

# FEMALE MIMICS

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VOLUME 5 NUMBER 1



THE MISS GAY U.S.A. CONTEST  
CALIFORNIA TRIALS

DEALING WITH MY  
TRANSSEXUAL SELF

A DAY WITH  
ANDREA & SHALEI

\* PLUS AN INVITATION TO  
BE PART OF OUR SPECIAL  
AD SECTION

# FEMALE MIMICS

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 1 SPRING - 1979

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### LET'S TRY AND FIND OUT

Your editor wishes you to help him with the following aspects of "What is a Transvestite" and would welcome letters on the following aspects.

1. Do you long to share your delight at being a TV? If so, with whom, and why?
2. Experiences at meeting other TV's. Did you enjoy them? Were they what you expected?
3. Being "caught in the act." By whom? What happened and what was their reaction?
4. Shopping experiences. Nice ones? Embarrassing? Disasterous?

All of you have had experiences of some or all of these. Please let us know so that others can share (and possibly learn from) your happy times, your embarrassing, or amusing moments.

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Studio City, CA 91604

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear TV Friends and Readers,

I have no hesitation in saying yet again, thank you for your continuing and enthusiastic responses asking for more "FEMALE MIMICS." We were beginning to think that our readers had disappeared, but it is a pleasure to say that we were wrong. It is all due to you, who continue to send in your letters, fantasies, ideas and complaints — all of which go to make up this, "your magazine."

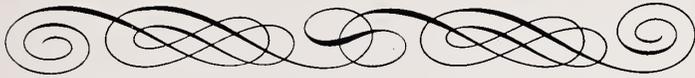
We have had the pleasure to get several letters from other TV Societies, including from Europe, saying that Female Mimics is doing a useful job, but although I get the thanks, it is really due to you all. The enthusiasm for TV activities, the simple need you all constantly express to be and to feel female never ceases to amaze me. So, dear readers, keep writing, won't you? This is your magazine, designed to fill some of your loneliness that most TV's feel. Designed for you to enjoy in the world of silks and satins; frills and nylon, make-up and high heels.

I hope you will all read it as, apart from expressing pleasure in being TV's, the second and equally important role of these Transvestite magazines is to discuss all the various risks, the reasons and the problems of being TV's.

Happy dressing!  
K. Christy, Editor

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# EDITORIAL



A "FEMALE MIMIC" is a MAN who dresses in the clothing of the opposite sex, and through his fantasy, which is helped by the clothing, he is able to apparently magically transform himself into a WOMAN.

We have looked into the history of this art and uncovered some fascinating material!

The wearing of feminine attire is as old as civilization itself. Men cross-dressed 4,000 years before Christ. The practice of donning female clothing by medicine men and priests is a religious phenomenon of world-wide prevalence. When missionaries first came to West Africa, they found the chiefs dressed in female attire. The North American Indians copied the traits of their women. In the days of Shakespeare, all the female parts in the plays were done by men who were gifted with female mannerisms. Numerous great historical personalities have been identified with this unique art: JULIUS CAESAR often dressed as a woman and took great pleasure in characterizing them. The Emperor NERO loved to impersonate women. He would order masks of the women he admired and wear them at public gatherings. LOUIS XIV used every means of displaying his legs and is credited with having been the first to introduce high-heeled shoes. Clear touches of the feminine can be seen in the costumes of the Spanish bullfighters, the Scottish kilts, the flowered shirts of Hawaii, and the outfits of male ballet dancers.

The conclusion that we draw from all this is that female impersonation is a practice that has been part of mankind for over 5,000 years and will continue to be a part of

the culture of every country in the world.

There are many aspects in the practice of cross-dressing. We're interested in only one: Female impersonation as a form of entertainment.

Professional "FEMALE MIMICS" became popular in America in the late 1800s. Most of the early minstrel shows included an act with a female impersonator in a comedy skit. In the vaudeville era, many artists became famous for their funny female impersonations. Many variety teams had one member who played the comical "wench." "FEMALE MIMICS" appeared in stage shows (Ziegfeld Follies), burlesque houses, circuses and the silent screen ("Charley's Aunt"). The "heyday" of female impersonators suffered a decline in popularity after the depression. It wasn't until World War II that this almost lost art enjoyed a slight comeback. A new enthusiastic group of "FEMALE MIMICS" appeared and were well received in nightclubs, theaters and revues. Earlier female impersonators comically imitated a general "type" female. Whereas the modern female mimics are better known for impersonating a specific personality.

Too few people have had the opportunity to enjoy "FEMALE MIMICS" because this entertainment has suffered from obscurity. Every conceivable kind of entertainment can be seen by everyone on television and in the movies, except female impersonators! It is possible to conclude that probably less than 5% of the people of the United States have ever seen a "FEMALE MIMIC."

This is exactly the reason for reviving this magazine. To give you the opportunity of seeing a fascinating, amazing, amusing, adventurous masquerade party! And because one picture is better than 100 words, we give you . . . "FEMALE MIMICS"

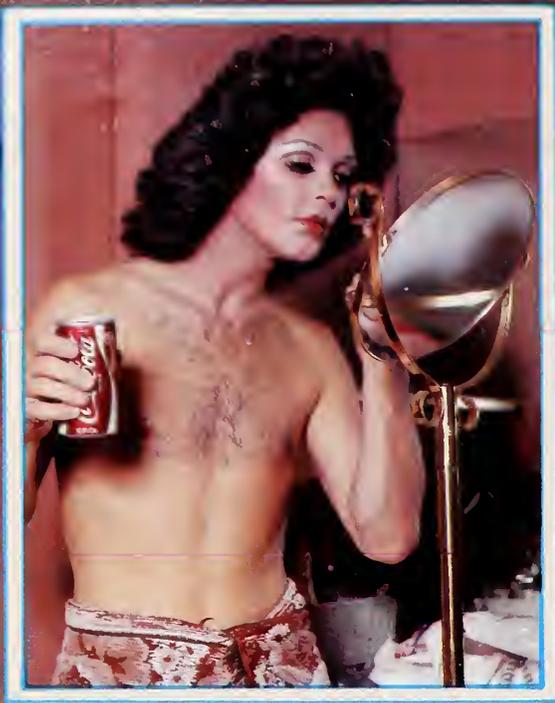
**P.S. WE WOULD LOVE TO HAVE YOUR PICTURES ALONG WITH YOUR LETTERS, AND IN ORDER TO PRINT YOUR PICTURES, WE MUST HAVE THE FOLLOWING RELEASE:**

### PHOTO RELEASE

**I, the undersigned, hereby represent that I am over eighteen (18) years of age and that the photo enclosed is an actual photo of myself. I hereby give FEMALE MIMICS magazine my consent to publish my photo and in FEMALE MIMICS magazine.**

**DATE** \_\_\_\_\_

**SIGNED** \_\_\_\_\_



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor;

I look forward to the magazine and its TV correspondence collection. I have always had very good response from my ads placed in FM.

Whilst writing this I am wearing a white corselette with six garters, breast pads, lemon cellenise knickers, seamed fully fashioned stockings, red and white sandals, pink underslip, multi-patterned short sleeved dress, orange flowered pattern apron, ring, necklace, clip-on earrings, powder, lipstick, eyeshadow, red rouge, and on my dress collar some scent. Also I have painted my fingernails and toenails in red.

Before dressing I shaved my arms and legs.

Thanks again, love to all the girls. Keep up the excellent work with the magazine.

XO Lorna



Dear Editor;

I first became aware of John's liking for corsets when I saw him studying pictures of a girl posing in the things in one of those glossy magazines. He said he found it far more exciting to see her wearing corsets than if she had been completely nude. Naturally, I asked him if that also applied to me . . . and almost shyly, he admitted it did. I think he was worried that I might think him kinky" or something.

Anyway, without telling him, I bought a corset. It took some time to find what I wanted. Finally, I had to go to a private person who made them specially. They were about twelve inches

deep, with about a dozen whalebone stays, and made of a black satiny kind of material. The corsets had eight very thin garters. When the maker laced me into it for the first time (the laces were at the back), I had to admit it really did wonders for my waist even though it was pretty painful to wear. I can't imagine how previous generations endured such things, and worse, all day long. Also, there was no denying that they made me look sexy. Tarty, even, as the maker suggested I wear black stockings with them. Still, if Jack wanted me to look a bit tarty, that was okay by me. I do agree that stocking tights are just about the most sexless gar-



ment ever invented, and I felt happy to be wearing stockings and suspenders again.

That evening when I showed Jack the corsets and asked him to lace me in, he was absolutely delighted. I could not remember him being so turned on for years. He made me walk around the room for half an hour or more, wearing just that corset and those stockings. And a pair of high-heeled shoes I'd dug out of my wardrobe. He made the best love to me for a very long time, and still does every time I DRESS UP. That, as you can guess, is now quite often!

Very sincerely, Cynthia

---

Dear Editor;

I am a middle-aged man, but since my early teens I have had sexual pleasure and satisfaction from dressing in female underwear. And yet I am happily married and think I have had more than my fair share of sexual experiences with women. However, the latter has never dented my desire for putting on panties, French bras, garter belts of black satin, nylons and other such items of lingerie. For me there is still a special joy in feeling one's hardened penis stretching a pair of silky panties. But more of that later.

The point I want to make is that I never had any desires to put on women's outer garments, wigs, makeup, etc. Nor have I the slightest interest in being feminine as such, or pretending to be a

woman in any way. So the idea of using a girl's name would never occur to me.

Please don't think I am passing judgement on most of you readers whom so often seem to want to be as feminine as possible. However, in view of your correspondence columns, I am beginning to wonder whether I am the odd one out!

On another aspect, I should like to bring up the subject of self-adoration and viewing oneself in the mirror when wearing undies. I, too, like to view myself, especially when wearing a garter belt and stockings, but more important is the desire to be seen like that by others. Over the years, a number of women have seen me dressed like that — including my wife — but with one exception, which should be the subject of a separate letter, a woman voyeur tends to find it tedious. Also, I believe that a man in female clothing is seen as a challenge to their femininity. And if you do masturbate whilst they are watching, they feel superfluous.

The greatest pleasure is if someone actually gets a kick out of seeing you, and in recent years, I have found a great desire to be seen by another TV with similar desires and tastes. Perhaps I should add that I have never had any interest in a homosexual relationship. On the other hand, since I am sure I should enjoy seeing another man in revealing undies, I assume this might be a reciprocal feeling.

It does seem, though, that

isolation is a feature of transvestism, and that one tends to live with fantasies rather than realities. Perhaps there is now a little more understanding of the subject, although I am sure that most of my friends would be far more shocked if they knew I often wore panties below my trousers than if I told them I had had intercourse with three different women in one week.

I find it even more exciting if I can wear female underwear out of doors. For example, on a number of occasions, I have managed to find an isolated beach and go swimming in a pair of French panties. The sexual excitement of doing this is intense, especially when the water makes my panties semi-transparent and I can look down and see my penis inside them. I wonder whether my other readers would find that the same experience would lead to a very exciting masturbation.

Truly yours, Manfred



Dear Editor;

It is night now and the paint is still flowing from my brush. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to paint. I only hope it is not too boring, but then, it is the only outlet I have, and I feel that a pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled. However, writing is my next joy and I am enjoying writing to you.

I have had a lovely time shopping today. As I sit here, I am all girl, a shoulder-length blonde wig framing my face, having made up with powder and blush, 'Cher' eye-lashes, green eye shadow, my mouth painted brilliant red with a new wet-look lipstick. I also bought the fingernail polish to match. I am wearing a very expensive new silk blouse which is tailored to fit my feminine bust with the nipples poking thru just slightly. My black satin swirl skirt is held at the waist with a three-inch black patent belt. Beneath my skirt and black silk, seamed stockings are being held up by six be-ribboned garters. I gaze with delight at the new shoes I am wearing in black patent leather. Designed like a sandal, the 7" stiletto heels cause the straps of the sandal to cut delightfully painful lines across the top of my feet. I stop and moan with pleasure as I run my fingers up the seams of my stockings and the lace-trimmed edge of my pink satin panties. My hand slides across the front of my panties and the pleasure is overwhelming. I imagine another "girl" with me, sensuous and pretty, where we have been reading new editions of "Female Mimics." We have been devouring photographs of each other in sexy poses, in our lingerie and glamorous dresses. Her own frock is above her waist, revealing the tops of her sheer silk stockings and pretty satin panties and our arms go out to each other. A perfumed kiss, each savouring with sensuous delight each other's lips.

Till next time . . . Judy



Dear Editor;

Not long ago I answered an advertisement of yours by a pretty boy in jeans wanting to contact a TV for

mutual pleasure. I was thrilled to receive a reply and we exchanged photos of each other dressed up in feminine undies, and later we exchanged snapshots show-

ing our manhood, and instantly decided to get together.

I soon invited Joey to my apartment and suggested he bring his female attire

with him. I anticipated his arrival all day. It was delightful when I opened the door and he stood wearing a miniskirt and looking like a girl. I took him to my bedroom while I changed to help me with my transformation, as he had done such a splendid job. He approved of my silky long black stockings and I certainly felt a blush as he fastened my pretty little garters and helped attach my stockings to the suspenders. My penis and balls were swelling somewhat

with his proximity, and so I asked him to raise his skirt — he had a lovely pair of white, transparent knickers with lace round the legs and a super protuberant bulge. I couldn't resist putting my hand on the front of his panties and gently rubbing the silk.

He asked if he could "make-up" my face, and so he set to work with mascara and lipstick and a pretty blonde wig. He then helped me put on my open-front panties and I pulled my knickers aside and then we

gently masturbated each other. We swapped panties before parting and I arranged to meet my "girl" the following week.

This time I answered already wearing my girlie gear with make-up and blonde wig. Joey was so delighted that we hugged and kissed until we could feel our excitement growing, and then we took off our dresses and laid in 69 fashion on the bed and made love to each other.

Best always, Roger



Dear Editor;

With regard to the photos, as I absolutely adore being dressed up, perhaps you would like to know what I am wearing at the moment. By the way, I have been doing some breast exercises and can now wear half frilly bras with the minimum of padding and with a nice swell and cleavage: black nylon, lace trimmed bra. Tan tights and over them black sheer nylon stockings with seams, black Kayser garter belt, black nylon lacy see-through panties, black nylon slip and black 6" spiked high-heeled shoes. I am wearing over these garments a cream house gown with black trim. My face is fully made up, and I have my best wig on, earrings, necklace, polished nails and my cocktail ring completes the outfit. I feel fantastic and I love every moment of my transformation. One of these days I will relate through these letters a couple of days I spent with another girl. . . a real one! With the editor's permission I'll also take a set of photographs dressed as described above and hope that he will print them. In the meantime, help to make his job easier by writing to him.

Love you, Marylyn

(Dear Marylyn: We would love to print your photographs. Just fill out the model release form at the end of this column and send them in. Black and white reproduce best. The Editor)

# What A Drag!



ROBERTA, A COMPLETE DEVOTEE OF THE DRAG SCENE,  
ENJOYS DRESSING UP FOR HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS.  
HANDSOME AS A MAN, BEAUTIFUL AS A WOMAN!!!





A VERITABLE EXPERT IN THE ART OF THE USE OF  
COSMETICS, ROBERTA TRANSFORMS HERSELF  
INTO A STUNNING BRUNETTE. HER CHOICE OF  
CLOTHING AND SKILL WITH HER MAKE-UP REALLY SHOWS

# THE FINAL STEP

When I started writing about the sex change, most of the information in the article was based on textbook and clinical information as well as some personal information passed on to me by some people who had gone that route.

Now I feel that I can talk with a little more authority on the subject, since I underwent the operation almost two years ago. I found out that a lot of what was written was true, but I also felt that none of it told about the important aspects of the change that occurred after getting out of the hospital. So, here it is, an update of the previous article with some personal observations thrown in for good measure.

During the past twenty years that have elapsed since Christine Jorgenson took that first big step for mankind (womankind?), the techniques of sex change operations have been polished. What was once considered a radical operation being done by two or three surgeons in the world is almost commonplace now, with dozens of surgeons performing it routinely in this country alone.

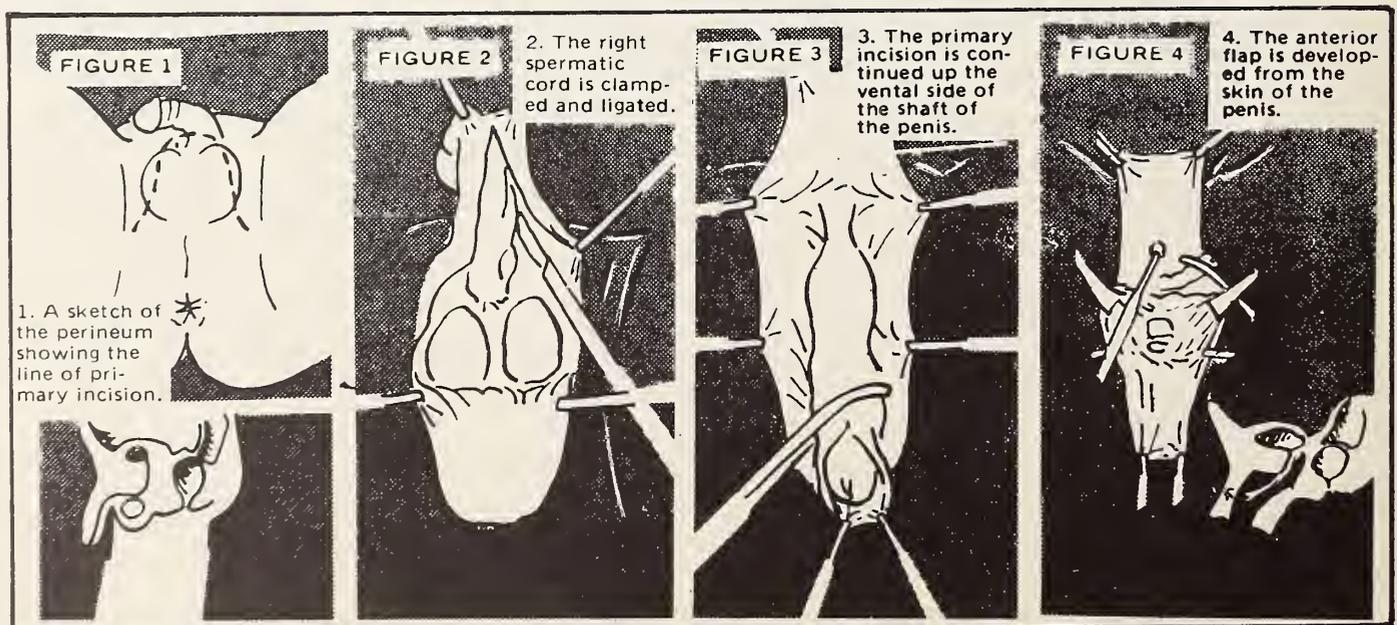
Where the operation used to be done in two steps, requiring a hospital stay of well over a month, it is now done in one step, and the patient is in the hospital for only a week or two.

Currently, the sex change operation is done with the patient being on the table for about an hour and a half, which was true in my case. A general anesthetic was given and, while I was off somewhere in the cosmos, the surgeon began cutting.

First, the patient is castrated—the insides of the testicles are removed, but the skin is retained to be used in forming the labia. The tubes going to and coming from the testicles are sealed off. Then the penis is dissected; an incision is made the length of the penis and the skin is pulled back, like peeling a banana. The skin is retained to line the vagina. Then the spongy tissue inside, the corpora cavernosa, is removed. The surgeon has to be careful to remove all of this so that there is no stump left. This would swell during sexual excitement, making intercourse difficult.

After this is done, the urethra, the tube carrying urine from the bladder to the outside, is shortened and repositioned. This is very important, because if not done properly, the transsexual will have difficulty in urinating, which can be very dangerous. Also, if the positioning is wrong, a spray of urine will be emitted rather than a flow, which can be annoying.

An incision is then made into the body, below the prostate and near the path of





the colon and rectum. Sometimes the prostate is removed to make more room, but in my case it was left intact. Then the surgeon widens this incision with his fingers (called blunt dissection), in order to make it functional as a vagina.

The skin of the penis, which had been saved in the dissection process, is then turned inside out, like one might do with the finger on a glove. It is then grafted to the inside of the incision, thus making up the lining of the vaginal walls. Using the penile

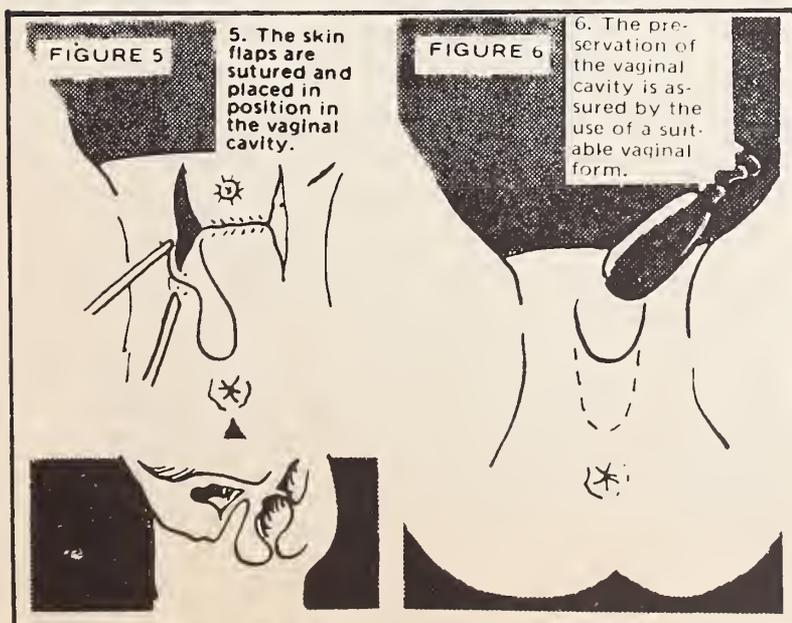
skin has definite advantages: it is extremely sensitive, so that during intercourse, the friction that occurs will be very pleasurable to the transsexual, and it has no hair, which would be of no advantage inside the vagina.

Some surgeons then take a skin graft from the thigh to line the back of the vagina, although there seems to be very little practical advantage to this. Also, some of the nerve endings and erectile tissue of the penis are retained during the dissection in order to form a clitoris. From personal experience, I can say that it is of the utmost importance for the transsexual to choose a surgeon who has mastered this technique, since it is the only way to retain orgasmic capacity after the operation.

The skin of the testicles is then fashioned into the labia, which surrounds the vaginal opening. The urethra is put into position, and then the silastic form is inserted into the vagina and temporarily sutured into place.

A lot happened while I was asleep!

The patient comes to a couple of hours after the surgery with an uncomfortable



feeling that can be best described as a need to urinate. This is partially due to the fact that the patient is catheterized and will remain so for about a week. In most cases, there is little pain, but this is relieved by pain-killers which are administered as needed. Personally, I didn't find the whole experience too painful—just very uncomfortable.

A couple of days after the surgery, the pressure bandage over the entire pelvic area is removed, which eliminates a lot of the discomfort, and the transsexual starts to eat solid food again. After a week, the catheter is removed, and the dilator is taken out for the first time.

The frequency and amount of dilation depend upon the surgeon who performed the operation. Generally, the consensus is that for the first two months or so, the patient



must wear the dilator constantly. This is so that the walls of the vagina do not heal up. Believe me, I heard enough stories about people who didn't dilate, and their vaginas did shrink until intercourse was impossible. After the first two months, the dilator can be taken out more often, so that at the end of the first year, the person might only have to have it in for a few hours a week. Without a doubt, this is the worst part of the whole process.

Permission for sexual intercourse is usually given by the surgeon two to three months after the operation, although in some cases, this may be too soon. It is important to use plenty of lubrication for intercourse, since the transsexual vagina has very little of its own and, if not lubricated, the friction can cause bleeding.

For the first three months after surgery, the transsexual must make a lot of trips to the doctor for checkups. He makes sure that everything is healing well and that there are no fistulas or shrinking. He may also remove some of the many stitches that were sewn into the area.

All in all, the surgical part of the sex change was by far the shortest and easiest. In my own case, I went into the hospital on a Sunday, was operated on on Monday morning, and returned home that Friday.





The pain wasn't all that bad, but it was more than two months before I was able to sit in a chair properly, since the soreness in the area goes away very slowly.

Dilating after surgery is the most important part. It must be done according to doctor's orders, even though at times it is a huge hassle. Douching and sitz baths are also recommended to help healing and fight off infections, and follow-up visits to the doctor are essential.

This is all a lot of bother, but the results are worth it. By choosing the right surgeon and following his directions for post-operative care, the transsexual will usually emerge with a vagina that is usable for intercourse, a clitoris that is sexually responsive, and a vulva that has a normal female appearance.

Lastly, it goes without saying that proper mental preparation prior to surgery is a must. The person should have lived as a female for at least a year prior to surgery. All facial hair should be removed by electrolysis. A psychiatric evaluation is recommended as well. It is also imperative that the person's expectations concerning the surgery be realistic. It will not solve all of one's problems, and it will take time for healing before it will be sexually responsive, and complications can occur.

I am thankful to the powers above that mine was a very painless, uncomplicated episode, but by the same token, I am sure that having realistic expectations and a good mental outlook were also important in making this step an easy one for me. For all of you who are contemplating the same step, I wish you the very best . . .



# ANDREA



# & SHALEI



The sun was shining through the window as Andrea's eyes flickered open. She wallowed sensually under the warm covers, reluctant to get up. The sharp ringing of the phone interrupted her reverie. It was Shalei, Andrea's best friend. She'd be over in half an hour, and there was so much to do!







Meanwhile, at home Shalei got ready to leave. She made some notes on the recorder, got dressed and jumped in her car.

Andrea barely had time for a shower before Shalei drove up with her dog Toto in tow. "I can't seem to get myself together!" Andrea complained. "Help!"





Suddenly, the lovely brunette jumped up. "Hey! I've got a great new outfit to show you." She ran to the closet and pulled out an elegant ensemble which Shalei admired profusely. "Oh, it's definitely you!" she exclaimed. "The girls at the club will die of envy!" Both beauties work at the Queen Mary in Studio City, where they dance in exotic show numbers with other female mimics. They love what they do as much as the audience loves watching them. "Heard from home lately?" Shalei asked. She was referring to the fact that both she and Andrea were born in Hawaii. They're two of the finest flowers ever produced by that island tropical paradise.







"Oh, and look what else I bought," Andrea said, twirling around the room in yet another flattering outfit. "It's heavenly!" Shalei cried. "Let me try it on." She took the dress from her friend and danced around the room, singing and laughing. "Come on," Andrea said with mock severity. "I want you to listen to my new album before we go to the club. No time for your antics!" Andrea and Shalei understand each other very well, which, of course, is why they're such good buds. And they like the same things: music, dance, new clothes and costumes, makeup and the other paraphernalia of being female.









The girls were about five minutes late for work, so they had to rush to get into their costumes. "Where have you two been?" Sally asked coyly as she breezed by. Her eyebrow was arched in suspicion. "Always the actress!" someone shot back at Sally from across the busy dressing room. "Shall we start calling her 'Mother Dear'?" Everyone laughed, Sally most of all. Andrea and Shalei enjoyed the banter. They really felt at home at the club, among their friends, other transsexuals like themselves. "Hurry!" Shalei said over Andrea's shoulder. "We'll be late!"





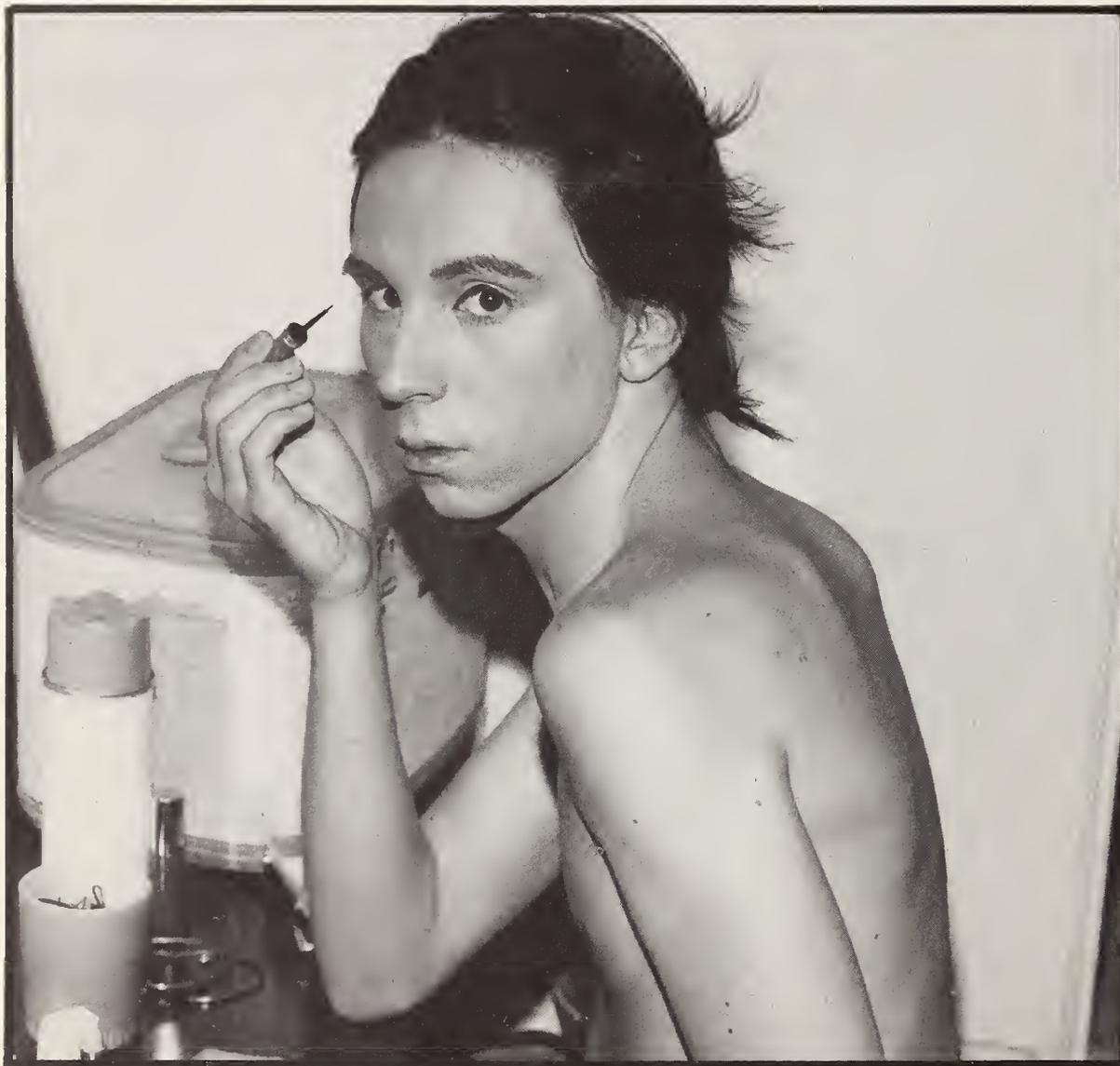




Shalei was the vision of femininity up on the stage. She moved her body like a sensual cat, sleekly, gracefully, elegantly. It was only a rehearsal, but she put her whole heart into it. She appeared confident, in full control. But inside her tummy was full of butterflies. It was not that she didn't believe in her own beauty or ability. It was just that the excitement of the footlights and being out on stage, performing, left her a little awed and breathless. In a spectacular grande finale, she lay semi-nude on her outspread dress, pert little buttocks raised teasingly. Andrea came out next, and after she did a solo opening number, Shalei came out for a duet. Up in front of the spotlight, the pair was dazzling. Not only did their costumes sparkle, but they both had the sparkling quality of a star. They really got into their act and performed with an astounding versatility to the delight of the other girls. It was hard work . . . but that's show biz!



# DEALING WITH MY TRANSEXUAL SELF



Perhaps the crucial part for most transsexuals is the discovery that "she" or "he" is not unique and alone, that other persons throughout history have suffered this gender disorientation. But it will remain a problem for "her" until she is able to find a doctor who will listen and be honestly concerned with her welfare. Transsexuals are a rapidly growing and little understood subculture in America, with few places to which they may turn for help. Only within the decade of the Seventies has medicine seriously recognized the need to help the gender disturbed person, without incarcerating them in a mental institution.

Seven years ago, I approached doctors in my male gender in Washington, D.C., and was turned away or was used without receiving help or understanding. Coming back to Florida, I tried again to portray the seriousness of my situation to local doctors. My life became more and more despondent, with severe crying spells, and a severely disordered lifestyle. I had no hopes or dreams, and no achievements to show, with the last two years of my college career wasted. Suicide became very appealing to end the torture of trying to be what society and my family thought that I should be.

Gradually, it became clear to me that it

would be necessary to show the physician who I was. The very first time I visited my family physician, in my new gender, help was spontaneous. With the help of the Rev. John Hose of the Metropolitan Community Church, I was soon referred to a doctor who is worthy of the Hypocratic Creed. For, in being genuinely interested on my behalf, she has helped me to rebuild my life. She has set high moral and ethical standards in my treatment, but only to insure that whatever we decide for the future will be for my best welfare.

There is a word for this condition that people have in failing to understand the needs of a transsexual person . . . It can be called "apprehension," and it exists with most every person "she" will contact in her pre-trial period. It might be that the person has never known what a transsexual is, but in most situations the person has formed a negative attitude due to spectacular or unfair treatment in news reports.

Many times I would talk to those who would see me, in the near future, as a woman and try to explain this to them. Many would be amused, as if to say, "This person could be a woman?" But when the time arrived, they never recognized me or could not believe the person to whom they were talking. I have gained more understanding, respect and help by being a lady and quietly building my life, than by loudly proclaiming my rights and desires to lose what I have preciousely gained.

To admit one is a transsexual is to commit oneself to a great deal, as it carries more weight than to say one is a transsexual . . . it is absolute. In assuming the role of the desired gender, a transsexual has many hardships to face. "He" or "she" will have to struggle to survive, to pay expensive medical bills, and to face the unpleasant social aspects of the new gender. The individual must be willing to break all ties with family and friends, since these "friends" may not be able to accept the new gender of that person. There may be many legal obstacles to overcome and, for those who are religious, the difficult mental resolution of what they are attempting is proper and



without sin.

While it is no longer immoral to give anesthetics to women in childbirth, and only a little resistance remains to the "sin" of blood transfusions and inoculations, the gender defects of the transsexual can still stir the thunder of the righteous. Unknowingly they may try to hold back the patient "for his own good" and cause, instead, suffering of extreme mental pain . . . to suffocate them in their own emotions and feelings.

The Metropolitan Community Churches have had an "Open Door" policy to anyone from "any walk of life." I have felt thankful so many times to the presence and ministry of this church to help me in my "time of need." For without the help of my family, my doctor, and certain members of this church, I would no longer be alive today. Gradually, my faith in the Lord has increased to show me that suicide would be rejecting God's greatest gift to me, my life.

Proposed is a rather serious and energetic Gender Awareness Program. If this program could be given a chance, it could do so much to help other transsexuals to regain their self-esteem as a valuable and worthwhile person in our society. Hopefully, it can be a program to include the transsexual as well as their doctors. . . to be

a program for helping the members overcome the day-to-day problems of dress, behavior, society, vocation, and identity, as well as providing alternatives to the deeper religious, moral and personal issues that each member must face and answer for him or herself.

It will serve as a social function to allow each person to grow emotionally in depth of character. True, the use of books can be of great value in learning both the positive and negative social aspects of their new gender, but only by meeting and talking with other transsexuals, in being a social person in joining a church and its activities, in being involved in helping others, can the "woman" or "man" build a sense of worth and love for themselves. Neither the doctor nor the trial period makes men into women, or women into men; neither do they change the personality, as he or she will still have the same head. The big change is how they feel about themselves.

There is no failure during the trial period if I or my doctor decides that I do not qualify to become a woman. This is the reason for the trial period, to allow time for adjustments into my new social and working environments, to build confidence, to improve myself, and to express myself fully in what could be my correct and new lifestyle. For when the time comes for surgery, a woman will be entering surgery, not coming out because of surgery.

"I am now living as a woman, but the psychological hell I went through to achieve this is something I will never forget. Why did it take so long? Had I done this ten years ago, my life would have been much easier in all respects. When you fight with yourself, you learn a lot about yourself. I think that if I had known before that I could be a whole person, I would have done this before, but the combination of the hospital and finding the people to go to while in there didn't give me the chance to be myself.

The change came about because of not being able to accept myself as a male and not wanting to hide anymore. It is some-

thing that you have to find out for yourself — there is no magic solution to this. My mind told me that it was bad to dress as myself, but this conditioning was something that I had to rid myself of in order to be happy, at peace with myself. When you try to kill yourself because of what society says about your behavior and your needs, something has to give . . . I am glad that I was a bit stronger than society, and this is what you need more than anything else — the strength of your convictions. To become in some ways your own master and guide in what is right and wrong, with guidance from God.

Some people can go out and do their own thing, but I couldn't. I was paranoid about what people thought of me and what I thought about myself. I went out of my way to try to explain myself and my situation to everyone, but the only one I was trying to give excuses to was myself. I used to spend so much time on making "converts" that I forgot about me, and in reality, the only convert I was trying to make was me. Like a small child with new insights, I was looking for acceptance and approval, and yet I couldn't even give it to myself.

Now that I have made the change and am living instead of hiding, new problems are cropping up all the time. I had to put away my mask, as that was my security. Now I have to face the world alone. I felt psychologically naked, stripped of all pretenses. When I made the gender shift, I did not have any new masks or defenses—I had stripped myself of everything. But I had forgotten to leave myself a new identity. I don't think that anyone knows how lonely a person is in this position—not even having yourself to relate to. You are left with nothing, no point of reference. All you have is a hope—a dream of yourself. The thing that you need most is someone—someone to orient yourself around. But in most ways I could not have anyone—my morals are still in the way. I cannot reconcile myself to the fact that I might be able to have a man. Someone to hold me and console me with the problems I have. Someone to relate to



and be able to understand that I want very much, but I don't seem able to let myself go into having an emotional relationship with another person, man or woman.

I have heard people talk about loneliness, but few people have experienced what true loneliness is. Take a person and put them into a body they cannot accept fully or relate to, strip them of their past, and then place them into a room where they can look out and hear, but no one can see them . . . that is like what I go through each day. My days were spent trying to reach out to anyone, but I can't quite make it. I have little common ground to meet people on. My hopes and frustrations are held inside of me, because others have no experience to base what I say on. It is like talking a different language to a person. The things that mean the most to me mean the least to them. I spend my time making small talk, but at the same time trying to weed out the things that would give me away, watching my voice and how I walk, my gestures, and everything. It did not bother me for awhile about these things, but my friends kept reminding me to watch them, that I have become more nervous. There is so much to watch. Why can't people just accept me? I knew about these problems and was taking care of them one at a time. Constantly reminding me is making me so self-conscious that I cannot function as I should."

**Hopefully, people will someday be able to accept Jane and me as we are, first as human beings, second as females, and last and least important, as transsexuals.**

**Rene**

# THE MISS GAY U.S.A. (CALIFORNIA FINALS)

The air inside the ballroom was charged with excitement. Above the din of music and talking and laughter, greetings could be heard. "Darling! It's been so long!" "Doreen! You look marvelous! Oh, the

judges are going to love you!" "Oh no! I have a run! Where are my spare silks? Dana! Did you take them?" In the middle of it all was Larey, who co-sponsored the event: The California finals for the Miss





Gay U.S.A. contest. "Congratulations, Larey. Great job!" someone yelled. "Oh, yes, Larey. You really did a fantastic job of getting it together," another added. "And this time we have seventeen contestants — all terrific!" Larey shot back. "It won't be an easy decision." The winner of the California contest would go on to compete in Houston, Texas, during the last week in August. All of the contestants wanted to win, of course, and Larey hated to see any of them lose. She knew how much painstaking time each put into getting their costumes just perfect and into rehearsing





their acts. It couldn't be counted in days or even weeks, but in years and years of experimentation and refinement. In years of grueling practice of routines, of applying makeup, of perfecting the most flattering costume, hairstyle and all the rest that made each girl special. Contestants had come from all over California to be a part

of the star-studded event, from as far away as San Francisco and San Diego, to as nearby as Newport Beach and Santa Monica. The winner got \$500 in cash and the chance to compete in Texas. Plus the satisfaction of knowing that she was the most beautiful impersonator in all of the Golden State. Andrea Nicole was busy





applying last-minute touches to her makeup back in the dressing room. Other girls ran around half-dressed, joking and laughing. Many of them knew each other and renewed old acquaintances. Everyone was bubbling over with excitement and something close to hysteria. This was the event many of them had been waiting for all year. In one corner of the busy dressing room, two contestants were practicing high kicks, flinging their shapely legs up into the air in unison. "Higher, higher!" one

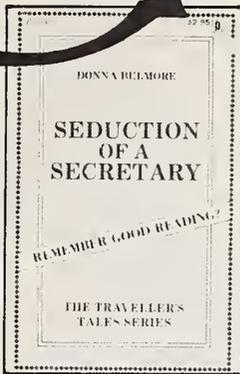


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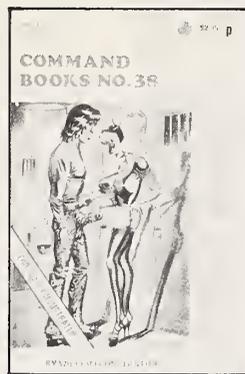
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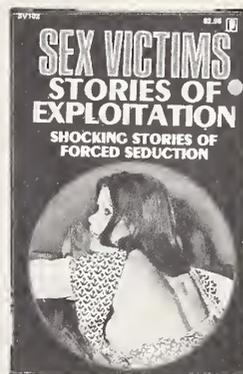
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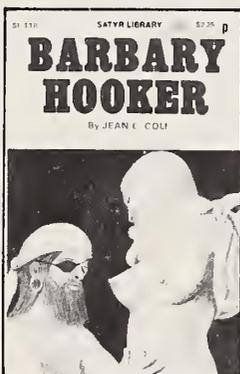
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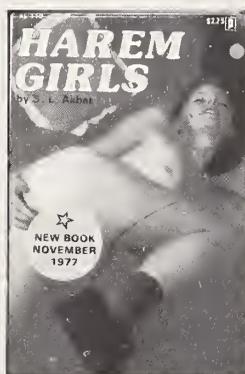
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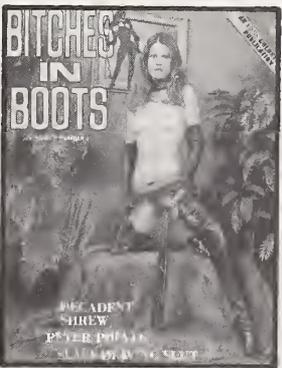


of them urged the other. Their act was really perfect, but the worry and practice never ended. The contest started with a talent contest, and it was a great show all by itself. The first contestant did a number that was absolutely fantastic: an erotic torch dance that had the audience on its feet with raving applause. Andrea was clapping wildly herself, enthralled with the performance; yet she was worried. *She was so good!* Andrea was gripped with insecurity. Still, some part of her knew that she, too, was good, that she too could wow the audience and the judges. Her hands trembled slightly with anxiety. Most performers will tell you that it is a good thing to be nervous, to be on edge. That feeling pushes an entertainer. It forces her or him to give the best performance possible. To give it all she's got. It was that kind of determination that Andrea felt deep down. Another contestant came on. Embe West. She did an impression of Dolly Parton that had everyone rolling in the aisles. It was good. Really good. Andrea's



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hands trembled even more. Lil' Chubbs and Busty Oshea came on stage. Oshea looked like a high priestess at a gathering of the faithful, and the audience was with her, clapping and laughing and urging her on. Andrea felt her stomach sink to the bottom of her feet. It was not that she didn't enjoy the performances of the other girls. It was not that she didn't like or want them to succeed. But she was a contestant, too. She had something at stake. And she was worried. She really and truly believed in herself (or she wouldn't be there), but still, she was worried. *They were all so good!* People kept coming up to her, talking and carrying on. She couldn't concentrate. Her whole mind and being were filled with her impending performance. Would she be good? Yes, yes. She knew she would . . . A mime . . . A comedienne. Singers and dancers in eerie mist. Andrea's turn came near the end. By that time she was nearly out of her mind with anxiety. The problem was that she







cared so much, that she wanted so much to win, to be crowned Queen. Finally, it was Andrea's turn to go on stage. She had a last attack of jitters and then made the final plunge out before the dazzling floodlights that were to light up her performance. Andrea went into her rendition of Donna Summer's *MacArthur Park*. It was a sensation. Absolutely fabulous. The audience went wild with enthusiasm and Andrea practically fainted with the adulation that was poured on her like golden showers from the heavens. Next came the evening gown competition. All the girls looked fabulous, sparkling with baubles and bangles, dripping with jewels and glitter. There was a small fortune invested in the costumes that the impersonators wore on stage! Andrea wore a stunning crocheted gown in vivid lilac, accented by glittering crystal beads, woven into the pattern of the gown (which was, of course, custom-made to form-fit to her own



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marvelous curves and sensuous movements.) She made the ten semi-finalists list. All of them deserved to win. There could only be one winner. (The judges looked distraught—no wonder!) But they finally chose the three finalists after much deliberation and agonizing decision-making. **IT WAS ANDREA!!!** She won the contest, hands down. The crowd went wild. She was an obvious favorite. In a final

tribute to her talent and beauty, the other contestants rushed on stage when she was announced the winner, kissing her, hugging her, giving her all their support and love. Flowers were everywhere. Hugging arms and puckered lips were, too. It was the most glorious moment of Andrea's life. But in Houston, Texas, next August, she may (and we hope that she will!) achieve an even finer moment . . .



