

**Everybody Lives in Hubbub, Texas.
When You Need Advice,
Ask Dr. Strangelove!**

Wait Till Your Father Gets Home!

Dear Dr. Strangelove:

I saw your column in *Man2Man Quarterly* when I was on a business trip to San Francisco and I would like to ask your advice for solving a problem in my situation. I live in Hubbub, Texas, but was raised in the Midwest and then in Texas in a Christian home. For the last few years I have been a practicing homosexual. I have also had sex with women, but, in total, I have had more male encounters. I did not have sex at all until I turned 23 because I was taught that it was a sin outside of marriage. I repented many times for masturbating when I was a teenager.

I masturbated in constant fear of being caught and punished severely by my dad, as he was strict and believed in corporal punishment for a lot more even than masturbation. I don't know if you whip your sons, but my dad was quite a disciplinarian. My three older brothers and I were paddled on the buttocks with a board for minor infractions and given severe whippings for anything serious.

Dad had a wooden paddle about ten inches across and an inch thick with drilled holes, made out of oak. He also had a thick strap of cowhide attached to a wooden handle. He made these himself and he kept them locked in his tool chest for the purpose of disciplining. Sometimes, he'd grab whatever was handy—his belt, a boot with leather laces, a rod, birch switch, length of hose, or even a board, and give us a licking.

For minor infractions like talking back, not doing chores properly, low grades, arguing, lateness, discipline reports from school, bad sportsmanship, he made us bend over and grab our ankles. He'd swat us hard on the buttocks as many times as we were old, and he didn't mind doing it more than once a day if it was called for. He used a wooden paddle or shaved 2x4.

The worst fear was being taken to the basement or out to the garage for a whipping. This was for something serious like disobedience,

fighting, swearing, lying, getting in trouble at school or somewhere. Then he bawled the hell out of you and left welts with the paddle or strap or whatever.

He was a big man and could hold me down over his lap until I was 16. I had reached my full height of six feet and weighed about 145 at the time. Now at 31, I'm 170. I have always been athletic, trim, and health-conscious.

The worst time for me was when I was in Junior High. I don't know how old your sons are, or whether they cause you any trouble, but I got into a hell of a lot of trouble for about three years there, and dad was on my back a lot. When I was 14, dad was mainly a disciplinarian. I feared him, but kept behaving badly. I was a discipline problem at school where it was common to give licks on the buttocks if you couldn't take detention. Dad pushed sports, and if you didn't go out for them you had to work for him after school. Either way, I couldn't sit in on detention, and so had to bend over for licks from whatever teacher was working out his frustrations. Dad, who was never frustrated, repeated these at home.

I sneaked off from school one day with some other guys and got caught shoplifting teeshirts. We were taken to the juvenile hall. The cops called our dads and when our dads got there, the police chief strapped each of us five times on the buttocks with a hefty leather strap while our dads watched. They had an old poster at the police department encouraging the use of corporal punishment at home. The poster was a drawing of a sad-looking father, standing in a woodshed, holding a big exaggerated strap on which the artist had printed the words, "Parental Responsibility!" Staring up at the father was a regretful-looking boy. The father was saying, "This is going to hurt me more than it hurts you."

Personally, I believe corporal punishment is a good thing and sometimes wish that dad was still around to put me in line. Talk about whipping "the devil!" That same year, dad found out that I was skipping church school on Wednesday nights and made me strip out of my Sunday suit after church and tanned me with the licking strap. I had to sit in my jockey shorts until he finished breakfast—then he returned to the garage and gave me a second whipping, strapping my bare back and shoulders and legs. I was welted from top to bottom before he was finished.

Dad gave his permission for other men to discipline us if we were in their charge. He and mom used to go fishing in northern Minnesota and I'd stay on a ranch here outside Hubhub with a friend. And, yes, my friend's dad frequently beat me on the bare buttocks with a utility belt. I complained to dad, but he approved.

Dad was certainly strict, but even though I hated the punishments, I'm glad he was tough, because I don't think I would have ever gone to college. After the shoplifting incident, dad talked to the police chief and then to the principal and one of my coaches at school and they agreed to administer severe lickings if I misbehaved or didn't pay attention in classes. With parental permission, they could give you a licking like your dad—even more than the prescribed five swats allowed by the Board of Education.

They didn't have to count. Paddles were made in shop class. They'd take a ball bat and shave it down. This was the instrument they'd use for spanking. For the rest of the school year, because dad gave the principal and the coach the okay, I was sweating like crazy, fearing these punishments. Any bad report from a class, and I was taken to a store room in the gym where they kept the equipment apparatus, mats, etc., and held down over a table. One of the men would paddle my buttocks and thighs until they were black and blue. I would holler, but no one could hear you there.

Dad kept the swats up at home too, and made sure I studied. Most of the punishments I received were administered on the buttocks and thighs, even though strapping and switching often included the back, shoulders, and legs.

Dad was not troubled by disciplining me in front of others. Several times I was switched outside in front of others with my shirt off. Once, on a fishing trip, he made my brother and me lie over a log for a switching in our swimsuits. This was in front of other guys' dads. We had been fighting, and dad wanted to set an example. He dipped the switches in water and whipped the hell out of us—welting our backs, butts, and legs. Another time, after disobeying a friend's dad, the guy complained, so my dad offered the strap to the other guy who gave me a hell of a beating in my jockey shorts.

Both my older brothers are married. My oldest brother has seven kids. He uses a wooden paddle with holes, just like our dad used to do. My other brother raised his wife's nephew in Fort Worth. I was present once for a severe beating he gave the kid. The garbage had caught on fire due to the kid's negligence, and my brother used a large wooden bed slat on his buttocks. The kid was fifteen at the time, but howled his head off. It must have hurt like all get out since my brother weighs 185 and is built like my dad.

If you're from the Midwest or South, then you must know that corporal punishment is still practiced both at home and in schools. This probably has something to do with the more Christian attitude in those places.

I continued high school in Fort Worth where discipline records were kept and sent home to parents. Right up to the last minute before I graduated I was taking licks on the butt from somebody. Dad gave me my last severe licking with a fan belt in the garage when I was 16. He took the hide off me for not returning the car when he said. He used the fan belt from the car, because he liked to make the kind of whipping instrument fit the crime. You can bet I yelled on that one.

I think that whipping is a good discipline both physically and spiritually and mentally. I was forced to work a lot harder knowing dad or a teacher or a coach would whip my butt. I also think it's good for raising boys to have a manly character and backbone even if they're queer. Learning to take the discipline of corporal punishment helps develop the body and the mind as well as the soul. Dad knew what he was doing. He was not being abusive, but really raising a son. Lickings are part of that.

I'd be interested in hearing from men who like to beat ass. It's been a long time since I've taken a whipping. Getting that regular attention again might be good for me.

—Waiting for a Licking,
Hubbub, Texas

Dear Waiting in Hubbub,

Any man who wants to oblige you on your terms can write you with details c/o "Ask Dr. Strangelove," PO Box 193653, San Francisco CA 94119. The letters will be forwarded to you.

—Dr. S.

P.S. Meanwhile, Dear Waiting, you might consider the possibilities of the following Email Doctor Strangelove received late last night regarding "Born-Again Whipping."

Dear Dr. Strangelove,

Born-Again Family Man, 32, married, athletic in body, and strong in soul, father of three sons, offers to whip the devil from homosexualized men desiring first steps on return to repentance, and return especially to fundamental natural family sex. Whipping of shoulders/back only, stripped to waist. Will tie sinner up if necessary for salvation. None of your Sodom & Gomorrah lifestyle nudity, sex, drugs. Absolutely no touching. I am sincere family man attempting to bring back normality, through discipline of the body, to men habituated to sinning with their flesh.