

*Christian*

*Presented by the Demale Society*

# HOME

*AKA FemDom Home*

*Illustrated*

TODAY THE WOMAN RULES THE HOME

TOMORROW SHE WILL RULE THE WORLD

Female Supremacy • Feminization • Spanking  
Panty Training • Petticoat Punishment

## Volume 2

SELECT LETTERS FROM THE SECOND YEAR OF CHRISTIAN HOME  
AUGUST 1994 - JULY 1995

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*Adults Only*

Reprints of the best letters from Christian Home, a publication following religious teachings to achieve a female dominant world. Now, for the first time, these letters are illustrated for the serious adult female supremacy aficionado.

Since 1981

A P R I N C E S S P R O D U C T I O N S P U B L I C A T I O N

# Letters to Julie

## *The Demale Society presents* *Christian Home* *Illustrated*

(AKA FemDom Home)

### *Christian Home's Letters to Julie*

We are pleased to continue to bring you reprints of letters originally published in *Christian Home*, the newsletter from the Chicago-based organization of the same name published bimonthly starting in mid 1992. For the first years, the letters section of the newsletter appeared under the banner "Letters to Julie," as shown above. "Julie" referred to Julie Wilson, the organization's leader and newsletter writer.

Around 1995, the organization had a change of management. They continued to publish the newsletter in precisely the same style including the letters section, but without the "Julie" banner since Miss Sofia took over running the organization,

But due to illness and logistics problems, publication of the newsletter became more and more sporadic, and by 2000, they ceased the newsletter. We think the letters that appeared in *Christian Home* are some of the most entertaining and exciting on female supremacy, spanking, and feminization of the male.

## WHAT'S CHRISTIANITY GOT TO DO WITH FEMINISM!

Dear Julie,

Thank you for sending me information about female superiority. While I have been reading on the subject for many years, I found your views very interesting! One concern I have is your specifically Christian approach. I happen to worship in another persuasion. One of the many reasons I chose my set of beliefs is I perceive Christianity, as well as other monotheistic religions, as antifeminine. I would like to attend one of your meetings, if you think we might be able to explore our common beliefs. Please let me know your views on this.

I wish you success.  
Peter in IL

Dear Peter:

What is Christian about *Christian Home*? And what is our relationship to non-Christians? Our commitment to female supremacy grows out of our commitment to the teachings of Jesus. Therefore we encourage everyone to study his teachings and follow them in their daily lives. The ethic of Jesus is a feminine ethic, one that exalts the feminine above the masculine, a demanding ethic that can be fulfilled by men only as they submit to the guidance of women. So we see a close relationship

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between the teachings of Jesus and female supremacy. But we want to work with everyone, not just Christians. Most Christians have it wrong; they follow the male-dominant form of Christianity started by the apostle Paul and not Jesus. Paul's teachings repeatedly goes against what Jesus taught, and if Christians ignored Paul and followed the things Jesus said, Christianity would be a much different and positive religion that would fully include females and not subjugate them.

Christian Home is somewhat analogous to Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. He was an ordained minister and was motivated by his Christian commitment, but his goal was to foster racial integration, not to push religion. And many Jews and other non-Christians, even atheists were able to work with him for that reason. They were all united by their commitment to ending racial segregation.

In a similar way, Christian Home is committed to female supremacy, and we work with anyone who shares our goals. We do not push religion to anyone who is not interested. We follow the things Jesus himself said, and not what Christian religions practice, which often contradict Jesus' teachings!

There are more parallels between Christian Home and the work of Dr. King. Many Southern white church leaders said he was not a real Christian because he was an integrationist. Dr. King would cite the teachings of Jesus to support what he was doing while his segregationist opponents would cite the writings of Paul to prove integration couldn't work. They quoted Paul on the universality of human sinfulness and argued people (meaning white people) were unable to accept integration. These segregationist churchmen simply ignored the fact that the teachings of Paul contradicted the teachings of Jesus. It was Paul, not Jesus, who said women are to submit to their husbands and keep silent in the church. He also did not permit women to teach or have authority over men.

Before the Civil War, Southern churchmen quoted the writings of Paul to defend slavery. During the 1950s and early 1960s, leaders of these same Southern churches quoted the writings of Paul to prove integration wouldn't work. And now many of the leaders of these same Southern churches—the sons of the segregationist churchmen of the 1950s and 1960s—are busy quoting these same writings of Paul to prove women are subordinate to men. Such interpretations have corrupted the Christian faith.

We stress our Christian philosophy because we think most other Adherents of Christianity have it wrong and the world would be a much better place if all Christians simply followed what Jesus said. It would be a good start to treating females fairly and undoubtedly advance the cause of female supremacy because the inborn strengths female posses would put them in important and decision-making positions in all areas of society. Christian Home wants to work with all well-meaning people who share our commitment to female supremacy whether or not they are Christians.

## PANTY TRAINING TEENAGE BOYS TO CURE THEM OF MASTURBATION

Dear Julie,

Thank you for your leaflet on the Second Commandment of Jesus and about the important of teaching teenage boys not to lust after girls, which is committing adultery in their hearts. During their teen years, boys should be learning sexual self-control to prevent them from being ruled for life by their sexual impulses. Giving into sexual urges during adolescence easily becomes a habit, hard to break in later years. Masturbation has consequences far beyond those immediately discernible.

Today teenage boys are bombarded by sexual images on television, magazines and the Internet. Our permissive society tells them it is OK to masturbate, and so they do. But the more they indulge, the more they crave sexual pleasure. Consequently, they pressure girls to have sex with them, resulting in the huge increase in teenage pregnancies because so few parents educate their sons in the importance of sexual self-control.

Your approach to panty training teenage boys is an excellent solution! Who would have thought such a treatment would work? But I can tell you from personal experience it does! Matty, my older sister has a thirteen-year-old son, Tommy, who she repeatedly caught masturbating while looking at his kid sister through the keyhole in their bathroom door. (She has an old house and all the doors on each room have a keyhole!)

Matty is a single parent mom and knows I'm into female domination and taking control of males, so when she didn't know what to do about Tommy masturbating, she asked me for help. I gave her some of your newsletters and highlighted letters about controlling young boys with panties. She laughed her head off reading those letters, but then they did sink in and she said it did make sense. The next day, she went shopping for panties for Tommy. She would love to have made him wear either hers or his sister's panties, but they were too small and too large. But she was surprised that the buying excursion to buy girls' panties for her son turned out to be a thrill for her. By the time she got home, her own panties were quite damp!

That weekend, she caught him wanking while looking through the keyhole once more and made her move. She made him admit he had to be punished and retrained to learn respect for females and not hunger after them as sex objects for his self-gratification, so she and her daughter introduced him to the stack of frilly panties she had purchased for him. It did take a spanking to get him to put on the first pair, a darling pair of white panties with flowers printed on them and pink bows. And once he had them on, she made him prance around in front of them while they made fun of him to let him know what it felt like to be gawked at for an abuser's entertainment. She also made him manipulate his penis in the panties to show them





how he played with himself. But with his kid sister laughing continuously and calling him sissy names, he couldn't even get hard. He just cried and begged forgiveness. Matty told her son he had to wear panties to help keep his sexual desires in check, but she didn't tell him the expected next step was to train him to panties so they became sexually exciting to him and that would lead to him jacking off into the panties. The super soft nylon of panties and the frilly, girlish decorations easily transform into a strange but exciting masturbation aid for a teen boy deprived of his usual aids like pornography and peeking at girls undressing. It did seem like a strange way to stop him from masturbating by making him wear panties that they knew would entice him into jacking off even more! But the result would eventually be achieved.

In no time at all, he was jacking off into the panties. He tried to get away with it by washing out the panties and hiding them in the dirty laundry, but forearmed with the knowledge from your writings, she knew what to look for and what to do about it. Just like you recommend, at first she did not confront him and let him think he was getting away with releasing his sperm into panties with the intension of thoroughly conditioning him to this sissy boy form of sexual release. Fresh panties were stacked up in his underwear drawer, and soon he was going through one, two or even three pairs a day!

Once she was convinced he was thoroughly hooked on panties, she confronted him about masturbating into panties — intimate, delicate clothing so sacred to females — and lambasted him for defiling them like a pervert! She took away all his panties, but then knew what to expect next from what she had read in the letters section of your newsletter: He started stealing panties

## FATHER AND SON ADDICTED TO OLD-TIME LINGERIE

Dear Julie,

I met my obedient husband in college in my world literature class, and he attracted my attention when I noticed he kept looking at my feet. I had taken courses in psychology and knew submissive were often attracted to women's feet and shoes.

It was no trouble to meet Fred, and entice him into inviting me out. Then, as he drove me home from our first date, I slipped off my high-heeled pumps and tucked my legs up under me on the seat, being careful to keep my feet in plain view. We parked in front of my dorm and sat and talked. When the conversation lagged, I uncoiled my legs and put my feet in his lap; my skirt slid up my legs, exposing my stocking tops and garters.

"Massage my feet," I told him. Fred later admitted he was taken by surprise seeing I was wearing an old-fashioned garter belt and stockings, but he quickly recovered and began stroking my feet, all the while sneaking peeks at the tops of my stockings.

from her and his sister. He couldn't help himself! And when she and her daughter started missing panties from their lingerie drawers, they confronted him and made him admit he was a hopelessly lost panty-wanking sissy boy. She then gave him back his own panties, providing he submit to being feminized as he learned respect for females and their things.

She kept preaching to him about the evils of masturbating, and repeatedly, he confessed to being a slave to panties and jacking off in them. Eventually, he became so disgusted with himself that he asked his mother if he could have a doctor castrate him to stop his need to masturbate. His mother laughed at him, and said instead she would just put him on female hormones (that I was able to get for her through a doctor submissive to me). Matty told her son the consequences of taking hormones: his libido would decrease and he would lose his desire to masturbate and he would become more feminine in mind and body. He agreed but was shocked when after four months his breasts started to develop. She just got him a bra and made him wear it along with his panties. Everyone at his school soon found out he wore a bra and panties under his clothes; the principal wanted an explanation, so Matty simply told them that Tommy was a transgendered child and needed his lingerie. Our state has an antidiscrimination policy and therefore had no choice but to accept him as that, and now except for a few girls (he's even allowed to use the girls' toilet!), he has no friends at school.

But the best part of all this: Tommy (who we now call Tammy) is the sweetest most precious child you'd ever meet. He's an absolute joy and, of course, totally respectful and admiring of females and all things feminine.

~~Dawn in TX~~  
"Do you like stockings?" I asked him. "It's all I wear anymore. I hate pantyhose and stopped wearing them."

We talked about gartered stockings for a while. Then we talked about high-heeled shoes. He was very interested and would have talked about them all night long if he could.

Then I said, "I like a man to kiss my feet. You'll do it for me; won't you? I would really appreciate it." Fred fell right to it.

After our first date, he followed me around campus like a puppy. On our second date, I had him take me to a shoe store. I took my time, trying on pair after pair of heels. Finally I let him buy me a pair of red pumps. As we sat out in the front of my dorm, I said, "I have to check for runs," as I put one foot at a time up on his dashboard and felt up and down each leg for snags. I had him kiss my stockinged feet again. "Oh, that feels good!" I told him as he sucked my toes through the sheer nylon. It did!

Fred turned out to be the obedient man I had been looking for. After we were married, I got him some garter belts and nylon stockings to wear himself. He didn't quibble, and even went along with me when I got him sexy women's satin panties to



ear as well. I told him he looked cute in them, which he did. Now he wears nylon panties, a garter belt and stockings under his male clothing to the office every day. At least I don't have to worry about his being unfaithful, since he would be afraid to let another woman know he is wearing lingerie probably prettier than what she is wearing!

Sometimes, though, I do have to discipline him for not behaving as I wish. My method is to spank him with his panties down, using my Sorority paddle on his bare bottom. In addition, I always give him an extra spanking once a week on Friday night. I tell him it's a preventive spanking to remind him how he will be punished if he misbehaves. I believe these preventive spankings really work, and help him be the best man he can be.

We have a seven-year-old boy. Danny wears lacy little girls' panties all the time just like his daddy, and he couldn't wait for the day when he would be allowed to wear garter belts and nylon stockings, but I told him he had to wait because they didn't make them in his small size. But then, on the Internet, I discovered a lingerie mail-order company in Mexico that sells miniature garter belts and real old-fashioned nylon stockings for little girls. Fred and I studied the ads, placed an order for

### **ADVICE TO PANTY TRAIN MY HUSBAND CAME FROM MY CHURCH GROUP!**

Dear Julie,

Please send me your free book on female superiority. It took me many years of suffering, but now I agree. For 16 years, I catered to my husband, but then a year ago I caught him cheating on me. I'm a Christian, and I went to my church group and discussed the problem with my friends. Especially in this setting, the advice to panty train my husband was quite unexpected, but that's the advice I got from three wives who had problem husbands and fairly well turned things around in their marriage. After a few days of getting telephone support from my church friends to get up the courage, I told my husband I would divorce him and take everything if he did not do as I said. He cried and begged me not to leave.

I told him to throw out all his men's underwear. I bought him panties, bras, slips, pettis, girdles, stockings, nighties, dresses, skirts, shoes, blouses etc. I finally had the power. Since then I have been happy, and he has learned the female side of life.

A month ago he appeared in a dress and heels in front of my church group, confessed his misdeeds and asked for forgiveness. He (or should I say "she"?) has been forgiven and our life has been better than ever. My husband is now my best "girl" friend.

I always loved to dance and my husband hated it. Now I go out dancing on weekends with gentlemen of my choice, and my husband (or should I say "wife"?) is home waiting when I return. My friends told me I had every right to have sex with other men

three satin garter belts (white, pink, and black) and six pairs of seamed nylon stockings (three pairs in various shades of beige, one in black, one in white, and one in pale blue to match his eyes.), and we got them just in time for Christmas! A picture of Danny putting on his first pair of stockings is enclosed.

Sisters, controlling a man and even boys through foot worship worked for me and it can work for you too. Madonna says, "Everybody is a sucker for garter belts," and she knows what she's talking about. I say get yourself a garter belt and a supply of sheer nylon stockings along with sexy old-fashioned panties. The best stockings are those with seams because you have to check the seams periodically to make sure they are straight, an activity that never fails to attract the attention of every man and boy in sight. Invest in some quality high-heeled shoes too to show off your feet and legs: pumps and strappy sandals. The best colors are passionate red and bewitching black. Tell your dates how much you love wearing high heels and sheer stockings. A man who has a weakness for women's feet and lingerie can make you very happy.

Rebecca in OH

since he cheated on me, and now the only sex he has with me is licking my lover's cum out of me after I come home from a night of drinking, dancing and having sex with beautiful young men. And as for my husband, he's become friendly with my women's club and often plays cards with them when I go out. The girls want to make him ("her") a member. I think it's a good idea. He's is a better person and we're both much happier since "she" became my girlfriend.

I went to our lawyer and changed my name back to my maiden name. My husband is going to take my maiden name as part of his name; even his mother thinks this is great. She says he looks more at home in skirts. Men are so immature and pliable when you really confront them. They fear things feminine, but it turns out they really envied us all the while. Girls, you don't have to accept being slapped around and dominated!

Doreen in NY

### **MY WIFE HAS HER FRIENDS CHECKING UP ON ME**

Dear Julie,

I have been married for fifteen years, and my wife and I have gradually (even, unintentionally) achieved what I call a feminist marriage as a result of her strong personality, my desire to please and my habit of avoiding conflict at all costs. One lesson I know is that when one cedes power in any area, it cannot be retrieved. Ours is a natural pairing of a strong woman and a docile man. In my experience, almost all marital problems are caused by



the husband. Although it took a while, I eventually learned how to keep my wife happy and avoid getting her angry with me. The bottom line is in doing things *her way*. Each of the eight points listed at the conclusion of *The Immature Husband—What to Do?* struck a familiar chord. It didn't take me long to learn to keep the house neat and clean and to ask my wife's opinion before doing almost anything. I'm not financially irresponsible, so I didn't object when she took over the checkbook, savings account, investments, credit cards and ATM card. It was hard at first, since I used to spend money whenever and however I wanted. Now I have no access to money except through her. My wife opens all my mail. A few bad experiences in the early days taught me lessons. I am the classic immature male and eagerly seek moral and other guidance from superior women. I have experienced enough physical and emotional punishment and humiliation to last a lifetime. Nowadays I try to walk the straight and narrow, although I do make mistakes. Sexual activity is at her initiative and usually aimed at her pleasure.

A clever woman can control her husband in her absence with a chastity belt or by making him wear fancy panties locked on with a thin chain locked around his waist. (He has to pull aside the leg opening to release his penis to pee but has to have his wife unlock him for a bowel movement.) Such things do wonders to discourage unfaithfulness. And we *do* need to be controlled one way or another since we can rarely control ourselves.

My wife is a popular actress, and when she travels, she keeps me locked in panties and enlists the help of one of her female friends to oversee me. Most recently, it was Lorraine. She would call me several times each day, and come over to the house if I needed to change my panties for a shower, etc. She would drop in at my office or visit the house unannounced, at which time I had better be home unless Lorraine had given me permission to go out, and at those times, I had to keep my cell phone on and report to her at certain intervals. She dislikes me immensely, so this she loves being in charge of me. Plus my wife makes a lot of money in the movie business, so she showers Lorraine and her other girlfriends with expensive gifts all the time, so they are quite willing to be my temporary boss for a few days or even several weeks at a time. My wife also likes to demonstrate her authority in the presence of her friends. Just the threat of embarrassment is enough to keep me in line. She has it all well thought out, and her friends love to baby-sit me. My only sex outlet is being allowed to masturbate in front of my wife or one of her friends (if my wife is out of town for a while -- my wife is so considerate!) I have to jack off in my panties and then beg for a clean pair and ask if I can suck the cum out of my dirtied panties because I am too much of a wimp that I can't afford to lose any of my male hormones!

John in DC





## WIFE HAD HUSBAND WEAR PANTIES TO KEEP HIM FAITHFUL

Dear Julie,

I hope you can settle a dispute between my wife and me. For some reason, she has an unfounded fear I will be unfaithful. I've told her repeatedly I have always been faithful to her and always will be. That's the truth, but it doesn't satisfy her, and I can't accept what she wants as a solution to this nonexistent problem. She wants me to start wearing women's panties instead of the boxer shorts I have worn all my life. She thinks I would never cheat on her if I had to reveal to another woman I was wearing panties. I admit there is no doubt about that.

So far, I have refused her demand, and she is only getting more suspicious, saying if I am faithful, I should have no problem doing this 'little' thing for her. Although I have a high respect for females and defer to my wife in most things, I drew the line here. I don't want to do it because I know I would never feel comfortable in female clothes, and what I would do if I got sick or injured and had to go to a hospital wearing panties under my clothes? How could that ever be explained to a doctor or nurse? I would be worried and self-conscious all day long.

We also have a son, age 11, and two daughters, 12 and 14, and I'm concerned about them finding out. I could see my panties hanging on the line with my wife's and the girls.' What would kids of this age think of a pantywaist father?

Despite my objections and concerns my wife is still pressuring me and has even taken it on herself to buy three pairs of panties in my size and put them in my underwear drawer. And she bought fancy ones in nylon with lace and ribbons like a hussy would wear. She doesn't even wear fancy panties like the ones she bought me. Even more, she has sewn small name tags in them so there would never be any doubt as to whose panties they are.

This issue is creating a strain on our marriage, and I cringe whenever the subject comes up or whenever I open my dresser drawer and see the panties she wants me to wear. I have never done anything to give her reason to suspect me of cheating, and I feel her demands are unwarranted. I've never worn panties in my life, even as a joke, and I don't think I should have to now.

Julie, I'm hoping you will support me on this subject so we can get this behind us. My wife gets copies of your paper from a friend of hers, and I know she respects your opinion. From what I've read, I know you usually favor women, but I also think you try to be fair, so I told my wife I would write to you and be willing to follow your advice. I believe I am a good husband and father, but I don't think it's fair for her to want me to feel like a crossdressing sissy just to settle my wife's nerves.

Innocent and Happy in Boxers

Dear Innocent:

Over the years I've known many women who made their husbands or boyfriends wear panties under their street clothes, so I believe I can answer all your questions about it.

You say you have always been faithful to your wife and you always intend to be. I believe you. But that is not the point. Plenty of men are faithful to their wives for years, and fully believe they will always be faithful, who quite to their own surprise find themselves yielding to temptation when the right situation unexpectedly presents itself. The question is whether you will continue to be faithful in the future, and I don't think you know the answer for sure. You may feel confident about this, but many other men who also felt confident woke up one morning with a shattered marriage.

There is too much at stake to be complacent. You also say it is unfair. You seem to think the only circumstance in which it would be appropriate for your wife to take steps to head off infidelity on your part would be if you had given her evidence you were at least contemplating such a course of action. This is not the case. What your wife wants to do is to help you resist temptation. The fact that you have been faithful in the past does not mean you won't be weak and fail to temptation in the future.

Adultery is a common problem in our society today. Her concern doesn't have to be based on any of your actions, just the statistical fact that so many men are unfaithful is enough to be weary. You think she is trying to punish you for something you haven't done. You are mistaken. She is only trying to help you resist temptation. If she were to wait until you actually committed adultery, it would be too late. Wearing panties is a small price to pay to head off failing during a weak moment. Think of it as an insurance policy. If people bought fire insurance only if they believed their homes would burn down within a year, no one would ever buy insurance. All your wife wants is a little insurance against adultery.

You say you have a high respect for women but you wouldn't feel comfortable in women's clothes. You feel that way because of the conscious or unconscious contempt you have for women that you picked up when you were a boy. I have written about why women can wear men's clothes but men will not wear women's clothes at length before, and I do not want to repeat myself here.

You also fear others discovering you are wearing panties in case you would have to go to a hospital. I once talked to a surgeon about this, and he said he had seen many men who wear women's underwear. "It's more common than you think," he said. Men who no one ever suspected of wearing female clothes are pulled out of auto wrecks not only in panties but in garter belts and nylon stockings too. It doesn't happen every day, but it does happen enough that hospital staffs are used to it. I can assure you that if you were unexpectedly carried into the emergency room, you wouldn't have to explain a thing. A

doctor's appointment would be different. If you have an appointment to see a doctor, I'm sure your wife would give you permission to wear your old boxer shorts.

You also ask what your children would think. Women I know who have put their husbands in panties tell me it won't bother the girls a bit. They may be surprised, but not shocked. You'll find they will accept it quite easily.

Boys are a little harder to predict. The problem is boys tend to look down on girls and think they are inferior. If your son has picked up these bad attitudes toward the opposite sex (it's almost impossible for a boy not to in today's world), then he might be disappointed you are wearing girlie panties, and think less of you. But if he has a good mother and has grown up with two older sisters (this makes a big difference), he might have developed enough respect for the opposite sex that he won't care what you wear. However, if he shows any disgust, he may be in need of panty training himself. Your wife should have a few pairs of nice, lacy nylon panties on hand in his size that she can force him to wear should the occasion warrant it.

Prejudices are cultural in origin and are not innate, so if your son is prejudiced against the opposite sex, it will show in his reaction when he finds out you wear feminine panties, and then it is the responsibility of you and your wife as his parents to educate him and help him deal with his prejudice.

So my advice is this: Wear the panties your wife has picked out for you except when you have an appointment to see a doctor. It will give her some peace of mind. You can tell her you do not intend to ever be unfaithful, and in order to prove it, you promise to wear whatever she wants you to wear.

## **PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT WAS PART OF MY UPRISING**

Dear Julie,

Isn't it strange that women can wear any article of male clothing they choose without causing a stir? Yet a male wearing anything feminine bends people out of shape.

I have an aunt who liked pantsuits. She realized men's suits cost less and were better quality; plus, men got free alterations.



She went into an exclusive men's store and bought a suit, shirt and even a tie. She had them fitted by the store tailor and nobody batted an eye. This is true and happened over 25 years ago. She did this many times. Imagine the reaction to a man in a dress shop doing that.

Petticoat punishment was a part of my upbringing and I am the better for it. My mother, however, never thought of it as punishment — nor did I. The frilly feminine clothing was a training tool that helped to remind me to act and behave in a proper manner — as a female would. Mother's punishment was rather with me over her knee, my skirts up and panties down.

Most men do think to be a woman would be a step down. So to them, dressing in women's clothing is humiliating. That's the attitude Christian Home is working to change, and I applaud you for it. I know I cannot be a woman, but I can emulate females and learn from them. To me, being dressed as a proper lady and looking pretty makes me feel I am moving upward and something my wonderful deceased mother would appreciate.

Lou ("Lucille") in NY

P.S. I am enclosing a snapshot of a boy in Japan under petticoat punishment in outrageously girlish garb and put publicly on view to thoroughly humble him. The boy is even showing off his lacy very full-cut bloomer panties I have a crossdressing pen pal in Japan whom I met on the Internet, and he sent me the photo. I thought you would enjoy seeing it. I wish we had such marvelous girlie clothes available here!

## **A GOOD HUMILIATION TO HELP TRAIN MY HUSBAND**

Dear Julie,

I have found your poster advertising Christian Home useful in training my husband. I have just started using it, and it's working well. I recommend this to your other female readers.

I have my husband go to a place with a copy machine: a library, post office, offices he might deal with, office supply stores, etc. Each time he has to ask a female for help in operating the copier. Then he makes six copies but leaves the original in the copy machine for the next person to use the copier to find. Finally, he has to give the first five women he sees a copy, and he keeps one copy to do the process all over again somewhere else.

Lynn in TX

## **HIGH HEEL LOVING HUSBAND TO MAID**

Dear Julie,

Nate and I have been married for six years. He has always been attracted to women who wear high heels, garter belts and nylon stockings, and I have accommodated him for as long as we have been married. When we were home together, I would wear 5" pumps and a slit skirt that gave him a peek at my stocking tops. He liked me to walk back and forth in the living room and then sit down opposite him and cross and uncross my legs.

Nate's interest in heels and hose is so strong it occurred to me he might want to wear them himself. So I ordered a pair of spike heels in his size from Frederick's of Hollywood. Then one night, when he was staring at my legs and feet, I brought

out the pumps and suggested he try them on. He hesitated, but I could tell by the bulge in the front of his pants I was on the right track.

"Come on," I said, "I want to see how you look in high heels."

Nate took the shoes out of my hands and put them on! My husband was wearing women's high-heeled shoes!

After that, the rest was easy. I've been able to dress him entirely in women's clothes. Whenever he is dressed as a woman, he obeys me completely. Nancy (as I now call him) is quite happy serving as my maid, and I made a classic french maids' uniform for him. He (she?) does all the dishes, the vacuuming and the laundry. Nancy is also thoroughly shamed but also quite helpful when my lady friends come over for coffee.

Crystal in NC

## **HOW A MAN CAN PUBLICLY SHOW HIS SUPPORT FOR FEMALE SUPERIORITY**

Dear Julie,

There are many ways a man can show his belief in female superiority. For example: In a restaurant, I leave the waitress a generous tip and comment positively about her to the manager. If the service is bad, I never complain. She may be having a bad day or have been given a hard time by a thoughtless husband or boyfriend. Or she may have a low opinion of males, and bad service is her way of showing her disdain. Still, she is a *woman*, and I don't believe I have the right to challenge her. But I do have the responsibility to subordinate myself to her.

Another way is how a man deals with a female colleague or secretary. I never exploit my secretary or ask her to do anything not within her job description. I don't give things to do I can do myself. Whenever I go out for lunch, I always offer to bring her something. If she complains about something I have done through thoughtlessness, I always apologize and find ways to make it up to her. I cater to her without being obvious. I try to agree to all of her suggestions and requests. I have practiced this approach for years with many different secretaries. After a while they figure out I am "easy" and sometimes take advantage of me, and I allow that to happen.

Besides serving women in my own small ways, I feel I am contributing to the overall transfer of power to women. I try to bolster their self-esteem and hope they will expect more from other men after dealing with me.

I yield authority to women in situations in which they may be subordinate to me but I treat them at least as an equal and as a superior whenever possible. I discuss these situations with my wife, and she often gives me good ideas how I can do even





## MASTURBATING BOY SPANKED AND HUMILIATED

Dear Julie,

Some people today say that it is no longer necessary to spank children. I think they are wrong. Here is an example: About a week ago my friend Eunice called up to invite me over to her home. She said she was having problems with her thirteen-year-old son Brandon. I asked what kind of problems, but all she would say was "I'll show you when you get here." Eunice met me at the door and led me into the living room. Her husband was there and her daughter Bonnie, who is fifteen. Soon two more of our women friends arrived. When everyone was seated, Eunice told her husband to fetch Brandon. He disappeared down the hall. Several minutes passed. Then Brandon appeared, completely naked, with his father dragging him by the wrist. Eunice had her son sit in a chair. "Now show us what you were doing in your room this morning," she told him. The boy was reluctant at first, but after some urging from his mother, he reached down into his lap and began playing with his penis.

Gasps went up from around the room as it suddenly hit us what filthy thing he was doing. Brandon pulled on his organ and stroked it up and down. It was erect in no time.

"Wait a minute!" said Eunice. She walked over to him and held up a condom. Grasping his penis with one hand, she slipped the condom into place with the other. "There!" she said. "I don't want you getting your dirty gunk on my nice furniture."

She had Brandon resume stroking his penis. He seemed to be an expert at it. It wasn't long before we saw him squirting his gunk into the condom. When he had finished his filthy act, his mother said, "Now it's time for your punishment. You need to learn what will happen to you when you commit self-abuse."

Eunice told her husband to go get some of his ties, and while he was gone, I said, "Did another boy teach you how to do that, Brandon? You seem to be quite skilled at it."

The boy shook his head.

"No teacher," said his mother. "He just practiced a lot."

With the ties, I helped her tie Brandon down to the piano bench. Eunice produced a leather belt and said all the ladies would take turns spanking him. (Eunice never let her husband spank the children because men don't know when to stop.) Each of us was to give him five strokes with the belt. She handed the belt to her daughter Bonnie, who eagerly laid on her five strokes. Then the belt was passed around until finally Eunice had her turn, filling her quota as we listened to the boy's pitiful sobbing.

When the ordeal was over, Eunice had her husband untie their son and take him in the bathroom to clean up. We ladies stayed in the living room to discuss the problems of dealing with teenage boys. Eunice offered to bring some cookies in from the kitchen,

more. A symbolic pat on my pantied bottom from her is all the reward I need!

For single males, opportunities to serve women are much greater and can be much more obvious. A divorced male friend of mine, for example, is always offering to help clean house for his female friends, or do painting, wash their car, cook a meal, run errands, etc. He is a late convert to female supremacy, but is making up for his past life and hoping to be taken on by a strong woman who will guide him more completely. To this end, he took a sewing class and has become pretty good at it. This has given him the opportunity to offer to make curtains or pillow cases or fix hems, etc. He actively displays his respect for traditionally feminine roles, and this has made a very positive impression on several women. I think it won't be long before a woman sees the potential for a good househusband in him and claims him.

John in DC



but I told her that Brandon's dirty act had been so disgusting I had lost my appetite. Brandon then reappeared, his cheeks bright red from all his crying, plus he was blushing. We all gasped when we saw him dressed for bedtime in a white satin babydoll nightie with matching ruffled panties, and his penis was again erect and pushing out the front of his panties!

Harriet in IL

## ABUSIVE FATHER LEARNS TO LOVE HIS FEMINIZED SON

Dear Julie,

When I was young, my parents fought a lot, and my father often beat me. Then, when I was six years old, my mother brought home some boxes. "I have a nice surprise for you," she said as she led me to my room, and then opened the first box and held up a pink dress. "Isn't it pretty! You are such a pretty child, and you deserve lovely clothes to wear." She laid the dress on the bed and opened the other packages. There were more dresses, lacy slips, frilled panties and girls' shoes and socks. There was even a pale yellow girls' nightgown with teddy bears on it.

My mother helped me undress and then put on my feminine new clothes, starting with white nylon panties decorated with little red hearts, then a white satin slip and pink dress. She picked out a pair of socks and some black patent leather shoes. Then she took me in the living room to show me off to my father.

"Look!" she said. "Doesn't Clark make a lovely girl? I'm going to dress him like this every day from now on. Spanking him hasn't done any good, but I think dressing him like a little girl will make him sweet and gentle, and you won't have to spank him any more. I think I'll call him Clarissa. Isn't that a pretty name? A pretty name for a pretty girl."

My father whispered in disgust through his whiskey breath. He didn't like my being dressed like a girl and argued about it with my mother. He would blow up at her every time he heard her call me Clarissa and argued about it for months, but she stood firm. Happily, it was the end of my beatings. Then in a complete turnaround, my father became very affectionate with me as his daughter and even cuddled with me as we watched television with me sitting on his lap. Many times I felt his hand creep up under my skirt and slips and teasingly play with the lacy fringes on my nylon panties. My mother noticed it too and was afraid to leave me alone with him, fearing he would molest me -- his sloppy good-night kisses to me became quite erotic within a short period. Mother let him french kiss me and rub his hands all over my nightie-wrapped body. He wasn't getting any sex from her and was horny as hell. Whenever he got close to me, he'd pop an erection, and several times, especially during those times while we watched television together, I would smell something funny in the air and see a big wet spot on the front of

his trousers. That's s far as mother would let him go.

My mother's job required her to do a lot of traveling, and to spare me from being raped by my father, she took me with her. We stayed in motels, and I wore girls' clothes all the time while on the road. Sometimes we wore matching mother-daughter outfits. This continued until I went away to college.

After graduation, I went home to see my mother and father and introduce them to my fiancée, Joan. My mother showed her our family album with plenty of pictures of me wearing dresses, blouses and skirts. My fiancée knew about my past and knew I wore girls' panties instead of boys' underwear, so she was delighted to see those old photos. She told my parents she intended to dress me entirely in girls' clothes every day. "After we are married, I'll dominate him completely!" she promised.

My mother says she had dressed and treated me as a girl so I would not grow up to be like my abusive father, and to shield me from his brutal spankings. She had no idea it would be so effective and had no idea my father would be so taken with my girlish persona. My father still limps around like a wounded, horny old man, but mother has him well in control -- for sex, she lets him pickup young drag queen hookers and bring them home, and she watches them have sex for a bit of entertainment!

I know I'm a better person for my feminine upbringing, and I will make a better parent because my mother taught me to look at life from the feminine point of view.

"Clarissa" in NY

## MR. FANCY PANTS

Dear Julie,

As you know, I promised my wife I would accept your advice regarding her proposal that I wear women's panties to insure I remain faithful to her.

My wife was overjoyed with your response. You supported her and advised me to wear the panties she picked out for me and to tell her I would always be faithful and prove it by promising to wear whatever clothes she wanted. As you probably expected, your advice did not exactly make my day. Being true to my word, however, I did everything you advised, and at her request, I even put my promise in writing to make her feel more secure.

Although we both understand your message, for me, it doesn't make wearing panties any easier for me. I have a feeling of shame and vulnerability I don't know how to explain. However, my wife is delighted. She says if she knew how "cute" I looked in panties, she would have had me in them years ago.

She is acting differently too. Instead of being grateful to me for following your advice, she seems intent on maximizing my



shame. She expects me to wear panties more frilly and feminine than anything she wears. When I complained, she said, "The more girlish they are, the more careful you'll be about showing them off to other women." She has also started calling me "Fancy Pants" and saying she can see my "panty line" through my trousers. She also claims that since I promised to "wear whatever clothes she wants," I promised to wear more than panties if she so desires. I don't know what she has in mind, but I fear she'll be making me wear a lot more female clothes.

Finally, she continued after reviewing your response that it would good if our children knew I was now in panties, and the sooner the better. She already bough a half dozen fancy panties for our son, as you suggested, in case he displays a negative reaction to finding out that now his dad is a pantywaist. She believes bringing the children into the know would strengthen the confidence and self-esteem of our daughters while setting a good example for our son. What about my self-esteem? I think I should try to set a good example for him in a manly fashion, something pretty hard to do walking around our house in panties!

Why do you think my wife is acting this way? This whole thing started with concern for her peace of mind and now she seems to have no regard for mine. I don't think she recognizes what a difficult thing I am doing on her behalf. Wearing panties makes me feel like a total wuss. I hate wearing them.

My wife says my attitude is very chauvinistic and definitely reflects a conscious or unconscious contempt for women she never dreamed I had. If that's true, what can we do to overcome it? I don't want to be a chauvinist, but how do you deal with something that has its roots in childhood? Recognizing or admitting something isn't the same as knowing how to cure it.

#### FANCY PANTS.

Dear Mr. Fancy Pants: Things are developing quite rapidly in your household. When you first wrote, your wife had one goal: to help you resist the temptation to be unfaithful. Now there are two more goals: to help you overcome any contempt for women you picked up in childhood and help your children, especially your son, develop respect for women.

Regarding a deterring you from being unfaithful: I think frilly, girlish panties work wonders in this regard. And yes, I would expect your wife to capitalize on the panties and get you to wear even more female lingerie, and perhaps even some skirts and dresses. Women I have known who dressed their husbands in panties most often added either a girdle or a garter belt and sheer nylon stockings, and outerwear at times too, all which help a male stick to the straight and narrow.

Now about overcoming your childhood prejudices about females: You are right -- recognizing a problem is not the same as solving it, but it is an indispensable first step. Now, the thing to do is work to rid yourself of such prejudices.

Psychologists say role-playing is an effective way of ridding one of prejudices, particularly deep-seated ones. Role-playing is a great way to change one's attitudes. Christians use it to help understand Christian anti-Semitism and to help white people understand white racism. It works a bit like acting in a play. A Christian pretends she is a Jew and put in a situation where she is confronted with anti-Semitism. Then she has to figure out how to respond to it. As she works this through, she becomes able to deal with her own prejudices about Jews.

Similarly, a white man would pretend he is black. And when forced to confront instances of racism, he gains a new understanding of his own unacknowledged racial prejudices.

By pretending to be a female, you can overcome the contempt for women learned in childhood. You do not have to become a woman to understand the female point of view; simply doing some effective role-playing in which you totally get into the female role will do a lot for your understanding and develop an appreciation of what females have to put up with in this world.

In addition, you could do some appropriate reading while dressed in your role-playing outfit. Daily read some women's magazines or some romantic novels, and as you read them, you should try to figure out why women read them but men don't. It will teach you a lot about the differences between the sexes. And keep a diary of what you learn each day. Your wife should review it and comment.

Finally, Mr. Fancy Pants, your wife wants to tell the children now rather than later that she has you wearing women's panties. You say it's hard to overcome long-standing attitudes that go back to childhood. You're right, and now you have a chance to help your children avoid the prejudices you acquired as a child. You can be a good parent and help your children grow up with real respect for women, and don't just tell them you now wear panties -- show them. Let them see you in them around the house doing chores for your wife. And if your son shows disgust, be ready to support your wife fully and back her up when she and your daughters force him into silky lace panties too. In fact, it would be good for you to be the one to give him a spanking on his sissy panties while you are sitting in just your frilly panties too. Mr. Fancy Pants and Fancy Panties Son -- what a sight!

### WIFE FINALLY IN CHARGE

Dear Julie,

I'm the boss in my home and my only regret is waiting so long to assert my authority. My husband, David, was always proud of what he thought were his big-shot friends, and they offered him in on a hot investment opportunity. David knew I wouldn't approve, so he put up our savings without telling me. Then the investment project fell through. We lost everything.

He was too ashamed to face me and drove off and disappeared. For two months I didn't know where he was. Then he called me, I told him if he came back, things would have to be different. When he returned to New Orleans, I told him he would have to agree for me to be the head of the household, give the orders and handle all the finances. He would have to bring home his paycheck and sign it over to me, and I'd put him on an allowance.

He agreed to everything. We had to file for personal bankruptcy, but we both have jobs and are getting by. He also does the housework now and, must to his disgust, wears a feminine outfit while he does it. And when I deem it necessary, he must submit to spankings to correct his misdeeds, and submit without complaint no matter who might be present.

I've gotten to be good friends with his ex-wife Betty. She comes visits one evening a week. David doesn't like her; he told me she is "a nag" right in front of her, and I slapped his face for it. I told him as his first wife, she had only wanted to get him to grow up and I never wanted to hear him say that again.

When Betty comes over, we discuss his faults. I tell her all the things that he did wrong that week. She is supportive of my efforts to make him behave. David has to sit in a pretty frock and listen while we talk about him. This is humiliating for him and much more effective than talking to him in private. But the biggest humiliation comes when he is then spanked skirt up and panties down in front of his taunting ex-wife. Men can be so irresponsible when it comes to money, but it usually ceases to be a problem when the woman is in command.

Jackie in LA

### **MAN NEEDS HELP SHOPPING FOR LINGERIE FOR HIMSELF**

Dear Julie,

I have been corresponding with a Superior Lady. We made contact through the Christian Home pen pal club and have been corresponding for several months now. We have traded photographs (she's beautiful!), but now she wants me to dress in panties, a garter belt and nylon stockings and send her photos.

My problem is I can't find a garter belt to fit my 36" waist. I've looked everywhere. Hose, panties, etc. are no problem, but the garter belt has been difficult to find. I also have a size 10 foot, and appropriate shoes are difficult to find. Do you have any sources where we inferior males can purchase things our size? I love to dress up for my pen pal and do the things that please her. I think the more men would let go of their macho images and let the women take the reins, things would be better in this world. The feminine feeling I have when dressed to please my mistress is wonderful.

Dear Bill,

If you can't find what you need where you live, you can shop by mail. The leading women's apparel mail-order company that specializes in large sizes is Lane Bryant. You can write for a catalog at PO Box 8303, Indianapolis IN 46209-9961. They have garter belts to 50", although they are not too fancy. They also have shoes to size 12, but again if you are looking for four-inch spikes, this is not the place.

There are small mail-order companies specializing in hard-to-find items. Women's magazines often carry ads for plus-size clothing; check out the ads in BBW, a magazine for big and tall ladies available on most any newsstand.

If you have a favorite garter belt that is too small, you could get an extender for it. This is a piece of elastic with hooks and eyes. Extenders are mainly used for brassieres, but they work for garter belts too. Any fabric store should have them in with the sewing supplies. If you had to, you could use two of them. This could be a mite tacky to wear on an important date, but if you are in a hurry to get pictures to send to your favorite pen pal, an extender might be just the thing.

### **HE COOKED, DID MY LAUNDRY AND GAVE ME FOOT MASSAGES**

Dear Julie,

I became involved in female domination three years ago. I didn't really plan it; it just developed over time. I had boyfriends who were always expecting me to prepare meals for them. I said to myself, "The next man I date will be at home in the kitchen." I wanted my meals prepared for a change, and I found one!

Charles prepared my meals starting with breakfast in bed on weekends. Then he offered on his own to come over and do the cleaning. After three months, I asked him to move in. He didn't hesitate: the next day he arrived with his belongings.

One day I decided that I didn't want to wash my lingerie, bras, panties, etc., because I always ruin my nails. I told him, "Charles, I can't stand ruining my nails; will you please wash my nylons, panties and bras by hand!" He eagerly agreed.

Then came the foot massages. After a long, hard day, I came home very exhausted, my feet killing me. I kicked off my shoes and he fell at my feet and began to undo my stockings. He rolled them down and massaged my feet. We were in harmony with each other. It was a very fulfilling relationship.

As time progressed, Charles' duties grew: massages, pedicures, manicures, cleaning, cooking, and shopping. He enjoyed doing these things for me, and I began to expect them to be done to perfection. He was a chemical engineer, and his hours were flexible, so he was always able to accommodate my needs.



Near the end of our relationship, I asked him what had attracted him to me. He said it was the way that I had let my shoe dangle, barely hanging on my stockinged foot the first time he saw me. Isn't that crazy! He could even remember the exact pair of shoes I was wearing that day. He said when I asked if he could cook and what his favorite recipe was, he knew he was in heaven.

I did not have to resort to punishment very often. Once, though, he allowed a female acquaintance to enter our home. I have a strict rule regarding that: No female is to enter my home if I am not present. This is for both his and my protection. Somehow he felt it wouldn't do any harm. After she left, we discussed the matter and he raised his voice. I hate that! I won't tolerate it. I slapped him and told him that he was never to raise his voice when speaking to me and that furthermore, he was never to dispute my word. The tone was set. From that moment, it was clear who was in control!

Another time he stayed out late without calling to let me know. I sat up worrying; I was upset. When he walked through the door, happy as a lark and unaware of the stress he had placed on me. I calmly asked him for his car keys and informed him he would be taking the bus for the next week. I then took his credit cards and all his cash except \$10. He had been out drinking with his friends, so I took all his privileges were taken away. The next day I bought him a buss pass, and he was to take his lunches from home. The \$10 I had left him with was to last the rest of the week for all of his other expenses.

I'm better for having that relationship, and I can truly say Charles was happy in it. I found our household ran smoother. I never had to doubt his faithfulness. I saw what needed to be done, and it was done. Left to a man, it will be done tomorrow or the next day, if you're lucky.

I've had several relationships based on the male-in-charge theory and believe me there's always conflict; you never get what you need. It's always, "OK, baby," and nothing done. Or they get themselves into binds and run to a woman to fix it for them. If they had listened to us in the first place, they wouldn't need us to "fix it."

You must be wondering what happened to Charles if he was so contented being dominated by me. I was convicted of a white-collar crime. I was skimming money from the daily take at the department store where I was in charge of receipts in the accounting department — and given a light sentence. Charles had been brought up in a strict religious environment and couldn't handle doing anything wrong or even me doing wrong. I admitted my mistake and asked for forgiveness, the store gave me forgiveness and did not ask for restitution; they wanted to avoid any negative publicity, but Charles did not have the ability to forgive. Forgiveness is a basic part of Christianity but his screwed up approach to it couldn't handle it. I've been released and now looking for another Charles -- one who can forgive! I know one is out there somewhere for me. It hurts to know someone who professes words of love can't forgive!

Deborah in AZ



## AGREES FANCY PANTS NEEDS GUIDANCE

Dear Julie,

I found a copy of your publication at the Laundromat and want to respond to your letter from the man whose wife wants him to wear panties.

Fancy Pants—should it be Fancy Panties?—is lucky he's not my husband. I have never heard such childish whining about wearing panties. This is 1994! Doesn't he realize the First Lady, two Supreme Court justices, a number of cabinet members and many Senators and Representatives wear panties? And some of those surely are men!

I'd say he'd be in good company. If he's going to act like a baby, perhaps his wife should make him wear diapers until he's ready to act like a big girl and wear his panties with pride.

With this letter I'm sending a picture of my forlorn husband, the skinny little sweetie is gazing out our bedroom window in one of his elegant and dainty dresses. I had this dress made for him of see-through organdy because I love to see his lingerie beneath his dress. Here you can see his slip, but often I dispense with his slip so his sissy bra and panties are there to be a treat to my eyes anytime I look at him. Mr. Fancy Panties should be thankful he's not in my house.

Keep up the work!  
Jane in NE

## FANCY PANTS FACES HIS FEARS

Dear Julie,

My wife thought we should write you to thank you for your wonderful advice concerning putting husbands into panties and having them engage in role playing.

I have been in panties for almost six months now, and my wife says I will wear them as long as we are married. You said I would eventually get used to my girlish underpanties but it certainly hasn't happened yet. My wife sees to it my panty drawer is filled with the most feminine panties available. There isn't a single pair that isn't decorated or trimmed with ribbons, bows, lace, ruffles or some such thing. It still embarrasses me to look at them knowing they're mine, let alone having to wear them at all times.



You were right about one thing. Our two daughters not only accepted this when my wife told them; they thought it was "cool" that I was wearing panties. They have actually helped my wife shop for them and suggested that their brother also wear panties.

Role-playing is also embarrassing, but in my case not a great deal more so than wearing panties alone under my clothes. I would much rather be in boxer shorts and blue jeans, but these days I am just as likely to find myself in a skirt helping my wife around the house.

I recently told my wife it seemed to me some Christian Home readers were agreeable to this sort of thing since they were sissies to begin with and actually liked wearing women's clothes.

She frowned and told me to follow her. She handed me a dictionary and told me to look up the word "sissy." It said a sissy was an effeminate boy or man with qualities more typical and suitable to females than males. She then had me look at myself in our full-length mirror and tell her what I saw. I was in a role-playing outfit at the time and wearing a white blouse and a flowered skirt. She then had me lift the skirt and describe what I was wearing underneath. I had on a half-slip, gartered stockings and pink, lace-trimmed panties. She handed me the dictionary again and told me to reread the definition of sissy, and then asked if she had made her point. She said I was a sissy and if I had true respect for women, I should view that as a positive thing. She said that I should always think of myself as a sissy and I should try to behave as one. She said if I had any doubts about my sissy status I could always sneak a peak at my panties and I would know the truth.

My wife believes Christian Home has made a great improvement in our marriage and tells me constantly how happy she is with the "new me." She says our sex life has never been better.

I still have strong doubts and would not recommend this method of training to any man or boy not already a sissy. There have to be other methods for teaching men to respect women that do not include wearing panties and other feminine things. Six months ago I felt like I was just a regular guy who only wanted the best for his wife and family. Now I wear frilly panties at all times and am supposed to think of myself as a sissy. I don't think most men would like this, and I hope they can avoid it.

I will be the first to admit I am developing more and more respect for women, but I sure don't like the teaching methods.

### FANCY PANTS

P.S. My wife says she bets you have your husband Bill in panties and skirts just as she does me. I said I didn't think so because you never seem to write much about him. Who is right? My wife also insisted upon sending you this picture of me with my jeans pulled down so you can see the shameful lace panties I have to wear every day under my male clothes whenever I go to work or allowed to go out.

Dear Mr. Fancy Pants:

You can tell your wife she wins the bet. Actually, I did write about my own household once—in the very first issue of the newsletter, back in August 1992. It was in an article about how to get your man to do more of the housework.

There is no better way to help a man develop respect for women than role-playing. Psychologists agree that role-playing is the best method for breaking down prejudice, and prejudice against women is no exception. You say most men wouldn't like it, but isn't that strange when you think about it? Women don't feel threatened by the idea of wearing men's clothes. So why should men feel threatened by the prospect of wearing women's clothes? The only possible explanation is that they look down on women. Otherwise they not would have such narrow-minded views about female clothing.

### MOM PANTIED BOY TO PREPARE HIM FOR HIS FIRST DATE

Dear Julie,

I went on my first date shortly before my fourteenth birthday. When the big day came and I was in my room getting ready, my mother walked in with a shopping bag and said, "This is going to be your first date, and I want to help you to do the right thing. When I was a teenager, my mother always made me wear a girdle whenever I went out on a date. She said it would help things from going too far." She reached in the bag and pulled out a white panty girdle that had blue lace trim around the waist and the bottom of the legs. "I bought you this girdle for you to



wear tonight on your date. This way you will be reminded of your mother's concern about your behavior toward the girl you're with."

She set the girdle down on the bed next to me and then reached back into the bag. I was stunned and too confused to respond; I had known my big sister Debbie wore a girdle, but I never thought I would be expected to wear one. Mom then pulled out a pair of pale blue nylon panties with white lace trim. "You'll need to wear something under your new girdle to keep it from chafing, so it seemed to me nothing would go do that as well as a nice pair of girls' nylon panties, plus they will make it easier to slide on the girdle too."

As she held the dainty panties up for me to see, I lost my temper and swore at her. That made her angry, and she called for Debbie to come and help her deal with her foulmouthed little brother. Debbie quickly appeared in the doorway as if she had been

lurking just outside. She asked what I had done. When mother told her, she expressed shock. They pulled my trousers and under shorts down around my ankles and hustled me face down onto the bed. My mother pinned my arms while Debbie whipped my bottom with mother's leather belt. My sister had developed a lot of experience using the belt on my butt since mother had given her spanking privileges over me the year before.

When they finally let me up, they took away my shoes, socks pants and shorts. Then they made me put on the robin's egg blue sissy panties. Mother knelt down, holding the panties out for me to step into. I put one foot and then the other into the flimsy panties, and mother pulled them up around my hips. She told me she had picked a white panty girdle for my first date because it symbolized virginity, and she wanted me to stay a virgin until marriage. They felt soft, smooth and girlish against my skin, and this made me even more embarrassed.

Once the panties were in place, my mother handed me the girdle and ordered me to put it on. I complained because the girdle was very tight and almost impossible to pull up my legs. Mother said she had deliberately selected a girdle she knew would be tight so I would not forget I was wearing girls' panties and a girdle. Another reminder of the panties was that she made me pull the waistband of the nylon panties up about one or two inches above the waist of my panty girdle so I could feel them separately from the girdle. She said I could slip my fingers in between the buttons of my shirt and touch the nylon panties and panty girdle and remind me to be good whenever I was being tempted. Nor, she said, would I forget I had a loving mother who was concerned about me.

Once they had me in the girdle, they let me cover it up with my regular clothes. I went downstairs and washed my face to hide the ugly effects of the spanking. Then I left to pick up my date.

From then on I had to wear a girdle whenever I was out with a girl. The girdle and the various pairs of panties which went with it were kept in a drawer in my room. Things went on like that until I started college. When I was sixteen I tried rebelling against this system, but I was punished severely and after that I always acquiesced. My mother once remarked that the girdle was like a chastity belt. I was always afraid to go very far with my date lest she discover what I was wearing. And slipping my fingers in to touch my panties and girdle would bring me right back to my senses. I know my mother did this because she loved me and wanted the best for me. And it helped, for my mother got her wish and I stayed a virgin until my marriage.

Bill in IA

Several of my readers have sent clippings from the spring 1993 issue of FAD. This avant-garde fashion magazine ran a major feature on corsets, which it seems are making a comeback. In addition to an extensive photo spread, there are several articles dealing with the history of the corset and how to wear it. We are told, for example, of Catherine de Medici, the sixteenth-century queen of France, who proclaimed the ideal waist for ladies of the court was to be thirteen inches. This ideal was achieved by wearing a corset that featured a cage of iron plates. And the queen made her sons wear such corsets as well.

Putting boys in corsets many readers find very productive, and a couple of corset adherents have recommended an article entitled "The Corseted Child" by V. Hardy of Chicago, who is otherwise unknown to me. FAD is available by subscription. Write FAD, PO Box 420656, San Francisco CA 94142.

