's arms!

## A STUDY IN FLAGELLATION

TO DISMISS Carrington merely as a publisher of erotic fantasies, of raunchy tales and lingering seductions, is to do him an injustice. It also misses the true character of the man and his passions. Many of his books were not fiction at all. They were true-life accounts of the bloody progress of British or French imperialism, of ante-bellum slavery in the United States, or of medical and social curiosities throughout the world.

His own experience of exile in Paris and harassment, at a distance by Chief Inspector Drew, made him particularly sensitive to the double standards of English morality. When he felt strongly over Kitchener's conduct in the Sudan or the behaviour of Virginian slave-owners, he would break into the novels of his authors like Hugues Rebell, addressing the reader directly in a publisher's preface.

In Carrington's list for 1901, only one of the first seven books is a novel. Four of the other six are studies in corporal punishment, *Etude sur la Flagellation*, *Curiosités et Anecdotes sur la Flagellation*, *Une Société de Flagellantes* and *En Virginie*. The last of these, by Hugues Rebell, described the actual whippings of slave-girls on plantations, fictionalised in *Dolly Morton*. Though advertised in French, the material was also available in English. A further book dealt with "The Underworld of English Prudery."

Like many Europeans, Carrington and Rebell had been

outraged by the sentence of two years' hard labour on Oscar Wilde in 1895 for homosexual offences—each act carried out with a "victim" who was a willing and even eager partner. While Wilde endured a sentence designed to break both his health and his spirit, Kitchener, the imperial butcher, was received with acclamation in the House of Lords and rewarded in hard cash.

In his disgust, Rebell published an open letter to the prosecutor and the judge in Wilde's case. Wilde's offence, wrote Rebell, was "to violate petty calvinist morality which tolerates every meanness of the spirit and condemns only passionate feelings." As for Queen Victoria herself, she was "a thick-headed bourgeois woman with no sense of shame in occupying the throne which was once that of the great Queen Elizabeth."

From then on, Rebell and Carrington delighted in baiting the hypocrisy and double standards of England's rulers. How better to do this than by ridiculing the moral mania for prison and reformatory whippings which the rest of the world laughed at as the English vice? It was in a subsequent edition of their studies in flagellation that the celebrated case of James Miles was depicted, a reformatory master whose life was devoted to taking down the knickers of the girl-children in his care and wielding the birch or the cane tirelessly.

As with a number of Carrington's books, copies of this edition are extremely rare, existing only in the fastness of the so-called *enfer* of condemned books in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. A good deal of material is locked away within the walls of that impressive building on the Rue de Richelieu where such gems are kept. Yet enough extracts have been quoted from one study in flagellation, the case of James Miles and Elaine Cox, to make it possible to reconstruct that narrative from its English and French versions. How accurately does it reflect what actually went on behind the closed doors of the reformatory? We can only confirm that the most outrageous allegations made



by Carrington are precisely those proved at Miles's trial. It is indisputable that his judges saw nothing outrageous in his conduct at all and that the case was laughed out of court.

The master was entitled to birch his girls as often as he liked, as hard as he liked, and in whatever state of undress he chose. He was able to have two or more girls fastened bare-bottomed over the apparatus in front of him, like a harem parading for his inspection. The age of the girls and young women whom he whipped, according to the report in the *Morning Chronicle*, ranged from thirteen or even less to twenty-eight. Could the justices see nothing wrong at all in a middle-aged reformatory master making so many girls position themselves before him with their knickers down in positions which looked like invitations to sexual intercourse?

They saw clearly enough, according to Carrington. So why did they ignore all the protests? If Carrington is right, it was because they had no wish to spoil the fun for themselves. Apart from the incidental strappings and spankings which were an everyday occurrence, there were the grand performances on the weekly "Justices Night," held as a rule on Saturday when the more serious punishments earned during the week were administered. Though the master inflicted the discipline, the justices sat in their chairs and watched. They enjoyed the evening of whippings like a modern businessman relaxing to enjoy an afternoon of striptease performances.

This was the customary privilege of the justices. One of England's most famous journalists, Edward Ward of the *London Spy*, had long ago done a piece of investigative reporting on the activities of the justices in Bridewell prison, London. The girls were "like so many slaves under the direction of an overseer." The man walked about carrying a "flexible weapon" to administer cuts of the whip. They were not merely held in prison but "sent here to be lashed."

Ward describes the justices sitting in a large room, the

folding doors to the next room open to give them a view of the girl who was being flogged. When she was at last allowed to dress and return to her work, Elizabeth Tindall was next brought before the justices, her clothes removed to show her bare breasts and bare rear for a flogging. She was whipped "till the accusers had satisfied their revenge and the spectators their curiosity."

Ward would easily have recognised the scene on the night when the justices attended Mr. Miles's reformatory to see the fun. Carrington incorporated the story into fiction as well, thus enabling the gaps in his documentary account to be filled out.

## *“Punishment Night in the Girls’ Reformatory”*

THE ROOM in which Mr. Miles thrashed the girls on the punishment list was a cavernous place of some size. It was prudently located out of sight and earshot of the main building.

On Saturday evening the visiting justices were well wined and dined at the master’s excellent table. The meal over, Mr. Miles and his guests adjourned to the scene of discipline, where the enjoyable sport of birching the girls took place.

This whipping-room was lit by gas, flaring harshly upon the whitewashed walls, in which small barred windows were set well above the height of most prying eyes. It was paved with flagstones and, at the centre of the floor a plain wooden block had been bolted down for the pretty culprits to kneel over. A convenient array of attaching-straps was strongly riveted to it. There was also a whipping-horse, resembling a padded leather vaulting buck, equipped to hold a girl lying astride it. On a narrow mahogany table there was an assortment of punishment-straps, birch-rods, canes, and whips of every sort which a chastiser might desire.

Several cushioned chairs had been set out a couple of yards to the rear of the block for the portly magisterial witnesses. As they took their places, each cast his eye upon

the board at one side of the room where the names of the girls to be thrashed were boldly inscribed.

The bill of fare was appetising and varied. There were saucy or imploring fourteen-year-olds like Sally Fenton or Jane Mitchener. Sturdy young rebels of fifteen like Elaine Cox and Michele Page came next. Nerissa Grant, Sarah Barnes, Tania Nicola, led a bevy of nymphs between the ages of sixteen and twenty. After a dozen or more of these teenage offenders came another batch of names, young women of marriageable qualities between twenty and thirty, as if to show that even they were not exempt from bare-bottomed correction. Jacqueline Grant, Susan Webb, and Jane Truman appeared here as often as the younger culprits. It was as a rule about nine o'clock in the evening when all was ready. So great was the zeal of the master and the justices, however, that the whippings would go on all night if that proved necessary to complete the administration of discipline. Twenty or even thirty girls would be fastened bare-bottomed over the block if the master decided. In that case, since the older ones were dealt with last, Susan Webb's knickers or those of Jacqueline Grant might not come down until well after midnight.

At the outset, Mr. Miles removed his black jacket and rolled up his sleeves. Choosing a bamboo cane that was long and slim, he went to the far door, opened it and bawled in his stentorian voice,

"ELAINE COX!"

The girl who entered, with a matron holding her by either arm, was a sturdy adolescent rebel, dressed in her school uniform. She and her elder sister had been brought to the reformatory when Elaine was thirteen. She would remain there for five years at least.

Elaine Cox was a shouting striding youngster, defiantly tossing back the lank fair hair which was combed from its central parting to lie loose upon her shoulders. The broad oval of her face, with its slum-child's features of narrowed eyes and thin mouth, completed a portrait of snub-nosed



insolence. She was dressed in her white school blouse and tie, the grey pleated skirt worn brazenly high as if to flaunt the pallor of her robust young thighs and suggest the sturdiness of her hips.

She stood before the justices, her contempt for them clearly shown in the narrow slant of her eyes.

"Remove your skirt for your punishment, Elaine!" said the first matron sharply.

With a look of indifference, the youngster undid her short pleated skirt and stepped out of it. Then, without even waiting for the command, she turned her back on the witnesses and went down, kneeling over the block. Elaine Cox's schoolgirl knickers were briefs of white elasticated cotton. As she knelt on all fours over the block, craning round with snub-nosed defiance, her adolescent backside was broadened and fattened by her posture. In her stretched cotton briefs she seemed quite a big-bottomed girl for her age.

The master strapped her wrists to the forward corners of the block and pinioned her bare legs together firmly just above her knees. An ankle-strap was tightened round both feet to remove any temptation for the rebellious youngster to kick out at her chastiser during the caning. Finally he tightened the wide leather belt round her waist, pressing her young belly firmly down on the block. This hollowing down of the small of her back caused the cheeks of Elaine's arse to swell even fuller and broader for her punishment.

The pulses of the justices in their chairs quickened and each grey-haired penis stirred a little with excitement. They knew what was coming now. The girl had been in the reformatory for two years already. These men had first seen twenty strokes of the birch given on the milk-white cheeks of Elaine Cox's thirteen-year-old bottom. Now that she was a big fifth-form girl the punishments were more severe but the preparations were the same.

The master took the elastic waistband of Elaine's stretched briefs and stripped them down to her knees. He

did this slowly and with much fingering, being a lusty man of fifty or so. His fingers wandered over her sturdy bare thighs and played about between the tomboy cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom. Furious at this indignity, the youngster tossed back her lank fair hair and craned round at him in an angry shout.

"YOU DIRTY, FILTHY THING!" she cried.

There was no mistaking the fury of a slum-child in her dark narrowed eyes and in the thin line of her hard mouth. However, the master and the witnesses smiled back at her in delight. By her impudence, the youngster had given them a pretext to add to her punishment. Her anger faltered as she read the significance of their smiles. When such men had a bare-bottomed tomboy like Elaine Cox strapped over the block, they were absolutely pitiless.

"Elaine!" Now the chairman of the justices smiled as he spoke, "Twelve strokes of the birch after breakfast tomorrow to cure you of such outbursts!"

The girl was still wearing her white school blouse and her striped tie. Now the master stooped and tucked the tail of the blouse well up above her hips, laying bare the full pale cheeks of Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom!

All pretence at moral righteousness left the justices now that they had the girl in private. The youngster had been strapped down in a posture which gave a rear glimpse of the light haired pubic sheath between her thighs and a view between the cheeks of her behind. Elaine watched them over her shoulder as they leant forward, silent contempt in the broad oval of her snub-nosed face. The portly justices allowed their gaze to rove over her bare thighs and bum-cheeks, prying eagerly between. They glanced up smilingly from time to time to meet the anger of Elaine's eyes. Then by knowing movements of their own eyes they directed her to look at how they were poring over her thighs and parted buttocks.

When the justices had looked their fill, the master chose a slim bamboo cane that was long and supple. He cut the

air once or twice with a trial swish. Despite her anger, Elaine flinched at the sound and her buttocks tightened with instinctive fright.

"Now, my girl!" said the master sternly, "You'll call the number of each stroke before you get it. If you refuse or miss the count, the stroke will be given just the same. But it will not go to make up the total of your punishment."

To the delight of the witnesses, Elaine cried out angrily, calling Mr. Miles an old bastard and refusing to obey the order. What a curiosity this was! She had been regularly caned or birched since she was twelve or thirteen. She knew no mercy would be shown her. Indeed, the master and justices would look keenly for pretexts to add strokes to her punishment. Elaine must also have known that the agonising whip of bamboo across her bare buttocks would sooner or later make her break down and scream out for the first stroke of her punishment. In such a reform school it seemed incredible that even a sturdy fifth-form girl would egg them on to torture her. Elaine would now be thrashed until she could bear no more. Yet only then, when she screamed for the first stroke, would the ordeal of a full prison caning across her backside begin. As yet her conduct remained a mystery.

The master took aim, touching the cane lightly across her behind.

"Thirty-six strokes of the bamboo cane across your bare bottom, Elaine Cox! Call for the first!"

Still she cursed and refused. Slowly the master raised the cane high above his shoulder. He paused a moment, then brought it down with savage energy in an ear-splitting smack across the full pale cheeks of Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom!

A split second's silence. Then the rebellious pupil drew her breath as if in a frantic yelp of terror. Her strapped hands were desperately clenched. She gnawed compulsively at her thin lower lip. The master had made sure she was strapped down too firmly to writhe very much. How-

ever the sturdy young cheeks of her strapping schoolgirl arse tensed and squirmed frantically, pressing together and then rounding out, as if that would dispel the lingering smart. Where the cane had landed, a red double-edged bamboo stripe began to glow across the broad pale cheeks of Elaine Cox's tomboy backside.

Despite her bravado, her bum-cheeks tensed and shifted with crawling apprehension as the master measured the next lash of the cane across them. He thrashed with cruel accuracy across the crease dividing Elaine's young arse and thighs. She still controlled her cries, mewling between pressed lips. Mr. Miles too felt a certain discomfort, for the front of his trousers seemed suddenly much tighter. He would have been more at ease had the circumstances permitted him to unbutton and allow his grey-haired erection to take the air.

He thrashed twice more across the softer undercurve of Elaine's young backside. It was common knowledge that the first pain of the impact did not diminish at once but swelled to a crescendo over several seconds. Mr. Miles liked to time each stroke so that it smacked across Elaine's squirming buttocks just as the torture of the previous lash reached its climax.

Even between the strokes Elaine was gasping at the naked intensity of the bamboo's agony on her bare buttocks. The justices watched without a sound. The silence in the room was broken only by the girl's breathless squirmings in her straps. Twice more the bamboo thrashed diagonally across her bum-cheeks. Six weals, each a deepening red, were embossed across her young backside. The master aimed another cruel lash of the cane low down, almost catching the tops of her robust pale thighs. To the satisfaction of the witnesses, Elaine Cox screamed.

Her hips and arse were twisting as frantically as the tight restraining straps permitted. She tossed back her lank fair hair again. But the broad oval of the snub-nosed face which she turned to the justices was no longer defiant or



insolent. It was a study in consternation. The narrow eyes were flooded with tears, the thin mouth was stretched in another shriek whose very utterance seemed paralysed by the bamboo's agony. The justices chortled at her in her appalling predicament. Her defiance had earned eight or nine uncounted strokes of the cane. Smarting dreadfully from these, Elaine had not even begun the thirty-six lashes of her punishment.

The youngster howled and pleaded to have these uncounted strokes included in her total. But her appeal ended in a shriek as the cane thrashed low across her buttocks again. She made her submission at the level of a scream.

"One!"

The justices chuckled. The master measured his aim long and teasingly across the stripes already burning on her bum-cheeks. One of the portly witnesses spoke sharply to her.

"Elaine Cox! Get tighter over the block! You weren't shy of walking back from school in a little grey skirt that flew up to show your white briefs with every breath of wind!"

"And don't clench the cheeks of your arse, Elaine Cox!" chimed in another worthy magistrate, "Your big sister had her bare bottom whipped over the block before dinner. We've seen everything she had to show. Another fat young arse in the same family can't be much different! Don't act shy with us, miss! We know you better!"

The supple bamboo rang out with a savage whip-like impact across the bare cheeks of Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom. The sturdy fifth-former cried out shrilly with the pain but she was frantic not to incur extra strokes now by missing the count.

"Two!" she shrieked, "Three! . . . Stop! Oh, please! Just for a minute! . . . OOOW! . . . F-o-u-r! . . . F-I-V-E! . . . SIX! . . . A-A-H!"

At every stroke her hips rose and Elaine Cox's bottom-crack compressed to a thin tight line. Had her ankles not

been strapped together her robust young legs would have kicked wildly. Her flesh jumped at each impact of the bamboo as if in an electric spasm. Then, as she tried to expel the pain by surging her arse outwards, Elaine's well-thrashed bottom presented a perfect target for more punishment, its cheeks more fully and more fatly rounded.

Presently the master measured his cane across the path of a plum-coloured weal which he had already raised across the crown of her rear cheeks. The strapping young cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom surged and twisted in panic. Tossing back her hair she turned such a tearful face and cried out not to be caned across the same place again.

"You're here to be punished, Elaine," said one of the justices quietly. "You must expect your master to cane you where it will hurt most. Keep your bottom quite still!"

So the bamboo lashed that tender stripe and once again Elaine Cox screamed. Now it was a vivid welt and the skin dangerously taut. Still the master measured his next stroke across it, as if to chide the girl's protests. Down flashed the cane again to the accompaniment of a wild cry from the young culprit. A line of red dots, like a punctuation pattern, rose and trickled down the squirming cheeks of Elaine's backside. The girl could feel what he had done to her. In a last burst of anger, Elaine Cox shouted at the disciplinarians.

"My arse! Oh, my arse! You bastards! You bastards!"

The master was going to reward her well for this insolence. Yet first he met her anger with a secret smile. Then he laid down the cane and picked up a short lash of woven snakeskin. It was not customary to employ this on a girl not yet sixteen. However, the justices licked their lips excitedly and made no objection. Elaine's bamboo'd bottom began to twist and tense in panic at the mere sight of the leather whip. The master frowned.

"Nineteen strokes counted so far, Elaine! Seventeen more to come before we give you your extras. Call for the next one!"

Elaine cried out, imploring them to remember that her sentence was to be carried out with a reformatory cane, not a pony-whip. She begged to have the ten strokes she had refused to count included in the total. One justice reminded her that those strokes had been given by her own choice. The senior justice chuckled at this. He ruled that a big fifth-form girl like Elaine was well able to take as many strokes with a pony-lash across her bare bottom as the master chose to give her.

By this time there were other eyes watching the scene. Behind the justices a row of barred windows was set high in the wall. Neither the master nor the witnesses looked in that direction, though Elaine saw them every time she craned round to swear or plead. The lads of her own age, fugitives from their own reform school, had shinned up the outside of the wall to perch on the outer ledges of these windows. To see the girls in the punishment room with their knickers down was a treat for these boys. As Elaine twisted her head round they grinned at her wickedly. Each lad had unbuttoned at his window and smilingly showed her the fine young instrument in his hand upon which he was playing a vigorous jig.

The master and his cronies had nothing to fear from these lads. Those young masturbators gazed in open-mouthed delight at Elaine the bare-bottomed tomboy displayed over the block. The girl herself half provoked this. Striding back from school to her interview with Mr. Miles she would toss back her hair and shout that she would see them after the show. She talked contemptuously of the justices as cowardly old bastards "too scared to breathe outside their own front doors."

In some respects Elaine was as rough and bullying as the boys themselves. She had yet to taste the pleasures of the bed. Though many a time had there been a tryst of hands or lips with a young penis. Several times she had been apprehended by her master. A boy of her own age to whom she owed a favour stood or sat before her while she

knelt. As the master watched secretly, Elaine Cox sucked the penis and consumed the libation.

The master thrashed her for this and pretended to be outraged. Yet the truth was that he had several times compelled the same service from her. Stories of his activities were plentiful. On some afternoons the youngster was summoned to his room for discipline. To rob her virginity would compromise him. However, a servant who waited close by heard no sound of thrashing. As the master came out to dismiss him, the fellow glimpsed through the open door. Bare from the hem of her blouse down to her feet, the girl knelt forward over the back of a chair. In this posture, he swore, Elaine Cox's arsehole was well displayed. As if that were not enough, he vowed that an oily smear had been applied by the master between the cheeks of the girl's bottom.

Such tales were slander to the worthy justices. They now ordered the girl to continue counting her strokes. The broadened cheeks of Elaine's bottom already looked as if she had been made to sit naked all afternoon on a cruel thorn bush infested by angry wasps.

"Twenty!" she cried frantically.

The thin black lash cracked down, curling across the cheeks of her broadened young backside. Her cry came with a shrill frenzy as the woven leather imparted the undiluted anguish of a hornet sting. She shrieked at the matron to intervene and halt the punishment.

The woman stood by tight-lipped. She promised Elaine that there should be no respite. Smelling-bottle or damp cloth would be used to remedy the extreme effects of the whip. It would take a few moments only before the discipline could continue again.

As Elaine twisted her face round imploringly, the lads at the windows were almost in their paroxysms. Their tongues ran along their lips with excitement and their eyes directed hers to look at the splendid instruments being pumped in their hands.



The whip bridled her anger and conquered her insolence, for it was beyond anything which even a sturdy youngster of her age could endure. Desperately she writhed her behind aside as far as the straps would permit, trying to take the lash on a slant and with her buttocks clenched. After two such strokes the master thwarted her by giving three additional welts across the backs of her robust young thighs. Then he made her count the two misapplied strokes again. He gave these with her kneeling correctly, arse upwards over the block.

The lads at the windows longed only for the whipping to last all evening. So accustomed to the ways of the reformatory, they found excitement in the grossest incidents. A savage whiplash caught the girl across her bottom-cheeks. Unable to contain herself under the atrocious smart, Elaine Cox farted.

The wittiest compliment of the drawing-room could not have brought more satisfied smiles to the justices nor greater glee to the boys at the windows. The youngster herself tossed back her lank fair hair and turned her snub-nosed face upon the portly magistrates with an "Oooooo!" of fright at what she had done. She knew that such incidents were regarded as deliberate vulgarity and were rewarded with six extra strokes. She cried out in panic as the master informed her that these would be added to her total. In vain Elaine pleaded with the justices to be forgiven her impudence and confessed her terror that in her present state the agony of the next stroke would lead to a repetition. At this the justices' smiles broadened, as if each had found a fifty-pound bill.

They spared her nothing. After she had shrieked out for the last of her thirty-six strokes, the master laid down the lash and picked up the bamboo once more.

"Nineteen extra strokes, Elaine," he said sternly. "Keep your bottom still. I shall not give you the trouble of counting these."

This last concession was no kindness to her. After nine-

teen strokes, the youngster cried out that she had had her lesson. The justices reprimanded her for daring to contradict her master. Elaine Cox's crimsoned bottom-cheeks squirmed and jiggled. She cried out at the justices and shrieked up at the boys at the windows. The master stood over her now, thrashing her bum-cheeks hard and rhythmically. The justices were a-gape with delight. The lads at the windows squeezed and pumped themselves in excitement. The first of them yielded his substance, grinning at the dismay in Elaine's face as she saw him do so.

Master and justices enjoyed themselves with Elaine now as was only possible behind reformatory walls and with the protection of law. For some time yet the room echoed to the remorseless *thrash! thrash! thrash!* of the master's cane across her backside and the shrill yelping cries of the girl after each stroke. At length she was released and limped tearfully from the room. The state of Elaine Cox's bottom would have made many a hangman lay aside his whip in despair at the work which the master had performed.

The other fifth-form girls on his list were dealt with, each fastened bare-bottomed over the block in her turn. Sandra Williams, a ladylike young creature, looked in dismay at the boys watching from the windows. Yet there was nothing for it but to kneel over and take three dozen with the cane. Michele looked with indifference at the lads before bowing her brown crop over the block and offering the bare pale cheeks of her saucy young rump. By the time the discipline was over, Michele Page's bottom was in a state to rival Elaine's.

Pretty Sally, the first of the younger girls, was a lithe creature with impish blue eyes and fair hair curled lightly at the edges of its pageboy cut. The bare cheeks of Sally's bottom were slim and taut by contrast with Elaine's. She received twenty-four strokes with the three switches of a prison birch, leaving a mass of raised cuts across the cheeks of Sally Fenton's fourteen-year-old backside.

A worse fate awaited the youngest of this group, though

she did not appear to be a malefactor. Jane Mitchener was an appealing youngster. The lank brown hair which brushed her shoulders softened her firm pale features by its pretty fringe. A gentle teasing light appeared in her brown eyes. At fourteen her fair skinned figure was well-formed, though her curves had still a tautness and resilience which had not yet softened into womanly voluptuousness. She was bidden to lay her skirt aside and did so.

"Slip your briefs off, Jane Mitchener," said the matron presently.

The girl stood there, pretty teeth touching her lower lip, as if in apprehension or mockery. However, she soon obeyed. Jane Mitchener's schoolgirl knickers came down and the master summoned her to him. She stood before him and he raised her chin to look at him.

"Before I thrash you, Jane, your matron wishes to give you the strap across your bottom. Do you understand?"

The girl nodded fearfully and blinked her eyes as if in alarm. Then the matron led her across to a long narrow table equipped with straps, making the girl lie face-down along it with a bolster under her loins to lift her backside.

The punishment-strap was of thin leather, two feet long and a couple of inches broad, divided into three flat tails at its extremity. The girl's ankles were tied together to one end of the table and her wrists to separate corners at the other. Both the justices and the lads at the windows were intrigued for it was the first time they had seen the bare cheeks of Jane Mitchener's bottom. Though she was broad enough in the seat for her age, she carried her buttocks high and trim with that smooth elasticity which marks the division of childhood and womanhood.

Now the matron brought down the strap with a flat ringing impact and the girl gasped at the smart of it. The ferocity of the sting made Jane's young bottom begin a lively squirming. Again the strap spanked her, and again. Presently she cried out and tried in vain to twist aside and take the punishment on her flanks.

"Lie properly over the bolster, Jane," said the matron gently.

As the spanking continued with the strap the girl responded to each stroke with a sudden shrill intake of breath. On the verge of tears she begged for a respite.

"You must have twenty strokes across your bottom, Jane," said the matron, smiling at the tears in the brown eyes.

Then the woman stepped back two feet and aimed deliberately so that the strap fell a little short, not extending over both of the girl's rear cheeks. She thrashed the taut young backside with wicked skill, the strap touching only the nearer half, its split tails curling in between the cheeks of Jane Mitchener's bottom. The pretty culprit gave a wild yell at this and screamed out as the next kiss of the strap caught the same place. Even the lads at the windows who had spent already began their exercise again at this. A goodly libation was poured out in tribute to Jane Mitchener's young arse.

At length the spanking was ended and it was time for the girl to take her place over the block. She did so in a truly crestfallen manner as the matron strapped her down.

"Let us trust that the strap has put you in the right mood to receive your thrashing, Jane!" said the senior justice with a smile.

The fact that she was the youngest of the culprits that night did nothing to mitigate her sentence. Indeed, the master chose a cane whose springiness would guarantee a bamboo'ing of some severity. He positioned her with his own hands, fondling her young backside until he had felt his fill. Then he stood back.

"Thirty-six strokes of the cane across your bare backside, Jane! Call for the first!"

The punishment was greatly prolonged, every refinement being employed to discipline more severely the bare cheeks of Jane Mitchener's fourteen-year-old bottom. When Valerie Bishop and other girls of the same class had also



been caned, it was the turn of the older girls. Tania Nicola, Louise Parker, and Nerissa Grant were dealt with by the whip from their very first stroke. Tania's whipping was the most severe and the matron's attentions needed.

It was close on midnight before the young women of twenty and over, all of marriageable age, began their appearances. A pert young madam like Jacqueline Grant was always sure of a well-whipped bottom. Jane Truman was whipped next as the discipline continued into the small hours. The last culprit was brought before them to receive the severest punishment of all. Then the justices contemplated the proud firm cheeks of Susan Webb's bottom in a pair of tight denim working-jeans. Many a twenty-year-old was over the block a full hour. The justices and the spying boys were silent in their admiration, knowing that she would be taken far beyond the ordeals of the younger girls.

So it proved to be, for no amount of screaming and squirming, pleading and writhing, would deter the master from his vindictive use of the woven lash across her bare bottom and the backs of her thighs. Fifty strokes for such a young woman was a mere tickle by the master's judgment. He took her far beyond such beginnings.

By the time that the night's revels were over more than a dozen pretty delinquents had tasted their own tears on their lips while their bottoms danced to the tune of the master's whip. As soon as the last was dealt with, the old porter came to put the room into order once more. He found there only the evidence of the final culprit. From the floor he picked up a pair of Susan Webb's panties, her stretch-cotton briefs, and a tear-wet handkerchief. Both these keepsakes he tucked in his pocket with a smile.

The block was still warm from the pressure of the young woman's bare belly and thighs, the leather whip lying snakelike upon the floor. There was a pungent air in the room, proof that the matron's smelling-bottle had been needed during Susan's ordeal. He found the matron's damp

cloth likewise, sadly blemished from its necessary use. The old man chuckled to himself as he went about his work, conjuring up the scenes which had passed. At length he had finished. Turning down the gas, he closed the door upon the scene of justices' night in the girls' reformatory.



## AFTERWORD

FACT AND fiction were closely interwoven in many of Carrington's works. This mixture not only enabled the English authorities to attack the legality of his books, they could also dismiss them as an impossible slander.

If he did nothing else, he revealed why those authorities were able to maintain so easily the sort of system which prevailed in institutions like the reformatory of Mr. Miles. If the master and the justices turned a blind eye to the excited reform school boys at the windows watching the girls flogged, there was an easy explanation. They were training a new generation to follow in their footsteps. Even the sight of a fourteen-year-old like Jane Mitchener under the whip excited the lads to erection and masturbation. The screams of a sixteen-year-old like Louise Parker thrilled rather than appalled them. Even as they watched her, cropped and pretty over the block, they dreamt only of using the whip across Louise Parker's bottom. In years to come, there would be no shortage of volunteers to carry out such thrashings.

The girls too were, according to Carrington, conditioned to regard the punishment sessions as the most important hours of their lives. No one else, for example, has explained why a girl like Elaine Cox should deliberately have incurred extra punishment by refusing to count her

strokes at first. She was an impudent, defiant youngster who clearly did not "enjoy" her torture.

If Carrington is right, the explanation is very simple. Some weeks later she was one of several girls in the gardening detail, her job being to weed the bed immediately outside the master's study window. She was dressed, by her own choice, in a white short-sleeved singlet and tight trousers of smooth lavender cloth strained into a tight waist by means of a belt. The rather heavy adolescent cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom were well displayed. From the rear, "her sturdy well-filled seat presented an almost perfect circle."

The master was working at his desk in the study window, looking out at the scene. Elaine stood deliberately with her back to the window, "only a few feet before him through the glass." She tossed her fair hair and stared round at him with "calculated insolence" in the broad oval of her face, "the thin defiant mouth, the narrowed eyes."

The other girls in the garden, especially Linda Jennings and the other fourteen-year-olds, worked diligently to avoid punishment. With obvious resentment, Elaine bent and made a "feeble pretence" of weeding. She bent right over, her rump no more than two or three feet from him as he gazed. "In this delightful pose, she offered him the fattened cheeks of her tight-strained trouser-seat. . . . All morning he was to be confronted by the sight of Elaine Cox's sturdy young backside as she shifted, stooped harder, always turning it towards him as if in deliberate invitation."

The master gave up all attempt at his paperwork and studied the view before him, that of his "full-bottomed tomboy." He warned her for idling. She pretended to work, then idled again. At last he summoned her for immediate punishment for her indolence. These summary punishments were often more severe than those before the justices. With no witnesses present, the master could inflict the most sadistic discipline. Elaine was made to kneel over the study sofa, her trousers and briefs round her knees. Carrington believed that other things happened on these



occasions, hinting that the master sodomised Elaine Cox's bottom when she was fourteen and for a year or two afterwards. On this particular morning she evidently remained in the study for two or three hours, but not for that reason. The master tied her hands and legs to the sofa frame. He gagged her, as if by mutual agreement. He then gave her forty or fifty strokes with the punishment strap across her bare bottom. Leaving her in position, he went back to his work. An hour later he gave her a reform school caning across her backside. A further spell of paper work followed this. Last of all, the master picked up his woven snakeskin lash.

If Carrington is right, these deliberate attempts to undergo severe discipline had nothing to do with sexual enjoyment on the girl's part. Elaine was "bully" of the reformatory, the other girls acting almost as her servants. But her position was under threat by girls like Michele Page. Elaine must defend it by fights she would one day lose. So she challenged her rivals to a whipping, by showing her defiance of authority. During the scene in the garden she openly showed the rest of them her contempt for the master and the worst he could do to her. Any girl who wished to oust her must first show that she could take more and severer thrashings from Mr. Miles. Perhaps the master liked to gag Elaine Cox while he whipped her. It certainly served her purpose. To the other girls listening outside, she appeared to take the most ferocious punishments with hardly a sound. Afterwards, in the toilets, there was a display of her thrashed bottom. Michele Page's sturdy young backside could not excel it, for all her canings.

At least Carrington's suggestion seems the most plausible. Elsewhere he was apt to be accused of slanders on the English ruling class and its system which were without any foundation at all. As a matter of fact it was not Carrington but English newspapers like the *Morning Chronicle* which revealed the most scandalous details. Mr. Miles was empowered to whip girls and young women of all ages.

He whipped Sarah Barnes at thirteen and Phyllis Blake at twenty-eight. He could have double whippings where a pair of bare bottoms were presented simultaneously for his attentions. He had young married women and their schoolgirl daughters in his power, offering the prospect of some very interesting double chastisements. Phyllis Danes and her daughter, Jemima, aged thirteen, were one such couple, Mary Lawes and her daughter Hannah were another. This double whipping of such couples was by no means a fantasy of erotica alone, confined to the incestuous lesbianism of *A Man With a Maid*. Lady Betty and Molly were matched by Phyllis and Jemima, Lesley and Rachel, Mary and Hannah in the bestiary of Victorian England.

Even in the harnessing and pony-girl romps of Dolly Morton or a brief image of it at Florville, the books recalled how women and their daughters were used to draw coal from England's mines in the industrial revolution. They worked virtually naked with men in what one report described as "scenes that would disgrace a brothel." Indeed the women and girls became the "pit ponies" of the coal owners. They were made to get on all fours, in thin cotton pants, a harness belt round their waists from which a strap ran back between their legs to the little trolley behind. In this manner they hauled the coal up to the surface. The strap wore away a central strip of the pants, so that the young women's pudenda and even their anal clefts were glimpsed by the eager eyes of the overseers and masters.

If there was furtive fondling or even a few lusty smacks, the "pony girls" were not likely to complain. As Engels pointed out, they had learnt to regard themselves as the harem of the men who paid their wages.

From Edward Ward's account of Maggie Tindall, bare-bottomed in Bridewell, until the present day, literature has imitated life rather than the reverse. Without the strange truths of his time, Carrington's books would never have taken the form that they did. His curious blend of publishing mingled erotic capers, recondite scholarship and de-

nunciations of England's false prudery at home and imperial slaughter abroad. In some of his thrusts he was deadly accurate. Small wonder that Chief Inspector Drew was ordered to devote so much time to the fruitless attempt to bring Carrington to justice after the raid on a suburban villa in Cambridge on a summer morning in 1898.





# THE VICTORIAN IMAGINATION:

A Sampler

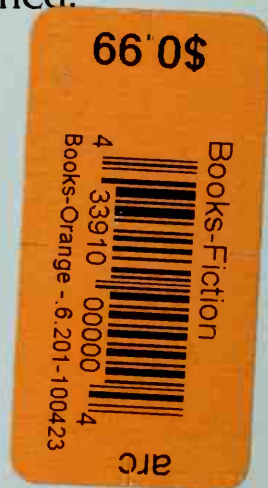


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