

My Waterproof Memoirs

by

'Anorak'

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Note – I have tried to use my own photographs where possible but there are a few which I have either found on the internet or on eBay and have chosen them because they very clearly illustrate what I have been describing in the text. If any of these photographs are yours or you know who they may belong to, firstly please accept my sincere apologies and secondly please do not hesitate to contact me and I will remove them immediately.

My Waterproof Memoirs

Following messages and e-mails from fellow rubber and rainwear enthusiasts since joining RubberPal I have decided to write what I have called *My Waterproof Memoirs*.

It is an attempt to document how my fetish has developed through my life so far, from as far back as I can remember to now, describing key happenings and scenarios, how I reacted to them, what they meant to me, and other such ramblings.

My rubber and rainwear fetish has been a secret which I have had all my life and apart from only openly sharing bits of it with one other person prior to now, this is the first time I have ever described every aspect of it, warts and all.

As I now realise my fetish is not going to go away, and that it is a fundamental and significant part of who I am, I am hoping that by writing this it may help me better understand it, perhaps encourage me to respect it rather than be ashamed of it, and also perhaps help me get the most out of it. Also, reading this may help others to understand more about their own fetishes and see if they recognise similar behaviours, reactions and possible synergies.

This is not in any way intended to be a literary masterpiece, but perhaps more of a scrapbook. I barely managed to achieve an 'O' Level in English Language, and being an Engineer I am not renowned for my writings. In fact I think this is the most I have ever written in my life!

Finally I hope that by reading this people may understand that I'm not really a weird freak, just a normal bloke who for some reason had his brain wired up slightly differently to others.

Read it at your peril.

Anorak
July 2010

ps – for obvious reasons I have only used my RubberPal username here, but for personal correspondence I will use my real name.

Introduction

I have been aware of the very strong and arousing effect rubber and waterproof clothing has had on me since I was probably about 3 years old, and the fact that seeing, hearing, smelling and in particular feeling it provides a rush of excitement as well as invoking a strong sense of pleasure and comfort, this has not been without feelings of awkwardness and shame coupled with guilt and embarrassment.

For most of my life I have had this overwhelming sense of fear that my sordid 'secret' could be discovered. Having now joined RubberPal and the International Association of Rubberists I find I am now openly 'coming out' about my fetish, although only to people who are in a position to be able to understand what it is about certain fabrics that can affect you in this way.

I'm hoping joining these sites may help me understand my fetish, maybe help me deal with the associated guilt and awkwardness I feel, but conversely help me embrace it and enjoy it to the full, after all it is part of who I am especially now that I understand I cannot rid myself from it.

I also hope that it will provide a conduit for me to engage with other people who also share these feelings (bearing in mind it was only a few years ago I thought I was the only person on the planet who was like this) and who knows, I may possibly meet a lifetime partner to share this with.

It has always fascinated me why the feel, look, sound or smell of smooth waterproof fabric be it nylon, pvc or rubber stimulates me as it does and I thought it may be an interesting exercise to document the history of my attraction to rubber, rainwear and other stuff.

Furthermore it may also be of interest to other fellow rainwear and rubber enthusiasts, especially those with an interest in the psychology of fetishism.

Enough of the pre-amble, let me get on with describing early experiences which may point to where this all started from.

The Beginning

I was born in 1966 in North London, the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson hospital to be precise, and lived with both my parents in a small first floor flat in Hampstead Garden Suburb until 1969 when we moved to Billericay in Essex. I am the eldest of four, my first sibling not arriving until after the first four and a half years of my life.

My first ever recollection of waterproof fabric was when my mother used to take me to visit an elderly couple who lived in a neighbouring flat in Hampstead Garden Suburb. I remember the lady had an old fashioned wicker shopping basket on wheels, which had a thin plastic liner and I was fascinated by the fabric of this liner. I can vaguely remember stroking it with my hand when we went to visit, liking the smooth and cold texture it had. Looking back I assume this fabric must have been PVC and, though I cannot recollect, I would imagine it would also have had a quite distinctive PVC smell to it.

Due to the fact this happened when we lived in the flat in London prior to moving to Essex in the summer of 1969, it would have been prior to me being three years old although when exactly during that period I have no way of telling.

Many years later, probably when I was in my twenties or so, I can remember my mother, no doubt during one of those 'do you remember when...' type evenings commenting on the fact I used to stroke the plastic liner of this little old ladies basket on wheels. Naturally I'd be horrified this had been brought up, especially as no doubt it was in front of other people, and I would vehemently deny any recollection of such actions!

There are a few other scenarios which I can remember from a very early age, probably after moving out of London but certainly before my sixth birthday. What order they happened in or what age I was I cannot remember, so they may not necessarily have happened in the order I'll now describe them.

Paddling Pool

One involved me playing in the garden with a little girl who is the same age as me and is the daughter of one of my father's oldest friends. Her family lived in Sutton Coldfield and we used to go and stay with them when I was very young.

She and I were playing in her back garden with a paddling pool. I can't remember what time of year it was and whether we were naked or not, but the pool was empty and not inflated. I can remember climbing inside it and pulling part of it over my head in such a way that I was inside a PVC 'clam', being completely enveloped by it and thoroughly enjoying the sensation. On this occasion I not only remember the smooth plasticky feel of the material but also that distinctive PVC aroma. I can remember suggesting to my friend that she might want to climb inside the pool as well on the pretence that we could hide inside it in-case the *grown ups* were looking for us.

I was strongly aware of a 'nice feeling' whilst being enveloped by this material and wanted to find a word or expression which could be used to describe this type of material. The expression I came up with was *foof-foof*. To me this expression summed up the nice feel to the texture, the smell, no doubt the sound and also the sight of this fabric. Looking back I can only assume my word 'foof-foof' must have come from 'waterproof' although at such an early age I have no recollection of having that word said to me by anyone.

Sailing

The next scenarios are all associated with sailing and sailing type rainwear and are my first ever recollections of actual clothing made from waterproof fabric.

When on holiday at my Grandparents in Mudeford on the South Coast, my father once went sailing with a friend of his. I had somehow by now already associated sailing with a need to wear something waterproof (or foof-foof) and hence I was very keen to find out what clothing my father had used for his sailing trip. I have very vague memories of being in a boathouse or something similar with my father and his friend and seeing the waterproof garments hanging up on the wall – all I can remember about them is one was blue and the other was red. I remember asking if I could put one on and disappointingly being told I couldn't.

Why did I want to put one on? Somehow by that age there was already a fascination for this type of fabric and an eagerness to get up close to it!

Around this time I also remember being quite interested in things you could blow up (from an inflatable perspective rather than the destructive side) and had no-doubt thought how wonderful it might be if you could have a coat which was not only waterproof but could also be blown up (this I presume may well have come from the

paddling pool adventures described above). At this point in my life I didn't know for sure that an inflatable blow up coat necessarily existed but I do remember asking my father after he had returned from his sailing outing if he had worn a coat that you blew up. When telling me that he had I remember getting quite excited at the prospect, although I don't know if at that age I would have necessarily associated this with a life jacket.

Inflatable life jackets have also been an interest of mine and I guess this is where it stemmed from (it was not until I was in my early twenties that I had the opportunity to finally wear a life jacket, although for many years I had fanaticised about it).

Another scenario I strongly recollect happened again when I was staying at my Grandparents' bungalow in Mundeford. My grandmother rode a scooter at the time and would wear a set of heavy duty yellow sailing oilskins when riding it. I remember these oilskins were hanging up in the bedroom I was staying in, conveniently close to my bed! Feelings of guilt and embarrassment must have already been stirring in my head because rather than just try them on secretly during the night (as one would do now of course!) I asked my grandmother if I could put them on. For reasons I will never know (maybe they were a bit dirty or something) she said I couldn't, but she said I could stroke them. I probably went to sleep that night gently caressing the smooth cold fabric.

A further scenario involved a school trip to Southend, which included a visit to the RNLI lifeboat station and were given a tour round. Naturally for me the key items of interest were the lifeboat men's yellow oilskins and their fantastic looking red inflatable lifejackets. There was something about these large inflatable jackets which you wore around your neck and strapped tightly to your chest which really excited me. They also seemed quite long and appeared to be low enough that they would hang below your crotch. The thought of wearing one and it being inflated and pressing into that area I thought would be quite an amazing feeling.

During the tour one of the lifeboat men asked for a volunteer to try on one of the lifejackets. Oh my God how I wished I had been that person, but I was so scared of anyone suspecting I might enjoy it I made out that I was not at all interested; the truth however was the exact opposite. This reaction of mine in front of others was to severely restrict potential 'fetish' opportunities throughout my life, whereby I would deny myself chances to try on wonderful clothing or equipment due to my fear of being 'found out'.

To this day I would love to somehow get hold of an old set of RNLI waterproofs and inflatable RNLI lifejacket.

The following photo on the next page shows the oilskins and lifejackets of the type demonstrated to us at Southend.



Old photo of Lifeboat men in their old fashioned waterproofs and fabulous chunky blow up lifejackets

With my father's interest in sailing and boating there were a couple of books around the house on this subject, both being written in the sixties. To my delight they each included a couple of black and white photographs of people in waterproof sailing gear. One of the books had a photograph of a rather stern and not particularly attractive lady, however to me her saving grace was the wonderful oilskin suit she was wearing which comprised a PVC hooded anorak with press stud fastenings and accompanied with matching waterproof trousers. This suit was of a similar style to that worn by my grandmother which I referred to above.

I have included a copy of the photograph on the next page.



1960s style PVC Sailing Waterproofs

Even at this young age I would fantasise of a lady such as this wearing these oilskins and just wrapping herself around me so that I was completely held in her waterproof embrace.

The other book had two photographs which held a special interest for me, one being a child in a swimming pool demonstrating an inflatable life jacket, and the other which must be one of my all time favourites of a young couple in a set of more modern sailing waterproofs, this time a waterproof smock with a hood and again with waterproof trousers. The woman, who this time was extremely attractive, had her hood up so that she was completely waterproofed - I still find this photo very arousing.



Attractive lady in her waterproof smock with hood up. Smaller picture of boy, demonstrating inflatable lifejacket in swimming pool

I would also love reading the text in these books where it would describe the types of waterproofs which should be worn together with particular features and fabrics they

would be made from, as well as the manufacturers which in many cases sadly no longer exist.

An Anorak Causing My First Sexual Awareness

A very significant situation happened yet again on the south coast (we would always holiday down there near my grandparents) and parts of it are so vivid in my memory it could have happened only yesterday. My family and I were staying in a small hotel in Highcliffe for a few days and one particular day my father went off on his own to buy himself a new anorak. Due to the popularity of sailing in the area there was no shortage of shops where one could buy waterproof clothing, however one shop in particular apparently had a very good reputation, this being The Anorak Shop in Poole, and this is where my father went on his quest. Sadly this shop has long since closed down and I never had the opportunity to visit it, however I would often fantasise about the inevitable rails of waterproof anoraks hanging up throughout the shop.

Anyway, the anorak which my father bought was typical of type worn during the 1970s, navy blue quilted proofed nylon with a hood, a full length zip, elasticated knitted cuffs and white drawstrings with large white plastic toggles around the hood and the lower hem. I was totally fascinated by this anorak, but by now was also very aware that this interest was perhaps not 'normal' and that I should keep these feelings strictly to myself. I also was beginning to feel a little foolish over being so interested in an anorak, and was also developing my first feelings of guilt over my increasing desire to wear, touch or even to think about an anorak.

I can't quite remember if the whole family was sharing one room or we had two adjoining rooms (I think my sister had been born by now which would put the period at about 1971 and so I must have been five) but I was on the upper bunk of a bunk bed. The new anorak was hung up on the back of the door and my parents had gone downstairs one evening after having put me and my baby sister to bed. I can remember almost shaking with excitement, as I had planned to creep out of bed whilst my parents were out of the room and have a go at wearing this wonderful piece of clothing. Although I had imagined what it would be like to put it on, nothing could have prepared me for the fabulous feeling it gave me when I was inside it. I pulled the hood up, zipped it right up and pulled the drawstrings as tight as possible so it completely cocooned me due to its huge size on my small body. The feel of the waterproof fabric against me (I think I removed my pyjamas prior to putting it on) was just incredible and the smell of the new waterproof nylon was just so intense. I felt so safe and comfortable and did not want to ever take it off. It gave me the feeling that it was protecting me and I was completely dependent on it, almost like it was some living thing which was supporting me. What I would have done had my parents returned prematurely I have no idea and I think I would have died with embarrassment – this is still an emotion I fear even today at the prospect of ever being caught.

I was also aware of what may well have been my first conscious erection, and although I no doubt had probably had many prior to that moment, it confirmed the fact that waterproof clothing and associated stimulation of my senses gave me erections. I was far too young to understand what it was, or even the fact that it was a sexual thing, but it was definitely causing sexual stimulation, to the extent that even thinking about an anorak would cause an erection!

I was also aware that having an erection felt really nice, especially when it was inside the anorak and was being enveloped by the cool waterproof fabric. The more I either thought about anoraks, felt the material or put them on the more frequent erections would get, which then felt even nicer! This was also further enhanced if the

waterproof fabric came into contact with my penis, this obviously being facilitated by wearing them whilst naked.



Similar style of quilted anorak to the one described

I am sure this anorak formed a key milestone in the early development of my fetish, and there would be many times during its life I would wear it. One particular occasion was when my father and I were travelling again down to the South Coast, this time for my aunt's wedding. This was February 1972, so I was not yet six. My mother and baby sister were both suffering from chicken pox at the time and hence only my father and I could attend the wedding. I was sitting in the back of the car on the long drive down from Essex and *the anorak* was alongside me on the back seat. I was letting my hand surreptitiously stroke it without my father noticing during the journey, and I spent much of the journey trying to think of possible legitimate reasons whereby I could actually wear it. I think I must have complained about being really cold or something but I did in the end pluck up the courage and ask my father if I could put it on. To my sheer delight he said I could on the condition that I would have to take it off when we arrived at my aunt's in-case she may think I was a bit silly wearing it. Whilst I eagerly climbed into the anorak and remained inside it for much of the journey, following my father's remark I was also very concerned about what my aunt would think if she saw me wearing it. I am sure this no doubt added greatly to how embarrassed I can even now feel when wearing rainwear in public due to my lifelong fear of being 'found out'.

Another scenario involving a similar anorak occurred when some close family friends took me to stay with relatives of theirs near Great Yarmouth – the boy in this family had an identical anorak to my father's and I can remember repeatedly saying I was cold when we were on the beach so that I could then legitimately ask to put his anorak on! The boy was a few years older than me so his anorak was also quite large on me (I think they did let me wear it in the end). It seems strange in hindsight how in some circumstances I would resist the urge to don rainwear in public due to

the feelings of awkwardness and guilt, yet other times I would positively go out of my way to generate a situation whereby I could wear it.

I think therefore that by the age of six my fetish was already quite well developed, certainly as far as anoraks and sailing attire was concerned, and this also included inflatable items in particular inflatable lifejackets.

There were times for example after I had gone to bed where I would pretend to wear a lifejacket by strapping one of my pillows to my front using my dressing gown cord, just to see what it might feel like to have this bulky thing attached to your front. Even though the pillow wasn't made of waterproof material and wasn't inflatable, the feeling it would create would still invoke an involuntary erection.

I was already well versed in the art of thinking out a strategy which could involve the wearing of waterproof clothing, my imagination conjuring up all kinds of scenarios where the wearing of one was completely logical and rational, and why did people not normally wear them in such a scenario. For example, wearing one naked would ensure you kept dry in wet weather, but then did not get too warm as a result of the other clothes one would be wearing underneath - It makes perfect sense to me!

Although I now had a *healthy* interest in rainwear, the extent to which I had been exposed to rubber by now I was not too sure about, although just the aroma or feel of rubber would at that age have got my pulse going involuntarily. It is quite likely that as a baby I would have been laid on a rubber sheet in my cot and no doubt had my nappy changed whilst on a rubber changing mat, so it could well be these were the initial catalysts for my fetish.

The only rubber items I specifically remember from my early childhood were a pair of rubberised cotton Lilos which my grandparents owned and we would always take to the beach – old fashioned Lilos had a quite fantastic smell to them especially when they had been left out in the hot sun. Maybe it was a combination of this smell, the inflatable aspects of them, and the fact that something inside me was somehow triggered causing me to then become *emotionally* affected by anything rubbery, anorak-like, waterproof or inflatable. Something for those psychologists out there to consider maybe?

There were two other minor scenarios I remember from my time living in Essex (prior to my 9th birthday) which have been engrained on my memory, both of them involved watching Blue Peter in the good old days of black and white television.

One involved the presenters exiting a tent wearing a thin but completely waterproof mac and walking around the outside of the tent in the rain. My childhood memory lets me down on specifics here and I can only think in hindsight what was actually going on was that they were perhaps demonstrating a new development in rainwear, I would guess this being the waterproof cagoule, being made of very thin and light material, but being completely waterproof.

Another episode which has also remained in my memory involved someone wearing a fully enclosed suit made of rubber or PVC and a hose being connected to it, with the suit then being inflated. Whether this hose was to provide air for the wearer to breathe or indeed the occupier of the suit was wearing a breathing mask I cannot remember. I have fantasised about being the lucky wearer of that suit for many years!

I would love to one day see these two episodes again as not only have they fascinated me in quite an erotic sense for the best part of forty years now, but it would be interesting to see what each episode really was about.

The Waterproof Smock

In 1975 my family and I moved to Harrogate in North Yorkshire, and although I had just turned nine when we left the South, I have always considered Yorkshire to be my true home. One of the many great things about living in Yorkshire is the awe-inspiring and dramatic countryside, especially the two National Parks, namely the Yorkshire Dales and the North Yorkshire Moors. Living on the doorstep of these incredible landscapes meant that school trips and many family weekend outings were spent hiking, and hiking meant having decent waterproof clothing!

Fairly soon after starting at my new school in Yorkshire I went on a week long outwards bound course to a wonderful place called Ingleborough Hall in the north of the Dales. We were told in advance what kit to take with us and this would obviously include walking boots, a rucksack and a waterproof anorak. At that time my main school coat was a padded cotton navy blue affair which came with a hood and a belt, and would probably be described as 'shower proof'. Incidentally it did absolutely nothing for me whatsoever, but my mother deemed it practical for most weathers. It was also, according to her, deemed suitable for me to take on my course.

On arrival one of the first things we had to do was have our kit checked for suitability, with one of the course tutors going through the main items of kit which could be provided by the centre if we didn't have appropriate gear ourselves. When the waterproof anoraks were shown my heart was in my mouth. This was probably the first time in my life I had been in close proximity to a proper heavy duty rubber lined knee length smock style cagoule and I was cursing the fact that I had been sent here with my crappy blue coat. Seeing my school friends, who had been ridiculed on the 3 hour long coach trip for not having brought appropriate clothing with them, being given these waterproof smocks, which to me were the epitome of everything I had ever wanted to wear, filled me with so much envy.

I knew however that my mother would scold me if I didn't wear the coat she had despatched me with (how she would have known I have no idea, but at 9 I was perhaps a bit too honest for my own good!). I was also feeling very awkward about appearing too keen to have one of these lovely red cagoules, especially when my own coat would have sufficed. Unfortunately I bottled it and decided I couldn't justify the need for one and stuck with my own coat. However I was determined that as the week progressed I would be able to demonstrate my blue coat was not up to scratch and before the week was out I did eventually pluck up the courage to ask for one of the centre's cagoules. Needless to say it surpassed all of my expectations and more, and whilst I never had the opportunity to wear it against my bare skin (they had to be hung on a peg in the boot room each evening), it did feel fantastic to wear. It was quite heavy, completely smooth on the inside and large enough so that you were completely enclosed when inside it. The fabric was also very noisy and it had a wonderful smell to it, the musty smell which was no doubt a mixture of the rubber lining and perspiration of numerous occupiers. It was a pullover the head style smock, with a short but very chunky zip just below your chin with a gusset behind the zip. This meant you could have the zip down and still be protected up to your chin, or do the zip up which would close everything around your neck and face – great for that cosy protected feeling. The hood had a drawcord so it could be tightly sealed around your face and there was also a drawcord around the bottom hem, which was almost at your knees. Hence when you were inside it and everything was done up tightly you were completely waterproof and could in essence stand underneath a waterfall all day without a drop of water getting through. The finishing touch was that it was red, as I have always found red waterproof clothing particularly arousing.

Peter Storm

Another great thing about this outwards bound course was one of the female tutors from the centre, who I think it is fair to say I had a bit of a crush on. She was tall and slim with beautiful long dark hair and very attractive. The icing on the cake however was that she wore a royal blue coloured Peter Storm smock style waterproof sailing cagoule. This was, and pretty much still is (although now they are very rare and command high prices if you can find them) the king of waterproofs. Again, like the red cagoule I was fortunate to now be wearing, I had never before been in such close proximity to a cagoule such as this, and it is fair to say I was totally besotted with this lady and her rainwear. I would dream of her wrapping her arms around me whilst she was wearing her cagoule, so that I could feel the cool smooth fabric which was protecting her. I do remember though that she was quite strict (I suppose one has to be when being responsible for an unruly bunch of nine year olds in quite challenging environments) and on those occasions when we were told off I would feel incredibly foolish if she happened to be wearing her cagoule at the time, and would then almost curse myself for having had these day dreams about her wearing her cagoule.

Needless to say on my return home it somehow got out that I used one of the centre's waterproof tops and for some reason my mother was not particularly pleased, questioning why my perfectly adequate blue coat was not suitable!

This was probably my earliest experience of time spent in the Dales and sure enough we would acquire better and more appropriate clothing to cope with all Yorkshire could through at you weather wise. It was now official – my blue coat was no longer up to the job of keeping the rain off!

The time came when I was taken to the local Army & Navy store for my own first proper cagoule. This was an event I was so excited about, as the thought of going into a shop with the soul purpose of trying on numerous waterproofs was unsurpassable (the thought of it even now I find arousing). It was an event which would also fill me with trepidation, and this was due to the awkward and foolish feeling which has plagued the enjoyment of my fetish for my whole life. Furthermore, I just knew I would have an uncontrollable erection which somehow I would have to try and conceal. I had always wanted to go into a shop specialising in anoraks (remember me talking about The Anorak Shop in Poole earlier) and would often fantasise about seeing all of the rails full of anoraks and being able to put any of them on as I pleased. I think though that due to the arousing effect they had on me, whenever I was in a camping shop I would purposefully avoid the waterproof department due to my fear of someone suspecting I was getting some enjoyment out of it.

I remember feeling very awkward when in the shop with my father that day and I probably came across as quite uncooperative, but I was determined no-one would have the lightest inkling I was having the time of my life. In hindsight I wish I had been more 'involved' in the cagoule choosing process because this was a one off opportunity to try on as many cagoules as I could. Looking back my mind boggles at what fabulous rainwear I could have tried and indeed had bought for me! I think in the end I may have only tried two or possibly three waterproofs, and I ended up with a very nice royal blue smock cagoule, with elasticated inner storm cuffs, a zipped chest pocket, neck gusset with white zip and white drawstrings to the hood and lower hem. I don't think it had a particular make but it was clearly a copy of the Peter Storm cagoules I described earlier, even having the small spherical plastic toggles on the drawstrings which were the trade mark of Peter Storm. It was quite large on me (I was by now probably only ten) and I have to confess I totally loved it, though no-one would ever know this! It had a great smell to it and was very noisy and I was also

bought a pair of matching waterproof trousers to go with it, so at last I had my own 100% waterproof suit.

Despite the fact that I would love to wear my cagoule at any opportunity, I also felt very awkward and guilty about wearing it out, and would go to huge lengths to avoid wearing it publicly, despite being told many times by my mother to put it on. I wonder if I would have been as reluctant to wear it had I not been turned on by it. A strange paradox if ever there was one!

Conversely I was always trying to come up with ideas though on how to wear it in private. This was for some years quite difficult because for some reason my mother always kept our cagoules on the top shelf of a wardrobe in my parent's room. I was therefore very keen to somehow persuade my mother that my own cagoule would be better in my own room because I needed it regularly for example when riding my bike. Having summed up the courage to make this request I was thrilled when my mother agreed as I then had the opportunity to play with it on a more regular basis.

I can remember keeping it in my school bag, which I would then place near my bed, so that I could reach into the bag and feel the waterproof fabric with my hand. Another thing I loved to do was to pull one of the sleeves out of the bag, and pull the elasticated cuff around my nose and mouth so that the sleeve was clamped over my face like a breathing mask. I could then breathe away though my nose so that all I could smell was that wonderful 'anorak' aroma! I would also hold the shoulder end of the sleeve tightly in one of my hands so that my breathing would make the sleeve inflate like a giant sausage. Breathing in and out like this I also found quite erotic. This may have a connection to something I will describe a bit later on!

Another 'scenario' I would often attempt to create was to hang my cagoule on the back of my bedroom door and if my mother popped her head into my room once I had gone to bed I would tell her how cold I was in the hope she would suggest I put the cagoule over my bedclothes. There was no sensible logic in this as when trying this out, the best I ever got was for her to put my dressing gown over the bed, as this was hanging up next to my cagoule. This made me want to then hide my dressing gown somewhere although I could never think of a good enough reason to suggest why it may have gone missing!

My Mother's New Peter Storm Sailing Cagoule

When out on our family hikes my mother had used an old anorak passed down from my grandmother, which seemed to provide adequate protection for quite some time. However, my father must have realised that even this had its limitations as it was only made from a canvas or cotton type material, rather than one of my 'foof-foof' type fabrics. One Saturday morning he came home from town with a present for my mother (no, not a bunch of flowers or some chocolates!). It was a royal blue Peter Storm 100% waterproof sailing smock, the identical one to the one *modelled* by the gorgeous course tutor on my outward bounds course. However this one was brand new! What this meant was that it not only had the smoothest, coldest feel to it, it was the noisiest item of rainwear I had ever heard, a very loud crackly rustle every time it moved. Coupled with this was the most amazing aroma I have ever experienced and one which I shall never forget. The smell was to me so fabulous that even just the thought of it would cause an instant erection. I could hardly speak and from then on all I could think about was how I could create an opportunity to put this wonderful anorak on.

I suppose most people may have simply asked 'would you mind if I tried your cagoule on?' but to me this would have been on a par of blurting out 'I get turned on by waterproof clothing!' To my mind asking to put someone else's cagoule on would

surely be an admission that I'm turned on by them. This was unfortunately how my mind did (and still does) work and, as I have explained before, caused me so much angst over my life and still does to this day. I am still utterly convinced that if I put on a cagoule which is slightly different in any way to the Gore-Tex type jackets favoured by everyone today, and wear it out in public, everyone who sees me in it knows that I have a fetish for such items and that I'm getting sexually aroused by wearing it. So I just had to bide my time and wait until the cagoule and I were alone together.

I do not remember how long it must have been until I had the opportunity to wear this cagoule, certainly weeks if not months, but the time eventually came when I ended up being alone in the house for about an hour, the cagoule being carefully rolled up on the top shelf of my parent's wardrobe together with the other family cagoules. My heart was in my mouth and I remember checking out of the window for a good ten minutes or so to make sure no-one came back to the house having possibly forgotten something. When I was convinced that I really was alone I went to the cupboard, and with my heart going at probably twice its normal rate I opened the door, reached up and took it down from its shelf. I took it into my bedroom and very carefully laid it out on my bed, being very careful to see exactly how it had been rolled up so that I would be able to replace it exactly as I had found it so that no-one would ever suspect it had been moved.

I caressed its smooth texture and ran my face across it breathing in as deeply as I possible could so that all I could smell was its fabulous aroma. I breathed in through the sleeves as I had done with my own cagoule previously. I carefully picked it up from the bed and held it up to my front, running my hands up and down it so I could feel it up against me. I then took all of my clothes off as I wanted to feel this cagoule against my naked skin. The crackly sounding folds of waterproofness were so cold against me which made the donning of it even more exciting, and I savoured every second of putting it on, especially when my head was inside it and I was surrounded by that incredible aroma. Eventually I was inside it, and I pulled it down as far as it would go, which I think must have been not far from my knees bearing in mind I was still quite small. Even though this was a medium sized adult cagoule it was probably like a tent on me. With the hood up, neck gusset zip done up and all of the drawstrings pulled up tight and tied in neat bows I was then fully protected against pretty much anything. This cagoule was now looking after me in totality, I was completely dependent on it, nothing could happen to me because it's folds of cold, smooth waterproof fabric completely surrounded me and protected me. I looked at myself in the mirror and the sight of this cagoule really turned me on, the sound of it as I moved, the smell of it as I inhaled lungfulls of it into me, and of course the feel of it which was just exquisite. My heart was still in my throat and swallowing was quite a conscious effort! Also, it was beginning to warm up inside a bit now, making the smell even more overpowering. Eventually though I knew I had to take it off, so that it could be carefully replaced in its wardrobe. I reluctantly untied the drawstrings, pulled back the hood and undid the short neck zip. I slowly pulled it over my head, and then folded it up exactly as I had found it, put my clothes back on and put it back in its place.

That was the first of many, many encounters I had with that cagoule. It is worth pointing out that at that stage of my life, despite getting frequent erections when wearing, touching or even thinking about waterproofs, I had not reached puberty and had not begun to masturbate. I find it quite interesting that waterproofs were therefore created such a significant sexual stimulus to me even though I had not by then had any specific sexual encounters such as masturbation.



The famous Peter Storm Cagoule (not the original)



Matching set of Royal Blue Peter Storm Cagoule and Over Trousers – this photo shows the colour better



Another photo which clearly shows the Peter Storm Royal Blue colour

Inflatables and Breathing Equipment

I think it is worth a brief mention about other items which have aroused me and I may have very briefly touched on above, namely inflatable objects and breathing equipment. One of the main attractions to inflatables is that for obvious reasons they are made of similar fabrics as rainwear, i.e. PVC or rubber. I think inflatables add another dimension to the rainwear fabric which I will attempt to explain. When you lay an anorak out flat it is only in two dimensions, for example if you lie on it or wear it you can run your hands over it or caress it but it is not pressing itself up against you. If however you are lying on an inflatable which is being blown up or has already been blown up it is forcing that wonderful material into you; you can wrap yourself around it and the harder you squeeze it the more it tends to envelope you and consequently the more of its fabric is in contact with you. That is my interpretation anyway, although a psychoanalyst may have other suggestions!

Rubber dinghies are a great example, as they are generally made of PVC, a fabric which I find hugely arousing (both from its feel and its aroma), and are large so that they can completely envelop you, you can wrap them around you when they are deflated and as they are being blown up they just feel great (to me at any rate).

I can remember going on a particular holiday we had borrowed a large rubber dinghy to take with us. Just the thought of inflating this dinghy was arousing me. I thought it would be great fun to lay it over me like a duvet and blow it up by mouth. That way it would be in as much contact with my body as possible as I snuggled up inside it, and as I blew into it I would feel its rubbery texture enveloping me.

When we arrived at the cottage we were staying at managed to find a remote corner of the garden and made sure I had my explanation ready in-case I was discovered. I thought if I explained that I had wanted to lie down and relax but could still blow it up in this leisurely, it would make inflating it far less of a chore! Luckily though I wasn't discovered and I spent a great couple of hours 'underneath' the dinghy!

By clamping my mouth over the inlet valve and keeping it there, I could breathe in through my nose thus inhaling as much of the wonderful PVC aroma as possible because my face was essentially masked by the fabric, and then I would breathe out through my mouth, thus inflating it. As long as I just breathed in this manner and at my normal breathing rate, I was able to ensure I didn't get dizzy, and the dinghy would still get blown up! Every so often however I would stop inhaling through my nose and just breathe in and out from the dinghy's valve. This I would find very arousing as the dinghy was effectively a huge PVC bag of air which was keeping me alive. As the pressure inside the dingy increased it would almost breathe for me, filling my lungs with PVC tainted air. All I had to do to breathe was to completely relax as the pressure of air inside the dingy was sufficient to inflate my lungs; the only work my lungs would have to do was to force the spent air out again back into the dinghy.

I have enjoyed many an inflation/breathing session with rubber dinghies and also rubberised airbeds or Lilo's. However some of them you have to be very careful with due to the chalk powder they put inside to protect the rubber – I doubt a lungful of this will do you much good!

I have a double sized airbed which I have had for many years and it is made from smooth nylon lined with rubber instead of the more normal cotton lined rubber. Hence it feels just like a really heavy anorak when you wrap yourself up in it, but has the wonderful smell of rubber about it, which when you breathe in is quite intoxicating – luckily no chalk in this one!

The Black Mask

At what point in my life the interest in breathing equipment began I have no recollection. I just suddenly became aware of being aroused at the sight of breathing apparatus especially the archetypal black rubber anaesthesia mask, corrugated rubber hoses and inflating rubber breathing bag. The sight of seeing this apparatus on the rare visits I ever made to a hospital, or seeing them on a television programme would instantly get my pulse racing and I would just long to be connected up to this equipment.

My grandmother who lived on the South Coast had been a nurse in her earlier years, and when I was staying with her I would secretly read her nursing books which had pictures of old fashioned breathing machines with patients breathing through them, and I would desperately try to imagine what it must feel like to be breathing this way,

I have twice been put to sleep with gas, although I was very young, and both times were at the dentist. Whilst I have no recollection of any arousal during the process of wearing the mask and breathing in the gas it is possible that these two occasions may have triggered this interest. Maybe my already developed arousal by rubber and the fact that when breathing through this apparatus all one could smell was rubber must surely have created some form of association. In fact, the strong smell of rubber is about the only thing I can remember from these two occasions, and if I try and cast my mind back now I can just about remember this wonderful strong smell. Also, having read descriptions of people being put to sleep at the dentist, it was apparently common practise to cover the patient in a large rubber apron, so maybe this is what happened to me.

The thought of being totally dependent on this equipment and breathing the gases I find a huge turn on, not so much the being put to sleep, but just the act of breathing through this type of apparatus and being able to inhale the rubbery smell. Unfortunately though, as materials have developed, most breathing equipment is no longer made from rubber, and whilst I am sure I would thoroughly enjoy being given gas to breathe, I don't think I would find it quite as much of a turn on as I would if I were breathing through the older style black rubber apparatus.

Also, and again I have no idea how and when this developed, the thought of being given pure oxygen I find tremendously arousing. To my knowledge I have never been given oxygen in my life, and I don't feel at all aroused by the clear plastic oxygen masks seen frequently on programmes such as Casualty, but to be in a situation where I or someone had to be given pure oxygen (i.e. 100%) with a proper tight fitting black rubber mask strapped over the nose and mouth I would find hugely erotic! Hence it has always been one of my fantasies to have such a mask held over my face and breathe pure oxygen, but to have that mask held over my face by a rubber or rainwear clad lady I think would just be incredible!

I have always been envious of astronauts or high altitude balloonists who have to breathe pure oxygen for a couple of hours prior to embarking on their mission so as to purge their lungs of nitrogen. I have also been envious of the various medical volunteers over the years that have had to breathe pure oxygen as well as other gas mixtures through anaesthetic type breathing circuits to further respiratory research; how I would love to be involved in something of that nature.

I have often fantasised about how I would feel now if I had to have a general anaesthetic, and if it would be possible to be knocked out with the gas rather than with the needle in the back of the hand. My big fear of having gas induction though would be the usual one of the probable involuntary reaction 'down below', unless of course erections are a normal reaction to being put to sleep!

I have always experienced a very strange emotional reaction when people close to me, especially girlfriends, have had to be given general anaesthesia. Obviously I have been terribly concerned for them anyway due to the fact that one is only given a general because there is something seriously wrong with you. But the emotion I experience is such that I vehemently don't want them to be given the gas, or to breathe through the mask and associated apparatus, and would wonder if there was any way they could just be given an injection and permitted to breathe unaided instead. My 'fetish' emotion would surely be for me to become aroused at the thought of them breathing through the apparatus, but strangely quite the opposite happens and I have to push the thought of their dependence on the breathing apparatus right out of my mind.

A similar emotional reaction would occur if my partner was being given Entonox for example (a gas mixture of 50% Oxygen with 50% Nitrous Oxide) during childbirth. Naturally I would relish the opportunity of us both trying the gas ourselves, but for some reason the thought of my partner being 'dependent' on it makes me feel incredibly awkward, and this is an emotion I have never understood, but would love to try and explore and understand some time.

Needless to say, this scenario has not yet presented itself to me, as I neither have a partner nor indeed is there an expected baby on the way (as of July 2010 that is!).

Sailing Magazines

Following on from my father's lifelong interest in sailing and boats in general, during the early eighties we enjoyed holidaying on the River Thames during two successive summers, having hired a suitable motor cruiser to accommodate my now larger family plus Border Collie. These holidays proved to be so enjoyable that my father then went and bought a boat to use on the local navigable rivers and waterways near our home in Yorkshire. As a natural accompaniment to this nautical acquisition my father also took out subscriptions to two boating magazines, namely Practical Boat Owner and Motor Boat & Yachting. From my perspective this was the equivalent of a

father buying great quality top shelf magazines and leaving them around the house for his adolescent son to enjoy at his leisure!

Let me explain! These magazines were packed with advertisements for waterproofs and lifejackets as well as articles about general sailing activities which then included photographs of people in their waterproofs. They also contained tests and reviews of many of these garments. The best thing for me was that these photographs were often of attractive women wearing them. There were full page glossy shots of tall, attractive long haired women clad head to toe in the best looking 100% waterproof rainwear money could buy. Don't forget this was well before the advent of Gore-Tex and the more 'trendy' and stylish rainwear used today – this was the age of good old fashioned functional PVC and rubber lined waterproofs.

What made it even better was for use at sea these waterproofs had to be of excellent quality to keep the water out, so everything was big and bulky so warm clothing could be worn underneath (a waste if you ask me!!!), with big chunky zips, hoods which completely wrapped around you, bright colours such as red or yellow, Velcro flaps to provide extra protection, tight fitting cuffs to completely seal your wrists and arms, taped seams to no water could ever get through, and wonderful materials such as PVC, polyurethane proofed nylon and more importantly (more about this a little later on) nylon proofed with smooth neoprene rubber! All of these anoraks were designed to give total protection and designed to be worn for long periods of time.

Whilst many other 'young men' of my age were no doubt lusting after attractive ladies in magazines with no clothes on, I was probably getting even more turned on by equally attractive ladies with their waterproof clothing on!

Nylon Coated with Neoprene Rubber – the Ultimate Rainwear Fabric?

Some time in the early to mid eighties my father was invited to spend a weekend or two at sea on a yacht with some of his some work colleagues. This was an opportunity which obviously he was very keen to take, and having realised that his basic cagoule (his was a 'Campari' which was not a patch on my mother's Peter Storm) was perhaps ok for cruising up and down inland waterways and for hikes across the Dales, it was unlikely to provide the necessary protection he would need at sea. Consequently he arrived home one evening with a bag from a yacht chandlers full of equipment he was going to take on the trip. I noticed what appeared to be some waterproofs in the bag and when no one was around managed to slip my hand into the bag to have a quick feel around. This is something over the years I have perfected – the number of times you may be at someone's house and you see a tantalising item of rainwear hanging up behind a door or under the stairs and you just long to know what it feels like, so as you walk passed it your hand inadvertently strokes the fabric! What I felt when I put my hand inside this bag was unlike anything I had felt before. The fabric was the smoothest, slipperiest and coldest material I had ever felt in my life. I was to later discover that this was nylon coated with neoprene rubber.

Expanded neoprene is the type of rubber wetsuits are normally made from, and is a very spongy, absorbent material. However the neoprene rubber used for waterproofs is a different compound and is completely water and air tight and is probably one of the best fabrics from a tactile perspective a rainwear fetishist can touch. It just slides over your skin so smoothly, is very flexible, is very noisy making a sort of 'swishy' sound when it rubs against itself but also has that wonderful 'slocky' kind of sound heavy rubber has. With it also being flexible it means hoods etc can be pulled really tight around your face so that you can really 'snuggle' into the folds of the material. It

also has a wonderful aroma to it, which gets stronger the warmer the garment becomes. In other words it is one of the best waterproofing fabrics I can imagine, and this waterproof anorak and trousers was made of this stuff!

It normally comes in a light weight or heavy weight version, and this set of anorak and over trousers were made with the lightweight material by a company called Spray Way. Whilst both versions are 100% waterproof the lighter one is generally more flexible and can often have a far more sensual and silky feel to it. Like the Peter Storm cagoule of my mother's I made it a priority to somehow try this new waterproof suit on.

Fortunately I did not have to wait too long, as my father's sailing trip had been cancelled due to bad weather of all things, and the new waterproofs were duly stored in the cupboard in my parent's bedroom. By now, as I was getting older I was finding myself left on my own more than I had been previously, especially on the premise that with my 'O' Levels not being that far off I could make better use of my time studying at home than going out with the family. These family outings provided me with endless opportunities to dress up in the various anoraks with minimal chance of being discovered.

As you can imagine the first donning of this neoprene rubber rainwear was mind blowing, and I remember 'swishing' around the house for ages in it. My sexual discoveries associated with erections was getting more and more developed as I grew older, and I am sure it does not take much imagination to work out the wearing of rainwear or the reading of the 'sailing porn' would now nearly always involve masturbation. Sometimes I would drape the anorak on the bed and just roll around in so that it caressed my bare skin, or I would completely wrap myself up in it by zipping and tying everything up so as to give myself that fully protected feeling, sometimes I would hang the hood over my face so that it draped loosely in front of my body, I would make a breathing mask out of the sleeve and breathe through it - there was no end to the games one can play with waterproofs!

I think it was also probably about this time in my life when, because I was growing, I outgrew my trusty blue cagoule. This meant, following some negotiation, that I was to trade up to the wonderful Peter Storm cagoule which had been my mother's. Despite the wonderful feel of the neoprene Spray Way set of waterproofs, the Peter Storm was always my favourite, and to know it was mine to wear whenever I wished was just wonderful.

Incidentally, both the Spray Way neoprene coated waterproofs and the Peter Storm cagoule are both now safely in my 'anorak' collection. Many years ago I managed to persuade my father to lend the Spray Way waterproofs to me when I was visiting my sister in Cornwall, stating that I would be doing quite a bit of hiking and needed to borrow some decent rainwear. Following my holiday I kept hold of them for a while, and then knowing my father was moving house I surmised they would probably end up being thrown away in the move as he rarely used them anymore, so I still have them.

As for the Peter Storm cagoule, my sister eventually became the custodian of it and it moved down to Cornwall with her. Many years later I asked her if I could take it home for use when riding my bike (a great excuse to wear waterproofs if ever there was one) and it is now carefully hung up in my wardrobe. It is looking a little sorry for itself now as, being a medium, it is now quite tight on me, and sadly it has long lost it's wonderful aroma because the waterproof coating on the inside has now worn away, hence it no longer has its 'crackly' sound, and the elasticated cuffs are no longer elasticated. Apart from that it still looks the same which is not bad for a thirty plus

year old cagoule and a testament to how good Peter Storm were at making excellent waterproofs!

Sexual Development

As my fetish developed over the years and I developed through puberty, rainwear naturally to me became synonymous with sexual arousal. The fact that as a very young child the feel of waterproof fabric against my skin would result in an involuntary erection, these feelings developed over the years so that rainwear would become a focal point during acts of masturbation.

Also four of the five senses would be involuntarily aroused or excited by these fabrics or garments. Let me clarify these:

- The sound of rainwear with its slocky or swishy sound.
- The aroma of it i.e. the smell of rubber, nylon, PVC or the musty smell rainwear gives off when damp.
- The sight of rainwear or women wearing rainwear (as long as it was the type which aroused me – more on this later) or the site of breathing apparatus etc.
- The feel or texture of the fabric and this may well be the most significant sense.

Any or all of these would arouse me and over the years my senses have become very alert and tuned into these stimulants. As my own sexuality developed, and the fairer sex also began to arouse me, I found that the 'fetish' arousals took had a far greater impact if they involved females. In other words a waterproof sailing cagoule would look great to me, a long haired attractive woman would also look great to me, but if I saw her or a picture of her wearing a cagoule, then my level of arousal would increase exponentially!

This naturally would have an effect on me with my relationships, and sure enough my first proper girlfriend, who incidentally never had any idea about my fetish, did have a PVC coated anorak which she wore on a regular basis, and I would fantasise about her wearing it during intimate moments. It was one of those reversible hooded macs which are known as Friesennerz in Europe, with blue cotton on one side and an almost whitish grey PVC on the other. I could never decide which way round would be the biggest turn on – if the pvc was on the outside then I would feel it when she wore it, if the PVC was on the inside, then it would be she who could feel its smooth cold texture, both scenarios equally erotic for me. It had a wonderful aroma (no surprise there) and this was no doubt a mixture of the PVC smell mixed in with that of her perfume.

One occasion I can remember leaving her parents house late one evening, them living about a twenty minute walk from where my parents lived, and it had started to rain. Not having a coat with me she suggested I wore her anorak. I initially protested a little as even though this was something I had been wanting to happen for a long time, I did not want to appear too keen. I did eventually agreed to wear it. I found it such a turn on when she put it on for me and she very deliberately did up the poppers up the front, pulled the hood over my head, tied the drawstrings and then kissed me passionately. The usual 'bulge' down below which manifested itself when we kissed was significantly larger than normal I must say and it felt wonderful to be inside her anorak with her arms wrapped around me and our lips together!

I managed to hang on to her anorak for quite a few days, repeatedly pretending I'd forgotten it to bring it round with me each time I visited. Back at home I would regularly feel and stroke it, and bury my head in the soft aromatic folds of cold PVC as well as putting it on whenever I had the opportunity.

The First Time I Bought My Own Cagoule

As time went on I sadly outgrew the wonderful Peter Storm cagoule, which meant that I had to go out and buy a replacement. This was to be the first time I had bought rainwear myself, and as I was still at school my parents gave me the money for it, although I had to go to the shop and buy it on my own. This was an activity which I was simultaneously very much looking forward and was also dreading. I was utterly convinced that everyone in the shop, especially the assistants, would know that I was some kind of weirdo and would know how sexually turned on I was getting by trying on the anoraks. Why I thought they would know this I could not explain, but I had to keep convincing myself that people walked into camping shops every day to try on cagoules and hence there was nothing strange or sordid about it.

I walked passed the camping shop quite a few times, my mouth completely dry, before I had the confidence to walk in. I had already researched what it was I wanted, although I was not sure about what size I could get away with. Naturally I wanted something that would be huge on me (this desire to want voluminous rainwear could possibly be a legacy from putting on my fathers new anorak which was huge on me all of those years ago) but was concerned the shop assistant would think this bit strange. I was also worried the assistant might be female, as seeing a woman root through racks of cagoules was very high up in my ultimate fantasy list, and would no doubt be an experience I thought I may faint from! Also, how would I manage to hide my inevitable erection especially if said assistant were to help me into the various cagoules I was trying on! I could just imagine her looking down whilst doing the zip up for me and me being in absolute dread of her noticing my arousal! I was also worried I would have a problem speaking in a coherent manner due to my dry mouth and racing heart, and so I had to practise in my head exactly what I was going to ask for.

Normal people would not have this problem, they could just walk into a camping shop, root through the rails of cagoules as if they were picking out a pair of jeans, try a few on, chose one, pay for it and then walk out. If only it was that simple for me!

I ended up walking out of the shop with a knee length navy blue Peter Storm 'watch coat' style cagoule, made from a waterproof fabric known as 2.8 MVT¹. Although this was a breathable type of nylon fabric, it was nothing like the breathable materials of today such as Gore-Tex, and still had a wonderful smooth and cold feel to it. These newer cagoules sadly did not have the strong intoxicating aroma of the older ones, but it was still very agreeable in my books. A basic description of this cagoule was that it reached down to your knees, had a full length chunky zip covered by a Velcro storm flap, a hood, and elasticated storm cuffs, which prevented water running down your wrists if you had to raise your arms up. Being navy blue meant the zip, drawstrings and Peter Storm's unique ball shaped toggles were white. It was in a large size, and was quite a generous large so that I could really snuggle into it and get that great feeling of protection and comfort that I loved when wearing waterproofs. A photo of an identical cagoule is shown on the next page, and underneath that is a photo of a typical Peter Storm 2.8 MVT label.

¹ This stood for Moisture Vapour Transmission and the 2.8 meant it could transmit 2.8 litres of water vapour in a twenty four hour period, this assuming one wore the garment for a constant twenty four hours, something I was not at all averse to!



Peter Storm 'Watchcoat' style Cagoule in 2.8 MVT



Peter Storm 2.8 MVT label

Obviously one of the things I was dying to try out when I got home was what it felt like on bare skin. This new 'MVT' fabric was so smooth to the touch and I was trying to imagine what this would feel like wrapped around my naked body. The problem was the whole family were in and I would therefore have to wait until everyone was asleep before I could try it on properly. I waited until all lights had been turned out,

and then I think I waited another half an hour, just in-case someone hadn't quite fallen asleep.

One of the inherent problems with waterproof clothing is its loud rustling noise, although this is one of the features I love, and I am sure my ears are so in tune to this sound I can hear an anorak being worn at a hundred paces! Hence, so that there was no risk to anyone possibly hearing this loud noise, I had to unwrap it from its bag very slowly, at all times keeping it under my duvet so that the noise would not disturb anyone, or more importantly not to arouse anyone's suspicions that I was unwrapping my new anorak and then putting it on with no clothes on whilst in bed!

I was terrified anyone would find out what I was up to, but also so keen to try out my new cagoule naked I was determined to go ahead with my quest. It must have taken the best part of twenty minutes to gradually unfold it and slide myself into its wonderful waterproof embrace. I lay there not daring to move in-case someone would hear me. I so desperately wanted to do what a typical eighteen year old sexually aroused young male would naturally want to do, but I was so concerned at waking anyone due to its noise I just enjoyed the cold, smooth feel of the fabric over my whole body, whilst breathing in its new and fresh nylon aroma. After some time of feeling completely protected, safe and very aroused, I then focussed on silently sliding out of it and folding it up, putting it back in its bag and leaving it the other side of my bedroom exactly where it was before I went to bed. I was convinced if my mother came into my room the following morning she would notice it had been moved and would immediately become suspicious of my nocturnal activities with it! How frustrated I was that I did not have the freedom to enjoy that cagoule as much as I had wanted to, and I so looked forward to the time when everyone went out so that I could properly wear and enjoy it whilst naked without having to worry about being caught.

For obvious reasons I was convinced I must be the only person in the world to enjoy wearing waterproofs when naked, or even just enjoy them full stop. Everyone else would only ever wear them as an outer shell over their normal clothes and would only ever wear them as a functional way to keep dry. This thought also convinced me that if I ever wore waterproofs in weather anything less than torrential downpours, people would 'know' exactly what I was really up to, and this has always filled me with perpetual shame and guilt.

University

It was this cagoule which I took to university with me and, like the previous royal blue smock cagoule, I became very much attached to it (quite literally!). I very rarely wore it in public however as again I was paranoid people would know I was getting sexual gratification from wearing it. To my sheer delight quite a few very attractive women on my campus also wore Peter Storm cagoules on a regular basis. Looking back I wish I had more confidence in asking them out because aside from their excellent taste in rainwear I did actually find many of them very attractive. Who knows, maybe they were also turned on by wearing cagoules, although as far as I was concerned I was the only person in the entire world who reacted in such a way.

Whilst I would very rarely wear my cagoule out, I would love to wear it in bed and would often go to sleep in it as it was the most comforting feeling to be totally enclosed and wrapped up in its waterproof embrace. I would always set my alarm very early so that I could take it off just in-case someone burst into my room whilst I was still wearing it. Although this prospect was highly unlikely, my paranoia at being discovered wearing a cagoule in bed ensured I did not take this chance.

Every part of my body would be tingling from the feel of it against me, and my erection would be pressing so hard into the smooth fabric it would almost be part of me. With the hood tightly drawn around my face the smooth cold feel of it against my cheeks would be so sensual, and I would breathe in its aroma. It would completely cocoon me such that I felt it was supporting me and was totally dependent on it. It may sound strange, but it was as if it was 'looking after me', protecting me and I knew nothing could happen to me as long as I remained safely inside its waterproof skin.

One night however, having been out on the town with the boys (this happened most nights, although this particular night was like no other), on getting to bed I had put it on before falling into a deep alcohol fuelled coma, and woke up next morning probably well after everyone else had woken. I was terrified someone may have seen me in it. What on earth would people think? Here was a very real risk that my lifelong secret which I had never shared with anyone was about to be discovered! I hurriedly worked on a possible and plausible explanation just in-case I had been seen wearing it. I think the best I came up with was that I had been so drunk the night before I had no knowledge what I was doing and yes, it was quite likely I had inadvertently pulled my cagoule on before getting into bed! I felt that as most of us were completely out of our heads the night before this was a quite plausible and believable scenario and would therefore raise no suspicions.

Needless to say no-one ever mentioned anything, but to this day I do not know if I was spotted!

Denial

It was probably at the end of life as a student that I went through a phase of denial, in that I thought maybe this love of waterproofs was something that I could perhaps grow out of if I really wanted to, and I only succumbed to the feelings it gave me because I allowed myself to become exposed to waterproof clothing. The key driver to this was the shame and feelings of guilt and awkwardness, as well as the abject fear of being found out.

I think this is possibly something that goes through many fetishists minds, because whilst the feelings of pleasure from the fetish can be quite amazing, there are many times when I wish I was *normal!*

For example, to be able to walk into a camping shop and buy a set of waterproofs for hiking without worrying about what to say, or worrying in-case you get an involuntary erection, or to be able to join a sub-aqua club without the risk of that same involuntary reaction, or to not be distracted when out in public just because a woman has walked passed you wearing a cagoule, or probably most importantly when you're about to make love to your girlfriend, that your arousal is purely and solely because you are so attracted to her and not because she may be wearing an anorak. These are scenarios which to me would be quite wonderful to experience and would also be a huge relief.

And so, in my attempt to rid myself of my fetish I put nearly my entire collection of cagoules and anoraks into black bin liners and put them out with the rubbish! I said *nearly* as I did keep back two of my Peter Storm cagoules, although this was probably a) due to the fact that they were very expensive and b) I would still need to wear something if I went out hiking for example.

I kept checking when the dustman had been, knowing that at any time before his arrival I could go outside and retrieve the bin bags. Although if I had done this I knew I would have to then try disposing of them the following week or the week after that.

They did eventually get taken away, and apart from a few pangs of guilt at throwing away some perfectly good items of rainwear (charity shops were very few and far between then), I did initially feel like a huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

Some time did pass, well maybe a few weeks, when I began to think my plan had worked, and I was no longer interested in cagoules and rainwear. However I soon realised that this was not in-fact the case as I either came across one of my two Peter Storm cagoules hanging up in my cupboard, or saw someone wearing one. Instantly this created an urge to put one on again. I have to confess, when I did put one on it really did feel fantastic. I think that was when I realised there was absolutely nothing I could do to rid myself of these feelings, they were here for good whether I liked it or not, and I think as I see things now they are in integral part of my make up and help define who I really am.

It is worth pointing out at this stage that whilst I knew I had this *thing* for rainwear and rubber etc, I did not consider it a fetish. I had read up what the word *fetish* meant and even though the definition described my attraction to inanimate objects to some extent, I somehow managed to persuade and convince myself that what I had was not a fetish, and was just some strange *reaction* which caused me to be aroused by these materials.

It was not until my exploration of the World Wide Web when it finally dawned on me that what I had was indeed a fetish – however that was to come many years later.

The Royal Navy

Not long after this I became quite heavily involved with the Royal Navy, a career I had been very keen on for many years, but in the end I did not pursue. However during the numerous courses I attended I was exposed to various items of clothing and equipment which, not surprisingly, had a very arousing effect on me.

An Introduction to Henri Lloyd Rubber Lined Rainwear

On one of the courses I attended involved us spending a few days hiking across Dartmoor. In a similar vein to the outward bound course I attended when I was nine, we were offered various items of outdoor equipment from the clothing stores. No longer inhibited by what clothing I already had with me, I was more than eager to find out what waterproof rainwear they may have on offer! My thoughts were that an organisation such as the Royal Navy would no doubt have the best waterproofs available on the planet and I was not disappointed. On asking for the largest size available I was handed two somewhat heavy bright orange nylon garments folded up. Whilst I did not wish to be seen to be too eager to unfold them there and then in-case this raised eyebrows (again why would it, but there goes my paranoia again) I did have a small peek and a feel underneath the folds. As is often my involuntary reaction to discovering new items of rainwear, my heart was in my mouth, because the inside of the thick nylon outer was a yellow rubber lining. I had to really control myself on my way back to my room to assess what I had been given, and I walked back in a very calm manner; in reality I wanted to sprint back as fast as I possibly could!

On entering my room and firmly locking the door behind me (thank goodness we had private rooms) I completely unfolded my loaned waterproofs to examine them. The

anorak was a huge knee length heavy duty pullover smock, no doubt suitable for hiking, sailing, standing underneath waterfalls or even being sprayed with a fire hose for a month. There was no way a single droplet of water was ever going to penetrate its thick rubber proofed folds. This was taking cagoules to another level, one I had not experienced before. The design was virtually identical to that of my trusty Peter Storm smock cagoule, it having the kangaroo style pouch pocket on the chest, the neck gusset and this time a very heavy duty chunky plastic short zip, hood, heavy duty adjustable storm cuffs, all of the seams on the inside were covered with a rubberised tape to ensure nothing could get in, and the drawstrings around the hood and the bottom hem were black with chunky black toggles. I just picked it up and hugged it to myself, and placing my head inside the hood just breathed in as much of that rubbery aroma of the lining as I possibly could. Like the Spray Way waterproof suit described previously, this lining was also neoprene rubber, but a much heavier and thicker version – if the Peter Storm was the king of waterproofs, then this creation was on a more celestial level! The accompanying waterproof over-trousers were made from an identical fabric.

I wasted no time at all in stripping off my clothes there and then pulled on these sensuous, all enveloping, protective garments onto my eagerly awaiting body. I walked around my room enjoying not only the fabulous slocky sound as these waterproofs moved, but the feel of the cold smooth rubber sliding over every part of my bare skin. The hood was over my head and with the neck zip also fully up and the hood drawn tight around my face only my eyes were peeping out. This made the neck gusset a kind of mask which covered most of my face, so with every breath my lungs would fill with air strongly tainted with the neoprene rubber. I was going to thoroughly enjoy my time on Dartmoor in this rainwear and I was determined that whatever others may think, I was going to wear them for as long as I possibly could. They were made by a company who up until then I had never heard of, Henri Lloyd, a make of rainwear that I would never forget and vowed I would one day own one of their anoraks for myself. A photo of an identical anorak is shown here.



Henri Lloyd Rubber Lined Anorak – Note Yellow Rubber Lining in Hood

The Submarine Escape Immersion Suit

Another course I attended with the Royal Navy was a submarine acquaint course, during which we were taken to the submarine escape training tower at HMS Dolphin in Portsmouth. Here I was to see an item of protective survival equipment that I never would have thought existed in a million years, yet triggered every aspect of my rubber and rainwear fetish. This was the Submarine Escape Immersion Suit or SEIS, which was a one piece heavy duty nylon suit with rubber helmet which would completely inflate around the wearer, thus providing him with buoyancy, insulation and breathing air, effectively enabling survival by escaping from a stricken submarine on the sea bed.

I will now attempt to describe the suit, however if this section is of limited interest please skip down to the section *What Would It Be Like To Wear* on the next page.

The suit fully enclosed the wearer, had built in feet and had drysuit type latex seals around the wrists. It was essentially a suit within a suit, and as I described above, was made from heavy duty proofed nylon, similar to the fabric heavy duty cagoules were made from. The suit was entered in the same way you would put on a boiler suit, and there was a heavy duty drysuit style zip running from just above the crotch write up to the underside of the neck. Entering the suit was therefore quite a simple action especially as the idea was to quickly don the suit in the event of an emergency.

Once the suit was effectively on, the first of many hoods was pulled over the head, the first one being a tight fitting black latex hood, which when the main zip up the front was done up tight, would ensure there was a watertight seal all around the wearers face, the only exposed parts of the body then being the face and the hands.

Next, a second hood was pulled over the head, and this was an extension of the inflatable suit itself, this hood also being fully inflatable. I imagined wearing it would be like being wrapped from head to toe in a very noisy airbed, as the fabric of the suit, like all good waterproof garments had a very noisy 'crackly' sound to it. Finally, there was one more hood which would be pulled over the head completely covering the face and the front of the wearer with a zip running from the top of the head down to just above the waist. There was a clear plastic screen in front of the face to allow for full visibility, but the wearer was now fully enclosed. The bottom part of this final hood was open at the bottom, so that air could enter and escape, but with this open section being well away from the face the wearer was fully waterproof.

A gas cylinder and pull cord was attached to the side of the suit, and by pulling on this the whole suit would rapidly inflate, just like a giant 'person shaped' airbed. There was a valve near the right hand wrist which was similar to a lifejacket valve through with the suit could be topped up by blowing into if necessary.

Built into the suit was a lifejacket, and this was connected to a hose which ran from above the left shoulder and down to a large yellow nozzle near the left wrist, and was long enough so that this nozzle could be grasped by the left hand. On the chest of the life jacket section, either side of the initial main drysuit zip were two escape valves, these being inside the final outer hood which came down over the front of the wearer. Sounds complicated? If I describe how the suit was operated it might make a little more sense.

The wearer would have climbed into the suit, and zipped everything up so he was effectively sealed and would then stand in an emergency escape chamber in the submarine. He would then pull the cord on the side of the suit to fully inflate it. He would then grasp the yellow nozzle in his left hand and plug this into a nozzle into a

valve built into the inside of the submarine escape chamber, and this valve would release breathing quality air to inflate the life jacket. This breathable air would be of sufficient pressure that some of it would force its way through the two lifejacket escape valves on the chest, thus inflating the inside of the hood immediately in front of the wearers face thus giving him a temporary source of breathing air.

The escape chamber would then be flooded with water, and because the top hood only had an opening at the bottom, this 'capsule' of air the wearer was breathing could not escape once the submarine escape chamber was full of water. The hatch in the top of the submarine would open and the wearer would be propelled to the surface due to the buoyancy of the inflated suit.

Despite the rapid ascent to the surface the wearer would not be exposed to the dangers of the bends² because the air being breathed is not at high pressure. On reaching the surface the wearer can just bob about, being fully waterproof and buoyant until rescued. If the suit begins to deflate he can top it up by blowing into the valve on his right wrist. He can also loosen the zip on the front of the outer hood to allow fresh air in for breathing.

Hopefully that has described the workings of the suit, but if not and you are interested in learning more about it there are various websites describing it and its development – just typing 'Submarine Escape' into Google will produce numerous photographs and detailed information.

What Would It Be Like To Wear?

Try as hard as I might I just could not imagine what this suit would feel like to wear and it is of little surprise that for me this was one of the highlights of the course. My concern however, and bearing in mind this was when I was hoping to pursue a career in the Submarine Service, was that if I did go through the training programme using these suits I would have to use them just wearing swimming trunks. Imagine my dilemma - it would have felt incredible to be fully enclosed in a rubberised waterproof suit whilst practically naked, then to have it inflating around you so this cool and smooth waterproof fabric was gradually squeezing every part of your anatomy, and all you could smell was this wonderful rubbery aroma because you would be breathing entirely from within this waterproof environment. To top things off you were completely dependent on this suit for your survival, in other words it was actually keeping you alive! I think this would have been too much for my highly acute senses to cope with. Consequently an erection would have been nigh on impossible to avoid, and in swimming trunks only would have been impossible to contain. The inevitable and endless ridiculing one would receive from this would have been very hard to live down. Unfortunately with my fetish this is a completely involuntary reaction I do not think any amount of self willing and self control would have been able to stop it happening. Fortunately, from this perspective at least, my not pursuing a naval career eliminated this concern!

For many years I wondered if I would ever get my hands on one of these suits or even see one again. Access to the internet a good twelve years or so later resolved this and meant I was able to find out more about these suits. On determining who manufactured them I plucked up the courage to e-mail an enquiry to them stating I was a collector of survival equipment and was there anyway I could obtain such a suit for my collection.

² Divers are at risk from this by ascending too quickly when they have been breathing pressurised air at depth and is due to the formation of nitrogen bubbles in their joints – it is potentially fatal.



An example of an inflated Submarine Escape Immersion Suit

Nervous as I was about making this request I tried to convince myself that a collection of this kind would not necessarily imply that my interest would specifically be fetish related, and that there must be people all over the world who collect equipment of this sort. After a few e-mails a very kind man said he would see what could be done, and sure enough a few weeks later a package arrived and it was my suit. Needless to say a very expensive bottle of whisky was sent to him in gratitude as well as a donation to his company's nominated charity!

I could hardly wait to get it out of the packaging, and spent ages examining it and working out what bit did what, teasing myself by deliberately resisting the urge to finally climb inside it and seal myself into its protective rubberised clutches. Due to shipping regulations it was not sent with the inflation gas bottle (these were small

carbon dioxide cylinders similar to those used in automatic lifejackets), so I had to manually blow the suit up from the valve on the right hand sleeve. I cannot describe the feeling as this cold rubberised fabric slowly began to squeeze my entire body and once I was fully inflated it was just the most incredible sensation. It was quite difficult to move, but that did not matter, I just lay back in ecstasy with virtually every sense of my body being stimulated pretty much to the full.

I would love to have the opportunity to try this suit out in water, and whilst there are no regulations against it there is no way I would have the courage to take it out in a public place such as the sea.

The Drysuit

I have to describe one other item of equipment I had an opportunity to become acquainted with during the naval courses I attended, and one which is far more accessible in day to day life than submarine escape suits, this being the rubber drysuit. Having seen many drysuits in magazines etc I had naturally always fancied trying one out. Wetsuits by comparison never really interested me as the expanded neoprene rubber they were made from (as opposed to the smooth neoprene rubber used in anoraks and described previously) had a spongy texture rather than a waterproof texture and hence to me did not have the right 'feel'. The drysuit is effectively a body shaped rubber bag which, once you are sealed inside, water and anything else for that matter cannot get in. This is due to the soft latex rubber seals around the neck and wrists together with the impenetrable rubber of the suit itself. It really is like having an extra skin, though made of smooth and waterproof rubber.

We had been spending a day at sea on a minesweeper and there was an opportunity to demonstrate how to carry out a man overboard drill. A volunteer was duly asked for, and bearing in mind throughout my life I had always shied out of volunteering and hence missing out on trying on various 'stimulating' garments (remember the large red inflatable lifejacket at Southend lifeboat station) I decided I was going to put myself forward for this one!

I was that *lucky* person and my hope that the volunteer would be sealed into a rubber drysuit was confirmed. Incidentally I do not believe for one minute my course mates thought I was lucky! I tried to be as relaxed as possible as I was helped into the rubber suit, and luckily my trousers were baggy enough to hide the involuntary bulge which was growing at an alarming rate down below! Thank goodness I was able to keep my clothes on, although secretly I would have preferred to have been naked inside the suit. One of the best moments was when the neck seal was pulled over my head because for a few seconds the latex rubber completely sealed my nose and mouth, so that all I could smell was pure rubber. By now I have to confess my 'bulge' had reached epic proportions, but luckily it was well hidden beneath the folds of thick baggy black rubber. A particular feature of the suit I had been sealed inside was the bottle of compressed air connected by a valve to the main body of the suit, this hanging across my crotch area thus helping to hide things. The purpose of this was to inflate the suit and provide me with more buoyancy when I was floating on the surface of the sea. I was far more conservative with the use of this feature than I really wanted to be – had I been alone I would have fully inflated the suit just to see what it would feel like. Nevertheless I did give the valve a good twist after having jumped off the side of the ship, and relished the sound of hissing compressed air being pumped into the rubber suit. The idea then was for me to bob around in the water until I was winched out again. I was thoroughly enjoying every moment of this experience and hoping they would take their time to winch me back out again, but alas they were experts at recovering people quickly!

There were some feelings of awkwardness on my part, especially when one of my course mates commented after I had been fished out that I looked like I was enjoying

myself – he was absolutely correct, but to this day my paranoia still tells me that I may have appeared to have enjoyed this just a little too much!

Following this episode drysuits became a confirmed addition to garments I enjoyed wearing, although yet again it was to be many years before I would get to try one again, yet alone own one.

Sex in a Cagoule

It was not too long after these naval experiences that I settled down in a new relationship. Inevitably it does not take long until one ends up going through photograph albums. There were many photo's of my new girlfriend where she naturally looked absolutely stunning, however one in particular caught my eye. It was taken whilst she was on a hike somewhere and she was dressed in a Peter Storm cagoule. Whilst it was not the royal blue sailing smock which I have talked about previously, it was a very close second. This one was very similar to the long navy one I had gone out and bought myself, it also being navy with a white zip and white drawstrings and toggles, but it was waist length and did not have the Velcro storm flap over the zip.

Needless to say I found this photograph very erotic. I suppose to me this was the archetypal photo of your girlfriend in fishnet stockings and high heels, which would have been most peoples favourite shot of their girlfriend. Why was I so different, why was the waterproof anorak such a turn on for me and not the sexy underwear? This is something I still would love to fully understand, so if you understand the psychology of fetishism or know someone who does please let them read this.

As I had talked about before, the ultimate in sexual enjoyment for me would be to combine my liking for rainwear etc with a sexual relationship, but this was something that I knew could never happen unless I confessed to my fetish, and this again was something I knew could never happen.

However, I did manage on a couple of occasions to bring cagoules into the bedroom. Following a discussion about what fun games we could try out, I suggested that some people apparently enjoyed rubber and rainwear, and although I had no idea what on earth these people saw in this (yes I know, I lied, but I was too scared to confess my true feelings towards rainwear) I suggested perhaps we gave it a try, 'just for a laugh'. To my utter surprise and tremendous excitement she agreed saying that it might be good fun. I told her I happened to have a cagoule in the car (we had recently been away hiking for the weekend), and she suggested I went to get it.

Needless to say I was in heaven, and she seemed to enjoy it as well, although somewhat regrettably I never dared to discuss my true feelings with her. I somehow managed to refer to the photo of her in her Peter Storm cagoule, and to my delight she said she may know where that cagoule was so that we could try that out in bed as well. Some weeks later my dream came true and she climbed into bed wearing what to me was the sexiest clothing a woman could ever wear!



An example of my girlfriend's Peter Storm Cagoule

I never did have the courage to talk to her about my fetish, and had always maintained that the sex we had whilst in cagoules was based on a crazy idea that I'd just dreamt up one evening. In some ways when looking back I am in two minds about what happened. My paranoid mind is still somewhat embarrassed that I allowed rainwear sex things to go as far as I did and I do hope she does not remember me as a complete weirdo who liked sex in cagoules. On the other hand I wonder how she would have reacted if I had been open and honest with her about my fetish feelings? Whatever the analysis there is no denying the fact that the sex was incredibly passionate and took our love making to another plane!

Boat Jumbles

Some time later, whilst living on my own (having recently moved to Norfolk with a new job) and therefore not having to be quite so secretive about my interests, i.e. I could walk around the house most times of day fully clad in rainwear, the collection of which was gradually growing, I considered attending one of the many boat jumbles which took place around the country on various Sundays. I had always considered these to be a likely source of the older styles of yachting clothing to which I was particularly partial and which were sadly no longer available to buy new in shops.

Having found out when and where the nearest one to me was I put it in my diary and made sure that not only did I have no engagements that day which could clash, that I also had a suitable excuse in-case one of my friends suggested doing something else on the same day. I was too embarrassed to suggest to anyone where I would be going in-case I was asked the inevitable question 'why are you going to a boat jumble, you don't have a boat'?

Also, if someone did find out, there was always the risk of them wanting to come along as well. This was something I also did not want, as trying to explain to them

why I was searching for old anoraks would probably have been quite hard to explain. Add to this the inevitable shame I would feel if it ever got out that I had gone off in search of buy old anoraks!

The day finally arrived, and I made sure I could go without anyone asking any questions or raising any concerns as to where I was going (to be honest would anyone really have cared? – probably not). Although I was on my own, and as far as anyone at the jumble was concerned I was totally anonymous, I was still quite nervous. What if someone started to engage in a conversation with me about what type of boat I had or whereabouts I sailed? I was also concerned what people may say if I found quite a large selection of old waterproofs, would they become suspicious as to why I was buying so many? There was also the life long problem of how to conceal myself should that uncontrollable arousal happened, and lets face it, stumbling across my favourite types of rubber lined waterproofs was quite likely to invoke some kind of reaction in me! Despite these fears I duly set off, comforted by the fact that at last I would have an opportunity to possibly acquire some of those wonderful looking sailing oilskins that had so aroused me in those sailing magazines I had enjoyed during my teens.

In my mind I had assumed that from walking through the gate I would literally be wading through countless sets of waterproofs, not knowing which way to turn as every make and style of anorak I had ever imagined would be lying around on every stall. The reality however was not so. Whilst there were probably a hundred or so stalls, similar to a car boot sale but obviously with a nautical theme, the items of clothing were on the whole fairly sparse. This meant that when a stall with clothing on it was found, a good rummage was required to find anything remotely interesting. This again made me feel awkward as I was dreading being asked if I was looking for anything in particular, and I always had my standard answer ready, 'no thank you, I'm just having a browse'. There was always a risk using this answer as I believe a browse normally involves having a visual scan over the various racks and pasting tables cluttered with gear, rather than delving your hands deep inside a box in the vain hope that you feel something rubbery and waterproof lurking in the bottom! Also, with my eyes so highly tuned to picking out anything of this nature, (remember, waterproofs are normally bright yellow or red and can be seen from a considerable distance), the inevitable disappointment when I homed in to a potential waterproof 'goal' to discover it was something as inert as an outboard propeller cover or a bag of sails!

When I did find some potential rainwear it was generally either not to my liking, or it was too small. I have always been quite fussy about the style of waterproofs which I like. It has to be the right fabric of course, and a hood is essential. Zips are fairly essential as I do not like buttons, and am not too keen on press studs. There are always exceptions to this, for example PVC rainwear made by Helly Hansen or the SBR rubber rainwear made by Rainfair. The waterproof fabric is so heavy duty it is not possible to stitch a zip into the fabric and hence press studs are the only way to fasten them. Thin unproofed nylon is of little interest, and there have been a lot of cheaper types of rainwear marketed which would use unproofed nylon and describe the garments as only as being showerproof rather than waterproof. Waterproof would normally imply the fabric itself was 100% impenetrable by water (thus giving the fabric that wonderful smooth and cold texture which I so love) and that all the seams are sealed with rubberised tape so that no water could get through the stitching. With PVC rainwear this is often achieved by actually welding the fabric together. Also rainwear has to be generously sized, and the larger the better. This again could well originate from my early memories of being engulfed by the huge waterproof anorak I would love to put on which belonged to my father.

I finally found myself on a stall which had some great items of rainwear, stuff which had not been made for years and was still in its original packaging, but alas was only available in children's sizes. I did at last pluck up the courage to ask the vendor if she had anything larger to which she said she unfortunately did not. I was also pleasantly relieved that she didn't ask me why I wanted to know, or then asked me if I was getting aroused by the waterproofs. I was still convinced everyone was suspicious as to why I was there!

My Second Henri Lloyd Encounter

On an adjacent stall I finally found something which I ended up getting quite excited about – not an anorak but a pair of waterproof trousers. These were sallopettes which come right up to your chest. What stood out about them was the fabric, it was that wonderful heavy duty nylon with smooth neoprene rubber backing, and they were also made by Henri Lloyd who made the fabulous anorak and trousers I had used when traipsing around Dartmoor with the Royal Navy all those years ago. These were the real deal and were in excellent condition, and they also had that wonderful damp rubber smell that older waterproofs acquire with age. Wearing these you could sit submerged in water for a month of Sundays and not a drop of water would ever get through – the ultimate in waterproof protection. I had to have them and couldn't wait to get them home to 'test them out'!

I was by now feeling so pleased with myself that I had found something I liked, and was also relieved that no one there had accused me of going to a boat jumble with the wrong intentions. This gave me the confidence to ask the lady selling them if she had the matching anorak to go with them, as that really would have been the icing on the cake. Sadly she said she didn't, and I was again pleasantly relieved she didn't accuse me of buying things from her which were unlikely to be used in a nautical environment!

That was all I bought from my first boat jumble, although I spent many a happy hour wearing the trousers after I returned home. I just loved the way the smooth cold rubber would slide across my naked skin, and the fact they came right up to my chest meant that they covered the majority of my body. Over the years I spent many a happy Sunday morning at various boat jumbles and despite generally having to really root around, found them to be an excellent source of quality used rainwear in good condition but also having the wonderful damp rubbery aroma which they nearly always acquired after spending much of their life stored on damp boats.

Some of the sailing and boating magazines from my father's collection I managed to keep. Periodically he would have a clear out, and I would remember my particular favourites and when they became destined for the bin (there was no recycling in those days!) I would surreptitiously extract the ones I wanted. There was one in particular (which I still have today and dates from 1987) which had an article about a group of people on a boating holiday in Ireland. One of the people in one of the photographs was wearing a sailing cagoule which I decided when I first set my eyes on it that it must be the most wonderful cagoule to wear and one day I would track one down. It was a red Henri Lloyd smock style cagoule, similar to the one I wore on Dartmoor back with the Navy, and the zip, the drawcords and toggles were white. Also it came down to the wearers knees – when inside a cagoule like that the only question which I thought would come into ones mind was why would you ever want to take it off? Having worn Henri Lloyd cagoules before and now having my own set of Henri Lloyd waterproof trousers I already had a very good idea what this particular anorak would feel like to put on, how it would sound, and the aroma it would have. I knew also by looking at the photo of it just how great it looked, and knew I had to have one. Of slight regret is that of the two people in the photo, one being a man and

the other being a rather attractive woman, it is the man who is wearing the cagoule and not the woman, but still a great piece of rainwear anyway. A scan of the photo is shown below.



The Henri Lloyd rubber lined cagoule which I am still looking for.

If anyone comes across an old Henri Lloyd cagoule matching this description in either a large or extra large please let me know - I will pay handsomely for one!

My First Henri Lloyd Anorak

Not long after my boating jumble exploits (I did visit quite a few over the years and was fortunate indeed to find some great anoraks to add to my collection) I started to read copies of the Free-Ads paper which was a great source of pretty much anything you could think of. This, to my great delight, also included boating and chandlery items, and on occasions there would be the odd item of waterproof sailing wear being advertised. The great thing about sourcing second-hand rainwear like this was that newer waterproofs tended to be made from the breathable materials such as Gore-Tex which did nothing for me and also were incredibly expensive, but the second hand gear not only were made from the wonderful old rubberised fabrics that I really liked, but also had the wonderful used rubbery smell to them which I also find such a turn on.

One day I saw an advertisement for a red Henri Lloyd sailing anorak, in good but used condition. The asking price was quite reasonable and I really wanted to ring the number in the advert to ask if it was still available, but I was so anxious about the seller questioning why I was interested in it that I didn't have the nerve to ring. For many weeks after I first saw the advert it kept being repeated, and I would again try to psyche myself up to making the phone call, but would then chicken out of it again.

I went through so many scenarios in my head as to what I would tell them if they asked why I wanted it - would I have to invent stories about my being a boat owner,

and then what it they asked what type of boat I had and where it was moored? I was convinced they would see through my *stories* and would then immediately assume I was a weird rainwear enthusiast. You see, this was always my problem and still is to this day, I always assume if someone sees you in an older style rubberised anorak and not in a modern style Gore-Tex jacket that automatically you must be some kind of kinky pervert.

Anyway, after many weeks of seeing the same advert I finally plucked up the courage to call, having decided that my reason for buying it, should I be asked, was that I was soon going to Cornwall on holiday and there was a strong likelihood I would need some decent oilskins for a possible boat trip. This I felt was a more than reasonable reason for my enquiry and *should* not arouse any suspicions. It took quite a few goes to actually dial the number, and in the meantime my stomach was in absolute knots. I kept thinking perhaps I should call the next evening instead, and then I kept almost hoping that if I did get through it would have already been sold. My mouth was also very dry and I had to keep sipping water. Heavens knows what I was going to say when the phone was answered, and I kept practising my 'speech' hoping it would sound completely normal, relaxed and unrehearsed. I then thought, right do it now very quickly and then it's done, and before I had the chance to talk myself out of it again I had dialled!

Once the phone was ringing it was then too late and I knew I had to go through with it. After what seemed like an age a very nice sounding lady answered and immediately put me at my ease by not asking me any questions like 'what do you want it for' or 'I hope you are in genuine need of it and it's not for some kind of weird sordid arousal' which I was utterly convinced she was going to ask me! She assured me it was still for sale and we arranged that I should come round to see it the following evening. During the conversation I also managed to pluck up the courage to ask her if it was a smock style cagoule i.e. one that you pulled on over your head (my all time favourite) or a zip up coat, and to my absolute delight she assured me it was a smock.

My stomach was churning throughout the forty five minute drive over to her house the next evening and I was hoping I would be met on the doorstep, she would hand me the anorak, I would hand her the money and I could go as quickly as possible so that I didn't have to get into any awkward conversations! This highlights the huge paradox my fetish causes me. On the one hand I get tremendously excited at the thought of trying on a new anorak and the pleasure I will get from it, but conversely there is the total dread that I have to engage with a 'normal' person who may then discover my secret. Anyway, I finally found the house and knew I had then reached the point of no return. Also, I was wondering if this was going to be the red anorak I had coveted from the yachting magazine?

My initial hopes that the transaction would have been completed quickly on the doorstep were immediately dashed when this very nice and rather attractive lady opened the door and invited me inside. I was desperately trying to convince myself that what I was doing was completely normal, that everyday throughout the country people buy and sell waterproof clothing, and there is nothing sordid, embarrassing or awkward about it, and that in no way would she have any suspicions about my waterproof interests.

She said the anorak belonged to her husband who was currently away, and she really hoped it would fit me and that I hadn't wasted a journey. She invited me through to her dining room and there it was, draped over the back of a dining chair.

Now, this may sound a bit strange, but as I am visually aroused by the sight of waterproof clothing, there are also certain ways anoraks are hung up, draped or worn

which I find incredibly stimulating. For example, anoraks hung up by their hood I find very arousing, as well as if one is being carried over someone's arm so that the hood is hanging vertically downwards. Hung over the back of a chair in a similar manner with the hood hanging downwards is also a bit of a turn on for me, and that is exactly how I first saw this bright red cagoule.

As soon as I saw it I decided it was coming home with me whether or not it fitted – I could see straight away that it was made from the same heavy duty rubber lined nylon that my pair of Henri Lloyd trousers were made from, and the sound it made when the lady picked it up I think caused my heart rate to double. I have been trying to think of a simile to use which can describe the sound of heavy duty rainwear to someone who is not familiar with it, and unfortunately I can't. There is a very 'swishy' type of sound as the fabric rubs over itself, but most significantly is a very noisy 'crackly' and 'slocky' type sound as the fabric moves. Needless to say this anorak was incredibly noisy!

I was both so excited and also so nervous at exactly the same time, with my heart racing as the lady gathered it up from the chair and held up to me to see if it would fit. I was almost beside myself and I think by now could hardly speak, and she insisted I tried it on, despite my saying that I'm sure that it would fit. However, she was so insistent that I put it on I felt I should oblige and go along with her. The truth of the matter was that I secretly wanted to put it on more than anything. She was very keen to assist me getting into it and this was also playing havoc with my now highly stimulated emotions. She gathered it up and pulled it over my head and that was when I got the first smell of its rubber lining. By now I was concerned that my usual involuntary reaction down below was possibly becoming noticeable. I had been very careful to wear both tight fitting underwear together with fairly loose jeans, as this combination was ideal for concealing this potentially embarrassing occurrence!

I tried to be as cooperative as possible and helped get into this cagoule by pushing my arms into the sleeves and through the tight fitting elasticated sealed storm cuffs at the end of the sleeves even my emotions were turning my muscles to jelly! As the cagoule was pulled over my head the inside of it slid over my face and I was breathing lungfulls of its rubbery lining - I was in ecstasy! Finally the main part of the cagoule was pulled down the front of my body, the lady still being very helpful in assisting me. She slid her hands down the sides of the cagoule smoothing its folds down along the contours of my body. I was so relieved she didn't do this down the front as I have no doubt her hand would have brushed against the now rigid hardness hiding just inside my jeans. The hood was up and the neck gusset was completely covering my nose and mouth and all I could smell was the rich aroma of the cold and incredibly smooth rubber lining. We both concluded that it was a good fit on me, and I rapidly though reluctantly pulled myself out of it.

She hoped it would serve me well and that I would get a lot of enjoyment out of it – I think she meant enjoyment out of boating or hiking pursuits during which it would be offering me protection from the weather, rather than the sort of enjoyment I was thinking of! I gave her the money, and with my new waterproof purchase under my arm I thanked her, and began the drive home. I placed it on the passenger seat next to me so that whenever road conditions would permit I could place my left hand inside it to caress that wonderful smooth fabric. I also kept sniffing the back of my hand as the aroma from inside the cagoule was transferring itself on to my hand as I moved around inside it. The drive home seemed to take an age, but at last I got back and raced upstairs to unite my latest purchase with my other Henri Lloyd acquisition, removed all my clothes and got inside the wonderful rubbery waterproof fabric – I was in heaven!



My first Henri Lloyd Anorak

This anorak was a wonderful find, and was from the Viking range of sailing anoraks which Henri Lloyd stopped making many years ago. Also to find one in such fabulous condition was a real bonus. Despite it ticking every single box in the 'arousal requirements', and the enjoyment it provided, it was not the red knee length Henri Lloyd cagoule I had seen in my sailing magazine even though it was very similar.

And so the quest continued, and still does to this day, as I still have not found that particular anorak.

I am convinced someone somewhere must have one hanging up in a wardrobe, in an oilskin locker on board their yacht or in the bottom of a box waiting to be taken to a boat jumble. Even though I first saw the photograph of it back in 1987, I am still hopeful that one day I will find one, so if anyone hears of an anorak matching the description (red knee length rubber lined waterproof Henri Lloyd hooded smock with white zip and drawcords) please let me know!

Guy Cotten PVC Waterproofs

Another well known brand of yachting waterproofs is Guy Cotten, and the design of their basic oilskins has hardly changed probably since the 1970's. They make both zip fronted hooded jackets as well as smocks, and they are made from a wonderful smelling thick PVC, with either a fine cotton backing or a PVC backing, and often in yellow.

Adverts for Guy Cotten had been prevalent throughout the sailing magazines I had read as a teenager and they are the archetypal yellow sailing oilskins, used by sailors and commercial fisherman alike.

I had always wanted to try a set of Guy Cotton waterproofs yet could never afford them, because although they are quite basic in their style they are extremely well made, last a very long time and hence command high prices. However, adverts for them did crop up from time to time in classified adverts in the Free-Ads paper on a fairly regular basis, and sure enough I did eventually buy myself a yellow waterproof smock and pair of matching sallopette trousers from such an advert.

Once inside these waterproofs you are confident nothing at all will ever get through them. They are so well made and robust and the feeling of waterproof protection they provide you with is quite overwhelming. The aroma from them is also quite fantastic and I am sure this evokes deep memories from my very young childhood when inside the paddling pool (see *Paddling Pool* above). However the smooth and cold texture of these waterproofs is on the outside and despite them being wonderful to wear whilst naked, I think the most sensual way they are used is if you are naked yet being caressed and held by a woman who is wearing them. This is yet another one of my ultimate fantasies!

Of the smocks, which are my all-time favourite styles of anorak (as I'm sure you are by now probably aware) they make three key designs. One of them is a basic smock with elasticated hood, a Velcro throat tab which closes up the neck gusset and with basic open ended sleeves – this is known as the Short Smock. They also make a similar styled anorak but is very long going down to just below the knees, aptly named the Long Smock, of which there is a photo below. Finally there is one with drawstrings to the hood and waist, a kangaroo pocket on the chest and very thick elasticated storm cuffs at the ends of the sleeves. This is called the Drenec Smock and is probably the PVC equivalent of the Peter Storm sailing smock or Henri Lloyd waterproof smock.

It goes without saying that I have in my collection examples of all three smocks, and they are all very generously proportioned and are just wonderful to wear. The outer PVC coating is so smooth to touch and I am sure my attraction towards not only this style of anorak but also the aroma and yellow colour must be attributed to my Grandmother's yellow oilskins she used when riding her scooter (see *Sailing* above).



A Guy Cotton Waterproof PVC Long Smock

The Internet

It was probably only a year or two at the most after acquiring the first of many Henri Lloyd anoraks that I got myself a computer and began to discover the internet. Throughout my life I had always taken great pleasure in looking up potentially arousing words in dictionaries such as 'anorak', 'cagoule', 'mackintosh', 'oilskin' etc, and being fascinated at how these were defined by different dictionaries. It was this kind of curiosity that made me type 'yellow oilskin' into an internet search engine.

My heart almost stopped beating – a site came up entitled 'Friesennerz – The Page for Yellow Oilskin Rainwear Lovers'³. As I clicked on it I just could not believe what I was seeing. You see up until that moment in my life I was utterly convinced that I was the only person in the entire world who liked waterproofs. I was obviously aware of people who liked rubber mackintoshes, such as the long elegant double breasted styles with high collars and belts. Whilst these did little for me I could see that many people would find these very fashionable and hence stylish to wear, no doubt in the same way as fishnet stockings and high heels were a attraction for many 'normal' people. But waterproof clothing or anoraks designed purely for function such as sailing or hiking rather than for fashion, whilst it stimulated pretty much every emotion and feeling I had, I never thought in a million years that anyone else in the world would be so attracted to it.

On this site were photographs of everyday people wrapped up in yellow PVC anoraks, and there was also a guestbook where people using anonymous names would describe how much they loved to wear their waterproofs, some even specifically describing how there was nothing better than to remove all of their clothing and slip into a Peter Storm waterproof cagoule and over trousers! I was utterly gob-smacked, and I think I must have been in a slight state of shock. I suppose in a strange way it is like suddenly discovering life on another planet – logic tells you that it would not be unreasonable to find life on another planet, although in reality we don't really believe it is possible. But just think how amazed we would be if one day we did discover there are other civilisations out there. Ok, perhaps my discovering other cagoule fetishists existed is not on the same scale as that, but nevertheless I found it an incredible revelation!

I was also quite nervous about using the net due to my concern of possible exposure and hence my lifelong secret getting out. I was convinced that people at British Telecom and any other organisation involved in connecting me to the internet would be aware that I was looking at sites that I maybe shouldn't. I was somehow convinced that sites such as this one were unethical and anyone found to be accessing them would be banned from accessing the World Wide Web. I think this is probably a natural reaction to someone new to 'surfing' however as I became more familiar with how things worked, I became more confident in running search engine enquiries on rainwear without the fear of the internet police breaking my door down in the middle of the night!

As my surfing confidence grew, and after constantly reading the entries other people had left on sites such as this one I eventually plucked up the courage to post an entry myself. This was a very significant stage in my life, as it was going to be the first time I had ever admitted to anyone other than myself that I had these feelings towards waterproofs. As you can imagine I was somewhat nervous about what I was about to do! One must remember that the closest I had come to expressing my enjoyment of wearing rainwear was with a former girlfriend when we 'tried out' wearing Peter Storm cagoules during love making (remember *Sex in a Cagoule* above) so to

³ <http://reocities.com/westhollywood/heights/2814/n.html>

actually make this admission was quite a huge thing! Anyway, as I perceived this to be so significant I have included a copy of my initial guestbook entry below.

Name: Anonymous for now - 01/03/00 00:14:32

My Email: bigmac1_uk@yahoo.co.uk

Your favourite raingear: Most hooded waterproofs esp. neoprene proofed nylon smocks

Comments:

This is the first time I've publicly discussed my fascination for waterproof clothing. Until I discovered this site last week I thought I was the only person who was into such gear - imagine my surprise when I discover there are many others. I was obviously aware of rubber fetishists but had no idea other people actually enjoyed wearing waterproofs, cagoules etc. I've enjoyed wearing them as far back as I can remember although have always been acutely embarrassed about it, and have never discussed it with anyone with the exception of my ex-girlfriend and even then I just pretended we'd both just discovered something 'new' after she'd been wearing a Peter Storm cagoule whilst on a camping trip. Types of clothing I like are generally unavailable now as most modern waterproof clothing is based on Gore-Tex, which doesn't interest me. I like the clothing that was mainly available from the mid-seventies to late eighties by manufacturers such as Peter Storm, Helly Hansen and especially Henri Lloyd, who made some excellent heavy duty nylon waterproofs. Although I like jackets that zip up the front, my favourite are the pull over smock type jackets. I've been after a Henri Lloyd one in large or extra large for some time now, so if anyone knows where I may acquire one please let me know. Briefly about myself, I live in East Anglia (England), I'm a 33 year old professional male and currently single. I suppose my ideal desire would be to meet a lady who also enjoyed wearing waterproofs, although I'm not that optimistic. Anyway, now that I realise I'm not some unique kind of nut I hope I can discover a bit about other people who share this interest. If you know any useful suppliers of 'old style' clothing or if there are in-fact any ladies who enjoy wearing these clothes please contact me. Please don't let my anonymity put you off - I will use my name with direct correspondents.

As a result of this posting I did end up sharing quite a few conversations with some very friendly and similar minded people, and it was such a revelation to discover that other people had developed almost identical interests from such an early age in the same way as me, and how many similar experiences had been had by all of us.

Whilst it was one thing posting something like this on the internet and remaining completely anonymous, it was another thing to actually admit to someone face to face about my fetish, which did not happen for quite another few years.

The Internet as a Source of Rainwear

In terms of on-line access to rubber fetish sites, rainwear fetish sites and other related sites and forums there is little I can add in this vein as my internet experiences are no doubt shared by everyone reading this.

However, it is probably worth mentioning a little as to how the internet opened up a vast resource in terms of rainwear and other associated items which prior to then had only been obtainable through such places as charity shops or reading through the classified adverts in the Free Ads for example (unless one goes back to the 60's or

70's where rubber-lined rainwear would be just waiting for you in the camping and yacht chandlery shops!).

eBay is a natural source of good quality used rainwear, and I have purchased probably a couple of hundred wonderful anoraks which just cannot be bought new nowadays. One does have to watch the prices a little, as some vendors do put very high starting prices on some items, and this is often driven by current fashions or tastes. For example, the recent film 'Awaydays' has seen a rekindled interest for Peter Storm cagoules, and consequently their prices have soared.

There are various other sites which offer excellent sources of vintage and older style rainwear, not just the classic rubber mackintoshes with belts and collars, but good old fashioned cagoules and oilskins. There is one particular set of waterproofs which I bought through the internet and I think is worth a special mention, and that is my 'Mac Mac' rubber sailing suit.

Mac Mac

Mac Mac was a rainwear specialist, now sadly long closed down, which seemed to truly understand what the rubber fetishist needed as far as smell, sound and feel of rainwear was concerned. It was I believe set up by a man called Peter Glidewell, who had an old farmland plot and in one of his outhouses he had an old machine that allowed him to dip and process all types of materials and coat them with proper rubber (latex) rather than SBR rubber (Styrene Butadiene Rubber). Consequently, the fabric used in Mac Mac rainwear is probably the ultimate and most incredible waterproof fabric ever conceived. I know I have described many fabrics previously and all have been wonderful in the way that they arouse my senses, but Mac Mac rubber takes the best of all of these and just propels them to a much higher plane!

It is a very smooth fabric and just slides across your skin with virtually no 'draw' or friction whatsoever. It is also quite heavy, so when wearing it you feel very safe and protected. It has a wonderful and very noisy 'sloppy, crackly' kind of sound to it – if you walked passed someone in the street wearing it there is a good chance they will turn round to see what's making that noise! If these attributes weren't enough, then I think the pièce de résistance is the smell, which is just incredible. It is very strong and quite intoxicating, but not the typical latex odour which I always think balloons smell of, but a mesmerising and 'exciting' smell, very similar to that of the old black rubber anaesthetic mask (see The Black Mask above).

The Mac Mac suit in question comprised of a black rubber waterproof smock cagoule with a hood together with black rubber chest high waterproof over trousers. The style was identical to that of the Henri Lloyd waterproof sailing suits, and on seeing the advertisement for it new I had to have it. I understood that it was made specifically for a private collector, and apart from the fabric was totally identical to the Henri Lloyd waterproofs which I love. It being quite expensive (probably the most expensive set of rainwear I have in my collection) I managed to do a deal which entailed trading in some of my existing rainwear. I am in no doubt whatsoever that I got the better deal!

The suit finally arrived and on eagerly unwrapping it I seem to remember it was the fabulous smell which greeted me first, closely followed by the wonderful texture and feel of the smooth cold fabric. Consequently I could not wait to climb into it and once I was inside I think it was quite some hours later until I finally and reluctantly took it off again, and this was probably only because I had to go out somewhere!

To wear this anorak with the hood up and the front neck gusset over your nose and mouth really does remind one of those childhood dental visits when having the gas, as the rubber smell is so strong when you breathe in against the rubber!

Despite my lifetime paranoia of wearing waterproofs out in public, I have been a little more risqué with these waterproofs. For example, some years ago in torrential driving rain I walked to my local supermarket in them. I was not completely naked inside them, but I certainly was on the top half! It was also dark, so once outside no-one would notice me wearing them due to them being black. But when walking around inside the supermarket I was very aware of the loud noise they made, and was also equally aware of the strong smell of rubber when I was waiting in the queue at the till. I wonder how many people noticed?

I also love to wear them when washing the car especially when I'm using the brush attached to the end of the garden hose. My excuse is that I always seem to drench myself when carrying out this task, and I do make sure I give myself a good scrubbing down at the same time! In these instances I do insist on wearing nothing underneath and the feeling is just indescribable. Luckily, with both the trousers and also the anorak being quite loose and baggy, my arousal is hidden underneath the folds of rubber, although I do try to avoid washing the car if there are many people walking past, just in-case I get caught up in conversations. No-one has yet questioned why I am wearing head to toe waterproofs when washing the car, as most other people seem to manage without, but I think this should be standard attire when carrying this out! I also tend to do it in the rain as I can also then have the hood up without getting any strange looks from passers by.



Mac Mac Black Rubber Sailing Anorak and Trousers

Needless to say, since obtaining this anorak and matching trousers it is without doubt my absolute favourite set of waterproofs, and if I was told for example that I could only keep one item of rainwear from my collection, I would not hesitate to choose them. To me it encompasses the best features of both the Henri Lloyd and the Peter

Storm sailing cagoules, but has been made in a fabric which is just in a different league to the already fabulous fabrics the original waterproofs were made from.

My Secret's Finally Out

Sometime later I was in a new and wonderful relationship with a girl who I was very much in love with. As is always the case when I'm in a relationship, my fetish always causes me great consternation – should I mention it or not – if this girl really is the one might I finally be able to exorcise myself from this 'affliction' and therefore no longer need or desire anoraks etc?

The honest and sincere answer to this was no, I could not divorce myself from the affects of waterproof clothing, having already tried once before (see *Denial* above) having even considered hypnotherapy (even though this would have required talking to someone about it).

In the troubled knowledge that my fetish and my new girlfriend would somehow have to cohabit with me I had to give serious thoughts on how to resolve this issue. In a nutshell, I was absolutely terrified, not only of the thought of losing her as I felt she may not understand it, but also because my lifelong guilt and shame was always just under the surface, and whilst on my own I could just about cope with these feelings, to explain my 'secret' to another person would result in my openly admitting I was in fact a freak and had something very seriously and unpleasantly wrong with me.

Knowledge of the fact that other people also had fetishes similar to mine gave me no comfort what so ever during this early phase of my new relationship with her.

My fetish bothered me more with this particular girl than any previous relationship I had been in, and this was because I really did think she was the one, and for her to really know me properly meant that I would have to come clean and tell her about it. So, pretty much every day I would be weighing up the pro's and con's of telling her. The outcome, had it been favourable and she understood would be just incredible and for the first time in my life I would be able to truly relax and be myself, not having to worry about being 'found out'. On top of this the opportunity to truly express myself sexually both with anoraks and with a woman who I was very much in love with was something which was so fantastic I could not realistically imagine what this must be like. Although having had sex in cagoules previously don't forget this had been done in a somewhat reserved fashion as I had not talked about my waterproof desires then.

The converse however would have been devastating, for not only would I run the risk of losing my girl, the total humiliation and feeling of guilt would have been quite terrifying to perceive. I knew that had the second outcome been the case I would have hated and despised my fetish with a vengeance, yet knowing I could never break myself away from its tenacious grip. I had a dilemma.

By now we were approaching the first six months of the relationship, and still I had not told her.

She, like me, was very much into music and we had been attending a few music festivals in the few months we had been together. It is never easy deciding what to wear to a festival, do you take something akin to going clubbing in the evenings in town, or do you go fully dressed for camping? I know how I would like to dress, but for the ladies there is perhaps a bit more of a lean towards the less practical form of attire!

It was a few days prior to attending yet another festival and I had one of my two wardrobes open at home whilst taking some clothes out. In this particular wardrobe was hanging up my Mac Mac rubber anorak. She noticed it and lifting it out suggested how perfect it would be to wear to the festival, it being black so as not to be at all garish, obviously warm due to its thickness, waterproof for the inevitable rain and being waist length would probably go well with a pair of jeans. Imagine my surprise, with all of my birthdays and Christmases suddenly coming all at once! I was speechless, here was my favourite rubber anorak and my girlfriend was suggesting she wore it to a forthcoming festival! I think by now I was also having trouble speaking, as my mouth had completely dried up and my heart was pounding in my ears.

I suggested she tried it on, just to make sure it fitted properly, which she duly did. We were still in the honeymoon stage of our relationship, and so randomly hugging and kissing each other were still part of the norm. I wasted no time in wrapping my arms around her and burying my head into her hair and nearly being driven totally wild by the wonderful aroma of her hair, perfume and of course the rubber anorak. The feel of the anorak as I ran my hands down it with her inside it was just electrifying, the waterproof rubber being so smooth to the touch.

We both agreed that, whilst a little on the large size this would be better than it being too tight and so it was packed ready to take with us to the festival. I suggested I had better find one for myself to take and later that day I chose a dark green rubber lined cagoule to wear, following her suggestion that darker colours would be better than lighter ones. I was very keen that she did not see inside my other wardrobe as this one was completely filled with well over fifty items of rainwear, and in all the typical rainwear colours such as blue, red and yellow (and hence probably not suitable for the festival).

I was of the mind that the process of telling her had now begun. As she was going to be wearing not just one of my anoraks, but my ultimate one, then the time to finally confess my secret would surely follow very shortly.

Needless to say I was even more excited about this festival than ever before, and I was especially looking forward to the evening cooling down and the need for us to wrap up in our waterproofs.

Fast forward to the festival itself, and by now it was quite late in the evening (or quite early as far as festivals are concerned) probably about midnight. By now we were both wearing our chosen anoraks and feeling much warmer and cosier than we had been a little while before prior to putting them on. We were also by now a bit worse for wear having no doubt indulged somewhat as one does at music festivals, and so were snuggled up to each other outside a tent and commenting on how great anoraks were as they kept you so warm and comfortable, even lying on a patch of grass outside in the middle of the night!

I told her how lovely she looked, and she said something on the lines of 'what, even in this anorak?' to which I said 'yes of course'. She then suggested that perhaps I might even like it if she wore it in the bedroom.

This was it, I was finally going to tell her, and she had made it easy for me by *offering* to wear it in the bedroom! There may have been a brief hesitation at this point where I was thinking of either being honest and saying yes, I would like her to wear it in the bedroom, or to lie and say no and then put off the perfect opportunity to tell her. I went for the 'yes' and we had a little bit of a laugh about it and then went off to another tent to see some more music.

It was the following day when we were driving back to my house and she brought the subject up again, referring to the question she had asked me the previous night about the possibility of my liking it if she wore the anorak in the bedroom. My positive answer had been bothering her somewhat and she wanted me to confirm if I had really meant what I said.

Oh my God, what had I done? It appeared I had completely misjudged the situation, and instead of being in a position whereby she had accepted my desire, I had inadvertently walked straight into my life long fear of telling someone or them finding out about me and then them reacting negatively in the way I always assumed people would.

She said that she found this quite a strange concept and would need to think about things for a while. As one can imagine, the journey back home was very quiet, and I was cursing myself for having let my guard down for the first time in my life. To me this just confirmed why my fetish had to be kept a secret and why I would never be able to share it with anyone.

On reaching home she was now curious as to what was in my other wardrobe, and being in a position where I was not going to try and cover anything up as my secret was now out, I made no attempt to stop her. She was definitely not prepared for what she saw in the wardrobe – she told me afterwards that if there were maybe a few anoraks, perhaps half a dozen or so, she would have found it much easier to accept. But on opening the wardrobe, what greeted her were two completely full hanging rails of every possible type of cagoule under the sun! She was quite shocked at this and took herself off to another room.

I was devastated. I was now utterly convinced I had lost her and I hated my fetish for having caused this. I was now of the strong opinion that what I had was in-fact a disease which made me different from everyone else and, it having afflicted me from my earliest days of childhood, was now all of these years later causing detrimental damage to my relationships. How I cursed it, and just wanted to know why it was me who had been afflicted with it, and why I just couldn't be normal like most other people. All I wanted to do at that moment was to take every item of rainwear I owned outside and set fire to the lot of it. And I would somehow get medical treatment for it and not rest until I had finally been cured from this debilitating curse! I was both so angry with 'it', yet so upset as it looked like it had destroyed my relationship.

Eventually she came and sat with me and apologised for reacting the way she did, saying that she had never in her life come across anything like this before and therefore did not know how to react to it. I re-assured her that she should not feel bad in any way as it must be a very strange thing to come to terms with. One of the things she found the hardest was the fact that she wished she had known about it sooner, as she felt that she now had to get to know me all over again as I was now somehow a different person.

For the rest of the evening we spent quite a lot of time talking about it, which I think helped put her mind at rest and also gave me the opportunity to talk openly and face to face with someone about it for the first ever time in my life. Also, having got over her initial shock she became quite interested in it and wanted to know more about it, how I discovered it, what I did with it, did anyone else know, what was it about the anoraks that I liked etc?

One of the things she pointed out was that it was not harmful to anyone or caused any pain or upset to anyone, so I should not be ashamed or feel awkward about it. It was perfectly harmless, and I should stop worrying about it and try and enjoy it, after

all there are many sexual behaviours which do impact negatively on people, hurt them and destroy them!

From that moment onwards she was wonderfully supportive and really did help me try and come to terms with it and try to enjoy it without harbouring feelings of guilt and foolishness which have always accompanied it. It was wonderful from my perspective to be able to talk to her about it, and we even shared this secret knowledge with a few very close friends. To my utter amazement they weren't at all phased by this, saying it was just part of who I am and why would that bother anyone!

Also, it goes without saying that waterproofs were from then on always *de rigueur* when attending festivals, with it almost being a ritual for me to remove my tee-shirt as soon as it started to get a little chilly in the evenings and pull an anorak on, this remaining on throughout the night and generally as long as possible into the next day!

Anoraks were also worn fairly regularly in the bedroom during the course of our four and a half year relationship, although there was a mutual understanding that they wouldn't be worn every time!

This leads onto a question she asked me many a time and I don't know to this day if I can honestly answer it – whilst I can obviously make love *without* anoraks, do they always enhance lovemaking i.e. will sex in an anorak always be more intense and more gratifying than sex without? I think if I answer yes, and the anorak always enhances sex, does this mean I haven't yet found the right woman, or does it mean that my fetish is a curse and that I rely on it completely, not being able to enjoy sex fully without it?

Another bit of psychoanalysis is required here I think!

Reflections

Well, that just about brings me to the end of this part of the journey through my life as a rubber, rainwear and breathing apparatus fetishist (that's a bit of a mouthful).

Have I achieved what I set out in the beginning?

Well, I've tried to describe how my fetish has developed in as much a chronological way as I could, and I've described particular events which I believe are significant to my fetish.

I've also attempted to describe the constant battle I have had between the sheer feelings of dependency, ecstasy, excitement, comfort, safety and incredible sexual arousal I get from these 'objects of desire' in contrast to the guilt, ashamedness, foolishness, embarrassment and utter fear of being found out or discovered.

I think I have explained what in particular it is about the things that I like, the look, the feel, the smell and the sound, and why some things will have this dramatic effect on me whereas others do nothing at all.

I think I've described my lifelong desire to openly express and enjoy these experiences with a like-minded female, although I have been lucky enough to have at least had the opportunity to engage with a consenting female. However, there is a vast difference between a like-minded female and a consenting one!

I believe I have ruled out ever being able to rid myself of my fetish, and for anyone to understand me and who I really am would somehow need to accept that this is a fundamental part of me.

I also think that in some ways I am very lucky to have this, as it does add a whole new dimension to just going out in the rain for example. Also, I believe it has enhanced the development of my senses, such that my sense of touch for example is probably a great deal more developed than that of a non-fetishist.

What I have not been able to do is to determine why I have been affected (or afflicted?) in this way, and what is it that makes me different to other people who are not turned on by any of these things. This is something that I would still be very interested in understanding, and consequently I would not be at all averse to being the subject of any research into this field of psychology.

In the meantime, thank you so much for reading this, I hope you have found some of it interesting, and that you have maybe drawn parallels of your own to some of the experiences and emotions I have had.

If any of what I have written has prompted any questions or further curiosity I would be delighted to discuss anything in more detail with anyone.

And Finally

Here are a few photographs from my collection of anoraks.



Henri Lloyd Rubber Lined Anorak – Note Rubber Lining in Hood



Peter Storm PVC Sailing Cagoule



Peter Storm Rubber Lined Anorak

(I was not aware Peter Storm made any rubber lined rainwear until I found this anorak)



Same Anorak Hanging by its Hood!

And this really is the last one...



Photograph of man from the Special Boat Service (SBS) – what a fantastic job having to wear an inflated rubber suit as well as having to breathe rubber tainted oxygen from the inflatable rubber bladder on his chest. How I would love to have go at wearing and being dependent on this equipment.