

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

ALL NEW
Photos



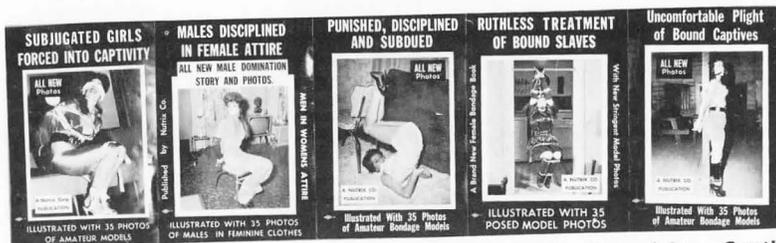
VOLUME
NUMBER
FIFTEEN

Published by Nutrix Co.

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ILLUSTRATED WITH 35 PHOTOS
OF MALES IN FEMININE CLOTHES

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VOLUME NUMBER FIFTEEN
LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

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

Published By Nutrix Corp.
35 Montgomery Street
Jersey City, New Jersey 07303

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LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Nutrix Corp.

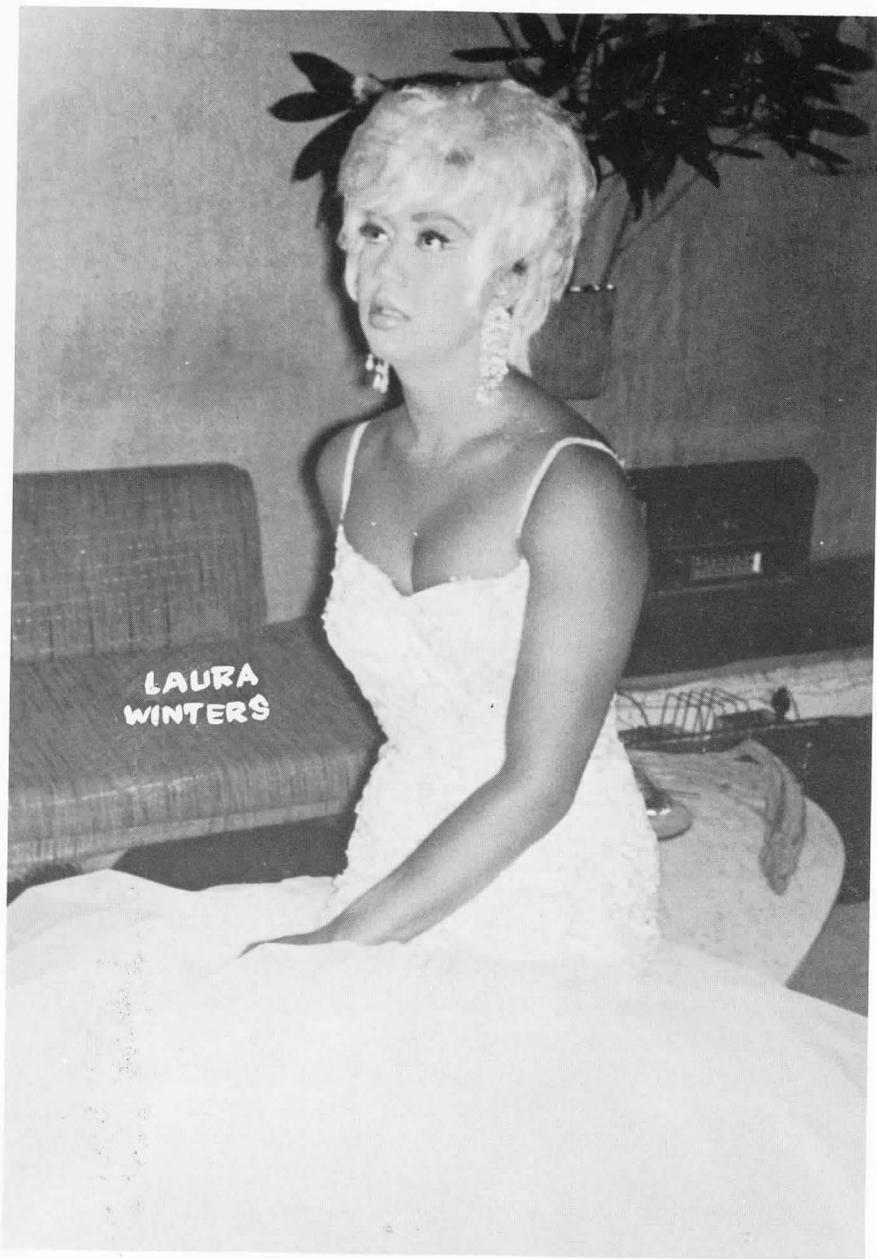
Dear Editor:

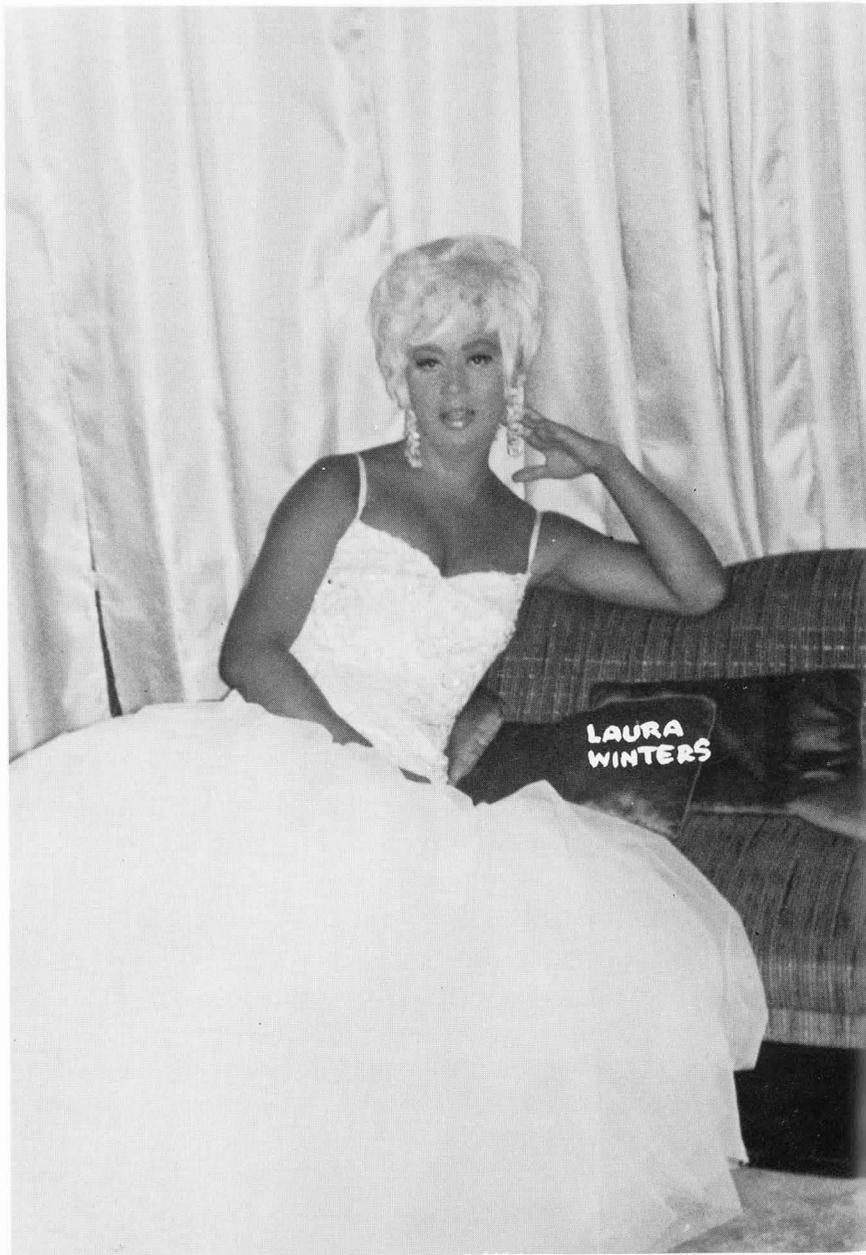
I am an amateur female impersonator, stand 5 feet 11 inches in high heel shoes and I weigh 165 pounds. I love to wear female attire and I enjoy reading your excellent books on female impersonation.

While I would like to talk to and obtain tips on make-up, etc. from professional female impersonators, I do not desire to appear on the stage, as I have a well-paying position at present which is why I can afford to purchase the finest feminine finery and wigs.

I just had to write and tell you about my beautiful new wig. I have always wanted to wear blonde hair and finally today my wish came true.

I remember the first time that I wore blonde hair. I was to go to opening night of a new Broadway play and I wanted to look my extra best for that evening. A very close friend of mine, who owned an exclusive beauty parlor on Fifth Avenue, was kind enough to let me borrow one of the most expensive blonde wigs in the shop. He also set and styled it especially for me.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

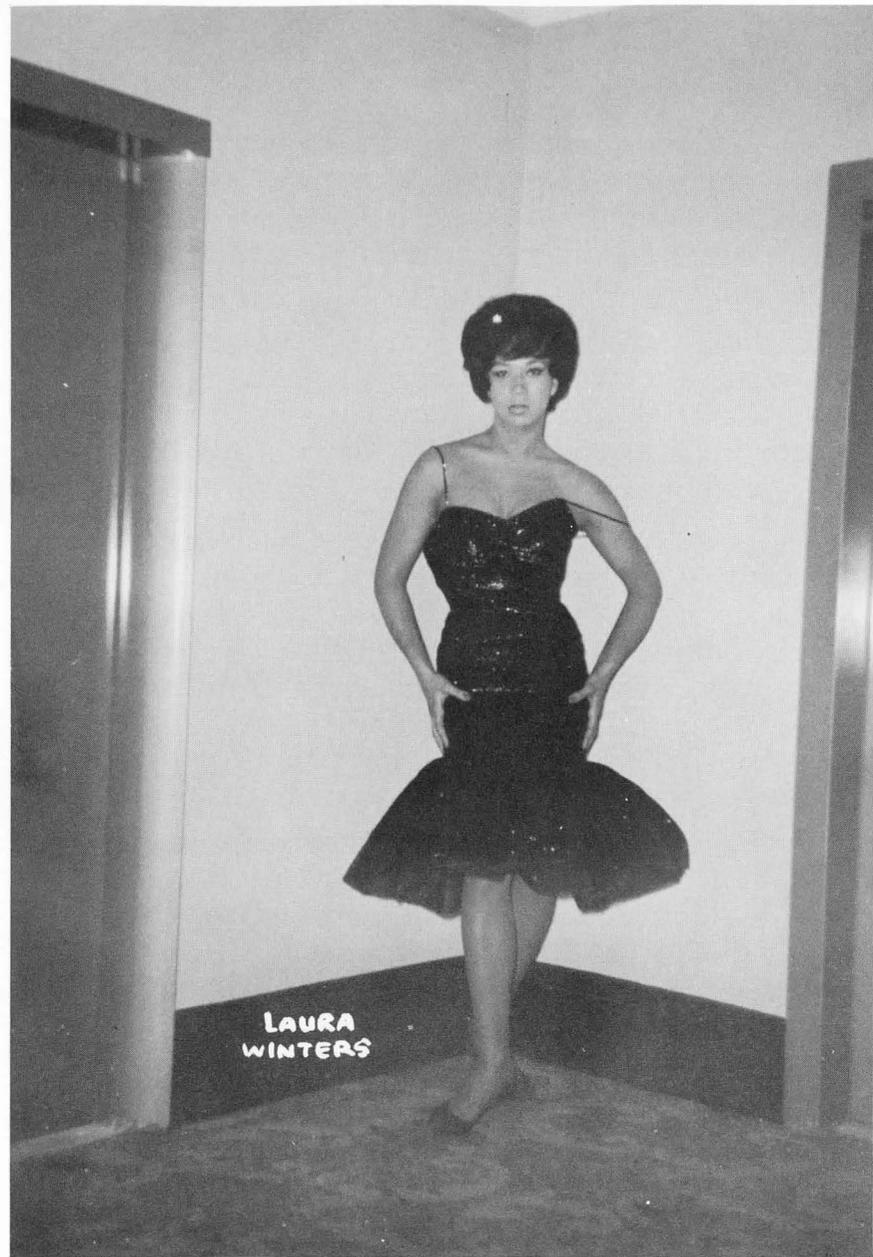
That night I took great care in applying my make-up. I wanted to look very beautiful, but not over-made up. After applying my grease paint, which I use to help cover my beard, I then applied a very white make-up to make my appearance very soft and white.

I then used a pink rouge to soften my eyes and cheeks. Then I used lots and lots of white powder to keep my make-up from caking up and appearing too greasy.

After making up my eyelashes with mascara, I applied a pair of fake eyelashes to make my lips look more dark and alluring. Finally, I finished off my lipstick by applying lip gloss to make my lips look sexy, as if they were constantly wet.

Now I was ready, except for the wig. After putting the wig on and placing it so it would stay in the right position, I looked into the mirror. I could not believe what I saw in the mirror. Was it me?

I could not get over how differently I looked. I had always worn black hair before, which is my natural color, and I always looked well in it, but this was unbelievable. I looked glamorous, as if I were a Hollywood movie star.



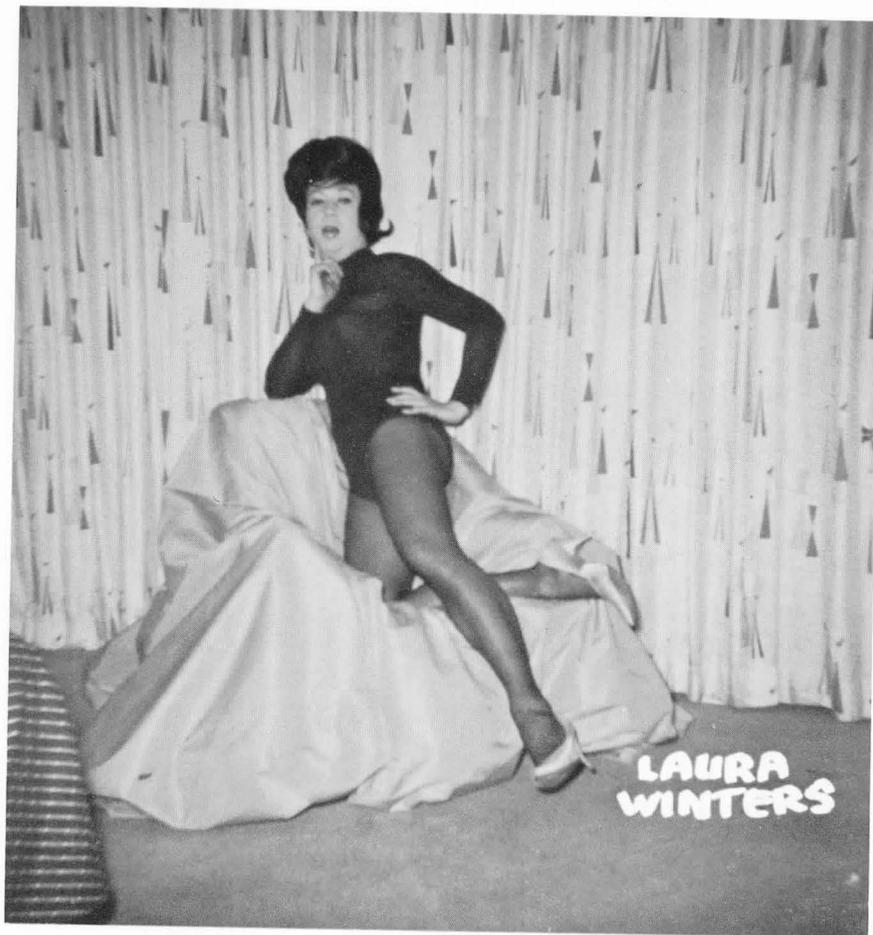
LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

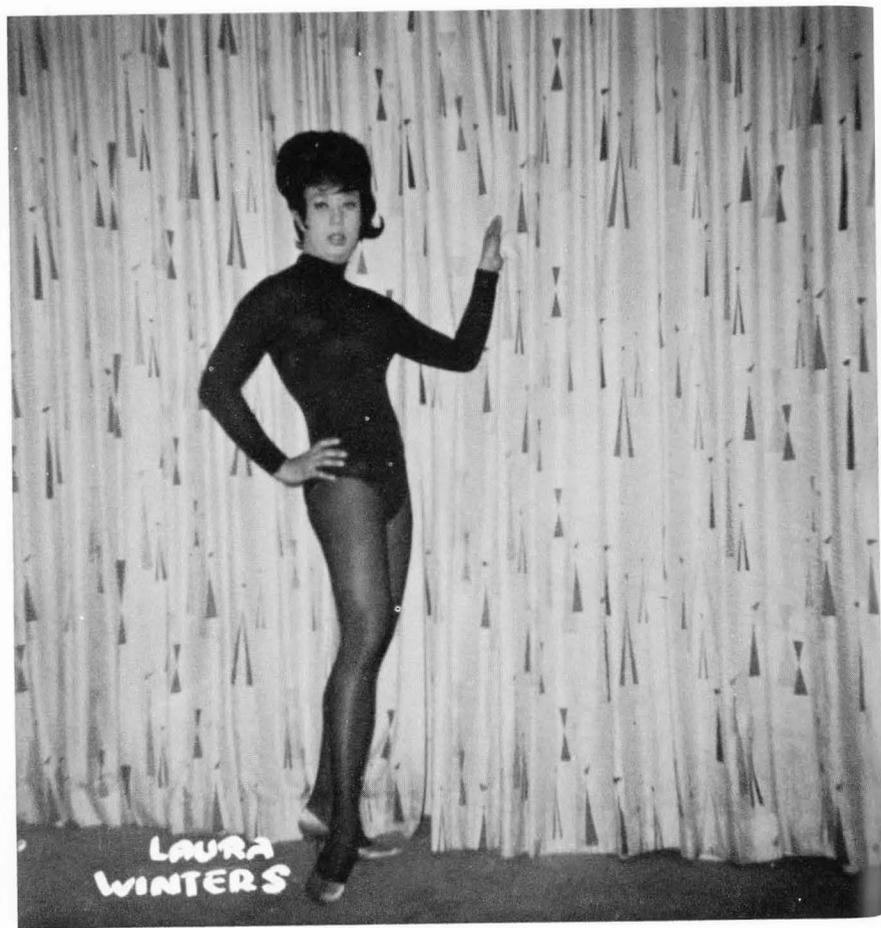
I stood in front of the mirror what seemed to be hours. I then put on my new silver-beaded gown, which hugged my every curve. I wrapped myself in a white fox stole and took one more look in the mirror.

As I stood there, admiring myself, my escort said to me that I was the most beautiful thing that he had ever seen and should have been a real woman. I thanked him for this great compliment and we left for the theatre.

As we arrived, we could see many people outside the theatre, staring and watching who was arriving. As I stepped out of the car, I noticed people beginning to stare at me directly. As we started to walk on towards the theatre, I could hear many people whispering, "Who is she?" "How beautiful she is." "Maybe she is an upcoming movie star."

Well, after hearing so many nice things about me, I seemed to float as if on a cloud all the way to our seats in the theatre. The play began and I sat there, as if in a dream. People were still staring at me. I could hear some of them say, "I wonder who that beautiful woman could be?" "Look how nicely that woman is dressed." Etc.





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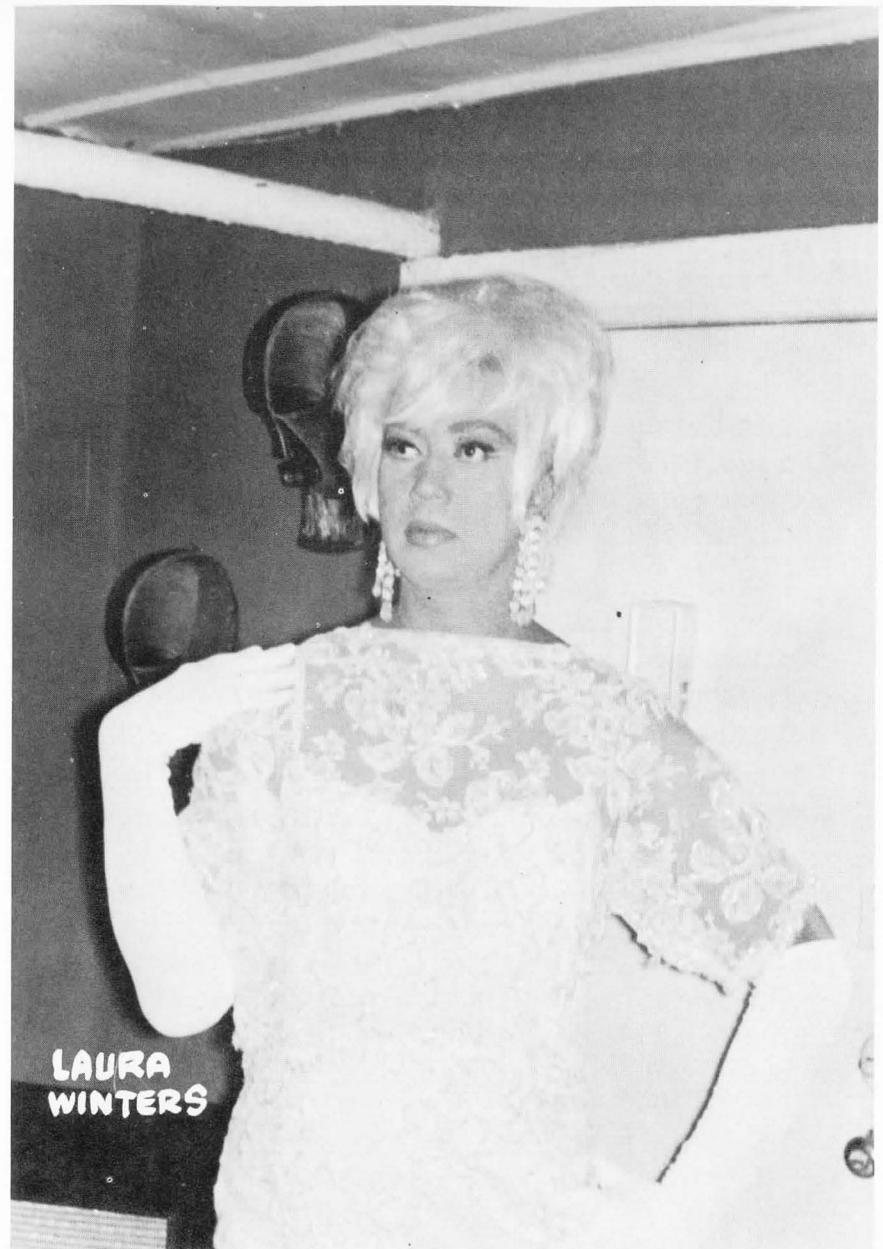
Well, after that night I knew that I just had to get a blonde wig--and now I finally have one of my very own. I am very happy about it. As I sit here, writing this letter to you, I know that I shall have many new and exciting experiences with my new wig. I will write and tell you all about them.

Naturally, I had to go out and obtain an entire new wardrobe to go with my new wig and I am enclosing herewith several photos of myself in my new white gown, with sequin trimming.

I feel so good in my new outfit that I feel like going out again in public places to let others see how nice I look. The change of wigs and gowns makes me look like an entirely different "girl", and I get a kick out of fooling people.

Note the drastic change the blonde wig makes in my appearance. You have my permission to print this letter and use any of the enclosed photos of myself in female clothes to illustrate this letter. Keep up the good work in publishing your female impersonation books, from which I have learned a lot.

Sincerely,
"LAURA WINTERS"



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Nutrix:

The photos which I am enclosing, as well as the story, may be used for publication.

I have just had a most thrilling experience. Let me tell you about it in this letter so that my fellow readers may share my excitement. Recently, I purchased the blonde wig which you see in the photos. The man I bought it from and myself got to talking and it came about that we made a few personal disclosures and he apparently is a "girl" too.

This man deals in theatrical wear and props and by sheer chance is also a small-time fashion photographer. He asked me if I would care to pose for him, wearing fashion clothes which he would provide.

Naturally, I jumped at the chance and the next time I was in the City, I called on him in order to see if he was a "girl" of her word. Sure enough, he took me to his studio where he had everything arranged and before I knew where I was, he had handed me over to a female assistant, who was to prepare me for the pictures. I provided nothing except my wig and a couple of pairs of fashion shoes.



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What a thrilling experience it was, as you can well imagine. I stripped and shaved my body entirely. Then I was provided with the basic garments: a black bra, black girdle, dark-toned nylons and a black half slip. The photographer made my face for me, much better than I had ever done before, but I learned a lot from him.

Then I put on my wig and with his help, styled it in a suitable fashion. The photographer showed me the clothes in which I was to be photographed. They were too good to be true. Six outfits in all--all of them up to the minute and a perfect fit.

No wonder models retire young. There is no doubt that this is very strenuous work. My photographer friend took about a dozen or more photos of each outfit, all in different poses, and the shooting took about two hours, which was tiresome.

About every ten to fifteen minutes my make-up was touched up and I rested my feet by slipping them out of my 3-1/2 inch heeled shoes. By the time the shots were finished, so was I. My friend was convinced that I could pass for a real girl so he suggested that as payment for



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my efforts I should keep all the underwear and one of the street frocks, and I should not bother to change clothes. Rather, he suggested that I accompany him home where we can relax.

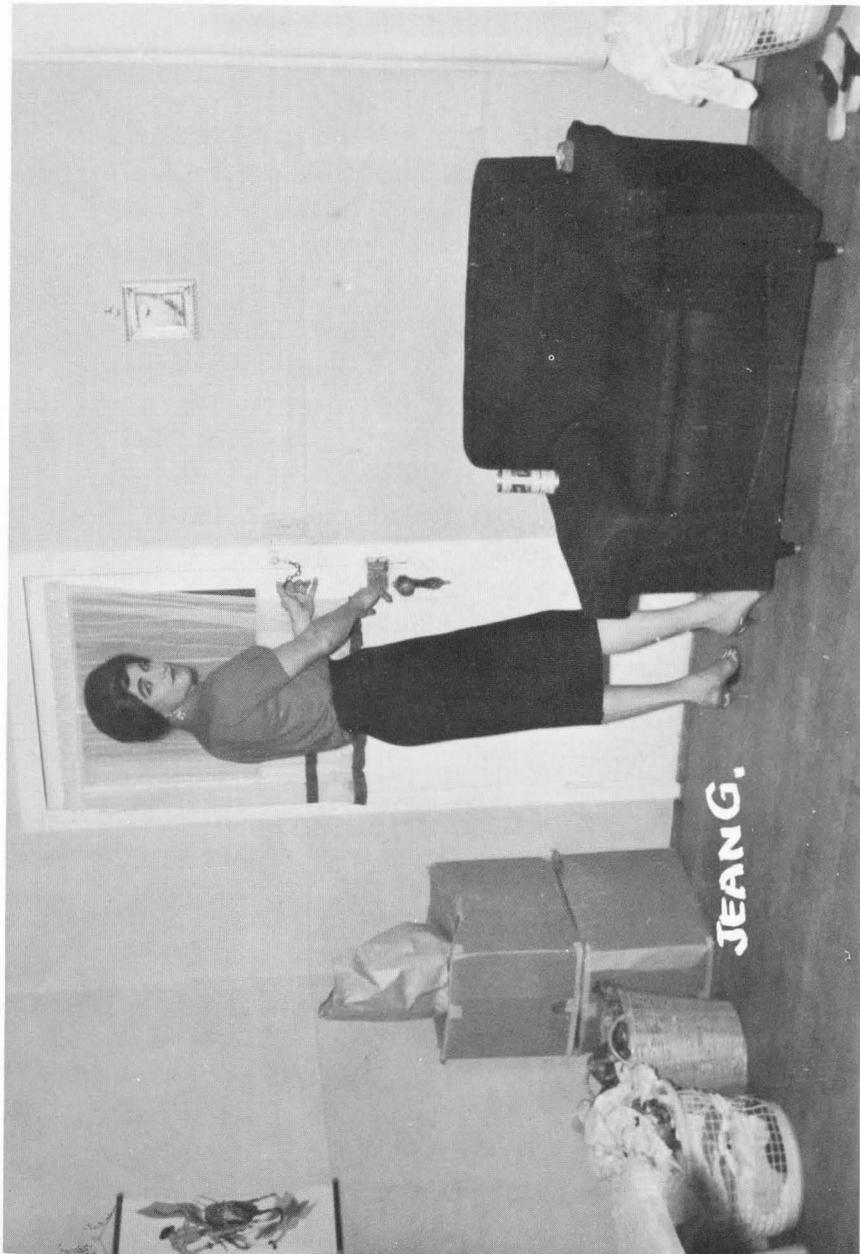
I was rather nervous about venturing in public as a girl but decided to give it a try and made a public appearance on busy city streets for the first time. My tummy was full of "butterflies" as we hit the street and I had forgotten that it was a long walk to where my friend had parked his car. But why should I worry, since he said I looked exactly like a fashion model.

No sooner than we began walking to the car, than I began to receive admiring glances from the men in the street. I acted in the most feminine fashion and ignored them. It was thrilling, exhilarating and wonderful. It convinced me that I must endeavour to find a way to spend my whole life living as a girl. Then I caught one of my high heels in a grate and stepped out of the shoe before I realized it. A boy of about 22 picked it up for me, giving me the most delicious wink and I blushed.

Thank you again for giving me the opportunity to express my joy on the above occasion.

Sincerely,
"JANELLE"





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Editor, Nutrix Corp.

Dear Sir:-

I am sending you the enclosed pictures of myself in female attire for publication in your books. I appreciated Volume 12 of "Letters from Female Impersonators" with my pictures in it, which you sent me. My wife commented that when the pictures were printed in your book, that I looked even more feminine than when she looked at the pictures that we had at home.

I am acquiring more female clothing of my own. At the present time, I now own ten pair of high heel shoes, four girdles, five bras and six slips. I have five dresses, seven skirts and blouses that match and I am now acquiring my own jewelry.

In this way, I do not have to worry about messing up any of my wife's things. I also have my own stockings and makeup. I get a big thrill out of owning my own personal set of feminine apparel.

At the present time I have been taking jobs attending parties and dances in female attire. I have been able to make some money doing this





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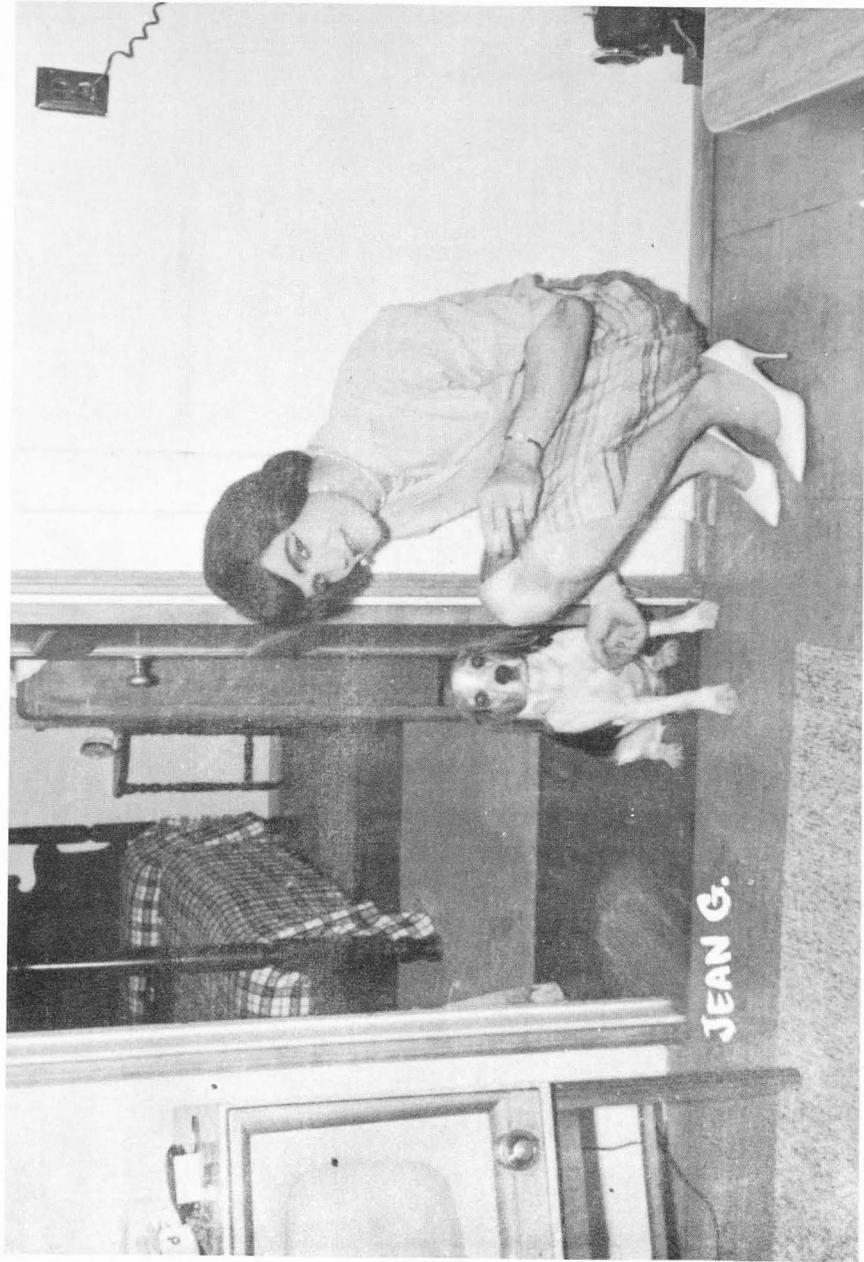
about four to six times a month. I am going to try and get a steady job at one of the clubs in the area. They are looking for some female impersonator acts.

When the time is right, I am assured of obtaining a full-time job at the kind of work I enjoy. I have been practising some things around the house so that I can get real good. Of course, my wife has told me that I would have to learn how to walk and sit more feminine. She has been coaching me on how to hold my hand and how to stand, sit and walk.

She has shown me better ways to use make-up so that it is hard to tell that I am a man. I find that constant practice helps keep me thinking that I am really a female when I am dressed up in clothing of the opposite sex. At the present time I get dressed and put on makeup in the evenings, so that I can get as much practice as possible. My wife suggested this, saying that I would have to get used to the feel of a skirt around my knees and the high heels. I do not have any pockets, so I must learn to hold my hands and I cannot sit in just any manner. The first time I wore high heels my feet got tired and hurt, but now I am able to stand and walk around in them all evening.



JEAN G.



JEAN G.

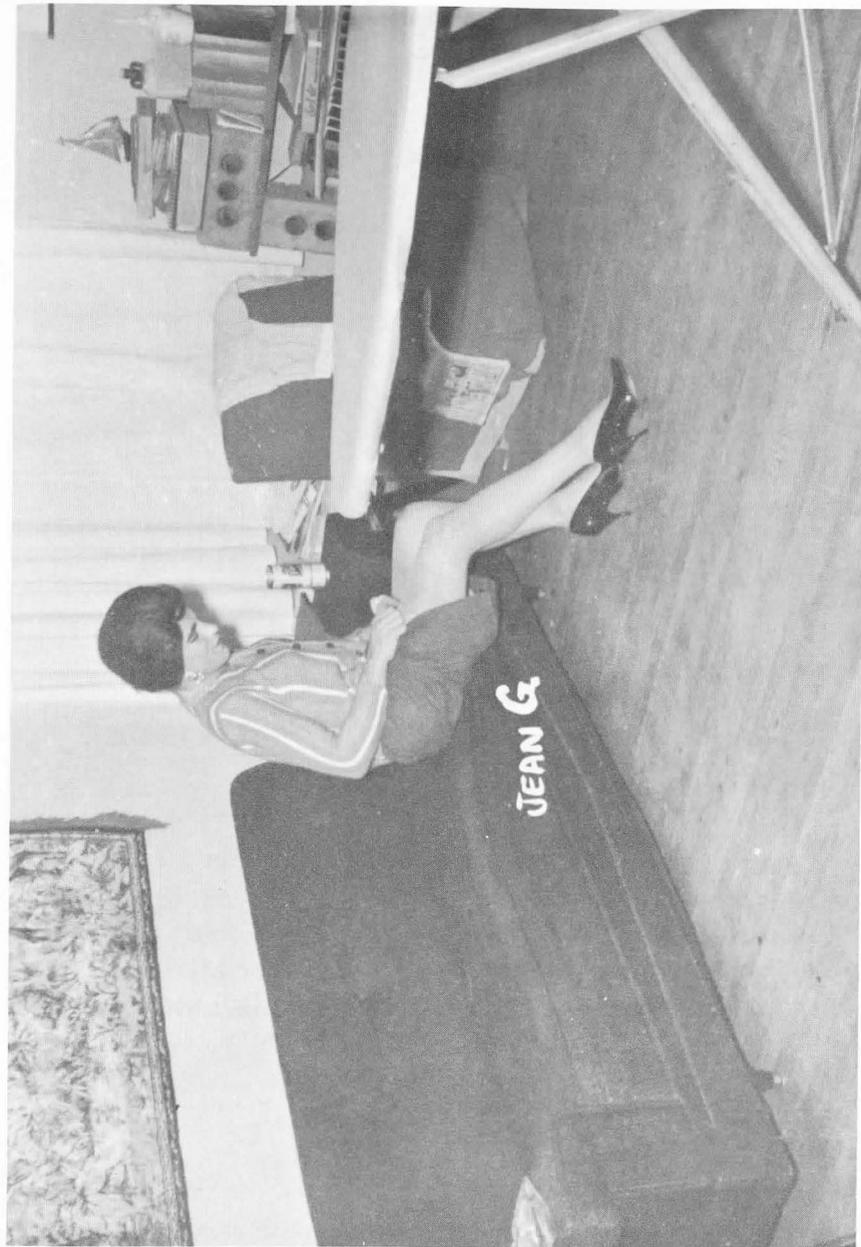
LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

If I practise putting on makeup just about every evening, I find that the more I do it, the better I get. As you will notice from this second set of photos, there is quite a big difference from the first photos which I had sent you of myself in female attire.

As I write to you now, I have on female clothing. You can see how I look in the photos. I have on a black sweater and skirt, a white bra, girdle and slip. I have on dark seamed stockings and black patent leather high heels. The jewelry consists of the triple strands of white pearls for a necklace, white pearl ear-bobs, a strand of white pearls around my wrist, a white pearl ring on my left hand and a watch on my left wrist. I have on a black wig, makeup, liquid base, powder, lipstick, eye shadow, eye liner and mascara.

My wife and I are planning to take more photos later. I would like to know if I can get in contact with another female impersonator in this area you know of. You have my permission to print, sell or publish my photos I sent you. I enjoy dressing up and would like to hear from others about their experiences.

Sincerely,
"JEAN G."



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Editor of the Nutrix Corp.

Dear Editor:

Having received your books on amateur female impersonation and transvestism, I would like it very much if you accepted this letter and the photos enclosed for publication. I only request that you withhold my true name and print the name of a female instead, which I prefer.

To begin, my first impulse to wear feminine clothes came about ten years ago, when I was 12 or 13 years old. Just for fun, I put on a pair of black nylon panties which belonged to my sister. To my delight, I was thrilled at the feeling of this soft material and wore them at home whenever I could.

Then I began wearing her bra and nylon hose with the scanties, and within a year I was having the time of my life dressing up completely in her clothes. I did this as often as I could, but only when I was home alone and no one ever saw me do it. Whenever I was at school, I used to envy the girls that got to wear those clothes all the time. I began to wish that I had been born a girl, too. Then, whenever I got dressed up in my sister's clothes, I began to





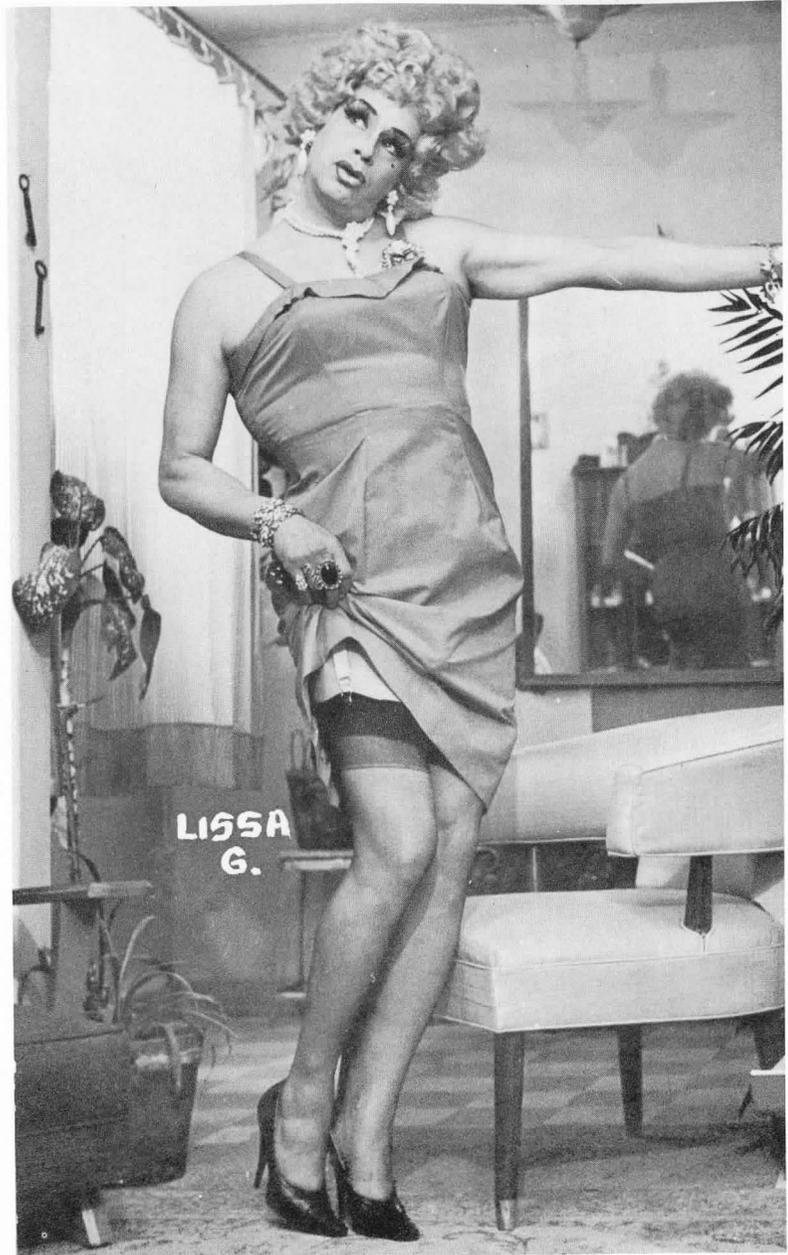
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imagine that I really was a girl, because I looked just like one, and was meant to wear girls' clothes.

When I thought about that, I would get dressed and comb my hair differently, put on lipstick and go for a walk outside by myself. I would take pride in my ability to wear a skirt and sweater better than most natural females. I especially liked to wear long-legged pantie girdles under a fairly slim skirt because it held me together as well and was a thrilling sensation every time I took a step.

I would shave my legs and underarms and liked to wear dark brown nylons with black high-heeled shoes, whenever I went out for a walk. And it was very delightful to be waved at by boys who actually thought that I was a girl!

By the time I graduated from high school and started college, I was madly in love with the feeling of wearing women's clothes and I thought of myself as an actual woman whenever I was made up completely. I rented a room in a private home and wore nylon panties under my male clothes almost every day to classes. At night, alone in my room, I would get dressed and do my homework.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

While in college, I was dressing up and buying shoes and the proper stockings. I remember locking myself up in my bedroom for hours, practising makeup and washing my face later to avoid detection by my relatives.

When I was in New York, I had more freedom, but when I was told that I could be arrested by the police for dressing up, I was afraid to wear female clothes in public. Due to my career, I have to be very discreet, so I rented an apartment, where I can go freely to live a few hours as a lady or as a student, depending on the mood of the occasion.

You may see me as a bashful bride with a white dress, looking demure, and later switching to street clothes. Lately, I located a French shoemaker who makes glamorous shoes with very high heels of the stiletto style and they are lovely.

I do think and believe that your publications are helping people to realize that to be a transvestite is not a crime but sometimes a nice way to escape the burden of reality and avoid to be a drunkard or a dope addict. For me, it is a bliss to spend a few hours as a girl, dreaming and doing womanly things.



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Then I would go to bed wearing panties, padded bra and either black or red slip--I did not have any baby-doll p. j. 's then. Quite a few times I felt that I should be a woman to such an extent that I would wear to class: a long-legged pantie girdle, nylon hose, a black padded bra, a waist cincher, green pull-over sweater, women's black cord slacks with zipper up the back, white socks and sneakers.

I would wear a long car-coat, though, because anybody might think of me as being unusual if they saw my bust forms swelling out my sweater, or a zipper up the back of my slacks. I only wished that I could have become a female all the time.

It was then that I read about Christine Jorgensen and Coccinelle from France undergoing sex-change operations to make them completely feminine. I only hope that someday I can have an operation to make me a female, too.

I quit college and went to work, buying many lovely feminine clothes and becoming a woman as much as I could and whenever I could. Several times I have gone browsing through department stores in a skirt and sweater, nylon hose, three-inch heels, etc.





LISSA G.

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

While out shopping, I drew envious looks from men and women, both assuming that I was a tall, very well-developed young woman! I wear a padded bra and waist cincher and my measurements are 39-26-36. I have some special hip pads that I wear with slacks, which then make my hips measure 39 inches.

I look in the mirror, adjust my make-up or smoke a cigarette and I never draw any attention at all other than at the size of my measurements, on the few times that I have ventured out in public.

After reading your books and seeing photographs of Kim August and other wonderful female impersonators, I only wish that I had some acting talent to become a professional femme mimic, too. But as for "wishing," to be a complete female would be a better wish for me.

I hope that you will find a place for this letter (or parts of it) as well as these photos in one of your wonderful books. Thanking you, I remain,

Sincerely,

"LISSA G."



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Beautiful Monique
c/o Editor, Nutrix Corp.
Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Beautiful Monique:

With the hope that this letter reaches you properly through the kind assistance of our friends, the Nutrix Co., I take the liberty to write to you as a youngman with a similar hobby as you, namely, Fmale Impersonation.

I understand that you desire to correspond with people with the same interests as you and I would be very happy if I could hear from you soon. As you see, I live in Japan and have been living here for almost three years and I like this country very much.

Being a 23-year old Swedish fellow, I find it very pleasant and easy to get along with the Japanese people and as you no doubt are aware, this country has a somewhat different view of Female Impersonation and transvestism, which is completely legal. If one wishes, he can without any trouble walk the streets, visit coffee-shops, movies, etc. dressed up and nobody cares, especially not the Authorities. In the States, the situation is a little different, I believe.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I would be pleased to tell you many facts about life in Japan, if you wish. I admire you and that is the reason why I desire to be a corresponding friend with you. I think you are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. Being a long-time customer of Nutrix Co., I have most of their books on female impersonation and it was in the 14th issue of the Art of Female Impersonation that I saw you.

I have also bought ten photos of you and I must say that your beauty is unchallenged. As you can see, I do not have so much experience in the art of female impersonation, but I do hope to improve with your help and suggestions, if you care to write to me.

Please write to me, Monique, and you will make me a happy boy. Being away from the United States, I cannot go to the night clubs where you are appearing. By exchanging photos or correspondence, this will have to serve until I am able to visit New York and see you in person. I have given my name and address to the Nutrix Co., where you can write to me and cheer up a lonely frustrated boy who wants to dress up on stage like a girl as you do.

Sincerely,
"BOBBIE WEAVER"

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

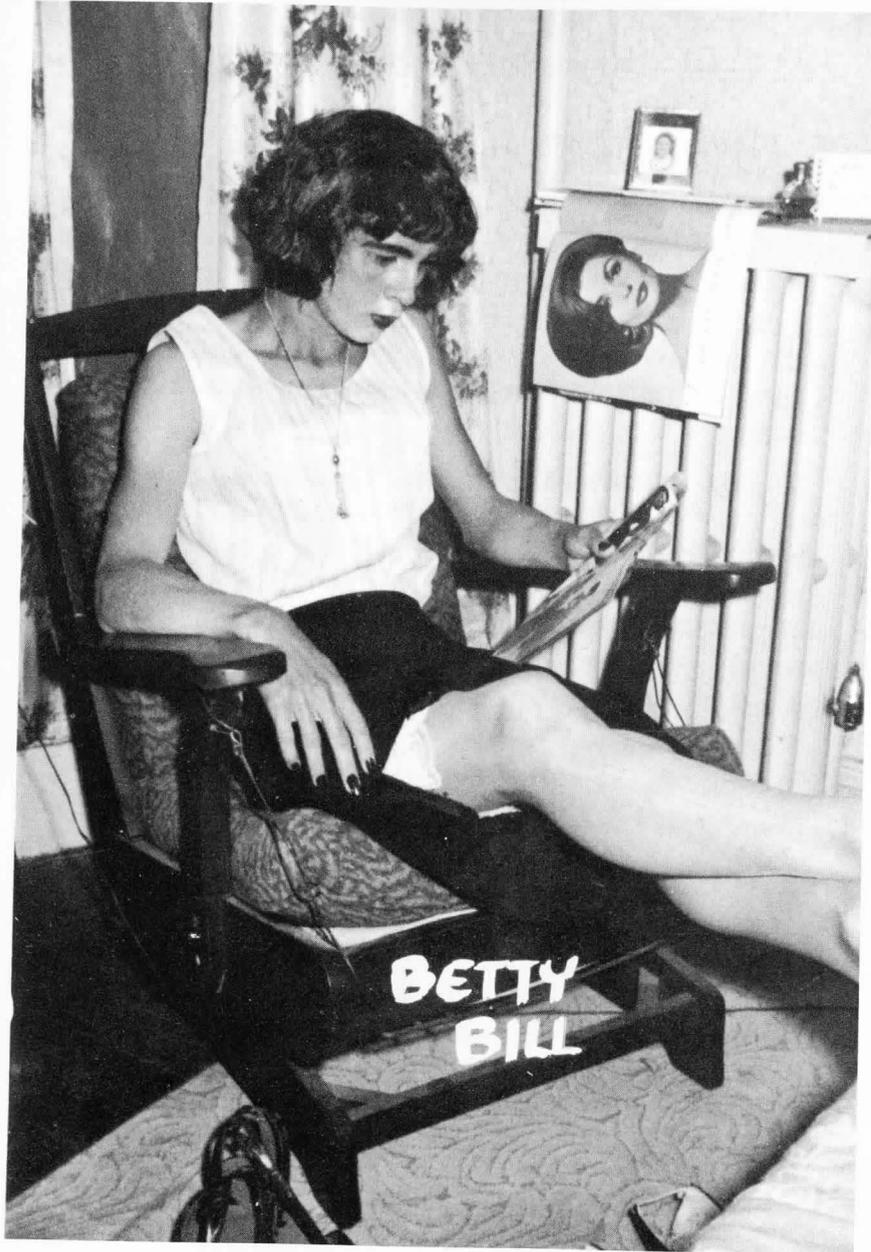
To Nutrix Corp.

Dear Editor:

Once again I am writing you while engaged in my most favorite pastime--that of dressing from the skin out in female clothing. I have just had five wonderful days during which time I have remained constantly dressed as a woman.

Like most of the "girls" who write you, I buy most of my clothing from mail-order catalogs, and I think that this is the safest way, since you can pick up the items at the catalog sales desk and the clerks think that you are merely picking up something that had been ordered by your mother or sister.

Also, in this way, you can return the item if it does not fit and order another size. I just recently picked up a new shift dress and three pairs of nylons this way. The shift dress is made to order for a transvestite, since it can be worn without abelt, so if you do not have a tiny waist, you can still easily pass as a female. My dress is brown and gold, with 3/4 length sleeves and is made of lustrous textured acetate. The nylons I bought were size 11 super long and a light shade.



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I used tintex dye and dyed two pair of deep brown and they look very nice with the new brown and gold dress. Last night I took a long drive in my car while dressed in my lovely new female clothing.

I used extra care when putting on my makeup so that in the event I was stopped, my secret would not be discovered. I waited until I saw the lights in the houses next door go out and then I went down to the garage and lifted the door. I backed the car out into the street and did not close the door, since I wanted it open so that I could drive right in on my return.

I must admit that I was more than a little nervous as I drove down the street, leaving the safety of the locked doors behind. Also, I had never driven while wearing high heels before and it was a little difficult using the gas pedal at first.

I stopped at the first mail box I came to and got out and mailed a letter--and was I jittery. Two cars passed me, both with a man and a woman in them. However, they did not even seem to notice me, which gave me much confidence and made me feel more secure.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

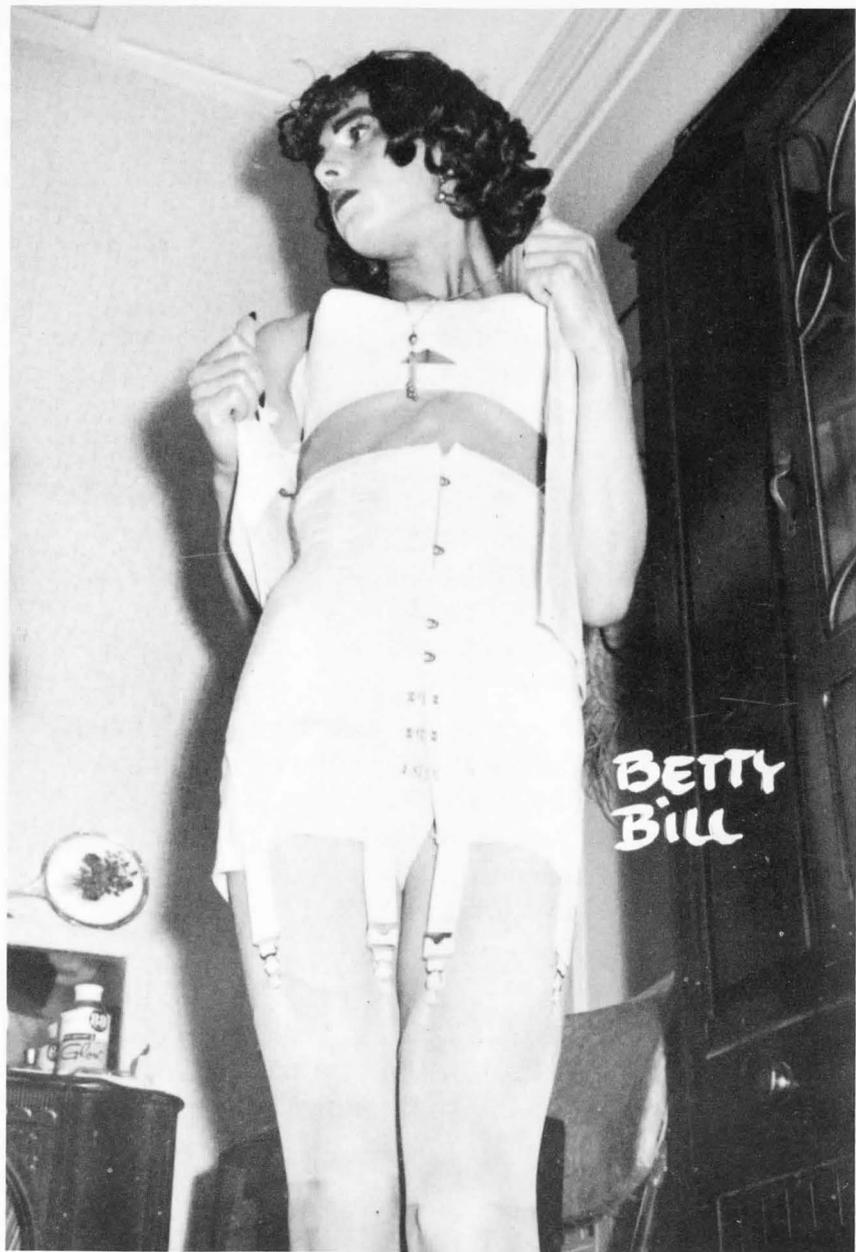
So I drove to the Parkway and went about twenty miles from home. I turned around then and headed back home. The only thing which worried me was what would happen if I should have a flat tire.

Usually, a man will stop to help if a woman is having car trouble or a flat tire. In fact, I myself changed a tire for three women just the other night, while I was driving home from work.

Nothing exciting happened except when I turned off at my exit and I passed a police car. My heart skipped a beat but the policemen never did look my way and I arrived home without any trouble at all, much to my relief.

I got a big thrill out of this ride on the busy Parkway, but I know that I will never try this again, because of the worry I had to go through and the consequences if I were caught in female attire. Being arrested like this of course would cost me my job and this I did not want to happen.

I would like to try and go to a movie some evening. I hope that I can get up enough nerve to do this some time in the company of others like myself, who like to dress up in feminine



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clothing and appear in public this way.

As I write this letter, I have on my new shift dress, but I would like to tell you what is under it. I have on a black corselet, the cups of which are filled with foam rubber bust pads. I am wearing a pair of red nylon panties, a black nylon slip trimmed with lace, a black wig and white high-heeled sandals.

I like to set up a mirror so I can glance from time to time and practise making movements as a girl while I am typing this letter. I also get a thrill out of crossing my legs and watching my skirt slide up past the knees of my sheer nylon clad legs. It is fun to smile and see white teeth show up behind the red lipstick and see my eyes behind mascara and arched eyebrows.

I adore this kind of thing and am not likely to give it up anytime soon. I would like to meet someone who enjoys this practice like myself and we could take pictures of each other and have a real ball. I am going to close now and freshen up my make-up, fix a cocktail and watch television. Hope you can use this letter in one of your excellent publications in the future.

Sincerely,
"BETTY-BILL"

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Editor, Nutrix Corp.

Dear Editor:

I have enjoyed reading your very excellent booklets on female impersonators and this is the first time that I have ever written in to a magazine. As you may have guessed, I, too am a transvestite who likes to wear women's clothes.

The small town in which I live is extremely narrow-minded and takes a dim view on those who desire to wear the clothing of the opposite sex. If the truth were to come out about my wearing female clothes, most likely I would lose my nice job in the factory where I work.

Ever since I was a small child, I have worn some item of female apparel because my mother, who wanted a girl, would dress me up in feminine attire when I turned out to be masculine gender instead of the girl she hoped for.

Because of the slurring remarks that thoughtless people fling at those of us who desire to dress as we please, I have become embroiled in numerous fights and I am proud to relate that I have held my own in a fair fight!



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

From out-of-town department stores, I have purchased dainty lace-trimmed lingerie, high-heel shoes and perfumes which I use on week-ends in my room. I have been afraid to venture out in female attire because of the difficulties that might occur and I long to do so in some big city in the near future, where I would not draw attention.

Often at Hallow'een time, I have been tempted to attend one of those gala "drag"balls that I have read about and appear in public in full female attire, but have been afraid to do so because of possible consequences. I am sure that there are many like myself who have the desire to walk around in public in feminine attire but somehow or other, I have been too bashful to seek out these opportunities.

That is the reason I am writing to request that you mail me a list of places to visit where I might be able to "dress up" without fear of being arrested. Any details that you or any of your readers might care to send me would be greatly appreciated. I would like to adopt feminine attire as my everyday clothing but until the law is changed, I'll have to wear men's clothes, which I hate.

Sincerely yours,
"SHARON B."

"TALES OF FEMALE DOMINATION OVER MAN"

of which Volume Six is now available, is a new book which consists of 5 different stories about the many ways muscular strong-willed women overpower men and force them into bondage. Book is well illustrated with 35 actual photographs of men and sells for only \$3.75 plus 20c for postage. Volumes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 available at \$3.75 each plus 20c for postage.

"DOMINATING WOMAN TURNS MAN INTO GIRL"

tells about the strange and unique experience of a man who was kidnapped and subjugated by a band of revengeful high-heeled and corsetted women. When he rebels he is placed in tight bondage and punishment helmet until he agrees to act as a maid in girl's clothes. Illustrated with 25 actual photos. Prices \$3.75 plus 20c



"FEMALE IMPERSONATORS ON PARADE"

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 20c for postage.

"LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS"

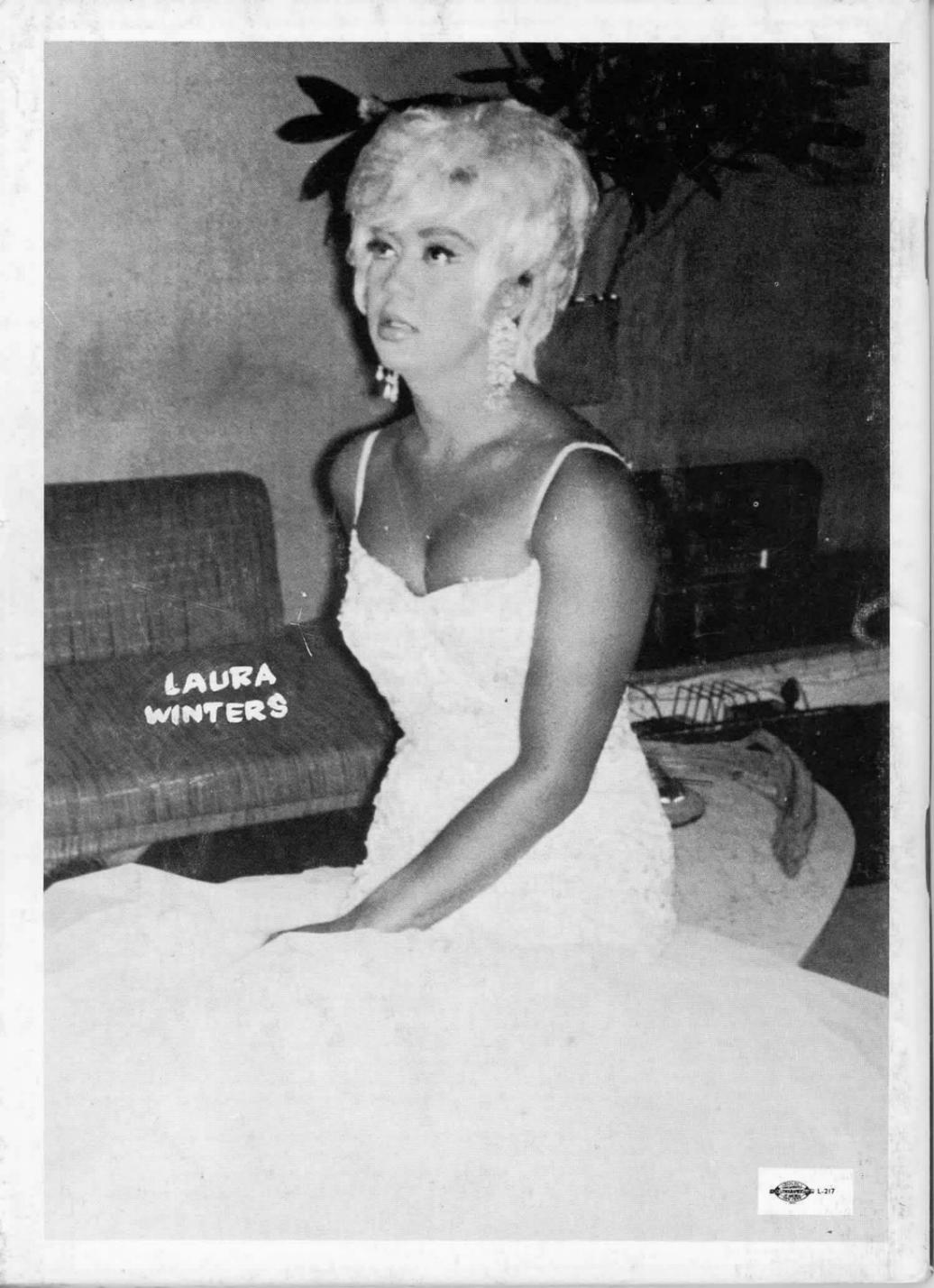
Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15: From Female Impersonators" contains letters amateur female impersonators who reveal in their correspondence interesting personal impressions about themselves and how they practice female impersonation. They tell why they would like to be accepted 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 20c for post Vols 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, contains 32 photos and sells for \$3.75 each plus postage of 20c. 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

"THE ART OF FEMALE IMPERSONATION"

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."

You see this all happen in 32 actual photographs as they create the changes from flat-chested men into the utmost in femininity. They tell how they became female impersonators - the tricks they use to fool the public and how they effect cleavage. Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 \$3.75 each plus 20c postage.

NUTRIX CORP. 35 Montgomery St., Jersey City 2, N. J.

A black and white photograph of a woman with short, light-colored hair, wearing a white, sleeveless, lace-trimmed dress. She is sitting on a bed or couch, looking slightly to her left. The background is dark and indistinct. The name 'LAURA WINTERS' is printed in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters on the left side of the image, over the dark background.

**LAURA
WINTERS**