

# LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

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VOLUME NUMBER NINE

# LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

ACTUAL CORRESPONDENCE  
 ON FEMME MIMICS  
 ILLUSTRATED WITH 35  
 PHOTOS OF MALES  
 IN FEMININE CLOTHES

Published By Nutrix Co.  
 35 Montgomery Street  
 Jersey City 2, New Jersey

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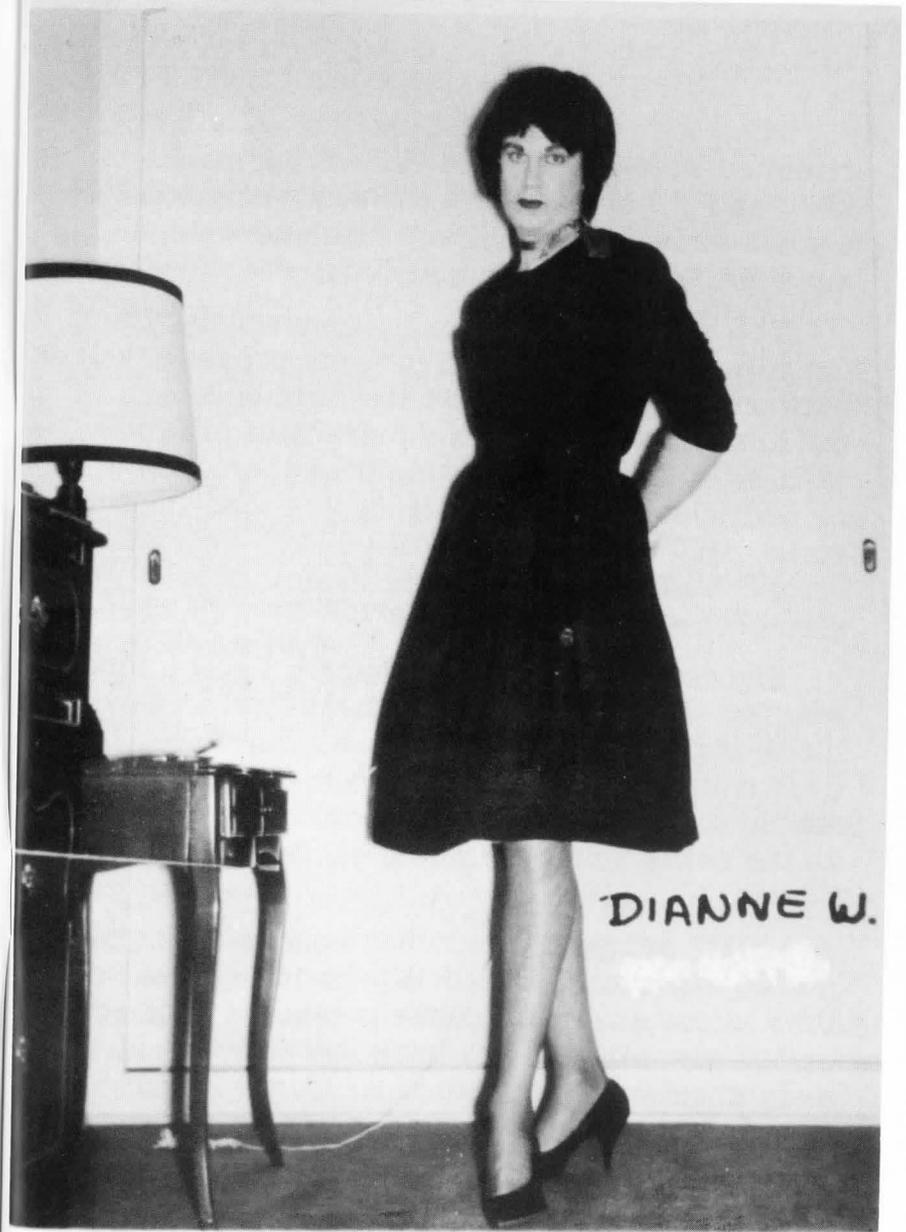
## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Darling Nutrix:

Your perfectly marvelous booklets are an answer to many a transvestite's dream. From reading the letters that you publish, I know that your readers would agree with me that one of your biggest services is in giving us the feeling that we are not alone in having an unconventional taste in dress.

By reading your booklets, we realize that there are many, many others, so like ourselves, lonely and frustrated, "males by accident," who thrill to the touch of nylon and lace against their skin and who long to live in the wonderful glamorous world of feminine clothing! Only a transvestite appreciates the exciting combination of satiny softness and unyielding firmness experienced in girls' lingerie--the gentle touch of a slip contrasted with the sometimes painful tightness of a bra strap.

So often have I experienced all those titillating and delicious feelings that I can recall them instantly and vividly to mind. That tingling sensation as dark nylons slide on, then tightly hug every curve of my legs as their gartered fasteners tug insistently with each high-heeled step, is something never to be forgotten.



## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

The coolly sleek nylon panties, daintily trimmed with lace. The alternating panels of satin and power net, with their cleverly concealed boning encircling my hips and squeezing my waist to exciting proportions.

The foam contoured cups, generously filled out with rubber "falsies", project provocatively outward, straining against the tight bodice of my low-cut dress. In the privacy of my room, with my full skirts billowing over the bouffant, crinoline petticoat and balanced on four-inch spike-heeled pumps--how often have I strutted before my full length mirror examining my glamorous reflection.

Slender legs and a tall shapely figure, topped by a carefully made up face and a realistic black wig, full red lips and softly shadowed eyes under boldly darkened eyebrows. The swishing skirts caress the backs of my knees as the softly rough crinoline gently touches my thighs.

While sitting, I cross and uncross my legs just to experience the thrill, as one nylon-clad limb slides, singing, past the other. I dance before my mirror, admiring the way my skirts sway about my body.

## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Hands with scarlet lacquered nails lift my skirts seductively as I flirt with myself. This is the only time when I am completely happy and contented. Now my happiness has been greatly increased by the knowledge which you have given to me--that there are many others going through these very same rapturous experiences!

Your booklets on female impersonators are near perfect and I honestly cannot offer any big suggestions for improvement, besides the obvious one to publish them more frequently--especially your series "Letters From Female Impersonators."

May I commend you also on your discrimination in choosing the letters which you publish. They are obviously real experiences and not the fantastic daydreams one sees in some other magazines.

Living in a large city, I have been fortunate enough to see several traveling shows featuring female impersonators, but I regret that I have never had an opportunity to talk with any of them. I think that practically all female impersonators must be transvestites, else how could they be so convincing and at the same time



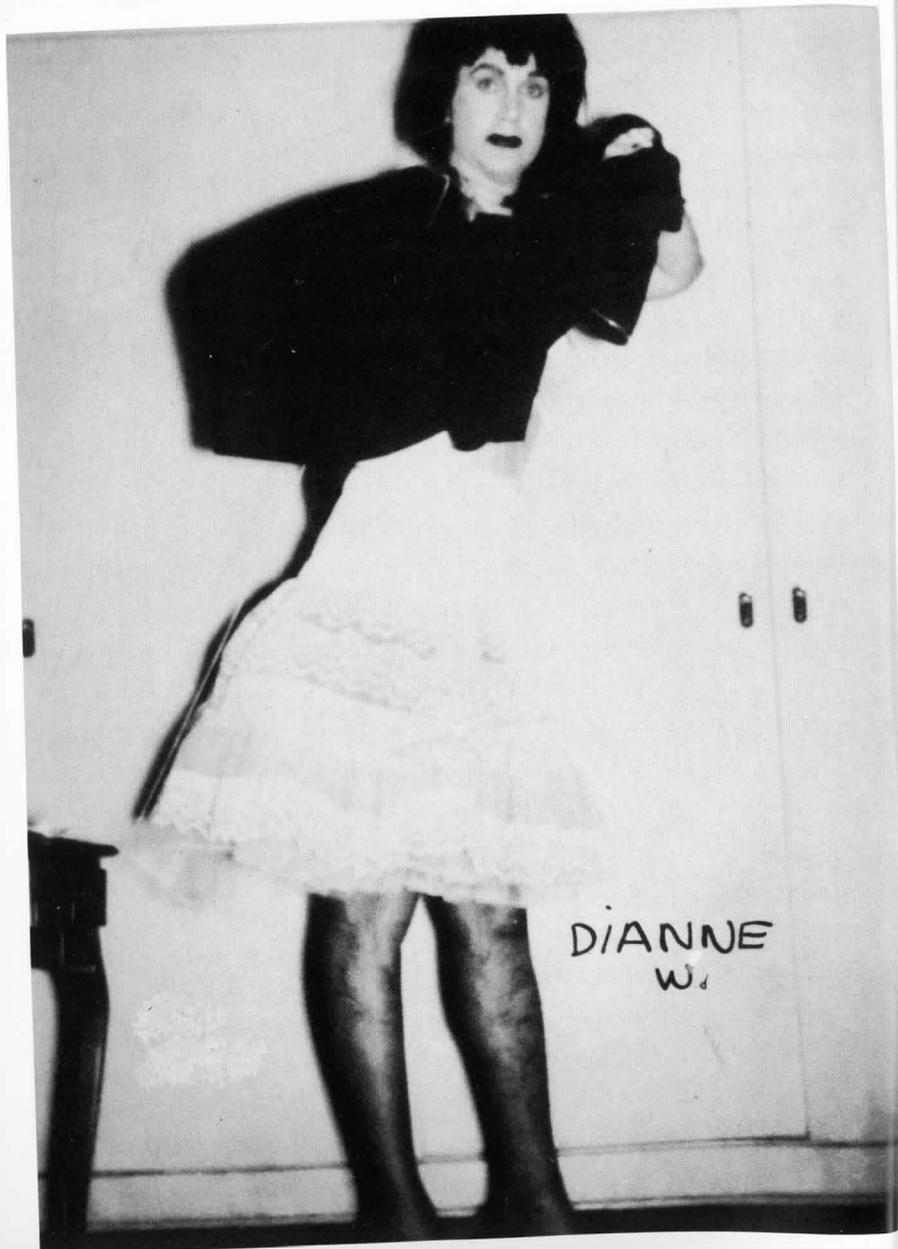
## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

be willing to stay in what is evidently a low-paid profession?

I am always amazed at the perfection of these professional performers. The professionals in your booklets, performers such as Vickie Lynn, Lynne Roberts, Jackie Jackson and Bobbie Paris, fully live up to the standards I have seen and which I have set, hopelessly, for myself.

My very all-time favorites are that cute Jan Richards and that gorgeous blonde, Jan Taylor, but I am also very impressed with the many beautiful newcomers to the professional ranks, especially Gigi Laurence and Laurie Allen, that wonderful pair Tina and Mitzi, as well as Chickie Ramos, Kim August, Madge Graybell and that perfect darling, Terry Noel.

Your photos of the amateurs show many with talent as well. I refer especially to Ginger James with her sweet smile, the lovely-eyed Sharon Blakely, Jackie Cochran, Chris Ames, Terry J., Carol Ann B., newcomer Janelle, Lynne, Sandy S., Veronica, Bea Ladi and a dozen others. How marvelous if we could all get together to compare notes. What ever happened to Ruby, who appeared just once in



## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

volume 2 of "Letters From Female Impersonators?"

The Letters are always the most interesting to me, but I especially enjoyed the one from Carol Ann B. in volume 4 of Letters, describing her sister's discovery of her secret practice of cross-dressing, because it so closely resembled the time when my own sister "found me out."

If you like this letter well enough to print it in one of your issues, I would be encouraged to write and describe this experience in another letter. It might remove some of the fear of many of your readers of the embarrassment in being caught dressed as a girl. For me, the experience was neither embarrassing or unpleasant.

Judging from your Letters, there seems to be an increased interest in female impersonation and I think this is helped by the fact that some things are now getting easier for us amateur impersonators, such as the new fashion in women's wigs. This makes it both easier and cheaper to buy a fairly natural looking wig in a style which we like, and at the same time a style which becomes us.



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And padded bras are so widely used by real girls that you almost cannot find one without pads of some kind! Then there are also available the Polaroid cameras which take the embarrassment out of making self-portraits.

I have long ago passed the stage where I am embarrassed to purchase even the most intimate feminine fripperies for myself. While buying the panties which I have on now, for instance, (peach-colored nylon with two lace bows on each side) in a small department store, the salesgirl, a pretty young thing, said to me: "Thank you, sir. Will there be anything else? Something for yourself, perhaps?"

Here she indicated the mens wear department, directly adjacent. Looking directly at her, I said: "These are for myself."

She became flustered, her face got red, and she could only stammer, "Oh - o-of course. I-I'm sure you'll like them. I-I mean . . . ." She thrust my purchase at me with, "They're lovely," then turned away in pretty embarrassment. As I walked out of the store, I turned back and saw her talking animatedly to one of the other salesgirls and nodding excitedly in my direction.



## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

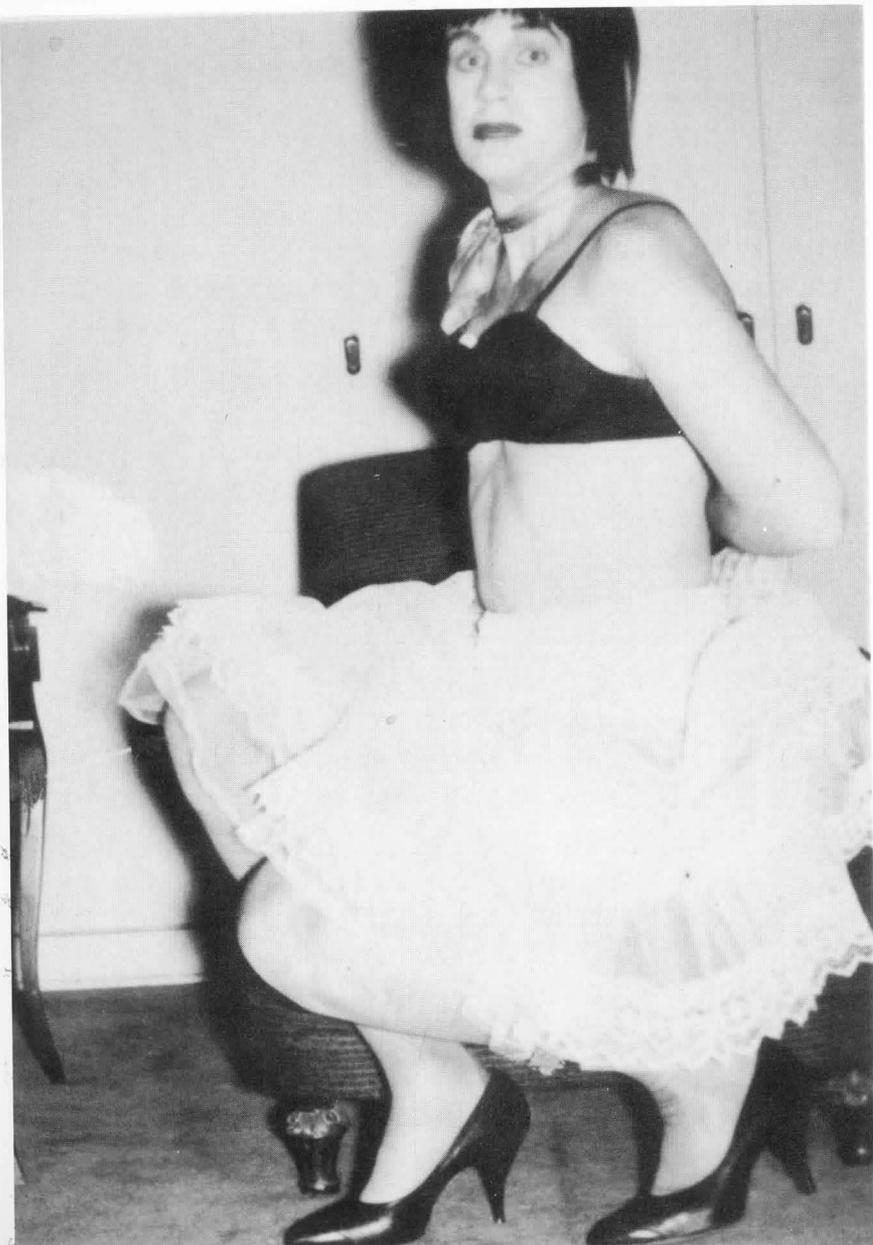
I have tried this on several other salesgirls, such as asking what size garter belt they think I should buy for myself and get reactions ranging from occasional frosty stares, amused smiles, embarrassment, or frank curiosity (which is most common).

Many of your readers mention how they are dressed while composing their letters to you and so I shall do the same right now. I am at work, on my lunch hour, and using one of the girls' typewriters. (I wonder what she would think if she could read this?)

My outside clothing must be the monotonous trousers, shirt and tie combination, which I loathe. But underneath I have on smoke gray nylons, held up by a black garter belt. Also, panties I have just described and a baby blue lace bra (no pads to give me away, of course).

I keep my jacket on in order that the outline of my bra straps will not be revealed. While talking with others, I may run my hand over the ends of my garters and smile to myself inwardly at my very personal secret.

I have only two small suggestions for your wonderful booklets. First, couldn't we have more pictures of boys in bouffant petticoats and



## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

dark nylons? They are my favorite items of clothing. Secondly, I suggest that you refer to your readers as SHE. I am sure we all think of ourselves as shes and would appreciate being addressed that way. And without quotation marks--please! We have at least as much right to this form of being addressed as some of the close-cropped females you see walking around in pants, masculine shirts and low-heeled shoes.

I am enclosing a few recent snapshots of myself which may not be up to your usual fine standards and I hope you find one or two acceptable for publication. If you think them worthy, I shall send you others. You have my unconditional permission to publish, reproduce, sell or do anything you may like with these photos free of charge. You also have my permission to freely publish all or any parts of this letter, or re-word parts of it as you like.

The only condition I make is that you not use my real name but my adopted name of DIANE, which I chose because of my first two initials, D.N. and because it sounds so feminine. Don't you agree? Eagerly awaiting all your future publications, I remain,

Sincerely,  
"DIANE W."

## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Nutrix:

I am writing this letter in appreciation, to let you know how thrilled I am to find a firm publishing magazines of your type. It has given me a great mental lift to be able to read about other female impersonators with the same desires as myself.

I would also like to compliment you on the "girls" that you use in your many publications, "girls" like Dorian Tracey, Terry Noel, Kim August, Tina Marsh, Jan Richards--to mention just a few. They are far more glamorous looking and take more care of themselves as girls than real girls do.

They are really wonderful and you have given us the opportunity to know them closely--how they started in impersonating females, interesting facts about their lives, what they are doing now, etc.

I only wish that you would publish your books on female impersonation more often so that we would get to know more of these wonderful people. I hope and pray that the photos I sent you come up to standard, so that I may see myself portrayed in one of your magazines alongside such glamorous "women."





## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I would like to tell you some facts about the female apparel that I have become accustomed to wearing. You may be interested to know that my wife has taught me to sew so well that I now can make most of my own clothes with her help.

My female wardrobe is now quite comprehensive, consisting of some twenty-four frocks and dresses. These are altered periodically, so that I may keep up with the latest fashions. I own a bra for every type of outfit and a set of nylon undies in every imaginable color to wear with each different frock.

I have a pair of high-heeled (3-inch heels) shoes to match every outfit. I buy, on the average, two pairs of nylons a week. If I can become, with some practice, half as good looking as most of your models, I will be very happy, indeed.

Your helpful advice on the art of female impersonation have been most useful to me. If my photos interest you, I can supply more as soon as I hear from you. Thanks again for all the help you have given me in my desire to dress up in clothing of the opposite sex.

Yours sincerely,  
BOBBIE WEAVER.



## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

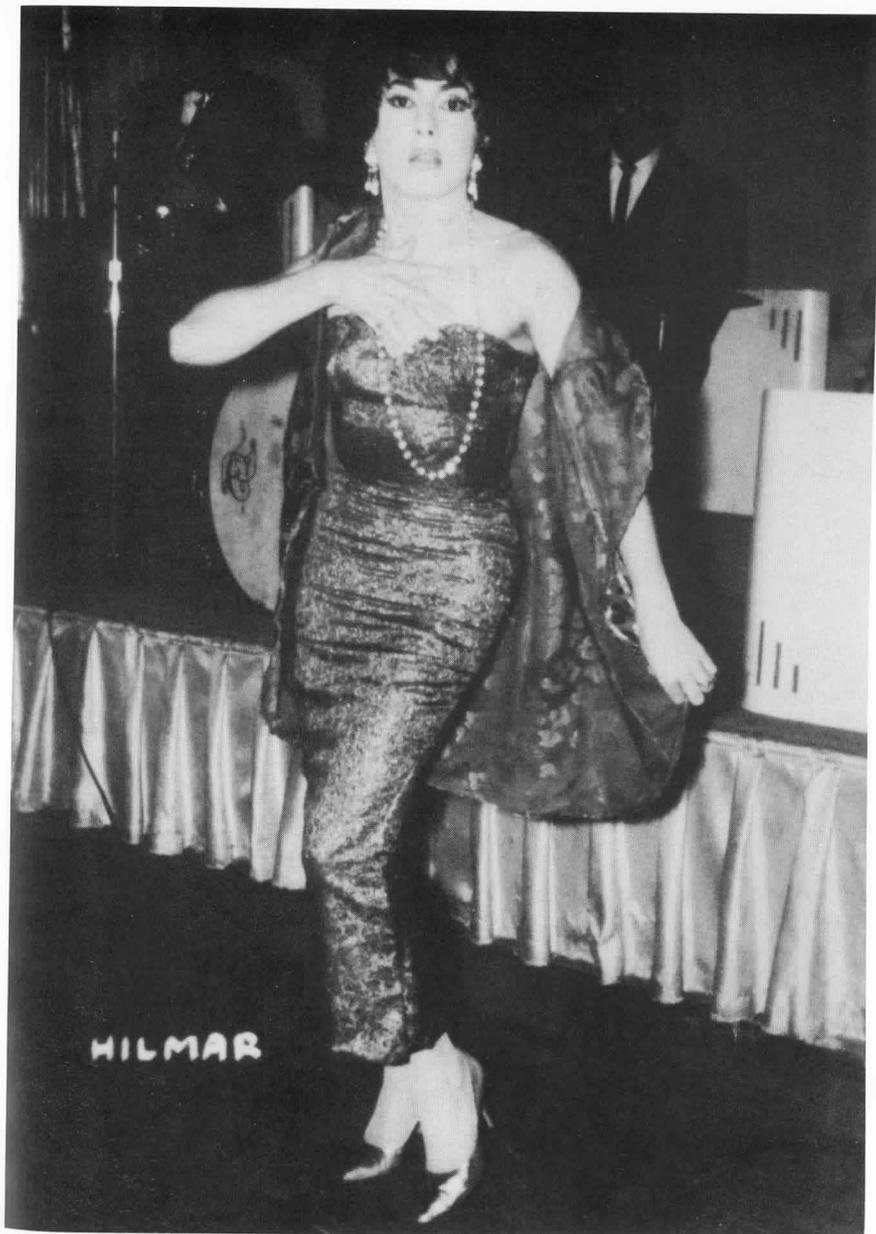
Dear Editor of Nutrix Co:

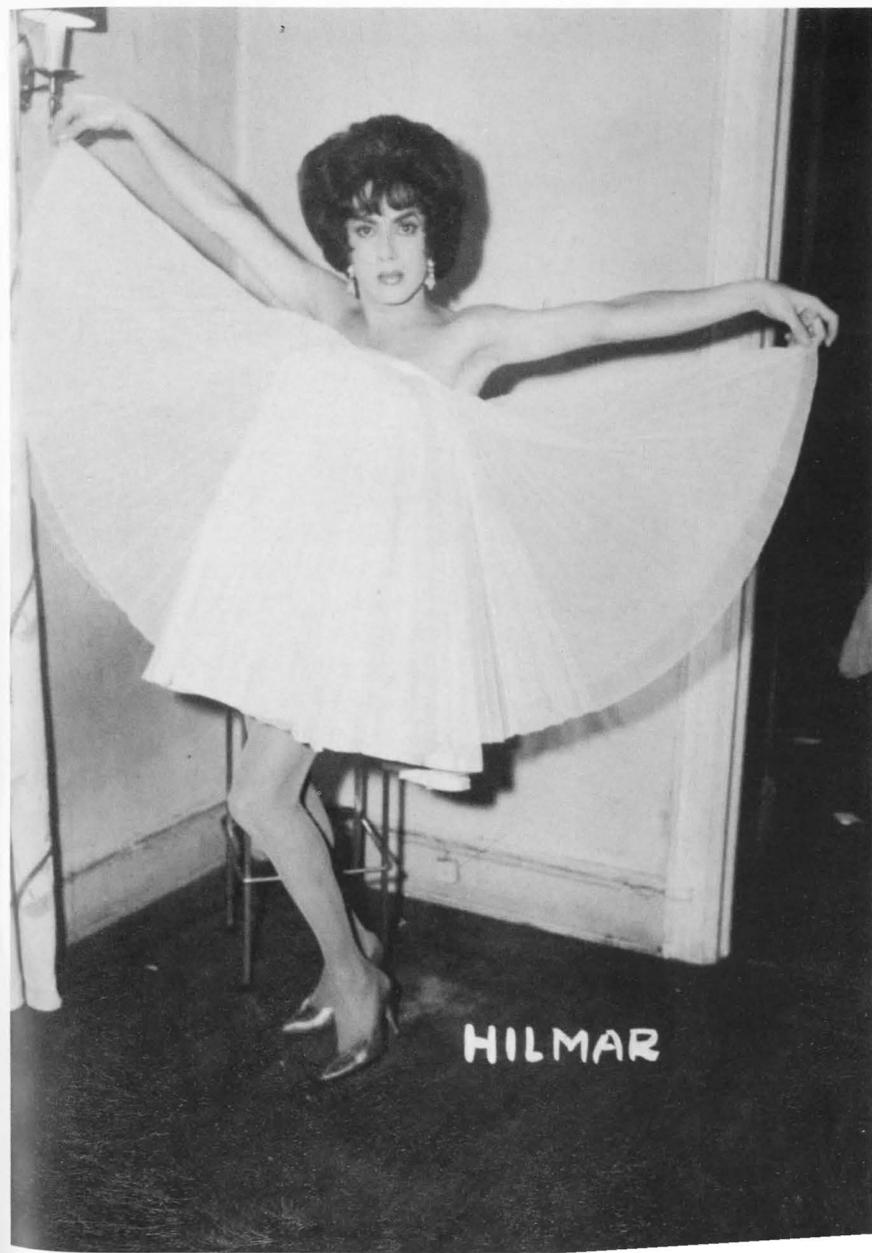
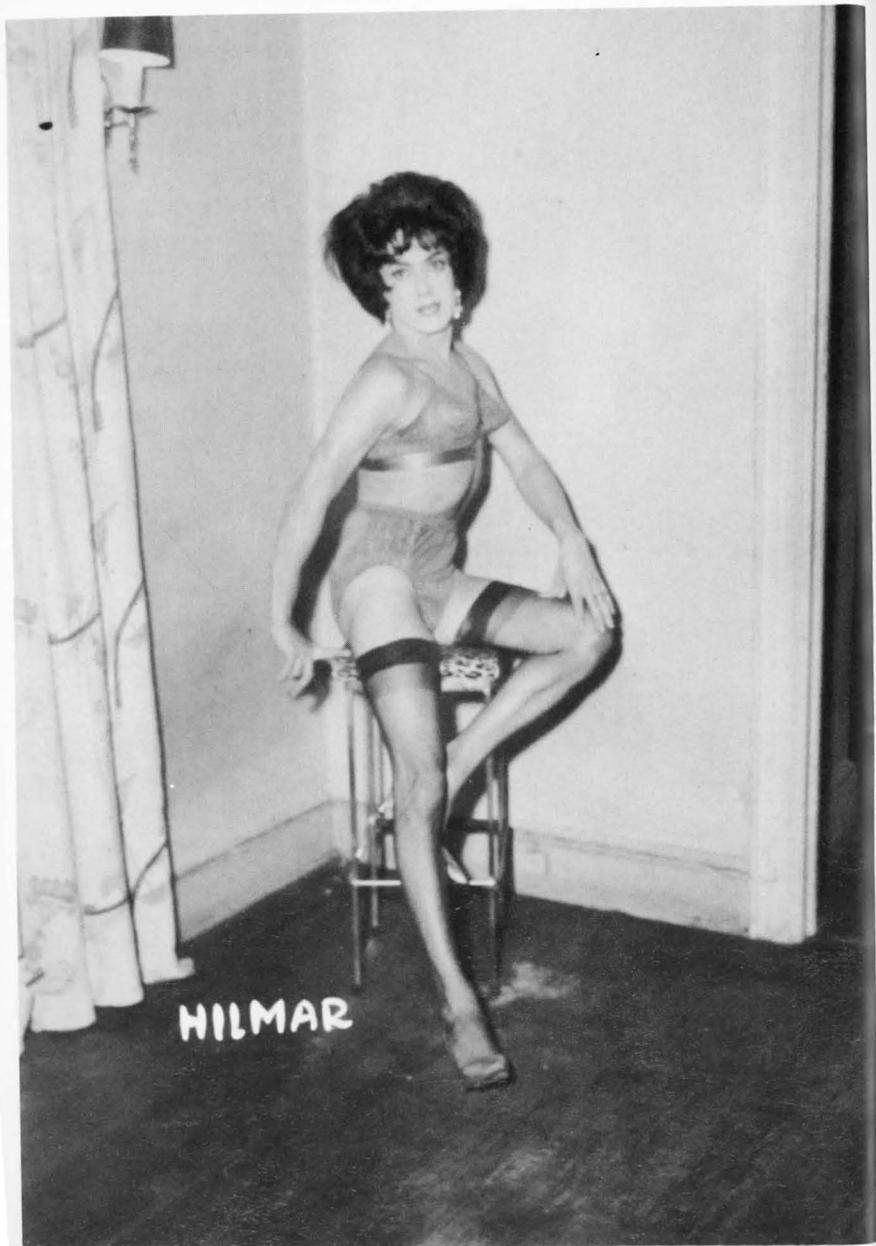
After reading so many letters from female impersonators in your publications, I too would like to write something about myself and I hope you can use my letter. I first started wearing girl's clothes on an involuntary basis at about the age of twelve.

As I recall the incident, I was somewhat of an incorrigible youngster and mother had all but given up in trying to make me behave. Having tried sending me to bed without supper, cutting off my small allowance, no Saturday movies, etc., she was now thinking of more drastic measures.

Borrowing a complete set of girl's clothes from a neighbor, my mother proceeded to doll me up, much to my dislike! First came a hot bath, then a liberal sprinkling of dusting powder and cologne. Then she had to literally force me to don pink lace panties and slip, white anklets, black girl's leather shoes and a pink satin party dress!

Mother curled my somewhat long hair with a curling iron, added a pink satin hair ribbon, a little lipstick and flaming red nail polish and





## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

set me bodily on the porch to pout, as her friends and neighbors laughed at my cute girl's costume. You can imagine how I felt then!

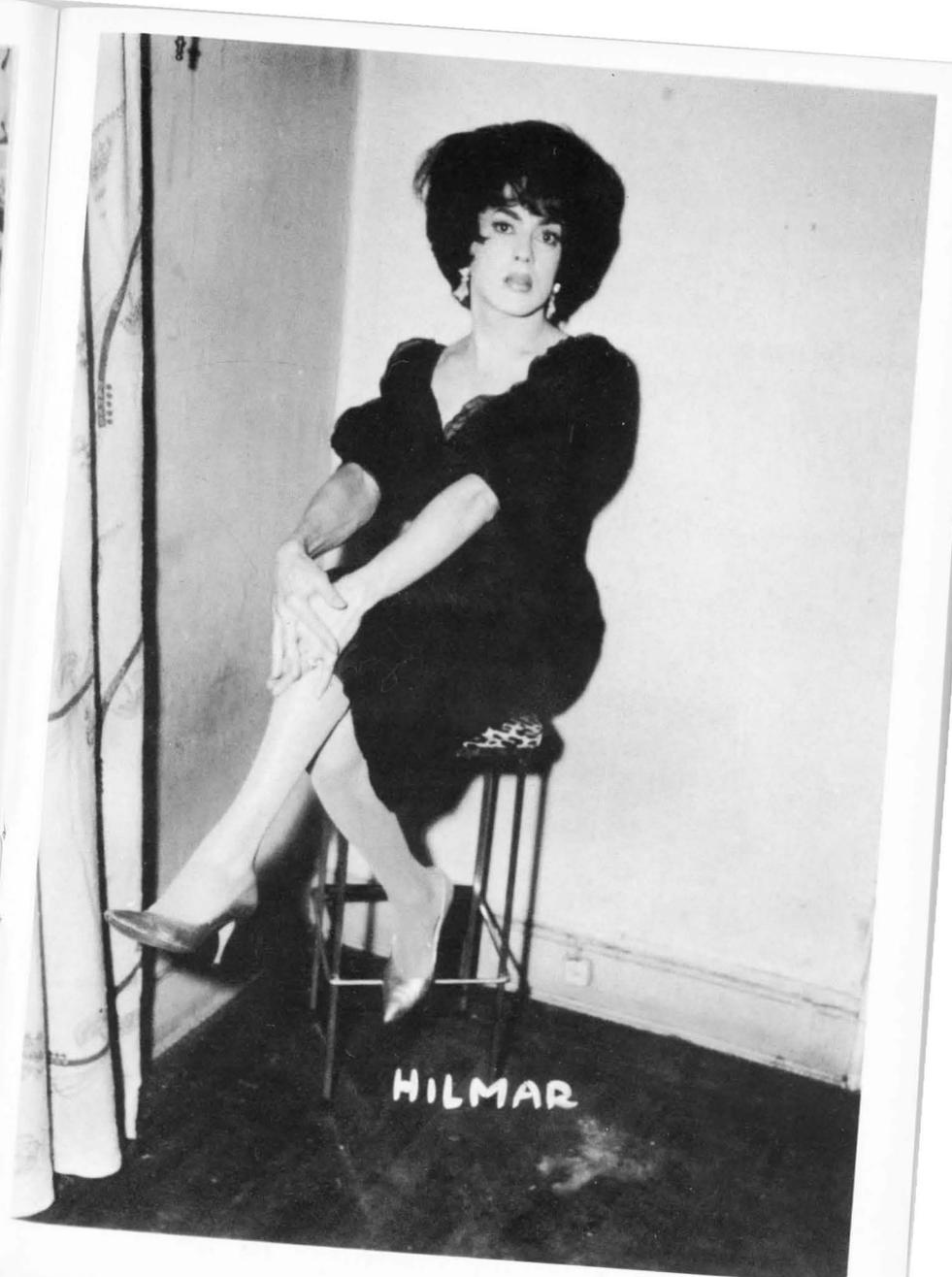
Needless to say, I behaved fairly well the next week, as I had no desire to be shamed again into wearing girl's attire. However, since youth has such a short memory, I was soon back in trouble and mother was forced to repeat this treatment.

After several such treatments, I found enjoyment being dressed up as a girl and I started getting into trouble deliberately, just so that I could dress up in comfortable girl's clothes. This went on for quite a while.

Then, when I was about fourteen, we had a Halloween party at the house and not having too much money to indulge in buying costumes, mother suggested that my cousin, Marie, (who was just my size) dress me up in her clothes.

I did not object to this grand idea at all! Marie was and still is somewhat of a perfectionist and could not decide on an appropriate outfit for me to wear at the Halloween party. After trying on all of her dresses and undies for about two hours (and loving every single





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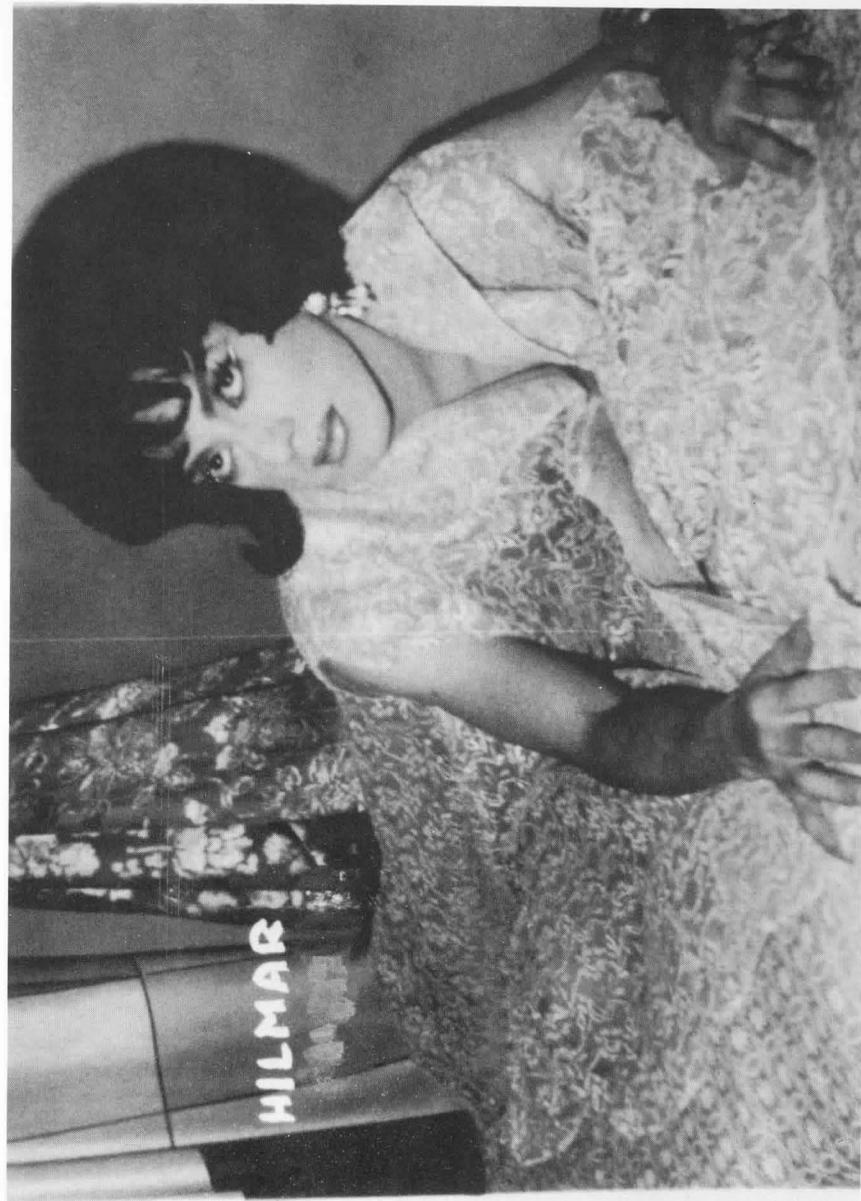
moment of it) she decided on a pretty party dress that fitted me perfectly. Needless to say, I was ecstatic with joy!

First, the usual hot bath, dusting powder and cologne. Then, toe-nail polish, garter belt and nylons, panties, brassiere, falsies and slip of white satin, black sling high heels. Then came the fabulous party dress. My hair was curled to perfection and proper makeup was applied.

In all modesty, I think I made a very sweet girl at the Halloween party. Everyone made nice comments about me and some said that it was too bad that I had not been born a girl. After the party, I thought so too. Since that night, I have been hopelessly hooked on girl's clothes and dress up as often as I can.

I was very happy to find out, through your books, that there are others who like to cross-dress. If there are any others with similar tastes as mine who would like to correspond and discuss mutual problems, I would be glad to write to them. You are at liberty to give them my address, if you so desire.

Sincerely,  
"HILMAR".



## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor:

I thank you for the invitation to tell your readers about my comeback to the ranks of the professional femme mimics, for as you may know, because of a skin irritation aggravated by a case of penicillin poisoning, I have been sidelined for some time.

My start as a female impersonator came about when I was serving my second hitch in the Navy, when the ship on which I was stationed at Naples, Italy, decided to put on a revue called "Sailors In Skirts" for Navy Relief.

As we were lined up on deck for inspection, the chief petty officer who was in charge of details for the show, selected me to be in the cast for he told me that I looked more feminine-looking than a real girl. Not having had any previous acting experience or knowledge of makeup, I was at first startled, but as I was striking for a higher rank, I thought that being an "actress" would be a lot easier than working in the galley as a mess cook.

One of the "girls" had been on the stage previously and he gave us neophytes many tips on how to apply makeup and to walk on three-inch high-heeled girls' shoes.



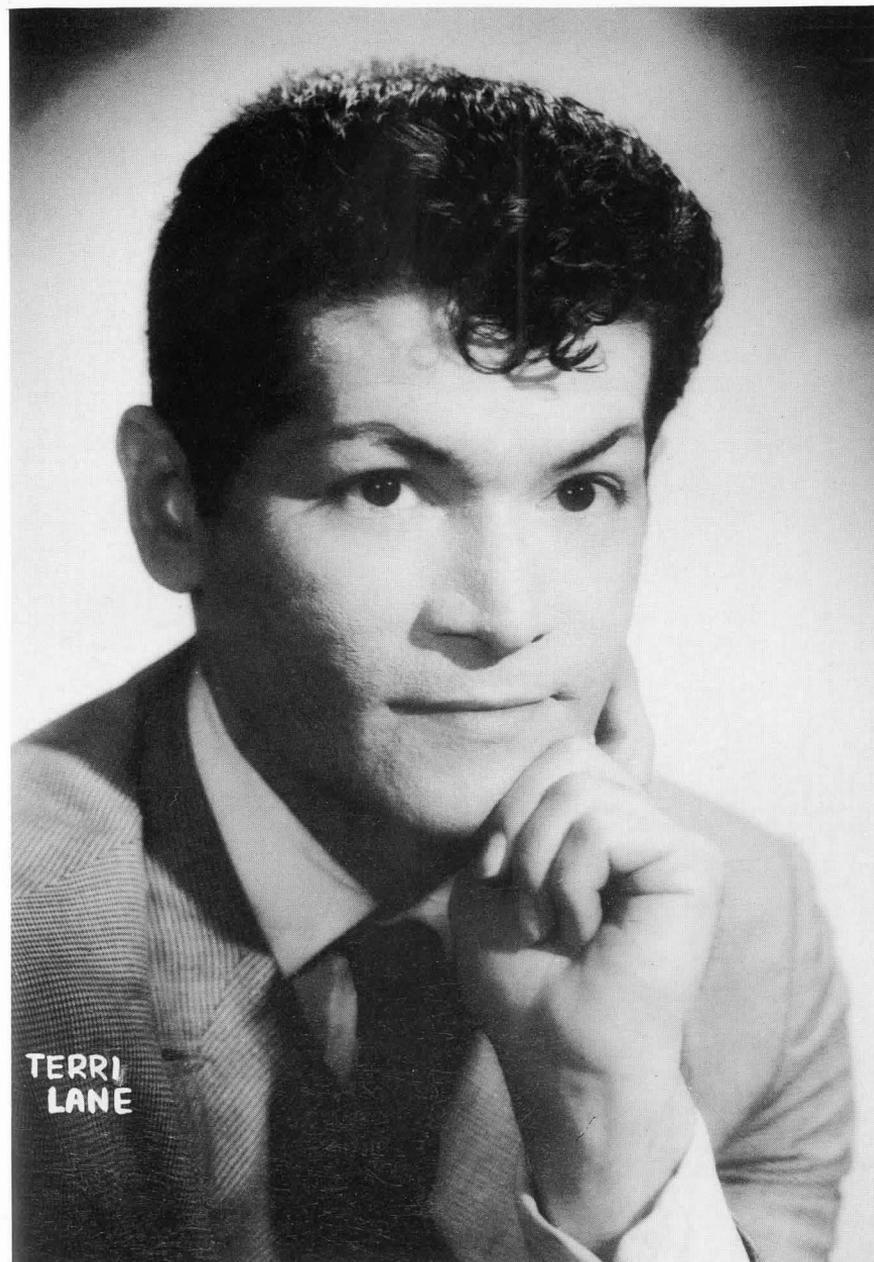


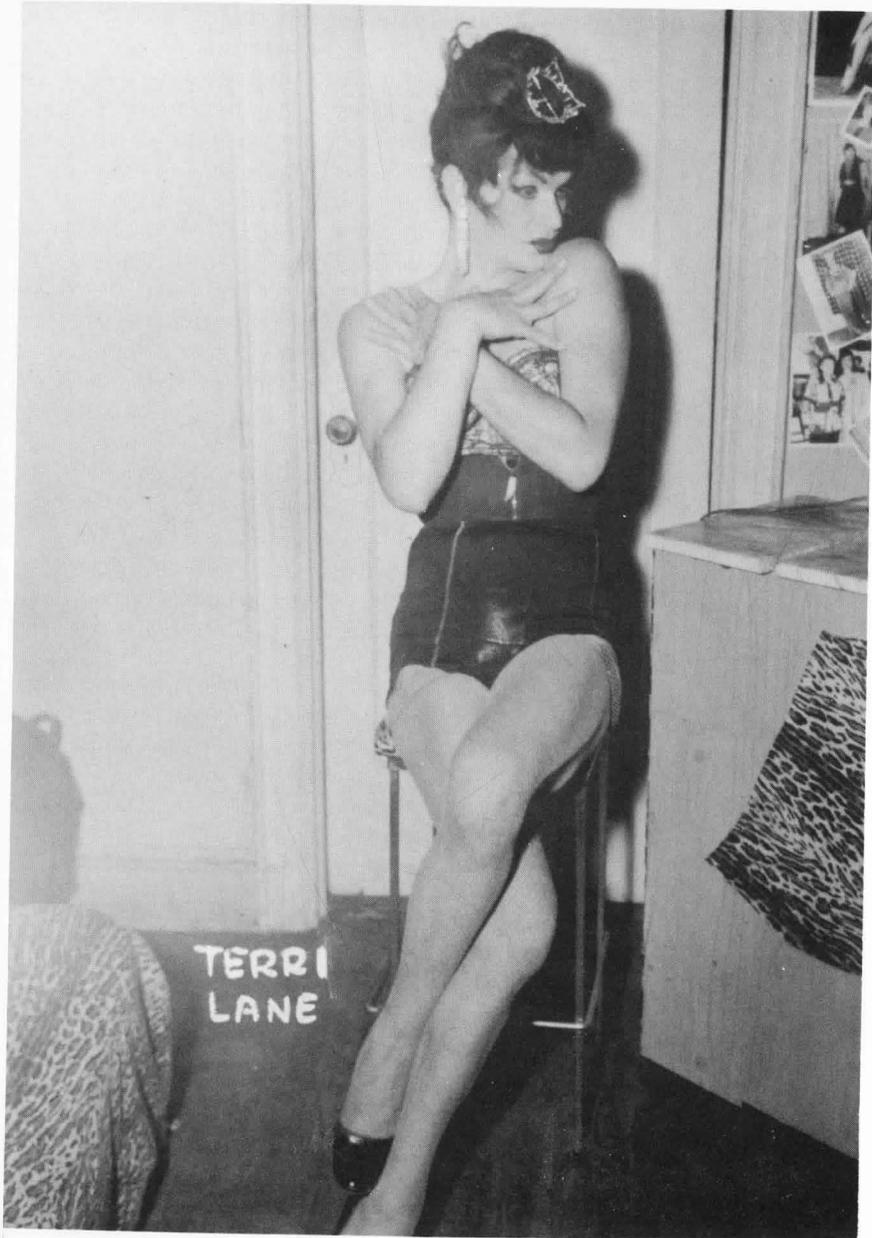
## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

In regards to costumes, I was dressed up in a short, tight-fitting skirt and taught to do a few high kicks as my part in the coming show. When I left the Service, I studied acting under the G. I. Bill and then worked in show business as a male and drifted into female impersonating when things slackened in the theatrical trade.

Since then I have worked in Miami, Florida, with the original "Jewel Box Revue", which was produced by Danny Brown and Doc Benner in a small night club on the site of the new building of the Miami Herald. There, on the Venetian Causeway, the show starred such well-known female impersonators as Jackie Maye, T. C. Jones, Lynne Carver, Jackie Jackson, the late Leon LaVerde, Lee Mong and many others who received their start as members of the famous "Jewel Box Revue."

After leaving Miami, the show went on tour to New Orleans and then up the East Coast to New York, where I left the show to work in night clubs as a featured exotic dancer, doing dance impressions. Being of Italian-French extraction and having a heavy dark beard, I had to shave twice a day in order to conceal the dark facial stubble.





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I had to use extra heavy makeup in order to help keep up a feminine-looking facial appearance. This constant shaving made my beard grow back faster and thicker. It also made my face feel irritated and sore during the day.

One day I cut myself while trying to shave too closely with a rusty blade. The greasepaint had been applied too thickly and it worked its way into the facial cut, which then became infected.

My doctor prescribed penicillin for the skin infection but an overdose of penicillin made my face break out with a bad case of hives. I was told to lay off the stage until my complexion and allergy to this medicine had worked off, so worked as a bartender in the meantime. I am now back on the stage as a femme mimic since my skin trouble is cured. I am considering an offer to appear with a female impersonator troupe fashioned on the style of the "Old Morroccan Village Revue.

Thanks again for giving me this chance to tell my story and to inform my fans that I am now back, glad to be able to perform once again in female attire.

Sincerely yours,  
Terri Lane.

## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

To the Editor,  
Nutrix Co:

Dear Sir:

May I thank you for a wonderderful set of photos of myself which you published in Volume Six - "Letters From Female Impersonators", also the wonderful photos posing with Tina Marsh, Jackie Cochran and Bobby Daye, which appeared in Volume Ten - "The Art of Female Impersonation. "

Many people stopped me in the night club at which I was appearing between shows to let me know that they had seen my photos and read my letter in your fine and excellent publications. I was amazed and delighted at how fast the word spread around that my photos in feminine attire were appearing in one of the Nutrix Co. publications, even before I received the copy from you with the photos in it.

I also would like to thank those readers who wrote in and complimented me on how nice I looked, dressed up, as well as those who cared enough about me to want to purchase my pictures from your Company. I am sorry that I have no free photos to send to them, nor the time to correspond with them as much as I would like to.



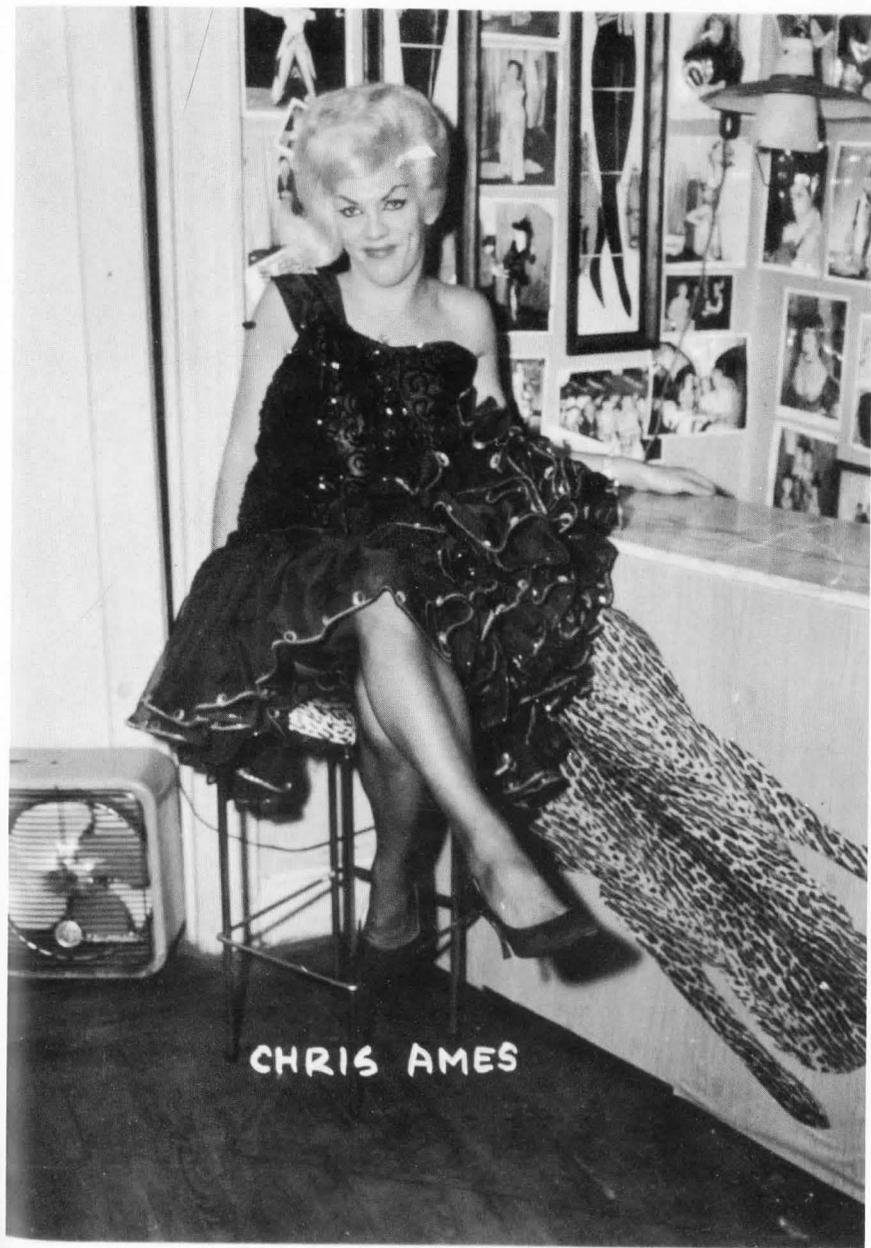


## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

In fact, as a result of the publicity that I received in your publication, I was introduced to several important booking agents and invited to their homes, where I met some of the leading stars of the femme mimic world, who were most obliging and I was very happy to meet them.

Words cannot describe my delight at being able to meet some of the stars whose photos have appeared in numerous publications. They were only too willing to help out a young newcomer to their ranks. I would like to put on record my sincere appreciation not only to them for aiding me to become a better performer but also to your delightful publications for the positive good that they are doing in bringing out in the open the various problems that we female impersonators encounter in our desire to dress up in the clothing of the opposite sex.

As far back as I can remember, I have always been delighted in wearing female clothes. How proud I was when a short time ago I was able to obtain a job as a female impersonator on my own merits because of my feminine appearance. This delighted me no end, as now I could get paid for something I really enjoy doing and I could build up my wardrobe of female clothes.





## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

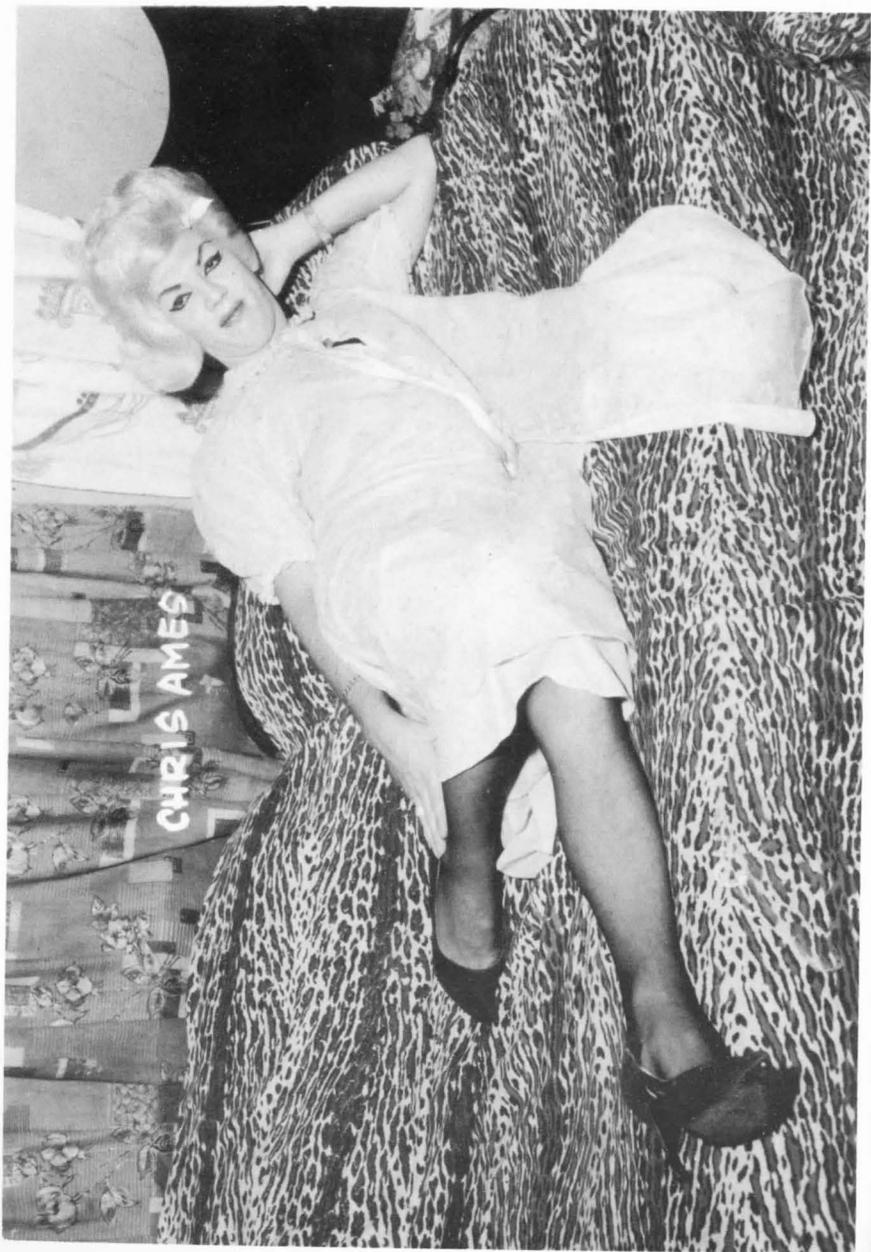
I would advise anyone who is anxious to become a professional female impersonator to first get in contact with those already in the business and find out just what items of apparel and type of makeup are required for the job. It is always best to learn the ropes from an experienced professional, as it makes the work much easier when you know in advance what you are expected to do when performing.

I went to one of the clubs featuring female impersonators and sat through several performances in order to get an idea of how the performers went about their different interpretations of being a female.

Between shows, I tipped my waiter to deliver a note to several of the female impersonators, whose performances I liked, to come over to my table for a drink and much to my delight, several of the female impersonators in the show accepted my invitation and came over to my table.

I was so pleased and excited that I almost forgot to ask them about how I, too, could become a female impersonator. After the show, I went along with several of the female impersonators to a bar, where we had a few drinks.





CHRIS AMES



CHRIS AMES

## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

At the bar, these nice people told me all the information I wanted to know. That was how I broke into the business.

Without the aid of the professionals and the plentiful data in your excellent publications, today I still may have been just another amateur female impersonator. While it may look easy to the spectator, there is much hard work connected with performing as a female impersonator and a great deal to learn about makeup, walking onstage in various heights of high-heeled shoes, learning your lines properly, etc.

The long hours of rehearsals, low pay for beginners, high cost of wigs, wardrobe, hair-setting and countless other items puts quite a strain on the performer's nerves. At the end of the third and last performance of the evening, the performer is left limp and nervous and that is the reason he would go to a bar to relax.

We performers meet at certain bars in order to "let our hair down" and have some fun without the public bothering us with silly questions about our garb or makeup. Many a needless fight has started when a patron who is drunk starts asking silly and annoying questions. Thanks for the help given me.

Gratefully yours  
CHRIS AMES.

## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor:

I am enclosing four photos that I hope you will find room to print in one of your fine female impersonator publications. I understand that if my photos are used, you will forward me a free copy of that issue.

The attire shown, same for the dress, are all rubber so that you no doubt can gather that my interest leans towards rubber apparel. There is one drawback in the fact that I have no partner to take the pictures. Do you know of anyone in my vicinity who could help me and who likes cross-dressing in rubber?

The enclosed pictures were self-taken, using a fifteen second timer, so you can well imagine that I have to hustle like a bunny in order to be in the right position for the exposure when the camera is ready to click!

I have been cross-dressing for about two years but there is a lot of room for improvement, I think, as far as make-up, attire, etc. are concerned. Perhaps, though, in time I will be lucky enough to meet another cross-dresser who will be able to help me in this improvement. Can you do anything in this respect to help me?

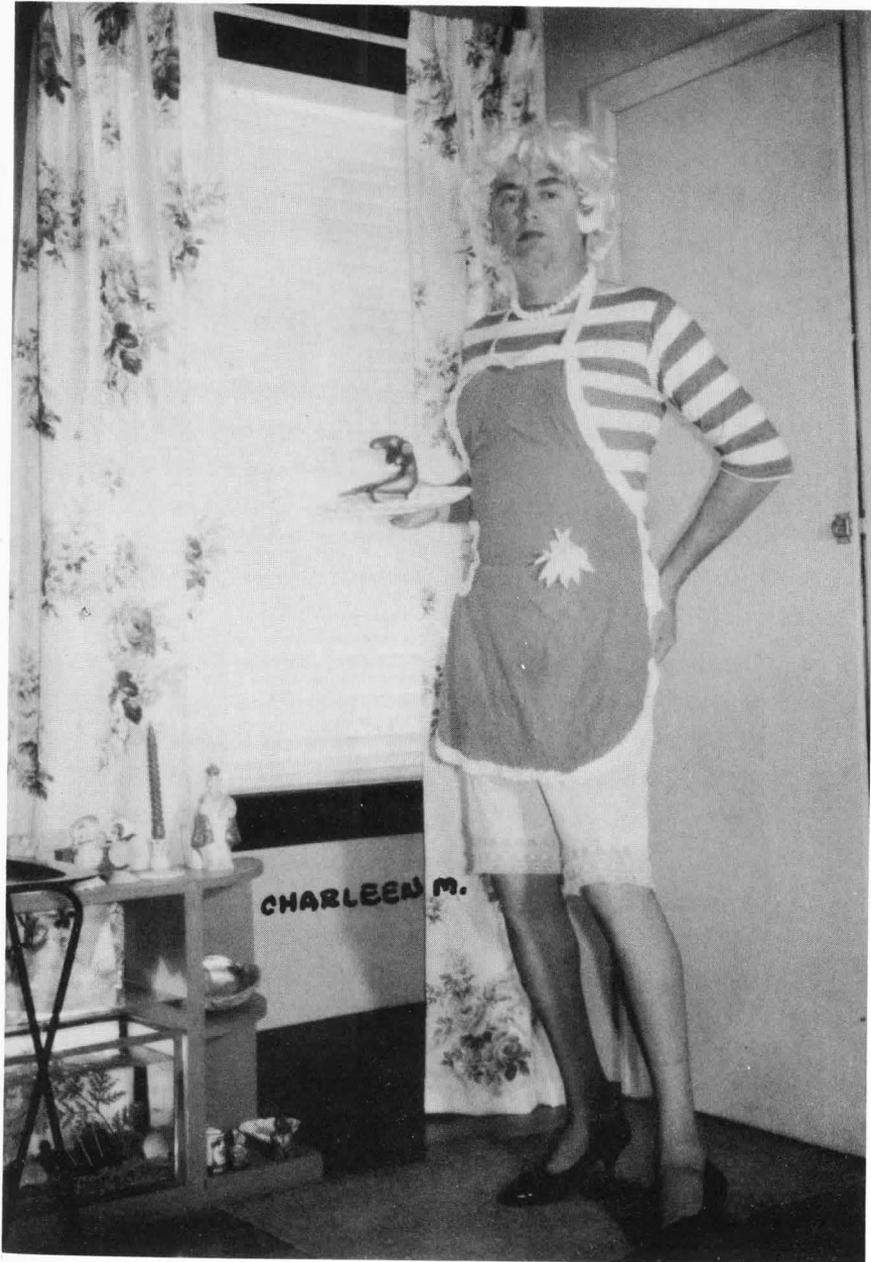
## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

It sure was quite hot wearing the rubber outfit, but that is just half the thrill of wearing rubber clothing. The other half is the feel of it, as well as the sight of myself wearing it in the photos. I wonder if anybody else gets the same thrill as I do ?

I change outfits from time to time and I change my wigs to match whatever female costume that I decide to wear. When I am doing housework, I put on a pair of rubber bloomers and use a rubber apron to keep my female garments clean when working around the house.

The rustle of the rubber swishing as I walk about the house is pleasant music to my ears. It feels so good that I hate to change over to my regular masculine garb again.

If any of your readers would like to exchange views and photographs with me, I would be most happy to oblige by sending you the photos of myself dressed in rubber female attire. I would be glad to furnish further information on how good it feels to dress up in female attire to those who have similar desires to mine. I greatly enjoy wearing feminine guise and like to think of myself as a female rather than a male.





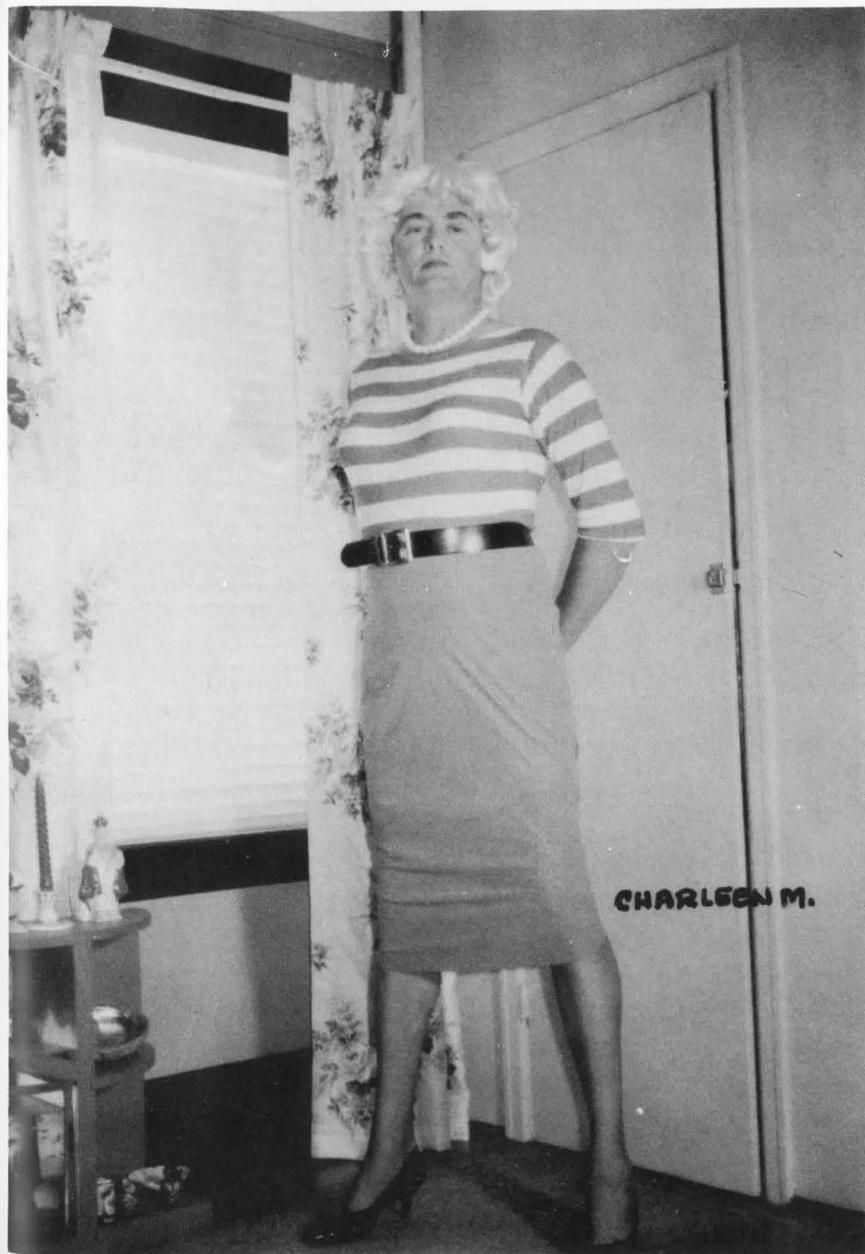
## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I have been cross-dressing for many years and I have learned to like the apparel of the opposite sex. I honestly feel that I should have been born a female rather than a member of the male sex--but unfortunately this was not so.

I would appreciate hearing from others who have the same type of feeling towards female garb. Rubber material, of course, is my favorite. I have purchased large sheets of thin rubber sheeting out of which I have fashioned numerous female garments, which I proudly wear in the privacy of my home.

I have hemmed some of these rubber sheets for my bed and love to lie for hours lazily resting on the rubber sheeting. I greatly enjoy looking over the catalogues of the hospital and medical supply houses to see the latest rubber garments, which are to be used and worn by nurses and aides in the operating rooms and around the hospital.

I look up the telephone directory yellow pages to locate the various supply houses' addresses and obtain the brochures and catalogues free for the asking. I am offering this idea to others who may have similar interests as mine.



## LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Since rubber stretches and gives, there is little or no trouble in obtaining correct sizes to fit me. It gives me a thrill to send away for female clothing to the various mail order houses and most of them are honest and give good service. They never ask embarrassing questions. This is the ideal way to order if you know your correct size in female clothing.

I started wearing female clothes when I was very young, as my mother had been disappointed when I was born a male and she kept me in girls' clothes until I was old enough to go to school. Then, while in school, I was forced to wear regulation boys' clothes, which I learned to hate!

The other children in school teased me and made life miserable for me for liking girls' clothes, which made me hate male clothing all the more. Later, in college, I took up dramatics just for the chance to wear female clothing in the plays put on at our all-male university.

Please let me know if you will be able to use my photos and I hereby give Nutrix Co. permission to print and sell the enclosed photos, but only when using the name "Charleen M" on them. Looking forward to seeing my picture in print in one of your future publications.

Sincerely,  
"CHARLEEN M"

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Now available are volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 on "Female Impersonators On Parade," which explain in detail the art of female impersonation or cross-dressing by men by the amateur and professional female impersonators themselves. You will have to have a very keen eye when looking at the "girls" for the men look more like girls than real girls do. Volume One contains 31 actual photographs, volume Two contains 45 real photos and volume Three contains 35 actual photos of glamour girls who are men. These books sell for \$3.75 each volume plus 20¢ for postage.

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Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, Letters From Female Impersonators" contains letters from amateur female impersonators who reveal in their correspondence interesting personal impressions about themselves and how they practice female impersonation. They tell why they would like to be accepted as females instead of men and the reasons for their preference for feminine clothes. Illustrated with 32 photos of men in women's clothes and sells for \$3.75 each plus 20¢ for post Vols 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, contains 32 photos and sells for \$3.75 each plus postage of 20¢. These amateur impersonators tell how they obtain their female attire, what their desires are, how they first started to dress in clothing of the opposite sex and how they fool people into thinking that they are girls. three \$3.75 books for only \$10.00 postpaid

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reveals the secrets of how men become Female Impersonators and contains 32 actual photographs of men in "girls" attire. "The art of Female Impersonation" reveals the inner secrets of how men are transformed into girls with the aid of wigs, falsies, cosmetics and corsets. You will meet four pleasant young men who will let you peek behind the scenes as they make up for their amazing transformation into four lavishly gowned "women."

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