

# THE female *Impersonator*

A SPECIAL MAGAZINE  
FOR SPECIAL PEOPLE

Number 10

\$4.00



In this issue :  
A REAL  
BOYLESQUE  
SHOW  
DARING GIRL-  
BOY PHOTOS  
REAL TV  
SWINGER ADS

FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS ONLY  
SALE TO MINORS FORBIDDEN





# our gal sandy sez;

Almost every day, we get letters from transvestites and transsexuals from all over the country who are looking for places to go and other people to meet. They are looking for companionship, mutual understanding and a sympathetic ear. They ask us to help.

Unfortunately, there was little we could do until quite recently, when we launched our revolutionary new project, the "Crossdresser Organizational Program." Now, there is some hope for the lonely TV who is no longer satisfied with his solitary evenings at home.

Basically, this program consists of lists of people who have joined and met the membership requirement. When we have compiled the names of enough people in any given geographical area, we compile a list and send it to the other members in that area. One or two people will be appointed as organizers, and they will help to set up the meetings.

This program has only been in existence for a month, and already the results are encouraging. We have had replies from all over the country, with concentrations of members in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Alabama, Michigan and Chicago. We will shortly be sending out the lists, so now is the time to join in, and make it happen.

The only requirement is that the prospective member be a subscriber to FEMALE IMPERSONATOR NEWS, since the project is funded and

staffed by the newspaper. The paper will also serve as the communications network between the groups and individuals. A subscription form is included with your application for your convenience.

Once the groups are formed, we will make no restrictions as to how they are run. This is left entirely to the members to decide. We will advise the leader about how to run the meetings, and how to get things started, but the rest is up to you. Join in. If you have a place available for meetings, please let us know. We need leaders as well as members. Do it today.

This may be beginning to sound like an Army recruiting advertisement and, if it does, just remember, The Crossdresser Organizational Program builds women . . .

#### CROSSDRESSER ORGANIZATIONAL PROGRAM RELEASE FORM

I, the undersigned, agree to allow Neptune Productions to release my name and address to other participants in the crossdresser organization program for the sole purpose of starting local meetings of such persons.

I understand that my name will be kept in strictest confidence, and will be released only to those individuals in the same geographical area who have also signed a copy of this release.

Neptune Productions assumes no responsibility for the conduct of participants, and will not be liable for the actions of participants.

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

NAME (Printed) \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE (Optional) \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

You must  
be 21.

Do you have a place where meetings can be held? \_\_\_\_

Do you wish to help organize a chapter  
in your area? \_\_\_\_

Do you wish your phone number released \_\_\_\_

Do you wish to be contacted by mail only? \_\_\_\_

Can you travel to meetings? \_\_\_\_ If yes, state how  
many miles \_\_\_\_\_

Are you a member of any other TV organizations? \_\_\_\_  
If yes, please list: \_\_\_\_\_

# THE female *Impersonator*

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*Buzzing the  
round* 

# HONEY

HONEY is her name and, much the same way that a honey bee metamorphoses in its biological stages to maturity, this is the way HONEY became a female impersonator. . . .

HONEY, like the little bee, started out as an egg with no clear sexually determined role laid out for her. With inside and outside influences along the way (the bee through larval stage, Honey through adolescence), she became a "she" being.

In the bee hierarchy, the ruling queen and all the worker bees are female. The males (or drones) play one role — to impregnate the queen. Once













one of them accomplishes this act, he dies — for his genitals are ripped from him and left inside the queen to provide her with thousands of fertilized eggs, which she will lay for the rest of her life.

Meanwhile, the girl worker bees kill or chase off the rest of the worthless drones and get back to work building combs for the queen's eggs — most of which will hatch into female s, but a few, for no known reason, will develop into male drones.

So much for that analogy — back to HONEY — she's all woman, notwithstanding a few slight mistakes made by nature, and she's willing to prove it. Her every motion, every look, smooth skin, just-right makeup all spell f-e-m-a-l-e with a capital F!







The pix on pages 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 tell you what we mean — that she's HONEY all the way.

Clothes don't always make the woman, but they sure help. Honey likes fishnet stockings in the new bikini style, hip-hugging, a paisley G-string, black lace bra, high-heeled sandals, and a gold lame robe that easily falls from her smooth shoulders to the floor with the slightest provocation.

Honey's blonde hair goes with her personality—soft, smooth, rippley and sweet-smelling. She all adds up to a honeyful experience.





















**MY THING** is a regular feature of **FEMALE IMPERSONATOR** . . . All of you are invited to send in your stories — tell 'em like they are!

Dear Sandy,

I have read with much enjoyment the problems of the women, boys, and girls who have written you, primarily on the subject of crossdressing.

I am a grown man with the legitimate name of Lucy [REDACTED]. I was born Louis [REDACTED], and as far as I can remember, my mother and I have lived, worked, and even slept together. My father was a seaman, and I never remembered having known this good-looking man whose picture holds a corner of mother's vanity table in our bedroom.

I was petite at the time of birth and through my childhood too, like my mother. My father, she claims, was a large boned rough type of an individual. Apparently, I followed the pattern of my mother throughout life.

I dreaded the dark. I therefore slept with mother. When the weather was bad, I stayed in the house, and helped mother clean house. I learned to cook. I even learned to sew. There was one neighbor only, within two hundred feet of our house. She also was a widow and had two girls. Karen was one year younger, and Laurie was two years older than I.

I wanted to play ball with the girls, but they constantly got hurt; and as a result, we played house very often; we all had a doll of our own even though my doll was a Raggedy Andy.

Karen liked to play with Andy, and I found myself making dresses, and changing the clothes of her doll. This resulted at ages ten, eleven and thirteen of we three, respectively, in wearing each others' clothes when our mothers went to town to shop.

One day, the girls followed me upstairs in my house, and asked where I slept. I told them that I slept with my mother, of course. They asked me what kind of pajamas I wore. I showed them my nightgown with pink ribbon drawn top and bottom. The girls told their mother that very night, that I slept with my mother even though I was eleven years old. They just could not imagine my not having my own bedroom like they did.

They told their mother that I had a beautiful nightgown. My mother, Rita [REDACTED], and Mrs. [REDACTED], next door, spent over a half hour on the phone that night. I heard mother say, "Dottie



[REDACTED], you should be ashamed of yourself for mentioning it, but I will ask Louis if he exchanged his entire outfit with Karen, even to her panties and slip. Maybe for punishment I had better get a complete set of girl's clothing and we can have three little girls in the backyard playing with their dolls."

I knew what was coming as soon as she hung up the phone. I turned red in the face, before mother even spoke.

"Louis," directed Mother, "sit down with me for a few moments. I have a bit of serious talking to do. Mrs. [REDACTED] tells me that she saw you completely dressed in Karen's clothes one day. How many times have you done this?" questioned Rita [REDACTED].

Louis became meek as a mouse, and said, "I did dress up at Karen's house. I have worn your clothes three or four times. I like the feeling of silk much better than cotton underclothes. I wish you would make me more silky, shorter nightgowns, and sometimes I wish I had been born a girl, rather than a boy."

Rita's entire body took on a glow, along with Louis, and she went to her bedroom for fifteen or more minutes, and called downstairs to Louis to help her. She stood in the doorway with a



light girdle, nylons and panties and her dress half over her head. It was caught on a hook attached to her bra.

Louis quickly released the knee length dress, and as he was leaving the room, his mother said, "Louis, I have laid on our bed, a small bra, short slip, my prettiest panties, a small garter belt and dark brown nylons. If you would like to experiment with them, while I get supper, please join me dressed the way which will please you most. In my closet is a choice of mini dresses which are going out of style. Maybe you would like them.

A half hour at least went by, with curious thoughts going through Rita's mind. She decided to leave the kitchen and call to Louis and down the stairs came a very beautiful transformed boy to girl. Rita kissed her boy, or new-found girl, with eagerness never before experienced.

"Louis," she almost screamed, "you should be my daughter Lucy. You are beautiful. Let me put a little make-up on your lashes and lids. And I will phone Dottie to come over and pass judgment."

In very few seconds, Dottie, our neighbor, arrived and was so stunned at seeing such a pretty girl added to the neighborhood, that she became quite jealous. Her own daughters did not measure up to Lucy, born Louis.

While sitting in the kitchen having a glass of wine, both Karen and Laurie quietly walked in the back door. Louis tried to run, but he could not as he wore mother's 2" heels for the first time. They also came up and gave him a kiss, and called him Lucy instead of Louis.

So it was. . .

The two families far out in the country completed their school years via bus during school session as two girls and a boy. However, when they were at home, and to many fairs, movies, and other socials, they all went together as girls.

Lucy still slept with Mother.

It is now nineteen years later..

Needless to say, Lucy and Mother lived a life of familiarity. Comparisons of the anatomy had to be made. Choices of wearing apparel became a race as to who would wear which each evening.

The big question is Lucy's future as a girl or a man. I am sure that I (Lucy) will share both desires. I will await a woman that will understand me as Mother has, for I never will give up partial crossdressing, my nighties, and do hope to raise a family, as well.

If I am unable to find an understanding wife, I will go to court and legally change my name to "Lucy" Sorol and no doubt will consider TS operation.



**Use of photographs to illustrate this story does not imply that the models in the photos are in any way connected with the story.**

#### MY THING

Hi, again, girl. For the longest time I've intended to write you and thank you for being so sweet for printing my letter in THE FEMALE IMPERSONATOR No. 9. It was the first time I have ever had a letter published. I was so thrilled, my panties soon contained a huge erection as I read it. Barbara, my blonde TV friend from New York, called me to tell me she had just picked up FI No. 9 and the letter was in. A couple of days later, I spotted the magazine at a local adult book shop and bought three copies.

Since an issue of FI NEWS was also available, plus a couple of other TV magazines, I had some wonderful additions to my quickly developing TV library, so I was in a state of bliss.

Sitting around my comfortable apartment in panties, bra, garterbelt and stockings reading and rereading the material was an absolute delight.

Called Barbara in New York. We got so excited describing what we were wearing, and commenting on the letter and other aspects of the beautiful world of transvestism, you can just imagine what happened. Just let's say soon after we hung up, we were both laundering our panties standing on legs that were a bit shaky.

One thing I should tell you before going further is that, at Barbara's suggestion, I've decided to use the femme name of Ginger instead of Ginny. Barbara told me a sexy blonde TV (and coming from a doll like Barbara, that's a compliment) like me should have a sexy, vivacious name, thus Ginger has replaced Ginny.

Barbara and I get together two or three times each month either here or in New York. We've become close friends and lovers and look forward to our weekends together. I took today off, have just showered, powdered and put on fresh undies, since, as soon as I finish writing you, I'll be headed for New York.

Three weeks ago we had a whole week together at a plush motel on the Rhode Island shore. Also made the gay scene in the Providence area, which is very, very lively, and met a few other TVs at a club that features drag shows. We plan to go back soon. It was a fun time.

Returned with a lovely tan and caused a sensation at a gay beach area where, after a dare from Barbara, I sunned myself all afternoon in a two-piece black satin bikini. A couple of strong Martinis and the fact the beach was uncrowded led to my bravado. Came back a bit tired from all the partying, not to mention lovemaking — one night, it was almost orgiastic when we visited a cottage populated by two gay TV couples — but delighted to have had such a deliciously, pleasurable vacation.

Since I buy most of your publications, I wonder if you would mind if I made a few suggestions. I love both THE FEMALE IMPERSONATOR and FEMALE IMPERSONATOR NEWS. I would like to see more pages in both publications devoted to letters, however, and more sexy pictures showing boys in lingerie (panties, hose, garterbelts, bras, etc.) rather than so many frontal nudes. I'm no prude and a few frontal nudes are fine and even stimulating, but I think it's the lingerie shots that turn most TVs on.

I don't want to be catty, but I thought Don Astin's story, "Shackled Chauvinist," in FI NEWS No. 6 was a boring, waste of valuable space. Likewise the rambling, almost nonsensical letter from Beverly took up the space that could have been used to print three or four more interesting letters.

Otherwise, issue No. 6 was fine, and the pictures accompanying the transgenderism story were



great. Both Barbara and I also want to wish Sandy well in her operation. It's something we could never even consider, but it's what Sandy wants and our thoughts are with her.

While commenting on FI NEWS, I must say I was very impressed by issue No. 5. The pictures of super sexy Shawnee Brown, who has a movie star's legs, plus a nice figure, were a great turn on. I was also pleased to see so many good letters, two of which I would like to comment on. First to Reba: Like yourself I absolutely adore wearing panties and am putting together an excellent collection. I like all soft, frilly feminine clothes but silky, sexy panties are my favorites. You are so right when you pay a special accolade to Vanity Fair panties. They're expensive, but worth every penny. They have just come out with two new numbers that Reba and pantie lovers everywhere should know about. One is a low-cut brief made of Antron nylon with oodles of lace on the sides. I just bought two pairs in ice blue. Previously, I had purchased some pink numbers. They have a shimmering, satiny look and feel that is virtually impossible to describe.

The other design which I bought is a pantie that is also blue, but a bit deeper shade. It is all nylon, comes in a regular pantie or bikini style, and is edged with a lacy, white floral design that is simply beautiful and contrasts just so prettily to the





blue of the panties. With a matching bra and matching garterbelt holding one's tann stockings as taut as possible, it's a gorgeous outfit that looks and feels sexy beyond belief. I know, because it's what I'm wearing as I write this.

Also, for TVs who may not be able to afford Vanity Fair, let me recommend the panties and bras of Movie Star. They are very good quality for the price (particularly the nylon satin numbers), often have lace edgings and come in many pretty pastels.

The other letter was from Sandy. Ironically, I know Sandy. We met at a Halloween Drag Queen party. "She" is young, extremely pretty, outwardly vivacious, but really a bit shy, and oh so vulnerable. "She" stayed with me for a few days soon after that catfight "she" had with Maria, another queen, who I don't know well, but who is known for "her" temper, not to mention jealousy. The fight was over a gay stud who was just playing one against the other, or in other words, using both of them.

He induced them to fight and did nothing to stop them even when Maria was literally tearing Sandy to pieces on the floor. I didn't see the fight, but when Sandy came to stay with me, "she" was still marked with scratches and bruises around her face, breasts and shoulders, and there were long welts on "her" sides where Maria had kicked her.

"She" told me about the only item of clothing that wasn't ripped up in the fight was "her" Panties, which as "she" mentioned "she" came off in because of the erotic excitement of the fight. At the stud's urging, Maria did take Sandy's bra as a trophy of the fight and tried to tear off her panties, but Sandy was able to keep them on and with "her" crying so much over everything, some other people finally pulled Maria off her.

Sandy is okay now, but was frightened and very despondent over the incident for some time. "She" is a sweet, attractive person, but as I said so vulnerable. She's making the gay scene again, trying to avoid Maria, who she is scared of, but still hanging around the same rough crowd, where I'm afraid she'll be used again. I haven't seen her for awhile, so, Sandy, if you read this, you know I'm thinking about you. You're so pretty, dear, you're wasting your time at the sleazy bars you hang out in. With your talents and looks you could easily make a living as a professional impersonator. Don't throw your future away.

I try to be very choosy over the TV friends I make. A few years ago, when I was in college, I also got into a tiff with another TV at a party given by this wealthy gay, who got his kicks out of watching young guys box and wrestle at his affairs. He knew this other TV, a rusty-haired kid we called Glenda, and I didn't get along, and he prodded us into stripping down to just bra and panties and putting on these fairly large boxinggloves for a three-round fight. We were about the same size, 130 lbs., but knew nothing about boxing.

He offered \$100 to the winner, so for the entire minute of the first round we just swung away. By the end of the round, I had been knocked down twice and had a bloody nose. We were both crying. Even with the large gloves, the punches hurt. I didn't want to fight any more and I don't think Glenda did either, because I had hit "her" some good ones, too. He taunted us into fighting a second round though, so we kept throwing punches through our tears.

Suddenly, I started to get hit with one punch after another in my face and couldn't take any more. The tears came in racking sobs and I caved in and fell to the floor. Ceremoniously, the host counted me out and after Glenda pulled off my sky-blue panties as a trophy, he gave "her" the \$100. All I got was humiliation and ruined mascara. That was my last fight.

My very best, GINGER

**MY THING** is a regular feature of **FEMALE IMPERSONATOR** . . . All of you are invited to send in your stories—tell 'em like they are!

#### MY THING

I am a salesman from a small town in Minnesota. Last week I was in the big city and decided I'd like to dress up. I have never been out in public, can't make any TV contacts in this area. I called a beauty shop and told the girl I had a problem, I was from out of town and had been invited to a party where the guys dress as girls and I needed help with a wig and makeup. After a lengthy pause, she said okay, to come to the salon at 7:30. I did, with my bag of girlish goodies.

She and a friend were going to help me get made up. They told me to get dressed first, which I did, putting on pantyhose, bra, slacks and a shirt and a pair of sandals.

They began by fixing my hair and, believe me, I never felt so good. As they were doing this, they seemed to question me about myself and the supposed party.

I played along, making them think I really didn't like this at all. Finally they started in on my makeup, one of them even went to the drugstore and got a pair of false eye lashes.

After they had finished, I looked in the mirror and couldn't believe it. They had made me look fantastic. I stood up and one of the girls said I'd look much better in a dress. I told her I bought one that afternoon from a theatrical place downtown, but really didn't want to put it on because it looked like a maid's uniform. (It was one I have owned for years.)

But they talked me into it and when I came out of the restroom, they were really amazed at what a difference the dress made. They even called me "Darlene, the maid." They twisted my arm to put on the apron, and asked me to sweep the floor while they got ready to close shop. I did, and they kept teasing me about keeping me as their steady maid. If only they knew how long I'd looked in Minn. for someone who would let me be their maid!

I took off the apron and put a shawl around my shoulders as I was ready to leave. The final thing I remember one of them saying is, at least you're not one of those fems all the time. If she only knew!

I drove around for awhile, but lost my nerve and went back to the motel. I parked the car and looked in my purse for my room key, but it wasn't



there. You wouldn't believe my feeling when I thought of going up and asking the desk clerk for my key, but what else could I do?

As I walked in the front door, I remembered I had stopped by the candy bar machine near my room for a pack of gum, just maybe I dropped it there. I took a deep breath and walked right by the desk clerk. Good evening, mam, he said to me. I just smiled back. He didn't suspect a thing. I couldn't believe it.

I reached the machine without seeing anyone else, looked around on the floor, but no key. I leaned my hand on top and, you guessed it, the key. I must have laid it down when I bought the gum.

I hurried to my room and once inside I was so happy. I spent the rest of the night admiring the great job the girls from the beauty salon had done with me.

I don't know if I'll ever go out in public again unless I find a friend in this area, but I will always remember my first night out.

Keep up the good work, Sandy.

Love, DIANE



# KENNY KERR'S **BOYLESQUE**



If Atlantic City ever gives out keys to the city, Kenny Kerr would certainly rate one. For the past six years, he has done a lot to promote female impersonation there, and has helped to make the Atlantic City night scene happen.

This past summer, Kenny appeared in Atlantic City with his very talented troupe, "This is Boylesque." His was the only drag act in a city that had a deluge of so-called female impersonation acts several years ago. There is a saying that only the





strong and the best survive, and this is certainly applicable in the case of Mr. Kenny Kerr.

Although still in his twenties, Kenny is no newcomer to the art of female impersonation. He has

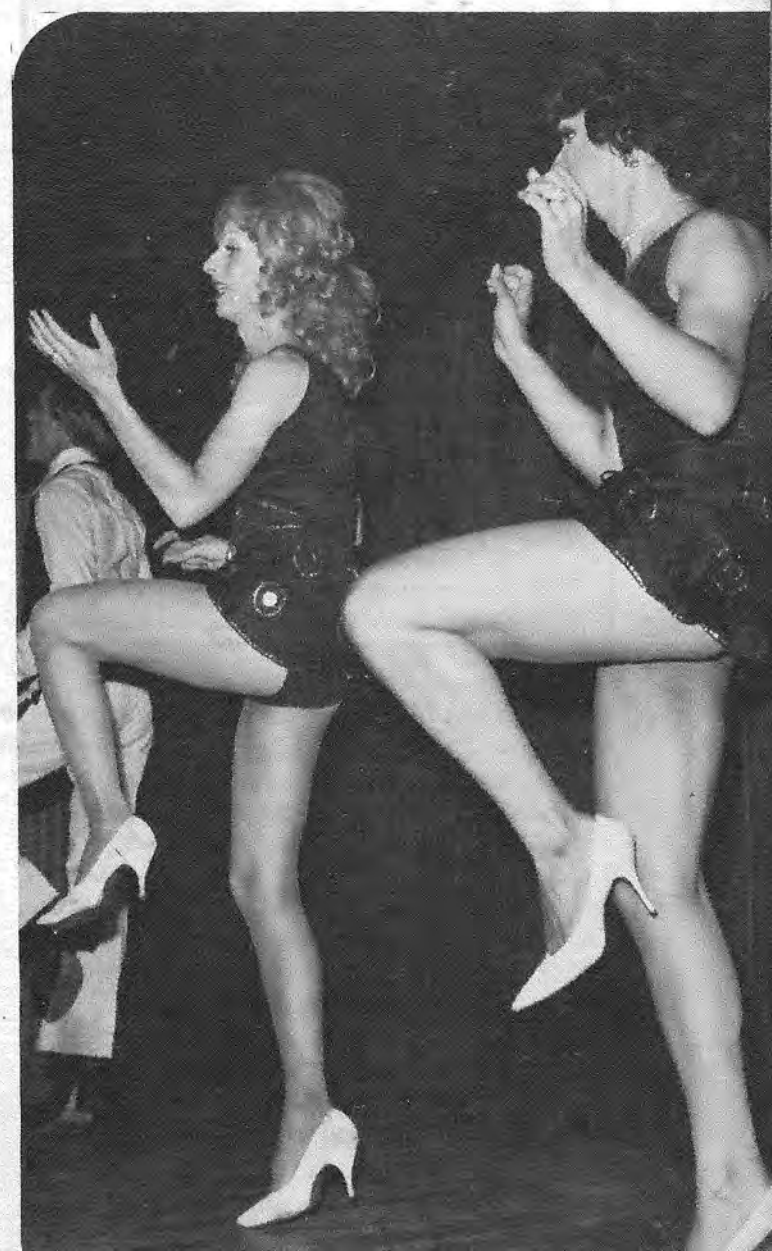
a lot of veteran savvy when it comes to performing, choreographing, picking a cast, or even repairing a torn gown. He is an expert at virtually every aspect of the field.













## A Cassette for TSs

How do you tell your boss you're going to stop being George and start being Joanne?

How do you have sex when neither partner wants to play the aggressor?

Is sex life better before or after the operation?

These and a host of other questions are answered with intelligence, warmth and candor on CONFIDE's new interview cassette, *THE WAY OF A TRANSEXUAL: JOANNE'S STORY*, brought to you by the producers of the widely applauded cassette, *THE MALE TRANSVESTITE*.

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The price is \$12, and your satisfaction is guaranteed.

CONFIDE  
Box 56-TIM  
Tappan, N. Y. 10983

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ for which please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of your audio cassette *THE WAY OF A TRANSEXUAL: JOANNE'S STORY*, at \$12 each (New York State residents, please add sales tax). If not satisfied, I may return the cassettes within 10 days for full refund. (Sorry, no CODs).

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City, State & Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Garrett Oppenheim is director of CONFIDE—Personal Counseling Services Inc., which does specialized counseling with TVs and TSs. Fae Robin is associate director of the service. If you would like to submit your problem for them to answer in these pages, address CONFIDE, Box 56-CC, Tappan, NY 10983. Problems will be selected on the basis of their wide interest to TVs and TSs. If yours is not selected for publication, it will be returned to you—provided you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

If you are interested in obtaining a deeper and more individualized kind of help than is possible in a published column, ask Garrett and Fae to send you their free booklet.

## Calling Confide

Dear Garrett and Fae,

*Can you help me understand what's come over me at this late stage in my life? It started after age 50, and it's getting progressively worse. My problem is an insatiable desire to wear the nicest of nylons, panties, garter belts, slips and nighties. I spend all my money on these things, ordering by mail or shopping the department stores.*

*The older clerks think I'm buying for a girlfriend, but the younger ones see right through me. They say, "I know you'll enjoy these panties (or this gown)."*

*I've read a lot of books on transvestism, and they all talk about childhood influences. Well, I have some photos of myself in the kind of children's clothes that were fashionable around 1912, and an old diary tells me that Aunt Agnes made me two dresses for a party when I was 4. It also says I was going to a photographer and that my family bought me new white stockings and white button shoes with pretty bows for the occasion. With childhood influences like that, how come all the children of my generation didn't grow up to be transvestites?*

*I remember wearing my sister's undershirts, with colored ribbons at the neck, and her "waists", with garters both front and rear to hold up my long stockings.*

*My father had a bad temper and gave little love, but Mother would take me in her arms and comfort me. One of my earliest recollections — and it's still vivid — is of my Mother baring her breast to me for consolation.*

*I wore my last short-pants suit at age 13 or 14. My father bought me three pairs of long brown stockings to wear with it, but I called them sissy clothes. He whipped me until I put them on. Yes, then I took a long walk in the woods. I climbed a huge rock, pulled my pants up to the top of my stockings and masturbated. I wonder, was I really so reluctant to wear those stockings? When I got home, I purposefully let them fall down, and my Mother threw them away.*

*I was always masturbating, both at school and at home. At school I'd peek under the girls' desks to see their panties. I think people noticed my masturbation, because I was always being told how pale I looked.*

*By the time I married around age 24, I had practically burned myself out with masturbation. I was not the hot stuff a young husband is supposed to be. Since the birth of our third child, my wife seems to care very little for sex, and I'm usually too tired anyway. My desire for her is blah.*

*But my desire to browse through women's shops and corsetries and mail-order catalogs keeps growing. And so does the wish to have a female body.*

*For the last two years I've been using an estrogen cream, and now I'm taking hormone pills. I'll no doubt have to wear tank tops this summer, and my budding breasts will cause many a question.*

*My own question, Garrett and Fae, is, Why did this latent desire come over me so late in life --- and after 30 years of marriage (much of it without ordinary sex)?*

*Freda, Massachusetts*

Dear Freda,

You've raised some challenging questions. And with our present limited knowledge of transvestism, we can't give you any answers. We particularly like that question about why ALL little boys of your generation didn't grow up into TVs.

It's quite true that in those days little boys were dressed more like little girls than they are today (and the littler the more). The fact that most of them DIDN'T grow up to be TVs sort of confirms our own belief, strengthened by years of counseling, that it takes more than clothes to shape the transvestite's destiny.

Just what factor or combination of factors causes transvestism has never been determined, though there are plenty of theories. In the last several years, there has been considerable evidence that a hormonal imbalance of the developing baby in its mother's womb may have something to do with it. But there is an even greater preponderance of evidence to show that childhood influences can be a decisive factor.

One of the most typical pictures in the childhood of the hundreds of TVs we've counseled is a lack of fathering. Many of them lived in a home where there was no father — he was dead, or remarried, or away on business practically all the time. Others recall a father who was unfriendly, or gave no love, or preferred his little girl to his little boy. If the mother is the only source of what the father is deficient in, she becomes, in the child's mind, the em-

bodiment of goodness, of comfort, of love. All this symbolized is in the recollection of your mother's bared, comforting breast.

And now we might ask, Why don't all children who lack a father's love grow up to be a transvestite? And again, we have to answer: No one factor alone is likely to shape a life.

Your letter gives only the scantiest clues, but even so, it's clear that there were some other factors. There's evidence that your parents — and perhaps your Aunt Agnes too — encouraged you to even wear clothes that were too girlish to pass as male EVEN IN THOSE DAYS. Perhaps they smiled inside on your experiments with your sister's underwear and "waists".

On your father's side, it wasn't just encouragement; your story of how he forced you to wear the long brown stockings suggests there was more than a touch of sadism in the way he treated you. That's the kind of thing that can turn a boy off on his own maleness. In fact, it might even drive him out of the whole frightening world of maleness. (How is he ever going to compete with men like his father?)

So here you have a classic combination of childhood influences calculated to propel you straight into crossdressing. Why didn't they? Why did it take 30 years from the incident of the brown stockings for your feminine side to assert itself? Without knowing you well and taking you on a search through your own mind, we can only suggest some possibilities for you to explore.

It's clear that by the age of 13 or 14 you were well on the way in awareness of the differences between boys' clothes and sissy clothes. But your attitude toward the sissy clothes seems to have been a mixture of fear and fascination. That you feared wearing them is evident in your tremendous resistance to the short pants - brown stockings combination. Yet off in the secrecy of the woods, they certainly gave you a sexual charge. That flight from your punitive father into the sanctuary of your femininity may be symbolic of your lifelong desire.

What happened, then, to make you suppress this desire? Though you didn't say, we would guess that your schoolmates or other persons had put the fear of sissy clothes into you. You were made fun of, or barred from the companionship of other boys, or of girls. Fear of mockery and ostracism can be powerful deterrents to children — and even grownups.



And that may explain why, when you came home from the woods, you let your stockings drop and encouraged your mother to throw them away.

But your interest in female clothes was far from dead. When you peeked under the desks of your girl classmates, it wasn't for a glimpse of a thigh or a vulva; it was to see their panties. That's what gave you your sexual kicks and stimulated you to masturbate.

Masturbation, incidentally, doesn't make you pale. And there's no other way, either, that people could tell you were masturbating — unless they caught you at it.

Moreover, you may be quite sure that you didn't "burn yourself out" before marriage. The sex organs don't atrophy with exercise; it's lack of use that dulls and deadens them.

Since you were sexually very active all through your school years, there must have been some other strong reason to account for the wane of your sex drive at age 24. It could, of course, have been due to some organic trouble, but in cases like yours the chances are at least 95 out of 100 that the cause was psychological. And it's probable that it was linked with the repression of your desire to crossdress. For the transvestite, cross-dressing is a sexual activity, and to repress it you must repress some of the sex drive itself.

It may have been the old fear of ostracism as well as some adult fears of hurting your career and wrecking your home that kept you from fulfilling your desire. But it takes a lot of energy and effort to repress anything as powerful as a drive to crossdress. Perhaps that's why you feel too tired for sex with your wife, and why your desire for her is blah.

Why is your feminine side, now, reasserting itself? Perhaps your anxieties about career, marriage and children are mostly behind you, giving you freedom from your old fears. Then, too, it's been remarked in the literature that the dormant female side of a man tends to emerge with great strength in later life. One friend suggests that the decrease in the body's production of male hormones may have something to do with it.

In any case, there it is. And rather than stew too much over the causes, we recommend that you accept yourself entirely as you are and enjoy your shopping spree.

One other thing, if you take female hormones in sufficient dosages to grow breasts, you will really obliterate your sex drive. That is all right if you'd rather have breasts than sex, but you do need to know what you're

doing when you take estrogen. We hope you are doing this under a doctor's direction.

GARRETT AND FAE

Dear Joahn, Helen, Trudy, and all of you who wrote in that you want to get in touch with Charl of Montana,

Space won't permit us to print all your letters here, and unhappily we don't know Charl's present address. But if Charl sees this and gets in touch with us, we'll give her your names and addresses.

Are you out there, Charl?

GARRETT AND FAE

*Garrett Oppenheim is director of CONFIDE, Personal Counseling Services Inc., which does specialized counseling with transvestites and transsexuals. Fae Robin is associate director of the service. If you would like to submit your problem for them to answer in these pages, address CONFIDE, Box 56-CC, Tappan, N.Y. 10983. Problems will be selected on the basis of their wide interest to TVs and TSs. If yours is not chosen for publication, it will be returned to you — provided you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.*

*If you are interested in obtaining a deeper and more individualized kind of help than is possible in a published column, ask Garrett and Fae to send you their free brochure, which describes CONFIDE's technique of counseling by cassette, letter or telephone.*

*A thorough discussion of transvestism, its causes, its manifestations and the problems connected with it — along with advice on how to handle them — is contained in an audio cassette, "The Male Transvestite," featuring Garrett and Fae. It's priced at \$12 postpaid (\$15 for 8-track or reel) and is available from CONFIDE, Box 56-CC, Tappan, N.Y. 10983. Details will be mailed on request.*

*If you are interested in obtaining a deeper and more individualized kind of help than is possible in a published column, ask Garrett and Fae to send you their free booklet, which describes their technique of counseling by cassette, letter or telephone.*

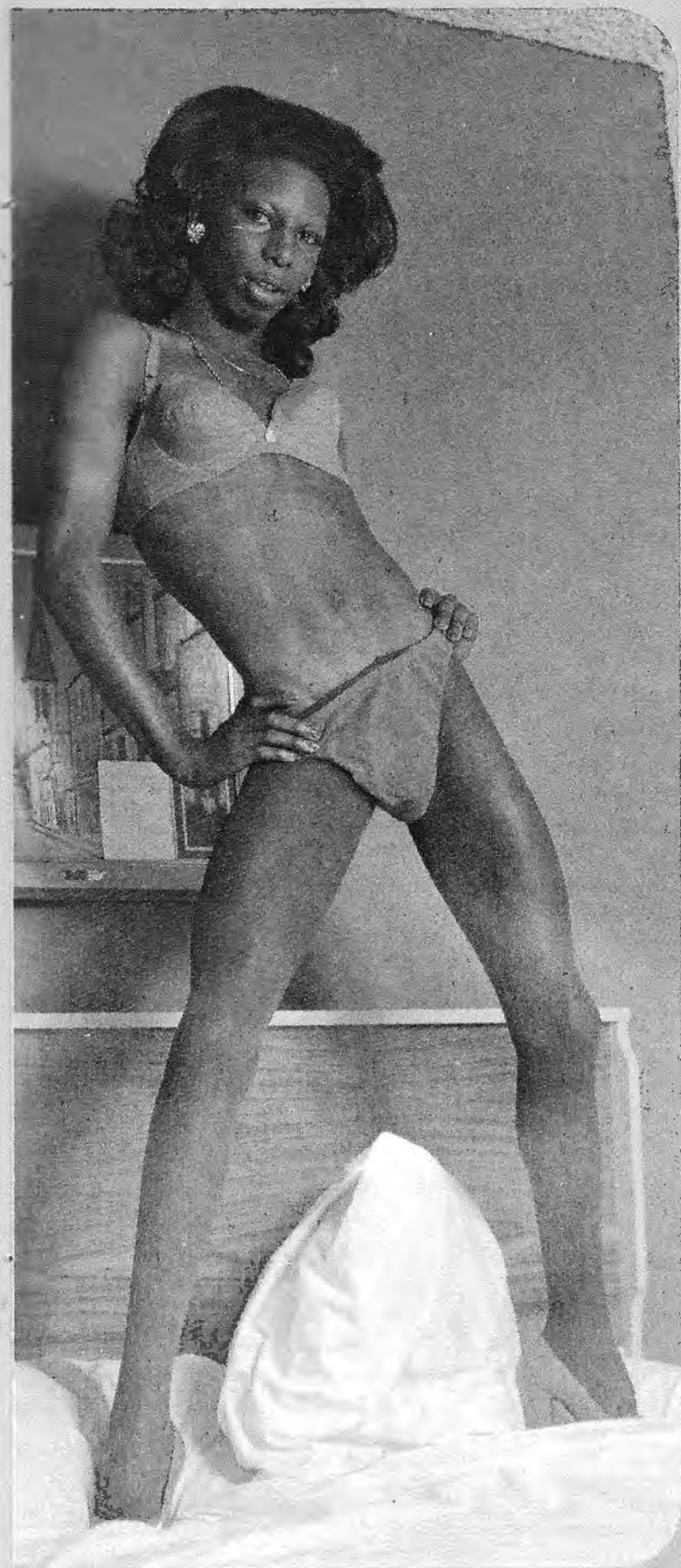
# the taste of **BRANDY**

Who among us can forget his first Brandy? The elixir of the gods, smooth, sultry and seductive, at once exciting and calming. Brandy, our bronze beauty, chose her name well.









She's vivacious, yet quiet and thoughtful. She's mischievous, yet serious. She's intelligent, but she exudes an aura of innocence.







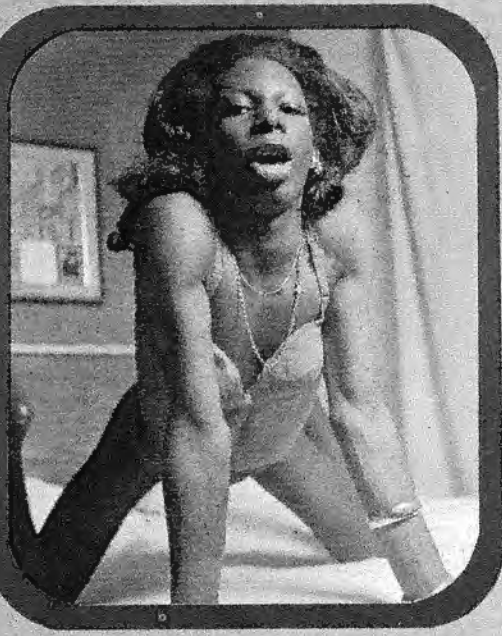
Don't be fooled. Brandy knows the score, and we know our Brandy — she's vintage, all the way.















# I answered a TV Personal Ad

Having been a longtime fan of sexy books, movies, and magazines, I have been in my share of adult bookstores, and have always been fascinated by the many aspects of male and female sexuality. There seem to be so many variations and deviations, that I never cease to be amazed.

Through these many happy hours of browsing in book stores, I have continually noticed the great number of so-called "swingers magazines". They seem so intriguing and promising that I have always wondered about those people who place the ads. Are they for real? Are there a lot of them, or just a few who advertise everywhere? Are they professional prostitutes or part-time hookers? Do any of these ads ever lead to any sort of sexual encounter? I was determined to do some first hand investigating and reporting and find out for my own benefit, and for the benefit of anyone who reads this and has pondered these same questions.

I knew where to start -- that was the easy part. I made a trip to our local pornographic book store, and started going through the racks. When I came to the section on drag and female impersonation I stopped. Having always been addicted to female clothing, I decided to start my investigation and begin with my own fantasies at the same time.

I returned to my apartment with my purchases, and found that personal advertising made up a healthy section in almost every transvestite publication that I had purchased. There were also a lot of photos accompanying the ads. I suppose that most TVs are into a visual trip, making a strong imitation of the female appearance, so as an end result, there is a lot of picture taking.

The poses were almost classic in their similarity. The TV is shown standing against the doorway, striking a sexy pose. Very few of these photos show the person smiling.

This disturbed me, and I wondered if this was because they felt guilty or stupid standing in front of a camera with a self timer all set to go off.

Well, nonetheless, many of these pictures were downright attractive, and on the street, you probably couldn't tell the person from the real woman.

I found myself drifting off, but then I decided to get back to my task, and start answering some ads. This, I decided, had to be done slowly, and in stages. There were forwarding fees involved, so I couldn't afford to write to everybody and then find myself unable to buy the stamps to mail the letters. So, I decided to break the ads into categories and proceed from one category to the next.

Sexually, I'll find myself going in any direction, but I do prefer to have a woman as a companion in my sexual escapades, so I decided to look for women who wanted TVs. I was further limited by distance, so I could only contact those people to whom I could travel in the course of a weekend. That narrowed the field considerably.

The first thing that I did notice was how few ads were from women who were looking for TVs. In fact, there were hardly any. Most women were understanding wives who somehow got caught up in their husband's activities.

I did find one in New York, which wasn't too far away. It sounded promising -- almost too good to be true.

*It's been called mailbox madness, postal promiscuity, the meat rack, and many other things. Some swear by it, others dislike it immensely. However, in this day of media marketing, it seems only logical that sex would become one of its better commodities. Thus, personal ads have flourished in many of the underground newspapers and magazines, and a new way of meeting other people has been the result.*

*FEMALE IMPERSONATOR Magazine gave one of its crack writers the assignment of looking into the personal ad scene and seeing what kind of action was waiting between the hot lines of these sexy personals. Here's her report. . .*



---

ATTRACTIVE BI FEMALE who understands TV will help men fulfill their feminine fantasies in silks and lace. Can travel.

---

I penned a reply, tore it up, tried again, and again no use, it went into the waste basket. I immediately found out that answering an ad had to be at least as hard as composing one. It's difficult to introduce yourself and immediately go into how you'd like some strange woman to dress you up in female clothing. After about seven attempts, I got out a letter that sounded awkward and foolish at best. I didn't have all night though, so it would have to do.

Several weeks later I got my reply. It was from a P O Box in New York City (Where else). Lorraine, her name was, and she had a very feminine penmanship. Her letter told me that I shouldn't be embarrassed, and there were a lot of guys like myself, who like to dress as a woman. I was immediately getting a good impression from this mysterious woman. She went on to tell about how she had a boyfriend who was a TV, and how they had had a big ball before they drifted apart over another TV.

Lorraine went on to say that she was grief stricken, and vowed that somehow she would have that part of her life again. She mentioned that since losing her boyfriend, she was living at home, so any rendezvous would have to be at my place, and she would need the bus fare to get there, as she was unemployed.

Her story really moved me, so I immediately went to the post office and bought a money order for the amount of a one-way bus ticket from New York to my home town, and I mailed it right there from the post office. I returned home hopeful and waited. . .

After three weeks and no word, I began to feel like I had been taken, and I cursed myself for being so naive. I sent another letter asking her as nicely as one could, if anything went wrong, but, needless to say, there was no reply.

Having learned my first lesson, I started on phase two of my project. If there were no understanding females to be had, how about an understanding wife. I went back to the books, and looked at all the ads from TVs with understanding mates. There seemed to be a few more of this variety. I chose several in my area. Once again, I penned off some

short notes, and sent them off to their uncertain destination.

One thing that I learned is that it helps to send along a photograph with the letter, especially since a lot of the ads state that a picture is desired. I obliged, even though the pictures of myself in drag were old and not very good. I explained this in my letters.

One couple replied very quickly. His name was Peter, his femme name was Susan. He was married to Marsha his wife of three years, and she completely understood, and helped him to dress, buy clothes, and all that. I replied, and we sent a few more letters till we set a date for a meeting. This time, it was I who was doing the driving, so I knew that I wouldn't be ripped off for the price of the drive, at least not this time.

The big weekend arrived, and somewhat nervously I packed my bags with both my male clothes as well as my motley assortment of female garments. They gave me good directions, and soon I found myself at their doorstep.

It was typical suburbia; a lawn, kids playing in the neighborhood, a split level house, the whole bit. I knocked, and was greeted by Peter, a businessman type in his middle 30s. He ushered me into his house, and told me to sit down, and offered me a drink. We sat in the living room and exchanged "girl" talk and idle chatter for what was beginning to be an inordinate amount of time.

After a while, I was beginning to wonder where Marsha was. I didn't ask, for fear of being too snoopy, and I continued chatting with Peter. He was intelligent, and we shared a lot of the same opinions but I sensed a bit of nervousness in his manner. I put it off as the strain of being host to a perfect stranger who shared the same dark secrets as himself.

Finally my curiosity got the better of me, and I asked as to the whereabouts of his wife. Somewhat nervously, Peter announced that he wasn't really married.

I mentioned that it didn't jive with his ad, and he sheepishly admitted that he got a lot more replies by saying that his wife understood. I was beginning to feel that I was being conned twice, but Peter reassured me that it was bound to happen, since being a TV was important to most people, that they would sometimes fib to get replies to ads.

I really felt for the guy, so instead of stomping out in a huff, I decided to take him up on his offer to stay for dinner. We opened a couple of cans of beer and charcoaled some



steaks on the backyard grill and had a small feast.

Later that night, we both sat in the living room watching TV, and Peter announced that he was going to get dressed. I could do the same if I wanted. He showed me into the spare bedroom, and went to his. About an hour later, two women emerged from the rooms, and we went to the living room to continue our discussion. We had some more drinks, admired each other's clothes and talked about the little tricks that we used to look that way. Peter admitted that he wasn't as straight as an arrow but that he respected how other people felt, and was never pushy.

The weekend was over so quickly and it had been one of the nicest weekends I had spent in a long time - a lot of drinking, eating, and once I had gotten over my initial nervousness, a lot of sex. By the time I left, I was already making plans for my return visit.

I had never made it with a transsexual, so I decided that would be the next phase of my project. Well, I already knew that the prettiest drag queens and transsexuals would be found on the streets of the big cities, and not on the pages of swingers magazines, but I decided to give it a try anyway, and I finally found one in my area.

I found that writing replies to ads was getting easier all the time, and this one took only a couple of minutes. I also noticed that all my letters were beginning to sound alike, after all, there is only so much a person can say about himself.

In her reply to me, Jayne - the TS - said that she passed well in public and had been on hormones for sometime, etc. I was beginning to be skeptical about what some people were telling me, so I took it all in, believing only about half of it. I agreed to take her out the following Friday night.

I don't know what I expected to see, a truck driver in drag or something, but I was really bummed out by the time I got there. I resolved not to let past experiences get in the way, and to give her a fair chance though. I was totally unprepared by the sight of the gorgeous woman who answered the door.

At first I thought that I was in the wrong apartment building, but then I began to realize that this woman with the husky voice was Jayne. I had really struck gold this time; she was tall, slender, and gorgeous, with long blonde hair and deep blue eyes.

She was ready when I arrived, so I helped her on with her coat, and we made our way to a cozy neighborhood restaurant, one of her favorites, she explained.

The last thing I had expected was this romantic place, and we had a long, candlelit dinner. I simply could not believe that this was really a boy, and I was so impressed that I didn't even bring up the fact that I was a crossdresser myself.

After dinner, we went to a bar for a nite-cap, and then I escorted Jayne back to her apartment. We sat over a cup of coffee and continued our conversation, when she asked me point blank if I wanted to stay over the weekend. I had thought of such an eventuality, and had packed a small suitcase with both men's and women's clothing, so naturally I agreed.

To make a long story short, Jayne was simply fabulous in bed. I guess that since she was a male, she knew how to act to really turn a guy on. She would continually bring me to the point of shooting, either with her hand, mouth, or ass, but then she would ease up and prolong the act for hours.

What Jayne said about being on the hormones was true, too. She had a nice pair of breasts, small, but with a nice shape, and she really liked it when I sucked on her nipples. I found out that night that making it with a TS was a little like making love to a man and a woman at the same time -- very confusing, but a lot of fun.

I didn't get dressed at all that weekend which was somewhat disappointing, but at least I did manage to get my rocks off a lot, and I made a mental note to check more ads for TSs. Maybe I would get lucky and find one that encouraged me to dress!

Even though these episodes might sound bittersweet, they were worth every minute spent driving, every stamp spent in correspondence, and every big telephone bill. I had learned a lot from these encounters, and the conclusion to all my research is that these are real people, that they have real feelings, problems, and joys. They are all fascinating, and they all have their own particular story to tell, their own hangups, fears, and desires.

The way I figure it, the price of gas, a stamp, and a telephone call are a small price to pay for getting to really know another human being. Even though not all the encounters may go the way we want them to, that's life -- even in the swinger's magazines.





# Baton Leads

By Fred Alexson

In its advertisements, the Baton in Chicago boasts the best in female impersonation — a boast which I can honestly say is true. The show presents the tops in its field of bar entertainment, but its success did not happen overnight for either the club or the entertainers who have made it what it is. Growth in any business is a struggle, but when the struggle is compounded by prejudice, one's freedom of lifestyle and expression is limited.

In the last five years, the Baton has expanded its quarters in a continual effort to bring one of the best shows in the country to Chicago, featuring from time



to time more than 35 of this city's well-known entertainers and engaging special guest artists Michael Greer, Charles Pierce, Craig Russell and Tiffany Jones as headliners for its own show.

The current cast at the Baton is certainly the most star-studded ever, presenting the versatile Polynesian lovely, Dina Jacobs (Miss Gay Chicago 1975), the personality plus of Miss Gay Illinois 1975, Peaches; the blond goddess bombshell Jan Howard; the redheaded vamp and Miss Gay Chicago 1974, Chili Pepper; the







fiery Fire Goddess, Countess of Hong Kong, China, Nuyen; the Liza Minelli look-alike Jody Lee; the Queen of Motown and soft soul, Leslie Rejeane; and the lady of sophisticated elegance, Audrey Brian.

All these superlatives and a few more apply in each case, and while each of the entertainers is uniquely talented, all are distinctly original and appreciated for their differences by audiences that have made them all stars.

Each gets his chance to stop the show with his own special audience favorites: "This Is My Life," "The Best Thing You've Ever Done," "My Way," "Maybe," "Pillow Talk," "It Should Have Been Me," and on and on and on.

Numerous problems come from every direction, and it takes a strong, determined individual with guts to survive in a business where rumors (sometimes based on jealous rivalry from those insecure in their own identities) are aimed at putting you down, making you act understandably contrary to your nature.

No one knows this better than Chicago's own Felicia, who not only has added humorous glamour to the feat of twirling a baton while trying to balance on roller skates complete in a tutu, but has also managed to give a near north section of Clark Street the famous name of Baton Lounge.

Whether you're into female impersonation or not, it would be hard not to appreciate the people who own, manage, and operate the Baton Lounge. Even if you go just once for the experience, I can assure you, like others, will find something to appreciate and talk admirably about.

*Reprinted with permission and thanks from the Chicago Gay Crusader. The author is staff writer and theatre critic for DAVID magazine.*







# TV BOOKS



## ORDER FORM (Circle Your Choice)

THE PLAY PEN	5.00
TV SWINGERS No. 2	4.00
DRAG Special	3.50
HIT FUN	5.00
SAVAGE SEX	5.00
Drag Special	3.50
New Eve Monthly	3.00
Picture Story of Tony	5.00
Maleshe No. 1	3.50
A Girl At Last	4.00
Little TV Stripper	4.00
SHE-MALE No. 3	3.50
THE QUEENS	6.00
MAD MADAM	3.50
MALE MADAM	3.50
Latest IMAGE	2.00
Real F. I. Letters	3.50
Transvestite Stag Model	3.50
TV Sex Adventures No. 1	5.00
Transvestite World No. 1	4.00
TV Swingers 1 & 2 (each)	4.00
Spanking Nurses	5.00
B&D Digest No. 5	3.50
TV TIMES	3.50
Drag Scene 1-2-3 (each)	4.00
Drag Queen Study	3.50
How to Impersonate	5.00
Transvestism	5.00
Queen of the Road	3.50
Where It's At	2.00
Drag Queen No. 1	3.50
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SHE-MALE 1&2 (each)	3.50
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DRAG 6-7-8-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19 (each)	3.00
Cocinelle on Film	25.00
Mardi Gras 72 & 73 (ea.)	4.00
Heterosexual TV	3.50
Female Mimics 10	5.00
His Dreams Came True	3.00
He-She	5.00
The Gay Insider	5.00
The Transvestite 32-34-30-37-40 (each)	3.50
Female Impersonator 3-4-5 (each)	3.50
Female Impersonator 9	4.00
Astounding TV Tales 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 (each)	3.50
Transvestite Study	3.50
Baby Doll	3.50
Adult Erotica	3.00
Image 1-2-3 (each)	2.00
Great Female Mimics	3.50
English Drag Queen 2	5.00
Golden Rod 1 & 2 (each)	4.00
TV Guys 1 & 2 (each)	5.00
TV Photo Club	3.50

POSTAGE & HANDLING:  
First Class Mail — \$1.00 per magazine  
Third Class Mail — \$.40 per mag;  
Insured — \$.30 extra.

Amount Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

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You can now reserve the next six issues of Female Impersonator by forwarding \$23.00 for 3rd class, \$28.00 for 1st class, \$35.00 for overseas postage.

SheMale Subscription 6 issues \$24.00 1st Cl. \$18.00 3rd Cl.

I hereby certify that I am an adult, over 21 years of age, and that I am requesting your company to any of its affiliated agents or exhibitors or allied companies' merchandise, and/or present or future brochures I be sent to me strictly for my own use. I further certify that I will not allow either the merchandise or the brochures which I shall receive in the future from your company and/or allied companies to be viewed by, or fall into, the hands of minors or persons who have neither demonstrated interest in seeing them. It affirms to you that I have not placed or requested, nor do I intend to place or request my name or that of any member of my family on any list so provided by the Post Office Department, which said list was submitted with sexually oriented advertisements received through the mails (Title 39, Sec. 3610)

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

REMEMBER: No Merchandise or brochures will be shipped unless this form is completely filled out, signed and returned to: NEPTUNE PRODUCTIONS, P.O. Box 360, Belmar, N.J. 07719



# THE INTRUSION

By Evelyn Astin

At first I didn't notice it except for the odd-looking red hat the tallest of the three girls wore, sort of a red plastic, broad-brimmed rain hat with the front flipped up. They were in a corner booth at McDonald's in Palos Verdes, maybe 2:30 in the afternoon, and I was grabbing a late lunch bite.

But then I noticed the voice of the tall girl. . . 'Twarn't no girl! Not even a wig. Just the hat. And she was wearing a smart-looking Butte Knit dress, pearls, tiny gold earrings in pierced ears, minimal makeup, sitting there with two quite attractive women chatting away without self-consciousness and not trying to distort a man's voice into a women's; just keeping it soft and well-modulated.

Right there in conservative Palos Verdes. Now understand, I'm a dignified-looking gent, older guy, six four and 210 with an iron gray moustache and receding hair I keep washed with Handler and combed forward-like, such a dry look I'm a fire hazard.

I felt strange approaching those three this way, but in a way almost compelled to. I was hoping someone would come by and make a nasty remark so I could intrude as a defender, but nobody but me seemed to notice that here was a guy out in public, in drag, and not the least perturbed about it nor

trying very hard to hide his masculine origins.

But then I was standing next to the table, an imposing figure, and saying with what must have sounded like reverence: "I'm so damned jealous of you. I've been a closet transvestite for almost 40 years and in all that time I've never had your courage, friends like these willing to bolster it, nor, frankly, your good looks. I've been hiding all those years and I just wanted to tell you I think it's great that you've not."

I suddenly found I had nothing more to say and the TV was looking at me coolly, not at all embarrassed, in fact almost completely without expression in those clear, blue-gray eyes. I noticed no false lashes, just a touch of mascara and subtle blue eyeshadow with a light white touch under the outer corners of the brows.

"Girls, will you please take this phoney, this Mary in men's clothing, into custody?" the TV said, not taking his eyes from mine.

Remember, I'm a big guy, and these two women were just ordinary sized, maybe five five. One stood on either side of me, put her arm around mine, and I suddenly felt my arms go completely numb and pain shot through them. "Smile," the TV ordered me, "and go out with these two like a good little girl."



I smiled and looked down to see how they did that to me. Each held a jar opener of the tong sort in her hand and when they squeezed on my arms just above the elbows, it numbed them completely. I'd never before encountered this sort of control device. The TV strolled out behind us and we went over to a Cordoba. When we were concealed behind the opened left hand door, she ordered: "Put your wrists together behind you."

The handcuffs went on quickly and expertly.

I got inside the car. The blonde girl got in beside me. The TV went around to the wheel. I was excited by her ability to walk in those high heels and loved the shapeliness of her smooth-looking legs in dark brown hose.

"Got a car here?" my captress asked.

I said yes, felt the blonde take the keys from my side pocket and hand them to the brunette, saw her get into my car and pull out to follow us, and we were driving down Crenshaw from Palos Verdes toward Torrance. "Check him out," the driver told the blonde. "See what he's wearing underneath."

"Just straight men's things," I said. But the blonde was untying my tie and peeling my jacket back to the handcuffs as we drove. She opened my fly, then undid my belt. I felt myself aroused and excited as those active little hands explored me.

"He's wearing no panty hose or garter belt and stockings," she reported. "He has nylon tricot briefs on, though, that must feel like panties to him. And a satin undershirt."

"It's cut like a man's regular undershirt so it doesn't show under my shirt when I take off my jacket in the office," I tried to say. But it was as if they were deaf. "Okay, close up his fly and fasten his belt again," my TV tormentress said. "May as well leave his jacket and tie in his car." Then to me: "Will you behave if we uncuff you?"

"What do you plan to do with me?" I asked in an oddly subdued voice.

"I sense a note of hope in your voice," the TV said. "Suppose I told you we'd be putting you into compulsory drag?"

"I'd behave if you uncuffed me," I replied.

We were on the Harbor freeway heading toward Hollywood. The TV asked: "What's your girl name?"

"Evelyn," I replied. "Evelyn Astin. It's an anagram for satin. Like Evil in Satin. I use that name and sometimes Don Astin, for 'put on satin' on the books I wrote like Sadist in Satin and You, Fetishist."

"Get your jollies out of writing out your fantasies instead of making them happen, huh?"

"I guess so," I told her, feeling strangely inadequate. As we drove along, the blonde was doing my nails



in a shocking pink polish. It gave me a towering erection. An indoor garage opened with an automatic garage door opener. "Leave the rest of your men's clothes in the car," the Red Hat told me. Dutifully, I stripped off my shoes, pants, shirt, socks. There were three honks. The door opened again and the brunette pulled my car in alongside while I cowered in their car. "Put your things in your own car trunk," the tall TV told me. "All but your wallet."

Unhesitatingly, I took my wallet from my jacket and handed it to her. "Will you accept this as a present?" I asked.

"Very graceful," she replied. "Now get those shorts off." It was difficult over that hard-on.

My satin undershirt seemed like a short dress to me as I followed the TV and was followed by the two women into the house. She took off her red hat and, sure enough, wore no wig at all. Just conventional blonde men's hair.

"Why did you neglect yourself so much, Evelyn?" she asked, looking at my legs and arms.

"I guess I didn't like me as a man," I replied.

"Shave his legs, chest, shoulders, back, rump and belly," she told the girls. "Then bleach the hairs on his arms. Shave his armpits, though."

I stood on the sheet they spread on the bedroom floor while the two girls gave me the most complete body shave a man could envision, turning when they ordered me to, kneeling when they did my shoulders and chest and back, obeying their every command and as aroused as a man could be all through the performance. I gathered up the sheet and put all the body-hair in it in a paper bag

at their instructions, then followed them into the bathroom while they peroxided my forearms and then, on a whim, all the hair in my crotch area. It stung a little but I was excited by it. The blonde then did my toenails in the same shocking pink color she'd used on my fingernails.

"He's really ready," the brunette said, noting my erection.

"She," the blonde corrected her. "Her name's Evelyn Astin."

"Oh, excuse me, ma'am," the brunette told me, giving the head of my penis a warm, friendly squeeze and nearly sending me off.

"It's all right," my voice quavered.

"Evelyn ready?" I heard the TV ask.

I looked up and was awestruck. She was wearing a long, red satin skirt slit on one side and a matching halter superbly filled. Her lipstick matched the shade of her outfit perfectly and now she was wearing long, full, mink eyelashes and dramatic shiny liner, a little dated in the makeup style, but precisely right for her. She had a red satin square tied gypsy stile around her head, over her ears and trailing down her back, and shoulder dusting rhinestone earrings. Her perfume, I recognized, was Alliage.

"I was impressed by you before," I said, "but now I find myself absolutely in awe of you," my voice seemed to reflect the emotion. "You're absolutely beautiful."

"You really get turned on by satin, don't you?" she said, the same cool look in her eyes, the same image of authority and control in her bearing. It wasn't really a question. She knew.

Gunmetal panty hose. Queen size. Shiny black panties, size eight, just right. An old-fashioned pair of high-heeled, pointy-toed black patent shoes in size 12 B. Then a black satin tailored slip. That erect rod seemed a plaster-cast in flesh color the way it never wavered.

The TV sat on a kitchen stool and ordered me to kneel before her. I was licking my lips, eager to accommodate her, but she just clamped my head between her knees, thrilling me with the proximity, the touch of the red satin skirt against my face. Leaving the moustache as my symbol of a man in drag even as she left off wearing her own wig, she still did a makeup on my face that was an artistic masterpiece. Long, thick, dark, curly lashes into which my own short ones were mascarraed. Green, tan and white blush on between eyes and brows; an artistic penciling job that erased the gray hairs in my brows and shaped them beautifully, heavy on the inside, high and thinner on the outside. Lipstick with a brush, rouge under powder.

"I'm afraid the only satin things we have in your size except for the slip are a blouse and some

scarves, Evelyn," my captress told me. "You'll have to settle for a long, full, plaid taffeta skirt and a black, full-sleeved, big-bowed blouse.

I wore them and posed for their cameras, even in profile so they could show the extravagant erection thrusting despite panties, slip and skirt.

"Now, what did you want to have done to you while you were in compulsory drag?" the beautiful TV asked.

There was no holding back, no lying allowed in this situation. I confessed that I'd always hoped I'd be in an outfit and situation something like this, that my captresses would play with my nipples lightly and gently through the satin, that they would remind me of my helplessness, my degradation, humiliation, total vulnerability and inability to protect myself or do anything about it in this state. And that, while I was being subjected to this, I serve in any way they desired to pleasure them.

It happened. I was in such a heady high state that it all became a delicious, superlative blur. There was that satin rump before me and I had the skirt up, mine over the back, my panties down and my tool freed to enter that beautiful back door.

There was a lovely pair of women's legs around my head, pressing my earrings against the sides of my jaws, a satin skirt over my head while my tongue gloried in its good fortune. And the hands of the third girl kept up the light, treasured, exciting stroking of my nipples.

And then a series of glorious explosions of passion, Roman candles of delight, throbbing, hungry, delicious orgasmic violences all around. I don't know when it ended.

But I did find myself in the passenger seat of my car at maybe four a.m. on a deserted side street in Torrance. I was wearing the panty hose and panties pulled back up again, and makeup except for the lashes.

Befuddled, I saw a box of tissues and some eye makeup removal pads and cold cream on the floor of the car. My wallet was there, too, with only \$20 removed. My arm-hairs were blonde. The rest of my body hair was gone. It hadn't been a dream. No, here were pictures of me as they'd fixed me up, in stages. I hadn't seen them taking those Polaroids. But it did stir me once again, already, when I saw that profile of myself in drag and in heat.

That was six weeks ago. Every day I visit McDonald's at that same time in the afternoon hoping I'll find them again. It's gotten so the people there think of me as "Big Mac." And I've wondered whether I could put some sort of bronze plaque on the booth where I first encountered the most exciting adventure of my life, the greatest TV dinner anyone ever had.



# TOUGH and Tender

Making it through high school in Brooklyn isn't easy, especially if you happen to be pretty, feminine, and male. In fact, it is sheer torture, and the only way to survive is to be shrewd, tough, and intelligent. That's how Lynn, our blond bombshell succeeded where the others had failed.





We asked Lynn about her high school experiences. "The boys there were such hypocrits. They would call me a queer or a faggot in school, but if I was alone with any of them, they would invariably ask me out. Those were the days before the sexual revolution hit the halls of Jefferson High School in Brooklyn.

The future looks bright for our honey-haired shemale. There is the offer of a Hollywood movie, and a new modeling assignment for one of the slick men's magazines.







**LYNN gets her basic training  
in female impersonation along  
with her high school diploma . . .**



Lynn not only made it through high school, but she became a successful and sought-after female impersonator and model. We spoke to Lynn in her Los Angeles penthouse apartment about her life. "I think that high school taught me how to make it in the impersonation business. I learned to be tough, and to seize every opportunity to better myself and my act."













Lynn smiled mischievously when we asked her about that. "I always wanted to do something like this. Until now, I confined my modeling to the women's magazines, and I was fully clothed. This is going to be a real far-out trip."



# READERS CORNERED

ADDRESS LETTERS TO  
READERS CONCERNED  
FEMALE IMPERSONATOR  
BOX 360  
BELMAR, N.J. 07719

Dear Sandy,

I have just read Vol. 5, No. 8 of "The Female Impersonator" and thoroughly enjoyed it. Congratulations on a job well done!

I am a 37-year-old heterosexual transvestite who thoroughly enjoys dressing completely as a woman. Fortunately, my wife also takes a great deal of pleasure in this and has been an immense help to me.

Nevertheless, I live in a small community and am unable for this and professional reasons to enjoy all the things a girl likes, such as shopping for clothes, eating out, etc.

I badly need assistance in the form of advice, meeting others with similar feelings, etc.

You mentioned in the letters to you that there is a "Hotline" available, but, alas, did not mention the number! I have never met or talked to another transvestite and would love to do so.

Unfortunately, your magazines are not available in my hometown, so I am wondering if you could write me. I know this is asking a lot, but I am desperate — a feeling which I am sure you can appreciate.

I hope to be coming to New York in about 3 weeks. How do I make contacts? Can I walk down the street in my dress, wig, and makeup without fear of arrest as long as I conduct myself as a lady? Are there places where I can safely shop?

As you can tell, I am very uninformed in this whole area and need help urgently. If you are too busy to answer all these questions, PLEASE, at least, tell me where to call.

Most sincerely,  
SUSAN

Dear Susan,

*You are not alone. To remedy the problem of loneliness, we have instituted the "Cross-dresser Organizational Program" (see editorial). If this program is a success, we hope to have viable TV clubs in*

*many areas, within traveling distance of every TV in the country. But this is up to you readers — make it work by joining and taking part.*

*Incidentally, there are no laws against crossdressing in New York City, but make sure you are not loitering or soliciting — that's another ballgame.*

SANDY

Dear Editor,

I've just discovered your wonderful magazine, FEMALE IMPERSONATOR. I have enjoyed wearing my sister's underwear while masturbating since I was 11, 12 years now, but I've just started using makeup and wearing a bra and panties under my male clothes while shopping or just going out.

I really get turned on when I'm out wearing bra, panties and pantyhose and see the outline of a bra or panties on a girl while thinking about how I'm wearing them, too. Often I find I must go to the men's room to relieve myself.



I haven't yet found the courage to buy the dresses and other feminine clothing I would like to have (unfortunately, my sister's outer clothing is too small for me), but I've just written for Michael Salem's catalog so hopefully I'll soon rectify that situation and "let my dreams come true."

There are several articles that I would like to see in your magazine that would be helpful to those like myself who are just coming out. Like advice on makeup, hairstyling and such. Perhaps you could run a short advice column answering one or two letters in each issue.

And how about a pictorial on Debbie, on the cover (upper right corner) of Number 8. She is beautiful.

I would also appreciate letters in this column from other readers telling how they solved the problems of telling their friends and family about their transvestism and how to buy feminine clothing without falling flat on your blushing, pretty face.

I hope you will find some of my suggestions helpful.

Love to all,

Dear Beth, BETH

*Your suggestions are noted. If any of you have experience, telling your friends and relatives about your transvestism, please write and tell us how you went about it, and what the reaction was. It would be a real service to the rest of us faced with the same problem.*

SANDY

Dear Sandy,

I am new to your mag, but from the copy (No. 7) that I have, you have done an excellent job. I want to say thank you for having a mag for us TVs.

I have been a TV since about the age of fourteen. For the past few years, I tried to fight the way I feel. But to no avail.

I would like to know more about what you offer in the way of sales to your readers.

If you answer me by return mail, please be careful as I am in the Navy. The Navy would take a very, very dim view of what I am. I can truthfully say I am now proud to be a TV. I plan on being a reader of your publication from now on.

Again thanks, Sandy.

Sincerely,  
PAT



Dear Sandy,

I'm a new TV, active about 1 year now, am thrilled to find your informative, warm publication. Really turned me on.

It has a very rare quality. It's warm and gives one a feeling that out there in the big world of no



caring someone does feel and know your innermost desire and longings to feel and be more the "female."

So thankful for beauty hints and

many other helps for new TVs. Am sending for "Pamela's" catalog on makeup.

Would be proud if you feel my short note worth putting in with this small picture of yours truly in one of your (We Get Letters) columns. Would just burst my little — if I were to see it.

Keep the close feeling coming. I'm just sure each issue will be a treasure in itself. To all TVs everywhere. "Love a picture of you, Sandy."

With affection,  
"SADIE" from Mass.

Dear Sandy,

Enclosed are a few TV novels which I have read hundreds of times. I found some of them enjoyable and some incredible. However, I would appreciate it if you could possibly distribute them to someone who doesn't have the chance to get them. I feel that in order to maintain a form of "sisterhood," we must cooperate in any way we can.

Also enclosed is a picture taken by my wife (who, after seeing me dressed decided she didn't like it).

I would like to continue dressing, but cannot as my wife is not very sympathetic.

I'm afraid that if she ever catches me even receiving correspondence from a TV, she would leave me. I love her very much and do not want this to happen



## PHOTO COLLECTORS

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NAME (printed) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Send check or money order: Neptune Productions, P.O. Box 360, Belmar, N.J. 07719. You must be 21 or over to order. Sent first class in plain envelope.

By my statement above I hereby certify that I am an adult, over 21 years of age, and that I am requesting your company or any of its affiliated adults or associates or allied companies' merchandise, and/or present or future brochures strictly for my own use. I further certify that I will not allow either the merchandise or the brochures which I shall receive in the future from your company and/or allied companies to be viewed by, or fall into, the hands of minors or persons who have neither desire nor interest in seeing them. I affirm to you that I have not placed or requested, nor do I intend to place or request my name or that of any member of my family, on any list supervised by the Post Office Department, which said list may concern itself with sexually oriented advertisements received through the mails. (Title 39, Sec. 3010)

**REMEMBER: NO MERCHANDISE OR BROCHURES WILL BE SHIPPED UNLESS THIS CARD IS COMPLETELY FILLED OUT, SIGNED AND RETURNED TO**



I would also like to make mention of the fact that I would be willing to process and print any black and white film in 35mm size or 120 size, free of charge to anyone who would like to send them either directly to me or through you. This is not a rip-off. I merely want to help some of my sisters. Please instruct any party interested to send the film to be processed in a plain manila envelope to:

██████████ Detroit, Mich. 48203

Please have them include an SASE. Tell them they need not put their name on it if they don't want to. Also mark it PERSONAL.

Well, got to go, keep up the good work.

Love,  
BARB

Dear Sandy,

Hi, again! I wrote to you a few weeks ago. I just got FEMALE IMPERSONATOR No. 8 and as with the first one I got — I love it.

The article "Magic of Maline" is unbelievable. It's out of this world.

I also am beginning to be able to cope with this special feeling of mine. At one time, I thought it was something very wrong. Now, I am learning to live with it, actually I love it now.

Please forgive the spelling, but I am happy for once.

I spent over \$100 on a new underwear wardrobe.

I close now as I am still awaiting for my clothes to dry.

Love to you and your whole staff.  
PAT



Dearest Sandy,

Attended a little TV party in Hollywood last weekend. One of the "girls" wanted to see my bare tit-ties (Treasure Chest). As I lifted my blouse, "she" pulled up her dress and lowered her panties and one of the other "girls" shot this picture of my sensuous surprise.

Thought you might like it.

We all love your excellent publications and all you darlings back there.

Love and kisses,  
JUDY



Dear Sandy,

Enclosed are some photos which I hope you will use in your amateur female impersonator of the month section. As you know, we all like to see good pictures in F. I. NEWS. I wish more would participate so we wouldn't have to see quite so many "model" pictures which are also in many other publications.

You girls who are sending in ads, enclose your picture with the ad. I know you all like to see others' pictures in the paper, so don't be shy. You are probably a lot better looking than you think and no one

would ever recognize you as your male counterpart.

Hope to see lots more pictures in the next issue. 'Til then. . .

JR

Dear JR,

*You're absolutely right. We would much rather use pictures from our readers than studio shots — they lend a more personal touch to the publication. I think many of you girls out there underestimate your beauty — don't be shy — send your photos in, and be a TV star.*

SANDY

Dear Sandy,

You don't know how long I have wanted to write this letter. It took more courage than I had until now. I hope I am not making a mistake.

I am a white "establishment," 40 years old, REVERSE TS. I was a biological girl in my early youth, but this was reversed originally in my teens. The procedure was considered very radical then, quite frowned-upon by society, and not many physicians knew it could be performed — It was.

Since I was so young when it was done, it "took" beautifully. I was able to dress and undress in the boys' locker at the school gym, my voice accommodated, and everything. My voice is not very deep — but it is deep enough. My male organ is not very large (about 5" erect) but will gain an erection — though sometimes it doesn't function like a real change.

Trouble is that for the past five years or so, I have been experiencing a resurgence of my feminine inclinations. This makes me want to wear sexy clothes, and makes me

want women with male parts. (I have not developed a desire for biological males . . . yet. . . in almost six years.)

What can I do?

RITA

Dear Rita,

*From your letter, I would say that you are really caught up in the bisexual revolution. I can understand your consternation at having finally achieved your proper gender orientation only to find that you are not strictly "heterosexual."*

*Don't worry about it. If you feel you are attracted to a woman with a penis, by all means pursue it. There are a lot of lonely transvestites and transsexuals looking for a man like you. If you are concerned about not having an attraction for women, relax. This may yet come. Don't be afraid to experiment with your sexuality, it's a good way to find out just what you want out of life.*

SANDY



# TV TRANSVESTITES and TRANSEXUALS SWINGERS



## HOW TO ANSWER PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENTS

- (1) Write your letter and enclose it in a sealed envelope. Unsealed letters will NOT be forwarded.
- (2) Write your name and address on the front side of the letter in the upper left hand corner of the envelope.
- (3) Write in pencil the Confidential Ad number of the SWINGERS advertiser you are writing to on the front side of the letter in the lower right hand corner of the envelope.
- (4) Place a postage stamp in the upper right hand corner of the letter. If you wish your letter forwarded "via airmail," simply affix an airmail stamp.
- (5) Write your Pledge Number on the front of the letter in the lower left hand corner. If you do not have a Pledge number, send in your letters with the Forwarding Pledge below. We will mail you a Pledge Number as soon as we receive your signed Pledge.
- (6) Send \$2.00 for the first letter and \$1.00 for each additional letter you wish us to forward for you. (If it is no longer possible to forward your letter due to the advertiser moving or becoming inactive, your letter will be destroyed and you will be issued a forwarding credit.)
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**IMPORTANT:** The "FORWARDING PLEDGE" below must be signed and mailed to us with any SEALED letters that you wish us to forward for you. This Pledge simply authorizes us to forward your letters SEALED to the advertisers in this issue and all future issues of SWINGERS. Your letter remains personal and confidential between you and the person you are contacting. Your signed Pledge will be permanently retained in our files and only one signed Pledge is all that you will ever be required to supply.

### FORWARDING PLEDGE

In consideration of NEPTUNE PRODUCTIONS agreeing to forward my letters sealed, to advertisers in TV SWINGERS I hereby certify that I am over 21 years of age and that I am not an actual or de facto agent or employee of the postal service nor am I an informer of the said service participating in friendly correspondence for the purpose of entrapping anyone into violation of the postal laws. I hereby pledge, warrant and represent that my letters will comply with all local, state and federal laws, including but not limited to those prohibiting obscenity, and that I will not correspond for any illegal, immoral or unlawful purpose. I thoroughly understand and agree that NEPTUNE PRODUCTIONS is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any person or persons I contact through NEPTUNE PRODUCTIONS Publications.

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Gentlemen:

I enclose \$ . . . . . which is payment in full for forwarding the enclosed letter(s) to:

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No. . . . .	No. . . . .	No. . . . .
No. . . . .	No. . . . .	No. . . . .

Send remittance to:

FORWARDING DEPT.

# ILLINOIS



CA627. Handsome W/M, 35, wants to date TVs, transsexuals and hopefully get married. I love french, greek and foreplay. Send photo and address for reply. Answer all.

CA637. Attractive, white, straight-appearing businessman, 39. Would like close, understanding friendship with sensitive TV, TS or pre-op TS. Could help with hormone needs, etc. Photo appreciated. Forwarding fee refunded to sincere respondents.

CA621. Male, 25, would like to meet or correspond with TVs in So. Calif. area. I don't dress myself, but am willing to date you in public or private. I also will take Polaroid pictures of you free. Straight, bi, gay or beginner O.K. Write and tell me about yourself. STEVE



ILL638. Young, feminine TV new to Chicago area. Would

like to meet TS/TVs and females for friendship.

## MICHIGAN



CA502. So. Calif. TV would love to meet males, females, for going out and being friends. Go out dressed every weekend, pass fairly well. Don't smoke or drink, but don't mind if you do.



MICH 614. Lansing. White male TV, gay, 50, nice looking, loving and sincere. Seeking sincere friends, TVs, gays, Bis, any age. Consider sharing my home with tender loving person, preferably a TV. No S/M or rough stuff. All replies answered promptly. Photo exchange.

MICH631. Young, vibrant TV desperately wishes any information on hormones and growing my own titties. Love, CINDY 57





MICH622. White, Bi, TV, tall, attractive and sincere. Not interested in correspondence. I am into all the cultures. Would like to meet other TVs, singles and couples, and understanding females. Write soon.

TAMMIE

#### COLORADO

COLO623. Slim young TV seeks help from all. Love photos and want to pose for you. Can travel. Enjoy heels, lingerie and dating. Love, CINDI

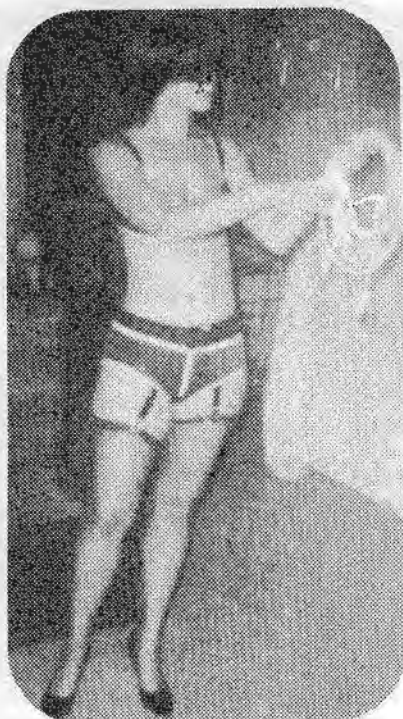
#### ALABAMA

ALA612. Feminine, young, bisexual TV desires to meet anyone who would like to meet me; males, females, couples, TVs and TSs. Will correspond with those too far away to meet. Photo appreciated, but not required. MARY

#### PENNSYLVANIA

PA616. Lehigh Valley. TS, 28, interested in meeting males for fun, etc. Also like to meet other TSs or TVs for friendship. Can pass!

HOLLY



PA553. TV — If there's no other way, I'll pay one or more males, TVs to take this rope, bind and sexually humiliate me, no pain. Desire active French, passive Greek Gangbang. Lehigh Valley.



PA607. Love to meet other TV. Like all feminine clothes, silks, nylon, rayons, pantyhose, and nice sheer panties, hi heel slippers, and pose for photos.

PA632. Attractive young BiTV 5'9" tall, 140 lbs. I want to meet males for affectionate relationship. Am passionate, love-starved and a virgin. Am also ready, willing and able. Love, CHERI



PA520. Phila. Long-time queen, have own apt. Will correspond, but prefer to meet — Don't be bashful, come on out. Discretion assured, photo appreciated.

LORI

#### NEW JERSEY

NJ629. Mature, ruggedly handsome, gentle but firm, bi-male wishes to meet slender, feminine, submissive TVs in Bergen, Rockland area. All phone and photo answered.

NJ630. Ruggedly handsome, mature, white male wishes to meet feminine, slender, submissive TVs, Bergen Rockland area. Can be gentle or firm, never rough. Photo and phone, please.

## KENTUCKY

KY628. Wanted: TV or women any age for French, Greek and straight dates in Louisville, Ky. Bi, white, male, age 34. Photo and phone appreciated, but not necessary. Answer all.

## NEBRASKA

NEB635. Novice TV, 5'8", 150 lbs., wants to meet TVs, TSs, and generous men for dates and privately. Please send photo and phone. Will answer all from anywhere.

## NORTH CAROLINA

NC636. Male TV. Anything goes. Travel in the Va., N.C., Tenn. and S.C. area. Looking for fun and TV friends. Have own apt. Visitors welcome all the time. Will answer all letters. MARSHA



NC604. Sincere TV wishes to correspond, hopefully meet other TVs. Also girls that enjoy TVs. Love going out in public. Pass easily. Will answer all who send photo.

## MARYLAND

MD634. Young, 42, nice rear, wants to be introduced to TV culture. Needs lessons. Well hung. Photo please. Baltimore area only. Hurry.

## NEW YORK

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NY615. Mature, refined gentleman, 50, seeks TV or FI who would appreciate a considerate, understanding and sincere friend. I invite you to join me for dinner dates and other shared pleasures in Manhattan. My unique experience in the feminine mystique is at your service. Please write and let's get acquainted. Clear photo appreciated.

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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Signed \_\_\_\_\_



NY617. Bi TV, 40s, loves to meet and hear from interested parties East Coast. Travel on business, arrange meetings in your area. Answer all, will send picture like this one. JOANNE





NY626. SLAVES— Welcome to my perfumed world of satin, frills, lace and nylons. Is your desire to be trained in feminine arts (by a forceful woman) being denied? I specialize in training males into being submissive girls (thru appt. or mail).

## PHILIPPINES

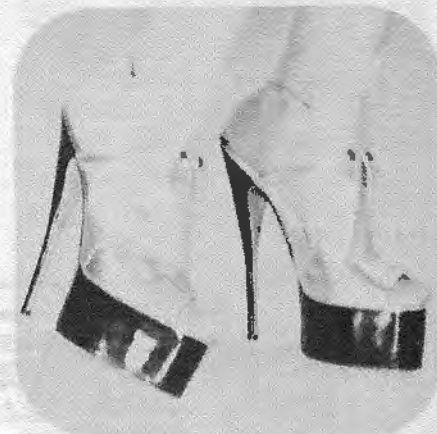
## APPEAL TO HIGH HEEL LOVERS



6-1/4" heels



6-5/16" heels



7-1/4" heels, 2" platform

FOREIGN639. These are the kind of shoes I like to use when dressed. Do you also? If so, we must exchange pixs and correspond on TV matters. I am hetero. Write!  
DENISE



NY618. Attractive young TV (late 20s) seeks submissive sisters for "teasingly" good times.

60

Would also like to hear from couples where wife is dominant. Will answer all, but those with photos first.

NY625. Sexy attractive Bi-TV loves satin, silk and nylons, also high heels and mini dresses. I would like to meet all TVs and TSs and Bi-Girls. Will answer all. Love, FRAN

NY633. "BELLE De JOUR" invites you to turn your fantasy into reality. I will transform you into a female head to toe, makeup, clothing, and all female beauty services. For an appointment or further information, write to BDJ, P. O. Box 506, Cooper Sta., NY, NY 10003. DISCRETION ASSURED.





NY624. Bi-TV wishes to correspond and meet other TV, TS and BI girls. Love stockings, garter-belts and high heels. Will answer all. Love, FRAN

NY619. Tall 22 yr. old romantic with TV tendencies is seeking a Sappho-like relationship with an understanding woman. Would also like to write and meet other TVs and TSs. All answered. Phone helpful.

VINNIE

VERMONT



VT620. Experienced TS, now far from the city, lonely, with much to offer neophyte TVs. 47, discrete. Answer with photo. Vermont. Let's hear please.

TEXAS



TX613. Very passive bi-TV, love lingerie and sexy fem. clothes, submissive and love all sex, can entertain any time. Will answer all with photo. Cum visit Texas. MAURINE

CANADA



QUE640. Montreal - Male TV (34) attractive, loves feminine attire and appearance. Interested in corresponding and/or meeting congenial friends of any gender identity. All sincere replies with photos will receive first consideration. LAURA

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495. Diary of a TV No. 4  
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204. Transvestian Trap  
205. Lad in Petticoats  
206. Boys Will Be Girls  
207. Transvestites Will Rule  
208. My Brother's Keeper  
209. Girl-Boy  
210. Decision Day  
211. The She-He  
212. Male Maids  
213. Boy Maid Servant  
214. Raped in Drag  
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216. Transvestite Trio  
217. The Transvest  
218. He Knew What He Wanted  
219. Sister's Tee Vee Revenge  
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223. Lingerie and Lace  
224. Petticoat Paradise  
225. Turnabout Island  
226. Petticoat Tales  
227. Masquerade in Petticoats  
228. Miniskirted Male  
229. The Corset  
230. One Summer in Petticoats  
232. Frankie & The Strong Willed Woman Who Turns Boys to Girls  
233. The Best of Both Worlds  
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236. Transvestite Mailbag  
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