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Illustrated

TODAY THE WOMAN RULES THE HOME

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Female Supremacy • Feminization • Spanking
Panty Training • Petticoat Punishment

Volume 3

SELECT LETTERS FROM THE THIRD YEAR OF CHRISTIAN HOME
AUGUST 1994 - JUNE 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 August 1992. For the first three 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.

In 1996, 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 publishing altogether. 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.

**#1 CAUGHT MASTURBATING WITHOUT
MY WIFE'S PERMISSION**

Dear Julie,

'Opposites attract' and my wife and I are a prime example. Lana, my wife, is a friend of a friend of yours and that is how she found out about the work you do and became one of the initial subscribers to your newsletter. She has always been an aggressive woman while I have always been one to avoid confrontation, and for over two years now she has been putting into practice much of what you preach.

Long before that she had turned me into a cuckold husband because I was a great disappointment to her in the bedroom. Since I am a good provider (I'm an accountant in my day job) and a good husband in all other respects, she has no interest in divorce. She simply gets her sex elsewhere, and there is nothing I can do about it.

Even though we are strict Evangelical Christians, Lana has no qualms about having sex outside of our marriage and feels justified in doing so since I have always had erection and premature ejaculation problems. Lana and I are in charge of the Youth Ministry at our local megachurch, and that brings her in contact with many young people with a wide assortment of problems, and she has a talent for helping them. Many of these

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young people's problems are based on ignorance and confusion about sex, and Lana sees it as her duty to personally teach them about sex. Many people may think it is unethical, if not morally and legally wrong, for her to be sexually intimate with teenagers — both boys and girls! — but she does, and she has well thought out her justification for doing so and can convince anyone that what she does is not only a good thing but that she is providing a much needed service. She has been doing this for a dozen years, and she has an amazing success rate in turning these kids into happy, confident teens. With horny young boys and sweet innocent young girls to fill her physical and emotional needs, she has little need for sexual intimacy with me. Still I do as much as I can for her, and my position with her is more along the lines of a cleanup man — or maid!

Sexually, she ignored me for years, but after you started issuing your newsletter, she adopted many of your ideas for me. Since early in our marriage, she knew my prime sexual outlet was masturbation and tacitly tolerated it, but after reading your ideas, she realized masturbation by a husband was akin to adultery, and she was convinced she had to take charge of me sexually.

She started out by making me wear white nylon satin panties and securing them on me with a thin wire threaded through the waistband and locked with a tiny padlock. She prohibited me from masturbating except under her direction, but she did give me the rare joy of relief strictly for health reasons since she

knew it wasn't wise to forever forbid a male from ejaculating. But for me, a strange thing happened: The problem was that the soft panties stimulated me and I was going around most of the time with a partial if not a full erection! Previously, I had problems maintaining an erection, but now I couldn't get rid of my erections! I complained, but she said I'd get used to the soft nylon panties cuddling my penis 24/7. Well, I didn't, and I had a greater need to masturbate than ever before, so I thought I'd solve my little problem by simply taking my penis out through the leg band of my panties, masturbating and then simply slipping it back under the panties, but then I learned why she had me in the white nylon panties: They show even the slightest traces of cum, and for an hour or two after a penis is masturbated, it always leaks a few more drops of cum no matter how well the penis is washed and cleaned. So soon after I had shot my wad, she saw the stains and knew I had disobeyed her, and that's when she implemented another thing you advocate to keep males in line: spanking!

I had never been spanked in my life, but now I was being spanked over my white panties, and those panties were so thin my reddened bottom glowed right through them, but worst of all, the teasingly soft panties were maddeningly terrorizing to wear as they cupped my tenderized and burning rear!

My wife does take pity on me about every two weeks and lets me cum, either my masturbating myself in my panties while

she watches or (rarely) she herself jacks me off. For me to cum at her direction and only when she so decrees, she says is for health reasons and it is not supposed to be a pleasurable masturbation in the classic sense and therefore not adulterous. Whenever she does tend to my relief, I must always cum through the silky soft nylon of my panties, as she takes your view that training a submissive male to associate female panties with cumming is a powerful tool in controlling that male.

In sexually coaching her teens from the Youth Ministry, she uses me in any capacity she sees fit, and that can range from my duties as a maid in the bedroom attending her and her young boy lovers to having me masturbate for young girls to show them how a male's sexual equipment works.

Nothing is more humiliating or demoralizing for me than to have a screeching, giggling girl make fun of me as my wife makes me drop your trousers and a little girl first sees you wearing women's lacy white nylon panties and with an erection pushing out the front of those femmy panties!

Robert in IL

#2 MARITAL SUCCESS SHAPED BY WIFE

Dear Julie,

Thanks very much for all the very interesting literature! Your book on "The Immature Husband" reminds me of another book, "Divorce Won't Help," by Dr. Edmund Bergler (to quote from page 220): "In normal conditions, the success of marriage is shaped by the wife. Since she is the more mature person, she manages the man with invisible diplomacy."

Ken in CA

Dear Ken: Dr. Bergler is right, of course. But it would be better for all involved for the invisible diplomacy to be replaced by an explicit agreement. That would make it easier for the woman, and the man would be a better person too.

#3 DISCUSSING FEMALE DOMINATION IN MY WOMEN'S STUDY CLASS

Dear Julie,

I have decided to go back to college and am going to minor in women's studies. (I don't know where you could major in it or I probably would.) I have enrolled in 'Introduction to Women's Studies.' Should I mention Christian Home in class?

I also want to respond to the letter from Anita-Lynne. She is quite right. I'm one of the men who wrote her, and I said some things I should not have said. It's true I fear commitment. Why,

she asks, are men like me in Christian Home to begin with? Because I recognize my weaknesses and my fears and need a woman—one like Anita-Lynne—to help me overcome them.

Steve in IL

Dear Steve: Of course you should talk about the Christian Home philosophy in class. The way to do this is to introduce individual ideas as they become relevant to the discussion at hand. Don't expect to get the professor to agree with you; the official party line in such classes is usually that there are no innate differences between the sexes. But if other students in the class show an interest, you can give them some of our literature and invite them to write to us for more information.

Now about your fear of commitment: You are right that you need a woman to guide your life, but you should keep in mind you are going to have to put forth some effort of your own. It won't work if you just lie there, waiting for a woman to come along and make you over. No woman is going to be willing to do all the work herself.

#4 TEEN FORCED TO DRESS AS A GIRL

Dear Julie,

While growing up, I was never forced to dress as a girl, but my cousin Phillip was forced by his mother (my Aunt Ruth) to dress as a girl when he was a teenager. I believe it made him a better person. Before he began wearing panties and dresses, Phil was a nasty boy who cared only about getting into trouble and starting fights. But after his transformation, he was much more pleasant to be with. As Aunt Ruth was to write in the family album, "A nasty boy is full of woe/A boy in panties/Pure as snow."

Aunt Ruth is my mother's sister, and they are very close so I heard all about it over the years. Phillip was twelve years old when his mother first suspected he was masturbating. She sat him down and explained how masturbation violates the commandment against adultery because the sexual fantasies that inevitably accompany it involve committing adultery in one's heart. She showed him the teaching of Jesus about this in Matt. 5:28—"But I say to you that every one who looks at a woman lustfully has already committed adultery with her in his heart."

Phillip's fantasies, she went on, are about girls he knows or has seen, and when he masturbates, he is committing adultery with those girls. Then she turned the Bible to Phil. 4:13—"I can do all things through him who strengthens me." She said it means we don't have to yield to temptation, and if we keep praying to God for strength, we can resist the urge to masturbate.

But Ruth's maternal guidance was ignored. She repeatedly found the evidence of his filthy practice on his sheets and spanked him severely for it each time, but even that didn't stop him.

She discussed the problem with George, her husband, and he recommended she humiliate their boy in some way because he was of the opinion spanking wasn't enough and humiliation was the best type of punishment for a teenage boy.

Then one day she couldn't find her mail-order catalogue. She had left it on her dresser in the bedroom, but then it was gone. She asked Phillip whether he had taken it, and he said he hadn't. Aunt Ruth and my mother searched high and low, and they finally found it in the garbage can behind the house. Some of the pages featuring women and girls in lingerie were stuck together, and Aunt Ruth realized Phillip must have been looking at it while he masturbated.

She confronted the boy with this evidence, and he confessed. Aunt Ruth then pulled down his pants and spanked his bottom with her hand in her usual stinging manner. But she also pointed out that he had been spanked before and the problem was just getting worse. With his trousers still around his knees, she quoted Prov. 26:11— "A fool repeats his folly as a dog returns to his vomit" while she pulled him by the arm into her bedroom. They were in there a long time. Finally the boy came out and my mother saw he was now dressed only in his mother's black lace panties, a matching brassiere, garter belt and black seamed stockings. Then she told him he was to spend the next two hours standing in the corner in front of the full-length mirror in the living room and contemplate his predicament. Aunt Ruth explained to my mother that since Phillip liked to look at women's lingerie, now all he had to do was look in the mirror, and he wouldn't need to steal his mother's catalogues any more.

Just as my mother was leaving, George came home from work and found his son in his mother's black bra and panties, he laughed at him and congratulated his wife on finding a good way to humiliate the boy in addition to spanking him, but he asked why the bra and panties, and she explained how he had been using lingerie pictures to inspire his masturbatory fantasies. My aunt was a very domineering woman, and Uncle George nodded in approval. He always agreed with whatever she did.

Then she called Phillip down to dinner but required him to keep wearing her dainty feminine bra and panties until bedtime when she gave the boy a lace-trimmed lilac nightgown to sleep in.

The next morning my mother went back over to their house and found Aunt Ruth had dressed her son in a purple brassiere and purple panties. He was instructed to stay dressed like that and not to go out—which he didn't seem to want to do anyway—until she and my mother came back from shopping. Then the two drove to a shopping center. First they picked up a padlock; Aunt Ruth said it would go on Phillip's closet so she could deny him access to his boys' clothes whenever she saw fit. Then they went to a department store to buy girls' lingerie for her boy in his size. My mother asked her why she wanted to buy female lingerie for her son, but she said it wouldn't do for Phillip to go on wearing his mother's panties and bras day after day.

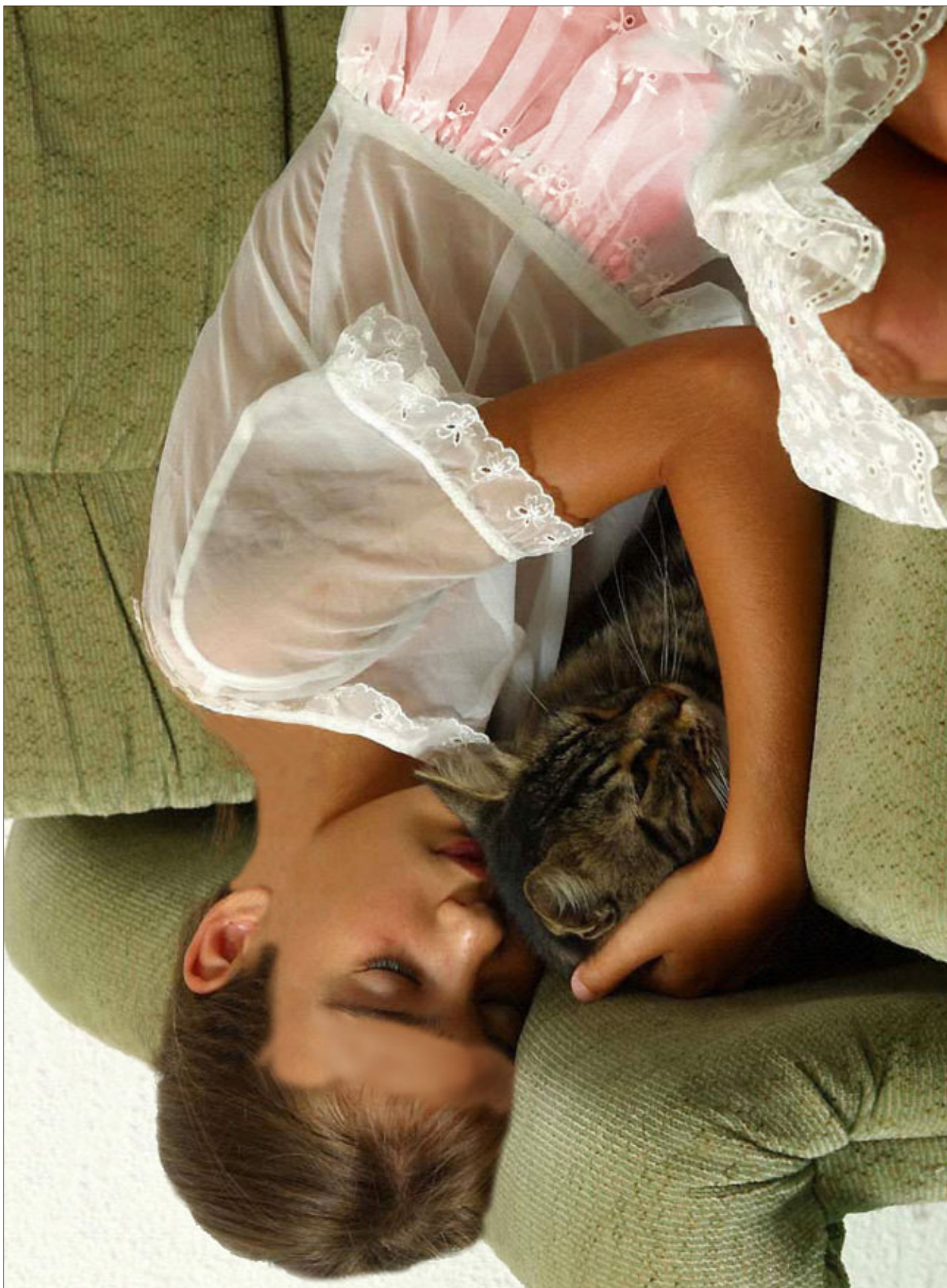
Aunt Ruth picked out some white lace panties, which she said looked pure and innocent. Then she chose some pink panties; Phillip was a cute boy, she remarked, so he would look pretty in pink. After that she scooped up more panties in various pastel colors, and all the panties she selected were in soft nylon and decorated with lace and bows. Once she had decided her boy's panty wardrobe was complete, they picked up a couple of garter belts, one white, one pink, and four pairs of nylon stockings in an assorted shades plus a white chiffon First Communion-style dress with a white satin lining.

When the women arrived back at the house, Phillip was lying on the living room carpet watching TV in the purple brassiere and panties. Aunt Ruth unpacked and showed him his new garments and then stripped him of her purple panties and put him into one of the new pairs of pink panties daintily decorated with fine lace. This was a Saturday in June and there was one week of school left, and she informed him he was to wear a complete set of girls' lingerie around the house during that time and girls' panties to school under his street clothes for the week until the following Saturday which was his thirteenth birthday.

But the boy objected and called his mother a foul name. Aunt Ruth and my mother pushed him down and then flipped him over, and as my mother pinned him facedown on the carpet, Aunt Ruth quoted Prov. 18:6— "A fool's talk brings strife, and his mouth calls out for a beating." She then unbuckled her leather dress belt and started swooshing it through the air and stinging Phillip's bottom through the thin material of his new nylon panties. She kept hitting him with her belt as he wailed and as she told him he really did love wearing girls' panties but was just too ashamed to admit it.

Then as he cried from the beating, she carefully cut out the satin lining of the white chiffon dress and then made him put it on. In effect, she had made a see-through dress and through it you could see his braless flat chest and his humbling pink lace panties. So attired, she let him rest on the sofa to recover from his beating, and that's how he was when his father came home from doing errands. He was surprised to see his son in the dress and still crying, but backed up his wife 100% and explained to Phillip his mother ran the house, and if she wanted to put him in dresses and panties for punishment for the week, that's how it would be unless he wanted to be further humiliated by being paraded in front of his friends in his new dress and panties. When Phillip begged his father to be spared from having to wear panties under his clothes to school, George told him to do it, and if he dared to take them off while in school, he would be in for even greater and more humiliating punishments. I don't know how they could make sure he would keep his panties on at school but somehow his parents were satisfied he would as the boy tearfully acquiesced to his mother's plan. Aunt Ruth then had George install the padlock on Phillip's closet door.

For the following week the boy wore his girls' panties under his regular clothes wherever he went including to school. Phillip was quite nervous about it and asked what would happen if the



kids at school found out he was wearing girls' panties, but his mother said he would just have to be careful.

Finally the big day came: it was Phillip's birthday. I didn't get to go because only ladies were invited except for Uncle George, who was to take pictures—but my mother and big sister Debbie went, so I heard all about it afterward. Aunt Ruth had put up a big banner that said Happy Birthday over the entrance to the dining room. The room itself was hung with pink crepe streamers. There was so much pink it looked like a sweet sixteen party rather than a boy's birthday party.

Then the guests began to arrive; they were all Aunt Ruth's lady friends. Phillip was still in his room so his mother and mine chatted with the early arrivals in the living room. When the time came for the party to start, the guests moved into the dining room and sat down to wait for their guest of honor. It may be that Phillip was not particularly excited about coming to this party; in any case, he kept the ladies waiting for some time.

When Uncle George did finally bring him into the room, Aunt Ruth asked him, "I wonder what was keeping you so long? Were you up in your room masturbating?"

"Why Ruth," one of the women broke in, "how can you say such a thing about your son? Surely you don't believe he would be abusing himself like that!"

The other women quickly murmured their agreement; masturbation was a terrible thing to accuse a nice boy of doing. But Aunt Ruth kept going. "Yes, he does. Why, just last week he stole my mail-order catalogue to look at while he stroked himself to ejaculation!" At this point she pulled out the lingerie catalogue which she had been saving all week. "Look at what he did to my catalogue! Now the pages are stuck together with his filth." Much to Phillip's chagrin, she passed it around the table so the women could see it was true. Each woman looked at it with a shocked expression on her face before handing it to the one next to her, always careful not to touch the stains and wrinkles Phillip's act had left on some of the pages.

"Why would a boy want to do such a thing?" asked another one of the women. "Lingerie is so lovely. But you say your son used these pictures to perform his filthy act?"

"That's right," continued his mother. "The models who posed for this catalogue did so because they wanted to help other women express their femininity. They would be shocked if they were to learn there was a dirty little boy who used their pictures to lust after them and their pretty lingerie."

"But what can you do with such a nasty little boy?" asked another woman who said she had two teenage boys of her own and was always worried they might be abusing themselves at times.

"Nothing. Nothing can be done with such a nasty boy; so I decided he will have to be replaced. Replaced with a lovely

girl," she said as she jumped up from the table and darted into the hallway. In a flash she was back and held up a lace-trimmed pink party dress for all the guests to see. Turning to her son she said, "Here, my little wanker, is your first birthday present. I brought this out first so you would have something pretty to wear at your birthday party."

The women were in hysterics. Through the laughter, one woman said, "What a darling little frock! I'm sure any little girl would be pleased to have such a nice dress to wear, but for a boy?" Another woman explained, "Not for just any boy, a nasty, vile masturbating boy! I think putting him into a pink party dress is a fine idea!" This was met with more murmurs of agreement. And with Uncle George standing by to make sure their son didn't try to escape his fate, my aunt enlisted two of the guests to help her take her son's clothes away and put him in the dress. Phillip did not want to cooperate, but the women were firm with him, and his mother had her dress belt in hand and soon his trousers were down, revealing to everyone he was wearing pink nylon panties, a pink garter belt and sheer nylon stockings. To the music of shrieks and laughter, the women oohed and ahed over his girlish lingerie and teasingly complimented him on what pretty panties he had on.

Aunt Ruth explained he was wearing panties, a garter belt and nylons because of the interest he had shown in ladies' lingerie when he had swiped her catalogue and ejaculated all over it. "That certainly makes sense," responded one of the guests. "What are we women to do? Take off our dresses and parade back and forth so he can get his pleasure from playing with himself? Let him wear lingerie himself and stop using women and girls to get his cheap thrills."

Finally the boy was attired in the dress. She pointed out to the guests that the dress buttoned up in the back. This was, she explained, to remind him he was not as grown up as he might want to think but still dependent on his mother.

Next my aunt brought out a blonde wig and a pair of white high-heeled shoes. As soon as the wig was in place there was a stir in the room, for the boy really did look like a pretty girl. While the women were remarking on this impressive transformation, Aunt Ruth was helping her son into his first pair of high heels. Then she had him stand up and led him by the hand to an open space at the foot of the table. She let go of his hand and told him to walk across the room. This he tried to do, but he kept stumbling since he had no idea how to navigate in women's high-heeled shoes. And every misstep he made brought laughter from the women who were watching his progress with utter fascination.

After what probably seemed to Phillip like a very long time, his mother again took his hand and led him to the chair at the head of the table. She then disappeared into the kitchen and reemerged with his birthday cake. Setting it down in front of him, she read the inscription on the cake: HAPPY BIRTHDAY PHYLLIS.

"From now on you are going to be our little Phyllis," she began. "There is no longer any boy named Phillip in this house. And from now on we will be referring to you as 'she' and 'her' and not 'he' and 'him.' Now make a wish and blow out the candles. Wish for something pretty, Phyllis," said one woman.

Phyllis looked at the writing on the cake and began to cry ever so softly. Everyone else sat perfectly still and his little sobs and choking sounds could be heard throughout the room. All the women sang Happy Birthday, everyone being careful to sing "Happy birthday, dear Phyllis." After a very long hiatus, Phyllis was finally able to make a wish and blow out the candles. The guest of honor sat back and watched with tears in his eyes as his mother served the cake to the guests. Then it was time for Phyllis to open her presents.

If the birthday girl did wish for something pretty, she certainly got her wish. The first present she opened was a lovely little white handbag. Next came a little portable radio in pink. Earrings and bracelets. A teddy bear to keep her company. A little white Bible for wholesome reading. And then there were the clothes. Skirts and blouses. High heels and flats. Nylon stockings and tights. Slips and half-slips. Dainty panties and little padded brassieres.

It took a little coaxing from her mother, but Phyllis did manage to thank each guest for her particular gift. Then as way of giving all the guests a collective thank you, she told Phillip to walk around holding his dress high to expose his panties like a cancan dancer since that is the type of image he surely found exciting, and she was sure it would make for a memorable image for all the ladies to ponder. He did it, tottering on his heels and openly crying to the gay laughter of the women. Soon it was time for the guests to depart. They clustered around Phyllis, reluctant to leave behind the excitement they had experienced that afternoon. "You should be glad you're a girl," said one, "because you get to wear such pretty clothes." Several of the women had Phyllis kiss them on the cheek. And then the party was over.

But while Phyllis' birthday party had ended, it would never be forgotten. At the continual urging of the women, Uncle George had taken many pictures, and they found a place in the family album. Aunt Ruth delighted in showing the pictures to her friends and relatives, and she wrote little captions next to her favorites. Beside one picture showing the birthday girl with her presents, Aunt Ruth wrote, "His thirteenth birthday/Was the day/His mother gave him/Lingerie."

For the rest of the summer Phyllis dressed as a girl at all times. At first his mother required him to wear high-heeled shoes every day so he could develop the knack for walking in them, but as he grew more proficient and acquired a lovely feminine walk this requirement was rescinded. He accompanied the rest of us on family outings wearing his girlish clothes. On the Fourth of July we had a family picnic by the lake, and Phyllis was there in a white blouse with a lace front, a grey skirt and pumps with 1-1/2-inch heels. Then in August we all took a two-week

vacation together and drove through Iowa and South Dakota visiting little farming towns. One nice thing about these small towns is that the people are very friendly, and Aunt Ruth was able to introduce Phyllis as her daughter to many total strangers.

Then in September his schedule became more complicated. Phyllis began attending the eighth grade, and it was necessary to have him dress as a boy on weekday mornings for school, but of course he still had to wear lacy pastel-colored panties under his school clothes to remind him of his newly feminized self. And then he had to revert to his full feminine dress when he came home in the afternoon. He also had to put away the cosmetics he had been experimenting with all summer.

Aunt Ruth spent more time with Phyllis than she had with Phillip. She took her new daughter with her whenever she went shopping and the two often read and discussed fashion magazines together. Sometimes my aunt had him read her a love story. This close relationship did not prevent Phyllis from being teased a bit by her mother on occasion. Aunt Ruth would dress him up in black seamed stockings and three-inch spike heels. Then she would drive him to a shopping center. At what seemed to be an appropriate spot his mother would tell him to get out and straighten his seams. This necessitated bending over and lifting his dress and it always attracted a lot of attention.

Contrary to what you might have thought, Phyllis was allowed to date girls. But he could date only those girls approved by his mother. Aunt Ruth would arrange with one of her friends who knew Phillip was a petticoated boy and had a daughter Phyllis' age and accepting of his feminized state. Then she would explain to Phyllis he was to call the girl up and invite her out.

Shortly after Aunt Ruth transformed Phillip into Phyllis and began training him in femininity, my mother and I had a discussion of her disciplinary methods. I agreed the boy needed to be punished because he had done was wrong, but expressed concern that perhaps dressing a boy in girls' clothes was being too hard on him.

My mother disagreed. "What's wrong with a boy wearing girls' clothes? If my sister had a daughter, would anyone be upset if she went around in a boys' shirt and jeans? Some girls prefer to dress that way." I pointed out that this was different; Phil was a boy dressed as a girl, not a girl dressed as a boy, and our customs are different for boys than girls. But my mother was unmoved.

"And why is it different?" she wanted to know. "If a boy wears girls' clothes, it's supposed to be some sort of big deal. But if a girl goes down the street wearing a shirt and slacks and shoes and socks from the boys' department, no one even notices. Let me tell you what the difference is. It's because our society looks upon women as inferior and treats them as if they are on a lower level than men. Boys are not born with these attitudes; they pick them up from our culture at an early age. A boy who does not want to wear girls' clothing or otherwise be identified with anything feminine does so because he sees it as degrading to be

feminine. And he has such a nasty way of thinking because of the influence of our male supremacist society and how it has degraded girls in his mind. Our society is run by men, and it is in their own selfish interests for boys and girls both to be taught these negative attitudes toward girls because they then come to accept the continuing rule of men in society. The fact is that it's a man's world."

I had to agree with her that men run the world. "And look what they've done with it!" she replied. "Women are much more moral than men, but it's still men who run things. And they don't even listen to the women in their lives when they try to give them moral guidance." I had to agree with that too.

"This is why teenage boys are so ambivalent about the girls they know," she continued. "On the one hand they have real contempt for girls and tend to look down on them. But on the other hand something in them recognizes the moral purity of girls and they envy them for it. Most boys secretly admire girls and wish they could be like them. Boys would like to be 'sugar and spice and everything nice' but at the same time they don't want to admit it and give up their loose way of living."

I said boys didn't want to give up their freedom. "What do you mean by freedom?" Mom asked. "These boys really don't want to accept responsibility. Being as morally strict as a girl means being morally responsible. And most boys are too immature for that. Freedom for a boy is a license to be irresponsible; it's their immaturity speaking. And then when they become adults most of them are still immature; that's why so many refer to marriage as being tied down. They still don't want to accept responsibility. When a man says he wants to keep his freedom, he is really saying he is immature and doesn't want to grow up.

"Boys admire girls for their moral purity but don't want to accept the responsibility of living like them. So they try to suppress their admiration and hide it with a layer of contempt for the opposite sex. That way they hope to evade the challenge to live a morally strict life. Now in the case of Phyllis I can tell he is envious of everything feminine. And all my sister has done is to give him what he secretly wants but can't admit wanting, perhaps he can't even admit it to himself. By training him like a girl, Aunt Ruth is doing him a favor." I asked my mother if she didn't think Aunt Ruth was still punishing Phyllis a bit too severely.

"But she's not punishing Phyllis at all," she exclaimed. "Phyllis is punishing himself through his own contempt for girls. The only reason Phyllis could think his treatment is punishment is if he believes there is something wrong with being a girl and that girls are inferior as human beings. Once he gets over that nasty attitude toward girls, he won't feel punished; in fact, he'll be grateful for having been elevated to a higher moral plane. In the meantime, Ruth is not punishing him; he's punishing himself. And if you still think your

aunt is punishing him—and severely at that—then I think maybe you ought to examine your own attitudes toward women. After all, I am a woman; do you think it's such an awful thing to be a female like me?"

I didn't have a good answer to that one. I really looked up to my mother and saw her as an angel from heaven who maintained a moral atmosphere in our home. Maybe I did have some bad attitudes toward women I had picked up from other boys and didn't even realize I had. I let the matter drop.

As time went on, Aunt Ruth's methods seemed to be doing Phyllis good. Phillip had a foul mouth and often started fights and cussed out his parents. But Phyllis was much quieter and never used bad language. She was a sweet girl. Phyllis had blossomed into girlhood, and I had to admit she had become a more moral person. As my aunt once wrote in the family picture album, "The most respectful boys/Are those/Who wear high heels!/And nylon hose."

On several occasions when I had done something wrong, my big sister Debbie wanted mother to force me to dress up and be treated like a girl like Phil/Phyllis, but mother never agreed to this, but whenever Debbie would bring it up, she would say it would have to be done if I didn't behave. I was very afraid of that at the time, but now I'm not so sure it would have been such a bad thing to have been trained to live as a girl. However, mother did let Debbie dress me up one night just for fun after my sister had bullied me into telling mother I wanted to do it! A photo of the occasion is attached.

Bill in IA



#5 WOMEN IN MY CHURCH HAVE TROUBLE UNDERSTANDING

Our next letter comes from a long time subscriber to our newsletter, Peter in Canada. His last letter appeared in this space in August 1993, when he wrote about (among other things) the difficulty he had finding any women in his Evangelical church who agreed with Christian Home about female supremacy. "I have shared the ideology concerning the superiority of women over men with some of my lady friends, and every woman I have spoken to on this subject was at various degrees of doubt or disbelief," he wrote. In particular, "Sandra and Monique told me they believed men and women are equal before God and that God had placed the man in authority over the woman and not the reverse."

Dear Julie,

It seems like a long time since I last wrote to you. I have a new job, working at a recycling center. I am still single. No lady companion in my life yet.

Did I tell you about my friend Sandra? She moved back with her parents, in St. Catherines. Poor Sandra went financially bankrupt a few months ago. Her boyfriend talked her into using all her charge cards to their limit. This was too much, especially since Sandra had taken out a loan for a six-month course at a private college.

Monique and Greg have separated. This is sad news. It seems that Greg, a Christian, physically abused his wife one time too many (she left him once before for seven months). We of Monique's church family didn't have a clue there was any trouble between them. I don't know where Monique and her daughter, Laurel, are hiding to prevent further abuse.

I have found your newsletters to be quite intriguing. Though I do not entirely agree with you on theology, I do enjoy your letters section. People like Rebecca in Ohio and Rev. Linda Gardner. I found Linda's closing statement quite appealing: "You are perfectly right—it's there for all who have eyes to see—women are the superior beings, and soon we will regain our rightful position and begin the healing!"

Peter in CANADA

Dear Peter: It looks like the idea of letting the man have authority over the woman, rather than having the woman be the boss, is not working out very well for the women in your church. You say Greg abused his wife one time too many. Peter, ONE time is too many! Something should have been done about Greg's actions a long time ago. The trouble with the moral education going on in male supremacist Evangelical churches does not prepare people to deal with wife abuse. Male-dominated churches simply do not consider wife abuse important!

#6 CAUGHT WINDOW PEEKING

Dear Julie,

At about the time I became developed enough to be able to ejaculate, I became one of those boys who discovered the delights of masturbating to the lingerie sections of his mother's mail-order catalogs. My parents had recently divorced, and I had no father around to help me through my sexual development. Humping myself to those lingerie ads gave me an idea, and I then discovered a lot more fun tossing myself off by stroking my penis with a pair of my mother's nylon panties from the dirty laundry. About that same time, the house next door was sold and we got a new neighbor. Alberta was a widow in her fifties. She was quite attractive and immediately caught my eye. Alberta and my mother quickly became good friends.

My room was on the second floor and I was able to see across to Alberta's bedroom. One night I noticed her in her bedroom undressing. This was at a time when most women and girls had given up garters and stockings and were wearing miniskirts and tights, and I was delighted to see tall, slender and big breasted Alberta wearing a sexy pale yellow bra and panties with garters and black nylon hose. Then, as she sat on the edge of the bed and unsnapped her garters and rolled down her nylons, I masturbated furiously into my fist with a pair of mother's panties. I had secreted several pairs of mother's used panties she had been collecting with other clothes in the Goodwill bin, so I was sure she wouldn't know I had taken them for my own use.

This soon developed into a regular routine. Each night I would be in my room to watch Alberta undress. And whenever I was lucky enough to be there at just the right time, I would always masturbate as I watched her undo her garters and roll down her nylon stockings. It did not take my mother long to figure out I was uncharacteristically quiet during the same hour each night, and one night she burst into my room while I was wanking. She was furious, and looking out my window, it was obvious I had been masturbating while watching Alberta undress.

She called me a pervert for violating her panties like that and shoved them into my mouth and commanded me to keep them there as she dragged me to her room and then spanked me with a hairbrush until I was sobbing and begging her to stop. She told me I had offended Alberta and, in the process, humiliated myself by masturbating like a fool. She gave me a simple warning: never masturbate again and never ever spy on Alberta.

The next morning at breakfast, my mother looked me in the eye and demanded, "Did you masturbate during the night?" My face turned red with embarrassment; I told her no. "Very good, Frank," she replied. "I'll deal with you later."

That evening my mother said she was expecting a guest. That was highly unusual for a week night, but what was even more



unusual was that she had laid a good pair of her lavender panties on my bed and told me to put them on in place of my underwear under my clothes and then stay in my room. I did, and a little while later she summoned me to the living room. As I entered, I found mother and Alberta each sitting in one of our wingback chairs. I was directed to sit on an ottoman before Alberta.

"Frank has done something terribly evil," my mother said to her. Turning to me, she sternly ordered me to tell Alberta what I had done. I started to stammer, but my mother said another spanking would be in order if I refused to obey. I knew I could not stand another spanking like the one the night before and soon I was telling Alberta how I would spy on her most nights and masturbate into mother's panties. At my mother's insistence, I had to increasingly give exact details of my sinful behavior.

Alberta said she was insulted by my actions. However, she went on to ask me question after question as to why I had done what I did. My mother also questioned me. Finally, Alberta told me that since I liked garters and nylon hose so much, she thought I should be made to wear them. My mother said that was an excellent suggestion, and the two women agreed to meet with me the next evening. Alberta told my mother she would bring some things over for me to wear. After she left, I begged my mother not to let this go any further. I promised I would never spy on Alberta or ever masturbate again, but it was to no avail.

The next morning I pleaded with my mother again, but she only wanted to know if I had masturbated. With a beet-red face, I replied I hadn't. That evening, as I sat in the living room with the two women, my mother ordered me to remove my clothes. I hesitated, and my mother left the room and returned with her hairbrush. "Frank," she said, "immediately get fully undressed down to your panties or I'll tan you hide." She did not have to ask me again, and I bowed my head and pulled off my clothes.

When mother's lavender bloomer panties came into view, Alberta was taken aback and laughed uproariously. The shame of wearing them in front of Alberta was numbing. "Oh, my goodness!" she squealed. "When you told Frank to undress to his panties, I had no idea he was wearing panties! They're so such pretty old-time panties! How sweet. Are they his own?"

"They are now," mother informed her. "They were a pair of my best panties, but I'll never wear them again now that he's put his dirty boy parts in them."

"Maybe you should get him girlie panties of his own and make him wear them all the time," Alberta said with a smirk.

Mother thought that was an excellent suggestion! Soon they added Alberta's garter belt and black nylon stockings to my pantied nakedness and I was made to display myself before them. Alberta gleefully cheered and my mother acted very pleased. I had never been so humiliated in my life. I thought nothing could be worse, but then after a long silence, my mother said, "Well, Frank, since you so love to abuse yourself while

watching Alberta, it's only fair she have the opportunity to watch what you do. Show her how you masturbate."

I could not bring myself to look at Alberta. I knew she must be laughing at me, and when I did look at her legs, I saw she had them slightly parted and was giving me a peek up her skirt, but my eyes were so full of tears, my vision was blurred and I could only see flashes of her white slip and white panties. I looked up at my mother, but she simply pointed at the hairbrush on the end table. I then proceeded to do what my mother said: masturbate for Alberta.

After that my life was never the same. Mother did buy me a half dozen pairs of panties in pastel colors and whenever I had to admit to her I had been jacking off, she made me wear panties for a week. Each morning she would ask me if I had masturbated. And whenever I would see Alberta, she would greet me with the same question, as well as ask me what color of panties I had on that day. (It seemed like most of the time I was under panty punishment and wearing a pair.) Then whenever Alberta visited the house, I had to join them in the living room, wearing only my girlie panties and one of the garter belts and sets of nylon hose she had donated to my punishment regimen. I was taught how to care for these items and launder them myself. I had to keep trying not to masturbate, but for a teenage boy that was quite difficult and found myself frequently punished and humiliated. Then they came up with a new solution: female hormones, and for three years they gave me hormones in both pill and shot form and made me wear a training bra under my clothes when outside and a padded bra when in the house, so I would get used to having big breasts like Alberta. While I did have some modest breast development, they never developed large enough that I couldn't hide them under loose-fitting sweaters and shirts. Then my mother passed away and I had to go live with a stern old uncle, and I immediately stopped getting female hormones. I remember those days as being the scariest of my life but in hindsight the most exciting, and now as an adult, I am thankful every day for what my mother and Alberta did for me, and I am now so happy I have found your organization and am fully attuned to what you do. An old photo of me in padded bra and panties is included with this letter.

Frank in IL

#7 STEPFATHER LECHER PIERCED, PANTIED AND SEXUALLY NEUTERED

Dear Julie,

I've found a simple way to make sure my husband stays faithful by simply using a male chastity device available from a company called Spartacus. I believed my husband when he told me had never had sex with another woman, but I was upset with how he was always looking at some women and girls we passed. He didn't even try to hide his interest. I could tell what

he was thinking. Then I saw him look at my teenage daughter from my first marriage in the same way, and I knew I had to do something.

The first step was to get him pierced. Nowadays you can have just about any body part pierced without question, and I got Bob what is called a frenum. This is a piercing on the underside of the penis, just behind the head.

I waited a few months to make sure the piercing was completely healed. Then I presented him with a chastity device as his Christmas present. It looked like a small piece of pipe cut open by a groove running along the bottom. I had to grease his penis and pull it through by a string tied around its head. Once in place, I secured it with a tiny bent metal rod called a barbell. This rod goes through his frenum piercing and sticks out on each side of the chastity device through two holes. Then two little balls are screwed onto the ends of the rod.

The device works by preventing a man from having an erection. It is too narrow to allow the penis to expand and keeps the penis limp at all times. And since there is never any erection, there can never be an ejaculation either.

After Bob had worn his chastity tube for a couple days, I told him I needed to adjust it for him. I put liquid solder inside the balls of the barbell and then filed the balls down so they were flush with the surface of the device, and by doing that, it was then on permanently!

"There!" I told him. "Isn't it wonderful? You are never going to have sex again!" Bob was not as sanguine about his new condition as I was, but I pointed out it meant he would never have to worry about yielding to temptation. He moaned and asked why I was doing it to him, and I told him because I couldn't trust him around my daughter. He tried to complain and said he would never take advantage of her, but I did get him to tearfully admit he had fantasized about molesting her! That admission got him to quiet his objections.

Although Bob cannot have an erection, his body still tries sometimes, and it is painful to him, and he complains about it. I tell him those attempted erections come from his thinking dirty thoughts; if he would only think pure Christian thoughts, he wouldn't have any problems. I also remind him how women have endured menstrual cramps and PMS since time



immemorial, and he has no business whining about a little discomfort.

My husband has found that running icy cold water over his useless penis and testicles does a great deal to ease the pain.

And just because I had to go to this length to keep him from attacking my daughter, I saw no need for me to go without sex. So I do have three men I regularly date, mostly just for sex. I even flaunt my boyfriends in front of my neutered husband, and to drive home the point that he is a sexually useless male, I've thrown out all his underwear and provided him with a drawer full of lacy panties and lingerie to wear instead. He balked at that, but what I say goes in our house, and he has no choice but to go along with me because I had secretly tape recorded that conversation we had when he admitted to fantasizing about molesting my daughter, so in a divorce he would be left penniless if not remanded by the court to be locked up as a preventive measure and forced to undergo psychiatric help.

Bob's chastity device has given me peace of mind. And my daughter, who is now sixteen, is comfortable enough to go about our home in her bra and panties, knowing her pantied joke of a stepfather has been rendered harmless.

Amelia in WI

#8 CONTROL HOW MEN VOTE

Dear Julie,

During this past election campaign my neighbor Ms. L. and I discussed whether men, who are irresponsible and immature, should be permitted to vote and decide who our government's leaders will be. Obviously, they should not! This is how Ms. L. handled the situation. From the county clerk's office, she had me get an absentee ballot. After it arrived, she sat me down to discuss the candidates and issues. Ms. L. listened to my views, but she made the final decisions. Then, she supervised my voting and mailed the ballot. This worked perfectly because if I had I put up a fuss, she could have taken away my ballot. Ms. L. recommends—and I agree—that if a male is not registered to vote, he shouldn't be permitted to register in the first place, but if he is registered, simply go the absentee ballot route.

Robert in IL

Dear Robert:

I don't agree we should be discouraging men from registering and voting. The men who are most likely to listen to us on this issue are precisely the men who most agree with our goals. I believe a better strategy would be to encourage both women and men to vote for women. And as for prohibiting men from voting—that would take a Constitutional amendment.

#9 PROMOTING SISSIFYING BOYS

Dear Julie,

My company transferred me from New York to Chicago in June. I moved into a house in the suburbs with Sharon, my daughter, seventeen, and David, my son, thirteen. As I was settling in, the woman who lived next door came by with some coffee cake. She said her name was Sue and invited me to come over to her house for coffee whenever I had the time.

I made a date to visit her the next afternoon. I knocked on her door. Sue greeted me and led me into the living room where we sat down. "Excuse me while I check on the coffee," she said, disappearing into the kitchen. Soon she reappeared. "My son Freddie will bring the coffee in when it's ready."

As we sat and talked, Sue explained she taught psychology at a well-known local college. Her husband had deserted her for another woman several years before, leaving her to raise her son by herself. At this point the boy came in with the coffee.

His appearance startled me. Fourteen-year-old Freddie was wearing a white lace-trimmed apron over a black satin maids' outfit that was so short his white petticoats and frilled panties could be seen. He had dark nylon stockings on and Mary Janes. Through the material of the black satin dress I could just make out he was also wearing a brassiere.

When her son left the room, Sue turned to me and said, "You look surprised."

"He was dressed so strangely," I replied.

"Why strangely? Because girls dress like that?"

"But he's a boy!"

"That's true, but I find it very beneficial to dress him as a girl."

"Beneficial for whom?"

"For both of us. He was hanging out with some very bad companions and having him wear skirts and dresses effectively got rid of them. And he is a lot easier to handle now than when he was when dressed as a boy."

"I can sympathize with your problem," I told her. "Before we moved my own son was involved with some young toughs, and I have been worried it could happen here also."

"Then you should consider putting him in skirts, the way I did my boy. You'll find it will really change his attitude."

"But a boy isn't going to like wearing girls' clothes."

"And do you know why? It's because boys think girls are inferior to them. That's true for men, too: they find the idea of wearing women's clothing humiliating because they think they are superior to women."

"But there are clothes that are appropriate for each sex."

"Nonsense!" she interjected. "Girls wear boys' clothes all the time. I bet you have probably done it yourself."

I had to admit I had been shopping in the boys' department since I was a teenager. And sometimes I would borrow one of my son's shirts to wear around the house or when shopping for groceries.

"There you are!" exclaimed Sue. "You think nothing of wearing your son's shirt, but he would never wear your blouse because he thinks females are inferior to him. He doesn't respect you because you're a female."

I was taken aback by all this. Did David not respect me because I was a woman? It didn't seem likely. We talked some more, and as I

was leaving Sue gave me some Christian Home literature to read, including "The Immature Husband" and a leaflet called "Contempt for Women."

It was the first time I had ever heard of Christian Home or read about such ideas. That evening over dinner I tried bringing the subject up with my children. "That's a really pretty blouse you have on, Sharon," I said. Then I turned to David. "I bet you would look really cute in a blouse like that. How about if I get you one too?"

David turned to me with an unbelieving look on his face. "I didn't mean you would wear it to school," I told him. "Just



around the house where I can see you in it. I would enjoy watching you go about wearing something so pretty.”

“No!” he said, in what was almost a shout. Now his face looked a little nasty.

“Why is it such a big thing to you? Girls wear boys’ clothes all the time,” I said, quoting Sue. “Sometimes I wear one of your shirts. So what’s the matter with your wearing a blouse?”

“That’s different,” was all he would say.

“Why is it different? Do you think girls are inferior to boys?”

“No.”

“Then why is it so threatening for you to wear a pretty blouse?”

David just stared at me without saying a word. I was beginning to think Sue was right and he really did think males were superior to females.

The next evening after dinner I huddled with Sharon. We talked about David’s attitude toward girls, and I asked her how she would feel if I dressed him in her clothes. She said it was a great idea, and so I called him to come to Sharon’s room. “David,” I said, “I think you have a low opinion of females, and I’m going to do something about it.” I said as I opened Sharon’s lingerie drawer. My daughter pointed to a particularly fancy pair of pink panties with white lace trim. I held them up for David to see.

“We are going to start by having you put on these pretty nylon panties,” I explained.

David made a dash for the door, but Sharon intercepted him and dragged him back. Together we were able to get him out of his boys’ clothes and into the dainty panties. “What’s the matter?” I asked him. “Don’t you want to wear panties? I would think you would be glad to have the opportunity to wear such pretty underpants.”

Once we had him in panties, things got a little easier. I helped him into one of Sharon’s brassieres and filled out the cups with more of her panties. Then came a lacy slip and a blue dress that zipped up the back. As we introduced him to each garment, I talked to him about how pretty it was, and how lucky he was to get to wear such nice clothes. We had trouble finding a pair of shoes



that would fit him, so I told him he could wear his sister's fuzzy slippers for the time being. Then we took him downstairs to the living room and we all watched TV.

The next day my daughter and I went shopping for girls' shoes for David to wear. Then in the afternoon we again took him to Sharon's room to dress him in her clothes. This time we had him wear a bra, panties, a half-slip and a blouse and skirt. Lastly, I got him to try on his new red pumps with two-inch heels. He wasn't used to wearing heels, and he could hardly get around. That night at dinner he was still unsteady on his feet. After we ate, I told him I wanted him to stay downstairs in the living room for a while. He didn't know it, but I had invited our new neighbor Sue over and to bring her son, Freddie. When David heard them coming in the back door, he tried to make a dash for the stairs, but I had no trouble blocking his escape since he was still wearing his high heels. Then he got the surprise of his life when he saw Freddie, who was wearing a dress and heels.

We spent the evening playing Scrabble with our new neighbors. The two she-boys didn't have much to say, but Sue wanted to tell us all about the pretty, feminine clothes her son wore. She also had plenty of interesting suggestions about how I could dress David more prettily. Before they left, Freddie invited David to come over the next day to see his dresses and lingerie collection. Since then, they have become good friends and spend a lot of time together. I have had to buy David his own feminine wardrobe, but it has been worth it. His attitude has improved, and he does whatever his sister or I tell him to do.

Angie in IL

#10 THE BIBLE DOESN'T SAY WHAT YOU THINK IT SAYS ABOUT CROSSDRESSING

Dear Julie,

I'm in fear about dressing in feminine attire after reading Deuteronomy 22 verse 5. It says the Lord detests this, so I'm trying to stop. I don't understand. Can you help me?

Gary in PA

Dear Gary:

Deuteronomy 22:5 says, "A woman shall not wear anything that pertains to a man, nor shall a man put on a woman's garment; for whoever does these things is an abomination to the Lord your God." The celebrated German Bible scholar Gerhard von Rad, in his 'Deuteronomy: A Commentary,' explains this isn't a prohibition of crossdressing per se, it is a warning against engaging in pagan rites and using crossdressing as an example of certain pagan rituals common during those ancient times. (In this case a paean rite practiced in connection with funerals).

To say it is a strict prohibition against crossdressing, it would then equally apply to females as well as males, and we all know just about every female often wears male clothing and every major Christian church does not prohibit it. The first part of the verse deals with women wearing men's things; men are mentioned only second. Religious leaders don't interpret this passage to mean crossdressing is a sin or they would have to say women wearing men's clothes would be a sin just as much as males wearing female clothes.

Of course, outside the mainstream churches some uninformed and fringe church leaders think the verse is a blanket condemnation of crossdressing, but that is not the prevailing view. However, in Orthodox Judaism, rabbis take the verse as prohibiting the wearing of clothing of the opposite sex, and they apply it to both men and women. That is why Orthodox Jewish women are always expected to wear skirts and not slacks.

The Orthodox Jewish interpretation of Deut. 22:5 completely disregards the original historical setting of the verse. Such passages as Lev. 19:27 and Deut. 22:5 show the importance of studying the history and cultures of the ancient Near East if one wishes to understand the Bible. Just reading the text by itself is not enough.

This is a complicated subject because theologians have never been able to agree on how to distinguish between those parts of Mosaic Law relevant for Christians and those parts that aren't. If you are interested in this topic, you might want to consult *The Book of Exodus: A Critical, Theological Commentary*, pages 488-96, by Brevard S. Childs of Yale University.

#11 BEFORE AND AFTER GIRLIE PICS

Dear Julie,

Joe, my sixteen-year-old son, used to have a part-time job in a grocery store after school. But recently the manager called to say Joe had been caught stealing beer. He was tossing six packs out the back door to his pals gathered at the loading dock. The manager also said he was sorry, but he would have to send Joe home because he could no longer work there.

I had seen the boys Joe hung out with and knew they were a bad influence on him. I decided he would never again have anything to do with them, and when Joe arrived home I turned him over to his sister, Tina, and two of her girlfriends, who took him up to my daughter's room to dress him up completely in her clothes. They started by giving him a nice femmy hairdo (as you can see in his 'before' picture here). When they brought him downstairs, he was wearing a blue dress, nylons and heels.

I made a thorough inspection of his ensemble. He was wearing a matching pale blue bra and lacy panties and pantyhose under his cocktail dress. Then I explained to him he would have to

come straight home after school every day, go to his sister and have her change him into girls' clothes. I told him we had to do this to counteract all the bad male conditioning he had been getting from his nasty and criminal friends.

When he asked how long he would be punished like this, I told him it depended upon how much his behavior improved, and if he wanted to know what I would consider improved behavior, he should start by acting like a girl, including raising his voice to a higher pitch, learning how to do 'traditionally female' household chores, and in general swishing around and acting prissy like a sweet little girl.

My daughter and I went to thrift shops and found enough feminine clothes for Joe's new wardrobe. Since then, he has dressed as a girl every evening and on weekends. I also bought him a pink lace babydoll with matching panties to wear to bed.

A few days after Joe lost his job one of his old pals came by to see him. I had the boy wait downstairs and called Joe to come down. Soon he appeared swishing into the room in one of his standard in-house uniforms: a flowered bib apron, simply worn over bra, panties and pantyhose, and on this day he had a punky bright blue pageboy wig on (see his 'after' the photo here). But when he saw his old buddy, he turned and ran back up to his room. The other boy saw him too, and since then none of the members of his old crowd have called or come by.

Erica in IL



#12 TRAINED IN A KILT AND PANTIES

Dear Julie,

I have been going out with a 38-year-old divorced mother of two young girls. Sheryl is determined not to get divorced again. Her next husband (which she is training me to be) will definitely conform. She finds the Christian Home ideals very interesting, and she approached me about the subject of spanking as something she might consider if it would help my behavior. She said she wouldn't have been divorced in the first place if

she would have taken control of her ex-husband and disciplined him firmly with spankings when needed.

I said I had no intention of doing anything that would warrant such a punishment but told her that if I did, she could spank me. She was happy I felt that way, and then much to my surprise, she began developing a list of offenses she determined would merit a spanking. Day after day the list got longer and longer and began to include some rather mundane and innocuous things like leaving the toilet seat up and forgetting to turn off lights when I left a room.

Her family came from Scotland, and I have one-quarter Scottish in me too, so she said I should have a kilt for certain occasions. After I was outfitted with a kilt (she actually got me three of them!), she started having me wear them more and more, at first just around the house (much to the delight of her daughters who were always giving me pointers about sitting properly in a skirt so I wouldn't show my underwear).

Soon after our discussion on spanking she did start paddling me, and my punishments increased week after week as she found I was breaking more and more of her rules, the list of which kept growing. Sheryl didn't hesitate to spank—and spank me hard—on my bare behind anytime I 'acted like a child' her expression of what constituted an offense that need correction. At first she kept this from her daughters at my request and only did it when they were out of the house, but I was wearing a kilt almost daily and still had problems sitting carelessly, so Sheryl bought me a half dozen pairs of lace-trimmed pink panties and didn't ask me but simply told me to wear them whenever I wore the kilt and they would supposedly scare me into sitting without exposing my panties. She added that I was to start sitting down while urinating in the toilet and since the panties didn't have a front opening, they would remind me to sit and not stand when in the bathroom.

Not wanting to make waves, I wore the panties, and I did sit when using the toilet. Also I was very careful to sit modestly, especially around her two daughters, Dani, 16, and Faith, 12. I did fear what they'd think if they got a glimpse of my panties. But then things changed. I talked back to her in front of her daughters, and she was so upset, she told the two girls about how she spansks me for misbehavior and was going to spank me immediately for my 'naughtiness' as she termed it. The girls laughed and said, "Good for you, Mom!" Of course I got mad and told her so, and she marched me down the hall to her room.

Sheryl refused to shut the door, and with her two daughters standing in the doorway watching, she pulled up my kilt and then it was over her lap as she paddled the devil out of my butt. For modesty sake, she didn't pull the pink panties down, but spanked me on my panties to the howling delight of the girls, and paddled me with her old sorority paddle until I was in tears. The girls now look at me with laughter in their eyes. They know I'm a trained panty-wearing wimp and fully approve of how their mom treats me.

Bill in IL



#13 I CAUGHT MY BROTHER MASTURBATING IN MY PANTIES

Dear Julie,

My name is Crystal. I'm sixteen and my brother Michael is thirteen. Recently I happened to walk by his room on a Saturday morning and saw him standing in front of his mirror wearing my blue nylon panties. I ran in, grabbed him by the arm and dragged him downstairs to the kitchen.

"Look, Mother!" I said. "Michael stole my panties and is wearing them!"

"What's going on here?" she asked. "Why did you steal your sister's panties, Michael? Do you want to be a girl? I can't think of any other reason a boy would want to wear panties, unless he wanted to be a girl."

"I was just curious," he said at last.

"Just trying them on!" said Mother. "You make it sound like a boy trying on panties is the most common thing in the world. Do your friends try on their sisters' panties? Well, do they? Have you asked them?"

Michael, shamed and staring at his feet, didn't say anything.

"Well, how about if you call them up right now and ask them? You can tell them you are wearing your sister's panties, and you want to know if they ever tried on their sisters' panties. Let's see: There's Johnny and Nicky and—" She pointed toward the telephone, but he didn't seem to want to call his friends. "If you don't want to call them, then I will," she told him, reaching for the phone. "I'll tell them how we found you. I want to find out what's going on?"

"Oh, Mother!" he exclaimed. "Please don't tell my friends."

"That's what I thought," she said. "You love pretty panties; don't you? That's why you stole Crystal's panties—because you want to be a girl so you can wear pretty panties every day."

"No, I don't!" he said.

"I understand," she replied. "You are too ashamed to admit you love wearing girls' panties, but if you want to be a girl, that is fine with me. But you are going to have to be punished. Not for wanting to be a girl, but for stealing panties from your sister."



She led my brother into the bedroom for a spanking. I went in too because Mother said I could watch since it was my panties he had taken. Mother has a bedroom slipper with a hard leather sole she uses whenever she gives a spanking. I can tell you that slipper really hurts! She slipped spanked him over my panties. I never heard him cry so loudly. When the spanking was over, she told him, “Now leave the panties on and get dressed. I don’t want you to ever steal panties again, so I’m going to take you shopping to buy you your own panties to wear.”

We took Michael to the mall and made him pick out his own new panty wardrobe from a laughing salesgirl, and mother didn’t let him buy skimpy modern little panties—no she made him pick out the high-waisted brief-style panties little girls wear and made sure he picked out panties in gay pastel colors, and every pair had to have lace, bows or some kind of decoration on them. When we got home, Mother made him take all of his old under pants and throw them in the garbage compactor so he wouldn’t be able to retrieve them and replaced them with panties. She made him take each pair of panties, fold them neatly and put them in his underwear drawer since he was going to wear panties every day. He looked sad, but Mother and I were surprised he didn’t protest her decree.

The next afternoon our cousins Laura and Nancy came over for Sunday dinner, and as soon as they came in and sat down in the living room, Mother prompted me and I said, “Watch out for Michael; he steals girls’ panties and puts them on!”

Mother had already cued the girls into what was going on, and Laura turned to my brother and said, “Are you after my panties, Michael? I have a nice new pair of pale yellow panties on today. Do I have to be afraid of you because you are going to try to steal my panties and wear them?”

“You probably won’t have a problem with him,” said Mother, “because I bought him a supply of pretty lacy panties of his own to wear.”

Both girls laughed, and Nancy said, “I’m glad to hear that. I wouldn’t ever want a boy to wear my panties!”

“Neither would I,” said Mother, “and I don’t want him stealing girls’ panties from stores and off clotheslines like a pervert.”

“Are you wearing panties now, Michael?” Laura asked with a giggle.

My brother didn’t reply, so Mother assured her he was. “They’re yellow, the same color you have on and with a nice lace trim.”

“Oh, how nice, you lucky boy!” Laura said and then suggested, “If Michael likes wearing panties so much, perhaps he’d like to try on a dress?” Nancy was nodding her head enthusiastically.

I asked Mother if we could put him in a dress, and she said, “Yes, and while you’re at it, since he wants to be a girl, put makeup on him too.”

All of us girls were having fun. Michael was trying to put up a good front and tried to pretend he could take the teasing as we took him up to my room and we made him take off all his clothes except for his panties. Laura and Nancy delighted in inspecting his panties and they didn’t even mention his little thing sticking out in the panties even though I could see them looking at it a lot. I went to the closet and selected a skirt in navy. I helped him put the skirt on and zipped it up. Then I showed him a





ruffled white chiffon blouse he was going to wear, but first I put my makeup jacket on him so we could makeup his face. We really piled on the cosmetics and I put one of Mother's wigs on him too. (See the enclosed photos.) He was trying desperately to be a good sport about it, laughing with us and trying to convince us he wasn't being spooked by it all. When we were finished, we had him put on a pair of dance slippers and took him downstairs for Mother to see. I told her, "This is my new little sister. Her name is Michelle." Mother gave us a big grin and said, "I knew he wanted to be a girl. There's the proof."

But as we continued to tease him, Michael had enough and said, "No! I don't want to be a girl. I don't want to wear panties instead of my own underwear. I was just playing around!"

Mother said, "Oh, dear! You don't want to be a girl? Well, I had a talk with Doctor Avidon after church and told her how we caught you in Crystal's panties, and she told me if a boy didn't want to be a girl, then he would only want to wear girls' panties for one other reason."

"What reason is that, Mother?"

"Well, how about if Michael shows us.

"Michael, pull up your skirt and show us your panties."

He looked at all of us in terror, but with Mother standing there with her bedroom slipper in hand, he raised his skirt.

"Are you sure you don't want to be a girl?" Mother asked. "From here I can see your boy parts are pretty small, but if you start rubbing your little penis through your panties, it will surely get bigger. You see, girls, Doctor Avidon said the only other reason a boy would want to wear girls' panties is to pleasure himself, to masturbate into the silky feeling panties. So, Go ahead, Michael, and masturbate for us. Show us how you play with

your penis through your nice soft, cuddly little panties. We'd all like to see. Wouldn't we, girls?"

Michael went running from the room in tears.

The next morning, he found the panties stacked up on top of his dresser and his boys' underwear alongside them. Mother hadn't destroyed them and had taken them out of the compactor. She woke him up and pointed to the underpants and panties and asked him which ones he wanted. He cried and said he wanted to go back to his old underwear because he was afraid to wear panties under his clothes to school, but before she let him get off the hook, she made him admit he had been masturbating into my panties for several weeks already. Mother asked him where he had gotten the idea, and he said his friend Theo regularly stole his sister's panties and pleased himself with them. He even admitted twice before they had both put on a pair of panties belonging to Theo's sister and touched each other through the panties until they spurted. That admission really surprised Mother, but she said, "Well, for being so honest with me. I will do two things for you. One, you can have your old underwear to wear to school, and two, you can have all these panties I bought for you too. But you will wear panties at all times you are not in school. Panties belong to girls. Yes, they are pretty and nice to wear. I can understand why you would want to pleasure yourself in them, but that is wrong because you are violating something that belongs exclusively to women and girls, and in essence, you are violating all females when you spurt into their panties. So you will wear panties until you get used to them and be strong enough not to play with yourself in them. I'll be checking your panties all the time to make sure you don't stain them with your filth, and I'll have Crystal keep an eye on you and have her frequently check your panties too. Now, what you did with Theo is a homosexual act. Crystal or I will supervise you every night before you go to bed to pray to Jesus so you don't grow up to be a faggot. And while you are praying, you must play with your penis in your panties but not get hard and not spurt your slime. I want you to be strong and overcome this addiction that is taking hold of you."

I was standing alongside Mother as she had that little talk with Michael. Then we went downstairs and I heard Mother calling Theo's mother on the phone. When Michael and I got home from school that day, Mother said she was going to be working with Theo's mother and the two of them were going to cure their boys of this filthy homosexual act of wearing girls' panties and engaging in mutual panty masturbation. It will be interesting to see how this all turns out, but that afternoon as I supervised Michael changing into his panties, he was very hard and looking very forlorn. That evening he complained to Mother about having to wear the panties. She told him, "You're just ashamed because you were caught. What you really want is to be a girl. Otherwise, you never would have put on your sister's panties in the first place, and when you admit to me that is what you want, we will all be a lot happier! And I can really help you."

Crystal in IL