

female mimics INTERNATIONAL

THE ORIGINAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN WHO ENJOY DRESSING LIKE WOMEN!

VOLUME 11 NUMBER 6
NO. 6

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ELAINE
THE FASHION CENTER'S
OWN LITTLE DARLING

INTERNATIONAL STAR
CHRYSIS
NEW YORK'S MOST
AVANT-GARDE FEMALE
IMPERSONATOR!

**MORE
PERSONAL
ADS
THAN EVER
BEFORE!**

**EXERPTS
FROM THE
FAMOUS
EROTIC
STORY**

**"MAID TO
PLEASE"**
continued

FRENCHIE
THE BIG APPLE'S
HOT ENCHILADA!

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EDITORIAL



In this issue we feature some of the most wonderful "girls" that New York City is blessed with!

Only in the Big Apple is the variety so vast and spellbinding, the clubs, the streets all spilling over with glamor and excitement. Lucky are those who have the opportunity to get lost in the sexy jungle of Manhattan for a lost weekend or two!

And a new update from the west coast: Sulka, the superstar transsexual, has just finished another film feature titled "Sulka's Wedding." This will be the first feature-length production since her revolutionary sex-change. Rumor has it that this film will be a milestone in explicit movies. We are happy to inform you that we will be featuring exclusively the outtakes in our next issue, so keep your eyes on the newsstands!

As usual, your photos and letters keep pouring in with words of praise and fulfillment. We cherish our readers and are therefore eager to know more about you, so that we at *Female Mimics International* may continue to produce the finest magazine this nation has to offer, for cross-dressing and for all transgendered people.

Though it is difficult to answer everyone personally, we do want you all to send us your letters, pictures and questions, because we do care! Happy dressing!

With love and determination,

Kim Christy

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 started the New Year off by finding *Female Mimics* again available at our local newsstand. How nice, because I had not seen it for some time and thought the best of the mags was out of business!

So I thought I would really get my new year off right by introducing myself and writing a note to you.

My name is Haley and I have been a mimic since I can't remember when I wasn't. To me, assuming the appearance and role of a woman at whim is a great challenge and nothing less than perfection is the goal. I am lucky enough, reading the troubled letters from other FIs and TVs, to have been long married to a sensuous woman who also thoroughly enjoys the game.

We have both been moderately successful in our business careers and the various scenes and episodes we plan and act out, often with others, is our diversion and recreation. We often go out as "girlfriends" and double seduce an unsuspecting man (few discover the truth and none complain—we really have our act together).

We also enjoy meeting other people and couples, and from time to time we'll spend weeks developing an "act" which we will then play out at someone's party. Our current "act" is as two singing cowgirls.

We also enjoy photography

and making costumes. As you can see from the enclosed photos, our fantasy goal is to make me a 35-year-old centerfold in a major men's magazine! So it goes!

I have enclosed the form and copy for an ad in *Female Mimics*. I have also enclosed a number of photos of myself as Haley. Please choose one of them for the ad and use the S.A.S.E. for the return of those



haley

in which you have no interest.

By the way, after one of our "party acts" (which we do for the fun of it), I am frequently asked if I have ever worked as a female impersonator professionally. (Flattering, I suppose). I have not and I explain that even though I would thoroughly enjoy doing an act at a club, I am sure it would be extremely difficult to make a living at it or to make the kind of living my wife and I make with our business. But it has made me curious as to what the pros of your acquaintance do earn and how they live. Maybe you could do a feature.

Peace,
Haley

Dear Kim:

This is the first time I have ever written to a magazine. But I felt compelled to write and tell someone about myself, and a few things I have discovered since I really started to get into cross-dressing.

My first experience was at the age of eleven, when I borrowed a pair of my mother's panties and one of her slips. I used to keep them under the mattress of my bed, and I would take them out and wear them to bed.

Between the ages of fifteen and twenty, I tried to quit, but to no avail.

When I joined the Air Force I was really in a bind, what with regulations and all. I did

HOLLYWOOD HOTS



Now you see why I'm called Wonder Woman!

manage to go overseas, and all the time I was wearing a bra, panties and a short slip under my street clothes and uniform wherever I went. The last two years I was in the service I really blossomed, so to speak.

I discovered how much I love the feel of soft, silky lingerie, high heels, and everything else that women wear. I always wear a bra, panties and short slip under my street clothes, and I usually use the type of pads a woman would use if she had had a breast removed.

When I first started to buy dresses, I went to Goodwill Industries. I still buy a lot of my undies and a dress or two there. The prices are so very reasonable.

The phone is a marvelous gadget for a transvestite. I use it to call businesses and find out how they feel about helping me in my purchase of a dress or whatever. You would be surprised how much easier it is to go to a shop and buy a dress or something when you have talked to the sales person and they know you are coming and they're not surprised by your request.

I have made many contacts in this manner, and a few have even become friends. One such friend operates a surgical corset shop. She does all alterations on my foundation garments. I also bought my falsies from her.

Another very good company to make contact with is Merle Normans Cosmetics. I first called them and talked to the girl on duty, and then made an appointment for a makeup demonstration. During the session, she showed me the basic steps and how to make the best of my few good features and try to hide my worst. I still need a lot of practice, but I'm learning, and I still go to Merle Normans' for help once in a while. I believe the demonstration sessions are still free because they

want to show what their cosmetics can do for you.

The main point that I want to make is that there are a lot of businesses out there that can help all of us be the women we want to be.

I would like to say also, that although I prefer feminine apparel, I am one-hundred percent heterosexual. I do admit to a problem in finding feminine



katharyn

companionship that is understanding and agreeable to my desires. I am not submissive, in fact, I tend to be dominant, and find the costume of the dominatrix very much to my liking.

My trousseau consists of about 150 dresses ranging in styles from the 1930s to present. All my bras are styles from the 1960s, as are my slips also. I prefer pantie briefs, and really love the 1950s styles. I only wear garter belts and nylons,

and prefer seamed stockings of the black sheer nylon. That is mostly due to the fact that I wear a size 12 in a woman's shoe, and finances in that section are restricted. I prefer a pump with a four-inch stiletto heel and pointed toe. I also like knee-high boots of skintight leather.

I am presently trying to assemble a small collection of older style dresses from the years 1400 to 1890. Each dress will be part of a separate outfit, and each outfit will be as complete and correct as possible. But this project could possibly take a long time, because as a college student, I don't make a heck of a lot of money.

I should say that I do not consider myself to be beautiful. I am six feet tall in my stockings, and unfortunately I weigh about 160 lbs. When I wear a bra with falsies and a corset I measure 38-28-38. At this time, I normally wear a size 14 dress.

If possible I would like to correspond with a few attractive real women who are interested in my transvestism, preferably in the Seattle, Washington area.

I must also tell you how much I thoroughly enjoy *Female Mimics International*. I feel it is the best magazine that deals with transvestism. The thing I like most is you do not show the male organ in the pictures. I would like to find out if it is possible to get a subscription, or advance order for the magazine, as it is sometimes difficult to find it in Seattle.

I realize that this letter is rather long, and you may not print it in your magazine, but I certainly hope that you will. It would be such a thrill to see my letter in your magazine.

Sincerely,
Katharyn

Dear Katharyn,

Perhaps you could contact some friends through our Personal Ad section. I am glad to hear how you enjoy *Female Mimics International*. At this time we do not offer subscriptions. If you have trouble finding FMI, let me know and I'll work it out.

Regards,
Kim

Dear Kim:

Although I have followed your career through your photos and articles for over five years, and have even very anxiously spoken to a friend of mine who has met you on occasion (Queen Adrena) about you; I never really thought I would someday be writing this letter. Perhaps I shouldn't really be writing it now, since I do realize your time is most valuable and I'm quite aware of the time and efforts you must take to produce your splendid publications. However, I feel I must speak with someone who perhaps will understand where my heart and soul are, and from reading your articles and seeing your photos for so long, I feel I can trust you for at least an open ear.

Like many of your readers, I too am a TV who longs to carry out their dreams of living totally as a woman. In fact, I cannot recall a day in my entire life when I have not had this dream. Yet I've always managed somehow to suppress it, until now. With my recent transfer to New York it seems as though everything has taken on a new perspective since at last I am in a city where it becomes easy to attain the goals I have desired for myself. You see, my first twenty-seven years were spent in the Midwest, an area not very conducive to TVs, especially very shy and sub-

missive ones like myself. Yet I still managed to hold myself together with the help of a few friends and publications such as your own. From seeing others attaining their goals, I always knew my chance would come. Queen Adrena helped out tremendously, for she was the first person who really accepted me as I am and in some ways understood the confusion I was going through. Then Countess Anne, in Las Vegas, was indeed a blessing. She put a very strong suggestion in my head to follow my heart (she also had me as her slave for a week, during which I never used my male identity), the best advice I have ever received.

Now, I am in the process of following her advice. A few months ago I began electrolysis and very recently I have begun hormone therapy. While I am elated with this, I can't help worrying about the future. Even though I have a vast amount of experience as a financial officer and controller, which has taken me into everything from cash management to film production, to food and beverage and disco management; and have hobbies of photography and writing, I still tend to worry what will happen when my male self comes to a complete end. However, after seeing you, Jennifer, Shalei, Candy, Sulka and Amanda, I feel somewhat confident it will all work out. I only wish I could thank all of you personally.

Another item, which is minor, but has me puzzled, is that I am a "true submissive." By this I mean when in the presence of a dominant woman or TS, I will submit to anything that is their pleasure. With Countess Anne, I found myself modeling for her magazine, *Lashes*, Vol. 1, No. 5, servicing her, her friends, her husband and undergoing severe bondage and torture, etc. The

same with others I have met including two transsexuals (they were my favorites). Yet every TS I have read about and known has been dominant. I don't worry about this, but it does seem strange to me.

Kim, before I close, I want to express my deepest thanks to you for listening and just being you. Likewise, please be assured that you or any of your friends will always have a place to stay when in New York or wherever I may be. You and yours have an open invitation for as long as you wish.

Lastly, I have enclosed a few photos so that you may know me a little better, and a S.A.S.E. if you would find the time to write. However, if you can't, don't worry. I understand your schedule must really be hectic. Also, if you wish to use any of these photos in your magazines, please feel free to do so if you consider them of sufficient quality.

I hope this letter finds you with much love and peace.

Affectionately,
Shaleena



shaleena

Dear Shaleena,

You are a very special person, and I can only wish you all the luck and happiness. As for your invitation, I intend to hold your address for future reference.

Kim

Dearest Kim:

I bought my first *Female Mimics* magazine last month, and I enjoy looking at those beautiful TVs. They turn me on. Ever since then I have been buying mags like this one for my pleasure. I buy mags every two weeks. A lot of them are straight and gay mags. I was always afraid to buy gay and mags like yours, but now it seems that I am possessed by you all. I was turned on by Heather Fontaine and I saw that sexy she-male named Sulka. Let me tell you, I have been gay or bisexual for ten years. I remember when I was around twelve or thirteen, I used to get in my sister's underwear and her cologne. It drove me crazy. Then I stopped for a while, but when I turned sixteen I was doing it again. I was in my mother's nylons, panties, makeup—I would always make sure no one was home.

When I was seventeen I started turning a little gay. I had my first act in a men's room while reading the notes on the wall and I noticed this hole. Then I noticed someone in the next stall, so I put my big cock in there and that person started sucking my cock. I was frightened so I ran out of the bathroom. As months and years went by, I was about nineteen when I really started. I was going to porno flicks, getting blow-jobs. It started driving me crazy. I was always turned on by women's clothing. I would collect sexy panties and pantyhose. Then I stopped for a while. But now, I am into it more than ever. I am

twenty-five years of age and I have a lover, but we don't see much of each other. I am always going to book stores where they have porno movies so I can get some sex.

Now, I have been shaving my legs and smoothing my body with oil. I just bought some lipstick but it's not the right color for me. I want to start buying women's clothing and shoes, everything. But I need a little help from you all. I'm 5' 10" tall and weigh 175 lbs.—big built with a large, firm ass. My legs are a little large, too. I wear 32-34 size pants and 16½, large shirts. I have brown hair and brown eyes. I wear 9½ size shoes. So can you tell what size I need in women's clothing? I want to wear silky pantyhose, sexy garters and panties and bras. My favorite dresses are the ones that cling to your body like terry cloth, silk and satin. I love high spike heels, too. Please help me. I am a large guy. I am trying to slim down so I can be sexy like the other TVs. So if you can tell me what sizes I need to wear in shoes, panties, pantyhose dresses, jeans, and shirts, etc., and what color makeup I need. I love reds and pinks, so do you think I'll look O.K.? Please help me. I am bisexual and my mind is always changing too. One day I want to be a girl, one day I want to be a man and the other days I like being gay. Please help, my mind is going crazy.

Love and kisses,
Douglas

Dear Kim:

I'm a 35-year-old and have been dressing in female clothes since I was 16. My mother has been very understanding and lets me, and even helps me. She has even let me grow my hair shoulder-length and wear

makeup. In the house I wear dresses or a skirt, blouse and heels. In public I wear female dress jeans, blouses and high-heel pumps and makeup and carry a handbag. My mother is so understanding; we go shopping, to beauty parlors, fashion shows, girls restrooms, etc., as mother-daughter. As I write I am wearing brunette shoulder-length hair, dangling earrings, white blouse with ruffles and blue jeans, girl-type high-heel pumps, makeup, etc. I have even legally changed my name. Keep up the great work. My outfit is almost like the one on page 58 of Vol. 11, No. 3, except for the blouse.

Sincerely,
Bobbie

Dear Bobbie,

It is wonderful to hear how happy you are. I am sure it will give encouragement to many to hear your success in dressing as you wish.

Thanks again,
Kim

Dearest Kim:

Many thanks for running my ad in your sensational *Female Mimics International*, No. 4. I hope something good will come out of it.

I'll never miss your magazine now, (wish you were in each one). I'm buying extra copies for friends. I won't part with my copy. Please let me hear from you.

Love always,
Judy

Dear Judy,

You're welcome. I am delighted to hear how much you enjoy FMI.

My best regards,
Kim

KARLA

Youth and glamor are Karla's gimmicks to attract attention and seldom does her Lolita-look go unnoticed from men and women alike!





Lingerie and fancy panties are her passion. She admits one of her boyfriends requests her wearing these items while she performs some very erotic dances. She has practiced, knowing his special fantasy!





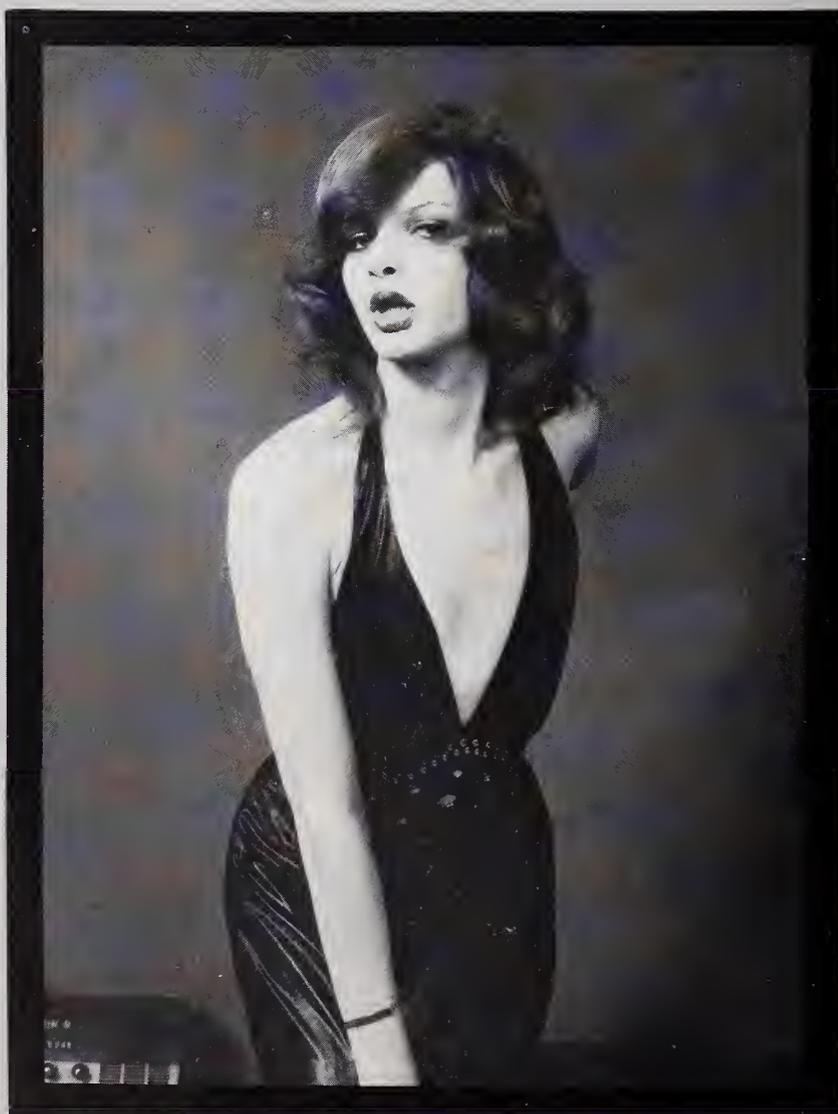
“I have always been just like a girl all my life. Boys’ clothes made me feel like I was in drag. I wanted to be dressed in puffy, lace dresses with velvet bows, like the girls in my class, instead of the nasty polyester slacks and jackets I was forced to wear!”

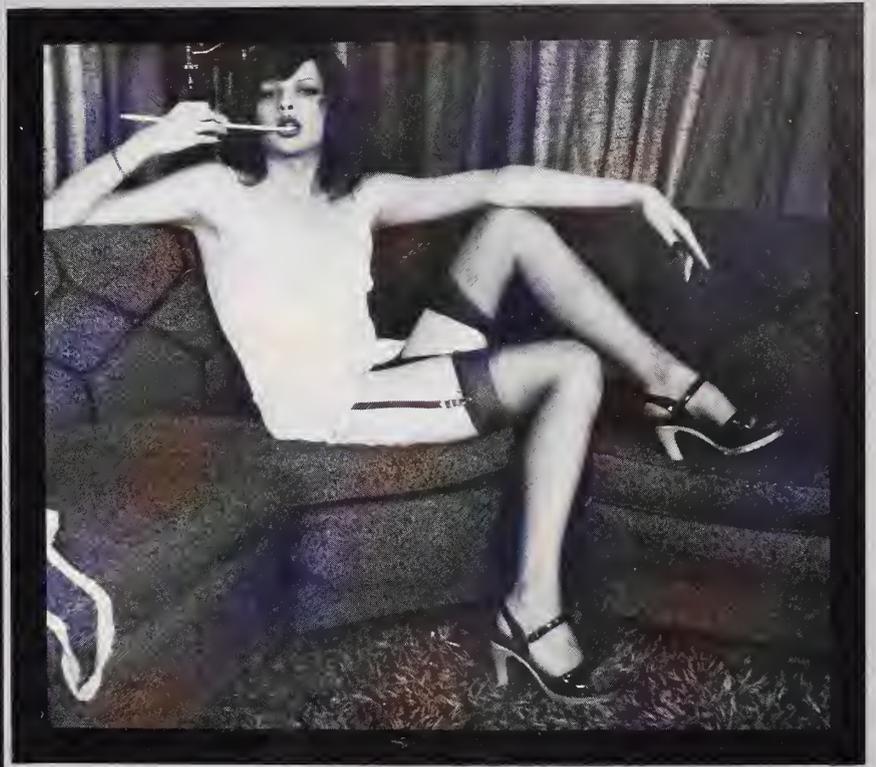
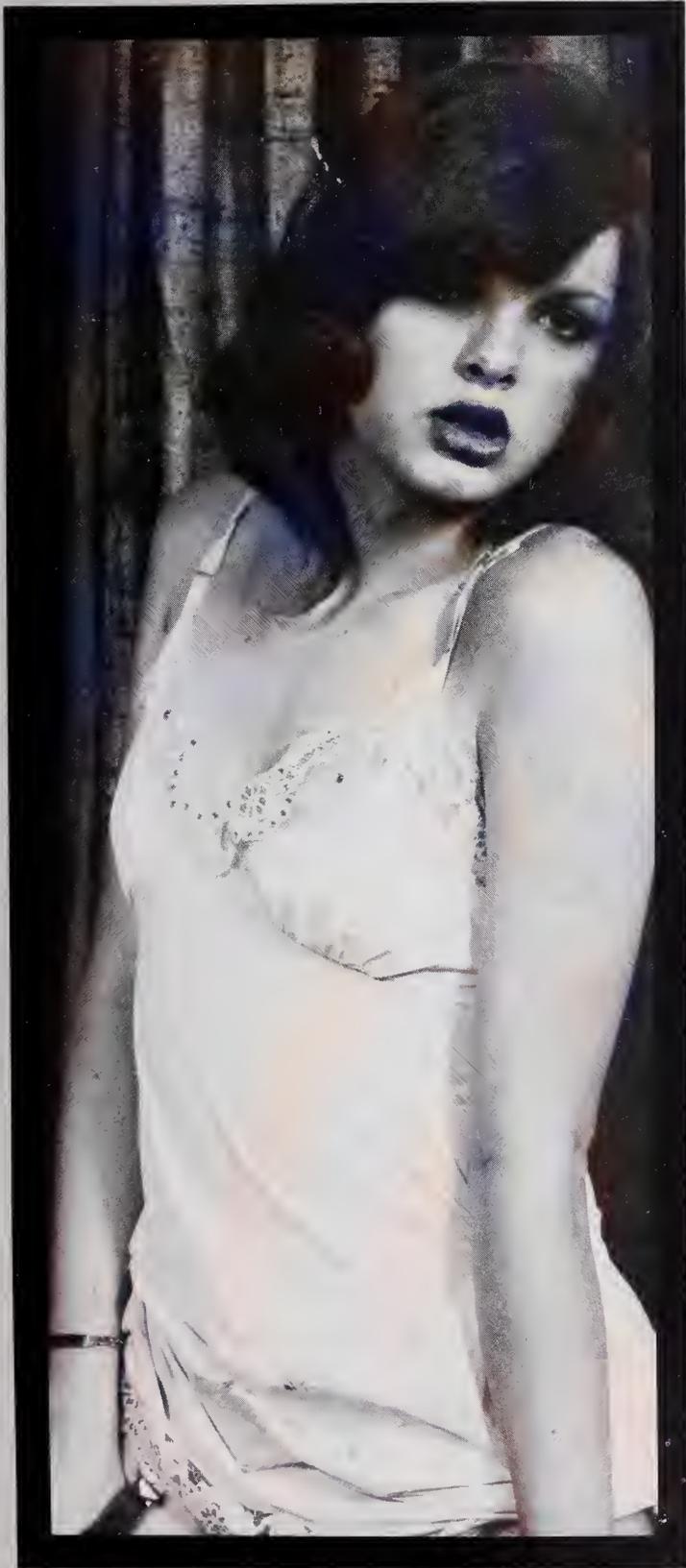






“Now that I can dress myself, it’s silks and satins all the way, stockings and garter belts, high heels and sling backs. No more oxfords for me, baby.” Karla knows what she wants and goes for it, and we have to say, we go for anyone who can make it look so easy!





Change of GENDER



Henry Ingrams appeared to be a happily married man but things aren't always what they seem. Joan, his second wife, was always considered the most attractive woman at any party, and everyone felt envious of him when the two of them came into a room together.

"She must be good in bed," observed John Wilton at a party at the Tennant's one evening. He was speaking to his friend Tony King, a friend of Henry's who worked with him in Fleet Street. "Just look at the way she walks, notice the superb wobble of her buttocks."

"And her breasts," added Tony, "I'd give a lot to get my hands on those."

"So would I," agreed John. "She really has one of the most attractive figures I've ever seen." He looked again at the young woman with her lancing ash-grey hair, her snub-nosed breasts and full, rounded hips and tried to imagine what she would look like nude. What he didn't know—nor did anyone else for that matter—was that the excitingly sexy Joan Ingrams was frigid, an ice-cold princess who found sex a bore, if not downright unpleasant. Since her marriage to Henry three years before, they had had sex together perhaps half a dozen times. Far from being envious of him, John and Tony would have pitied him if they had known how Joan reacted to his sexual advances.

On the few occasions Henry had made love to her he had enjoyed himself despite her coldness and passivity, and it was in the hope that Joan would one day overcome her frigidity that for a long time he never even thought about divorce or looked in any other direction to overcome his deep frustration and satisfy his sexual longings. Nor did he ever say a word of his unhappy

sex life or gave the slightest hint that all was not well between him and his wife.

His frustration was intensified by the fact that Joan was quite willing to sleep in the same bed, but always resisted any attempt on his part to make love to her. At times it almost seemed to him that she went out of her way to provoke him with her sensuous satin nighties, her seductive perfumes, and the tantalizing negligee she wore in the bedroom. She would even ask his opinion about the dresses, shoes and lingerie she bought, expressing her pleasure when he agreed with her latest purchases. Sometimes he was almost driven mad to see her try on a new outfit that seemed to him calculated simply to show off the sexiness of her body, accentuating her shapeliness and sex appeal. He remembered how she had returned from the West End one day carrying her latest acquisition, a black basque trimmed with purple.

"Come and see what you think about my latest purchase," she said, leading the way to the bedroom. Her eyes revealed the excitement she felt and she seemed so full of delight and friendliness that Henry even thought she might end up by letting him make love to her.

She stripped naked, and, walking up and down the luxurious bedroom, she seemed to offer herself to his admiring glances, flaunting her fleshy buttocks, her snub-nosed breasts bouncing up and down as she strode about the room. He never ceased to marvel at her wonderful body, from her gently sloping shoulders, her ripe breasts, lissome waist, flat, soft belly, slightly heavy haunches down to her luxurious pudenda and splended legs. Why the hell, he thought, does she have such a wonderful body if nobody is allowed to touch and possess it?

Then she pulled on the black basque and immediately she appeared even more desirable for it accentuated her figure, the preformed wire bra cups raising her bosom, the lightly-boned bodice pulling in her midriff and giving her a sleek but curvaceous outline.

"Do you like it?" she asked him as she reached around to adjust the halter strap behind her neck.

"Very attractive," was his comment and then tempting her even further he said, "more so, I would imagine, with black nylons."

"Yes," she agreed, "that's what the suspenders are for." She went to a drawer overflowing with stockings of every make and description and drew out a pair of seam-free, black nylons and quickly drew them up her dancer's legs and fastened the four suspenders. In the thicker band at the top he could see the word 'Dior' repeated around her legs.

She looked more seductive than ever and it was extremely difficult for him to resist her. He went over and drew her lightly against his body, kissing her gently on her shoulder.

"You're perfect," he murmured, pressing closer to her breasts.

"Now don't get any ideas," she laughed, disentangling herself. "I suppose I dress to please myself, not to excite you." Then realizing that he was disappointed at her words she added: "I'm sorry, Henry, but you know how I feel. It's just the way I'm made."

It had happened so often before and he knew that it was a waste of time to pursue the subject. He always took solace in the fact that she was at least eager to ask him about her clothes, willing to undress in front of him and display herself in her attractive undies. However frustrating for him, it was better than not having her around at all, he decided.

She took off the stockings and basque and put on a simple white bra and panties, pulled on a pair of honey-colored, hold-up stockings and then got into a striped coffee-on-white polo dress and a pair of strappy shoes.

"Come," she said, the dressing session at an end, "let's go and have a drink."

DEEP FRUSTRATION

The time was to come when it became

more and more difficult for Henry to continue with the deep frustration of marriage to a beautiful woman who never allowed him to touch her, let alone have sex with her. But it was only very slowly that Henry began to admit to himself that he could not go on in the way he had been doing. As he liked Joan too much to contemplate leaving her, he began in desperation to look for other ways around his difficulties.

His first serious attempt to get things "sorted out," as he put it, involved trying to persuade his wife to see a psychiatrist, hoping that with treatment the sources of her frigidity might be uncovered and that eventually she might begin to enjoy a normal sex life. He was surprised to find, however, that Joan resisted such a course very strongly.

"It almost seems that you think I'm suffering from some mental illness," she said. "Surely a woman has a perfect right to choose whether she desires sex or not without being told to see a psychiatrist! As a matter of fact, I sometimes think it might be you that needs the psychiatrist. You can't deny that you're terribly oversexed, can you?"

"I don't think I'm oversexed. I'm just like any other man—sex seems to me a normal part of life and I get frustrated when I'm denied it," he replied quietly.

This kind of exchange between them was repeated a number of times with slight variations until Henry finally gave up the idea of trying to get Joan to seek advice. Indeed, he was almost persuaded that there might be something in what she said about his being oversexed. It soon became embarrassing to discuss sex with her at all.

Bored and discouraged, Henry turned to other ways of obtaining some limited satisfaction, visiting prostitutes, masturbating and even pressing himself against young women in crowded tubes and trains.

Books on sexual deviations generally attribute frotteurism to a man's inability to take part in sexual relationships, but it is

equally likely to arise from continual frustration in a man with a strong libido, as was the case with Henry Ingrams. I knew a Turkish diplomat who used to leave his car on the periphery of the city and then take the crowded tube to complete his journey so that he could press his genitals against girl's bottoms. He did this at a time when his marital relationship was breaking down and he was denied sex by his wife. Later, when he divorced his wife and married a young English girl, he had no compulsion or need to try to gratify his sexual desire in this way.

For a time Henry himself sought pleasure by pressing himself against women in the tube on his way from Highgate to Tottenham Court Road or Leicester Square. He found that there were women who were quite willing to let him rub his genitals against their buttocks and did not repel his advances. But such encounters never led to any development of a relationship for even the women who seemed quite willing that he should press himself against them in the crowded tube weren't interested in meeting him again when he approached them. It quickly appeared to Henry that frottage was far from being any sort of solution to his frustrations—indeed it only stimulated his desire for fruitful sexual relations even more.

Nor were prostitutes any solution to Henry's frustration. Of course they gave him a kind of "relief" but it was a relief that left him empty and lonely; copulating with a woman whose response was entirely mechanical—lacking even the pretence of love—could do no more than give temporary relief of a physical kind and did nothing to assuage his psychic needs, his deep longing for a reciprocal and satisfying sexual relationship.

The same limitations applied, as far as Henry was concerned, to masturbation, especially as the object of his fantasizing, his wife Joan, remained as cold and remote in his imagination as in actual life. It was almost impossible to breathe life into the

ice-princess even when in imagination he could do what he liked with her!

It was, however, through his efforts to bring more reality into his fantasies and imaginings about Joan that Henry first turned to her clothes—a step that was to be fraught with the most far-reaching consequences for him.

One golden August evening, while awaiting Joan's return from the local repertory theatre where she was playing a



small part, Henry, more frustrated than usual, went to their bedroom, stripped and lay on the large double bed and tried to conjure up a picture of his naked wife. He soon found the effort unrewarding. She had been even more distant from him than ever of recent weeks, rarely undressing in front of him or allowing him any real proximity. He had almost forgotten what it was like to

touch her and he could no longer recapture the special tang of her sweat or the smell of the musky scents she had worn in the past.

It was then that he noticed a pair of her knickers in the corner of an arm-chair a few feet from the bed. She rarely left clothes lying about the room, being almost obsessively neat and tidy, putting everything away in its appointed place. She must have changed them at the last moment before leaving for the theatre, Henry thought. Without any special intention in mind he got up from the bed and picked up the knickers. They were skintone French knickers, trimmed with brown, a pair he had seen her wearing along with an uplifting half-cup bra in the same material. He got a picture of her standing before him in the bra and knickers, the deep cleavage between her breasts full of allure, the knickers forcing his attention on her buttocks and thighs as he stood fingering the brown lacy trimming.

The very feel of the knickers and the thought that he was touching a garment that had been in such close contact with the most intimate part of her body immediately affected him, causing a stirring and tingling in his loins. When he scrutinized them more carefully he noticed a slight discoloration at the front of the crotch and when he brought the garment to his nose it was obvious that the knickers had been tight in her vulva, a pervasive smell of her sex filling his nostrils. It was a smell he recalled from the rare occasions at the beginning of his marriage when she had allowed him to kiss her labia, a particular smell that had a magic appeal for him.

He felt a moment's shame at the fact that he was examining a pair of his wife's knickers and he put them back in the corner of the chair where he had found them. But her musky scent almost brought him to life and he was quite unable to forgo such a chance to recapture what had been the most exciting moments of his marriage. Overcoming his feelings of guilt at what he was doing, he picked up the knickers again, lay back on the bed and held them

against his nose, drawing in the lingering tang of her sex.

It was easier, holding the soft smooth knickers to his face and breathing in her characteristic scent, to see Joan in his imagination, and as he masturbated it almost seemed to him that she was present in the flesh. In his fantasy he could believe that she was sitting astride his face, the crotch of her silky French knickers against his mouth and nose, rubbing herself against him until she was actually climaxing, the knickers suddenly wet with her spendings.

By the time he ejaculated, the knickers were wet from contact with his mouth and for a few minutes he was horrified at the thought that Joan might return and find them. But as the play she was in wouldn't be over for at least another hour he quickly satisfied himself that he had little to fear for they would no longer be damp by the time she came home. Then he would keep her down in the sitting-room for a while, chatting over a drink.

* * *

"How did the play go tonight?" he asked her with more enthusiasm than usual when Joan returned. Somehow he felt a lightness of heart he hadn't experienced for months as he looked at his wife with a revived interest. As he prepared her martini he got a picture of her in the matching skintong bra and French knickers, and smiled to himself as he wondered what she would think if she could have seen him an hour or two earlier, lying on their bed with her knickers against his nose.

"Quite well," she said. "I was quite a success. I think I'm acting better than ever before and it wouldn't surprise me if I get a bigger part in our next play."

Henry showed as much interest in what she said about the play as he could but he was still thinking about the knickers in the corner of the chair. He wondered whether she would remember that she had left them there when she saw them. Well, he had a

clear conscience about that and he would be able to deny convincingly that he had anything to do with them if she had forgotten he had left them there.

Joan, however, always remembered exactly where she put her clothes and as soon as she went into the bedroom she picked up the knickers and put them in the dirty-linen basket. This was the one she used only for her own undies, leaving the maid to attend to them each morning. Henry had never even looked inside, but he made a mental note to do so next time he was alone in the house.

Next morning he left early for Fleet Street, arriving back around six in the evening. He found Joan getting ready for the theatre where she would be playing for the rest of the week. He was in time to see her combing her hair as she stood naked before the mirror, her lightly-tanned body glowing in the August sunlight. Then she drew on a snug-fitting white panties and a matching bra, the outfit contrasting sharply with the appealing bra and brief set she had worn the previous evening in chocolate trimmed with white. After that a white slip before she struggled into a crisp print dress, and drew a sheer pair of hold-up stockings up her legs that tightly gripped the upper part of her thighs. Finally a pair of white stilettos.

He had taken more than his usual interest in her dressing as he recalled the French knickers he had found the previous evening and as the time drew close for her departure he began to wait impatiently to see what she had thrown into the linen basket. When she was ready, she kissed him on the cheek and ran down the stairs shouting that she'd be back about half-past ten.

He felt relieved that she had gone and after going down to the sitting-room to get a drink, he returned to examine the linen basket. To his surprise it was more than half full of miscellaneous items of underwear, including the French knickers Joan had put there the night before. Apparently the maid had not been in that

day or she had overlooked Joan's washing.

He tipped the basket upside down and the bundle spread out near his feet. There was a black slip, black panties and a black bra, presumably belonging to the same set, a pair of light-tan stockings, a pair of black nylons, another pair of French knickers, and a pink satin nightdress—the one she had worn the previous night. Eagerly he rummaged among the underwear, enjoying the softness of the material, especially the satin nightdress. And soon his nostrils triggered off erotic feelings in him and led him to go carefully through all her underwear. It was when he came to the black briefs that he got the most pervasive smell of her sex. It was so strong that Henry, from being thrilled at finding a garment that almost brought Joan to life, was suddenly plunged into doubt and despair when it struck him that his wife must have climaxed recently for the knickers to have such a pervasive odor. Trying to suppress his mounting jealousy, he picked up the other pair of French knickers to find that they only faintly carried her scent. It was possible, he tried to convince himself, that the difference lay in the fact that the French knickers did not fit her tightly as did the black briefs which she seemed to wear so tight between her legs that they almost separated her labia.

Nevertheless, it was impossible for him to overcome his doubts about the fidelity of his wife and he made up his mind to keep a closer watch on her in the future.

Jealousy is, however, an ambivalent emotion. A man's heart sinks when he finds out about his wife's infidelity, but it still intrigues him to think that another man desires her enough to want to seduce her. In Henry's mind there appeared the picture of a man lying on top of his naked wife. His loins had stirred at the aroma of his wife's sex but the thought of another man possessing his wife excited him so much that he felt his penis hardening involuntarily. His whole body was invaded by the most erotic sensations and almost as soon as he lay on the bed with the black

knickers to his face, he ejaculated.

* * *

Henry questioned his wife indirectly about her recent movements but he could find out nothing that suggested she was having an affair with another man. But despite that lack of "evidence" in the days that followed, he began to feel more cut off than ever from his wife's affections and certainly from her sexuality. In his first marriage something similar had happened when his wife had briefly left him for another man, had returned to him, and then finally asked for a divorce. He had felt hopelessly rejected and lonely and this had been succeeded by the deepest sexual frustration. There was no real grounds for believing Joan was having an affair as she had always protested her indifference to sex; but there was still the nagging doubt that she might be deceiving him.

As the days went by his frustration increased and on more than one occasion he tried to get his wife to talk about their relationship. Usually his attempts led nowhere, but one evening he managed to draw her out more than usual and it even seemed that for once she was going to respond to him sexually.

"It's not so much that I don't like sex," she said, "but I have a kind of resentment about the way men feel they can take sex for granted."

He didn't know whether to believe her or not; perhaps she was simply making excuses. Her words gave him little hope, however, for if he made the slightest approach to her she would think he was "taking sex for granted." He was onto a loser, it seemed, so he might as well take his chance.

He moved toward her where she was admiring her naked body in the long mirror. He approached her from behind and his hand slipped down her back to her buttocks, cupping one of the cheeks, then lightly fondling it. For once she did not move away as she usually did at such an

approach, allowing him to feel the warm, buoyant flesh. Then he moved his hands round to feel her flat belly, noticing that she had recently put on weight.

"You're putting on weight," he observed as if to justify the way he was moving his hands over her belly.

"I know," she said. "Don't you think it suits me?"

He agreed that it did, keeping his hands moving over her flesh but hardly daring to move them closer to her sex. Instead he bent over and kissed her shoulders, moved his mouth up the nape of her neck until he was kissing her ash-blonde hair. She seemed not to mind and he got the impression that she was leaning more of her weight against him.

He wanted to continue the conversation but if there was to be a chance of sex with her it might get in the way. He would say as little as possible.

Unexpectedly, she turned around to face him, throwing her arms around him and drawing him to her, kissing his lips. The kiss was old and remote, not what he had hoped for, but when she took her lips away she allowed him to take her in his arms and press his body to hers.

He felt her bosom rising and falling, her breathing deeper than before, and she did not resist when he pressed her so close that his flaccid penis was against the soft, silky hair of her mount of Venus.

MOMENT OF CRISIS

He didn't know how long he could continue without letting go and then he would harden and be told that he was taking sex for granted. It was a moment of crisis, he felt; if he put a foot wrong she might repudiate him finally. If he took no action, he might miss the chance of a lifetime.

He continued to hold her close, his hands now roving down her back until he was squeezing the full, soft flesh of her buttocks. He checked himself for having gotten so far to find she was not resisting

him. He was determined not to earn a sudden rebuke that would lose him all the ground he had gained.

Joan was in two minds about him at that moment. Once in a while she found her distaste for sex seemed to dissolve and she felt a deep need inside her for intimacy with a man. It was an almost overpowering need, but as soon as she found herself giving way to it, something seemed to inhibit her. The man's closeness and proximity, far from acting as a catalyst to bring her body to life, seemed to freeze her cold. She suddenly felt that if she gave way she would have to put up with the unpleasantness of a man forcing himself on her day after day for all eternity, a fate she considered to be worse than death.

And yet as she felt her inhibitions coming between Henry and herself, she fought them. She wanted to hold on long enough for him to take her, praying that he would not do something that she would find repellent, praying that she would somehow find herself possessed by him as if by magic. It was this ambivalence toward sex which made her tantalize him and flaunt her body in front of him, yet withdraw into her shell once he started to respond.

This time she wanted him desperately but feared the consequences of giving way to him. Like every other man, including Bill Levine, one of her fellow-actors with whom she had had a casual affair, he would take it for granted that it would happen again just because she gave way to him once. Lately Henry had not pestered her and she was reluctant to start again the kind of recriminations that had marred their relationship a few months before.

If she could get him to agree that he would never demand or ask for sex from her again, then she would be able to give herself to him this once, to give herself completely and without reserve. It was almost worth trying

Henry was feeling the cleft between her buttocks, his fingers close to her sex. She would let him touch her there and then strike a bargain with him. It would have to

be almost the last—perhaps the last—time she would let him have his way with her. One day she might change though she doubted it. Meanwhile, they could only stay together if she was completely certain of his respect for her wishes. She could not put up with the aggravation of having to argue with him when he desired her, least of all with the self-pitying way he sometimes reacted to her refusal.

“Suppose, Henry,” she began, “suppose you made love to me tonight. Would you want me again tomorrow?”

He would strike any bargain she wished as long as he could have her, as long as at that moment he could assuage his deep longing for her body. “Of course not,” he replied.

“Would you leave me alone altogether? I mean, not ask me, not try to persuade me, unless I felt like it?” she went on.

“Whatever you say,” said Henry. “If that’s what you really want, darling, then I would do whatever you want.”

“You really mean that?”

“Yes.”

His hands had touched her lips and he inserted a finger between them, feeling for the first time in many weeks the wet warmth of her inner membranes.

Henry took her to bed and lying at her side for a moment, he eagerly kissed her lips and her breasts before he mounted her. She rolled her hips as he penetrated her, her tightness yielding, and soon she was gasping with pleasure.

For Henry it was like coming home after many a long month away, all his pent-up feelings and emotions released, his sexual hunger joyously assuaged.

* * *

Her reaction was swift and complete for the next night she found it hard even to sleep in the same bed with him. But Henry, trying to accept the pact they had made, kept aloof as possible, a situation that repeated itself for the next week or two.

He did his best to stick to it but it became

increasingly hard for him, especially when he sensed that Joan really meant what she said and that she would really be hurt if he broke his word. She seemed colder and more remote than ever, even though her general attitude to him was friendly, even affectionate. She was happier in herself but seemed wholly unaware of his own wretchedness.

It was inevitable that he was driven to her bedroom when she spent a night away with an old schoolfriend. He had managed to avoid masturbating or taking any other steps, as he had in the past, to find relief from his deep frustration, but now he could hold out no longer.

She had left on a train late in the afternoon. He had accepted calmly her announcement that she would be spending the night with her friend, but when she left he felt like a caged lion, pacing the sitting-room, picking up his drink from time to time, trying to decide to settle to some work but finding it impossible. He recalled the wonderful night that he had last spent with her and almost re-lived it in his imagination. In such a state of discontent it was quite impossible to get down to anything, least of all an article he had to write on the current political situation.

He had almost forgotten the couple of evenings he had gone to the bedroom and found her undies, but at that moment it all came back to him and he almost bounded up the stairs to find something that would bring her to life again. He wondered why he had not thought of doing so before.

A bra, a pair of knickers, a slip, a pair of stockings

The basket, itself, gave off a scent that he knew to be Joan’s and he immediately had a clear vision of her in his mind as if she were lying there on the bed, the splendid curve of her buttock and thigh as she bent her legs, dominating the picture.

He picked up each garment in turn, scrutinizing them in a way he had never done before, noticing for the first time the embroidered pattern edging the bra, the

(continued on page 44)

ELAINE

The fashion center's own little darling.





The fashion industry knows that boys look good in their fashionable designs, and Elaine of New York has worked hard to prove 'em right!





With the flare of a top-notch runway model, Elaine floats down Sixth Avenue, catching admiring glances from all who recognize her!







“My career got started with a freelance photographer who snapped a few pictures in the park. A fashion coordinator caught sight of them in his portfolio and before I could give them the scoop I was a new summer line from Italy!”



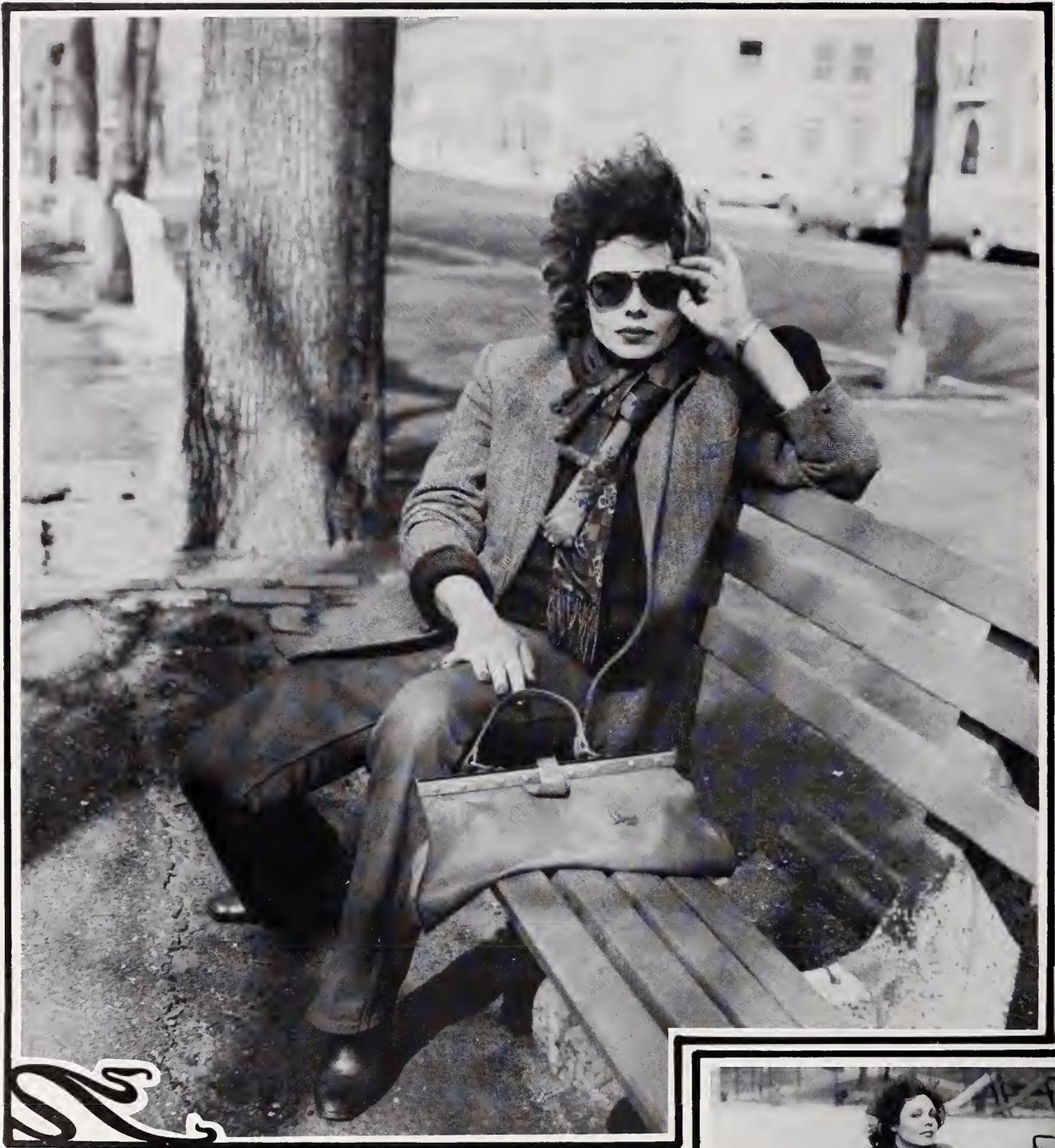


"I know there are some 'girls' who are prettier, but today designers are looking for a certain look." That hot animal look seems to be what Elaine has and we know she'll go far with it!





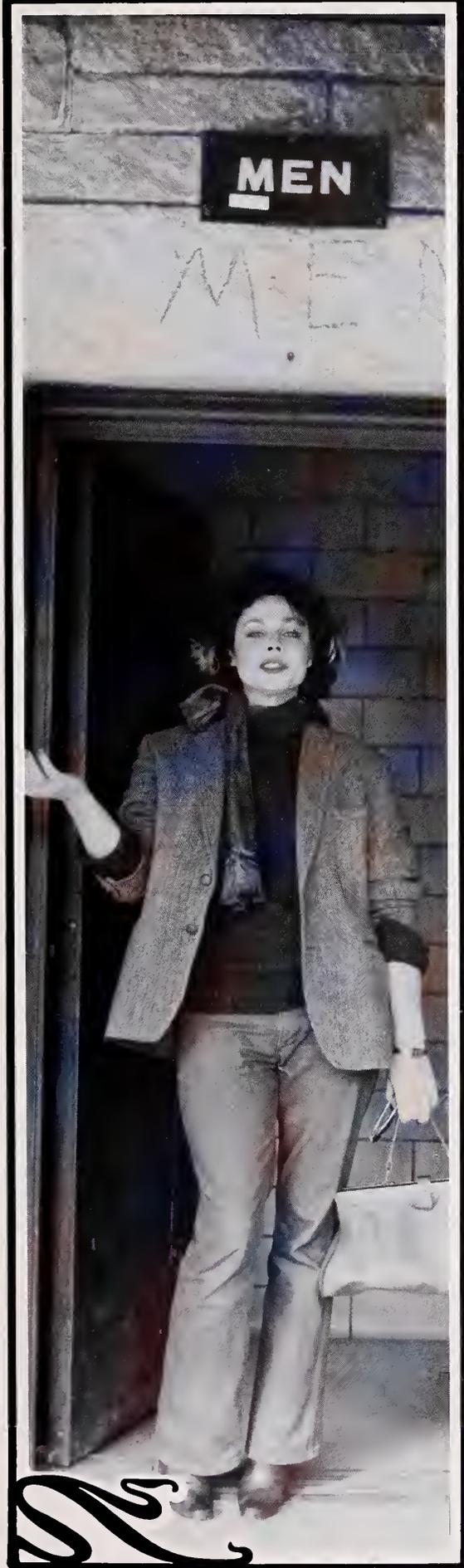
"Little did I think the fashion world would be my playground," Elaine shouts as she strikes another pose!



“New York’s Most
AVANT GARDE
Entertainer.”

Chrysis





The *Village Voice* wrote articles exclaiming: "Who is Chrysis" in the 1960s. They're still asking this person with charisma!



From the days of Andy Warhol's groups of the divine and outrageous, Chrysis was there—young, vivacious and exquisitely beautiful. Off Broadway shows, films and the top nightclubs was the world in which this professional performer excelled. A friend of the very rich and very poor, Chrysis was sought after by the likes of Dali to pose for a master work. No new nightspot would open without this diva of female impersonation being there to wish them well!







International acclaim was Chrysis' on a trip to London where reportedly fist fights broke out just for a glimpse of the Margo Hemmingway look alike!



Now with the opening of La Cage Aux Folles in New York, Chrysis stays busy with rehearsals and with where the theatrical career goes next. We thank Chrysis for spreading much light and happiness and extend our best wishes for peace and contentment!

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**



F-113

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-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, FIs, 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, Fls, 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 Fls 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**

TRANVESTITE. 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

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.



Send \$5.00 for our literature,
and remember, area get-togethers
may also be arranged!

TELEPHONE: (213) 269-1489

THE T.E.A.C.H. INSTITUTE
Post Office Box 3919
Hollywood, California 90028



F-139



F-141



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**

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-150



F-151

YOUNG, 25-year-old TV, beautiful and willing. Wish to meet other convincing TVs in my area. I am into sexy lingerie and make-up. I especially love lipstick. I have many erotic techniques to share. Let's get together for satin, lace and fun! Send picture for my reply and picture. Please be straightforward, must be into cosmetics.

F-150

TV WOULD like to meet and correspond with ladies who like effeminate men. Will also correspond with other TVs and TSs anywhere. I really dig being a girl. Let's see what we have to share. Have never made love while in drag, but would love to. Answer with photo and S.A.S.E. I'm waiting for you.

F-151



F-154



F-152

YOUNG, 24, FI, would like to meet young female 20-28 for fun. Also like to hear from other TV in NY-NJ.

F-152

LONELY TV desires correspondence and meetings with sympathetic women in Southeast. I'm single, 36, 5' 11", 150 lbs, with green eyes and dark-blond hair. Reply with photo and phone number if you would like to help an otherwise normal, intelligent man occasionally turn himself into an attractive feminine lady.

F-153

EXPERIENCED, sensuous, irresistibly aggressive TV, 35, looking for men who know how to please a woman or women who want to be pleased. Into everything with a touch of class. Make me part of your Florida vacation! Photo and S.A.S.E. get immediate answer.

F-154



F-156

HETEROSEXUAL TV, 32, college grad., married, wife approves, wishes to correspond and set up a club for hetero TVs in N.W. PA. and N.E. Ohio. I love everything associated with being a transvestite. This resort town has promise for a small TV club. I would like to correspond with and meet with several TVs to discuss the possibilities. And I would love to correspond with and meet TVs in my area. **F-156**

MALE TV's first time ad. I am interested in meeting other TVs, TSs or females in Los Angeles area. No guys or pros. I'm 25 and I hope my photo speaks for itself. Need help with makeup and possible introduction to new cultures. **F-157**

FIRST AD ever 3/15/81, seeks nice-looking female anywhere. Enjoy wearing pretty clothing, hose, dresses, shoes, makeup, etc. Are there any understanding ladies out there? Gee, I wish you'd hurry and write. Am completely normal. I do, on occasions, wear mens clothing. And if there are any pretty FIs like Danielle or Heather who'd care to write, feel free to do so. Makes no difference where you live—let's write. We can all be friends. And I think this magazine is the most "honest" way to correspond. Really. **F-158**

I AM a 29-year-old, black, bi TV who is interested in meeting another with a similar interest in cross-dressing. I am not interested in heavy bondage, S/M or drugs. I am looking for a friend to share my interests in music, movies, photography and sports. If you are similar, sincere and discreet, I would like to hear from you. All letters will be answered. **F-159**



F-157

SENSUOUS TV wishes to meet other TV in N.E. PA.—Phila. or N.J.-N.Y. areas for fun & games. Love French and Greek when dressed in sexy lingerie. Please send photo & phone. **F-160**



F-158



F-160

HELP! I need someone out there to help me. I'm interested in purchasing female hormones or a prescription for them. I'm desperate! I think I'll go crazy if I don't have magnificent breasts of my own. Will you help me? **F-161**

MALE TV, 45, would like to correspond with other TSs & TVs, Mobile, Alabama area. Wishes to meet with men, ladies & couples for fun & games. Will travel 200 miles to meet you. Apartment available. **F-162**

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:

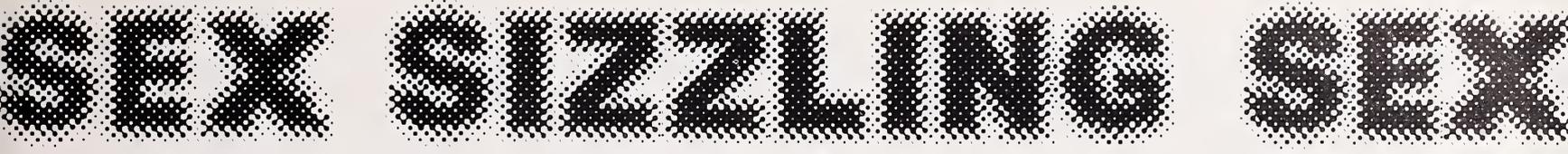
Female Transvestite Male Couple

My ad should read: _____

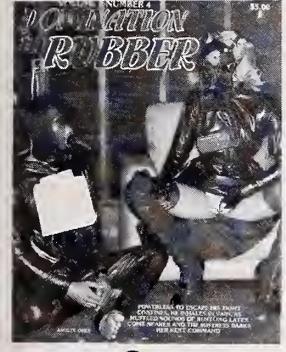
PHOTO RELEASE

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) _____



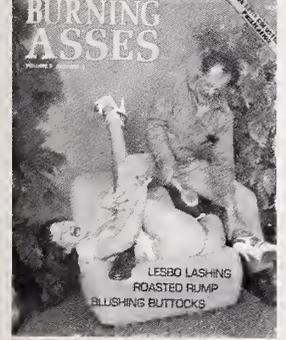
BONDAGE



&



Discipline



PROVOCATIVE PUSSIES



TITS



&



TERRIFIC TRANSVESTITES



ASSES



FANTASY HOUSE
P.O. BOX 8350
VAN NUYS, CA 91409

- DOMINATION IN RUBBER 4/4 \$5.00
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Box 8350
Dept. ER
Van Nuys, California 91409

name _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____
Under penalty of perjury, I certify by my signature below that I am 21 years of age

Signature _____ (DO NOT PRINT)
NO ORDERS ACCEPTED WITHOUT SIGNATURE

master charge THE INTERBANK CARD
Acc't. No. _____
Interbank No. _____
Expiration Date _____
VISA® Customer's Phone No. _____
\$15.00 MINIMUM PURCHASE ON ALL CREDIT CARD ORDERS

ALL ORDERS MUST INCLUDE CORRECT POSTAGE!

	U.S.A. Including Canada & Mexico	FOREIGN*	
1-3	\$2 00	\$6 00	
4-6	3 00	9 00	COD's accepted within
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11-15	5 00	15 00	fee MUST BE INCLUDED
OVER 15 ITEMS	6 00	20 00	with the order

*Payment accepted in U.S. dollars ONLY by International Money Order checks drawn on U.S. Banks or foreign affiliates IN U.S.

TOTAL _____
SALES TAX _____
POSTAGE _____
AMT. ENCLOSED _____

Check here and add \$1.00 if you wish parcel insured
(Available in U.S. only)

(continued from page 21)

small bow where the cups joined at the cleavage, and the fastenings at the back. The elastic band was slightly soiled and he could see it in place across Joan's back, contrasting sharply with her lightly-tanned skin.

SENSUOUS FEEL OF STOCKINGS

The suspender-belt, something of a mystery to him, drew his particular attention as he fiddled with the suspenders. He had always been intrigued by suspenders for they were so closely and exclusively associated with the flesh of a woman's buttocks and thighs. For the first time he could see what a useful and practical garment it was for a woman who wore stockings. And stockings themselves—the very word conjured up beautiful legs and powerful thighs in a way that, for Henry's generation at least, the word "tights" didn't. When he picked up the fine nylon stockings he saw and felt how delicate they were, the very feel of them sensuous and erotically arousing.

Her knickers—and he liked the word "knickers" though Joan talked about "panties," then became the focus of his attention. Knickers were the most fascinating garment in the world for they were in contact with the most intimate and desirable part of a woman's anatomy, the ultimate object of a man's attention. And Joan's knickers always seemed so much a part of her, the intimacy more complete between them and her body, for she wore the skimpiest, briefest ones possible, tight in her crotch. He wondered if she got some kind of sensual satisfaction from the tightness of her knickers for they sometimes seemed to divide her pubes, making contact with the inner lips.

He brought the inside of the crotch to his nose and at once he received the inimitable, musky scent of Joan's sex. It struck him that on the gorgeous evening she had let him make love to her a few weeks before, there had been no prelimin-

aries for he was too eager to fuck. He had not kissed her lips or tasted her juices. But now he could make up for it, bringing the knickers to his nose two or three times before pressing them against his lips and tasting her stale sweat and secretions.

He was rapidly growing excited from feeling the intimate underwear and from the smell and taste that filled his nose and mouth. Lying down on the bed he felt his hardening penis and, holding the knickers to his face, he slowly brought himself to full erection, a picture of Joan, naked underneath him in his imagination. Soon he enjoyed the relief of a climax, producing in him a serenity he had not known for weeks.

* * *

Afterwards, sipping his scotch downstairs, he felt slightly disgusted at the way he had taken her undies from the linen basket and used them to excite himself. He wondered what his friends would think if they could have seen him. But counter arguments began to present themselves. After all, what was wrong with masturbating when his wife was away? What was wrong with using the knickers to help him bring her more vividly into his mind? It was natural that the garments most closely associated with a woman's sex—and in his case his wife's sex—should stimulate a man's desire. He always admired her clothes and she herself was aware that it pleased him to see her attractively and elegantly dressed. She certainly bought some of her underwear to please him for hadn't she tantalized him in her basque and black stockings? Perhaps she wouldn't like the idea of him going through her dirty undies in her absence, but that would be irrational of her. They were simply a catalyst by which he was able to stimulate himself into a state of sexual arousal and achieve relief. It was funny, he thought, but he didn't think he would now be able to come off without them any more.

To be continued . . .

Maid to Please

Maid to Please continued . . .

And making me stand up and turn with my back to her, she proceeded to unlace me. As she did so she gave me these cautionary words: "Now just remember where we stand, please. The slightest sign of disobedience and I write to your present management, or if it should happen in the future, your future management. I shall not only write, but I shall also enclose various shots or stills which I have just taken. There isn't the slightest possible chance that the photos are faked as I tracked all along your feet, legs, body, and face. You will remember that now and for all time. See?" And with that she drove her fingernails into the lobes of my ears causing me to cry out.

She rose to her feet laughing and walked to the door where she turned and said: "I suppose you know your friend Victor is returning to London tomorrow night, after the show? You do? Then that just leaves you and me here, doesn't it?"

And with that she went out and shut the door after her.

What had I done with my life? A brief hour of dressing up and I was mine no longer. Did I want it that way? I suppose in some way I did, but the thought that no matter



where I was in the world I was completely in the power of another made me think. Made me think, yes. But to what purpose? There was nothing I could do. If any of those photographs were sent to a management who employed me I should be damned forever. I had the clamps upon me more securely than any man ever before, I should think. And then again: "That leaves you and me here, doesn't it?" I must admit that that sentence sent a thrill right through me. What was I to expect? As I had found these leather creations in her wardrobe then that must mean that she enjoyed leather, too. Oh, I was in a whirl. The world, as I knew it was now upside down, or, more accurately, Russian booted and leathered.

I put on my street clothes with distaste and made my way to the theatre.

I won't weary you with what lay between that night and the next: the show, the returning home with Victor to be served by my captor who expressed her sorrow that she would not have the pleasure of his company after the show on Saturday, sardonically remarking, "Mr. Hayle and I shall miss your company, shan't we, Mr. Hayle?" Nor her seeing me off to the show on that Saturday evening saying as a parting shaft, "I shall be waiting, Mr. Hayle. Don't keep me waiting too long as those photographs have developed beautifully." I'll pick up the threads from where I approached her house on my return from the theatre.

A few steps away from the front door my heart began to palpitate. What should I find? Had the whole thing been a dream? A figment of what I had so often imagined when lying in bed by myself? I was soon to know.

I let myself in with my latchkey, softly closed the door and went gently up the stairs. I don't know why I was so quiet and soft. I suppose everyone is when on the threshold of something new.

I opened the door of my room and went in.

Nothing!

No one!

Without turning I shut the door behind me and took a step in, sick with disappointment and anti-climax. I don't know what I had been expecting but it was certainly not this. My hands dropped to my side and I just stared in front of me with all excitement and anticipation drained right out of me.

And then over my head and in front of my eyes, over my nose and mouth, came a pair of kid enclosed palms, palms of shining brown kid. They nestled softly over my nostrils and mouth and I was commanded to, "Breathe—breathe deeply and long. That's it! Take great lungfuls of my lovely kid gloves. Deeper, deeper, deeper, until you can't hold any more."

I wrapped my hands around my captor's gloves. Long and deeply did I draw the

perfume in. I was pressed back hard against two lovely, soft kid-covered cushions which were her breasts. My mouth opened and with my lips I stroked the gleaming moistened surfaces and remoistened them with my tongue.

She drew her hands away and whispered, "Turn around and look."

With senses reeling, I did as I was told, then sank to the bed and the beauty of the sight I beheld.

There she stood! Encased in thigh-length, gleaming brown kid button boots. Her large and luscious beautiful legs fairly bursting out of the buttoned leather which strained and creaked as she pointed and pirouetted on her six-inch heels. Then came a shining gap of silk, a bare two inches of glistening brown flesh which bulged above where the last and highest button had fastened upon her legs and again another bulge which escaped from the legs of short leather shorts. So short that they couldn't have been deeper than eight inches at the deepest point. Into this wickedness was tucked a shining leather blouse of a lighter kid and around her waist was a belt comprised of plaited brown leather which came lower than her breasts while her back, I discovered shortly after, was bare to the waist. Upon her arms, as I have said, were the sticky smelly gloves of brown kid which ran right up to her glorious shoulders. These were buttoned upon her until again her flesh bulged out at the top and at the wrists where tiny brown buttons endeavored to hold the gap together. She had a choker of diamonds around her throat while upon her head was a leather helmet of creasing kid from underneath which her chestnut curls escaped.

If I could choose my moment for dying then I would have chosen that first second when I saw her in all her glory.

She came to me and towered above me. She put a gloved finger under my chin and raised it so that I had to look up into her commanding eyes, yet ever and again they kept sliding down her leathered body and

slipped down her brown, gleaming buttoned boots. She smiled as she saw what was happening to me and then became firm and commanding.

“Come,” she said, “get leathered quickly. You know the routine by now. Come on, girdle first.”

Despite my protestations I was forced to submit to her will, yet, as I dispensed with my male clothing and item by item became more encompassed in leather and silk, I forgot the embarrassment and became ever more eager to be in its grasp and held out my hands willingly for the supple leather gloves to be drawn on to me. In a mounting pitch of excitement, my shorts were buttoned up on me. She had a small buttonhook which fiercely drew the buttons into their holes. With my shoulders forced back on the bed and my legs held captive by her buttoned feet, I had no option but to surrender to the operation. Each button drew me tighter and I was trembling to her rough and dominating touch.

The buttoning finished, she then picked me up as a child and flung me down on my face while she grasped the laces and tightened and tightened and tightened them until I could scarcely breathe. “Oh, please!” I gasped. “Have mercy I-I-I-oooh!” This, as the lace was finally tied leaving me with my waist feeling as though it had been crushed in. She pulled me to my feet and ran her hands over my hourglass waist and lightly down my buttons and Russian boots and then up again along my crinkling, brown kid gloves. She stepped right up to me and rubbed her leathered body against mine causing the leather to squeak and crunch.

“Follow me,” she commanded and led me by the arm to her own room. She seated me in a soft, yielding settee just large enough for two near the foot of her bed. She seated herself next to me and pressed a switch. Slowly, ever so slowly, the lights began to dim and as they did so she entwined her brown button boots around my Russian booted limbs. She was on my

right and slipped her left leg under mine and then passed her right leg over and then locked her feet together trapping me in between. She put her left arm around my neck with her forefinger running along my thigh. I could feel the heat piercing both of her gloves and my leather shorts, and the heat didn't stop there either! She placed her large red mouth into my ear and whispered into it, sending tingles of joy down my spine, but what she said, and did, also sent tingles of apprehension for as she spoke so, she pressed another switch which started a film. The words she spoke were these: “Just in case Mr. Hayle should ever again think of himself as a free agent.”

These words coincided with the lights blacking out and the film beginning.

And the film was me!

There I was, lying on the floor dressed all completely in leather; leather Russian boots, leather shorts and corset, leather gloves. The buttons reflected the lights and twinkled on my arms, or wrists rather, and down my front. Yes, there I was. No doubt about it. The camera travelled right up and along me from my feet in their boots right up to my face. Yes. There was the shot of her brown high heeled shoes treading on my Russian boots upwards over my unbuttoned shorts and onwards over my corset. After that came my kissing of her shoes which I obviously did with much adoration. Yes. There was I, looking up into the camera with lips parted and in the last stages. Then came my body, my shorts, my buttoned shorts, so very obviously—filled. Again my Russian boots right down to the shining toes and slim, gracefully curved high heels.

The film ended and the lights came up again.

She held me tight both with her arms and boots.

Neither of us spoke for a moment.

She drew her right leg up and down my Russian booted right leg and looked down into my face.

I looked up into her eyes.

A long pregnant pause.

"Well?"

"You win," I cried.

"Yes, I win."

Slowly she dropped her face to mine. I watched her large open mouth descend upon mine. It took me and seemed to draw the life out of me. Her lips captured mine. I felt myself relaxing and letting her do as she would. Her leathered body was triumphant and I lay limp and inert willing to let anything happen.

How long I lay like that or what happened I know not, but the next thing I remember was her saying, "Go next door and run the bath hot, but *hot*."

I went next door where the bathroom was situated and did as I was told. With my gloves on I couldn't tell just how hot the water was but when it was about six inches from the top she entered the room and told me to turn it off.

I did as I was told and stood at one side. She was at the other.

Again she was commanding.

"Feel it for heat," she dictated.

"But how can I?" I asked. "With my gloves on I cannot put my hand in."

"Can't you?" she said. And leaning across she suddenly gripped my wrist and gave a sharp tug.

With a cry I fell forward across the bath; tried to grasp onto the other side, but it was too wide and in trying to reach it, I lost my balance and fell forward with my arms submerged. The hot water immediately poured down my gloves and through the buttonholes at the wrists and in a trice my gloves were all soaked and sticky with scaldingly hot water. I struggled to regain my balance but she was too quick for me. Twisting one wrist backwards, she threw me off my balance with my back and head falling toward the taps. Then, just as I was making one desperate effort with my other hand to prevent myself from falling into the hot water, she pushed my chin backwards and downwards. I gave out a cry of fear but it was too late. In one second the whole of

my leathered uniform was soaked in scalding water. My Russian boots filled and my silken stockings clung to me. I could feel the water oozing through my buttoned shorts while my laced corset seemed to shrink in boiling heat. My head went under and I struggled in wild panic. After what seemed hours, but must, in actuality, have



been less than seconds, my head rose above the surface of the water. I was gasping and choking and all my leather outfit seemed to have shrunk in the boiling heat. I regained a sitting position and lay forward on my hands which I placed upon the sides of the bath for support. My beautiful brown button gloves were all soaking and tightening on my hands and arms. I was breathless and boiled and utterly helpless. My boots were filled with

water and all between my legs and under my corset I could feel everything clinging and wet and hot.

As I sat there in my soaking, helpless, I was aware of her voice.

“Get up,” she commanded and I struggled up with water pouring out of my shorts and trickling down into my boots. The buttoned gaps in my gloves were miniature waterfalls while I could feel my corset getting tighter and tighter with the shrinking laces. My stockings above the Russian boots were rubbing roughly together. I stood in the bath as I had never stood in my life before. I don’t know how I felt but it was something I had never before experienced in my life.

I heard my tormentress saying: “I think you need cooling down a little. Stay where you are.”

And then with a gush down came an icy shower from up above. Down through my corset it rushed and right through my shorts and into my stockings and Russian boots; my gloves filled with cold water and spurted through the buttonholes. The whole of my body seemed to be changing from boiling hot to icy cold, all except inside my Russian booted feet which were still hot-watered. I stood there with water pouring all over me in a cascade. I was befuddled, thrilled, and excited.

And then she stepped into the bath herself, in her imperious button boots, right up to her thighs. She stood under the shower with me and grasped me around my arms while the water poured all over her in a silver cascade. She revelled in it and seemed like a goddess of the water. She held me motionless while her leather soaked and filled up with water.

Then, without warning, she suddenly fell upon me with her full weight and overpowering height, while keeping me locked in her embrace. My heels slipped from underneath me and I fell backwards unable to free myself.

With an almighty splash and creating a wave which engulfed the whole room, we

fell under the water. I struggled madly but unavailingly. Then, when I had all but lost consciousness, I felt myself being pushed bodily to the sloping end of the bath. My head was thrust out of the water to just under my chin. Two squelching gloves made their way up my back and held my shoulders while a leathery body lay heavily upon me pressing hard into my buttoned forefront. My thighs and boots were gripped in an unyielding embrace from which there could be no escape; the respective leathers were welded together by the water.

A Junoesque face smiled triumphantly down upon mine. Water was dripping from it and she laughed with the sheer joy of living and triumph.

Holding me with an all-over embrace which left me helpless, she said: “Now then. Remember this forever. I am stronger than you.” And here she pressed my head down until my lips were just above the surface. “Agreed?”

Again I breathed surrender.

“And thirdly, if ever I felt so inclined, I could get what I wanted by just forwarding a photograph or two to show you that they were still in existence. Is that not so?”

“Oh, yes,” I poured out. “I know you have all the trump cards. But you don’t need to play them. I’ll be happy and proud to come whenever you call. I’m lying here, soaked in leather and water and held helpless by you, you wonderful, glorious, marvellous creature. Just let me stay as I am for as long as you wish. *For as long as you wish.*”

And she did.

The next day, Sunday, she saw me off at the station.

When the whistle blew for the departure of the train I was leaning out of the window with her on the step of the train.

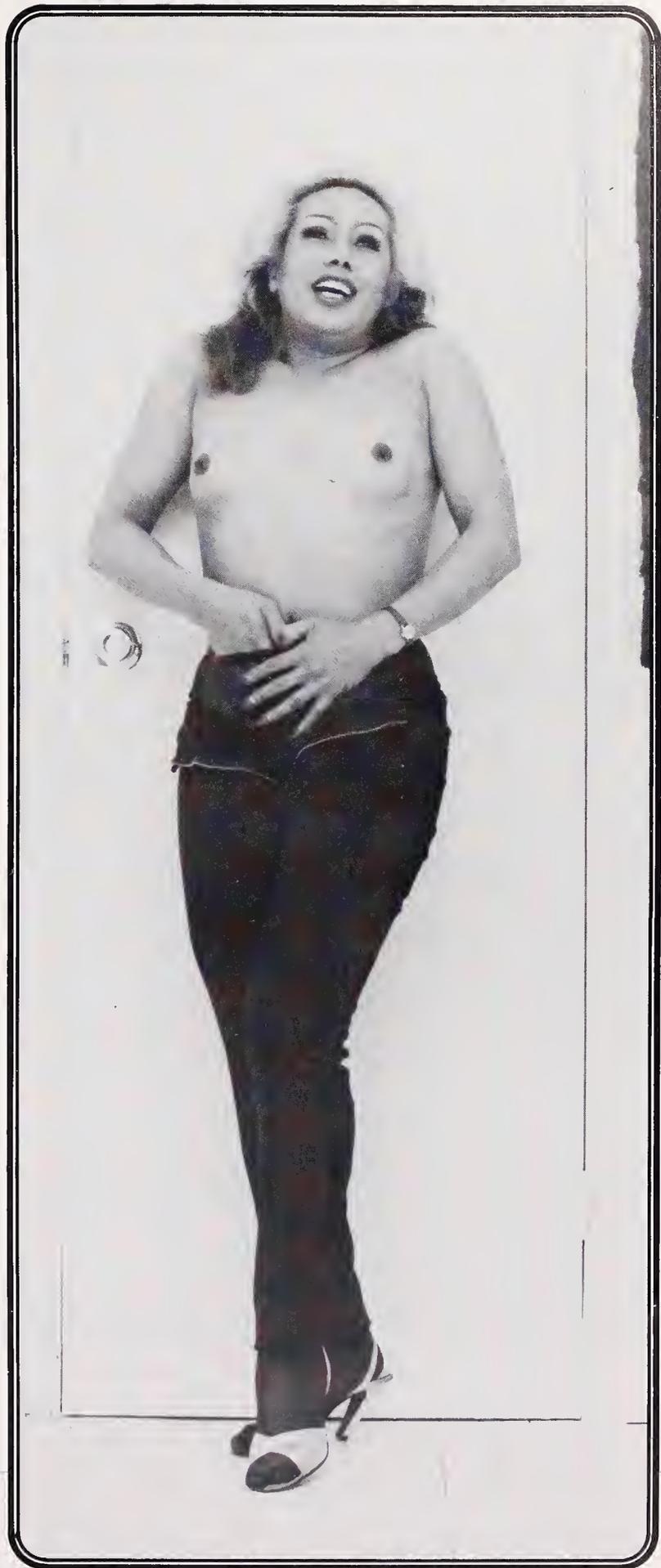
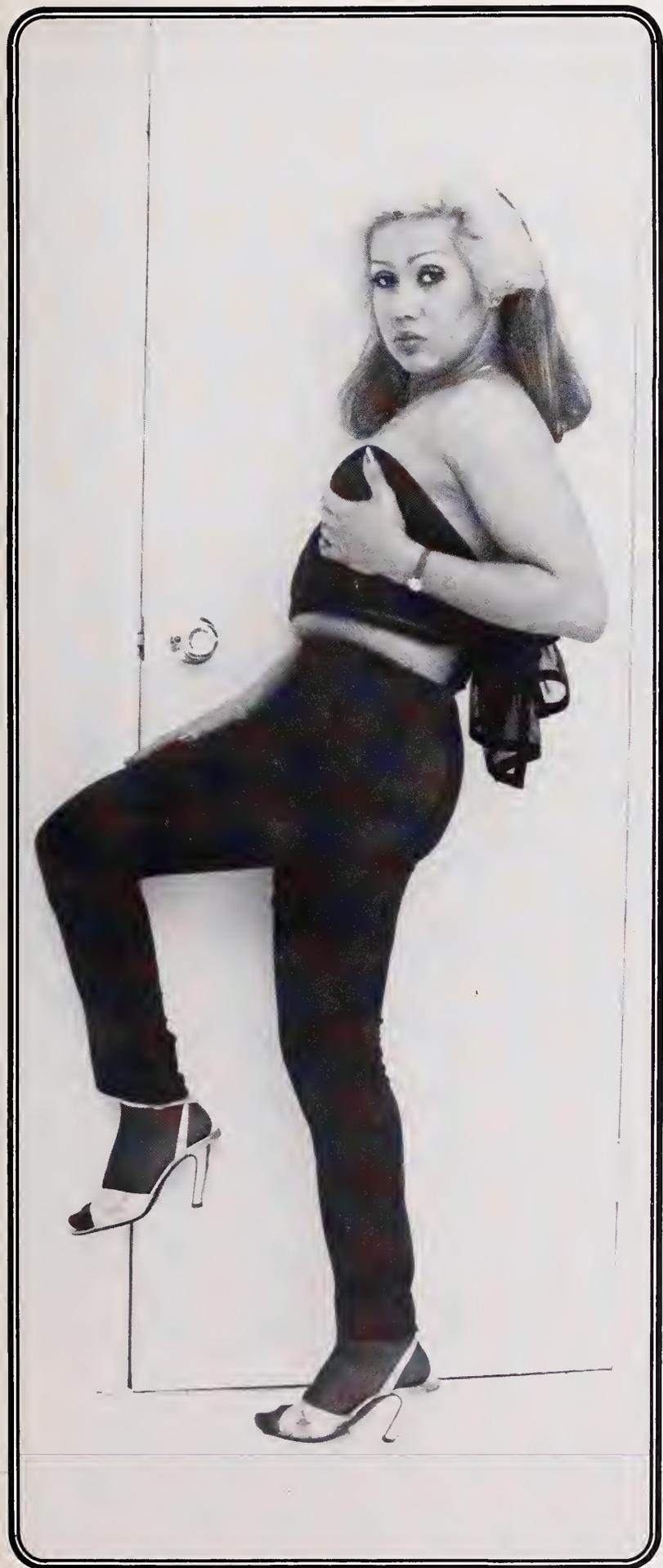
Just as the train drew out she put her arms around my neck and said: “Whenever you think of Bolton you’ll think of me and my Russian boots.”

And by gad, she was right.

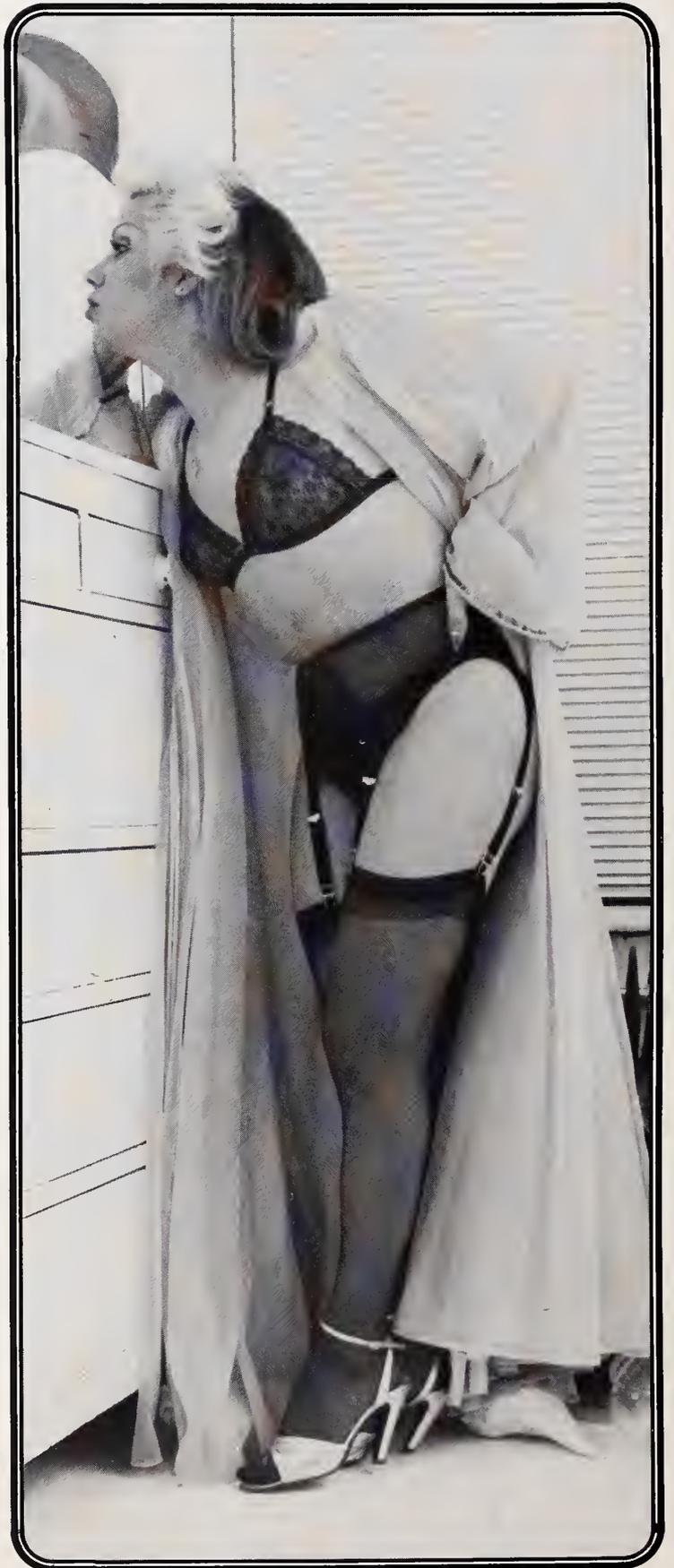
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The "Big Apple's" Hot Enchilada.





Legends are not easy to come by, and people like Frenchie are just as precious—a hellfire wildcat in her teen years, but mellow as good wine nowadays!



Frenchie would serve best as mayor, for nobody knows the Big Apple better. Although Frenchie has traveled through the United States many times, New York brings out the best in her!





She sings and dances in clubs where no one knows the difference, and at a petite 5' 1'', this little doll knows how to keep an audience captive.



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Finally! A lingerie collection that embodies the pure ecstasy of loving and living freely, nighttime or daytime, and to indulge your wildest fantasy. Just the look and feel of them is an erotic experience!



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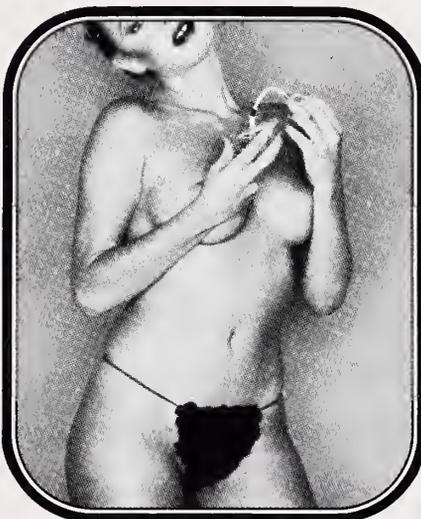
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#2215 MISTRESS—open nipple, crotchless set trimmed in soft black lace. One size fits all. Black/Red/Nude. \$15.95



#2255 CONQUER—Red hot velvet heart G-string trimmed in soft lace. One size fits all. Red & Black only. \$7.95



#2220 CHARMER—Sheer naked nipple crotchless set trimmed with lace. One size fits all. Black/Red/Nude. \$9.95



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	#2210	Seductress		\$19.95		#2240	Teaser		\$ 4.95
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Total for Merch.

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#2210 SEDUCTRESS—Nightie set with lace and ribbon trim. One size fits all. Black/Red/Nude. \$19.95

