

THE  
**female** *Impersonator*

Number II \$4.00

**IT'S TV SHOWTIME**

**IT'S DAME LONELY  
IN THE CLOSET !**

**DON'T GIVE UP  
THE SLIPS, MEN**



*A Special Magazine  
for Special People*

FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS ONLY  
SALE TO MINORS FORBIDDEN



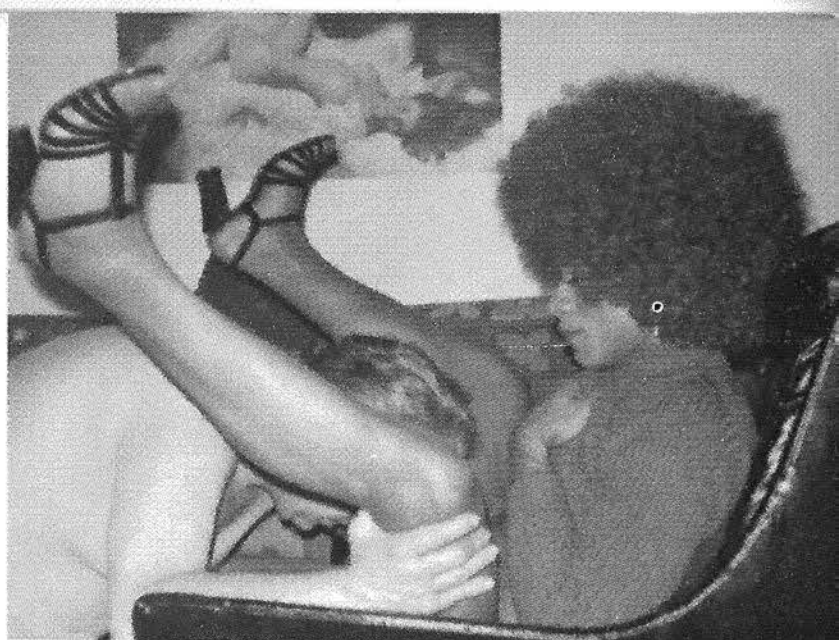


# THE female *Impersonator*

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Crossdressing and cameras go  
together like lingerie and lace . . .







# KICKS THRU TV PICS

Melissa and Misty were bored. Almost every Sunday morning, the pair got together in an effort to fight off the feeling. Usually they went to Central Park or to the Art Museum, which gave them a chance to get out in public — a welcome relief from the heavy evening bar scene that occupied most of their time.

But this Sunday afternoon was different. It was pouring and neither of the shemales wanted to go out in the miserable city weather. However, as always, the urge to dress up and parade around in their feminine finery got the best of the transvestite duo and they were going batty trying to find a legitimate reason to dress up.

"I know. We can go over to Sharon's," Misty said absent-mindedly, as she polished her fingernails to a bright crimson glow. However, even as she suggested it, the sepia shemale realized that she had said a bad thing. Melissa and Sharon had not gotten along since the time Sharon spread the word around that Melissa had the clap. It took quite awhile for the brunette transvestite to live down that rumor and reestablish herself as the hottest piece of transvestite meat in Manhattan.

"I'd sooner watch re-runs of 'I Love Lucy' all afternoon than go over to see that bitch," Melissa sneered as she passed the curling



iron through her thick auburn locks.

The pair sat in the living room together for a long while, not really saying anything to each other. The repressive atmosphere created by the weather was starting to put the girls on edge and both of them knew that unless they came up with an idea for something interesting to do, they would surely end up fighting with one another.

Misty stopped working on her nails and was thumbing through a men's magazine when she finally hit upon an idea. It was a little wild and, after the reception her last idea got, Misty was almost afraid to suggest anything else to her girlfriend. She continued to peruse the pages of the slick magazine, but she repeatedly came back to the same page.

Basically, it was an advertisement for a photo contest. Contestants were supposed to submit one or more photographs, both clothed and nude, to the magazine. The winner would receive five hundred dollars, and the photographer would win one hundred dollars. The prizes were to be given both for photographic technique as well as originality of subject matter. Misty



Melissa took to modeling like a duck takes to water . . .



giggled to herself. "Well, we certainly would be unusual."

"Hon, do you have any good pictures of yourself?" Misty asked, trying to sound as nonchalant as possible.

The sinewy shemale laid down her curling iron and thought for a moment. "Not really." Picking up a hand mirror and making some find adjustment to her hair, she continued: "I lived with a photographer once — he was a real bastard. I went out and hustled for him, because I felt sorry for the 'creative artist.' Meanwhile, I came home one night and found him in bed with some bith." She suddenly smiled with satisfaction. "But I got even. I threw him out of the house and kept all his camera equipment. In fact, I still have it in the closet somewhere — I never did find somebody to buy it."

Misty saw her opportunity and seized it. "Why don't we pull it out and take some pictures of each other?" she asked excitedly.



The shemale shutterbug shot several snapshots.





"Aw, I don't even know how the stuff works," Melissa resisted.

"Well, we have all the time in the world to figure it out."

With that, the sepia transvestite got up and went over to the closet. She rummaged around for awhile and finally produced a briefcase.

"This it, Hon?"

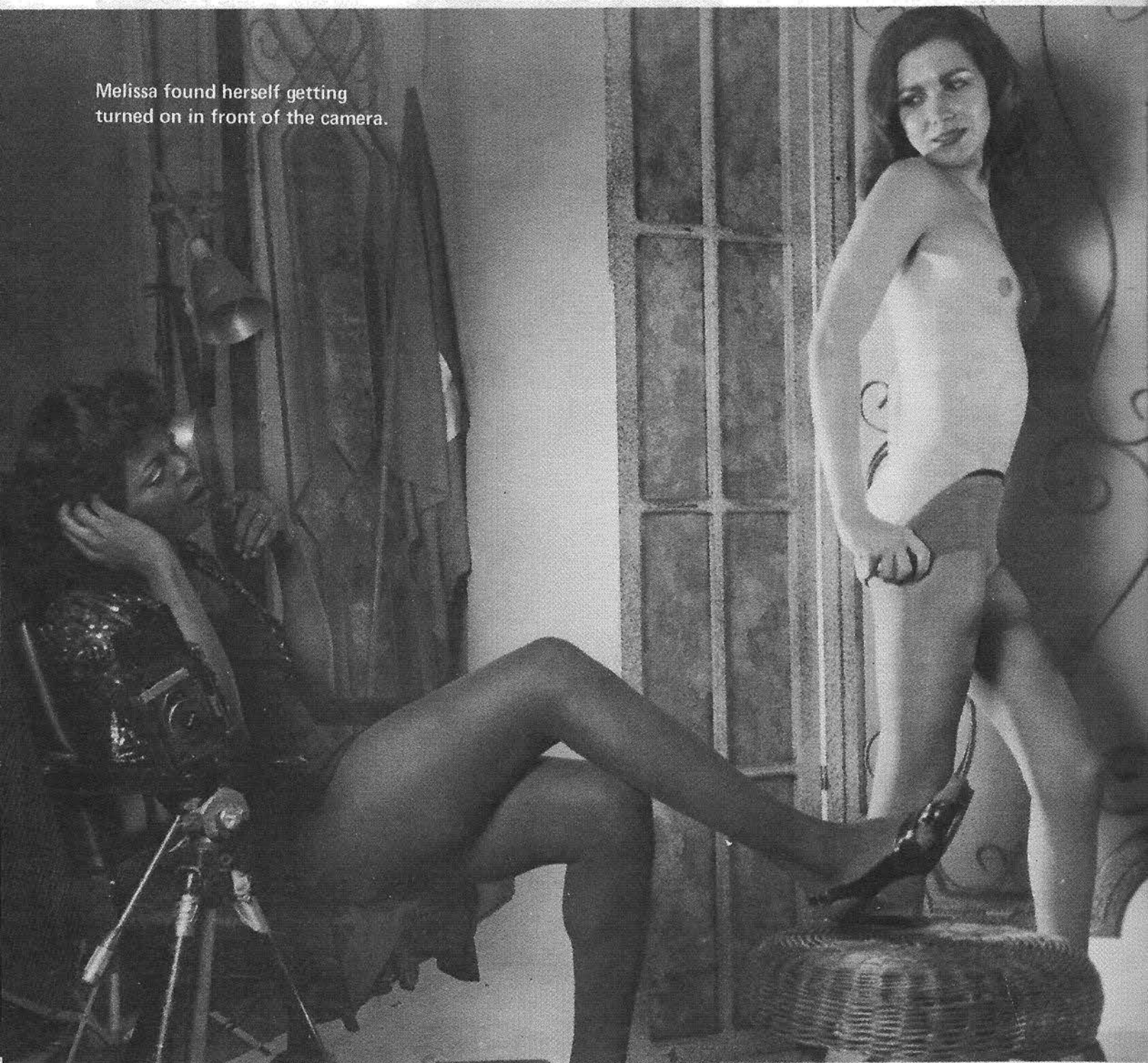
"I think so," Misty was starting to get caught up in the enthusiasm.

The pair opened up the case and, sure enough, it was filled with all sorts of gear: A camera, lenses, flash units, tripods, and even film. The pair spent the next hour assembling the various components and trying to figure out what went where, how to load the film, and what lens settings to use. By the time all the equipment was set up, they were both excited to get the

shooting started.

Misty volunteered to man the camera first, since the whole thing was her idea. Meanwhile, Melissa shed her robe and began to clothe her sensuous, feminine body in the sexiest of her lingerie, garterbelt, stockings, and see-through nightie. As she was getting dressed, the gorgeous boy-girl was getting more and more turned on by the

Melissa found herself getting turned on in front of the camera.





Misty found herself getting  
turned on by Melissa . . .







**The shemales found that photo sessions could be wildly erotic.**

prospects of modeling for the camera.

When she was ready, Misty positioned a few props for her girlfriend and started clicking away at the shutter. Melissa tried every imaginable pose, shifting from one to the other, each time trying to be as sexy as possible.

"That's fabulous," "gorgeous," "terrific," the sepia cameraman cooed each time she shot another picture. Occasionally, she would dash in front of the camera to help her girlfriend position herself in an even more provocative manner. As she continued to shoot the roll of film, Misty could hardly contain the anticipation of being in front of the camera herself.

"Phew," Melissa finally said. "That's enough for awhile. I never thought modeling could be so much work. Now it's your turn."

"I thought you'd never ask!" said the dusky boy-girl. She got up and went into the bathroom for a few moments. When she emerged,





Next, it was Misty's turn to be  
the model . . .







**Melissa combed Misty's hair and readied her for the camera.**

she was wearing one of her sexiest full-length gowns. She wore it only on special occasions — drag balls and dates with rich gentlemen.

"Wow! You look fantastic," Melissa said as she positioned herself behind the camera. She looked through the viewfinder for a few moments and then moved over to the sepia shemale, picking up her hairbrush on the way. "You need a little adjustment here and there." She began to gently comb and rearrange Misty's locks and the black transvestite sat nervously on the chair.

Finally, Melissa was satisfied. As she once again took her position behind the camera, Misty crossed her long, shapely legs, causing the slit in her gown to part, revealing her well-turned calves and ankles. She even felt sexy as the camera clicked and the flashbulbs went off.

Apparently, Melissa felt the same work. As she worked the camera, she noticed her own passions arising underneath her gown. This did not go unnoticed by the model, either.

"My dear, do I look that good?"

Melissa blushed gently.

"Well, we'll just have to take a break," she said mischievously as she walked toward the gorgeous photographer. Taking her by the hand, she led Melissa to the bedroom, where the sepia transvestite took matters into her own hands, so to speak.

When they finally returned to their makeshift studio, neither of them felt much like continuing.

"I never thought modeling could be so much fun," Misty sighed, looking at her partner.

Melissa was thoughtful for a few moments and then said in her sexy voice: "That's nothing — Wait 'til we start developing this stuff in the darkroom. . ."



Misty and Melissa illustrate the necessity for the photographer and model to work closely . . .





## HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO BE A CROSSDRESSER

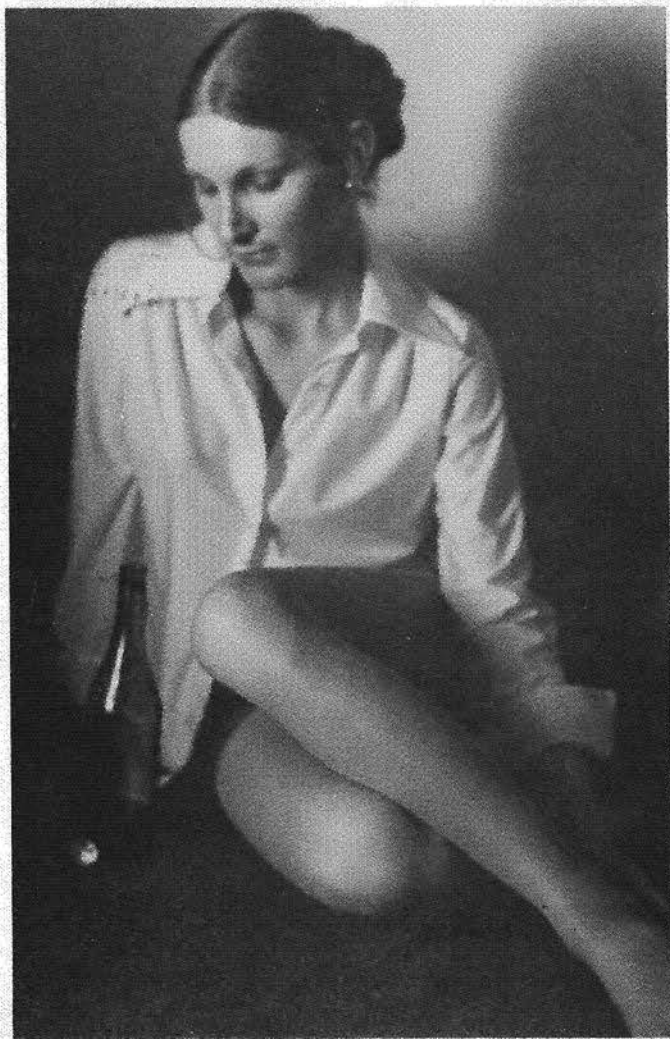
The Crossdresser Organizational Program needs you. We are one year old and have overcome many of our growing pains, making us better able to serve you. The time to join has never been better, so join our ranks today!

The Crossdresser Organizational Program Exchange is now a year old and much progress has been made in this first year. We started from zero and now we boast of well over 300 members nationwide, with chapters in almost every state. It appears at this point that the COPE is well on its way to fulfilling most of its goals, a rather substantial achievement in only one year, we feel. The main success of COPE has been in bringing TVs into contact with one another, even in areas where there is no interest in a TV group, or where there are too few members spread over too large an area. In these cases, we have found that many members have struck up on-going correspondence, and occasional face-to-face meetings have been held.

Wherever possible, we have been working with many of the established TV groups, and we have encouraged our members to become involved in their projects. We have worked closely with the National Alliance of Heterosexual Male Feminists, as well as the UTTs and the Lips of Frances. Whenever possible, we refer our members to these groups, if there are chapters in the members' areas.

An area in which more progress needs to be made is in forming local chapters. This has been the main aim of COPE and we still have a long way to go in this department. The members in Indiana have shown that it can be done. Meetings have been held there and the foundation for an on-going group seems to be very strong.

We have made headway in another area - a thirty-two page magazine that we hope will become the voice of the program. We are very proud of our first issue, which deals with transvestism in a very





straightforward, analytical manner. The first issue features articles on "The Kabuki Theatre", "Why Feminine Identification?", "A Feminist Looks at Transvestism," "Places to Go when Dressed," "The View from the Closet," and "A Psychologist Looks at Transvestism."

Each issue promises to be better than the preceding one. We have been getting a lot of response from our COPE members in the form of letters and articles. We feel that COPE will shortly establish itself as one of the best publications in the TV field.

One of our main goals for the next year is a continuation of the basic COPE program. We hope to reach new people and have more members join and take an active part in organizing. We, like many other groups, have found that there are a lot of joiners but very few doers. Since the success of COPE depends on people who organize actively, we hope to attract these people and do everything possible to assist them in getting local chapters started.

We also hope to reach more people in rural areas, since our lists show that there are TVs virtually everywhere. One needn't live in a large metropolitan area to be able to get together with others. There are members almost everywhere and we hope to get them involved in organizing.

We will do our best to refer our members to any other groups that are currently in existence and, wherever possible, refer members to shops, stores, electrologists and bars that cater to the crossdresser. Of course, all this depends on the information that our members supply. We hope to get more members involved in this valuable exchange of information.

COPE isn't perfect but we feel that it is as close to being so as possible. We are flexible enough to meet the needs of crossdressers everywhere and provide a medium for TVs to get involved. That, we feel, is the main aim of the program. Of course, as always, we invite feedback from our members, telling us what to do or what not to do, and making suggestions as to how to improve our services.

For those of you who haven't joined yet, now is the time to do so. We have proved ourselves to be a viable group and the time has never been better to get on the bandwagon. In short, the program works like this. You fill out the enclosed membership form and your name is placed on a regional list (usually statewide). You in turn receive a copy of the list and then go about contacting other members.

From here, the direction you take is up to you and the other members in your area. If there is enough

interest, get-togethers can be arranged and groups can be formed. If there isn't enough interest in a group, members can get together singly or carry on correspondence with each other. In other words, COPE is a vehicle to meet the needs of TVs, wherever they may be.

Can COPE work? Yes, and it has. Now is the time to step out of the closet and start a whole new social life for yourself. Most of our members feel that COPE has been an important tool for them in getting their heads together and finally doing something worthwhile on the TV scene. Why not give us a try? We think you'll be pleasantly surprised at how easy it is to walk out of the closet

**Join COPE! Come out of your closet! Find Friends in Your Area — Fill Out the Form Below and Subscribe to F. I. NEWS, too!**

**CROSSDRESSER ORGANIZATIONAL  
PROGRAM EXCHANGE RELEASE FORM**

**I, the undersigned, agree to allow Neptune Productions to release my name and address to other participants in the Crossdresser Organizational Program Exchange for the sole purpose of starting local meetings among 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?**

**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**

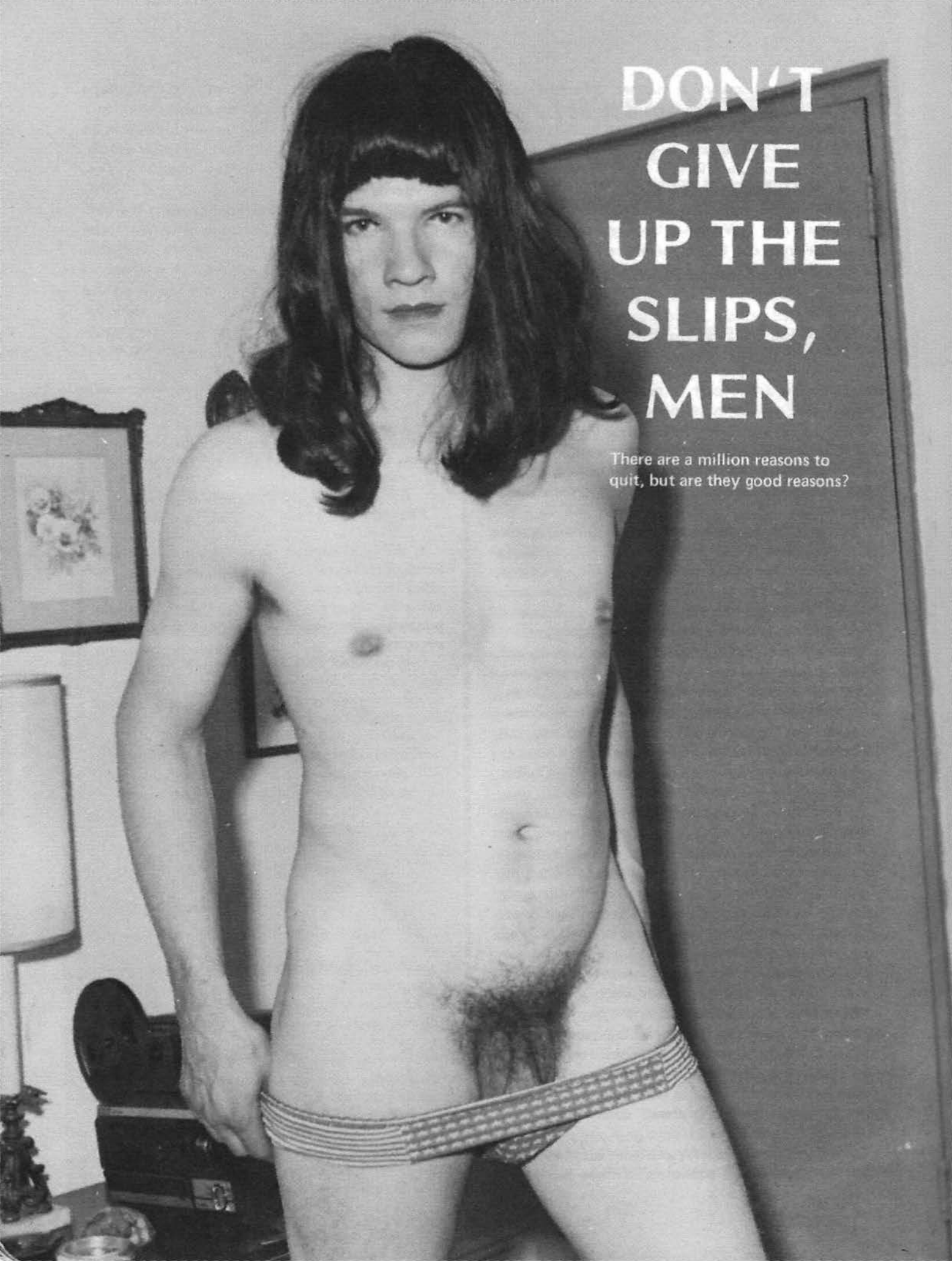
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**Please enter my subscription to F. I. NEWS**

**I enclose \$14.00 for one year [12 issues]**

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# DON'T GIVE UP THE SLIPS, MEN

There are a million reasons to  
quit, but are they good reasons?





Anyone who enjoys the feeling of wearing feminine finery is almost always acutely aware of the drawbacks of doing so: Society tends to frown on the activity. Wives, girlfriends and parents are slow to understand why you dress as a woman. And we needn't mention how the law views crossdressers.





Despite more liberal attitudes toward the transvestite, there is still an overwhelming pressure on the TV which either drives him into the closet or makes him want to abandon the activity altogether.

However, in spite of all this, there are very, very, very few TVs who have successfully quit crossdressing. Psychologists have

tried many "cures" for the transvestite from intense psychotherapy to aversion therapy, and after all their efforts have been evaluated, the rate of "cure" has been seen to be quite low.

The TV may try to cure himself in a "purge," getting rid of all his woman's clothing, going "cold turkey," so to speak, but again, it is the cure that almost never

works.

What does this indicate? Simply that the rewards of crossdressing far outweigh all the pressures to give it up. Since there is often little incentive to quit, why try? Join those who say, "The hell with other people's morals. Dressing makes me happy, so I'm going to do it!" Right on!

Crossdressing: Is it a problem or a pleasure?





**"The hell with other people's  
morals. Dressing makes me  
happy, so I'm going to do it!"**





There is no psychiatric "cure"  
for crossdressing. . .







Why give up something that is  
so much fun? We can't think of  
a single reason.

# NAMES! ADDRESSES! PHONE NUMBERS! CROSSDRESSERS WAITING FOR YOU!

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[REDACTED]  
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L [REDACTED]  
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[REDACTED]  
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# IT'S TV SHOW TIME

In this issue of FEMALE IMPERSONATOR, we are featuring a trio of great impersonators we would like to see on a stage together, like an impersonator all-star lineup. These performers are Bernie Brandall, Jimmy Lane and David Miller. All are accomplished performers and, if you see them do their acts, you'll never go away disappointed. If you get a chance to see them in your area, by all means do so. If not — Well, here they are.

Jimmy Lane is young, ambitious and talented. Besides being a female impersonator for the past few years, he is a full-time social worker. Jimmy works both live and mime, and does excellent impressions of Judy Garland, Bette Midler, Liza Minelli, Bette Davis, Lily Tomlin and Barbra Streisand. According to LIB Magazine, "Jimmy Lane's illusion of Judy Garland singing 'Over the Rainbow' left many people with tears in their eyes."

Currently, Jimmy is playing the club circuit throughout Northern New Jersey and has appeared in New York City. To date, Jimmy's best gig was at New York's Town Hall where he appeared with David Miller and friends before an audience of 1,200 people.

Currently, Jimmy's goal is to "bring my show to as many people as I can." To achieve this, the young performer is appearing at many straight cabarets. Strangely

*Mr.  
Jimmy  
Lane*





JIMMY LANE  
as Bette Midler



enough, although Jimmy has a large gay following, he originally broke into the field of female impersonation by doing a CYO nostalgia show. He's also appeared at high school reunions, wedding receptions and between acts at rock concerts.

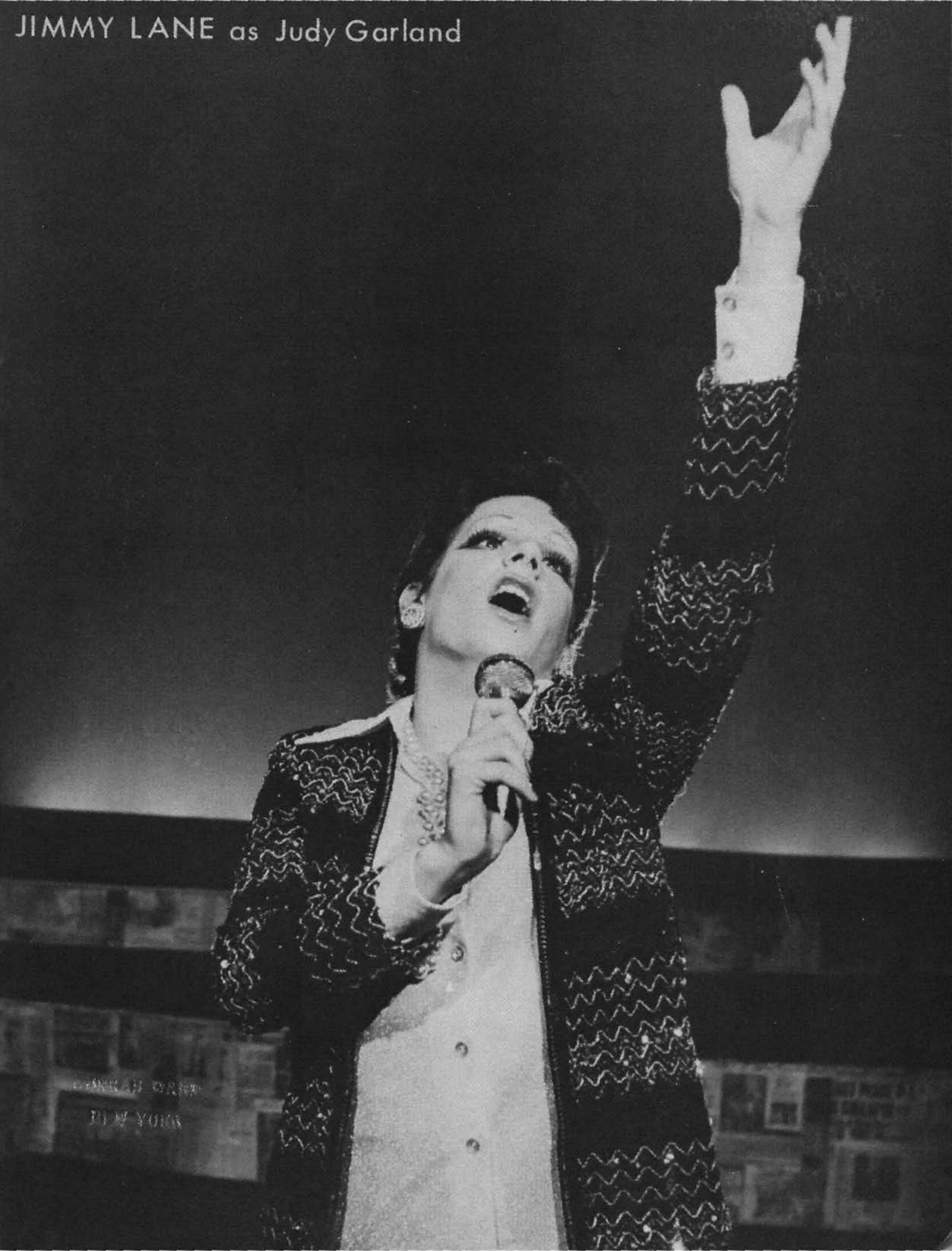
Jimmy stresses the important of treating female impersonation as a profession rather than a campy hobby. "I try to make my act like Broadway," he says and he has accomplished this by enlisting professional help with stage sets, lighting and sound, to make them as professional as possible. "If all you're depending on is sequins, forget it. You have to give the audience more than that," he stresses.

Jimmy wants to be the best — and one can sense that he may achieve this goal.





JIMMY LANE as Judy Garland



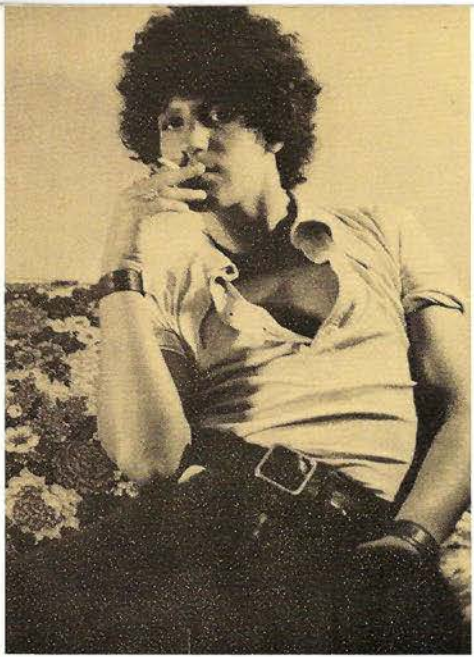


## Mr. David Miller

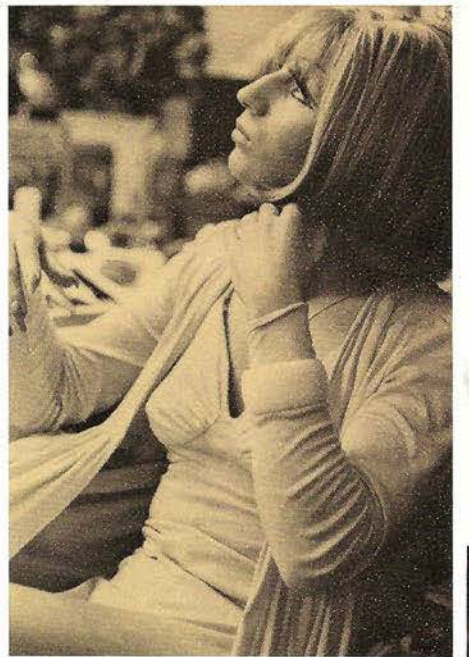
David Miller is an impersonator best known for his impressions of Bette Midler, Barbra Streisand and Cher. David had established himself as the star of the long-running New York production of "French Dressing," which ran for months in Manhattan.

He has taken his show on a cross-country college tour and also headlined at New York's Town Hall, where he received rave reviews. David's show is in the Hollywood tradition, with plenty of comedy and productions worthy of Flo Ziegfeld himself.





There is little doubt that David Miller has established himself both as a showman and as an impersonator. It is hard to look at his illusion of Barbra Streisand and realize that it isn't really Miss Streisand herself.





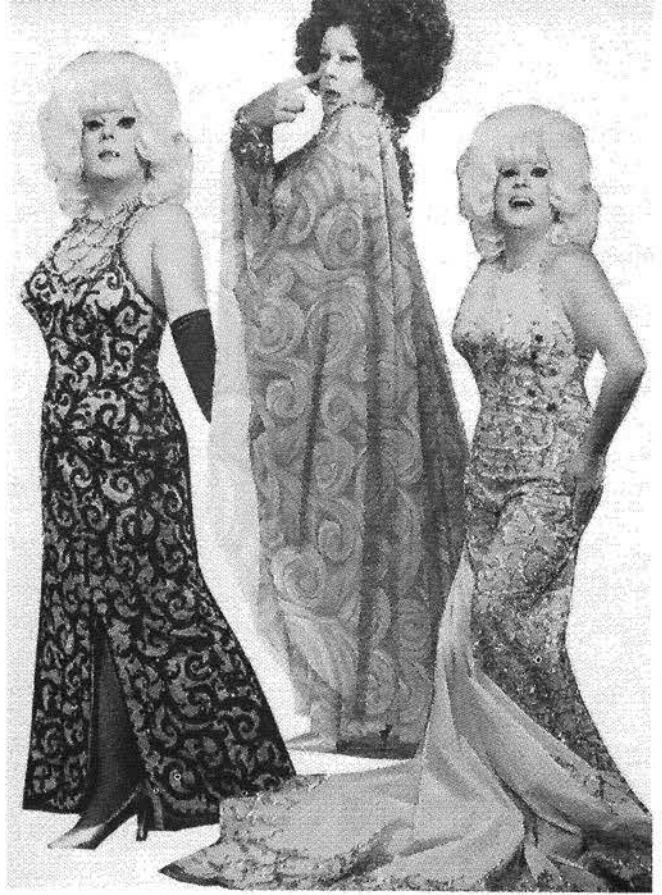


Mr.  
Bernie  
Brandall



Another showman in the field of female impersonation is Bernie Brandall. Hailing from Rhode Island, Bernie travels throughout the country performing with an ever-changing troupe of performers. He has launched the careers of some of the best performers around, many of whom have gone on to become stars in their own right. You never know what to expect when you see Bernie perform, but one thing is sure: you are witnessing a highly-polished professional performer.

Some people feel that female impersonation is a lost art but with performers like Jimmy Lane, David Miller and Bernie Brandall, there seems to be little possibility of this happening. They are all highly entertaining, professional and dedicated to the art. They deserve to join the FEMALE IMPERSON-













# RACHEL'S RAINBOWS



My ultimate desires — with the realization that I was a feminine soul born within a masculine body — impelled me to correct that mistake one day soon.

My parents had little understanding or patience with their son and his strong compulsions to live as little girls do, which he had from early childhood.

I was stereotyped a sissy and panty-waist by my playmates and was even assaulted by them because of my feminine ways.

It was the lasting wish of my parents that their only child would grow out of this divergency and in time develop into a normal mature male. This was an impossible dream for them, because my eternal dream was a metamorphosis from Ralph to "Rachel" at the earliest point in my life. The die had been cast at birth.

With great emotional strain, I completed my education at high school and then at junior college. I succeeded; how, I'll never know.

At school, I tried emulating other male students by escorting girls to proms and various sporting events. However, my love was not for the girl, but for the clothes she wore. I even got intimate with some of them to observe the underthings they wore — their slips, garterbelts and panties. I wanted to compare their things with the lingerie I had hidden away in my room.

I was never able to achieve complete sexual intercourse with a girl, in my few attempts. However, on two occasions, my date accomplished fellatio for me and I was moderately excited by it.

Over a period of time, I was able to accumulate a complete feminine wardrobe, available for my eyes only.

After my graduation from college, at the ripe old age of 21, I accepted a position as an accounting clerk with a firm located in a town about 500 miles from home. Though my parents were saddened to see me leave, I felt they were mentally relieved from the embarrassment I have might have bestowed on them locally, when I finally became Rachel.

I rented a small furnished one-bedroom apartment near my job so that the expense of a car would not be necessary. I wanted to save every cent possible for that sex-change operation that would cost several thousands of dollars.

My salary was rather moderate and the savings were slow to accumulate. During my off hours, I stayed in the apartment dressed as lovely "Rachel."

I was able to pass easily in public because of my small structural build, a normal girl's height of 5'7" and a weight of 138 pounds. My measure-



ments were 38-26-36. It was a simple task to wear the standard-sized feminine apparel. Shoes were no problem and, since I had allowed my auburn hair to grow long in this stylish era, I could easily pass without even wearing my blonde wig.

With a soft, mellow voice tinted with a southern accent, I was accepted most of the time as a female when wearing my tight bluejeans. I received more "thank you mams," than "thank you sirs," when I dressed this way.

Even when dressed as Ralph, many considered me to be a girl wearing boy's clothes so it was no problem shopping for feminine clothes. Of course, I made few purchases in my attempt to save money — But what girl can resist lovely lingerie when it's on sale!

As the months rolled on, my life became rather lonely and boring. The job was no challenge, but I could find no other. My rate of savings for the operation would take another ten years and I couldn't wait that long. What to do?

My only real extravagance other than buying feminine clothes was a Saturday night ritual at "Handy Hamburgers." I had to get out one night a week to see other people and have a snack, and I enjoyed it.

One of these nights, I sensed stares from a big, handsome black man. I felt completely nude with the penetration from his eyes. He strolled over to me and said, "excuse me mam," and then became embarrassed when he sensed that I was a boy. I was secretly flattered by the words, but afraid to admit it.

He apologized for his mistake and I accepted the apology. He said he was new in town and thought I was a girl he once knew who looked like me. We both laughed as I gave him directions he asked for to the YMCA. As he walked away, I gave him a good going-over. He was huge. Big enough to be a pro-football player — about 6'4" and 250 pounds. He dwarfed me by comparison and I felt rather passive standing near him.

The next Saturday night, I met him again at "Handy Hamburgers." He introduced himself as Big Jim. I erroneously introduced myself as "Rachel" but made a quick change to Ralph as he laughed and said, "I think the first name fit you better."

We had a hamburger and coke together and he insisted on picking up the tab. Jim then invited me to join him in a drink at a nearby bar. Since he was treating me like a lady — how could I refuse?

The lighting in the club was very dim and, since I had a male escort, the patrons and bartender took it for granted I was a girl, even though I was dressed as a boy. Big Jim couldn't take his eyes off me and I

couldn't help feeling uncomfortable, while enjoying his attention at the same time. I had never felt so female while dressed as a male.

Jim finally broke the ice with some encouraging words: "Baby, you could be the most impressive female impersonator in the world and make big money doing it. If you're interested, I have connections with an agent who handles such professionals. Baby, with your long hair and girly features, I'm not even sure you aren't a female."

I thanked him for the compliments and assured him I was a boy, but wasn't about to prove it to him. He laughed as we finished up our drinks. He wanted to know if I ever dressed up like a girl. I denied it at first. Later, during our second cocktail, I admitted to having worn girly underthings at times (as I was then). Before we finished our second drink, with his masterful interrogation, I had admitted having worn a full feminine wardrobe, complete with jewelry, makeup and high-heel shoes.

Big Jim insisted on seeing me dressed this way, but I at first refused, saying no other person had ever seen me dressed as "Rachel." However, when he convinced me that his agent friend would sign me up for sure, if he was sold on the idea, I allowed him to drive me to my apartment.

Jim waited patiently in my small living room as I transformed myself from Ralph to "Rachel" in about an hour and a half. I wanted to look just perfect as I stepped out in my tight, white skirt, matching blouse, good padding in my bra to add contours, a good makeup job with long false eyelashes, jewelry in place, and my long dark nylons pulled tightly up by a French-style garterbelt. As I pranced out to Jim in my high heels, you can bet your last pair of panties — he about flipped out of his mind.

Big Jim wouldn't believe I was the same person. He looked around to see if I had tricked him with a twin sister. After observing his manhood pressing against his trousers, I feared I had gone too far.

However, I allowed Jim to take some pictures of "Rachel" to send to his agent friend. He was certain I would be hired as his star female impersonator. I was on Cloud Nine — visualizing myself on the stage as a beautiful girl — center stage front — as the main attraction. I wasn't forgetting, also, that the big money would get me a quicker trip to the surgeon for the sex-change operation.

When I told Jim about the surgery, he was in full agreement. I told him about my small salary at the plant and he laughed and said: "At that rate, Baby, you'd be an old man converting yourself into an old woman."



I thought it was about time to prove to Jim that I genetically a male. As I revealed my tiny cock to him, he laughed. "Doll, Mother Nature must have changed her mind at the last second, 'cause, Baby, you should have been born without that." I couldn't have agreed more.

Big Jim turned on the radio to some romantic music and insisted I dance with him. It was the first time I had ever danced as a girl and I thoroughly enjoyed it. My only cause for concern was Jim's large manhood pressing against me. It caused me to have strange, but excited, ambivalent feelings, although I had never had any kind of sexual relations with another man.

When the music ended, I quickly turned off the radio and requested Jim to leave. His answer was: "Not right yet, Baby Doll. Why not fix us a drink and we can sit and talk awhile?" For some reason, I didn't want him to leave and I eagerly jumped to fix some cocktails. He slapped my shapely fanny as I headed for the kitchen and I responded to it with some sensuous wiggles which I know he enjoyed.

We sat close together on the sofa, sipping our drinks and dwelling in idle chatter as he put his arm around me and gave me a thrilling French kiss, which set me afire. I felt his hands gently caressing my nylon-covered legs and further exploring every portion of my seductive body. I was in a state of sheer ecstasy and he knew it.

Jim zipped open the fly of his trousers to reveal a large black cock that had been circumcised. Male organs had never appealed to me before, but this one turned me on until I was aflame.

Big Jim asked if I had ever sucked cock before and, when I answered no, he promised to make me an expert cocksucker. These were his instructions:

"Before beginning, it's good to brush your teeth with a very minty toothpaste and leave a good amount on your tongue. It gives the man added sensation that pleases. Some men may want you to be tabasco sauce or ice cubes in your mouth while giving head.

"Remember, let it be the man's choice. Just putting his cock in your mouth for a minute or two won't get it done. You have to play it by instinct. Establish a motion that combines swallowing, sucking and massaging with the tongue. It's good, also, to lightly caress his balls as you tenderly kiss the gorgeous phallus. He might like you to take his balls in your mouth for gentle sucking.

"Suck his cock as you would a popsicle, with lips over teeth. While sucking, try to condition yourself that this will be the most exciting and rewarding experience of your life. Caress that beautiful, throbbing cock with hands and cheek as though it has a soul of its own. Love it with every fiber of your

being. Suck in motion to his movements.

"As he explodes in your mouth, drink his delicious sperm as fast as you can, while still sucking. Swallow it as if it's vintage champagne — the most tasteful morsel you've ever had in your mouth. Make moaning and crying sounds to give every indication you have enjoyed his cock in a special way — and wiggle your ass.

"After slurping up every available drop of his delicious sperm, tell him how much you're enjoying making love to his cock and would like doing it again soon. Never be offended by any obscene or humiliating language while sucking his cock — it should be an added incentive to go all out."

After Big Jim's professional teachings, I used the toothpaste as he ordered and then got on my hands and knees to suck his balls and cock. He laughingly remarked: "I'll make you a first class cocksucker, if it's the last thing I do!" He instructed me how to suck as he cursed me with such words as "white faggot fairy, flaming bitch cocksucker, you prissy queen asshole, (and my favorite) dreamboat fairy queen." His words did turn me on automatically as I sucked his precious cock as if my very life depended on it — and of course — I did love it.

As Big Jim exploded in my mouth with a large quantity of hot sperm, I exploded with my own orgasm in my panties. This was the most gratifying moment of my life. I cleaned his gorgeous cock clean and excused myself to clean myself and change my panties.

A few days after my thrilling fellatio date with Big Jim, he phoned that he would be over in a couple of hours and for me (as per his prior instructions) to be ready for some good fucking. I promised to be ready for him as he teased me again on anal intercourse.

I was very excited contemplating Jim taking my cherry so that I would no longer be a virgin. My feelings must have been similar to those of a bride on her wedding night.

No time was lost in my preparation for the big event, as I indulged in a perfumed bubble bath, making certain my anal pussy was not only thoroughly clean, but smelling of fragrant orange blossoms.

After drying myself, I sprayed my complete body with Chantilly Spray Mist, and added it to my lingerie and dress as well. If nothing else, I would be the best smelling girl Jim had ever seduced. Before dressing, I dabbed my anal pussy with ample amount of K-Y Jelly and slipped in various sized vibrators and dildoes to loosen the passages for Jim's cock. In fact, I kept a rather large one inside me while I was getting ready and found it to be rather enjoyable, though it was difficult to walk



properly with it inserted.

My makeup was applied with skill, as were the new, extra-long black eyelashes. After giving my long auburn hair a good brushing, I coiffured it to near perfection. I then proceeded to don my exquisite lingerie. First, my special French-type garterbelt and my black nylon stockings pulled up to be attached. My new pink, lace-trimmed panties of satiny nylon felt heavenly against my curvaceous, intimate parts. Next, my pink, well-padded bra added the necessary feminine contours, and then my pink slip with three inches of lace.

I couldn't wait to step into my recently purchased pink party dress that was fitted tight around the right places and about four inches above the knee. I was indeed the girl in pink — but the purchases of such clothes had almost exhausted my savings. However, having sex with a man like Jim, I decided to throw caution to the wind. After I stepped into my black, five-inch, high-heel pumps, I was ready for my lover.

As I stepped out into the living room, I had to giggle, because I forgot to remove the dildo. When I did, I noticed how much easier it was to talk, but I missed its feel. My timing was good, because I had no sooner finished making martinis for the two of us when Big Jim walked in. He was almost speechless, but managed to say: "Doll, you make some beautiful girl — goddam, but you do!" He French kissed me as he felt my sensuous body, and I loved it as I've never loved anything before.

As we sat consuming our martinis, Big Jim couldn't stop eyeing me all over and he kept repeating what a beautiful and sexy girl I was. I loved his flattery, but loved his kisses and feels even more. As we finished our drinks, I was so hungry for Jim's cock that I fell on my hands and knees, removed his big, black cock from his trousers and proceeded to suck it and love it as never before.

When it was hard as a rock, Jim suggested we go into the bedroom so that he could finish the job in my anal pussy. I loved him for using that word. While sucking him, he had lowered my panties to insert his finger into my anal passages and was well-satisfied that I had used the K-Y Jelly and the dildoes. He also raved about the way I smelled.

I completely removed my panties and my new dress and lay down on my tummy, assuming Jim wanted to fuck me doggie-style, but he insisted on taking me as a man would take a female and this also made me feel complimented.

I raised my legs in the air as far as I could, as he pressed against me, after inserting a pillow under my lower back. As he penetrated me, I felt a bit of



pain because he was bigger than any of my dildoes. Jim was very gentle and took it slow and easy, until I was able to take all of him.

He was not only a great lover, but one considerate of his mate. As he pressed in and out — with his throbbing cock, my thought was that if I ever felt female — this was the time. I adored having him in me, knowing we could never be closer to one another.

As he really started to fuck me, he cused and used obscene words against me, which only turned me on more.

"Move your cucking ass more, you fairy slut," was one of many phrases he used. Soon his movements became faster and I knew he was about to have an orgasm. He shouted more obscenities as he tried to press his cock all the way through me. I could feel his balls bouncing against me fanny crack, and what a sensation! I wiggled my ass as much as possible when I finally felt his gushing hot semen. At that moment, for some unknown reason, I screamed: "I want your baby, darling!"

Jim laughed as he removed his softened, gooey cock from inside me and, like a good girl, I cleaned it well with my mouth loving every drop. I then went to the bathroom to clean myself up and take a douche. I also repaired my lipstick and other makeup and brushed my hair as I stepped back into my panties and slipped on my dress.





A few minutes later, Jim was ready to go. I begged him to stay the night with me, but he complained I didn't have any good scotch to drink and he was going out to find some. I gave him \$20 to buy the best, as he left, saying he would be back soon.

I waited hours for Big Jim to return with the booze I paid for and became very depressed as I cried — something I've never done for another soul. But I realized that I had fallen madly in love with Jim and would even marry him. As midnight approached, I undressed to put on my new pink negligee set. I had bought it for this special night.

No sooner had I gotten under the sheets, I heard a loud knocking at the door and could hear Him shouting to let him in. I was so happy I couldn't move for a few seconds. Then, I couldn't wait to let him in.

He was rather smashed as he was carrying a half empty bottle of scotch. He called me a "fucking bitch fairy" for going to bed without him. I apologized and drank some of the scotch with him. I helped him undress nude as he got into bed. I removed my gown and joined him in the nude, with the exception of the padded bra which I couldn't feel complete without. I was afraid he might be impotent from drinking and not be able to seduce me again — how I wanted him to become a part of me.

I sucked on his cock in the expertise manner he had taught me until his cock was good and hard. I begged him to take me. He insisted I get on my tummy this time so that he could fuck me doggie style. I was only too eager to follow his orders. He wasn't too gentle when he entered me this time, but the initial pain wasn't too much, perhaps because he had opened me up earlier in the afternoon.

He pumped away and I was in Seventh Heaven. I was hoping he would never explode so that I could feel his cock deep inside me for a long time. However, it wasn't long before he pumped into me faster and harder and called me every foul name he could think of. All I could say was: "I love you, my darling — stay with me always." His answer was: "Fuck you, fairy doll." As his sperm cam rushing into me — the same words came from my mouth: "Give me your baby, my darling."

With the alcohol and exhaustion from fucking me, he just rolled off me to my side as I busied myself eating all his delicious cum. I then went to the bathroom to clean myself and take another douche. I lay back in bed beside my wonderful lover and eased my fanny crack until I felt his cock cushioned inside. What a fantastic way to get a good night's sleep! I dreamt all night about the two of us getting married and Jim making continual love to me.

My eyes popped open when daylight came. I looked over to see Jim's cock raised skyhigh in a tremendous erection, but he was still fast asleep. I hoped he was dreaming of me.

I held that beautiful black phallus tenderly in my hands as I would a baby and couldn't resist sucking it to my heart's content. About ten minutes later, after my expertise fellatio, Jim ejaculated a big load of hot semen in my mouth as I joyfully swallowed each and every drop of that delicious pudding. I giggled to myself that I had had my dessert even before breakfast. I was saddened to see that lovely cock go soft. All this time, my darling remained fast asleep, most likely dreaming of seducing some young chick like myself.

I slipped into my panties, white satin robe and matching fur slippers with two-inch heels and proceeded to make myself pretty and desirable for my man when he did wake up.

About 10 a.m., I heard Jim squirming around and went into the bedroom to see if I could help my darling. He was suffering from a slight hangover and was in a bad mood, the way he shouted at me.

"Rachel, you fairy queen asshole, do you have to make so much noise?" When I tried to sooth him with a passionate kiss, he pushed me away and slapped my fanny until I pleaded for him to stop.



He ordered an eye-opener so I brought him what was left of the scotch in a glass. I left him alone in the bedroom until he felt better. About an hour later, he shouted for me to fix him some breakfast and get my "shapely ass" moving.

During breakfast, I confessed that I enjoyed hearing those obscene words since they excited me for some reason. After breakfast, I had my dessert again as Big Jim allowed me to suck his lovely cock and eat all that delicious sperm. He left shortly afterward, saying I might have a surprise during the evening. I assumed it meant he would return.

Jim never returned. I changed into my new baby doll outfit with the all-lace panties and went to bed alone about midnight. About an hour later, the phone rang and I hoped it might be Jim telling me he would be right over. But as the words came pouring out of the phone from a stranger — I knew I shouldn't have told Jim that obscene words excited me, because this was an obscene phone call like nobody ever received. It went something like this: "Is this that twilight fairy girl, Rachel? When I answered it was, I then listened with passionate fury to the lewd and lascivious talk.

Incidentally, for me to be called a fairy in any manner of speech has always meant the highest form of compliment, because it is to me the most beautiful fantasy word ever penned.

Before I could say more to the caller such as "Who is this?" he told me only to shut up and listen — so I listened

"Listen, you flaming bitch cocksucker. I'm coming over there and rip off your little panties and jam this prick of mine so far up your asshole — you'll scream with pleasure. That's if you can take my nearly two feet of cock. I've got a good mind you lavender boy queer, to bring up my German Shepherd dog and have him fuck you 'til you can't walk. Since his mate was killed, he's got a continuous hard-on."

I burst in with: "Oh, that poor doggy!" As he screamed over the phone, "I thought I told you to keep your fucking mouth shut, you fruitcake faggot. Maybe I'll come over and piss all over your girly body — now wouldn't that be fun — or piss up that fucking ass of yours. The next time you and your pricknick prince have your next party, I'll be over with all my friends to fuck you all — you fairy cocksuckers — you. Yes, you prissy slut queen. What are you wearing right now?"

"Well, sir," I began in a feminine, pleading voice. "I'm wearing my new pink baby doll outfit with all lacy panties. My titties are in the matching bra. However, the lower part is transparent and anyone could see my little panties tight against my shapely behind. . ."



All I heard at this point was a moan, as if the poor fellow was having an orgasm. He wasn't alone, because I exploded with a beautiful load of sperm in my panties and was incapacitated for about 15 minutes. After a clean-up and a change of panties, I just slumbered away in my beauty sleep with passionate dreams of Jim and me.

Fortunately, it was Saturday, because I slept 'till nearly noon. In fact, the phone woke me up. It was my lover, Jim, and he said he was on his way over and wanted to bring a friend. I pleaded with him to come alone, because I only needed one man. Jim said he wouldn't come unless his friend could come with him. I accepted his offer and promised to entertain his friend, also, because not seeing Jim would have broken my heart.

Jim's friend was also big, black and handsome and was introduced as Harry. He liked what he saw. I was wearing a white, tight skirt, pink blouse, hose and high heels. I served the gentlemen a drink, and suddenly Harry couldn't keep his hands off me. After finishing our drinks, Jim ordered me to suck off Harry. I got down on my hands and knees, removed his black cock from his pants (it turned out to be even larger than Jim's) and proceeded to love it as instructed by Jim. I guess Jim got rather passionate watching us, as he gently removed my panties and proceeded to place his





cock in my anal pussy. Fortunately, I had cleaned and lubricated it well just before they came in — knowing this might be expected of me.

I had never satisfied two men at one time in my life and it was heavenly. I not only enjoyed what they were doing to me, but felt I was doing my good deed for the day by making two men happy at the same time.

Both men ejaculated at about the same time, so as I cleaned Harry's cock good with my mouth, I hurried to take care of my darling Jim. After cleaning each of them to perfection, I had to make a fast trip to the powder room to clean myself and take a douche. Some of the sperm had started running down the cheeks of my face as well as the cheeks of my fanny.

As I returned to the living room, I wiggled my ass good to tease the men into having more good ideas. I fixed us all a drink, as Harry got the hots for me again and wanted to fuck me. I was afraid he might be too big, but Jim took me by the hand to the bedroom and consoled me that Harry would be all right.

As I lay on the bed on my tummy, Jim guided Harry's giant cock into my little hole. He wasn't the gentleman that Jim had been, because he really rammed me. I screamed with pain as both men laughed. After Harry had penetrated me complete-

ly, I was surprised he was able to get in all the way — but it felt very exciting as he pumped in and out of me. And with my sighs and moans, it made him all the more desirous of giving me a good fucking. After he exploded a big load of hot sperm inside me, I was convinced I could take on any man and I felt very good about it.

For the next two weeks, Jim and Harry came by and changed my life from one that was rather boring to one of continual excitement.

One night, I answered the door to find not only Jim and Harry, but another black man named Bob. I was angry and called Jim aside and told him I didn't appreciate another man and that he should find his own girl. Jim became angry and said they would all leave and I would never see him again. I almost burst into tears as I begged Jim to stay and eagerly welcomed his friend as I gave them all drinks. Our little sex sessions had become orgies. I didn't know whether to feel like a party girl or a whore.

After Bob had fucked me alone in the bedroom, he accidentally mentioned paying \$30 for my ass. I had indeed become Jim's whore and he my pimp — except that I made nothing from such arrangements. Jim apologized when I confronted him with it and said he needed some extra dough and thought I wouldn't mind. As time went on, he would bring in one, two or three men to keep me happy and to stuff his pocketbook. Whenever I asked for some of the money, Jim had some excuse that he needed every penny and I had to content myself with getting by on the small salary I made at the office.

About two months of this went on when, all of a sudden, Jim never appeared — only Harry. He wanted me to join his stable of prostitutes, of which I would be number one of the seven he employed. I turned down the offer and Harry left.

Soon afterward, Jim returned, made love to me and convinced me I should accept Harry's proposition because I would be his high-priced whore and would make enough in one year to have the best sex-change operation there was. The thought of quitting that office job sounded good in itself. So I let Jim talk me into it. He promised to drop by and see me from time to time, but came only once and I never saw him again — the only man I had loved enough to marry.

Later, I found out that Jim's profession is finding girly boys like me, training them in all types of sexual participation and then selling his product to a pimp like Harry. I heard he received \$1,500 for me.

At first, the position was all that I could ask for. .



. . a beautiful apartment and the wealthiest of clientele. I was the queen of the fairy whores. Harry suggested that he keep the money and give me a nice allowance to live comfortably on and to buy new clothes. It was more than I had been making at the office, so I thought — in a year — I'll have enough savings for that sex-change operation. But how wrong could I be!

This life of luxury lasted about six months. Jim had presented Harry with fresh material and some younger fairy whores. One was only 15 years old. I was moved out of this lavish apartment to a hotel type complex with one room and I had to share the bath with five other TV girls.

Not only were the living conditions poor, but the customers were not the gentle type of before. In fact, some were sadists who would bring oversized dildoes to fuck my ass and laugh as I screamed in pain and then they would ejaculate their sperm all over my back.

One customer with the largest cock in the world, I'd swear, rammed my anal pussy and the more I screamed, the harder he would laugh. After he finished, he jammed two \$20 bills up my anus. As I was down recovering from this turmoil, Harry came in and, noticing the two \$20 bills sticking out of my pussy, beat my ass for holding out on him. This new career of mine had about reached the end. I begged to be let out of this whorehouse.

This usually meant some laughing from Harry, or another beating for me. I always heard that physical beatings were replete with being a whore, and now I know it for a fact. He even threatened to sell me into white slavery and have me shipped off to Mexico if I didn't stop complaining. I knew this wasn't a false threat, because a good friend of mine at the whorehouse, Nancy, was sold into white slavery. They say she was shipped off to Mexico or South America — never to be heard of again. This was fearsome enough to make me submit to any of Harry's customers. There seemed to be no chance of escape, unless Harry trusted you enough to allow you to visit the gay bars and pick up customers when business was slow.

One of my good, steady customers was a nice-looking black man, nearly old enough to be my father. His name was Frank. He swore he had fallen in love with me and wanted to take me out of this place and marry me. But I laughed it off at first. I finally accepted, and learned that he was quite wealthy from a large inheritance. I warned him that I wouldn't be able to leave the house or I might be sold into white slavery. Frank suggested that I regain Harry's trust and then I could visit one of the gay bars and escape from there.

For the next two weeks, I completely changed my attitude and never once complained — to prove to Harry that I was happy here and could be trusted not to escape. I even apologized to him and told him I had truly found a home here. I also expressed my love for him and begged him to put his cock in my mouth or anal pussy. He just laughed as he gave me a friendly slap on my pantied behind and ordered me to make some money for him. My very life depended on winning his trust and confidence.

About a week later, business was very slow and Harry ordered two of the fairy whores, Brenda and Cindy, to drum up some business at the gay bars in the neighborhood. With some reluctance, he gave me the same order. I played it cool at first, acting as if I was trying to pick up some customers. Finally, I made it to a phone to call Frank without detection.

Frank entered the gay bar in the guise that he was going to pick up a good piece of ass. He wandered over to me and whispered, "Leave thru the back entrance." His car was there. I knew how nervous that cat on a hot tin roof must have been, because I was terrified of getting caught. As I saw Frank leave, I wandered over to the rear of the bar only to have a homo make a play for me. I excused myself to go to the powder room and promised him a good time when I returned.

I made my exit fast, out the back to Frank's waiting car, motor running. One of Harry's men saw me and ordered me back into the bar. Frank took off as if lightning had hit the car and I knew I was well on my way to freedom. We drove about 200 miles, knowing we weren't being followed and stayed at a motel — making love together all night. For the first time, I really felt I was in love with Frank — a somewhat different love than the one I felt for Jim, but one with substance.

About a month later, we had a big formal wedding and I was in Seventh Heaven wearing my white wedding gown with all the trimmings. Not one soul attending was the wiser that I was a beautiful "bride" still attached to a cock and balls — nor was anyone aware that I had been a whore for over a year and had had sex with several hundred different men.

When Frank placed the wedding ring on my finger, I knew at long last that I belonged to only one man.

**Rachael made it to Seventh Heaven as a bride, because she put love into her work. Now her future as a woman, operation and all, was secure and no longer just an impossible nightmare. A poignant story written and illustrated by two real-life TVs especially for FEMALE IMPERSONATOR Magazine. Other TVs are invited to submit their stories — true or fiction — for publication.**



# WHAT'S YOUR TRUE SEX?

By PUDGY ROBERTS

100% female. The subject of comparative sexual disparity in males and females is, of course, an ancient one, but knowledge of the reason and causative factors for the status are comparatively new.

Many scientists today incline toward constitutional, including genetic, chromosomal, and endocrinological factors, but these alone do not account for all the involved facts. Psychological factors, environment, the child's early training, and other considerations also play a large role.

Let us take an appropriate example:

Many parents dress their young children in clothing of the opposite sex. Boys are dressed as girls and girls as boys. Boys may be made to wear long dresses and long hair, often beyond the age of 8. Girls may wear boyish haircuts and pants. Accordingly, in their most important and formative periods; these children become strongly influenced, not only physically but psychically. The boys begin to feel themselves as girls and the girls begin to feel like boys. Here, psychosomatic effects begin to impress themselves strongly upon a child's personality and it becomes difficult to throw off the early inculcation in later life.

In many of the cases, such children growing into adulthood become what is termed "conditioned transvestites." Transvestites are rarely homosexual, contrary to the general public view on the subject. The transvestite must satisfy the urge to dress in female attire, or life will become intolerable. And the longer he keeps from dressing as he wishes, the stronger the desire and urge become. Satisfying this desire usually bring vicarious sexual relief. However, aside from this particular trait, transvestites can be excellent

It is a fact that biologists, sexological scientists and researchers have all come to the conclusion that there is no such individual as a 100% male or

*Pudgy Roberts*



husbands (or wives) — provided their mates can learn to tolerate and live with their mates' desires and continued practice. The largest percentage will not.

What are the important and outstanding characteristics of masculinity and femininity? A male is a male according to the prevailing state of his testes; a female is feminine according to the prevailing state of her ovaries. This statement is by no means all-inclusive of all the facts. It is at best an approximation; but it will probably stand until further research is forthcoming.

To illustrate the above quasi-axiom, let us look at a eunuch (a castrated male). He is at best only 40% male. Having no testes, he generates very little of the very important male hormone: testosterone, as well as little of some of the other hormones. If he was castrated as a child, his lower leg extremities have grown disproportionately long. He usually has a high, feminine voice, walks with a feminine gait, and his body has little hair, if any at all. Moreover, he may even think and act like a female. His body may become curved like a woman's and he usually takes on fatty deposits which may resemble the female body. Most important, the total absence of testes precludes his begetting offspring. The degree of the physical changes depends upon whether castration was performed before or after reaching maturity (in this sense, puberty).

Now, let us examine the castrated female, who lost her ovaries by disease or by surgery, or who, in a rare case, was born without ovaries. Having none, she no longer generates enough important female hormone: estrogen, and perhaps some other hormones. Such a woman (depending, of course, on her age) may acquire a male-like low voice. Sometimes, she may grow hair on various parts of her body, particularly her legs, chest and face. It is impossible for her to menstruate. Her skin may lose its female softness and her walk may become more masculine. The total absence of ovaries physically types her as a woman past her menopause, regardless of her age. This also means total barrenness, since she can not procreate. She is now, by measurement, a 40% or less woman.

By way of correcting another misconception, neither adult eunuchs nor castrated women lose their libido — if they were sterilized after puberty. If married, depending on age, both can carry on satisfactory marital relations. If males are castrated in early infancy, they may never acquire libido.

Incidentally, science today can minimize some of the difficulties existing in both castrated sexes. The eunuch can be made (to a degree) more male; and the female more female by the administration of specific hormones . . . but obviously neither can

ever be made to procreate.

Above, we have considered extreme cases — sterilized individuals, either 40% male or 40% female, or less. Now, let us consider the "normal" individual. We may find, at the top, perhaps 90% males or 90% females. The percentages here are wholly arbitrary, since science has no accurate yardstick to measure by as of yet. However, we do know for certain why there is not likely to be a 100% individual of either sex. The reason is: Both males and females (all animals, to be exact) have in their bodies both male and female hormones. The average male then generates not only testosterone but estrogen as well. And so does every female. But, the amount of estrogen in the male is comparatively small; and likewise in the average female, there is only a small percentage of testosterone.

Now, if the male and female hormones are carefully measured and reduced to percentages, it would seem that there would be a good chance of measurement of masculinity or femininity in each individual. However, the problem is far more complex. There are chromosomes which determine sex originally . . . XX chromosomes in women; XY in men. Furthermore, as we have mentioned above, there are a number of other hormones besides the primary ones of the male and female. And, with modern research, new ones are being discovered every year. Many of these hormones play a significant role in our physical makeup and, in conjunction with the male and female hormones, make us the individuals we are.

The chemistry of the animal body is highly involved and depends on many factors, such as evolution, heredity, etc. In addition, there are a number of psychic factors, as we have already seen, all of which contribute to the sum total of our final sexological makeup. We can therefore easily understand that there must be literally thousands of varied degrees of what is masculine and feminine between the castrate (40%) and the top (90%) individual.

Now, let us consider the group known as the bisexual (which, in reality, ALL of us belong to). These are neither male nor female-sexed in their libido, but both. Accordingly, they may have satisfactory cohabitation with either sex. Yet, the average bisexual may outwardly appear as a normal male or female.

In still another classification, we may have anatomical bisexuals, such as the not-at-all-rare pseudo-hermaphrodites, and the very rare true hermaphrodites, who actually have (more or less) complete male and female generative organs in one body.



Then, we have a subgroup of transvestites, who have an overpowering drive to change their physical sex permanently. There are many individuals of this type, both females who desire to become males, and males who desire to become females. These are considered to be Transsexuals. They are quite distinct from transvestites, who have only one desire and that is to dress in clothing of the opposite sex. Transsexualists, however, are determined in their desire to change their sex by means of surgery, and nothing else will suffice.

Occasionally, such persons (if outwardly male or masculine) have themselves castrated and completely emasculated to rid themselves of all traces of maleness. Often, these persons feel that they are females in male bodies. This has at times been confirmed by doctors who, in normally-appearing males, have found ovaries or partial ovaries in their abdominal cavities.

And, in mentioning types, we must include homosexuality. Mistakenly, the popular view is that homosexuals of both sexes are anatomically different from heterosexuals. This is a real misconception that is often perpetuated by the homosexuals themselves. There are just as many differences in homosexuals as there are in heterosexuals. There are as many 90½ male and female types of homosexuals as there are 40½ types. Some of our best athletes, wrestlers, boxers and football players are homosexual. There are, on the other hand, the feminine-looking, effeminate-acting male homosexual types as well. Among the female homosexuals, there are mannish ones as well as the demure, delicate types. However, each belongs to his respective sexes . . . anatomically.

What with the modern operations and the great advancement in hormone technology, it is certain that the future holds a true analysis of what a person's true sex is. Untold millions of neurotic individuals can trace their difficulties to sex disparity in their makeup. It is very possible that electronics, coupled with atomics, will be the answer. Electronic circuits have already been devised whereby many parts of the human anatomy may be explored successfully without the necessity of operations.

More important, electronics gives us many tools to explore and actually grade all of our glands, hormone-producing and otherwise. Atomic tracer elements coupled with electronic devices even now are unraveling many unknown or little understood facts of our internal anatomy. This new electronic-medicine is making great strides.

And, who knows? Many of our TRUE sexes will soon be revealed . . . not only to the world, but to ourselves as well.

# PHOTO COLLECTORS

**4x5 BW GLOSSIES  
6 for \$5.00**

Unretouched photos of genuine she-males in all their glorious nudity. These boy-girls are sure to please any fan of female impersonation.

SET NO. 1 . . . SET NO. 2 . . .

NAME (signed) \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

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 agents or assignees or third 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 assignees to be viewed by, or fall into, the hands of minors or persons who have neither desire nor interest in seeing them. Attention to you (me) I am not asked or requested, nor do I intend to place or request my name as that of any member of my family, and am not supervised by the Post Office Department, which has the sole complete right with sexually oriented advertisements received through the mails. (Title 39, Sec. 3610)

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

# HERE NOW! A TV NEWSPAPER!



IT'S  
OUT  
OF THE  
CLOSET!  
SEND  
\$100



SEND TO:  
NEPTUNE PRODUCTIONS  
P. O. BOX 360  
BELMAR, N.J. 07719 Enclosed find \$ \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

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



# THE MINI SHAVER

THAT REALLY  
WORKS. . .

And We  
Guarantee It!

Got a date at five? Need a clean, quick shave to eliminate that "shadow"? You can use a MINI-SHAVER at the office.

Its trim, miniature body allows it to fit compactly into a coat pocket, a handbag, a cosmetic kit, a briefcase, or automobile glove compartment.

The MINI-SHAVER has the look and feel of the expensive electric shavers for only a few dollars — but it costs only a few dollars. Never before has a top quality, portable, battery-operated shaver been offered at such extraordinarily low prices. And it's fully guaranteed for one year.

Sound unbelievable? Don't take our word for it — try one! You have to use the MINI-SHAVER to appreciate what a fine, close shave it gives. These quality shavers are easy to shave with, easy to clean, easy to carry. They operate on standard size batteries — and they're guaranteed!

**only \$13.95 postpaid**

Please Send \_\_\_ MINI-SHAVER(S) @ \$13.95 Postpaid to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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

Enclosed find \_\_\_\_\_ (payment in full)

HOLIDAY HOUSE  
P. O. Box 685, Spring Lake, N. J. 07762



# IT'S DAMN LONELY IN THE CLOSET!

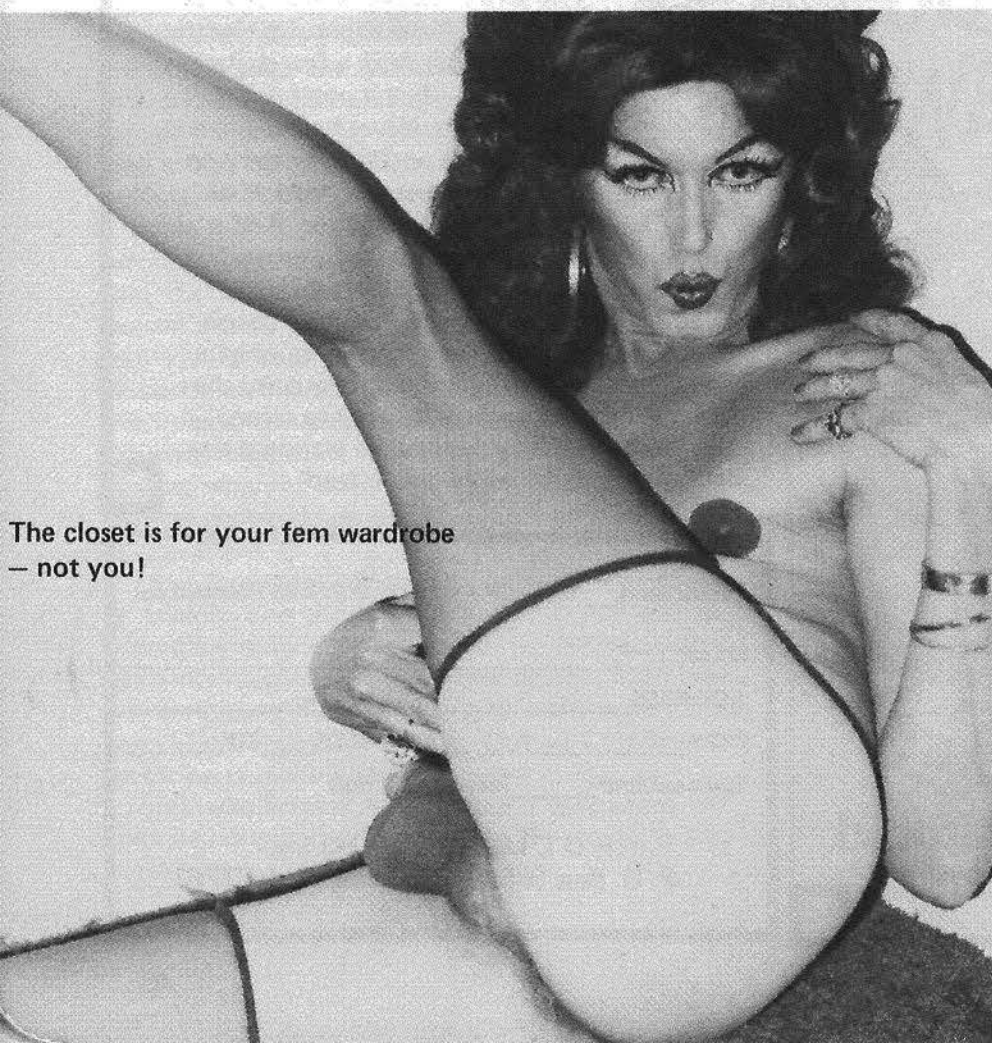
**It took a lot of guts for the astronauts to step out of their cozy spaceship onto the Moon — but they did it. So don't tell us you can't step out of your closet . . .**

You say you're lonely, and no one understands you? You think that maybe you are the only man around who likes to dress up as a woman? You have resigned yourself to the fact that no one could possibly accept you as you are? You are convinced that, for the rest of your life, you'll have to confine your dressing to stolen moments at home, or in some lonely motel room? All alone?

Well, you needn't be lonely, because there are many avenues available for crossdressers to emerge from their closets. Of course, you have to want to take that big step out of the closet. Yes, there are a few TVs who get off on the idea of doing something in a clandestine manner — something that is surely frowned upon and is potentially dangerous. Yes, there is a certain thrill in this — making up elaborate excuses for shaved legs or feminine clothing found in the trunk of a car.

For such a person, the closet is the ideal place. It affords a sense of security and, although it can be confining at times, this can be viewed as part of the suffering a person has to undergo for being a TV. But is this necessary?

On the other hand, there are a lot of TVs who feel that they are forever trapped inside a closet by their work or family situation, but often desperately make every attempt to get out and meet others. This might involve making up stories about extended business trips while in reality the TV is in another city attending a TV party. Such a person is constantly trying to



**The closet is for your fem wardrobe — not you!**



The pleasures of dressing are  
enhanced by a lack of guilt.



TVs shouldn't be inhibited by  
other people's attitudes and  
prejudices



stretch the bonds that are keeping him tied to the closet, but being careful not to break them.

These dilemmas are not at all uncommon and, unfortunately, there are no simple, pat solutions. One can find a number of TV organizations and publications offering correspondence opportunities in as discreet a manner as possible to keep the risk of discovery as low as possible. And there are TVs who have conducted active social lives for years without anyone finding out — this mainly requires finding employment with traveling on the side. These people think they have escaped the closet, but have they?

As a publishing house, catering to the TV and TS, we constantly receive letters and notes with sad, plaintive statements about the plight of the person who wants to crossdress, but can't, for a myriad of reasons. Some of the reasons sound plausible, but at times it would seem quite feasible for many TVs to walk out of the closet and onto the street if only they could get up the gumption to do so. Sometimes, it takes only the reading of another TV's grand experience in doing so to get one off to that start — and it is the right direction. Make no mistake about that!

There are many kinds of virtual "prisons" that TVs feel they are incarcerated in and from which they cannot escape.

A recent letter from a California TV tells of his fears and joys in being a crossdresser — plus his limitations:

"As I grew older, I realized boys could not show interest in girls' clothes or activities without people making fun of them. I tried to keep it a secret, but I was still aware that dressing in girls' clothes brought me great



The risks of emerging from the closet are outweighed by the many pleasures forthcoming.





"I felt extremely guilty about dressing up — but nothing could replace the great pleasure . . . ."

pleasure. . . . All through my years from five, six, seven, up to nine or ten and beyond, I had a strange compulsion to dress as a girl. I knew of the consequences of people finding out about it, but as much as I tried to stop, the desire was still there. It was not the kind of thing where I actually wanted to be a girl or to act like one.

"I did my best to perform as a regular boy, by engaging in sports or rough activities. But I much preferred to go with the girls whenever possible. Many boys, when they are younger, "hate" girls and avoid them at all costs. But I found no objection to being with girls.

"People often have to act like they want to do something. I had to put forth the impression I was a "normal" boy, especially in my sports-oriented family. I felt extremely guilty for dressing up. . . but nothing could replace the great pleasure of dressing. Today, this activity seems to have a tranquilizing effect on me and I feel great relaxation when I do it. I do not attempt to make excuses or rationalize my behavior, but I do like to keep it in perspective and not let people think I am abnormal."

Thankfully, these attitudes are diminishing and in some cases disappearing from society's earlier bans on anything "abnormal." In so-called Straight Society, if one looks for trouble, he can usually find it. A recent TV Convention in Cape Cod proved that TVs must make their presence and their right to the pursuit of their happiness known and accepted. As one Australian TV put it:

"I guess what we all should be thinking about in reality is a distinct third sex, which is crossdressing in all its complexities and sexualities."



Doing it with others can be more  
fun than doing it yourself. ...



WHAT'S IT CALLED WHEN ONE HAPPENS TO BE AT THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME? IS IT LUCK OR IS IT....

# **TIMING?**

WHAT SAVED MY ASS TO THIS DAY WAS PURE LUCK. BUT IF I'M TO SURVIVE IN THE FUTURE IT WILL DEPEND ON TIMING.

IT STARTED SIMPLY ENOUGH, KALIF HAD INVITED ME UP TO HIS PAD. THERE WERE TWO BROADS THERE AND WE WERE MAKING THE MOST OF THE EVENING WHEN...

GOTTA GO TO THE JOHN.

HURRY BACK, TIGER.







I HAD HARDLY STEPPED OUT OF THE ROOM WHEN I HEARD SCREAMING...

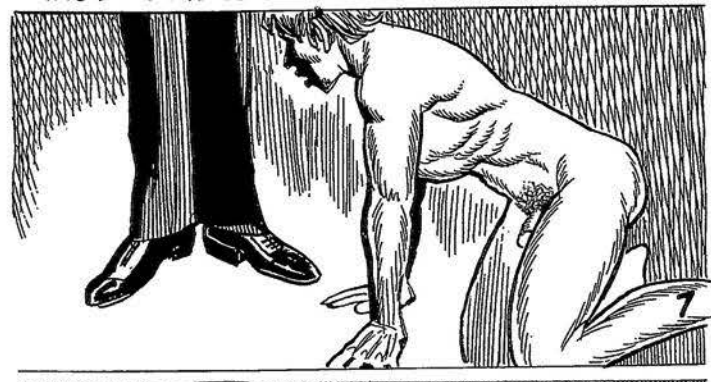
EVERYTHING WAS HAPPENING SO FAST MY THINKING WAS BLURRED.



THE NEXT MINUTE WAS THE MOST FRIGHTENING I HAVE EVER EXPERIENCED IN MY LIFE



BY THE TIME I HAD THE NERVE TO GET UP FROM PLAYING DEAD THE GUNMAN WAS BACK.



SURE, I REMEMBERED BARDEN AYLSWORTH. ALL THROUGH OUR HIGH SCHOOL YEARS TOGETHER HE'D BEEN A REGULAR BALL-BUSTER WITH HIS BRAZEN HOMOSEXUALITY AND AN EMBARRASSINGLY BOLD DISPLAY OF A PERPETUAL CASE OF THE HOTS FOR ME. HE TOOK ME TO HIS PAD AND...

I ALWAYS KNEW I'D GET TO FUCK YOU SOONER OR LATER, BRUCE.

EVEN AS A KID BARDEN WAS A BULLY, NOW HE'S A KILLER. WHAT CAN I DO?

THE SURPRISING THING IS THAT I ANTICIPATED PLEASURE FROM THAT FIRST PENETRATION....

NOT ONLY WAS I FORCED TO DRESS LIKE A GIRL AND HAD MY NAME CHANGED FROM BRUCE TO BRUCINE, I WAS ALSO WARNED THAT IF THE PEOPLE WHO HIRED BARDEN TO SNUFF KALIF EVER FOUND OUT THAT HE PERMITTED A WITNESS TO LIVE WE'D BOTH BE KILLED.

AN' IF YOU TRY TO GET AWAY FROM ME OR TALK TO THE POLICE, NATURALLY I'LL HAVE TO BURN YOU.

IN A FEW MONTHS I WAS BEGINNING TO ENJOY MY NEW ROLE IN LIFE. THEN BARDEN'S SADISTIC NATURE BEGAN RUINING EVERYTHING. HE'D GIVE PARTIES AND PARTICIPATE FULLY, BUT I'D BE PERMITTED ONLY TO WATCH.



THERE'S NO COMPLAINTS ABOUT BARDEN'S TREATMENT OF ME WHENEVER WE WERE TOGETHER ALONE.

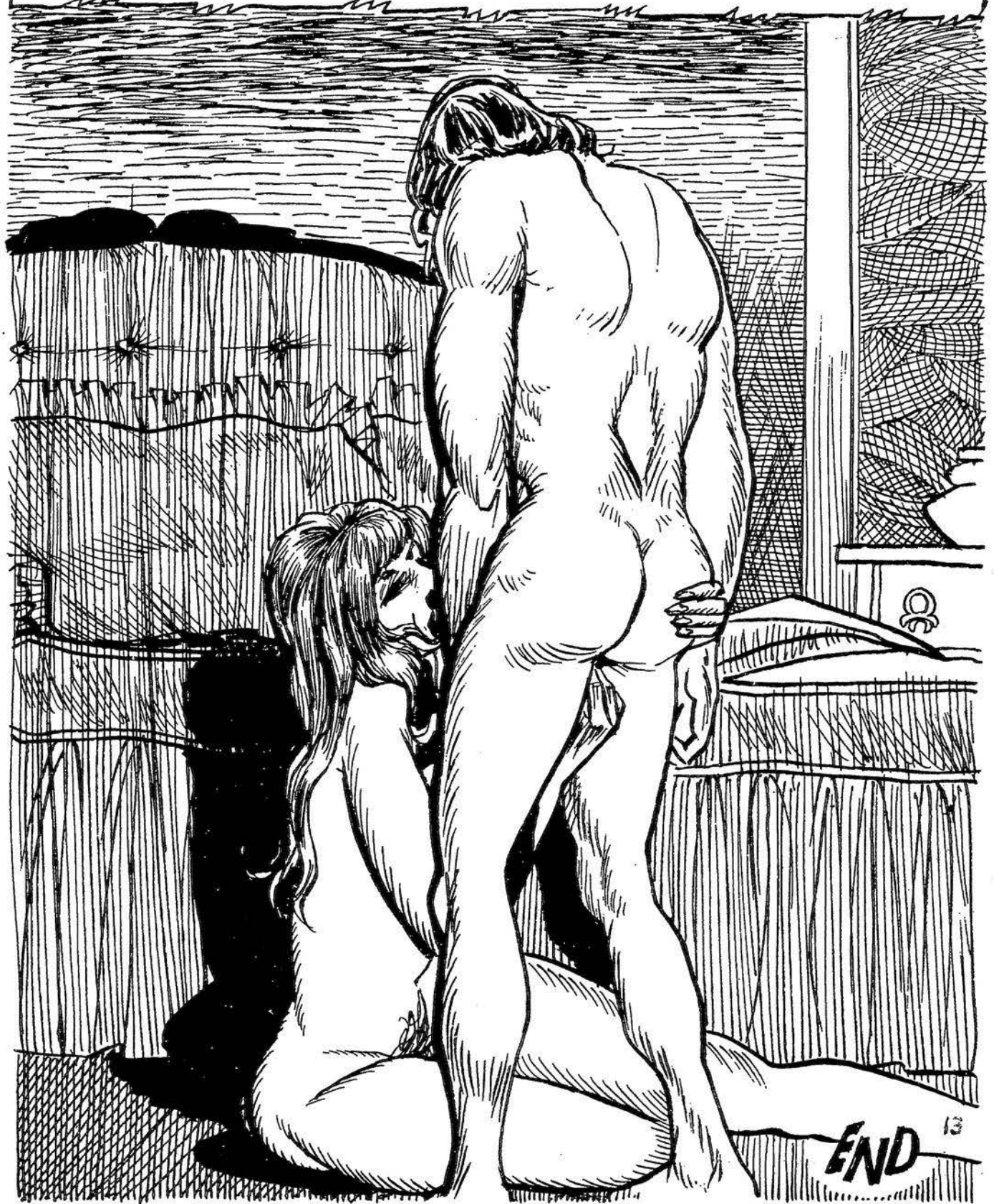
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT WITHOUT A LUBRICANT THIS TIME.

GAD! I'LL TRY.

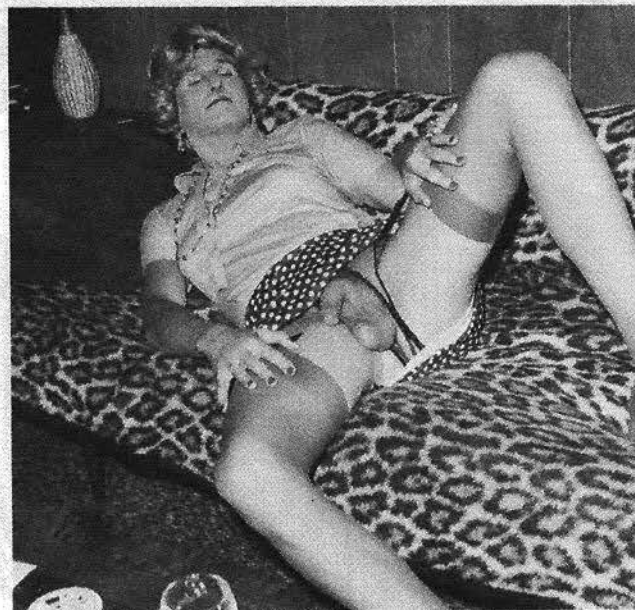
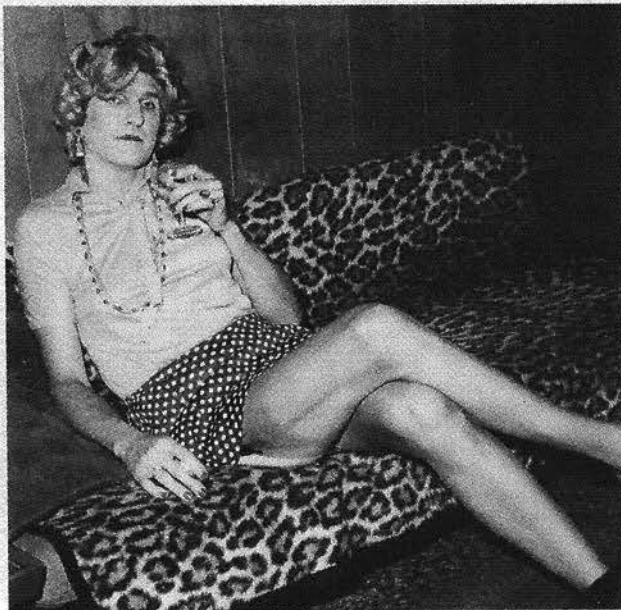
JUST ONE THOUGHT BOTHERED ME ABOUT THE NEARLY PERFECT ROMANCE BARDEN AND I ENJOYED TOGETHER....



...I KNOW WHAT HAS TO BE DONE IF I'M EVER TO BE FREE AGAIN. I CAN ONLY HOPE THE ELEMENT OF TIMING WORKS SO THAT I GET THE CHANCE TO KILL BARDEN BEFORE HE GROWS TIRED OF OUR SITUATION AND HE KILLS ME.



# 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.)
- (7) Place your letters, Forwarding Pledge and proper remittance in a larger envelope and send in to—FORWARDING DEPT.

NEPTUNE PRODUCTIONS, P. O. Box 360, Belmar, N. J. 07719.

## FORWARDING PLEDGE

**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. We will mail you a "Pledge Number" which you can use on all future letters that you wish us to forward for you.

### 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:

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

Send remittance to:

FORWARDING DEPT.



# How to place an ad...

## GUIDE AND INSTRUCTIONS:

All ads listed by confidential code. You will be assigned a code number. Your name and address will never be used in an advertisement. All letters received by us will remain unopened and forwarded to you the same day that we receive it. Our advertisers are authentic but we do not guarantee replies from advertisers. It is assumed that an advertiser will reply otherwise they would not advertise.

We cooperate with the postal authorities and observe the regulations and statutes and therefore we expect our advertisers to do likewise. It is in the best interests that you observe all local, state and federal regulations and statutes.

## HOW TO PLACE YOUR AD

Advertisements in TV SWINGERS are \$5.00 per ad for each insertion.

## PHOTO AND ADVERTISING RELEASE FORM

In order to use your photo and advertisement, the law requires that we have a signed pledge release from you on file. It is a routine release, and we would appreciate it if you would sign it and return it to us so that we can include your photo in our next issue: I, the undersigned, hereby represent that I am over 21 years of age, that the photo sent to you is in fact an actual photo of myself and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I hereby give you my consent to publish my photo and advertisement in TV SWINGERS or any other publication as you see fit in connection with TV SWINGERS for promotional purposes. It is understood that you may edit or rewrite my ad at your sole discretion. I understand that no proofs of photos or ads will be supplied for my approval and I waive all claims respecting accuracy or reproduction of either due to mistake or technical failures. I understand that TV SWINGERS is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any person or persons I contact through TV SWINGERS or any other NEPTUNE PRODUCTIONS publications.

*print plainly*

FULL NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
SIGNATURE(s) \_\_\_\_\_

*I hereby certify that I am over age 21*

**NOTICE:** You pay nothing for letters being forwarded to you. We naturally assume no responsibility for the content of said letters or the integrity of the authors. Your own discretion will be your guide. Photos sent in for publication cannot be returned. Cancellations will be made on future printings or reprintings of the material containing your ad upon written request 90 days in advance. Naturally no changes can be made on material that has already been printed or scheduled for release. Mail in answer to your ad which is to be forwarded to you by us will be returned to the sender by your written request 14 days in advance. Advertisers who do not answer or at least acknowledge the letters that have been forwarded to them will be placed on the inactive list. **NOTIFY US PROMPTLY OF ANY CHANGE IN YOUR ADDRESS.** Remember, other people want to read YOUR ad just as much as you may want to read theirs. Send in your ad NOW to make the next issue!

**INSTRUCTIONS FOR SENDING IN YOUR PHOTO FOR PUBLICATION (photos can't be returned)**

(1) Send in a clear wallet size black & white photo. Color print is acceptable but not slides or negatives... (2) Sign your name on the back of your photo near the center... (3) Print your name and address on the back of your photo near the center... (4) Clip or carefully staple your photo to this form and return it to us... (5) We reserve the right to publish the photo in whole or in part, or to make such alterations in its appearance as we may deem prudent and necessary.

WRITE YOUR CONFIDENTIAL AD HERE (PLEASE PRINT)

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(Note: 30 word limit - each additional word 15¢)

☐ I enclose \$5.00. Please insert the above ad in the next issue of

**TV SWINGERS**

**NOTE:** All ads submitted must be accompanied by Photo and Advertising Release Form. No ad will be accepted for publication unless this form is signed.

Send remittance to:

NEPTUNE PRODUCTIONS  
P. O. BOX 360  
BELMAR, N. J. 07719

ILL985. St. Louis Area — TV Super Sensitive Breasts — Love to be sucked and disciplined.

ILL932. Black male, 29, travels Midwest and East Coast. Would like to meet TV/TS. Photo, phone appreciated. Will answer all.

ILL739. W/M, 24, from Chicago, looking for TV or TS for friendship & weekend dates. Must be gay or bi. Love leggy, beautiful young TVs. So please write soon. Photo or phone.

ILL888. Tall, slender, sensuous TV in Chicago wants to meet discreet people who enjoy erotic lovemaking. My gay, well-endowed "husband" approves and can participate if you wish. Willing to try just about anything. Will answer all. TAMMIE



MD950. Hi! I'm Joane. I love to dress as sexy as possible and have an extensive wardrobe, but

## ENGLAND

ENGLAND913. I am 5'9½" tall, fair hair, blue eyes, slim figure — shapely legs. Have an extensive wardrobe. My interests are very varied. I will be pleased to correspond with any of your readers who may care to write to me. My femme name is BARBARA. Will also send attractive pictures to all who write.

## MARYLAND

MD925. W/M mid40s; tired of hetero straight; wishes to contact TSs, TVs or females for instruction in TV, French, etc. Can travel 200-plus miles. Fred, Md-Gettysburg, Pa.

## MINNESOTA

MINN900. I am interested in being slave to all. I love to please. I love to give complete French, love to give black men Greek with my tongue and complete French. I love to receive Greek — the bigger the better. I love all clothes and dig run pantyhose. Also love to meet females of the street. I would love to be a real female and would pay for hormone help. I dig blacks very much. I also would like golden showers to quench my thirst. Also am interested in mild B&D and being spanked. Couples, black, white, or singles, all welcome. I will try all. I am very confidential and will answer all. Would love to meet other TV/TS. Am very lonely in my closet and want to come out, so no matter what your interest, please write me. Fat people very welcome. I am turned on by heavies. No strictly gay males. Love, SHIRLEY

## MICHIGAN



MICH878. Pretty TV, age 25, nice legs and figure. Would like to hear from other TVs in the Michigan Area to exchange photos, meetings and "dressed" shopping trips. Have wardrobe, but travel limited. Your photo with first letter brings my prompt reply. Address Ms. C.

MICH924. Non TV-TS, married couple. Anti-establishment-Landers. My Thing: Developing myself outside a stereotyped, right-wrong world. I'm OK — You're OK. S. Mich.

MICH929. M 19 years old, 5'6". I need sugar daddy or mama to support me and finance all necessary treatments to become a female. For your support, I would be your devoted TS slave. Please help me!

MICH980. Dominant She-Male Bitch! Seductively feminine, Bi & talented — seeks slaves to worship & obey me. Must be sincere, generous, discreet & attractive. Photo, phone, SASE, \$3.00 for reply & photo.



MICH962. Flint Area. Young feminine TV wishes to correspond and meet with other TVs & TSs. Please write and send a photo, if possible.

MICH922. Handsome Caucasian Bi-Male, adores TVs, Fls, TSs, drag queens for dates and beautiful relationships. I can give you all the love and affection a woman needs, treat you as the female you want to be. I'm very sincere, clean, gentle, and understanding to all your needs. I'm 5'6", 140 lbs., 35 yrs. Very discreet. Photo and phone appreciated. Answer all who are sincere. I know I can please you. ANDY

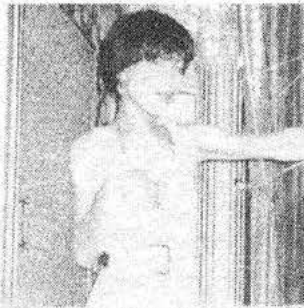
MICH907. Very handsome bi-male, adores TVs, TSs, Fls who are feminine, passable for dates, pleasurable times. Very sincere, discreet, 37, 5'6", 140, clean, gentle. Women or bi-couples, to help dress in lingerie. Photo, phone appreciated. Will answer all. Hurry.

## NEBRASKA

NEB903. Sexy young feminine TV will make fabulous sexual fantasy tapes to satisfy your wildest dreams. Any form of language, expression, or act is okay. Dominant, submissive, whatever. Cassettes or reel-to-reel. You'll love the results, so write for details.



# JAPAN



JAPAN935. Hot sexy boy/girl wants to hear from young cute TVs. Will reply to all letters with photo.

# INDIANA

IND937. Tall, attractive BiTV seeks other TVs and aggressive males for dates, parties, French and Greek fun. Mild B/D interests OK, too. Photo and discretion a must. All answered. DEBBIE



IND737. TV-married. Would enjoy modeling assignments for generous persons. Discretion, please. Ray

Marion, Ind. 46952.

# PENNSYLVANIA



PA927. Very feminine, petite TS, who loves being a girl, wishes to meet and correspond with others

who are sincere and discreet. I have a wide range of interests. I'm sure you'd find me interest-

ing. Won't you please write? This could be the start of something great! Photo appreciated. Love, TERRI

# WASHINGTON, D. C.

DC852. D. C. Area. Sandra. Attractive white TV mistress is considering new slaves. If you don't like tight bondage, do not waste my time. I only consider slaves who look like girls. I charge no fee, but I have a free hand with a whip. SASE.

FLA958. TV wants to meet other TVs and groups for dates, parties or weekends. Want and enjoy all forms of sexual expression and love. Sincere, discreet persons please answer.

FLA942. Miami TV desires to meet young passable femme F.L., T.S., or T.V.'s for sisters, lovers, or mistress. Discretion and all fantasies guaranteed fulfilled with TLC. Love uninhibited queens in nylons, heels and sleek outfits to be appreciated and loved.

# FLORIDA

FLA963. Young, handsome executive seeks correspondence with TS. TV, shemales with lovely face, well-rounded rears to be totally adored as a woman. Love garters, hose and heels. Travel extensively for meetings. Frank letter detailing desires, revealing photo for mine. All answered promptly.

# CANADA



CANADA909. TV from Montreal Also fetishist, seeks correspondence, meeting. Loves furs, leather, spike heels, boots, lingerie, everything bizarre and exotic. Wish to be maid to couple or singles, love to be dominated, or dominate. MONICA

YOU CAN NOW RESERVE TV SWINGERS NO. 4 WITH OVER 700 ADVERTISERS. SEND \$5.00 TO NEPTUNE PRODUCTIONS, P. O. Box 360, Belmar, N. J. 07719 (Price includes First Class Postage.)

# CONNECTICUT



CONN776. Chick, will answer all, if you'll just write. I've got all interests, so be loose when writing. Will meet all. Want fun. Can travel, and have other TV friends. DENISE



## CATALOG OF PLEASURE APPAREL



# Carrousell

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## NEW YORK



NY931. Childless, divorced, aristocratic Mother seeks mature, financial secure obedient son for dutiful association with buxom blonde, 5'5", 38/28/38. Give full details and self-addressed envelope for my reply.

NY921. Young, black male, 27, college grad. Desires the company of ultra-feminine TV or TS. Must be sincere & secure. I am non-exploitive, loving and appreciate good sex and passion-filled evenings. Send photo and availability.

NY899. Couple enjoys being with TV. Your desires and dreams can come true. We love to hear your desires. You can let yourself go with us. All are welcome.

NY819. Young, meaty, willing TV, seeks older men with large equip. I love to give hours of French and I love Jello. I am insatiable. Send phone. Photo nice, not necessary.

## WASHINGTON

WASH940. TS, 29, would like to meet/correspond with TS/TV in Seattle Area. Bi Gr. pass. Also looking for Bi boyfriend. May be int. in sharing unfurn. apt./rent with boyfriend or TS/TV.

WASH866. Virgin TV. Command me to be a woman, to be your slave in silks and satins. Want to please in every way. Bind me and make me completely yours. Will answer all. Send photos, lingerie, etc. Novice

## PENNSYLVANIA

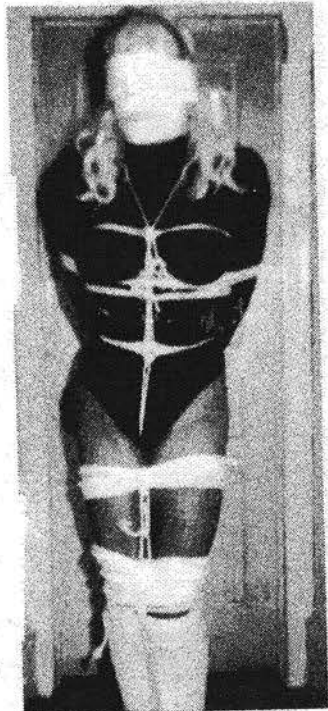
PA872. TV, Bi, nice shape, good looks, looking for friendship, understanding, fun-loving TVs, TSs, girls. Enjoys meeting all. Loves everything feminine (Lehigh Valley).

## TEXAS



TEX983. Slim, good-looking TV, 29. Very discreet, understanding and would like meeting TV/TS in

Dallas Area. Share my wardrobe. Will travel, Highly versatile. Send photo, phone.



PA858. Sincere, straight TV, single, 34, seeks meetings with all "girls" like me for bondage photo sessions indoors and outdoors (no sex). Women all welcome, same cond. Appreciate "dressed" photo, phone, info. All answered & can travel. My name is GWENDOLINE

PA897. South Pennsylvania. Bi-W/M, 42, 6'2", 165 pounds, needs Bi-Gay TV-TS for close relationship. No hustlers or phonies. Not buying or selling. Prefer tall, attractive, leggy, slender. I'm serious, discreet, sincere and gentle. Clear photo and phone required for guaranteed reply. Love french, rather passive nature. Race no barrier, crudity is. Bi-couples welcome to reply. No S/M or long correspondence desired. Cannot entertain. Will travel 100 miles. Dig dating, erotic loving, sensual people. Let's build something together now.

PA845. TV, 35, 5'6", 148, would like to correspond and exchange photos with other TVs, TSs, and women for friendship and meetings. New to scene. Photo, phone and address appreciated. SHARON

## TEXAS

TEX751. GIRLS — I am a very good-looking guy who would like to be feminized into being your submissive girl. I have had very little experience in TVism, but can easily be seduced into being very docile and effeminate. If you are a dominate woman (particularly bi-girls) and would enjoy transforming a boy into a sweet, pretty girl — please write.

## WASHINGTON



WASH914. I'm 26, a black Cancerian who loves to love and make it memorable for each inch I'm worth. Would like to meet TSs/TVs who can pass in every way. Please send photos and phone.

## VIRGINIA



VA919. I am a man who should have been created a female to start with and I still want to be one. I am 31, 158 lbs., 71 in., 5-30-45 B.D. Seek (TS) friends, help and advice. I am a twin born 2nd.

VA938. DC Area TV, 19, 6', 275 lbs., big breasts. Beginning TV would like to correspond with or meet any other TV for help with makeup and wigs, etc. Have my own house and wardrobe. All answered.

VA718. Northern Va. (D.C. Suburbs) Slender, considerate couple would like to meet Fls. TVs and other men, women or couples who like bisexual fun. Photo and phone number bring immediate response.

## OHIO

OHIO862. Midwestern Ohio — Lonely Male TV, 47. Wishes to meet TVs, TSs and girls who approve. Needs friends, companionship, loving & sex. No B/D or S/M, please. Photo, phone, address brings quick reply. Love being feminine. Hurry! JENNIFER



## CALIFORNIA



CAL930. Attractive, tall, fun-loving, bi-minded TV desires correspondence with other TVs, TSs and females. Can be dominant or passive, as you wish. Letters with photos answered. JUDY

CAL730. If you want to meet some of the foxiest shemales around, contact me. I know most of them and can put you in touch.



CAL928. SF Bay Area novice TV, very eager for meeting corresponding with very feminine TVs. Also, females & bicouples. Love Fr. Gr. etc. 32, discreet, uninhibited. Love dressing in frilly things. Also adore UNdressing. Invite frank correspondence, and photo exchange from anywhere. Travel some. Photo guarantees instant reply. Phone appreciated.



CAL860. Submissive, sexy, high-heeled TV bitch needs hard bondage and S/M. String me up, hog tie me, or do with me what you want. Want to meet other sexy TVs.

## ILLINOIS

ILL981. Male, mid 30s, 6 ft., 190 lbs. Are you a TV who likes to date a straight-looking man who knows how to bring out the woman in you? I really turn on to foxy TVs dressed in lace, satin and such. Can travel. Photo guarantees instant reply. BILL

ILL984. Thirty-two-year-old black executive would like to meet TS/TVs in Chicago Area. Please, no hustlers. Race unimportant.

## LOUISIANA



LA979. Bi-TV would like to hear from & meet same N. O. Area. Need help out of closet. Will exchange letters & photos with TVs everywhere. If coming to N.O., write me.

## NEW JERSEY



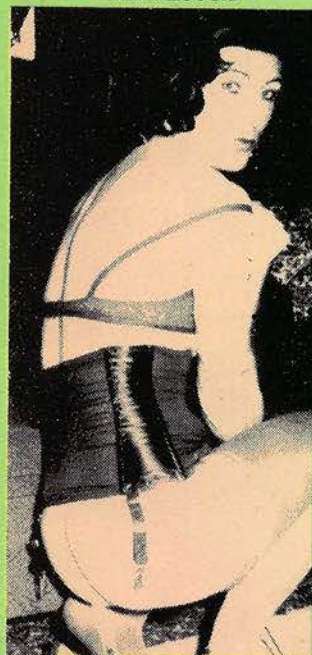
NJ855. Warm, attractive, married, submissive, bisexual TV 34, would like to hear from other TVs, single or married, who enjoy ultra-femininity. Silk bi slip, panties, stockings & garterbelt can be found under a pretty dress. Photo & photo appreciated, but will answer a

## LOUISIANA



LA881. TVs, gals only — see something you like. Love to exchange photos. Meeting and love sessions possible. French & Greek — no B&D. Photo please. VERONICA

## MINNESOTA



MINN901. Transsexual — A little masculine, but very sensual, wishes to meet Blacks, all sizes, shapes and weights. Male-female, to give complete French and love to give Greek with my tongue. Also love golden showers to quench my thirst. Would love to be live-in love slave and maid. Willing to work to pay my share, at night comfort you in any way you wish. Love to receive Greek. I would also pay any price to anyone who could get female hormones for me. I love all female clothes and have plenty. I like mild B.D., spanking, anything else as long as it isn't too nasty. I will answer all. If you do write and send photo, I will return, if you wish. Whites, interracial interested, also welcome. Fatties very welcome. I am a little shy at first. Love, SHIRLEY

## NEBRASKA

NEB904. Docile, petite, bisexual TV, 5'4", 114 lbs., age 25; wishes to meet other TVs, females, or males interested in having fun. Or correspond with those too far away for some "girl talk" and exchange of photos. I am attractive, intelligent, sexy and very feminine and love all kinds of sex, French, Greek, nothing is too far out. Love all kinds of feminine attire, especially soft and sexy items of silk, suede, nylon, satin and velvet. Relatively free to travel. I'm lonely, so please don't hesitate writing. Promise to answer all. Photos appreciated and guarantee a photo with my reply. Discretion assured. Write soon! MELONY





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## maleshe III

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REAL TRANSVESTITES DO THEIR THING  
SURGERY FOR TV'S  
"I'M A TRANSSEXUAL AND PROUD OF IT"  
SWINGER'S SECTION



ARTICLES- PHOTOGRAPHS

M184. MALESHE III \$3.50

## DRAG SCENE

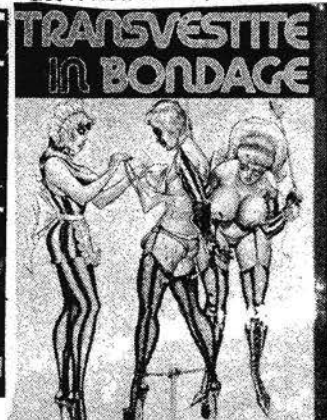


FRANK PHOTOS OF TV LOVERS  
Real Drag Queen Names and Addresses—Phone Number

M181. DRAG SCENE No. 4 \$4.00



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M168. Transvestite in Bondage



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### Transvestite in Babyland



M165. Transvestite in Babyland

## TRANSVESTITE and TRANSEXUAL POCKET BOOK 7

### Males Forced into Girlhood



M156. Males Forced into Girlhood

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M62. Petticoat Village \$3.50

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