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TRANSVESTITE POST-BOX



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TRANVESTITE POST-BOX

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000 All New Letters from Transvestites

Dear Editor:

Like so many other transvestites, I was introduced to the delights of cross-dressing by means of petticoat punishment meted out by a misguided mother -- bless her soul! Parents who use this method of chastisement upon their sons usually have no idea at all of the kind of complications which can ensue in later years.

Of course, not all boys subjected to petticoat punishment become transvestites. Perhaps the majority of them forget all about it and never desire to cross-dress again. Much depends upon how comfortable they feel as males in later life or how free they are from a fetishistic interest in frills and laces.

In my case, the punishment inflicted on me was designed to match the crime ... if, indeed, what I had done was really a crime. My transgression occurred one lazy summer day when my mother was out of the house. I was thirteen years old, and I was entertaining the girl next door, Alice being her name, who was my own age. We had known each other since infancy and had a crush on each other, and we were engaging in some fairly heavy petting. It was only the first time we had gone quite as far as we did, and we were delighting in discovering the secrets of each other's bodies.

Alice was wearing an especially lovely

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pair of pink lace panties, and as I fondled her soft sweet flesh through them, I commented on how beautiful they were. Alice giggled at that and then asked me if I'd like to try them on, since my own shorts were so plain and uninteresting.

Well, of course, I blushed and protested and carried on for a while, but deep down somewhere in my subconscious a spark had been struck. The idea seemed awfully intriguing, and I soon agreed not only to put on the beautiful lace panties but also to exchange clothes entirely with her. I explained that I didn't want to be the only one who looked ridiculous.

In the next few moments we were both in the nude. It was the first time I had seen Alice that way, although we'd petted a lot during the past year or so. She was very lovely — remarkably well-developed for a girl of thirteen. We clasped each other in a tingling embrace that was so very thrilling that we nearly forgot we'd agreed to exchange clothes. Finally, she pulled away, her face crimson with a kind of combined excitement and embarrassment.

"We mustn't let things get out of hand," she sighed, but she was absent-mindedly holding on to my male member, renewing my passions to the fever point.

"I certainly agree with that," said I fervently, as I caressed her lovely little breasts with their strawberry-pink nipples and marveled at how the little tips hardened in response. I kissed each nipple as she stroked my turgid flesh fondly.

We now turned to the serious business of exchanging clothes. Alice was used to wearing slacks and tee-shirts and boyish shoes, so dressing up in my clothing was no problem for her. I was on the smallish side in those days, and everything I wore seemed to fit her well, even my low-heeled shoes. When she was finally dressed, she combed her hair into a more boyish style, then turned to help me get into her duds.

First came the lovely pink lace panties I had admired so much. Alice insisted on putting them on me herself, and I trembled with uncontrollable delight as the panties slithered up my legs and were tugged and smoothed into place by Alice's soft little hands. I'm afraid my tense male symbol made a brazen display of itself as it strained against the delicate nylon lace of the tiny step-ins. And Alice seemed to be spending a lot of time making sure that the panties achieved a proper fit.

Then Alice moved around behind me and put her tiny, tantalizing matching lace brassiere on me, carefully adjusting it on my chest before hooking it together in the middle of my back. For some odd reason I felt as though it were perfectly natural for me to wear a brassiere, even though my chest was as disappointingly flat as that of any boy my age.

Alice came up with a remedy for that situation. She went to her house for a moment and then returned with two foam-rubber devises she called "falsies." These she slipped into the brassiere I now wore and it gave me an acceptable looking bosom

where barren flatness had previously been.

The little falsies even had simulated pink nipples on them, and the little red tips showed through the nylon lace of the brassiere in an exciting manner.

After making sure that the brassiere and panties were adjusted right once more, Alice picked up her wispy minislip and held it out for my inspection. The lacy bodice and the short lacy hem offset the pink nylon material, which was of the see-through variety. For some reason I could not then fathom, I was deliriously happy at the idea of being dressed up in such a wholly marvelous garment.

Alice slipped it over my head, and I thrilled once more as the delicate lace hem settled around my thighs. I could not resist letting the frilly material swirl around my thighs, making what one famed TV author calls "frou-frou." The sensation was — and still is — fantastic!

Now Alice led me into my mother's bedroom, and for the first time I had a chance to view myself in the full-length mirror on the back of the closet door. I nearly fell over in a swoon of pleasure at the sight. It was for me the beginning of a long love affair with mirror, such as marks the lives of so many of my TV brethren, and I am no exception to it even now.

Then I sat down at the vanity table, while Alice touched up my face with a bit of eyebrow pencil, a dab of rouge, a smidgen of lipstick, and a faint dusting of

face powder. I could hardly believe the transformation which was taking place!

Fortunately, my hair was nearly as long as Alice's. I hated barbershops even then, and it was the early days of longer male hair styles which are so well-accepted today. It took some doing, but Alice was able to restyle my hair into a quite feminine coiffure and secure it with a thorough spritzing of hair spray.

"Next time," Alice murmured, "I will lend you my sister's wig."

I nodded in delighted approval of that idea, then its full meaning came home to me. Alice apparently was so pleased with me in feminine clothing that she wanted to repeat the fun and games in the future. It was a turn of events which I found both shocking and thrilling.

While on her quick trip home, Alice had picked up a pair of long nylons and a tiny garterbelt for me from her wardrobe, and now she knelt down and began smoothing the stockings onto my legs. They were flesh-colored and ever so sheer, and I loved the way they seemed to give shape to my legs.

Alice bade me stand up, and I did so, a little weak in the knees from all the odd new emotions coursing through me. Reaching up under my pettiskirt, Alice clasped the garterbelt about my waist. It fit a little tightly, but I quickly adjusted my breathing and posture to it. The little beribboned suspenders were put down through my panty-legs and then attached carefully to the tops of my stockings.

Finally, Alice put her black patent-leather medium-heeled shoes on my feet — a perfect fit. I had very little difficulty in walking in the moderate-height heels, and I sashayed around the room, delighting to feel the swishing of the soft lacy pettiskirt hems against the silken panties and sheer stockings, as well as the gentle pull of tautly gartered stockings with every one of the steps I took.

Then Alice went back to the living room for a moment and then returned with the minidress she had been wearing. It was an especially delightful creation, and when she snugged it on over my head and into place on my body, I felt as though my transformation were complete.

This time, when I looked into the long mirror, I knew in my heart that I'd embarked on a strange bypath that would be a vital part of my life from that moment on. Don't ask me how I knew it. The intuitive feeling I had then could not be explained then, nor can it now. I believe that I knew then that it would be important for me to do this strange transformation again and again during my future life.

Perhaps the intuition I experience at that moment was not enough to ensure that I would become a TV. Perhaps it required subsequent events, which I shall relate to you presently, to enforce and reinforce the transvestic feelings to a point where they would become compulsions.

Anyway, standing there before the long mirror, looking at the remarkable image of

the realistic-appearing girl who was reflected in the glass, I felt a happiness and contentment that I rarely ever had experience before. Alice must have sensed my emotions, for she came over to my side and took my hand in hers, squeezing it affectionately.

"You make a very cute girl, Danny," she sighed. "It's kind of fun, isn't it? Sort of like acting in a play and being somebody else for a little while?"

Alice had made an extremely wise point, and it wasn't until many years later that I realized how accurate her observation was — for me, at least. The act of complete cross-dressing and transformation in this external sense was very much like an actor assuming a role and living the part as fully as possible. One removes oneself from one's own personality and mode of life for a little while, and the temporary escape is refreshing and may sometimes prove to be educational as well.

Of course, this is not the whole motivation behind cross-dressing as the transvestite does it. But it might prove to be one factor, one reason, one truism.

At last, I was able to tear myself away from the looking glass and allow Alice to lead me back to the sitting room. My knees felt as weak as water and I was grateful for the continuous tugging effect of the stockings and garterbelt, for it seemed as though I didn't have a muscle left in my legs. I sat down on the sofa, and Alice sat beside me and snuggled up to me. She

took my hand in hers and then gave me a sweet, lingering kiss full on the lips.

"Oh, Danny, it's so thrilling to see you all dressed up this way! It's sort of like having a boyfriend and a girlfriend all rolled into one," she exclaimed.

"Well," I replied, "underneath all the frills, I'm still me."

"I know that, silly," Alice replied. "But it's kind of fun to pretend that I'm the boy and you're the girl."

I allowed as how it might prove to be quite a bit of fun. At her urging, I lay back in her arms and let her take the lead in our little petting game. And she was pretty darned skillful at it, too.

Her hand was soon caressing my knees through the silken stockings, sending live sparks of electricity coursing through my nerves at every move. Inevitably, her hand began moving higher and higher until it reached the stocking top, then the lacy hem of my panties. Alice's hand toyed with the hem for a few exciting moments, then began to forage underneath. Finally, she found what she had been seeking, and I felt as if I might burst.

But Alice seemed to sense the imminence of my climax, and she eased off a little, her hand returning to my rampant symbol now and then to tease it. Her other hand was caressing my falsely swelling bosom through its layers of delicate cloth, and I could almost imagine that the breasts were real.



Such was the strength of the illusion that this was nearly as arousing as what the other hand was doing to me. For a girl of her tender years, Alice was surprisingly adept at lovemaking.

Finally, I suggested that we might go "all the way," as the euphemism goes. She said that the idea was attractive but too dangerous, and that she had an alternative procedure in mind — if I wouldn't be too shocked. Such was the state of my passions that nothing the dear girl could do would shock me. I lay back and let her have her way with me.

What she proposed to do was dynamite! That is the only word for it. But, gentle reader, you must bear in mind that Alice carried it off with such delicacy and grace as to make it seem like the most natural and wonderful thing in the world.

Alice began caressing my stockinged legs in earnest now and then pushed the lace of my skirts further and further up. By this time she was kneeling on the floor beside me and I was lying back on the couch. I felt her soft fingers at the hem of my panties, then at the waistband, and she was pulling them downward so as to free my turgid symbol from its dainty fetters.

Then Alice lowered her head and I felt her sweet red lips encircling my flesh and it was utter and complete bliss. Soon my passions built up into a crescendo of delight, and I was crying out in ecstasy and clutching her golden head to me, and I was convinced that I was in heaven.

I felt incredibly grateful to Alice.

"My gosh, Alice, that was absolutely wonderful!" I exclaimed, after we'd both had a chance to regain our breath and our composure. "I'd love to do the same for you sometime," I added.

Alice smiled a very enigmatic smile. "Maybe next time," she said. "I'm so glad you enjoyed it. I did too. It's ever so much safer than doing it the other way."

I was only vaguely aware of what Alice meant by "safer," but it didn't matter. I was totally happy with the events of the day as Alice rearranged my frilly skirts in a more modest fashion about me. But a few moments later, the sky fell in on us.

My mother came in the door, two hours earlier than expected. And she found her only son all dolled up in girl's clothes!

"What kind of nastiness is this?" she inquired, looking long sharp daggers at me. "Have you gone totally insane, the both of you?"

"No, ma'am," Alice replied. "We just exchanged clothes for a lark. It's all perfectly innocent, believe me," she lied in her most convincing manner.

"Well, I should hope so!" Mother said. Then she took a closer look at me and bade me stand up and turn around so that she might see me from every possible angle. I could see that her attitude was softening. "I must admit that he looks very cute as a

girl." She picked up my miniskirt in her fingers and peered underneath. "Why, he's even wearing a pair of cute panties and a little garterbelt and a slip!" she cried out. "How perfectly sweet!"

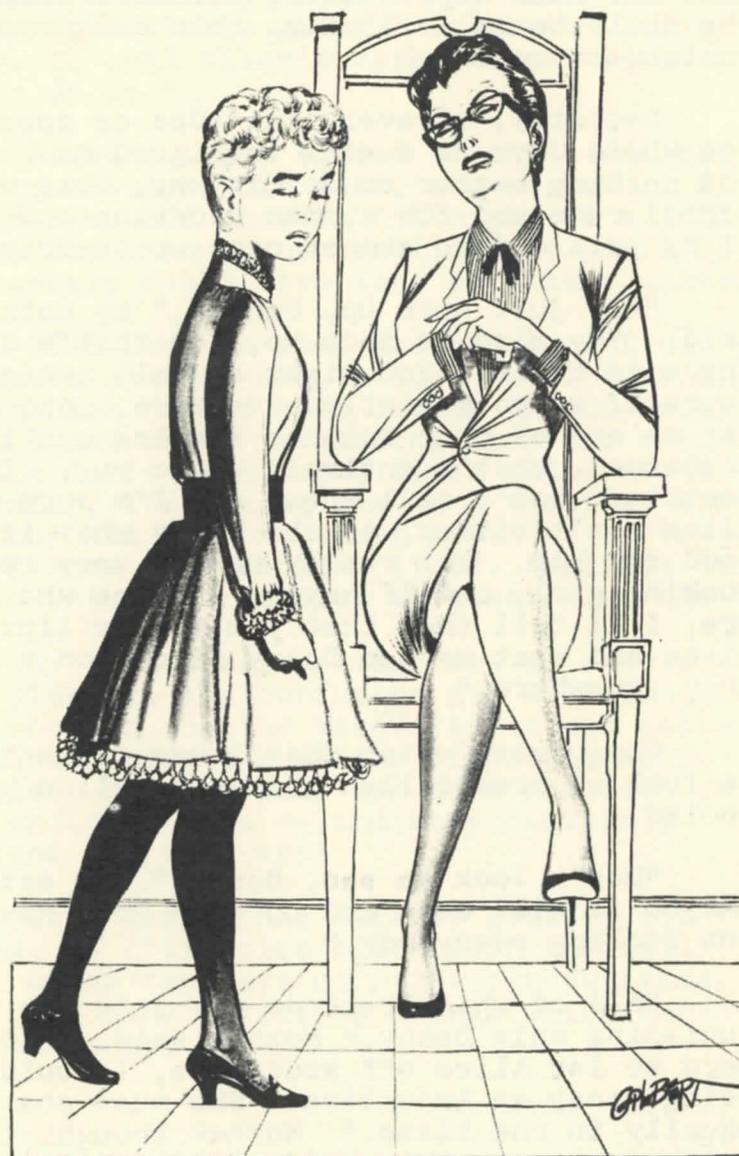
I was so embarrassed by this time that I could have cheerfully dug a deep hole and buried myself in it. I couldn't be certain whether or not Mother was being sarcastic. Maybe she really dug my being dressed up. In any case, I fervently desired to be transported to the dark side of the moon.

"Anyway," Mother said, "I can't say I much like the idea of the two of you doing this little stunt while I'm not here. No telling what it might lead to." Alice and I exchanged quick looks which, thank heaven, mother didn't see. She went on: "I imagine some sort of punishment is called for." She thought for a long two minutes. "I have it!" she exclaimed.

"What?" I inquired morosely, knowing how very inventive Mother could be in the matter of punishments.

"I'll just match the punishment with the crime. You will have to stay dressed as a girl for ... let's see ... ten days. By the end of that time, you ought to be sick and tired of this perfectly silly masquerade."

"Oh, no, Mother," I cried out. "Not that! ... Anything but that! ... Why, if my friends find out, I'll be ruined for life! ... Please think of some other way of punishing me! I'll never live it down!"



I really laid it on thick, for I knew that the more I protested, the more adamant she would be in inflicting this catastrophic punishment on me.

Secretly, however, the idea of spending ten whole days as a girl intrigued me. I had nothing better to do, anyway, what with school recessed for summer vacation and most of my pals off to summer camp or on trips.

"Now just hush up, Daniel," my mother said. "My mind is made up, and that's all there is to it! You might as well resign yourself to your little adventure. And as far as any of your friends finding out is concerned, that's entirely up to you. I certainly won't tell them, and I'm sure Alice won't either, if she knows what is good for her. You really make a very real-looking girl, and if anyone asks me who you are, I'll tell them that you are my little niece and that my son Danny is off on a trip somewhere."

Consummate actor that I was, I managed to look so crestfallen that even Alice was fooled.

"Don't look so sad, Danny," she said. "Maybe it will even end up with your having fun fooling everybody."

"All of which reminds me: it's not fair punishing only Danny," Mother said. "If I were to let Alice off scot-free, I would be doing Danny an injustice. She must share equally in the blame." Mother thought for another moment, then said, "Alice will be required to come over here every day to help

with the housework and act as a constant companion for my niece — my brand-new and beautiful little niece! Otherwise I might have to tell Alice's mother what she has been up to."

Alice quickly agreed to the terms of her probation. In fact, she winked at me to tip me off that it all might be a lot more fun than Mother realized it would be. We surely would have lots of time together.

"You must go home and change out of Danny's clothes now, Alice, and then bring them back before your mother discovers them. But Danny won't be needing them for a week and a half! Tomorrow, first thing in the morning, I'm taking him on a shopping trip to buy him his own sweet feminine wardrobe, as I know of a darling little boutique in town which specializes in cases like his."

By this time, my mind was in a whirl of pleasure and confusion and a little bit of concern that my masquerade might accidentally become a matter of public knowledge. But the next ten days promised to be exciting ones — and they certainly turned out that way!

This letter has already gone on too long, so I'll write again soon and tell you of my ten days of petticoat punishment and the many thrilling things which happened to me.

— Danielle, Calif.

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Dear Editor:

During my early years in London, being an ardent transvestite at heart and in spirit, I was anxious to meet other deviant souls with the same interest I had. So I inserted a legitimate advertisement in a well-known "exotic" magazine:

"Author engaged in research on female impersonations. Information requested."

I really was an author and I felt entirely justified in placing the ad. Other persons, not necessarily authors but just as lonely as I, phrased their ads in a terminology one learned to recognize as revealing, possibly, an interest in transvestic matters. For instance: "Wanted, six inch high-heeled court shoes, any color, size 10." Or: "For sale, black and scarlet wasp-waist corset." Or: "Wanted to buy: black velvet evening gown, bust 46", waist 43", hips 45"."

Such articles as shoulder-length wigs, knee-high lace-up boots in large sizes, black satin figure-fitting gowns, French maids' outfits seemed invariably to provide the clues one needed to find the TVs in town.

The first reply to my advertisement led me to a dark and dismal house on the outskirts of the city. I had started off on my journey eager and excited at the prospect of meeting a fellow transvestite, but when I saw the large rambling gloomy Victorian residence with its grubby curtains and windows hermetically sealed, I grew apprehensive. It was a house one would

associate with the macabre stories of Edgar Allan Poe. I wondered as I stepped through the forbidding doorway if I would meet with sudden brutal murder!

I took a deep breath and knocked on the once-ornate door with my knuckles, scattering a shower of flaked and blistered paint on my shoes. I heard heavy footsteps in the hallway, and I very nearly turned and ran. But such was my need for TV companionship that I decided to stick it out, no matter what, and the door creaked open with dread deliberation but no more than half a foot. A rotund, rosy-cheeked face which had weathered sixty years or more, appeared in the aperture.

"Ah! I've been expecting you. Do come in," said a gentle voice.

I squeezed in the doorway, which opened only a few more inches for me, clutching the suitcase in which my "girl within" was temporarily incarcerated.

My host stood six-feet-two in his stockinged feet — he wore no shoes or carpet slippers — and weighed, at a guess, about 15 stone (210 pounds in America). I went with him up a bare, creaking, dusty stairway and into a large room.

"How nice to meet you! ... Do make yourself comfortable. ... Will you have a drink?" The voice was as tender as any woman's.

As he excused himself to bring refreshments, I glanced around the room. He had evidently had a cleaning-up operation for

my visit but it hadn't been very thorough. The floor and furniture had been washed and polished, but the space under the table and chair and under the long wardrobe was thick with grime. Even the lampshade suspended from the ceiling bore an inch-thick layer of dust and soot.

My host returned with a flagon of beer and a china cup with the handle missing. These he delicately balanced on a small table, inviting me to help myself and excusing himself once more while he went to change. He pointed to my suitcase and said: "I'd love for you to change too." There was no mention of my advertisement at all.

Still nervous, for the house was so dark and the silence was so intense that I could hear myself breathe, I decided not to dress just now but to wait and see if everything was all right. There was so much I did not know. Was this mysterious host the sole occupant of this dismal tomb? Were there bodies buried in some remote room where even whispers were silenced? I heard the distinct pounding of the Tell-Tale Heart, only to discover that it was my own.

Yes, my eagerness to open my suitcase and dress and make myself up into my alter ego had long since vanished. My mind was too much on Edgar Allan Poe. I wondered if some accursed raven would come tapping, tapping, tapping at the chamber door. Or whether I might be expected to give the star performance at some real-life premature burial. Or perhaps it was time for the House of Usher to fall, taking me to grim destruction.

An hour passed. Then the door opened. Facing me was my host, transformed into my hostess, completely dressed in a white lace blouse and what appeared to be the widest skirts I had ever seen on a woman. A blonde wig rested on his head. I was really quite astonished at the change. He looked the part, and his gestures were those of a woman. He spoke more gently than ever, and it was now evident that he was a kindly, lonely soul.

Among other things, he told me that in his youth he had been a professional female impersonator and that he now shared this house with an old lady of eighty who lived in the room above. He asked me why I had not changed and seemed so concerned that I decided that I would.

As I knelt to open my bag, my host said, "I have something to tell you, and only my lady friend upstairs knows about it." His secret information revealed the fact that he "just adored" petticoats — "long swishy petticoats." I stood up again, doomed in my own attempts to dress. "At this very moment," my new friend went on, "I'm wearing forty of them."

"Forty?" I gasped. "But how could you possibly fasten them around your waist?"

"They are specially made for me," he replied with a hint of pride in his voice. "If you don't believe me, I will show you." He moved toward me with great difficulty, and there came a rustling sound so loud it was like wind rushing through trees during a brisk gale.



I pulled up a chair. "I just can't believe it," I said. "Do sit down and tell me all about it."

But my friend found it impossible to sit. Slowly, he began to unfasten a wide black plastic belt around his enormous waist. Then the counting began: "One ... two ... three ... four" By the time he had reached twenty, he was exhausted, but even then he could not sit down. The petticoats, ankle length, were of the most exquisite colors and materials.

And there were forty! Ultimately, he sat down, breathing heavily, the petticoats forming a rainbow-hued mountain around his feet. He beamed at me and was not in the least self-conscious wearing only his long white Victorian pantaloons and stout whale-bone corsets. When he had recovered, he tripped across the room to the long wardrobe and flung open the sliding doors. In it were row upon row of petticoats — taffeta, silk, satin, velvet, lawn, lace, nylon, moire — each of a different color.

"I could wear more than forty," said my host as he ran his fingers caressingly over the hanging garments. He looked at me shyly. "Would you like to try one on?" he invited.

Frankly, I had no desire to do so, but I felt as if I ought to reciprocate the courtesy he had shown me. So I agreed.

"Then do try this one." He handed me a very heavy gleaming taffeta petticoat, and I slipped it over my head.

I felt very self-conscious and quite foolish. I held it at the waist and sat down. My host in his Victorian underwear sat down by my side, and his eyes gleamed with pleasure.

"I have another secret," he whispered. I wondered if this further confession would prove equally piquant, but before I ventured to say anything, my host went on: "Sometimes I dress as a little baby, and my lady friend nurses me."

The vision of an old lady of eighty cuddling a fifteen-stone baby on her lap carried me to the fringes of hysteria. She must be a formidable old lady, I thought, and I constantly had a mental picture of her tossing wrestlers over her shoulder with consummate ease.

This was too much! I dared not laugh. Nevertheless, I had an urgent compulsion to leave, for I had no inclination to see my friend dressed in diapers, crying to be petted and nursed by me. After all, I was a mere stripling of eight stone (112 lbs.)!

I suddenly remembered that I had some urgent business to take care of, and I excused myself hastily and fled from the House of Usher before it began to fall.

This, alas, was not to be my last adventure among the kindred deviants of the London TV underground.

My next encounter with a transvestite correspondent took me to a splendid villa on an island in the Thames near Runnymede.

Here my reception was on a more lavish scale and I sat down to a table laid with cut-glass fruit and salad bowls and the family silver. And after lunch I was ushered into a lovely, femininely appointed bedroom with snow-white rugs upon which one feared to tread. I was given the freedom of a dressing table and an array of cosmetics the like of which I had never before seen.

Eventually, clad in a nice red satin cocktail dress bought at a bargain sale, a second-hand blonde wig on my head, and bargain basement red high-heeled court shoes on my dainty feet, I suppressed my "girl within" while I strode manfully down the carpeted stairway to present myself to my host.

I mention the fact that I strode manfully because my host was an RAF group captain, and I had no wish to appear too feminine in front of a man who had led bomber squadrons on a hundred daring raids over Germany. But I needed not have any qualms, for when my host came out from an adjoining room to greet me, he had changed into a ravishing, tight-fitting dress which was striped blue and silver. He flaunted an eighteen-inch-long amber cigarette holder between his faultlessly gloved fingers. And he wore the highest of all possible heels with ease and grace.

We sat down to dinner and conversed pleasantly. To me, my "hostess" was Gertrude. Yet somehow, in spite of her kindness and affability, I felt ill at ease and dared not glance at her too often.



You see, Gertrude sported a huge bushy RAF-type mustache. And it really embarrassed me to keep saying: "Yes, Gertrude ... Of course, Gertrude ... Indeed, Gertrude ... I think your makeup looks just splendid, Gertrude"

Well, how would you react to a meeting with a beautifully dressed lady who had a handlebar mustache?

In the course of my unending search for TV companionship, I was invited to the home of yet another transvestite. No cut-glass bowls or gleaming cutlery here! Not even a carpet of the lounge which smelled of stale beer and dampnesses of an unspecified nature. And when this, my third hostess presented herself, I felt as though I had been confronted by some freakish creature who had recently escaped from a horror film.

She was as grotesque as a circus clown in drag. A long green sequined satin evening gown which trailed along the floor, the hem no longer green but black with dirt. The sequins hung by their threads. Long, shoulder-length gloves smeared with foundation cream, mascara, lipstick, and eye-shadow. Gypsy earrings which swung down to her shoulders. She did wear a wig which I first mistook for a kitchen mop. Around her neck she had fastened a necklace of pearls as big as marbles, and her arms were weighted down with brass bangles. Each of her gloved fingers bore a theatrical ring with colored stones. When she turned toward the full-length mirror to survey her weird beauty, a ragged tear in her gown revealed a glimpse of silken underwear which had not

ever made the acquaintance of soap and water.

The scene was tragicomedy at its highest peak, for my hostess considered herself to be the very epitome of feminine pulchritude!

Her makeup was horrific. Theatrical greasepaint lay thick upon her face, yet completely failed to cover the stubble of a three-day growth of beard on her chin. She wore two-inch-long false eyelashes, each single lash adorned with a raggedy glop of mascara. Her cheeks were crimson. Her lipstick reached from nose to chin in a red slash an inch wide and an inch thick.

Singlehandedly, the poor creature — whose name happened to be "Felicity" — had set the practice of transvestism back a good twenty years!

I'll close this overlong letter now, so that I might go out and collect more oddments of the TV world for reportage at some future time.

— Miss Fortune, London

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Dear Editor:

As a transvestite who was introduced to skirts by means of wearing rather feminine kilts as a child in Scotland, I have undertaken the study of the practice of kilting young boys as a mode of petticoat

punishment — that is, using the common practice of kilting young boys as a rationalization for further attempts at feminizing young men. Some of the letters which I've received from my various contacts in going about my research might be of interest to your readers.

One mother writes: "I was delighted in the mother who makes her son wear a little petticoat under his kilts. Like her, I make my 15-year-old son wear a kilt at home. He wears silk knickers under it and a pinafore over it when he is in the house, and his dress has a marked effect on his behaviour. I am now getting him some petticoats to wear under it, as I think they'll add much to his smart appearance. He will not, however, wear them as punishment but as a regular part of his turnout. In the winter he wears a jersey and in the summer he wears a blouse."

Another letter reads: "There is a noticeable trend in the direction of prettier clothes for boys among ultra-smart women, as I have discovered in my capacity of fashion designer. It really surprises me how often boys are brought to me with the request for a pretty costume to be worn in the home. One woman I know has a great partiality for kilts for her boy of fourteen. A genuine Scotch kilt is quite expensive, and to avoid this she purchases some plaid skirts made for girls which, having less material and fewer pleats, are sold in any good dress shop for about a quarter of the price for kilts. Her boy must wear these and he looks very well in them with a white lace blouse and a short velvet bolero-type

jacket, of which he has several colors. As she is a believer in having everything of the best, she makes him wear undeneath a little white embroidered petticoat together with white lace-trimmed drawers and either white ankle socks or black stockings which are tethered to little garterbelt suspenders. A sporran — a type of pocketbook worn at the waist with real kilts — is not considered necessary. I should like to point out that this dress is not worn as punishment but as the boy's normal attire when he is at home. Whether he objects to it or not, I cannot say. But he always seems docile enough when brought in for fittings."

Here is another letter telling us of the use of the kilt for stylish dressing of a boy: "I am a maid to a lady who has a son of twelve years, and she is most particular as to his attire and deportment. He is a very nice subdued boy. About three o'clock he is taken to the dressing-room and disrobed. I then put on his corsets, which are eighteen inches exactly and come well down over his hips and reach up to the armpits, fastening over the shoulders by means of straps. He then dons black silk stockings, two very stiff and starchy petticoats, much beribboned, and a dainty camisole. A thin silk blouse is then put on him and a well-cut kilt goes over little lacy panties, and then his black velvet jacket. This reaches only to within five inches of his waist and the sleeves reach just below his elbows and meet his white kid gloves. I draw a wide patent-leather belt around his waist, and then I put a blue ribbon bow at the top of his head. He makes a very chic appearance."

And still another letter from a mother who uses the time-honored petticoat punishment to control her son: "I was glad to see a letter from another mother and learn that, like me, she dresses her boy in a kilt. I am even more pleased to learn that, acting on my advice, she is now getting him little petticoats to wear under it along with his little white silk knickers. I am certain that she will find that the wearing of petticoats will not only increase his smart appearance but also will keep him docile and well-behaved and obedient. I do not know what style of petticoats she has in mind for him, but I would suggest the same kind as my boy is required to wear.

"What I refer to is what are usually known as 'princess' petticoats with built-up shoulders, high neck, and very full gathered skirts. In my own boy's case, his petticoats have draw-tapes sewn into them at neck and waist, which can be double-knotted to prevent his undoing them. And they are made to button down the back, of course, from neck to waist, which means he must be literally 'fastened' into them. Once tied up in his petticoats, he cannot undo or remove them without assistance.

"I was delighted, too, to see that she favors the wearing of pinafores by boys. From the disciplinary point of view, the 'pinnie' is the ideal garment. It has a pretty look, protects his clothes, and at the same time, along with petticoats, provides the boy with a constant unpleasant reminder of the fact that he is still, to all intents and purposes, a mere child and is to be treated as such."

And still another mother uses petticoat punishment to control her teen-age son: "I have a daughter aged 18 and a son of 15. I have been able to keep many of the girl's clothes for the boy's use at home, particularly her short frocks and kilts, white frilled knickers, petticoats, and pretty white embroidered pinafores. Much to my annoyance, when the boy sits down he will tug at the skirt of his kilt or frock so as to conceal his frilly panties and pettis. I was at my wits' end until I decided the only way to handle this was by very rigorous discipline. On the threat of caning, he must always pull the skirt of his frock up to about three inches above his knees when he sits down. This action allows a sufficient display of lacy and beribboned little frills.

"A close friend of mine made her 11-year-old boy do this. He objected vigorously at first, but she cured him in the following manner:

"She invited three of her lady friends to tea. Then she tied the boy face down on the couch, turned back his little kilt and pettis he was wearing at the time, and gave him a few strokes of the hairbrush across his lace-pantied bottom.

"She left the boy lying there without turning his kilt and petticoats down while she and the ladies enjoyed their tea. This humiliation and the spanking taught the boy that it was much better to do as he was told. Eventually he learned that there was nothing to be ashamed of in wearing frills and frocks."

Here is another letter which deals with pinafore punishment: "I was reading about a boy of eighteen whose mother dresses him in a kilt with white embroidered petticoat and knickers underneath. This big boy must have been very sheepish and ashamed in his smart and pretty attire, especially when he was made to lift up his little kilt while they inspected his little white lace petticoat and dainty panties with their lovely old-fashioned lace trimming. No wonder the boy blushed!"

Another letter reads: "My widowed sister's boy Brian, 15 years old, gradually is becoming less unruly, less conceited, and less troublesome, owing entirely to his being put in kilts, velvet frocks, and pinafores and bibs, along with starched and frilly petticoats and elaborate lace-trimmed knickers. The latter always show noticeably through his pettis or beneath his short skirt and velvet frocks. Evenings, his tightly suspended silk stockings, firmly attached to his tiny-waisted, well-boned corset, are invariably worn. His carriage is becoming upright and graceful, so very different from the slovenly, mannerless appearance he once had. During weekends, if my sister should take him out to tea, he is still dressed in the exacting kilt or frock. These he dons as soon as he returns from school, and the frills on his petticoats and the lace on his panties can be seen with every step on their walk outside."

One mother has adopted more infantile dress for her son of 15. She says: "His kilts and frocks are specially designed, and they are perfect garments for boys who

are under corrective training. The most important feature about them is the exaggeratedly youthful style. In the case of his kilts, they are extremely short. And in the case of his frocks, they consist of a tiny, skimpy bodice ending level with the bottom of the armholes and then a full-gathered skirt which hangs down direct from this. These garments barely cover his bottom when he is standing upright, and the least movement of his arms suffices to lift the lacy hems even higher. Any rough behaviour or horseplay results in his showing off all of his extremely babyish underwear — frilly pettis and brief panties lavish with lace trim. In keeping with his pert little kilts and dainty little frocks, his panties and pettis are exquisite! They are trimmed with very plentiful embroidery and frequent insertions of lace, through which is threaded long blue silk ribbon tied at intervals."

Well, by now you get the picture of paticcoat punishments as it has been practiced in the past by mothers who are determined to maintain iron control over their sons.

My research continues, and I would very much like to hear from any readers who endured this kind of punishment — or mothers who may still use it. You may write to me in care of the publishers of this booklet.

Meanwhile, happy cross-dressing!

— Kiltie, Nova Scotia

==== THE END ====

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