

VOLUME 11 NUMBER 5 \$6.00

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NO. 5

female mimics INTERNATIONAL

THE ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN WHO ENJOY DRESSING LIKE WOMEN!



THE MANY FACES OF THE DIVINE AND GLAMOROUS SUGAR NICOLE

EXCLUSIVE PHOTO OUT-TAKES FROM "DREAM LOVERS" — THE HOTTEST FILM EPIC THE NATION HAS EVER SEEN! STARRING SENSUOUS SULKA AND A HOST OF THE SEXIEST SUPER STARS HOLLYWOOD HAS TO OFFER!

MORE PERSONAL ADS THAN EVER BEFORE!

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EDITORIAL



Buckle your seat belts! SULKA, the busty beauty from California has pulled out all the stops and crossed the threshold of womanhood. We wish her the best of luck and happiness, and we will look forward to hearing how it all works out in an upcoming issue.

Alas, it brings great sorrow to let the many followers and admirers of AMANDA WINTERS, the redheaded goddess of the California limelight, know of her passing. Along with Amanda was Kristie Kelly, the pilot of the single engine plane that went down in a remote mountain area of Las Vegas, Nevada; two other gentlemen were said to have been aboard, also.

We did happen to have an interview with Kristie Kelly. Our star editor Linda Lee had a wonderful friendship with this very special person, and we hope it will give you more insight as to the true nature of this courageous human being who completed and fulfilled her role, and her destiny.

On the upbeat side of life, all has been wonderful. The personal ad section of FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL is filling up with all the great people you should and could meet, which makes us more assured that we are growing, an indication that the job I set out to do is being accomplished, and that's enough to keep it going for all of us.

Please send your letters and photos (though it is difficult to answer everyone personally). We cherish them and find them valuable in making you, our readers, more fulfilled.

Happy dressing!

With love and determination,

Kim Christy

**FEMALE MIMICS
INTERNATIONAL
P.O. Box 1622
Studio City, CA. 91604**



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Letters to the Editor

IF YOU WISH TO WRITE TO KIM AND POSSIBLY HAVE YOUR CORRESPONDENCE PUBLISHED, PLEASE ADDRESS IT TO KIM CHRISTY, C/O FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL, P.O. BOX 1622, STUDIO CITY, CA 91604.

Dear Kim:

I enjoy your magazine very much. In your first issue there is a picture of a very gorgeous she-male. I think her name is Sugar. She's featured in Garde Ball article and she won the Best Body award. I can see why—what a beautiful figure she has. I can't believe she is anything but a real woman. Is there a chance we could see more of her in a future issue of FEMALE MIMICS?

I have a scrap book with pictures of beautiful impersonators that I have been collecting for over 20 years. Some of the very first pictures I collected were of two Paris she-males, Coccenelle and Bambi. What ever became of them?

I've noticed a great number of she-males from Hawaii lately. They all have outstanding figures and make beautiful-looking women. I look forward to your next issue of FEMALE MIMICS.

Yours truly,
Bobbie

Dear Bobbie:

The two French beauties you mention are both "women" now living the good life in the south of France. FMI has several of their pictures in issue No. 4. Thank you for showing such excellent taste.

Kim Christy



STEPHANIE

Dear Kim:

May I congratulate you and the staff of FEMALE MIMICS for presenting the art of female impersonation so tastefully. The photos of Amanda, alone, were worth the price of your truly inspiring publication. She's so lovely. Both Amanda and Jennifer epitomize the very best in female impersonation. Of course, they enjoy the protracted benefits of taking female hormones, something I've just begun.

Kim, while I do admire and envy the beauty of most professional female impersonators, I'm also interested in the efforts of non-professionals who pass in public as women. Both your publication and its subscribers would profit from your featuring a non-professional female impersonator in each issue of FEMALE MIMICS, but please don't use the freaks one too often sees in most TV publications. I hope your magazine will remain dedicated to the fine art of female impersonation.

Linda Lee's article was most informative on com-

HOLLYWOOD HOTS



ONLY CHARLIE KNOWS FOR SURE

ing out, something I did a long time ago. She writes extremely well and is most astute in her observations.

As for myself, I work hard at looking and acting like a woman. I diet and exercise to keep my trim feminine figure. I'm fortunate to be relatively free of body hair, but I must have my legs waxed regularly. Thanks to prolonged electrolysis, I no longer have even the hint of a beard. I continue to experiment with makeup and seldom take less than an hour to put on my face. I never dress garishly in public, but at home I occasionally wear seductive lingerie provocative makeup, and a full sexy wig. I also have a passion for ultra high heels and sheer black stockings with seams. In a word, I thoroughly enjoy looking and acting like a whore whenever I'm entertaining a man in the privacy of my boudoir, a bit of strategy clever women always employ for good sex.

I don't consider myself a homosexual and I'm certainly not bisexual. I'm not in the least interested in women, nor do I like gay men or TVs. I am, however, very much attracted to married, macho men. I consider my relationships with them heterosexual, in that I'm totally passive and please them sexually in a feminine manner.

I do hope you use the prints and negatives I've

enclosed of myself in your next issue along with this letter.

Again, let me wish you continued success.

Sincerely,
Stephanie

Dear Stephanie:

You definitely sound like a "gal" after my own heart! It appears to me your hard work is paying. Your sexy, hot image is sure to attract some good times ahead. Good luck and many thanks.

Kim Christy

Dear Kim:

I have been tremendously well impressed with the exceptional high quality of FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL magazine. The quality of the paper, photography, articles is first class in every sense of the word. I believe it to be without question the best magazine published in its field. I only recently became acquainted with the publication, and only have volume II, numbers 1, 2, and 3. I would like to support the magazine on a regular basis.

Thank you, Kim,
Robert Shepard

Dear Roberta,

Thank you for your wonderful compliments, and of course your support. As soon as a subscription service is

available we will send you all the pertinent information. Warm wishes to you, Robert, and thanks again for your enthusiasm!

Kim Christy

Dear Kim:

I have had the opportunity to read FEMALE MIMICS, which is published quarterly in my hometown (Wilmington, Delaware). I must say it is a very great magazine and I am so inspired by your articles. I am enclosing these photos of myself. I am 24 years old and I have been cross-dressing for 7 years now!

My operation is due to take place in New York City within the next 8 weeks. I'm very excited about my surgery and I wish to contribute my story as a booster to your future publications.

Also, you have my permission to bring any photos enclosed. (Hope you do, too). Keep up the outstanding work.

Love ya FEMALE MIMICS,
Sharon

Dear Sharon:

Thank you for the hello and keep us posted on the outcome of your surgery. We always love to hear how these things work out. It helps so many others to have a better understanding of it all.

Kim Christy

Sugar Nicole

"Big girls are beautiful," especially when they're as talented, warm and friendly as "Sugar." She's a mocha beauty who knows her chosen profession very well, and is willing to share her secrets on how to make "tall girls look their best."







Clothes are selected for their sense of style and flair, not for a camouflage effect. "I love glamor, furs, jewelry, wild hairdos," says Sugar — and when she works her magic, the result is always f-a-b-u-l-o-u-s and very professional.







As a club entertainer, she's tops and always giving her best work—whether it's a comedy act or a serious ballad, Sugar is out there doing what comes naturally, and letting the world know it's not only blonde's that have more fun!







KRISTY KELLY & LINDA LEE: A CONVERSATION

Kristi Kelly is a remarkable person. She is a post-operative male to female transsexual who is President of one corporation and Vice President and Director of Operations for another.

Impressive as this is, it is by no means the whole of her story.

Linda Lee interviewed Kristi in her office at her corporate headquarters.

L.L.: Tell me about your early life, background, growing up . . . all that stuff . . . and when did you first realize you were different?

K.K.: I think I first realized I was different . . . I kind of realized it in reverse. I thought everybody else was different, you know?

L.L.: Yes . . .

K.K.: And as a very little person . . . I had a sister who was a year younger than I and we were very close, slept together, the whole thing because we came from a relatively . . . my parents were struggling, it was in the Great Depression, small town in Idaho, and we lived in a converted large house made into four apartments owned by my grandmother who was giving that to my folks rent-free.

So . . . my sister and I were a year apart and we were very close and I thought we were just two human people. I didn't really get into gender or anything until there came a time when, all of a sudden at a very early age, at four or five, you know, I was required and requested not to take baths with my sister and things like that . . . that we were different. She's a girl and I'm a boy.

And I didn't see that difference, you know? I didn't notice the exterior and interior plumbing.

I think the most impact came when I was very young and going to the store to meet my mother. It was a small town and the store was only a block or two away.

I was supposed to meet her there, then we'd go to a restaurant. I didn't have any clean clothes, so I got into my sister's drawer.

Her things . . . specifically the little things kids wear . . . it wasn't dresses or anything like that . . . just her clothes . . . and walked down to the store to meet my mother, and on the outside I had half mine half hers and, as mothers go, you know how they probably know every stitch of clothes that was clean in the house, and she wondered what I had on and found out and embarrassed me immediately in front of the people around.

Well, actually, she pulled me aside diplomatically, didn't speak in front of everyone else, but I knew that they knew that I had done something terribly wrong.

And that's when I noticed it . . . from that point forward, I started feeling con-

sciously ('cause this was a very, very young age . . .) that there was some big difference between my sister, which was my world at the time . . . you know . . . my own little family, and me and the rest of the world.

I had to relate to a different gender. I had an absentee father at the time, with the war . . . dad was at war so I didn't have a father-figure, and was surrounded by a lot of women.

But I knew men existed and I knew that was what I was going to grow up to be.

L.L.: Did it come into your consciousness and stay there right through your school years? Did you have to keep dealing with it, or did you forget about it and figure "Oh, well, it will work itself out."?

K.K.: Every night of my life, every day of my life, every waking minute of my life, I would pray. I'd go to bed praying that I'd wake up as a girl, after I figured out I wasn't one. So I dealt with it every minute.

L.L.: Did it become a problem when you were shunted into the boys' gym classes and stuff like that? Did it make you uncomfortable?

K.K.: Not at all . . . not at all in the sense that I found the ways the boys acted . . . you know, the rowdy behavior and things like that, foreign to me. The typically boy's things were foreign to me but I adjusted very well inasmuch as I wanted to be accepted, wanted to be popular, so I did what I needed to do.

I satisfied the image publicly, but inwardly I was never without the feeling that I was different. And I was always fearful that I would be uncovered to be different, or discovered to be different. But I never once . . . never once got caught.

L.L.: Did you cross-dress?

K.K.: Always. From my earliest recollection. So you seek out private moments a lot and people interpret that as being reclusive or, I don't know, mischievous because you're gone to do . . . whatever. You start to seek out a private world a lot.

I did, anyway. I think the most frustrating day of my life was the day I outgrew

my sister's clothes and was too small for my mother's.

L.L.: Did you go to college?

K.K.: Oh, yes . . .

L.L.: I figured you probably had. When you did get on into university, did it become a problem then?

K.K.: It was an expanded situation in that I always had my . . . except for those moments of extreme purge . . . I went through tons of those, where you threw away every stitch of apparel and you're getting rid of it.

All I have to do is alienate myself from the outward apparel and I will have cured myself . . . and I'd feel really good for twenty-four hours . . .

Otherwise I kept my trunk of clothes. At all times I kept my private apartment. I was probably the most popular client at several motels along the way, because I had this compulsion . . . I had to let my personality come through . . . I had no control over it.

L.L.: If you had your own apartment, of course, that's not quite as hard as . . .

K.K.: With three male roommates!

L.L.: Ah . . . that's what I was going to ask . . .

K.K.: At a religious university . . .

L.L.: . . . like a dorm . . . I have a friend



from Japan who lived for three years in a dorm and it was driving him crazy, so I know it can be a problem. I didn't know

where you went to school and how far from home you were.

K.K.: I went most of my years to Brigham Young, but I was in Oregon as well.

With my parents being gone a lot, I had tremendous opportunities for private use



of the house, and that allowed me a lot of expression.

L.L.: So you never really tried to deny it to yourself? It was always something that was there and had to be dealt with; you could never say "This is just a phase I'm going through."?

K.K.: Oh, yes!

L.L.: Oh, you did?

K.K.: I always thought that the next year I'd be able to conquer it.

"When I'm twenty, I'll have grown out of it." "When I'm twenty-three I'll have grown out of it."

When I was twenty-three I said "Well,

when I'm twenty-five I'll get old enough to handle this . . ." or maybe "If I dedicate myself religiously a little bit more, I can handle it . . ." so . . . I tried . . .

L.L.: You had a pretty strong religious background, didn't you?

K.K.: I spent almost three years as a volunteer missionary for the Mormon Church, and served in the highest priesthood in the Mormon hierarchy.

And by the way, they kicked me out when they found out. When I decided to disclose, in all honesty, what I was . . . and thought maybe they would have understanding and compassion . . . their reaction was "Let's weed out the evil in our organization." And I was it.

They excommunicated me through a church trial. They go through a regular trial . . .

L.L.: How charming . . .

K.K.: Twenty or so older men all sitting around asking me questions about . . . they all centered around, of course, sex and not gender.

L.L.: People don't understand that differentiation.

K.K.: They didn't understand *any* of the medical aspects of it, nor did they care to. The questions were all directed primarily in a sexual vein and I find sex . . . having a religious background I still attach sex to love.

L.L.: Oh, ideally, certainly.

K.K.: Well, *most* of the time.

L.L.: How did you start in business, was it right around the time you finished up university?

K.K.: In my junior year in college . . . by the way, I fell totally in love and married. The sweetest little girl in the world . . . because I was totally heterosexual in my orientation at that time . . . although I felt very comfortable around men, it was just a no-no. I had a lot of capacity for contact comfort, i.e. putting my arms around other people, men and women, but I fell totally in love with this girl in my junior year in college . . .

I was a little more advanced . . . not in the social activities, though I was serving

as vice-president of the school, I was more oriented toward business.

I borrowed twenty-five bucks from my father and I had saved up twenty-five bucks and I rented a little office and started booking entertainment. That's how we started.

By the end of my senior year, it was written up in the *Reader's Digest* as "How to Succeed in Business Before Graduating," one of the ten most outstanding college business people, it was totally unexpected . . .

I was making \$600 a week . . . a college student . . . Jiminy Crickets! I had offices in Los Angeles, in Utah, in the Pacific Northwest . . . it was unreal!

So that's how I started. Then I just started getting into different businesses until I finally joined forces with a guy who was developing hotels and worked for him for a year selling rooms . . . you know, walking up, knocking on the door, saying, "Hi, would you like to stay in our hotel?"

We did a good job and he came in one day and just openly announced that I was handling his whole chain for him. I said, "I don't know how to run a chain!" He said, "Neither do I, but you run it."

L.L.: So your business grew. Did it ever occur to you that you were heading for some sort of conflict that couldn't be reconciled between the marriage, business, gender triangle?

K.K.: I didn't have any answer to it, I just lived in total fear of one thing, of losing my wife and my family and, at the time, my church as well. Those were the biggest fears in my life that if they ever found out, I would lose their respect and subsequently, them.

So I thought perhaps I would have the ability to weather this storm out for the rest of my life, but it intensified, it terribly intensified after I was about twenty-five years old.

I'd thought maybe it would be minimized, but it intensified tremendously. And I found out that as I read more material about it, it intensified even more, so I tried not to read about it.



I really knew I had a date with the operating table when I read Jan Morris' book *Conundrum*, and there was one scene and I got this vision of those operating tables . . . I can't believe it, it was just like when I actually went.

I didn't know when, but I knew I had a date with a surgeon's scalpel.

L.L.: About how long had you been mar-

ried at that point? Jan Morris' book came out, what, about seven or eight years ago?

K.K.: Yes, I guess it was back in about '72 and I'd been married for about six years. *

* *Actually, we were both wrong. Jan Morris' book appeared in 1974.*

L.L.: Once you realized that, how did you deal with it, considering the other responsibilities you had, business and family and so on?

K.K.: I found myself struggling to keep my head above water emotionally, and found myself sinking and tiring.

I found myself increasingly fatalistic about my future . . . about anything positive . . .

I started withdrawing immensely into myself and my business.

But even though from the outside people thought I was probably very aggressive in doing this, I found myself alone many, many, many years in my office until late hours in the morning and . . . just not very happy at all.

L.L.: Yes, I know how that is.

K.K.: I drove myself. I would go from hot to cold. I would throw myself intensely into my work.

And then there were periods when I would just get so fed up I would take these "business trips." That's what everybody thought they were . . . for two or three weeks when I'd just go away and live as a lady.

And I had separate apartments in the same community . . . and I felt so guilty about this . . . I'd say I was going on a three-day trip; I went two miles down the street so I could live and express myself the way I felt inside.

It wasn't actually lying. I'd just say, "I've got business to conduct, and I'll be gone for three days."

And three days later I'd come back and . . . it wasn't pretty . . . because I had a good lady . . . a good family . . .

L.L.: That's always the hardest. A business is a business. You can always start another, but a relationship is unique.

K.K.: Very unique. I have to say thank

God I did take those trip for my business' sake, because . . . I couldn't concentrate on business until I found myself in my chosen role, then I could get down and cut all the paperwork that I'd been saving up, and I felt very comfortable and breathed a sigh of relief and I'd spend two productive days, immensely productive days. I'd come off with my best and most brilliant work.

L.L.: I sometimes think that when someone goes through an emotional crisis, and I'm speaking generally, you tend to build a barricade of paperwork between yourself and the rest of the world. You figure, "This is a buffer; it protects me."

K.K.: See my desk? (Laughs)

L.L.: Have you really given any thought to whether, on balance, it was a good thing? Or has it just come down to the fact that your decision was the only possible thing?

K.K.: Yes . . . at that time . . . I had prayed that when I shared this with my "ex" that she would support me. I wanted her to go . . . *pleaded* to go . . . to counselors . . . but she's very religious too, this extremely conservative religion, and it was absolutely a horrendous thought for her to even have to share this with anybody, or to face this and to sit through church on Sunday knowing it was in her life. So when I told her, I didn't get the support.

I wanted her to go to clubs that had husbands and wives, and to hopefully handle this by allowing me to express my role on occasion in a healthy environment, a controlled environment, an accepting environment *with her*.

But she refused totally and flatly to do it and, in fact, she confessed she didn't want this in her life and that she thought that if I wanted to stop it, all I had to do was stop it and it would go away.

L.L.: You knew better by that time, I'm sure.

K.K.: It *didn't* go away; it intensified. And so, to make the point here, after I'd lost the support, the belief and the love of the person that I had built my life around, I spent several months just floundering be-

cause that was the only reason, basically, I hadn't done it before.

I left myself almost with no motives in life, so I thought, "I've got myself an opportunity to do one of two things . . . to continue living . . ." I found myself very suicidal.

L.L.: I can understand that . . .

K.K.: And on one or two occasions came very close to . . . you know, it was the end of the tunnel and I looked up searching for some ray of light somewhere, but it just wasn't there.

L.L.: There are times when it seems like it would be such a *relief*.

K.K.: Yes . . . it wasn't there . . . so . . . am I happy I did it?

L.L.: Not necessarily are you happy because that changes from day to day, but on *balance* do you think it was the best step you could have taken?

K.K.: It was the only step. It's not the best step by far. It wasn't worth giving up my family, heavens no.

But I didn't have any other choice. I honest to God had *no* other choice. I think only one who has been in that situation can understand that statement.

But I have to say one thing, that I totally concur with the theory that *at this time*, surgery is the only answer for cases like mine, because from that day forward I've had no conflict in my mind regarding my gender, my identity . . . It's established and it's irreversible, so you have to accept it.

And I hate to think what the alternatives would have been for me had I not taken that step, knowing how my life was going.

L.L.: The hardest thing, then, was dealing with the breakup of your family. Would you say the most positive thing is just that you can now give a sigh of relief and get on to other things, that the gender problem is no longer constantly "at" you?

K.K.: It gets back to your very well-posed question of balance.

I have a sigh of relief personally and in business. I thought the world was going to fall in financially and every other way.

And to my great surprise and appreciation, I've been able to magnify my potential much more than I expected.

But the family aspects are heavier even today because I don't have the opportunity to see my children. I fathered three beautiful, wonderful, loving children, but I can't even cast my eyes on them.

L.L.: I imagine you're continuing to work on that, or having your people work on it . . .

K.K.: I have had the best lawyers around. But the system has beaten me badly. I got beaten very badly in court. I got beaten totally in my personal relationships . . .

Yes, I'm fighting it. I'm continuing to fight it, and I'm going to be producing a movie. There are a lot of reasons for it, but the underlying reason, the most primary reason in my mind, is to present my side of the story in a way that my children will be able to see, because I know it will never get presented by anyone else. In fact, it will be distorted, if anything.

L.L.: A friend of mine went through that. His ex-wife couldn't handle it and told his children that their father was doing this terrible thing. The kids were eleven and thirteen or so, and when they found out what was actually happening, it was sort of "Ho hum, big deal."

K.K.: I agree, you've hit on *exactly* my point. That's the issue. Nobody thinks to ask the *children* how to handle it.

The courts didn't ask, the experts didn't ask, and I've got a child old enough to choose which parent she wants to live with, in many states. The rights of the children were totally denied.

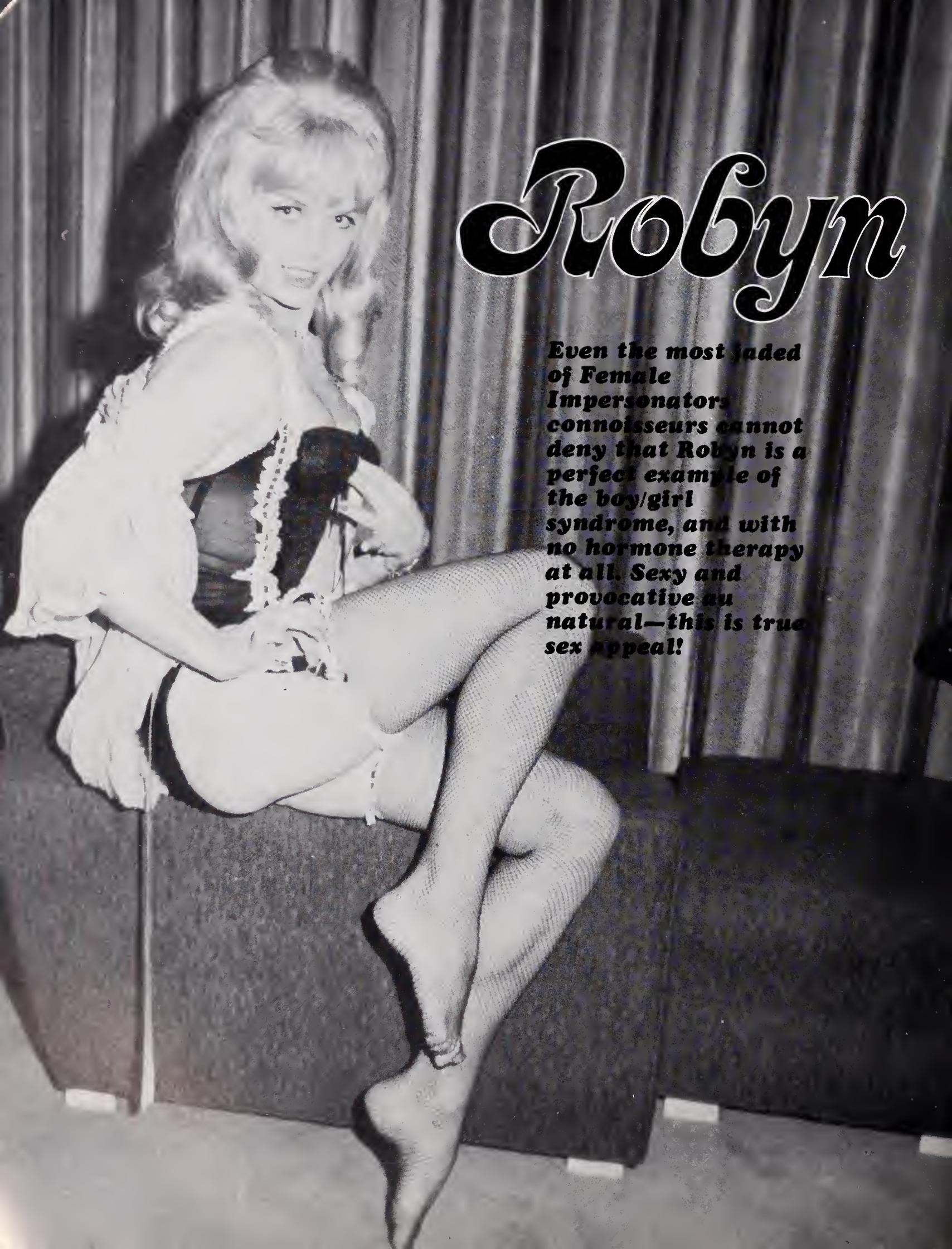
L.L.: That's a shame.

K.K.: And, you know, I was kinky, fun-loving, a long-haired daddy before, and they were *proud* of it. They'd bring their friends over to say, "See my daddy who looks like Peter Frampton with his long hair "

L.L.: He's not an old fogey like all those other daddies.

K.K.: Right! But the issue *is* heavy, and my

(continued on page 46)

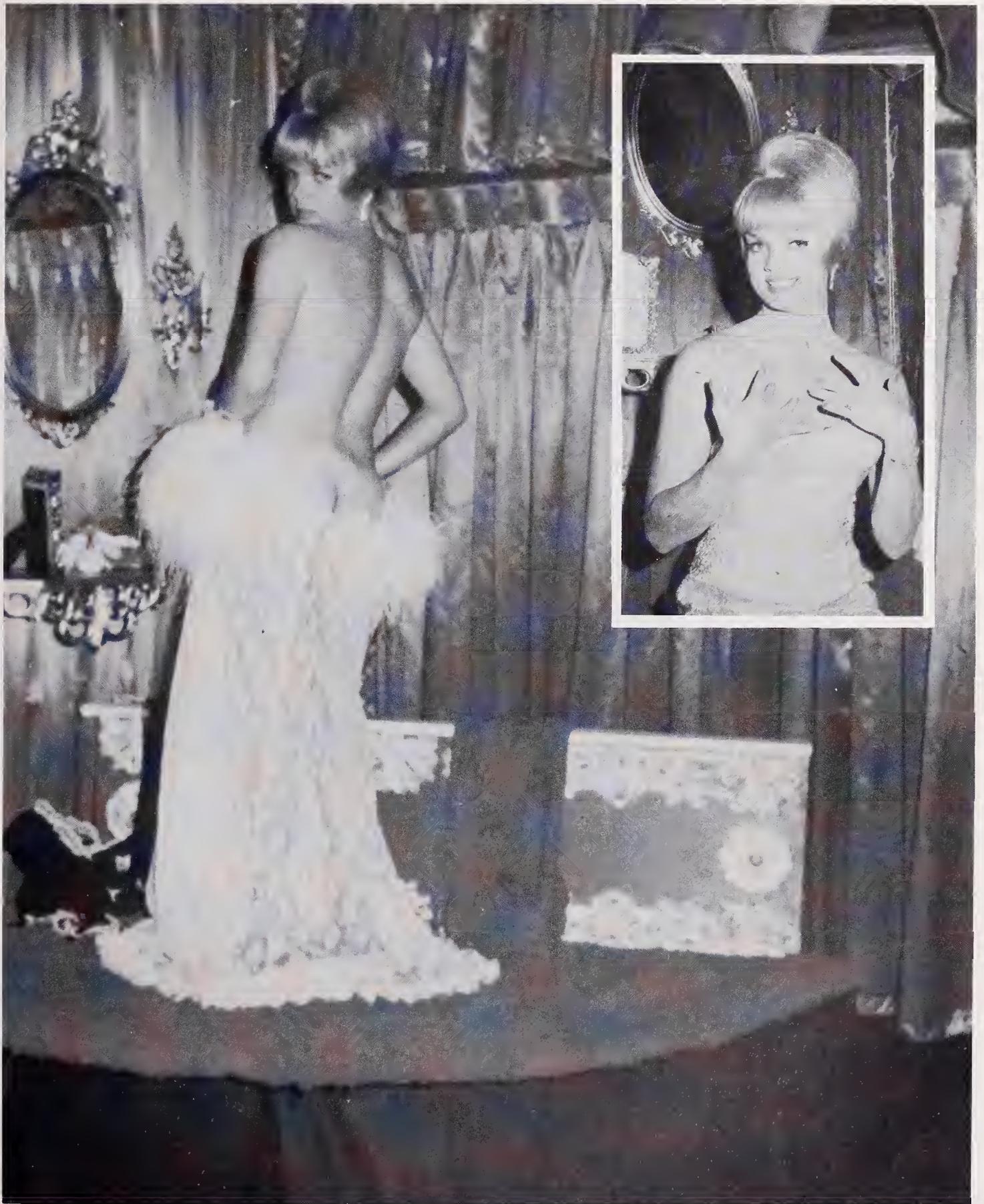


Robyn

Even the most jaded of Female Impersonators connoisseurs cannot deny that Robyn is a perfect example of the boy/girl syndrome, and with no hormone therapy at all. Sexy and provocative au natural—this is true sex appeal!







When boys look like Bridget Bardot, and dance like Cyd Charisse, then all we can say is viva la difference — and let's see some more just like Robyn!



in memory of
Amanda Winters

Breathtaking, sexy, ravishing, gracious, Star quality, Super Star, loving, friendly, open, bright, funny, bombastic—just a few words to describe a friend who passed away.

Every once in awhile, the world gets lucky enough, with all of its confusion, prejudices and problems, to welcome along someone like Amanda Winters (better known to her family as Gregory).

In this world are human beings who possess a deep need to change their bodies into the true people they rightfully feel themselves to be. These changes do not come about easily, nor, for that matter, without a lot of physical and mental pain and anxiety.

Amanda was lucky, and fortunate that the good Lord gave her so much to start with, for she not only possessed the physical beauty so many strive for, but she had a great deal of pride and decency which set her apart from most of the kids we see out and about these days. I guess you might say Amanda had a quality of innocence about her.

Amanda first shot for *F.M.I.* in the spring of 1978, and I was so delighted with her spirit and helpfulness on the shoot. Her modesty was like that of a young girl in the beginning





stages of puberty. She was absolutely adorable, being careful not to show too much of that beautiful body. We respected her wish not to be too risqué, and captured her on film as a clean-cut, all-American girl just doing her thing. The photos drew a huge response from as far away as New York and Denmark, letting us know that the world loved and wanted more of Amanda.

From that point on, she blossomed from what seemed to be puberty to womanhood. She perfected the look that had Hollywood producers offering contracts, stage-door Johnnies idolizing her from afar, and top-notch journalists writing poems of love and caring for her.







Although the circumstances surrounding Amanda's death read like those of the death of Carole Lombard, her burial was much less glamorous. Her mother had never approved of her son's wild lifestyle, and could hardly cope or understand the fact that her child was not what she'd wanted him/her to be. (It is sometimes said that a parent can be jealous of their own children.) Whatever the lack of understanding, reliable sources say that Amanda Winters was buried the way she came into this life—as a male. A hair cut and a man's suit were the last bit of drag she was seen in. It has even been rumored that her much-wanted breasts were re-

moved.

We would prefer to think of this beautiful person dressed in white lace and lavender bows, as she would have preferred, for to take away the things she worked so hard for, to alter the person she suffered so to become and made her the human being she was happy being, would seem to be saying that who she was and what she was had no validity or meaning. As far as this editor is concerned, as well as the many fans and friends she's left behind, Amanda's chosen lifestyle did have meaning.

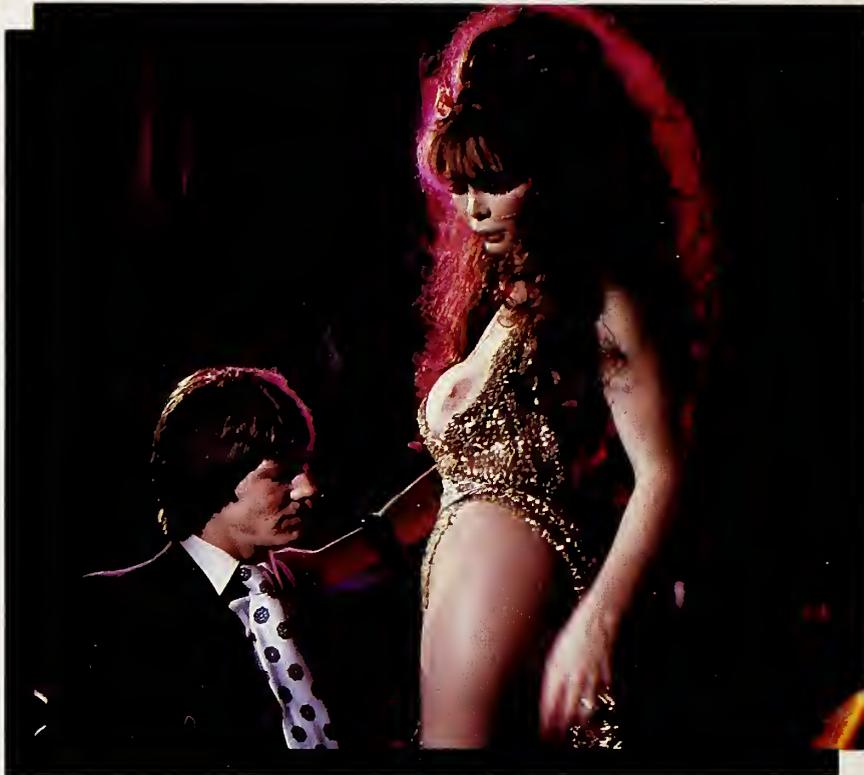
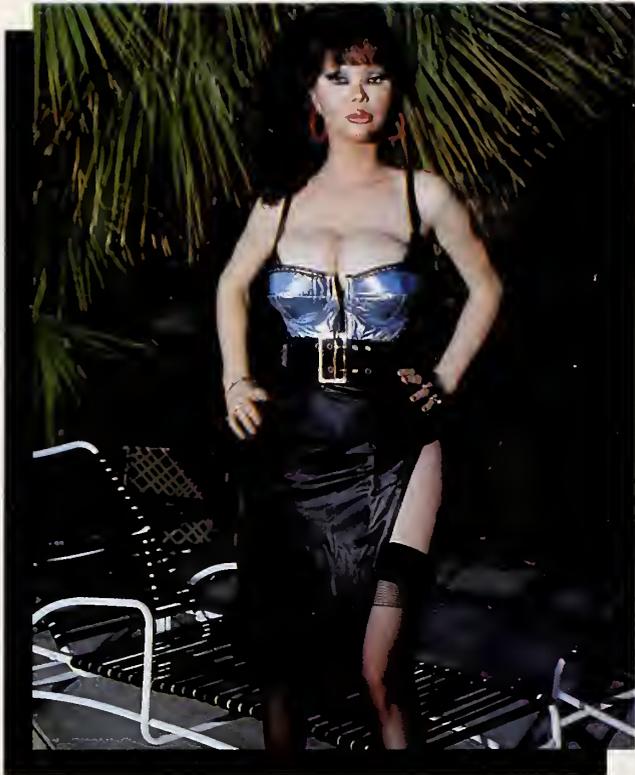
We loved you, Amanda, for all that you were and all that you stood for!



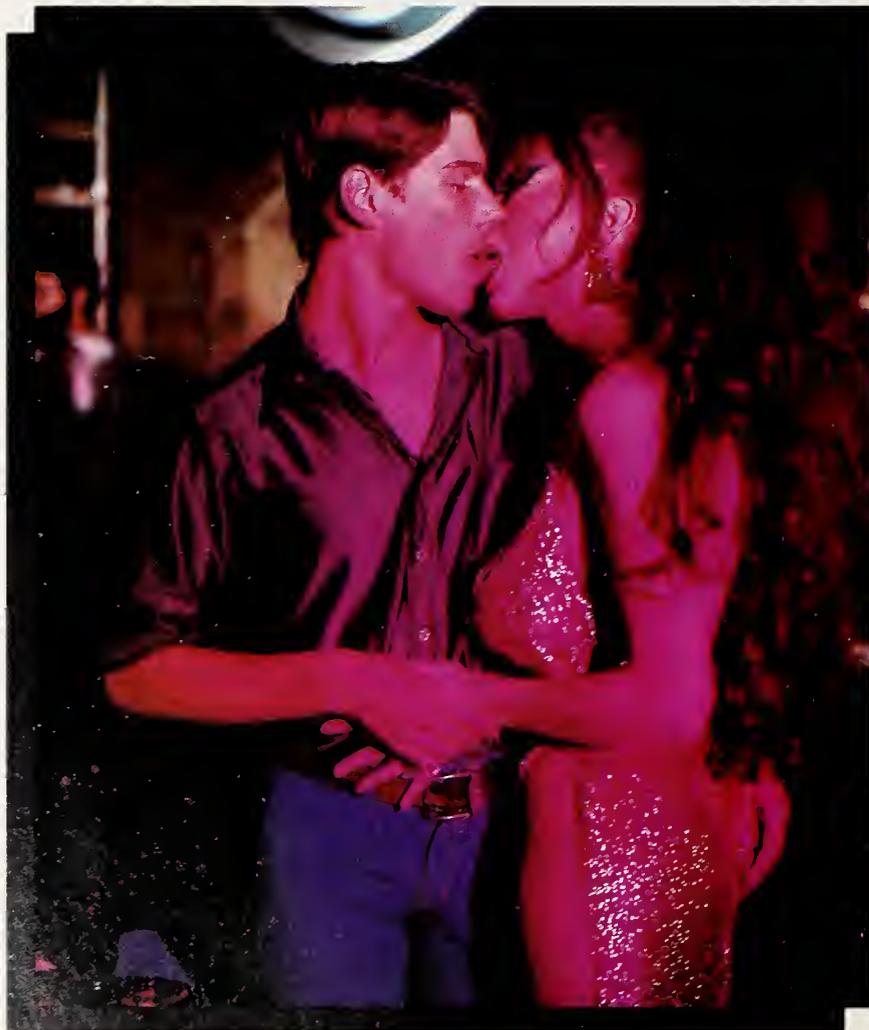
Out-Takes

"Dream Lovers," the most sizzling film epic ever made—it's Sensuous Sulka at her blistering best in the wild world of transsexual lust!



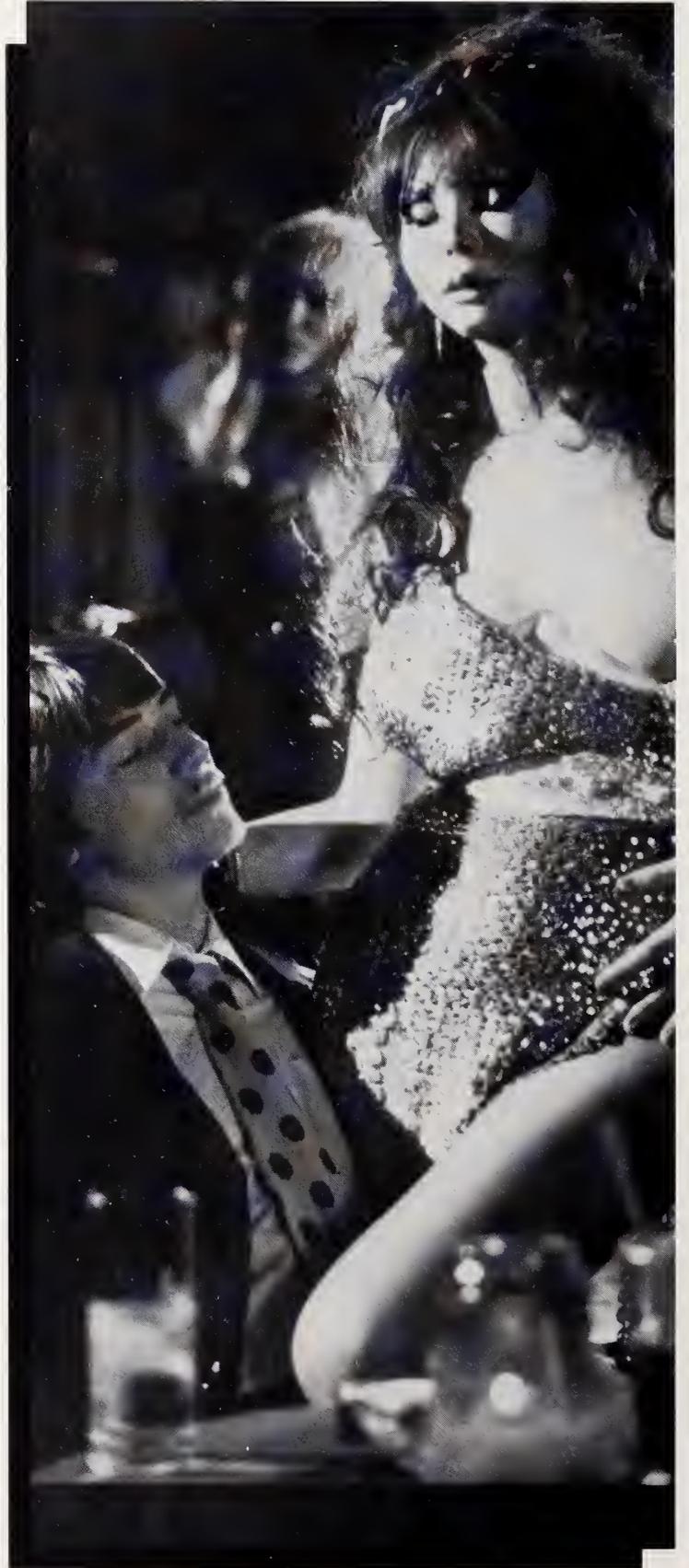


The last and hottest film made before Sulka's revolutionary sex change, it's bound to knock your socks off! Also starring Magnificent Margo, Frances Lopez, and a host of sexual super stars unequalled anywhere. Watch for it in your favorite video store, available very soon.





Filmed on location, this film takes you on a trip in the dream world of Dragdom, with real female super star Loni Sanders as the eager girl next door looking for a good time at a drag show. For the first time, an honest and thrilling glimpse at transsexuality.





MISS INTERNATIONAL COTILLION

Myron's





The producers did not have to look far to get contestants for this extravaganza, and once again the talent of the twenty-odd entries was superb.







And the winner is number 15, Los Angeles' own "Dancing Doll" Myra. Congratulations to all!



female mimics

PERSONAL ADS



SOPHISTICATED, adaptable she-male, with good wardrobe seeks fun-loving people, or to act as friend to TVs. S.A.S.E. to Barbara. **F-100**

MALE, 55, Transvestite—cannot find contact for clothing, equipment and training, wishes to serve and correspond with other TVs. Help, please. **F-101**

YOUNG, 26, male TV would like to meet female 18-30 for fun. Must wear stockings. Possible permanent relationship. Own house and car. Also like to hear from other TVs—anywhere. **F-102**

ARTS graduate with cultural interests. I am not a Transvestite, but I am keen on silky panties. I wish to correspond with other enthusiasts who have similar interests. **F-103**

LADIES! I am in need of instruction in the art and craft of femininity. Womanhood, wifecraft, housewifery, girliness and a host of other qualities and crafts which I sadly lack. Please aid me in the task of molding me to become the proper young lady I want to be. **F-104**

YOUNG, convincing TV wishes to meet similar or sympathetic young lady into makeup and fashion. My interest is fashion photography. Not glamour or nude. **F-105**

MALE TV, 25, needs help in cross-dressing. Wishes to meet/write other TVs or females with similar interests. Discretion absolute. Genuine replies only. **F-106**

YOUNG, pretty TV required for 35-year-old tall, slim, frustrated TV as housekeeper, friend, lover, confidant. I can never be a beautiful woman—let me make your dream come true instead. **F-107**

FEMININE TV passes easily in contemporary fashions or disco dress with spike heels—demure or provocative makeup. Some experience with light domination and submission and fantasy play. Want to share sights and night-clubs of San Francisco with adventurous women and tall, sensitive men. Also enjoy discreet couples. Trustworthy, open and accepting. Will respond to all letters with photo (returnable). **F-108**

TV into extreme tight lacing, ultra-high heels and leather, desires correspondence with others of like interests. Other interests include B&D and erotic piercing. Please enclose photo and S.A.S.E. for reply. **F-109**

SENSUOUS TV—bi dominant/submissive wishes to meet or correspond with bi ladies and men and couples. Will accept male and female slaves, but prefer the woman is dominant. Also TVs and TSs. Enjoy lingerie, high heels and fine clothes. Will travel Southern California. Phone, photo and all letters will be answered. **F-110**

BEAUTIFUL young queen, pre-op TS, Bay Area, wishes to meet and correspond with TVs, TSs, males and females for friendship and fun and games. I enjoy exotic clothes and high heels. French, Greek, bondage and water sports. Photo and phone appreciated. All will be answered. **F-111**

PRETTY, young, effeminate bi transvestite wishes to meet or correspond with strict, dominant mistress in New Orleans area. I love wearing clothes, French maid's uniforms. Other interests include subjugation to infantile, rubber diaper training, petticoat punishment, rubber nurse training, enemas and spankings. Would like to meet and correspond with other TVs, TSs and sincere females. **F-112**

HI! I'M JUDY, a passive and lonely TV who wants to exchange letters and photos with other TVs and females, with a meeting later on. Please hurry and write me. I need you. I promise to answer all. **F-113**



F-113



F-114

SEXY BI-TV, 42, D.C. and vicinity, wishes to correspond, eventually meet other TVs in area, women also. Love seamed hose, corsets, high heels, boots, etc. Will answer all who include S.A.S.E. and photo. Love photo sessions, too!

F-114

PRE-OP TS with mind of a sensual woman and body to match seeks correspondence and photo exchange with all TSs who feel the same. Sincere letter and photos brings fast reply. No men, please.

F-115

TALL TV wishes to correspond with all TVs and TSs, especially those over 6', concerning availability of lingerie, clothing, shoes, etc. Also wish to exchange ideas on makeup and hair-styles. Let's become friends via the mail with hopes of eventual meeting. All replies answered immediately. Your photos get color pictures of me. Please hurry.

F-116

MALE TV, 54. Would like to correspond with other TV. Also want tips on how to apply makeup, what type of clothes to wear. I am not very attractive but have been feeling female all my life. Want someone to help in bringing out the best of me.

F-117



F-115



F-131

BI-TV, 20, 5' 8", 125 lbs., blue eyes and light brown hair, from D.C. area. Desires to hear from and possibly meet people from all over to further explore the world of cross-dressing and to realize her full potential.

F-119

VERY attractive TV, 30. Bi-sexual. Wishes to correspond with females and gorgeous TVs in U.S.A. I live in England and like glamor, nudity, fashion, high heels and photography. Long letters and photos appreciated and exchanged.

F-120

BARBARA, the sophisticated English shemale, seeks swinging friends. I adore Americans. Own apartment. All letters answered.

F-121

PRETTY 28-year-old TS desires correspondence and meetings with other TSs. Will also help novice TVs and TSs. Will answer all who enclose recent photo (full-length) and phone number, if possible.

F-122



F-132

ATTRACTIVE TV dominant with sensuous flair would like to train slaves with true fantasy. Male and female. Love the bizarre and erotic. Also, dominant ladies to exchange ideas. Send interests and detailed letter for immediate reply. S.A.S.E.

F-123

TV BOY/GIRL from Paris, France, has lived as a girl since a teenager. 27, long blonde hair, into elegant eroticism ala Helmut Newton. Seeking tall, athletic executive to explore dominance/submission in a steady, mutually enhancing companionship. May be permanent. Will consider couples. Sincere only—no curiosity-seekers. Write GOLDEN GIRL.

F-124

DOMINANT mistress interested in relationship with unique individuals and couples. Can provide submissive or dominant male side. Send S.A.S.E. for immediate response.

F-125

LOVELY, sensual TV desires correspondence (and meetings) with TVs, TSs, Fls, and ladies of similar desires. Interests include professional photography, corsetry, lingerie, high heels, and all facets of the feminine mystique. Photo and S.A.S.E. guarantee reply. Discretion and honesty assured. Danielle.

F-126



F-121

TV interested in meeting TVs, women or couples who enjoy the art of transvestism. I enjoy lingerie, heels and hose, French and Greek active and passive. Would especially like to meet a TV or couple to go out together or attend parties in the Philadelphia area. Would also like to meet a gentle male who would treat me like the woman I am trying to be. Photo and phone, please. Discretion a must. Love, Mary. **F-127**

ATTRACTIVE, single male, 27, average height and weight whose sexual desires are exclusively for TVs. I live in Dallas but will travel, especially New Orleans, for the right person. Correspondence and photo exchange also greatly appreciated. **F-128**

YOUNG, 35, inexperienced TV would love understanding female to help him dress up and spend the day with. Prefer Chicago—northwest sub. Will answer all who write me. Prefer women 40-60 but all ages O.K. **F-129**

ADAPTABLE she-male wishes to hear from other she-males. Seeks fun-loving people with similar interests in lingerie, makeup and a variety of activities that two can do. I am shy and lonely but just beginning to open up. Please help. Need help on how to get hormones and advice. Will answer those who are sincere and honest. Would love to get together with another she-male with same interests. **F-130**

SOPHISTICATED queen interested in meeting select men for mutual pleasure. I'm totally passive and not without experience. I'm fluent in French and very receptive in Greek. Phone and photo appreciated. Stephanie. **F-131**

LOVING bi TV would love to meet women, TVs, TSs, FIs, for mutual erotic pleasure. Need help in makeup, dressing. Love most cultures. Discretion given—expected. I'm hot and ready to please everyone. Phone, photo. Will return—send same. **F-132**

TV, age 46, 5' 8" weight 150 lbs., live in the Jacksonville, Gainesville area of north Florida. Wish to correspond and meet with TVs and TSs, understanding women or interested couples. Limited travel to meet you or can entertain at my home. Will answer all who respond to my ad. Love to dress up, take photos, go out shopping, to dinner, etc. Enjoy music and good conversation. Hurry, let's get to know each other. Femme name—(Elaine) **F-133**

Hi! My name is Wendy and I would love to correspond with persons that have the same interests that I have. Possible meeting in future—New England area. **F-134**



F-120

PASSIONATE TV wishes to hear from other TVs, TSs or FIs for possible relationship. I love lace and corsets. Will answer all letters. Joanne **F-135**

Male TV wants to meet any understanding people. Will answer all same day. This is first ad, so please write. Photo nice but not necessary. **F-136**

TRANSVESTITE. Married male cross-dresser, 37, seeks contacts with understanding females and other cross-dressers. Open-minded but not into other cultures. Interests include reading, cooking, and nice people. Discretion needed and granted. No pros. **F-137**

DETROIT. Prospective TS needs moral support and advice from TSs and women. 31, 5' 11", 150 lbs. No raving beauty but passable as female. Law student with interests in music, literature and the arts. Lynn. **F-138**

LONELY. Wish to make contact with other TVs, TSs or females willing to help me become the true feminine person I long to be. Attractive, pass easily. Travel southeast U.S. Would like to correspond and perhaps meet others with similar interests. Promise to answer all letters with photo and S.A.S.E. first. Have extensive wardrobe. Intrigued by long fingernails as photos will show. Sincere replies only. **F-139**

YOUNG, 25, TV in exotic makeup and dressing, wishes to meet dominant lady or couple which is in need of a live-in maid. **F-140**

MALE TV, 5' 11", 160 lbs., would like to meet female who would share knowledge in proper dressing and makeup with me. Travel western Kansas. Like all fun and games. Will answer all. **F-141**

YOUNG TV, slim, 22, 5' 6", size 12 skirt/dress. Would like young TV or sympathetic female to write/meet, exchange photos, stories, panties, etc. Those living in the U.K. need only apply. Aged between 18 and 24 years old. If you like a slim friend in flowing skirts and long flowing hair, then write. **F-142**

GOOD-LOOKING executive, 30, 5' 11", 165 lbs.; enjoys dining, theatre, fine conversation, and the company of a beautiful TV. Let me make you feel totally female! Upstate N.Y. area. Send photo and phone number. **F-143**

BI-SEXUAL, male TV, interested in meeting TVs, TSs, females and selected males for fun times. I am 5' 10", 170 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes. I am interested in hearing from people in the Phila., south Jersey area. Discretion, photo and phone a must. Love, Mary. **F-144**



F-122



F-133



F-134



F-139



F-141

BI-TV, 5' 7", 138 lbs., wants correspondence with other TVs or guys who like dating TVs. I'm discreet, affectionate and uninhibited. Will travel. Photo, S.A.S.E. please. Promise to answer all. **F-145**

SINCERE TV wishes to meet and correspond with TVs, TSs in Ms., Ala. area. Interests include fashion photography, music, makeup. Can be of great help with shoes as I manage a shoe store in the Jackson, Ms. area. Will answer all who include photo and phone. Hope to hear from all you girls in Ms. and Ala. real soon. Love, Cassandra. **F-146**



F-145



F-147



F-144

SEXY feminine she-male TV would like to meet beautiful females, TVs, TSs, and men over 6 ft. tall for sensual pleasure. I'm warm, loving, and good in bed. I love wearing sexy disco dresses and lacy little panties. I wear foxy makeup, dark lipstick and have long, pretty nails. I'm bisexual and enjoy meeting people who are the same. Photo and phone gets mine. **F-147**

YOUNG, handsome, white male seeks meetings with females and transvestites to teach me about living and loving as a girl. Has potential and would like to be a pretty young girl. Photo, phone and letters all answered. Please be discreet. I live in the N.E. Pennsylvania area. Can relocate. **F-148**

MALE TS, 27, as yet not effemized, can wait no longer to begin. Wishes to lovingly devote myself to anyone who can help finance my transition to female. I will gladly cook, clean, sew, share your bed or otherwise attend to your needs. I am shy, intelligent, sensitive and quite adaptive. **F-149**

HOW TO ANSWER A FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL PERSONAL AD

1. Write your letter and enclose it in an UNSEALED envelope. If you write more than one letter, place each letter in a separate envelope. Each of these envelopes should have your correct address printed on the upper left-hand corner and a postage stamp must be affixed. If you wish to have your letter(s) forwarded by airmail, be sure to use an airmail stamp (or stamps)
2. Write (in pencil) the Confidential Ad Number of the person you wish to write to on the lower right-hand corner of the envelope. We will then properly address your envelope and mail it for you.
3. Send Two-Dollars (\$2.00) for the FIRST letter and One-Dollar (\$1.00) for each ADDITIONAL letter you wish us to forward for you.
4. Fill out the coupon below and place it—along with the letter(s) to be forwarded—in a LARGER envelope. Enclose the proper remittance and send letter(s) to:

Leoram Productions
c/o Female Mimics International
P.O. Box 1622
Studio City, CA 91604

Please make checks and money orders payable to
LEORAM PRODUCTIONS

FORWARDING FEES

First letter \$2.00 ea Additional letters \$1.00 ea
I enclose \$_____ which is payment in full for your forwarding the enclosed _____ letters. I hereby certify that I am over eighteen (18) years of age.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____ SEX _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

(Signature)

PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM:

PLEASE CHECK INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE MAILING
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

MAIL TO:

Female Mimics International
P.O. Box 1622
Studio City, CA 91604

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____

List the following ad as:

Female Transvestite Male Couple

My ad should read: _____

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 INTERNATIONAL magazine my consent to publish my photo and advertisement in FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL magazine.

DATE _____

(Signature)

Maid to Please

And then, when you're booted
And bow to commands
It means that you're putty
In kid leather hands.

Well, there we were in Bolton. We were fixed up at last, my friend Victor and I. We were both members of a theatrical company and due to some silly misunderstanding neither of us had fixed up our "digs" in advance and had had to tramp the streets for a couple of hours. Eventually we found haven near the main street. The house was going to be very nice but just now was undergoing enlargements, alterations, etc. With the result that we had to share a "combined room" which, in any case, is quite a customary thing in theatrical touring. In this case though, it was rather more difficult as clothes from other rooms had been parked in the two wardrobes and we had to make shift with what space we could find on the few remaining hooks left therein. We didn't really mind: we were good friends and had bummed around quite a lot. This particular company we were in was the hit of the season and we usually lived in the best hotels or digs, so, in a way, it was quite a joke to find ourselves sharing a



"combined." Mind you, don't get the house wrong. It was a lovely house and when the alterations were completed would be a perfectly wonderful place to live in. As it was, the bathroom had been completed and a gorgeous place it was with a lovely tiled bath twice the size of an ordinary one, with a shower above. The walls were all tiled with large mirrors running all the way around, and the floor was warm and nice with some—I don't know what it was. It was nice. That's all. The position of the bath was somewhat peculiar as instead of

running alongside one wall as is customary, it came out from one wall and was in the middle of the room. Still: why talk about the bath?

I must say, the landlady was quite an eyeful in every sense. I should think that she must have been about thirty or so. That she certainly had a dress-sense was obvious from the moment she opened the door to our ring of inquiry. But first herself! Her august self!!

She was certainly something.

As the door opened I found myself looking upwards at her. And Victor the same. We both stood looking upwards at her. And when I say that she looked down on us that is literally true in every sense. She wasn't severe, oh dear no! She was completely relaxed and gave the impression that she was rather amused in an "upstage" manner. Her posture and carriage were perfect; her head was held erect around which soft, wavy brown hair floated. Her shoulders were as correct as any guardsman and from her perfectly shod feet upwards every inch of her seemed to be moulded and fitted correctly. If she hadn't been so perfectly built and in such perfect condition she could, I suppose, have been described as: "large," "huge," "enormous," by her enemies, but as it was—well, I just gazed up at her in sheer admiration. My eyes seemed to be at breast level, if that is not too vulgar! And what—yes. All right! Seriously though, she was terrific. Everything was perfect, only more so. I think she was dressed in brown. Anyway that is the impression she gave. I know her shoes were brown kid, that I *do* know. And I know that her great big large beautiful calves were encased in brown silk or nylon, as I followed behind these when she showed us up to our combined.

There wasn't any haggling or bargaining over terms. In any case, Victor and I would have paid the earth for a *slum* at that moment, so weary were we. So what we would have been willing to pay her was astronomical. She was quite fair though.

She told us all about the alterations and what our conditions would be and said that the charge would be three pounds for the week. Work that out for yourselves. At *that* time you could divide pounds by dollars; not like nowadays.

Anyway, let's skip over the first few days, as you can't possibly be interested in our going to the theatre and what we ate for breakfast, etc. But first let's get this straight: Victor was on in the first act—nearly after "curtain up," in fact, and being of a fussy nature was always in the theatre at least an hour before the curtain went up. Once he got there before the stage door was open! But that's just to show you . . .

I, on the other hand, didn't appear until the second act and being of a free, happy nature, frequently had to "make a dash" for it.

And that, customers, is all I intend to write tonight. I'll continue tomorrow. Don't worry your little booted selves.

Bon nuit!

Now, here we are again the next morning to continue the tale, so sit back and prepare to go through the adventures as they happened to me.

What the above amounts to is that Victor used to depart for the theatre at least an hour and a half before me and sometimes two hours. On this particular day, Thursday, he was well away and I was left behind as usual. I can't remember now what caused me to go to the wardrobe; I think it was to get my jacket which was hanging amongst all the other parked clothing belonging to other people. Anyway whatever it was, it fell off the hook and in bending down to pick it up again, my eyes fell upon what I took to be brown leather peeping out from amongst other clothing.

I don't intend, at this stage, to tell you about my reactions to leather etc., as, if you've read my other articles you'll know by now only too well what happens to me. It certainly happened to me now! As I

carefully lifted up the clothing which was on top, in front of my enraptured gaze was a pair of shining, glistening-brown, Russian boots! Both boots were turned over, the tops of them lying alongside the high-heeled feet. With palpitating heart, I withdrew them from the shelter of the wardrobe and held them up before my fascinated gaze. Oh! What beauties they were! They were in perfect condition and as soft and as supple as only Russian boots can be. The shape had to be seen to be believed. The graceful slope of the front of the boot and the steeply rising instep with only about an inch and a half between the sole and the high heel. And the creases and wrinkling around the ankles! Although I had been enthralled for a brief time once before by a woman in Kingsway wearing patent leather Russian boots, this was the first time I had actually been alone with them.

I just stood there trembling while I held them in front of my gaze and then gradually brought them nearer until I could scent their booted smell. I dropped on to the bed and just sat there for a while—and then I realized as I looked into nothing that my gaze was still in the opened wardrobe and that where my gaze had rested was some more leather, some laces. Leaving the boots on the bed for a moment, I rose and again gently lifted other clothing and then withdrew in my trembling hands some more brown glace kid. I really don't know just how to describe this accurately. I suppose the best description is to say that the garment was a pair of shorts and high corsets combined—all in one piece. The shorts buttoned down the front with shiny brown buttons and the corset laced up the back almost up to the shoulders.

I held this up the better to sample its beauty. Each moment made it more wonderful. The creases, the smell, the shining fly buttons and the hour glass waist. And all in brown glace kid!

Would there be anything else in the treasure-trove?

Yes. There was! A skin-tight, smooth-

fitting girdle in the same leather and about half a dozen pairs of the finest gauge bronze stockings in their neat little square boxes all marked "Extra long."

I suppose that by this time I had about an hour and a half to go before I was due on.

Panting with excitement I stripped myself of all my clothing. I powdered myself all over to make my robing easier and then I began!

First of all, the leather girdle which nipped me in and clipped on the front. Then the stockings fresh from their box. I "rosed" them and drew them over my feet and slipped home the suspenders when they had reached their full length. Their smooth sheen thrilling me through and through. Next came the glorious Russian boots in their suppling kid. Slowly, I wiggled my feet into their clinging grasp until, with a little "whoosh" each of them in turn came home. Perfect! They gripped me all up, right up to my knees.

Now the struggle commenced with my "Shortlet." I struggled and pulled after I had once stepped into the shorts, part of it which I left unbuttoned and loose around my waist and hips. Trying to hold up the corset part of it was almost impossible, that and trying to tighten up the lacing at the same time. By dint of stressing and straining and tightening: by pulling the laces tight with my hands over my shoulders I succeeded in fairly tightly lacing myself in. I then turned my attention to my flies and struggled with each shining button until I was buttoned in.

And then I noticed that my hands were minus gloves. I needn't have worried though; pair piled upon pair in that wardrobe on one of the shelves, and nearly all brown kid of the same colour as the rest.

Taking a pair from out of the white tissue paper, I unfolded them until they lay open full length upon my bed. There they lay, two tubes of brown kid buttoned at the wrists. The button holes and the edges of the "mouth" were piped in white. I took them up in my hands and wrapped them around

my nose and mouth and breathed them in. It was heaven! Then I slowly smoothed them on up and over my elbows, right up to the shoulders. I popped each button into its tight biting button hole and then stood back to observe myself in the mirror.

!!

That's all I can say—or very nearly.

The reflection sent my blood to the boiling point.

Framed in the large full length swivel mirror, I saw a figure entirely encased in brown kid. My body, even with the loose lacing was squeezed in, while my thighs were completely enveloped in their leather shorts, from which twinkled my shining fly buttons. Then came the sheer nylons which disappeared into their captor-boots which creased and wrinkled and sucked the boots around each other and listened in sheer rhapsody to the crunchy sound of squeaking leather. I ran my gloves down my shorts and boots and they squealed aloud. I smelled my gloves and gasped and groaned and longed. My gloved hands were already dropping down my body to the goal when my eye caught the time! The curtain already would be up and I had just over half an hour to undress and get to the theatre and make up. How I ever got out of all that leather in time I shall never know. At that I just had to bundle it all together and throw it back into the wardrobe and make a dash for it.

I just made it by about four minutes. My understudy was all dressed and waiting to go on for me.

That night when we got back and Victor was having a bath prior to supper, the landlady came in with our supper. She was superbly dressed, as usual. The same glorious shoes—maybe not the same but the same gloriousness was there: the gossamer stockings: the full, warm body with her bulging breasts and perfect coiffure.

As she set down the silver tray in front of me, she breathed over my face, a perfumed breath intermingled with a delicate scent

from out of a ladies bottle.

“You were late for the theatre, tonight weren't you, Mr. Hayle?”

As she stepped back I looked up at her and a flush spread rapidly over my face. Blast it!

“... Er-yes,” I replied. “I did leave it rather late. I-er-I had some important things to attend to.”

“Really!” she said. “I wonder, were they very important?”

“Well, yes,” I stammered. “At least they were important to me.”

“I see. Then it was quite right that you *should* have attended to them.”

She still stood there and my flush deepened and crimsoned.

“You seem somewhat uncomfortable Mr. Hayle. Possibly too hot? Would you like the window opened?”

“No. No.” I replied. “I'm perfectly all right.”

And then, in the swivel mirror I saw the wardrobe door was half opened!!! Had I left it like that? Had Victor been to it? Had she? Oh horrors! She followed my glance and walked over to the wardrobe and pulled it wide open.

It was just as it had been *before* I had made my discoveries!

Silence reigned in the room for a full minute or so. She closed the wardrobe door and slowly walked over to the door of the room which she opened. She stood framed in the aperture with her left foot pointing imperiously towards me.

“I suppose you never dabble in things which don't concern you, *do you*, Mr. Hayle?” I murmured some incoherent reply. “I was just wondering. Tonight, after you had left, I put the room to rights and something led me to think”

But at this point, Victor returned from the bath. She bade us both good-night and took her leave of us.

The next day I was all on edge and wanted to be by myself. “No,” I wouldn't play billiards. “No,” I didn't want a drink. “No,” I wouldn't go to the pictures. To

crown it all, Victor took all the time in the world to get out that evening before the show. He couldn't find his glasses; he returned for his book just as I was about to open the wardrobe. Had he left a letter lying about which he required at the theatre? I suppose he was no more annoying than usual in his getting off, but to me it seemed an age.

In any case, just what were my plans? I didn't know myself. I just couldn't think straight. It should have been perfectly obvious to leave things alone; that I had been discovered discovering my discoveries! But there was such a wild excitement inside of me that nothing seemed to matter except to get at these wonderful leather creations which had appeared out of the blue, as it were.

I opened the wardrobe door and my hands went straight to the self-same spot where the boots had been.

Yes! They were still there!

Avidly and with all else forgotten, I placed them on the bed.

The girdle?

Yes. Just as it had been.

And the "shortlet?"

Yes. Everything was there just as I had found them. Except for the stockings and gloves which had obviously been worn, but even these had been placed back in tissue-paper and the square box.

With mounting excitement I undressed as the night before. My girdle, my stockings, my boots all crept around me. This time, though, I drew my gloves on next as I wanted my arms to feel the tantalizing thrill of the creeping buttons before my body was taken by the laces of the corset part of the creation. When all these were in place, I then drew up over my legs the shortlet leaving the fly buttons undone until later. I struggled and struggled with the corset. At last I had got it on and with mounting excitement was beginning to lace my body in with my hands drawing the laces from over my shoulders. I was stretched very nearly right over backwards.

From behind my back a voice calmly and ominously said: "I think I'd better do that for you."

I froze in my boots. It was *she*, of course. She was standing just inside the door with one arm on the lintel. Slowly, I regained an upright posture. This was too terrible for words. Had any man in history ever been discovered in a woman's clothing by their owner like this? And with oneself so completely exposed in a state of obvious excitement? Slowly my raised hands and arms fell to my side and I tried to cover myself but to no avail.

She advanced upon me and I cowered back feeling too perfectly terrible. Here I was in Russian boots, corsetted, shorted, stockinged, and gloved and with the exception of the stockings all in leather. Remember, too, I was exposed.

**"My girdle, my stockings,
my boots all crept around
me."**

She gripped me by the shoulders and turned me around and began tightening my laces, this time *really* tight, as tight as they would go. As she was doing this she spoke.

"Didn't you *know* that you'd be caught if you did it a second time?" Here she gave the laces a vicious tug. "I think I guessed you from the first moment I set eyes on you. I could feel your eyes on my shoes as I led the way up the stairs on Sunday evening. But I'd forgotten that I'd left these things in the wardrobe (again a vicious tug on 'these things'). It's quite a few years since I wore all these. I was smaller then. But how useful they've turned out to be, haven't they? Am I right in suggesting that these are the things with which you were dabbling? Mr. Hayle, I'm asking you a question to which I have every right to receive a reply."

I just couldn't think up anything to say at all. I just stood there in a victim's leather outfit.

“Very well then. I think you’d better button yourself up while we review the position.”

And with that she went and sat down and waited while I fastened myself in complete confusion.

“Come here,” she said, when I had finished. As I approached her she suddenly gripped my right hand rising to her feet at the same time. With a quick ju-jitsu movement she pulled me towards her by my hand and in the same movement turned me around with my back towards her and then drew my right hand through between my legs and held my right hand with her left. This is the grip much used by “bouncers” as it leaves their right hand free to open doors and push aside other obstructions. The victim is absolutely helpless as all his weight is thrown forward and he is being balanced, as it were, upon the inside of his right wrist. The slightest upward movement of his captor and he falls forward unless he is held up by his collar.

This is the grip in which I now found myself.

My captor again sat down forcing me to bend my knees and bend over backwards. There was no question of struggling as the grip is too devastating.

She looked down at my helpless, leather body while I perforce had to look up into her eyes. I was held like this for a minute or two and then I collapsed literally and figuratively. She let go of my hand and I fell backwards at her feet.

“I’ll tell you everything,” I cried. “I’ve always wanted to tell someone. From my earliest recollections I’ve always wanted to be dressed entirely in leather and feel utterly, utterly helpless. As my body and legs and arms are squeezed in by the leather I enter another world. *Please* don’t be angry with me,” I beseeched, turning half over and kissing her perfumed shoes.

“No. I’m not angry,” she said, “but I think I’ll just make sure of your position. Now if you disobey me in any way just remember this: I can always go to your

manager and inform him that I found you dressed up in Russian boots, button trousers and brown corsets and brown kid gloves. I don’t think you’d manage to keep place in the company very long if I did that, nor if I wrote around to the various managements for whom every artist works informing them of the kind of person you really are.”

“Oh,” I cried, turning on my back again, “you wouldn’t do that, surely?”

“Wouldn’t I?” she said. “Wouldn’t I? Now just you lie there motionless until I return or I’ll make you sorry you were ever born.”

“I’ll not move,” I promised.

“If you know what’s good for you, you certainly won’t,” my erstwhile land-lady replied and with that she swept out.

I lay there for one, two, three minutes or more. What had she gone for? What was she about to do?

My answer quickly came and with it all thought of an independent future disappeared. The door opened—and in came my captor with a cine camera.

She sat herself down in the chair again along which my leathered body was lying and calmly began photographing me, taking a shot from my feet to my head. She then placed her feet upon Russian booted legs and all over my leather shorts and corsets filming continuously the while. She then commanded me to kiss her shoes which I helplessly and docilely did. As I was caressing the leather I could hear the whirr of the camera and became aware that it was but a few inches away from my face. She instructed me to look into the camera which I did and then watched as it once again tracked all along my body down to my shining toes and high heels.

“There. I think that will do,” said she standing up. “And now you’d better get dressed, or rather undressed for the theatre else you’ll be late again. Come here while I unlace your corsets.”

END . . . To be continued.

(continued from page 17)

approach was to get them into serious, extensive counseling so that they would be prepared to deal with the issues and could handle them constructively.

Their approach was, bury your head in the sand and hope it goes away.

And the other tragedy in this is I see children all around today . . .

A genetic woman can have a child at her choice. There are children begging for love and attention who need to be supported, and people in our predicament who are capable of supporting, who could give them more love and attention than anybody else, to whom they would be the most wanted child in the world, we can't even begin to be thought of as a normal parent.

L.L.: There's an awful lot of education that needs to be done, certainly.

K.K.: It's up to you and me to do it. And I'm not going to shirk from that challenge . . . that responsibility, if I have to spend every penny I've got. And that's the truth.

L.L.: Of anything that's happened since you made the transition, what has *surprised* you the most? What didn't you expect that happened or what did you expect that didn't happen?

K.K.: I'll mention one . . . and that's a good question . . . I expected myself to be totally . . . I thought I'd have to run away to some . . .

L.L.: Start over again?

K.K.: Start over again. But I chose to bite the bullet for one specific reason. The courts kept saying my former self was dead. My wife kept saying my former self was dead. But they didn't relieve that "dead" person from all the financial obligations.

The surprise thing was the total understanding of those who are not *directly* involved.

The support I've received from the people in my employment, the support I've received from friends who truly were friends . . .

You certainly find out quickly who is and who is not your friend.

L.L.: Oh yes indeed.

K.K.: And those people who had given you token support and appreciation before, they wash out very quickly.

And I've been able to develop, to my great appreciation, a much more warm and loving relationship with those around me.

L.L.: That's nice. I think it's true, in many people I know, once they get over that inner hurdle, the affection they have inside can begin to come out where it couldn't before, because it was blocked by the gender thing.

K.K.: Yes, it does. I think that most of the people in my situation find they're not very happy with themselves, and I don't think many people are very happy with them, prior to their coming out with total honesty and saying to the world, "Look, this is the way I am, I *hope* you love me . . ." People have to appreciate that honesty.

L.L.: Well, they don't *have* to, but it's nice when they do.

K.K.: Yes, you're absolutely correct in that. And it *is* nice. And, I think, because of the fears we have, it's even more warmly received by us than by other people who get it as a matter of course.

L.L.: Definitely. I wrote a motto once that I put on the wall for a while that said:

*"Joy is telling,
Someone you love,
Your darkest secret,
And finding that,
They love you,
All the more,
For having the courage,
To confide in them."*

K.K.: I think that's a beautiful saying. I'm going to embrace that.

L.L.: And it's true. As you say, you do find out who your friends are. There are a lot of people who'll say "It doesn't make a bit of difference. I think it's really *beautiful*." Then you never hear from them again.

K.K.: Isn't that the truth. I've had two or three of those and I've tried not to be too harsh in my judgment.

L.L.: Oh, you can't.

K.K.: In fact I have a little bit of empathy. The sting of their alienation isn't as great as I thought it would be, and in fact, I find a little bit of pity sometimes that they can't open their minds and expand their souls enough to embrace change of all kinds.

L.L.: Well, this is a particularly difficult kind of change for a lot of people to accept. I think, primarily, it's because in many people there are areas of gender discomfort of *their own* that they've buried so far they don't even realize consciously they're there.

But when something comes along and sandpapers away at them, at some level it will bother them intensely. They may not even be aware of why, but it's very difficult for them to deal with.

K.K.: Pressures of society, too. For example, my "ex" found my new person very attractive, probably, at times, a little too attractive, which casts some reflections about the way she feels about herself and her relationships with her female friends.

L.L.: It becomes a question of thinking about the unthinkable.

K.K.: Yes. A lot of friends, lady friends, to this day do the same thing. You've probably found that in your life. They get so close and they would just love to get closer, even intimate, but they become very confused.

What will people think? I had a roommate who had that same thing . . . wondered "Am I a lesbian? Will I tell my family now that I'm a lesbian, that I fell in love with this person?"

L.L.: Well, considering the absolute distaste that many gender dysphoric people feel for, say, the masculine side of themselves, not only physically, but the masculine side of their personalities, it seems very reasonable that at least some of these people aren't going to be much attracted to the masculine in other people.

K.K.: I know of one doctor who's doing a study on that very thing.

L.L.: What sorts of things do you see coming up for yourself in the future?

K.K.: I see myself committed to a campaign that I really don't want to do. I would prefer to live life happily, low-key, but there's something inside of me compelling me to take an aggressive, assertive stand to get business and industry to employ more qualified gender-changed individuals.

Hopefully, a lot of people in the future will not have to go through the unadulterated, and I can't think of any other word, shit, that we've had to go through, that I've had to go through, that I don't want anybody else to go through . . .

I know they will, but years down the way, maybe we'll have a positive impact.

I want to make the point that transsexuals should be dealt with as human individuals, as good as possible, as sincere people, as honest people, as hard-working people, as industrious people.

There are flakes out there in our transsexual world. There are a lot of people who do not have the desire, nor the will, nor the need to carry on this type of campaign, and I bless them. God bless them too.

But business and industry are an element of our society which is almost untouched by someone of our situation. And I'd like to be able to make a positive impact on it.

I've been blessed for some God-awful-knows reason, have been put in a position where I have the opportunity to do that, and if I shirk from it, I think I would probably be letting a lot of people down and, most importantly, letting myself and my own family down.

So that's what I plan on doing.

L.L.: Thank you very much. I think this is going to be extremely good.

K.K.: I hope so. Anything is going to be helpful. ■

*Shortly after seven p.m. on January third, 1981, Kristi Kelly was killed in the crash of a light plane near Las Vegas, Nevada.

Attention Transvestites

An open message to the half-million or more Heterosexual Transvestites out there and their loved ones, families and wives who know, those who only suspect and those yet to be told. We are T.E.A.C.H., the Transvestite Educational Association of Crossdressing Heterosexuals, a Los Angeles based OUTREACH MOVEMENT dedicated to the task of bringing our people up from the dark ages and into the 20th century.



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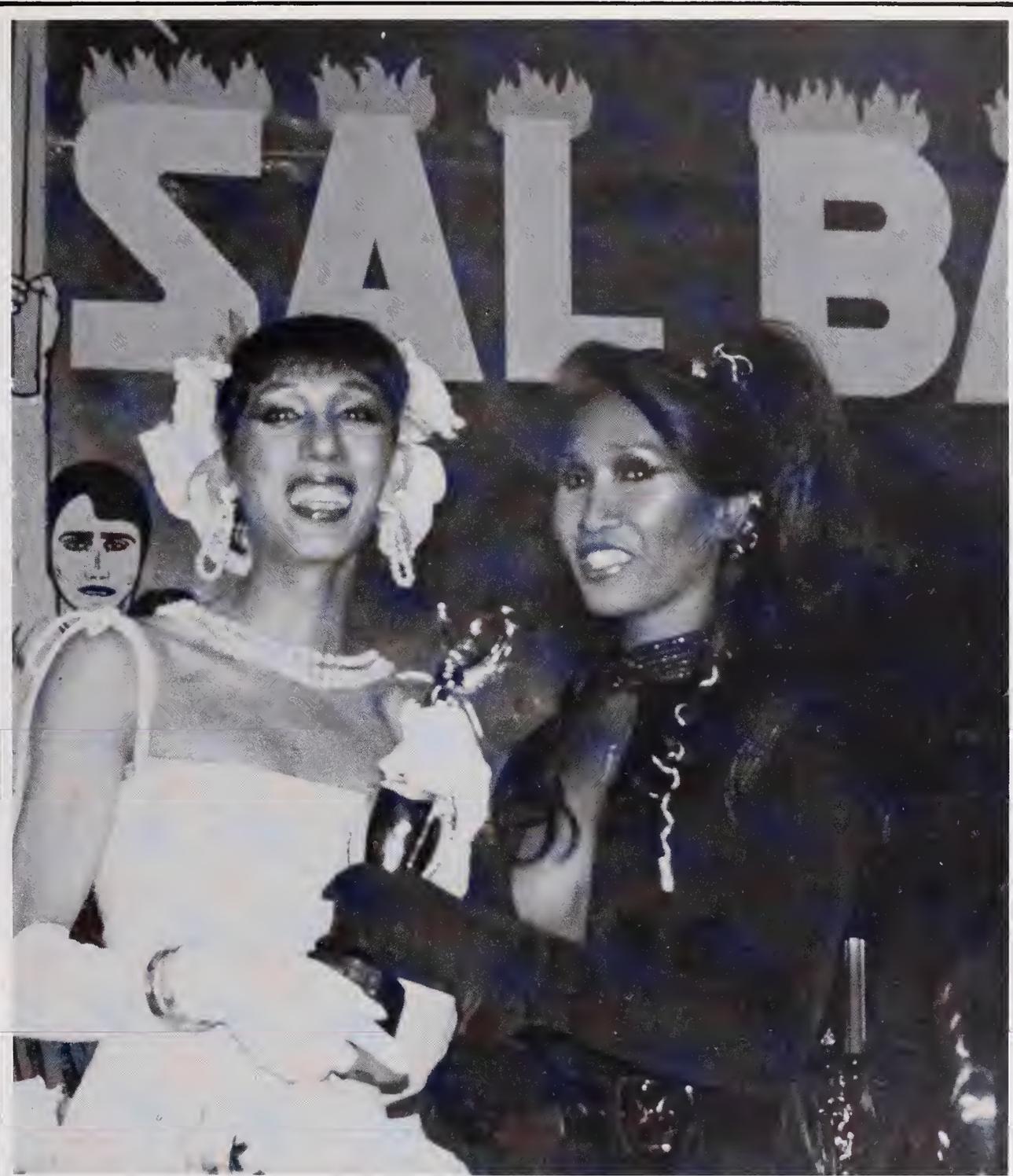
UNIVERSAL BALL

The big event took place at L.A.'s famous Myron's Ballroom. The producer La Rey was geared up for weeks, not to mention the contestants who were eager for the generous cash prizes!



FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL even joined in by sponsoring none other than that exciting blonde beauty "Heather Fontaine." No expense was spared. Dripping in fox and velvet, her entrance drew a standing ovation with yelling and screaming unequalled for the remainder of the evening. All of the contestants were wonderful, dressed in their favorite international costumes, and the place was packed with well-wishers cheering on their favorites.

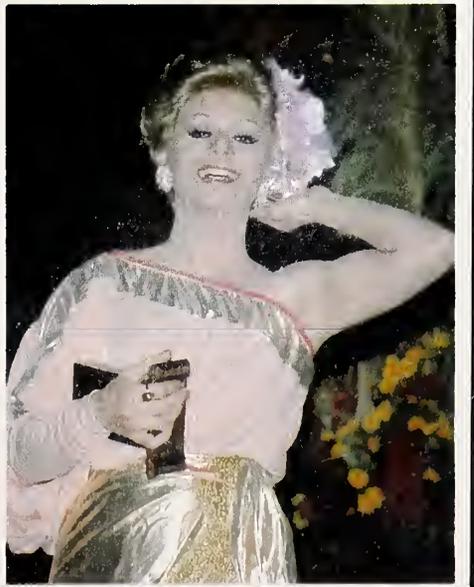






Production numbers done by the kids from "The Plaza" were filled with professional drama and kept the energy up throughout the performances.







In the end, though it was Heather all the way, the runners-up were of course very deserving. And we at F.M.I. felt it was a gas that our first try at sponsorship turned out so well!



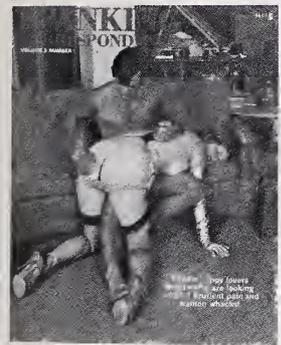
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