

F.M.I.

Female Mimics International

VOLUME 17, NUMBER 1

No. 39

\$6.00

£2.50



949-0587

On the cover:

Morelle DeKeigh

Kim Christy's New Starlet!

High Fashion Expose:

Drag Mannequin

Fraternity Dress-up Pranks

*Good Old
Days of Drag:*
The Crazy Horse

16th Anniversary Issue!

All models over 18 years of age Adults Only

The Original Magazine For Men Who Enjoy Dressing Like Women!



F.M.I.

*Female Mimics
International*

Contents

The Crazy Horse Saloon 4

No, the one in New York

Letters to the Editor 13

Speak out ladies!

Sally and Her Friends 18

Fraternity pranks

Morelle DeKeigh 20

New starlet on the horizon

Personal Ads 30

New and improved

The Model of Femininity 40

New F.M.I. fiction, part 1

FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL, #39, Vol. 17, No. 1, is published bi-monthly by Eros Publishing Company, Inc., Wilmington, Delaware. Copyright ©1987 by Eros Publishing Company, Inc. All rights reserved on entire contents. Nothing may be reproduced, in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited materials. All manuscripts, photos and artwork must be accompanied by return postage. All photos in this publication were posed by professional models, except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos, nor words used to describe them, are meant to depict the actual conduct or personality of the models. All models are 18 years of age or older. No data on models will be released. Any similarity between real persons and characters depicted in fiction or semi-fiction herein is purely coincidental. Exclusive distribution by MAGCORP, The Magazine Corporation of America. *Printed in USA.*



The Original Magazine For Men Who Enjoy Dressing Like Women!

Editorial

Welcome to our sixteenth anniversary issue. I'd like to say Sweet Sixteen and never been kissed, but I can't think of a place I've never been kissed so I think I'll pass.

Actually, this issue marks the first sixteen years of me and my staff putting out the publication. The real first issue came out of New York in 1963, yum, yum, yum. Wouldn't you love to sit next to me on my big pink sofa and leaf through that rare edition? Well, you may have the chance. I plan in upcoming issues to pull some of the original material in the form that it first appeared and reprint it in our pages. Part of what inspires me to do this is a letter or two that I have received lately about how drag differs today than what it was years ago in the Bad Old Days of Drag. Some times I tend to forget that if we wore tight pants and make-up we were hassled on 42nd Street. Today, with the common use of hormones, drag is a different story. Fewer people are involved in the show business aspect. The "art" of dressing up is in competition with the "lifestyle" of transvestism. Before hormones it was a three-act play getting dressed up and learning all the secrets of concealing maleness. Today you just pop a pill or take a shot and throw on your designer jeans. No hours of carefully placed padding fills out the hips, those are yours baby! And the theatrical art is flushed down the toilet.

Well, there's no turning back the clock, and though I don't advocate the use of hormones, I am curious to see how it all works out for those who continue. Attitudes have changed so much in the last twenty years, who'd have guessed that there would be so many subdivisions of male to female? Did anyone have any idea that what Christine Jorgensen did that shocked the world so, would become fairly accepted and common enough not to warrant news coverage?



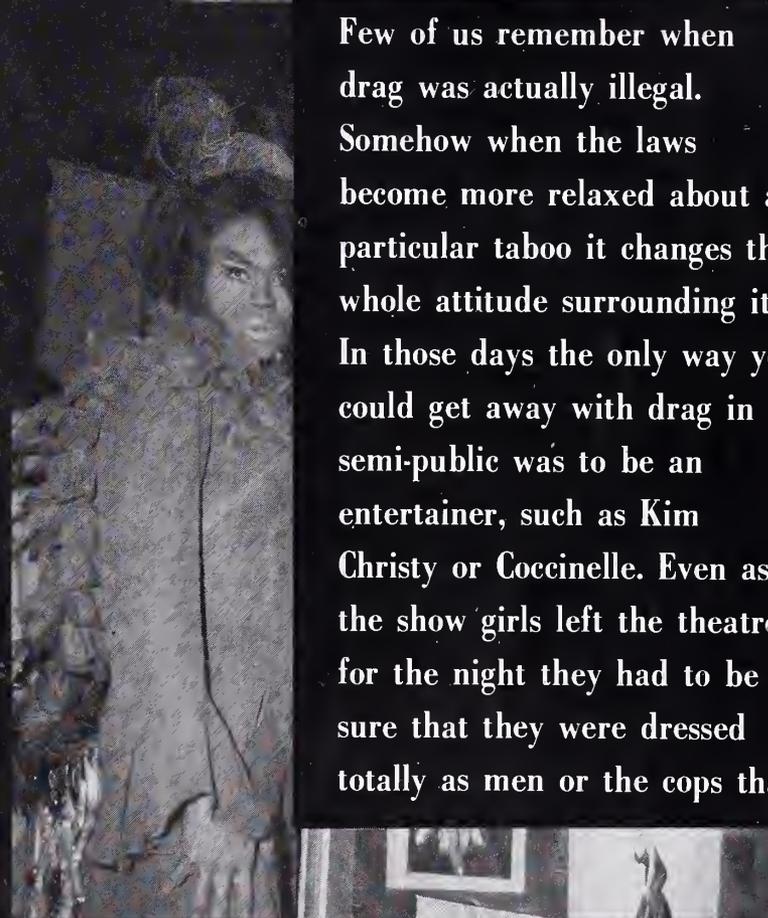
Enough politicizing, I want to slip into something ridiculously femmy and sip out of tall stemware. Maybe I'll do my toenails.

*Love and Thanks,
Kim Christy*



Bad Old Days of Drag:
The Crazy Horse, N.Y.C.





Few of us remember when drag was actually illegal. Somehow when the laws become more relaxed about a particular taboo it changes the whole attitude surrounding it. In those days the only way you could get away with drag in semi-public was to be an entertainer, such as Kim Christy or Coccinelle. Even as the show girls left the theatre for the night they had to be sure that they were dressed totally as men or the cops that





K ROOM



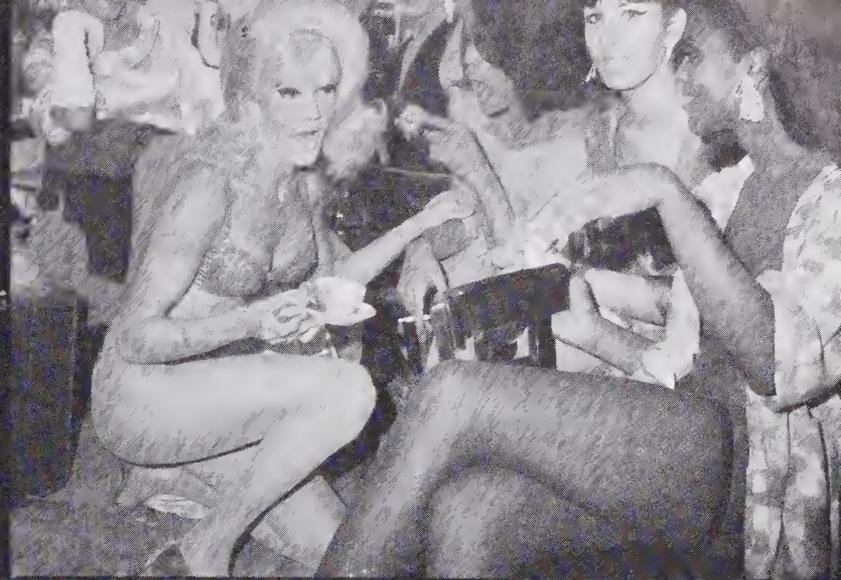
K ROOM



K ROOM



KODAK SAFETY FILM



KODAK SAFETY FILM



would often wait outside the stage door to nab them. In those days at five in the morning you could see some of the more incredibly androgenous creatures hit the streets outside of both the Crazy Horse and the Club 82 . . . and don't forget the Jewel Box! A lot of us went for Wrangler Jeans for women. They had a cinched-in waist and room for rounder hips so that they cut a feminine form and yet they could not be

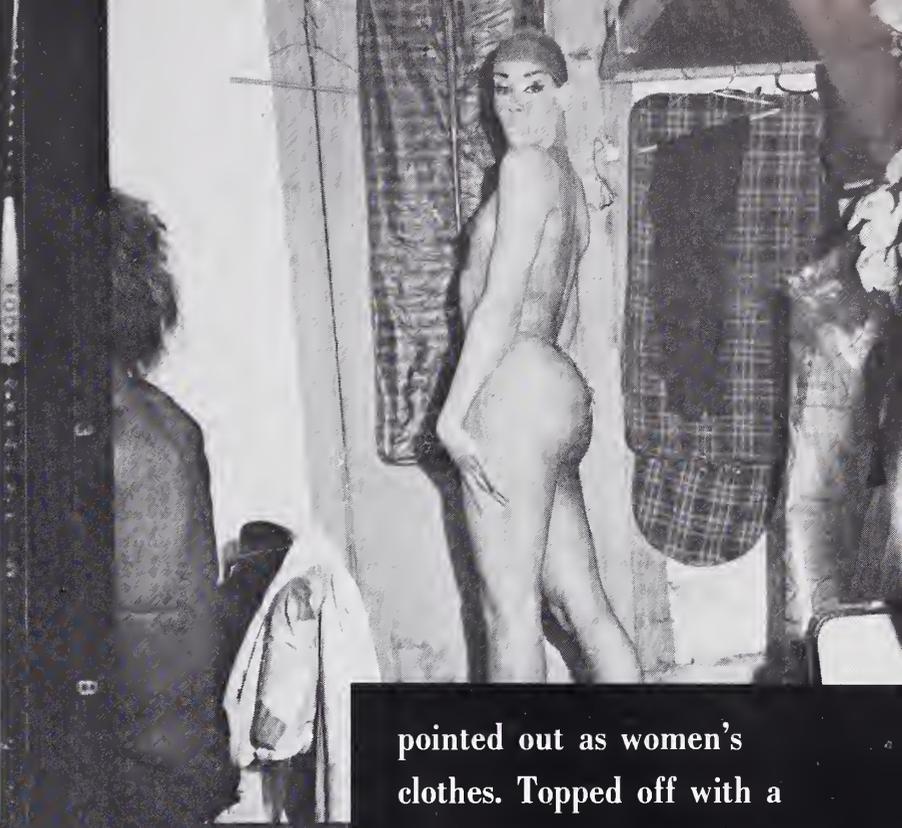


KODAK SAFETY FILM



10





pointed out as women's clothes. Topped off with a stocking cap to cover longer than permissible, tinted and curled hair we all looked a sight as we hit the coffee shops in the village at those early dawn hours all aglow from a night of performing.

We hope that you enjoy this glimpse into the backstage past of this reknown club and maybe you might even recognize a face or two. Look for more photos and stories of the bad old days of drag in upcoming issues of F.M.I.









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,

After a considerable time of debating over whether to write you this I have finally come to make up my mind to do it.

Let me tell you a little about myself. I am 35 years old, 6 foot tall and weigh 165. I have loved women's clothing ever since I can remember. As a young boy I used to borrow some of my older sister's clothes and sleep in them at night when I could get away with it, but usually they would notice that a certain article would be missing, then start looking for it and find my hiding places. my mother would get real upset that I had these things and tell me that there was something wrong with me that boys didn't wear girls' clothes and to stay out of my sister's things.

So then I went into the Navy and got married to a girl I had been dating before I left and she would sometimes allow me to dress along with her and we would play some games together, but the marriage didn't last so I was on my own again.

By this time I was transferred to San Diego and realized that there were plenty of places for me to go out in drag that no one would say anything to me and let me be myself as a woman. I was having

both men and women pick me up to go home with them for the weekend or just for the night then to return the next evening to go out for dinner and dancing afterwards. I was in the time of my life then and didn't realize it.

I then was out one night as a man and I met this woman who I

“She told me that she would like to see what I looked like as a woman.”

thought was very good looking and we started dating and I told her that I liked to wear woman's clothing so she started to let me dress around the house, which was fine with me as long as I got to wear my silky slippers and panties under a nice dress.

So one day I went to a second-hand store to look around because I had found several nice articles of clothes in this particular one, and as I was paying for the things that I had picked out the sales girl

asked me if I was the transvestite that came in there from time to time. Not knowing whether I should say yes or not I asked why she was asking, and she told me that she would like to see what I looked like as a woman because I had nice features and she thought I would make a very pretty woman. So I told her that I was and told her that I would have to go and get some of my other things to make the changeover and she told me to come back as a woman to see if she would recognize me when I came through the door. Well, I did as she asked and when I went back she looked very close as I came through the door but didn't say anything at first, then she came up to me as I was looking through some of the clothes hanging on the rack and asked if I was the one she had told to come back after I had changed. I told her I was and she asked if I could wait just a minute until this other lady had left the store and I said that I would. After the lady left she locked the door and asked me not to worry that she wasn't going to do anything that would hurt me that she just wanted to make sure that no one walked in on us and I told her that was fine with me. She came over to me and said she had always wondered

what it would be like to make love to a crossdresser and asked if I would mind being the one she tried it with. Well, needless to say I didn't mind in the least because this woman was very good looking herself and I would have tried to put the make on her myself. She started to kiss on me and to feel around and I was doing the same to her and things were getting pretty hot in there by now when she dropped to her knees and started to give me some very good head, so I laid her back and returned the favor to her. We stayed there for over three hours making love to each other in every way possible. After we were done she said it was nice but that I should never ask her to do it again because she had her little thrill that she wanted.

Then one Halloween my wife had let me go out as a woman and she dressed as a sexy hooker with her garters from her garter belt showing and plenty of tit showing. Here I was in a nice sheer dress and three inch heels, needless to say we were a pair together and she was having all kinds of men make passes at her, then this very good looking woman comes up to me and starts to tell me how beautiful I am and how nice I look and how good my legs look. Well, needless to say my wife gets all upset that some other woman thinks that I am very good looking as a woman and starts a big argument with me and wants to leave and go home so that has ended a lot of my dressing because she says she won't have her husband looking better as a woman than she does.

Well, I am getting ready to be separated from her after this has gone on now for over two years and the only way I can dress now is if she isn't around. So what I am hoping for is to find a woman that will take me as both a man and a woman to where I can have the type of a life that I need to live

to the fullest.

Keep up the good work on your magazine because I love every issue that I am able to find.

Lots of LOVE,
Paula

Dear Paula

Thanks, Paula, for the great letter. The saleswoman encounter still has me panting. I would love to hear of more of your experiences with women as well as men.

Love,
Kim

“She says she won't have her husband looking better as a woman than she does.”

Dear Kim,

I've been following you in Female Mimics International for a long time now. In fact I once had the copy of FMI that featured you when you won the National Cotillion in 1973. Let me tell you, you are gorgeous!

I have so many questions I want to ask you. First, is it possible to purchase that back issue of FMI? Also, are there any other magazine layouts available that show you so well?

I'm very interested in your lifestyle. I enjoy dressing, but I don't even attempt to pass. My cross dressing is strictly for my private enjoyment. What I'd like to know is, how do you and others in your lifestyle handle it? I mean,

socially, do you live life woman all the time? If so, how do you handle dating with the opposite sex? Do you just assume they know your secret? Do you make enough from entertaining to support yourself independently? Do you have any intentions of having a sex change operation eventually? What about others in the life? Do a lot of them end up dating and having sex with each other?

I know you're busy most of the time, so please take your time answering my questions.

Anonymous

Darling,

Thanks for all the good words. Well, inquiring minds do want to know. I simply can't answer all your questions here but I will tackle a few of them.

See the back of this issue for ordering info on all products and back issues.

The magazine “She-Male” tends to be fairly complimentary of me even if it is a little . . . crude?

I have no intentions of a sex change operation and I usually discourage others from doing so. My experience is that those who really need to make the change do so. They do not need validation from others regarding their decision.

Another interesting thing about transsexuals is that often after the change they are finally free enough to start exploring their feelings about women as sexual and romantic partners. Many transsexuals turn out to be ardent lesbians.

Love,
Kim

Dear Kim,

Having spent many years as a female impersonator in various parts of the world, I enjoy reading

your magazine. Although I occasionally see some statement on female impersonators, entertainers, etc., that I disagree with, I am not one who writes letters to the editor. However, the article by Elisabeth Burmuller (FMI #35) entitled "A Convention of Eunuchs" badly needs correction.

First, I would like to make a correction of a very common error I see all the time on this subject. A "Eunuch" is a male who has had all external male genitalia removed. This is what a transsexual becomes in the course of change from male to female, before creation of the vagina. On the other hand, a "Castrato" is a male who has had only the testis removed, while the penis remains intact. This "gelding" is usually done in childhood to prevent development of male characteristics. While this person may be completely feminine in appearance, especially if the operation has been followed by female hormones, he generally retains most of the erectile functions of the penis.

Eunuchs and Castrati in India and many other Asian countries are not "just another group of weird people," but in many cases, particularly the stage and theatre, constitute a unique and often highly paid special group. I know from personal acquaintance that some of the popular songstresses, dancers, and actresses are in reality carefully trained castrati or eunuchs.

Most of these people were altered in childhood and were not born that way as the article suggests. The "Eunuch Makers" still practice their awful trade in many rural areas, and there are three classes of "Hijras." The first and lowest class, the ones seen on the street wearing garish dress, are those who were the children of poor peasants, usually of the "Untouchable" class, altered and sold into slavery as whores to satisfy a debt or similar

arrangement, although it is not unknown for relatives to get rid of an unwanted heir in this manner. These people are commonly treated as outcasts, and are to be pitied their generally short and unhappy lives.

The second class of Eunuchs are those who have been altered at a later age to fulfill some particular function such as a harem attendant, etc., and are guaranteed

"After the operation these boys then dress and appear in every way as a woman."

a lifelong position. They are more common in the Moslem areas, and are seldom encountered away from their function.

The third class, with which I am intimately acquainted, are those who have been altered in their early teens because they were pretty and effeminate, and have demonstrated a talent as singers, dancers, or playing feminine roles on stage. These people are usually from the middle class, and one even occasionally encounters the younger son of a Brahmin family being trained for female roles in the religious theatre. On rare occasions they can even be of European or Western descent, and there are a few theatrical families that have a tradition of one boy in every generation becoming a castrato and being a female impersonator.

While the first two classes above are almost always complete Eunuchs, this latter class consists about half Eunuchs, and half Castrati. The rule here seems to be that if the child has been

previously circumcised, then he is made into a Eunuch, while if not circumcised, he is merely castrated, and at the time of the gelding, holes are pierced in his foreskin and a metal ring about 3/16" thick and 3" in diameter is inserted and welded closed to prevent removal. This is called a "Bidri Ring," and is placed there to prevent any sexual activity by the wearer who has generally passed puberty, although his voice has not yet changed. These rings, made of gold or other precious metal, and elaborately decorated, are worn for many years, sometimes for life. The wearer's foreskin frequently becomes greatly elongated from the constant drag of the ring which is quite heavy.

After the operation, these boys then dress and appear in every way as females. Their ears and noses are pierced for the elaborate ornaments they will wear in their feminine roles, and often the prettier ones will have their eyes and lips tattooed with permanent makeup to preclude the possibility they will ever be able to pass as males. An especially gifted dancer will sometimes have his ankles operated on so he walks and dances on tip toe, thereby enhancing his role as a dancer. One can occasionally detect these dancers off stage because they are compelled to wear high heels at all times, something not common in Asian countries. It is also considered stylish for some types of singing to be done with a pronounced lisp, and a pretty boy who is gifted at singing feminine roles, with a clear soprano, will sometimes have his tongue split so that after healing he sings and speaks in a soft lisping manner.

While a few of these entertainers in later life may occasionally appear as males, the attempt is generally not successful. From my own experience, the things done to feminize the appearance in the course of this training make it impossible to appear as other than

a mannish woman. When wearing men's clothing one constantly receives remarks like "you shouldn't go without earrings in your ears, dearie," or "is that a man or a woman?" or "that's a woman, look at the way her ears are pierced and the way she walks." So most adopt the feminine role permanently, and in more recent years, with the use of hormones, most are so greatly feminized that appearing as a male is out of the question.

I am not sure whether the female impersonator school at Porbandar, India, where I received my training as a teenager is still there, the country has changed so much, but I wanted to correct some of the mis-statements in the article, and possibly inform your readers of the true facts on this subject.

Sincerely,
June

Dear June

If Abby can be wrong then so can we!

Thank you for taking the time to set us straight (as it were) on this subject. Your own experience sounds fascinating and I would love to hear more.

Love,
Kim

Dear Kim,

Please forgive the stationery and the writing but, I am composing this on a commuter train and this happens to be the only writing paper I have in my briefcase. So anyway here goes:

I do hope you enjoyed the holidays and are well.

As you are aware I have received some of your videos, so I have appointed myself as a critic.

1. China Kitty and Jennifer are simply terrific, not only are they gorgeous but their enthusiasm and acting ability are sensational. As a

matter of fact all your girls are gorgeous.

2. Summer is so gorgeous and sexy but, so far I haven't seen her do anything one expects a girl to do.

3. Actually I guess I am a bit kinky. I believe I would enjoy a video of you just walking around in your high heels, or dressing and/or undressing more than an 'X' rated video. I did so enjoy

"I came to realize that I have to live my life in the most comfortable way possible."

your all too brief "Transformed." I only wish it were full length.

4. Have you any videos in production? You all keep sending me the same circulars.

5. Sulka is one of a kind. While "she" is not my type I would be telling a lie if I said I didn't enjoy her videos.

6. Actually all your girls are beautiful but, I repeat I'd much rather see a video of you smartly dressed or undressed doing nothing but walking around in your stilt heels, than most X rated videos. I just love you in nylons, high heels, garter belt, displaying your gorgeous figure, legs and such a pretty face. The last time I saw you you were very young and so very cute and wholesome looking, you really got me so excited I felt like going up on the stage and giving you such a squeeze. Weird? Oh well, I guess we all have our own idiosyncrosies.

Your girls in Female Mimics are just sensational, actually I do very much enjoy the pageants and parties, etc.

Honey, I sincerely hope to hear from you soon.

Best wishes,
John

Dear John,

Thank you for taking the time to jot down your feelings about the videos. I hope you all know out there that I am the same person as the person who puts together those films and videos. I don't mean to toot my own horn, but I'm very proud of many of them and I would love to hear your reaction to them both, good and bad.

Thanks again, John,
Love, Kim

Dearest Kim,

Hello, I don't really know what to say! I guess I should tell you about myself!

I am 22 years of age, and ever since I can remember I've always felt like a woman on the inside. I am 5'5" and weigh between 115 lbs. and 120 lbs., I have red hair with curls that is past my shoulders with brown eyes that turn to a kind of hazel color when I wear makeup.

The reason I'm writing is because today I had a chance to look through your magazine for the first time. The TVs in it are all so sexy and beautiful and drives my mind crazy with desire!!

You see I've always wanted to dress as how I feel (a woman), but my first problem was my family. Then when I finally came to realize that I have to live my life whatever way I feel most comfortable, I got into trouble with the law. I'm doing a 10-year sentence with a five-year minimum, in the Oregon State Penitentiary. I've completed 4 years already and will be getting out within the next year. So finally I will be able to live my life as a woman.

They (O.S.P) have a damn dress code where we can't wear makeup or any women's clothing like most persons do. But I make my own makeup which is so primitive, but I feel I will go nuts without my makeup. I also am able to buy panties, and wear them under my clothing. It's against the rules, but who cares? I don't enjoy the fact that I'm told I have to be a man when it feels so uncomfortable, and unnatural. But when I am dressed in women's clothing I feel it's me.

I love men, but hate being one. I feel as if I should of been a girl for I am in my mind and heart. Ever since I was 13 I have wanted a sex change so I can become what I was meant to be. Even my friends say that I'm so feminine, that they treat and think of me as a girl.

But all this is irrelevant to why I'm writing. I simply want to thank you for such a lovely and well-put together magazine, and you have adopted a loyal reader of Female Mimics International. When I am released on parole in the next year, I am going to find out how to get your magazine, whenever you publish a new issue. I got lucky and caught a friend with an old one they were throwing away. The date is Winter of 1981, Volume 1.

Thank you again,
Sincerely,
Darla Marie

Dear Darla Marie,

It must be hard to play by the rules. I do have some friends that are incarcerated and I have learned much from them in terms of making drag and makeup out of anything! I would love to hear from more of you out there that have had, or are having similar experiences.

So, Darla, it's first things first. Try to stay out of trouble so that

we can all hear about your successful re-entry.

*We all care and hope for you,
Kim*

Dear Kim,

It's taken me quite a while, but I've finally gotten up enough courage to write you. I've been a reader of F.M.I. for several years. I'm grateful that your magazine exists, I can identify with it very

“I make my own make-up which is so primitive.”

well. It's comforting to know that there are so many people out there like me!

I'm a 25-year-old TV living in central Colorado. Unfortunately, due to my current employment and living situations, I've had to remain “in the closet.”

When I was about 4 years old, I identified with my mother, not getting along with my father at all. I used to sneak into my mom's drawers, pull out one of her half-slips, and put it on. I was quite contented at doing this, but sure enough, one day, my dad caught me, and he gave me a good whipping.

My mom and dad grew apart — my dad was very abusive to her, as well as myself and an older brother. That reinforced my feelings. I felt bad for my mom. As time went on, she contracted cancer and died when I was 12. As she was getting sicker, my TV tendencies subsided. Upon her death, I went to live with my dad, and my TVness returned. My dad threw away most of my mom's clothing, but I got to know when he wouldn't be around, so it was very easy for me to be in the closet.

One of the best turning points of my life came when I was 19. I moved out of town to go to college. I was far enough away so that I knew my dad wouldn't be interfering in my life in any way.

Secure in acceptance of myself, I rented a room from an all-female household. Still a little uncertain how I'd be accepted as a TV. I waited until Halloween neared. I told the second oldest daughter (who was a year older than me) of my wanting to be a woman for Halloween and I was surprised, she was very enthusiastic about the idea. About that time, I had very long blond hair, reaching the bottom of my shoulder blades, and had begun shaving my legs. She let me try on one of her dresses, as well as all the necessary undergarments, and to my surprise, the clothing fit me perfectly — encouraged, she took a curling iron to my hair and applied makeup to my face. When I saw how I looked in the mirror, I couldn't believe I could look so beautiful and feminine. She, too, was impressed of how I looked. One by one, the entire household got to see me as “Lynn” for the first time. They were all accepting and complimentary. That same daughter gave me a nightgown to wear and I went to sleep, extremely happy. In the middle of the night, I suddenly awoke to find her giving me a blow job. Never before was I aroused so fast. I think I came about half a minute after I awoke. I was surprised initially, but after I came, she told me that she wanted to make love with me for quite some time, and it'd been a fantasy of hers to turn a guy into a gal. It was like a dream come true for both of us. That night was one of the best nights of my life, and one of the most passionate, too.

The next morning, I came down for breakfast, still clad in the nightgown and one of her robes. I was very happy, and they noticed it. After telling them that I was

going shopping for Halloween that day, they suggested I do so as "Lynn." After changing into a blouse and skirt, I told them that I was going to buy some groceries first. Actually, I went to a beauty salon, where I proceeded to get my eyebrows arched, face waxed, ears pierced, tips put on my nails, and my hair styled to look like Farrah's used to look. After they gave me a makeup lesson, I definitely looked like a woman. I then went and bought some breast forms, a waist cincher and hip and derriere padding, and put them all in the proper place. As I went out to my car, a couple of guys walked by giving me admiring glances. I didn't quite know how to react, so I just smiled to myself. That aspect of being a woman took some getting used to. When I returned to the house and walked in, that same daughter took one look at me and her jaw dropped open in amazement. She said to me, "Well, it looks like you're going to need more than one outfit!" She then took me to several of her favorite clothing shops, and I started building my own feminine wardrobe of clothes I've always wanted. I was a part of their family for about 2½ years, and it was definitely the happiest time of my life.

Unfortunately, things happened around my dad's home which necessitated my moving back down there. My dad didn't know that I'd changed, and he'd do his best to make life miserable for me if he found out, so it was back to being a guy again. I kept my feminine wardrobe at a girlfriend's house down there, and would become Lynn every once in a while, especially for Halloween parties, but my dad has never found out.

In my current living situation, I can't become Lynn, because if it were discovered, it'd jeopardize my career. I'm not living at home, but where I'm living, the people aren't open minded at all. The desires to be Lynn remain burning inside me,

and in time, I'll become her again. I wish I didn't have to sacrifice being her for a career, I wish I could've become a female impersonator. I have a face for actresses, not so much female singers, though.

That, in a nutshell, is where I've been and where I'm at. I hope it wasn't too vague. I do have high hopes for the future. At least I accept myself for what I am. I've told several friends about what I did and showed them a few photos of me — at least they've been complimentary and accepting.

Your magazine has been a big inspiration for me. I've really liked the fact that the she-males are featured wearing clothing. We know what they are already. They don't have to prove themselves by showing off. Also, your letters to the editor column, and Linda Lee make the magazine much more enjoyable than other she-male magazines I've seen, because everyone seems so straight-forward and open. You do an excellent job of putting together a quality magazine.

I'm pretty familiar with the L.A. area — I lived out there early in my life.

Before I close this letter, I'll say that the enclosed photo of me was taken 5 years ago when I was living with that other family. I may not look quite like Farrah, but at Least I turned out looking nice. Take care!

Love,
Lynn

Dear Lynn,

What a heroic story. I know how hard it can be to fully realize yourself as a woman and then to have to completely shut those feelings off again. I hope your life is acceptable for you today and that it becomes everything you want it to be.

I love you and you're in my prayers,
Kim

Reader
Photos



Sally

and her friends

College can be a challenging time for a young man. Acceptance and a feeling of fitting in are of most importance at this period in his life. Join us as we listen in to one of Sally's friends, Nancy, describe her blossoming in a small university as a result of the time honored fraternity system.

It was settled then. After months of working on my parents, they had finally agreed that I could go away to college. I couldn't wait to get away. Away from home, my parents, and my mother's closet.

All through high school the most important thing in my life was my mother's closet. Her pretty dresses, heels, and her lingerie chest filled with those irresistible confections that I couldn't wait to try on whenever the opportunity arose. Almost every day, I would hurry home from school hoping that Mother would be away shopping or at her bridge club so that I could stand in front of her mirror dressed in her lacy panties and bra, garter belt and long sheer delectable nylons and high heels and stroke my hard penis until I became faint with ecstasy.

I had to get away from all that. I wanted to become a man and lead a normal life. I thought if I could go away to school, join a group, maybe a fraternity, start going with girls and have some kind of a natural sex life, I could stop the desire to dress like a girl, and fantasize

about giving every boy in high school a hard on as I walked by in a tight sweater, mini skirt, nylons and high heels.

In spite of my pre-occupation, I was a good student in school but that's about as far as it went. I was not athletic. Too small, and really had no interest. I was a fairly good-looking boy, but avoided dances and parties, and had never dated a girl in school, not even once.

I waved goodbye to my parents through the window of the bus, and was happy to be all packed and on my way. Arrangements had already been made for a room at a boarding house only a block from the campus, and when I arrived Mrs. O'Malley settled me into the room and rules of the boarding house, and I was ready for my new life at college.

My expectations of being rushed into a fraternity were short lived as class began, and I felt left out. I soon learned that the prestige frats were looking for top athletes, scholars, performers, and personalities. I was not a promising candidate, but I kept trying and finally I was approached. It was certainly not the

top frat on campus. In fact, its reputation was a little shady, but it was better than nothing and I desperately wanted in. I had to change my way of life, and I felt sure this would help. I had also begun to date a girl that I was trying to feel comfortable with. Things were finally looking up. My plan seemed to be working.

Friday night I was invited to my first meeting at the fraternity house. The meeting where new pledges were looked over for acceptance and then given their hazing assignments. Each pledge had to face the fraternity brothers alone, and as I entered the room and faced the group I was a little nervous. Tom Stevens, the leader, started asking me questions, and as time went on I relaxed and appeared to be accepted and was waiting for whatever hazing they had in store for me. And then the bottom fell out. Tom was saying to one of the brothers, "Yes, he does look rather feminine. I think he should be a co-ed for a week or so, and if he can pull that off successfully he'll be a member in good standing." In unison everyone in the room agreed. I couldn't believe it. Just what I had come here to avoid. I started to object, but Tom had already started to assign different members the task of gathering different articles of feminine clothing from their sisters in my size. Then I was told that for one week I was to be a co-ed night and day and if I donned male clothing during that time it would be for two weeks or longer! I was about to tell them I wouldn't do it, but that little voice within me was telling me that now was my chance to do something that I had always wanted to do, to actually go out dressed in feminine clothing and be seen and accepted as a girl, and have a perfect excuse for doing so.

I guess my silence indicated acceptance to the group and everyone congratulated me for having the guts to do it. Tom said that he would inform all of my professors

and Mrs. O'Malley so that they would know what was going on, but I would have to handle every other situation that came up on my own. I was devastated, and felt defeated in my efforts to overcome my strong attraction toward the feminine role. It had to be fate.

I was dreading, but at the same time looking forward to, the following Friday when all of my new clothes would be delivered to my room, and from that evening through the following Friday I was to dress, look and act, like a girl, and I'm afraid I knew all too well how to do that. I didn't know what to tell the girl I was dating so I thought I would just avoid her for the week and try to make it up to her later.

The next Friday, sure enough, my room was filled with dresses, skirts, sweaters, blouses, slips, panties, girdles, garter belts, nylons, heels in such profusion that there wasn't room for any of my things and they had to be stacked under my bed. I was just thrilled to death with my new clothes, and couldn't wait to try them on. I showered, and donned pretty pink lingerie, long sheer dark nylons, black high heels, and a black nylon dress with a pleated skirt. I applied makeup that I had purchased during the week and put on pearl earrings and a fake pearl necklace that the girls had furnished. Then I fixed my medium long hair with curls over my forehead and a "DA" in the back. I knew it looked cute that way from past experience in front of my mother's mirror, and I was ready to go over to the frat house that evening, as requested, for inspection. I knew I would pass.

As I was going out the door, Mrs. O'Malley was coming in, and she said in her most proper voice, "Young ladies aren't allowed, uh, why, Norman, is that you?" I thought the poor lady was going to faint. "Yes, Mrs. O'Malley, didn't Tom Stevens inform you of my assignment in order to join the fraternity?" "Why, yes, but I didn't

expect anything like this. Why, you look like a perfect young lady. Goodness sakes." I blushed a little at that, and said "Well, I can't help it, they made me do it." "Yes, of course. Well, make sure your home early. I wouldn't want you to get into any trouble." "Yes ma'm."

I hurried over to the frat house as fast as my heels would allow. I didn't want to be late and invoke any more penalties. As I got to the door, I straightened my skirt,

"Why you look like the perfect young lady, for goodness sakes."

checked my makeup and entered the room. As all eyes turned toward me there was complete silence. I timidly walked to the center of the group, and as I did, I began to hear some low whistles, some mumbling, and then some wolf whistles, and finally Tom saying, "My god, Norman, you're absolutely beautiful. Men, we have created a queen, a lovely queen for our fraternity. Welcome, Nancy. You have passed inspection." "Thank you, Tom, but remember, I only have to dress like this for one week, you promised." "Yes, well let's see how you do for the week and remember, no male clothing." Then some of the boys came up to me for a closer look, and I was thrilled by all their flattering comments, but in spite of that, I was wondering if they weren't all laughing behind my back.

I went to the movies, alone, that night to relax and get used to my temporary "role," and at least a

dozen boys tried to pick me up on the way there and back to my boarding house. In bed, wearing pink baby dolls, I thought to myself it was going to be some interesting week.

The next morning, dressed in a sweater and skirt, I started down to breakfast. I didn't know what I was going to say to the other boarders, three male students and two other young men, but I was hoping Mrs. O'Malley had tuned them in. But she hadn't, and as I entered the room two of the boys spilled their coffee and the others almost choked on their food as they looked me over. Then one of them said, "I thought no women were allowed here, but I'm sure glad you changed your mind, Mrs. O'Malley." "Now just a minute, I'm Norman, the new boarder," and I tried to explain my situation, but the more I tried the worse it got, and one of the young men actually asked me for a date, so I turned on my heel and ran back to my room almost in tears and wondering how I would ever get through the week. Mrs. O'Malley then knocked on my door with a tray, and told me that I'd better take my meals in my room until my ordeal was over, and I thanked her for understanding.

That afternoon while I was studying, one of the boys from the fraternity dropped over to see if I was dressed in feminine attire, and after he left, I was given another surprise by a phone call from Mary, the girl I had been dating, asking me why I hadn't called, and wondering whether I wanted to take her to the movies that night. I knew that she would see me dressed as a girl at school since we had some of the same classes so I thought I might as well face up to her and said, "Mary, can you drive over this afternoon, I need to talk to you," and when she agreed, I said "and please don't be shocked by what you see until I have explained to you."

I waited by the front door until I saw her drive up, and then I opened



KODAK 5

→ 11

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



→ 7

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



→ 10

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



→ 6

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



→ 9

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



→ 6

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



→ 9

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



→ 5

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



New KIM CHRISTY Discovery:

Morelle

DeKeigh





This lovely olive-skinned beauty is of mixed Dutch and Italian descent. You can see it in her refined features and her wild black



mane of hair. Her father was a Dutch marine and her mother a poor barmaid. Although Morelle does not complain about her

childhood we know that it couldn't have been too swell. Her Father, Tuth, was only a brief memory for a little boy growing up



in that small fishing village. Her mother did the best job she could to raise a fine young man but, need we go on? The story is well

known to us all. There was something different about delicate little Morelle. He did not play with the other boys but he spent hours in

his room, drawing, painting and on some days he would get to help his mother make dinner and clean house. These days he would





willing to give him up to let him find his happiness. Tuth DeKeigh was not a total jerk. He had set aside some money for his son and it was to be turned over to him when he turned eighteen. So Morelle took his dowry as it were, and made his way to Hollywood to become a Movie Star.

We're afraid that Morelle's story becomes all-too-familiar at this point. You know it all. Pretty, young, innocent thing comes to big city and gets in with wrong crowd. Suddenly outward appearance changes. No longer looks like boy at all. Better as girl anyway.

Actually, Morelle's transformation was so complete that not even her

love the most because he would get to do the family laundry. He would carry the heavy wicker basket full of his mother's pretty colorful skirts and low slung peasant blouses down to the river and wash with the other women. They first would laugh at little Morelle, then they saw that this fine young man was so sweet and pure of nature that he must be a special boy indeed.

When it came time for Morelle to go to a university, his mother was all tears. She knew that if her young pretty son were to get out of their village and see the sights of the world that she would lose him forever, but she loved him so much that she was







KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



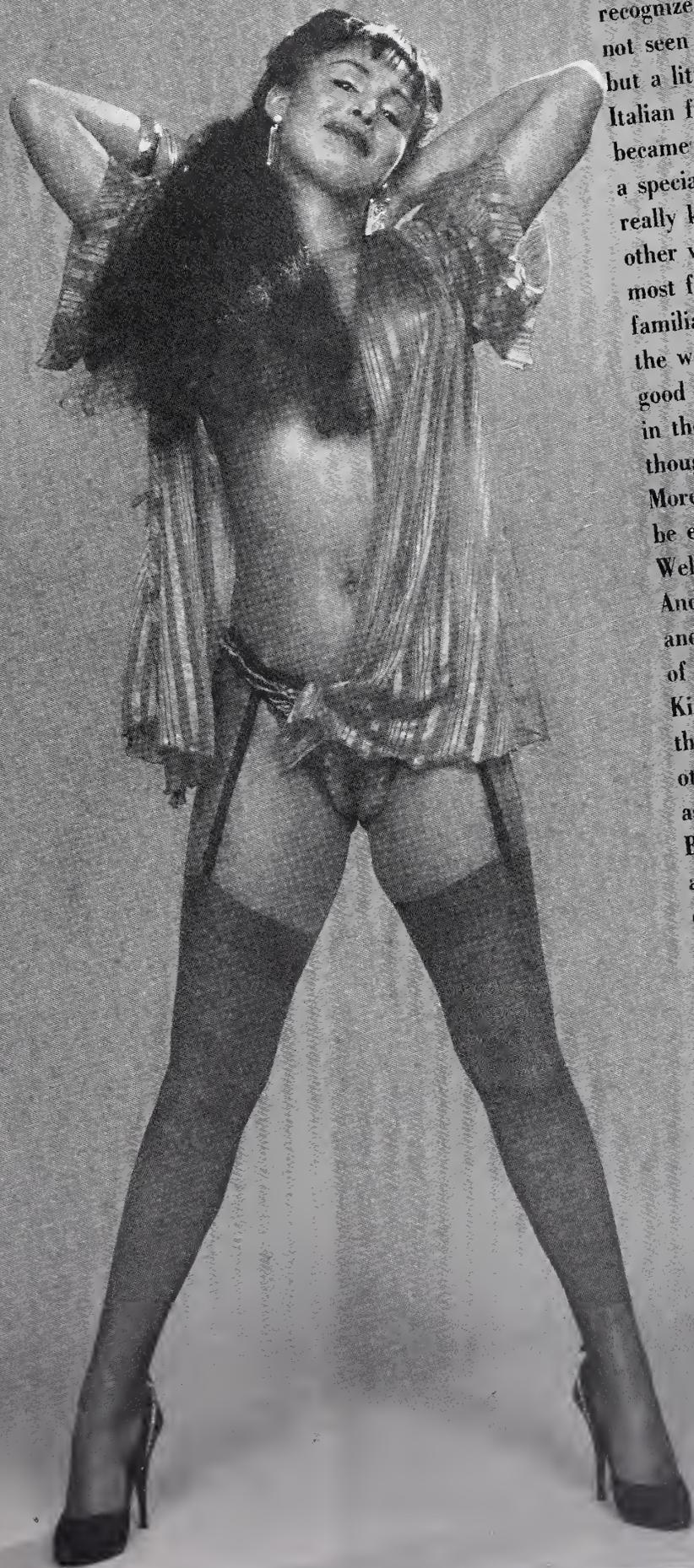
KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041



KODAK SAFETY FILM 6041







own father recognized her as she sat perched on a bar stool at Le Dome. Of course, she did not recognize him either having not seen him since she was but a little boy in the Italian fishing village. They became fast friends sensing a special bond without really knowing who the other was. Tuth DeKeigh, as most foreign marines, was familiar with the ways of the world and so was a good friend of Kim Christy in the bad old days. Tuth thought he'd found in Morelle someone Kim would be especially interested in. Well, you see the results. And leave it to Kim to dig and delve into the histories of all her friends. At first Kim was hesitant to reveal their true identities to each other, seeing the intimate aspect of their friendship. But, lo and behold, father and son/daughter were delighted to be reunited and have since become a notorious couple in the L.A. night scene. Leave it to Kim Christy, finder of lost loves.

F.M.I.

Female Mimics International

Personal ADS

SEXY, glamorous She-Male super feminine pretty TV living in So. Calif. wants to meet tall masculine men for fun, dating and romantic evenings. I'm sweet, sincere and have a good personality. Am BI and also like sexy females and TV's. Can travel L.A., Orange County and San Diego. Love Marilyn. **F-353**

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS, I'm a white 34 year old BI-MALE very discreet, 5'2½", 130 lbs with brown hair and brown eyes, good looking and well endowed, looking for a "special-gal," or couple, good looking 24 years and up to 55 who likes to be treated as such. Loves to give and receive oral satisfaction. Likes to see sexy clothing and nude, and aggressive TS's and TV's. Will answer all including travelers, mostly Western Mass., and Connecticut. Photo welcome. Will answer all. No phonies please. This my first time. John. **F-354**



FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL

CENTRAL TEXAS TV, 35, 5'10", 150 lbs. and 8". Love all things female, sensuous & erotic—especially lots of Sensuous French and Slippery Greek. Love to entertain out of town guest and also love all night motel TV parties. Love to correspond and exchange photos. Have large wardrobe and been dressing over 20 years. Let's play naughty little girls together. **F-357**

HI. I'M LAURA, and I'd love to hear from TVs and TSs who—like me—are shy and sensitive. We have our fantasies—let's share them! Mine is to meet a sister who can help me experience what it's really like to be a woman! All letters answered—those with photos first. Love, Laura. **F-361**

I AM A WARM, friendly, and outgoing person living in the southeast Michigan area. My passions are nice clothes, letter and photo exchange, and making new friends. S.A.S.E. please. Love and best, Michele. **F-366**

WISC-S/W/M 39, looking for that special TV-TS who wants to be treated and loved as the woman you are. Sincere, open, honest, permanent relationship possible. Must pass: phone, picture please. Bob. **F-367**

TRANSSEXUAL, 23, 5"-10" wants to meet other TS, TV, M and F for fun and friendship. Greensboro, N.C. area preferred. Please include photo and phone if possible. Discretion wanted and assured. Karen. **F-369**

ATTENTION PRE-OPS: This attractive 25-year-old white male would like to meet and/or correspond with you. I want to give you pleasure as well as friendship. Am interested in writing, dating or just fun times with you. The choice is yours. Please include photo. **F-372**



F-366



F-369

S.F. BAY AREA PRE-OP TS seeks friends & penpals, I am 5'11", age 34. I enjoy helping novices, photo sessions, shopping, nights out. All replies answered. Lets get in contact and exchange photos, gossip, mutual aid, fashion ideas, thoughts & stories. Sharon. **F-417**

I AM BLACK TS— fair-skinned — very heavy into being a female. I would love to correspond and meet with others who enjoy this deep feminine glow as I do. I don't shock easily and I have a very active imagination. My hobbies are poetry, music, chess and cooking just to name a few. I am an easy going and submissive lady with the right person and would do most anything to be treated like a lady, loved like a woman. I need the right person to make a real woman out of me and



F-361



F-413

take away the loneliness that I feel when I long to be with someone. I need to share some hours with someone when I become so "Regina," that I become hysterically feminine and have to go into sweet anal masturbation, in front of a large mirror. Pure bliss. I need to share those moments with someone and I am looking forward to answering all who write. Photo not a must but it would be appreciated. Please send SASE. Hurry, Regina awaits you, no matter what race, creed or color. **F413**

NEW YORK-BASED EXECUTIVE and former Mama's boy was raised to be a big sissy. Now I dress up as a lady whenever possible. Love to correspond and meet with other TV ladies and their wives or girlfriends for dressing up occasions and going out. Like trading clothes for an evening with a girl my size (16). Enjoy being 'bossed' by aggressive liberated women who want to keep a man in skirts and high heels. Will play secretary to executive female or nurse to woman doctor. Also enjoy being the lady's maid. Not gay. Hetero TVs and female only. Travel possible. Send photo. See **F-416**

MARRIED TS. Wife fully supportive. I'm educated and love going out, passing, dancing & dining, etc. I have VCR equipment for making videos. I'm into French, B/D, & light S/M in the passive role. I have a huge wardrobe and would love to share. Interested in hearing from TV's, TS's, and men interested in meeting (S.F. Bay area-San Jose) or just writing. Luv 'n stuff, Wendy. **F-422**

ATTRACTIVE 35-year-old TV seeks creative correspondence with TV's, TS's. **F-424**

TV/TS, 38, seeks attractive passable TV/TS pre or post op, females, for lesbian relationship, enjoy lingerie, garters, nylons, and hot horny sex. Am super clean and disease free — also absolutely discreet, expect same. All who send photo answered ASAP. Sincerely, Jaimie **F-425**

ATTRACTIVE TV, love to wear ultra-high heels, stockings, tight corset, long gloves, blonde wig, pretty make-up, and show off for pretty TV/TS, female, or couple. Will be submissive for right party, but no pain. Can travel, let's

meet (or correspond) for fun and games. Please, TV only if you are a male, and a photo is a must. **F-429**

EXTRAORDINARILY beautiful, petite 28 year old TV, 5'5", 130 lbs, desires to make quality erotic video with couple, married man or other attractive TV. Even in my skimpiest, frilly, lingerie I am deliciously passible and desire to share my "film fantasy." Discretion and cleanliness absolute. Serious inquiries only. Photo a must. Will cost share. New England area or Eastern Canada. Love, Carole. **F-434**

YOUNG, slender, passable, TV seeks to meet other TVs, couples and females. Also want correspondence and photo exchange. Please enclose photo. Very discreet. **F-443**

ATTRACTIVE TV, 32, SW/M, tall, slim, auburn hair, hazel eyes. I'm sensitive, caring, on hormones. I know I can pass easily with a little help. Seek female companionship for dates, shopping, relationships, fun. Desire to be live-in maid. Also, other TV's, TS's for correspondence. Live in San Francisco, can relocate. **F-452**



F-463



F-464

NO. CALIF. AREA BI TV would like to meet very passable TV for candlelight dinners and 69 sex. I have a large wardrobe of Designer clothes, silk dresses, blouses, skirts and many pairs of sexy high heel shoes. I have a video camera and can film get together. Photo a must. **F-455**

COUPLE METRO DETROIT AREA. Female 22, Bi TV 29. Just starting hormones. Does the thought of having two girls excite you? Would you like to go out with two girls dressed in sexy outfits? Would you like to come over and wear our pretty panties? Would you like to kiss our feet when we are dressed in heels and stockings and beg us to spread our legs? Would you like two girls to French you to completion? Would you like to find out what happens next? If you are a white, single bi-



F-468



F-174



F-434



F-416



F-422



F-424



F-457



F-429



F-460

male please write us a sexy letter and tell us what you would like to do with us. Send a photo and SASE for reply. Passable TV's and TS's welcome. Too far to visit? Drop us a line. **F-457**

NEW HAMPSHIRE 28-YEAR-OLD SUB TV would like to meet extremely dominant TV's and dominant woman to enjoy the pleasures of bondage with. Enjoy having all body movements and functions contacted by you. The heavier the trip the better. Looking to meet that special mistress to properly train me and help me come out and live my fantasy on a regular basis. Would submit to forced bi activity while kept in tight corsets and extremely high heels. Would love to serve as a French maid whore. Am ready to come out and promise to answer all letters with photo and phone. Can travel and possibly relocate for that special mistress. Send photo if possible. Slave Ricky. **F-458**

ALASKA BI-MALE TV needs help in dressing and make-up. Still very much in the closet but I just love bras, panties, garter belts, stockings, and high heels. Want to correspond and meet with TV/TS, females and select males. Discretion is absolute. Send SASE and photo, all letters answered. Love, Mary. **F-464**

ATTENTION! European mistress well versed in the art of TVism will conduct trips into your fantasy world! Specialist in makeup and discipline training for "Bad Girls" who need a strict teacher! Write now you naughty girls! **F-174**



F-477



F-472

SAN DIEGO—A beautiful Tahitian sex-change whose interest is to meet a very special person with a verbal communication and a high-spirit understanding. Hey! It's summer, I'm for one who enjoys all outdoor sports and activities. For the evening high-lights, moonlighting by the "ocean" all cuddled up with a mysterious but well mannered hunk of man. Please send photo's & telephone. **F-472**



F-458



F-443



F-482



F-483



F-484



F-489



F-487



F-486



F-491



BI, White, affluent, exec, 33, 6'0", 175 lbs., ultra-clean, safe and hung seeks passable, trim, very feminine TV or pre-op TS who has polished touch in luscious make-up, flair for erotic attire and sensual imagination. Have dressed myself but prefer to treat you as a sultry, desirable woman. Discretion assured. Travel nationally. **F-474**

WHITE MALE, 28, 6'5", 235 lbs., athletic build, blonde hair, blue eyes, want to correspond and meet with passable, fun-loving TSs and TVs. Mutual French and Greek. Show me the surprise under your skirt and you won't be disappointed. Photo and SASE for same day reply. **F-476**

ATTRACTIVE TV, 25, SW CT area seeks attractive, caring females, TVs, TSs, sub. men for friendship. Have many fantasies but sex is not a priority. Can you love me like I want to be loved? Honest, sincere only. Photo a must. **F-477**

MARRIAGE Pre/post Op, good looking millionaire, nice guy, easy to be with, not dull, looking for special lady, very attractive, pass easy, honest and ready to live in the straight world. I live on the water in Newport. Would love to hear from you. Photo and phone, please. **F-478**

NEW STUDENT of TV. Wish to meet masculine, well built, honest, supportive man of any race; also other TV & TS's. I'm Black, 32, 5'5", 120 lbs. I'm loving, supportive, cute, and my number 1 (one) interest is the taking good care of my man. I have so much love and understanding to give; Therefore be good to yourself and write me. Also need help in getting hormones. In love and light, PAULA. **F-480**

TV - great body - Dominant with men other TVs - Submissive with women - Southern California. Tall - 6' in heels. Some travel to major US cities - 40's - SASE - bright - likes to soul search. **F-481**

L.I. N.Y. HETERO TV would like to hear from Ladies and well groomed TV's. Enjoy total Woman look, writing, photos and sexy stories. I am clean and discreet. Will accept those wishing to be Maids or Submissive Females. I will answer all. (SEE PHOTO) **F-482**

THIS AD IS FOR REAL: I am an attractive but lonely professional, bright, Black TV living in the South Bay area. Can pass in public. 5'7, 145 lbs. 38 years old, educated. Love art, traveling, music, movies, cooking, and home life. (SEE PHOTO). **F-483**

SUBMISSIVE BI MALE seeking someone to teach me about crossdressing. Also want to learn to suck cock and have virgin ass for greek. Love masterbation, sexy lingerie, panties, etc. Send photo & SASE. (SEE PHOTO). **F-484**

EXOTIC MALE DANCER seeks pretty TV's, TS's, and She-males. If you have not met a sexy and handsome man, this is your chance. I am a role player into every desired scene. Can be a sexy TV if you want. Enjoy exhib., erotic clothing, black stockings, even WAY-OUTS. A clear PHOTO guarantess response. SASE please. **F-485**

HI! I'M SINDI (34) from PA and would like to hear from other TV and also TS. I am 5'9" w/o heels, have long brown hair, brown eyes, and super legs! I've been cross-dressing as long as I can remember and love every minute of it! Semi-closet due to family - discretion expected and assured. Desparately in need of "female friends" to write to as most people don't understand me. Please send photo and SASE. All replies will be answered! (SEE PHOTO). **F-486**

BONJOUR MON AMI! My name is Michel. I love to dress as sexy as possible and enjoy wearing high heels, but I am new to Ame'rique. Why don't you write to me? I will answer all. Photograph is appreciated but not necessary. Au revoir pour le moment. (SEE PHOTO). **F-487**

OHIO/PA 25 yr. Bi-male/White 6' 180 lbs. - trim - very athletic - would like to meet passable slim TV/TS for friendship, dates - short/long term - marriage. Have leg/ass fetish - write to Bill. Will answer all SASE - photo/ phone if possible. **F-488**

PITTSBURGH AREA MALE who is sensitive, sincere, and very masculine desires to meet TV, TS or feminine crossdresser for romantic and erotic times. I enjoy making you feel as a lady. Discretion assured and expected. Photo and SASE please.(SEE PHOTO). **F-489**

HOUSTON, TEXAS: Blond, blue eyed TV wishes to meet and entertain very attractive, passable, loving, sincere TV/TS for possible long term relationship. Photo a must. Phone No. if you can. Love. **F-490**

WM TV - 33. N.Y. area. Moving to Central California mid Jan. Would like to hear from groups, individuals in that area, also anyone interested in good correspondence. Marie. (SEE PHOTO) **F-491**



F-492



F-493



F-494



F-495



F-496



F-500



F-501



VERY ATTRACTIVE, dominant, novice, Black crossdresser, 28, 5'9, with soft, smooth body, desires to exchange photos and meet submissive, feminine, bubble-butt TV's in the St. Louis area and elsewhere. Love mutual French and rimming shaved bottoms. Am Greek active. Also, enjoy erotic phone conversations. Enjoy photo sessions with TV's while wearing makeup, wigs, and sexy lingerie. Not into hairy queens. Must send photo. Am lonely and sincere. (SEE PHOTO) **F-492**

one or two days a month Discretion a must. Eager to please. Will answer same day. Central Fla. area. **F-497**

CHICAGO AREA - T.V. Bi looking for TV's for lesbian relationship, shopping, chatting, or any other fantasy. Any race or age welcome. Send photo & phone for fast reply. My panties are waiting. Love, Pam. **F-498**

WYOMING - Panty loving TV, single, partial to heels, hose and lingerie, loves to look and feel feminine, wants to correspond, exchange photos and/or meet. Tommie. (SEE PHOTO) **F-493**

WHITE MALE 28, interested in correspondence and sincere friendship with TS pre-ops or boy-girls that can pass in public as female. Please no drugs, blacks, prostitutes, or money hustlers. Pref. correspondence and photo exchange from San Diego area but will write all who answer. **F-499**

YOUNG "WOMAN" seeking all TV, TS, & females for good friendship & good sex. Write with photo & phone Will travel. I'm for real & taking hormones Love, Nancy. Wish to be trained by real girls also (SEE PHOTO) **F-494**

SYRACUSAN Bi pantiphile seeks amazonian TV with merciless member and mean thighs that can squeeze from me mumbles of submission. Let's visit the Underskirt World of Jacqueline Cousteau together. Clean as a Girl Scout. Expect same, and photo. No pros or 'wife-doesn't-knows'. Your closet or mine? (discretion is sine qua non.) (SEE PHOTO) **F-500**

WANTED - equally caring, sensually beautiful man, T.V., and or production company, to cooperatively film and photograph scenes of mutual and superior erotic splendor. Sincere honest replies inclusive of your photo, script and expectations. Expect elegance of setting, professional atmosphere, absolute cleanliness. Love, Carole-Anne. (SEE PHOTO) **F-495**

MICHIGAN - HI! I'm Angie, I'd love to meet other passable TV's, TS's, FI's, for sensual love making. I am Bi - very clean. Expect same, discreet. E! Females, who would like me to wear their sexy lingerie. I love to please, and am very passionate. I am single, safe, sincere, romantic, love music, dining and dancing. Want relationship. Photo, phone, gets immed reply. (SEE PHOTO) **F-496**

I am a warm, friendly, and sincere person living in the Southeast Michigan area. I am just in the first steps towards changing my life. New friends and correspondence have a way of smoothing out the bumps along the way. S.A.S.E. and photo please. Love, Michele. (SEE PHOTO) **F-501**

W/BI MALE, attractive, 45, 6'2", 200 lbs., needs dominant female or TV to feminize me into a proper girl. Train me as your personal slave

T.V. loves to have sister T.V.'s get into her panties. Loves to give and take French and Greek. Kathy. **F-502**

See our new catalog on page 44. There's lots of products with you in mind!

W/BI/TV, 23, blue eyes, brown hair, 5'6", 120 lbs. Looking for TV/S/M. I like dancing and dining, the theater, movies and all forms of music. I also like wearing nylons, conservative clothing and make-up to way-out clothes and make-up. Please send picture, will answer all. Love, Romana **F-503**



F-504

GORGEOUS TV BEAUTY seeks similar females and TV's/TS's for mutual adoration and narcissistic gratification. Love photo exchange and get togethers but a passion for spiked heels and hose is a must. Into all cultures and I have a predilection toward being a dominant bitch. I'm kinky . . . very kinky. Write me and find out just how bizarre I can be. Photo and S.A.S.E. are a requirement. Love, Rachael. **F-504**

E. MASS. AREA, WM/TV dreams of being a TS. I'm in the closet - but coming out. Looking to meet other TV's for private parties. No drugs, prefer non-smoker. Like old-fashioned girls. Marcia. **F-505**



F-506

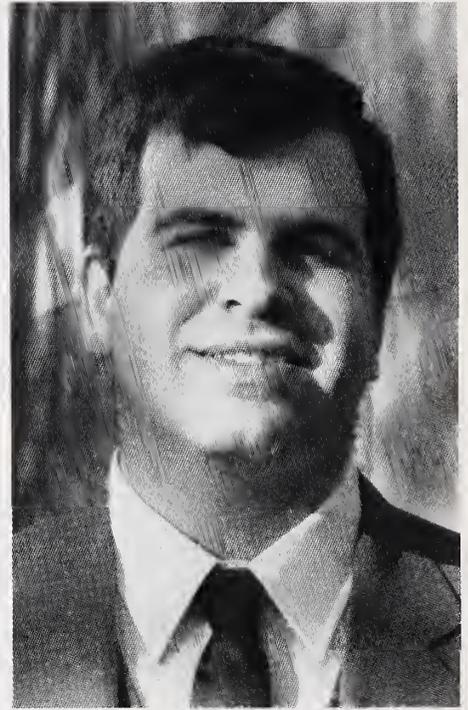
S.W. OHIO, BI/TV. Wishing to meet cute, passable TV's for mutual satisfaction. Can be dominant or submissive. Write and tell me your fantasies. Love, Toni. **F-506**



F-507

SEATTLE TS, loves fashion, fun, friendship and secure people. Turn ons: attractive men in fast cars, understanding TS's for friendship and outings, clean, safe fun. Turn offs: hairy bodies, dented cars and masculine TV's. Can travel both coasts, often to So. Cal. Photo and sincere reply soon guarantees action. Kisses, Sheila. **F-507**

SINCERE, MASCULINE WM, single, 27, wishes to meet or correspond with TS's. I am seeking a TS for friendship, sex, and hopefully love and a relationship (possibly leading to marriage). You can be any race, older or younger than me. I do not do drugs, nor do I smoke, and I am very sincere. I am easygoing, kind, open minded, and reasonably good looking (see photo). Please send photo with letter for a definite reply. Douglas. **F-508**



F-508

OKLA., ATTRACTIVE BI SHE-MALE, 5'10", slender legs and smooth body. Can travel state. Seeks lesbian relationship with other she-males, TV's or TS's. Enjoy going out for evening or staying home for fun. No SM or BD. Am discreet. See photo. Love, Sharon. **F-509**



F-509

WHITE MALE, 37, 190 lbs., TV. Love slips, dresses, pantyhose, mini dresses, also wear high heels and corsets and leather boots. Would love correspondence, meeting with TV's, TS's and let our fantasies run free. Let's exchange photo and phone. Love. Phil. **F-510**

PASSIONATE CLOSET BI/TV, seeks close TV/TS friends' advice and training for further feminization, ultimate desire to become full TV-lesbian or very personal maid to same. Stan. **F-511**

YOUNG, WHITE, very good-looking, Houstonian male, heterosexual. Loves to wear garters, hose, and other intimate female attire. Seeking understanding fe-

males for fun, dress-up and intimate encounters. Also would like to meet very feminine TS with well-developed breasts, absolutely no men, Houston area only. Revealing photo and phone a must. Hurry, I'm excited. Love, Joyce.

F-512



F-513

ATTRACTIVE, SUBMISSIVE TV, seeks correspondence, photo exchange, friendship and possible meetings, with women and other TV's/TS's. Love heels and makeup and all things feminine. Let's share fantasies. Photo and SASE for reply. Lori.

F-513



F-514

TV, EARLY 30's, looking for correspondence, meetings, and sex. I am tall and slim and mainly interested in guys who like TV's. Can be open to other TV if right person. Age, race, no barrier. Will answer all even if it's "thanks, but no thanks." Discretion expected and assured. SASE appreciated. Upper Midwest. Love, Diane.

F-514

CA (SOUTH BAY) WHITE MALE, TV, 35, 5'6", 135 lbs., single. Shy, sincere, affectionate, discrete. Are you a very special person? Absolutely alone together, strip down with me to brassiere and panties, nylons and garter belt. Caress me gently, feel my tender fingers upon your sensitive skin, touch your fragrant lips to mine. Honest emotions, no shame, no fear. Write soon - a phone number helps - I love you. All letters answered. Paulette.

F-515



F-516

HI! I'M CHRISTINA, 38 yrs. old and I'm looking for some discreet clean friends. I'm very affectionate and love oral sex. If you would like late night meetings or just want to write I'm here. Send SASE and photo. I'll send you mine. Curtis.

F-516

NM AREA, S/W/M, 38, 5'10", 160 lbs. Submissive BI-TV looking for females, TV's, TS's to share long, tender nights of French loving. Some light B&D is fun,



F-518

too, but I'm not into pain. Treat me like your lady or your slave. Photo/video professional, some travel possible in Rockies/SW. If you're clean and drug-free, let's be friends and lovers and share some tenderness together. Please send a photo. Love, Donna.

F-517



F-517

PHILADELPHIA: Delectable She-Male, 7" Prick-Girl-Gorgeous, seeks other lesbian transsexuals, passable young TV's and females for friendship, fun and kinky pleasure. Cute, leggy, fem looks, very sexy! Travel USA extensively. Will answer all who include photo/phone & SASE! I can help other "girls" with hormones and make-up advice. Rich.

F-518

31-YR.-OLD TS, will do housework in exchange for electrolysis, hormones, surgery, will consider marriage to Mr. Right. I love Greek, suck cock. I want to be the perfect wife. Whites only. Christine.

F-519



F-523

SINGLE BLACK MALE, light complexion, 5'11", 230 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Looking for large busted TS or TV, Md-D.C. area. Like dining out, movies and good times. Race not important. Will answer all. Thank you. F-520

L.A. NOVICE TV, 27, sincere, attractive "femme." Features, slim, hairless body, great legs, seeks mature attractive TV who loves ultra high-heels, stockings, frilly lingerie, and would like to dress me up as his silky and ravishing girlfriend. Can be very loving and submissive, long-term relationship wanted. Letter and photo please. F-521

SHE-MALE & FEMALE (Judy & Janey) would enjoy corresponding and photo exchanges with other she-males and females. No men please. Looking for slave maid to serve us at parties and join sexual activities. Photo a must. SASE answered first. We love you. See photo. F-522

NEW YORK NOVICE BI TV, 42, slim, shaved. Loves black lingerie, corsets and high heels, adores being bound and gagged, light S&M, French, Greek and photography. Seeks others for correspondence and long-term relationship. Photo appreciated. Love, Lisa. F-523

DO YOU LOVE to dress, look, and act like a lady? Do long, sheer nylons, high heels, sexy lingerie, and beautiful dresses turn you on? Then I would like to hear from you and from those who enjoy the company of girls like me. Please write with photo. Sally. F-524



F-524



F-525

CHICAGO, WHITE MALE, 45, 170 lbs., 5'11", and very handsome, clean cut, silver hair and in excellent physical condition. Looking for K.O. she-male or K.O. female, must be very sexy and attractive with beautiful sexy feet as I do. I love high heels, whip, silk, satin and beautiful bedroom with mirrors all around. Establish friendship first. Detailed letter, phone, recent photo, prompt reply. F-525

ORIENTAL TV, 28, 5'5", 138 lbs., lives in Asia, Hong Kong, sometimes in L.A.; a passive and lonely TV who wants to exchange letters and photos with other TVs and females. If you would like an Oriental friend in Hong Kong, this is your only chance. F-526



F-526

TALL, slender, attractive, passing Transvestite can teach and train novices and would like to meet pleasure-loving men. Please write, Jennifer. F-527

SWM, 33, would like to meet any pre- or post-op TSS, TVs, FIs or women interested in this lifestyle. I occasionally cross-dress, am clean, discreet, educated and looking for marriage. I have been a vegetarian for 15 years, a non-smoker and like good herbs and intimacy. Only non-smokers and serious reply with photo and way to contact you, please, Eric. F-528



F-528

BALTIMORE, MD. New to cross-dressing and need help for make-up and more. 5'6", 108 lbs., fully shaved and clean, very passable in public. Love panties and giving all. Will answer all SASE, photo and phone. F-529



F-529

BONJOUR MON AMI! My name is Michel. I love to dress as sexy as possible for someone special, and I enjoy wearing very high heels. I am interested in friends with the same desires. Why don't you write to me? I will answer all W.P. Au revoir pour le moment. F-530



F-530



F-532

NEW YORK, SW M, Need experienced TV/TS to teach novice the finer things in life. Tired of just looking. Need understanding. A photo will help speed my response. A video can be returned. Discreet and sincere responses only. F-531

SEXY CHICAGO area TV, 30, seeks nationwide contacts with other attractive TVs, TSSs, females, and kinky couples. Interested in correspondence as well as meetings, my place or yours — absolute cleanliness a must. I'm especially fond of fetish fashions and S/M games, and am an avid photographer who travels the U.S. to chronicle the TS and S/M scenes. Please send photo and letter of interests. Love, Tracy F-532

ASTAREA needs new playmates. I do need to find a loving playmate to feed me my hormones (and yours!). I love to shop. My best features are my ass and legs. Photo and phone open my holes. Let's do it in the moonlight. Astarea. F-533



F-533

HETERO, W/M TV, 31, wishes to correspond with letters and photos with other TVs and TSs who love long, feminine hair and hairstyles on their own hair. Female hairstyles got me started into full dressing. Girlfriend is a very talented, enthusiastic hairdresser. If curlers, braids, chignons turn you on, drop me a letter. Love photos Dawn.

F-534

MALE TV, 34, not passable in public yet but will start on hormones in April. Wanting to meet or write to other passable TVs, possibility of a permanent relationship "female to female" with attractive TV or she-male.

F-535

Hi, my name is Beth. I'm a 26-year-old white TV wishing to exchange juicy letters with other TVs. I'm into all things feminine and would just love to hear about your fantasies and sexual experiences. Just drop me a line and I'll answer all Beth.

F-536

ATTRACTIVE TV, 24. Interested in meeting sincere TVs, TSs, couples and select singles. Also enjoy exchanging letters and photos. Understanding girlfriend may participate on occasion. Like to meet new friends and travel. Photo appreciated if possible. All answered. Love, Connie.

F-537



F-537



F-540

MAN'S MAN, goodlooking, 36, 6½', 195 lbs., dark red hair and beard. Never married, rugged looking adventurer would like to hear from and meet attractive, sensual TV or TS for mutual understanding and good times. Photo please. Will reciprocate. Females also!

F-538

S.E. IDAHO TV COUPLE looking to meet other TVs, TSs, and TV couples in Southeastern Idaho area. Will correspond with others too far to travel. We are lonely and would love to hear from you. Bobby and Judy.

F-539

AUSTRALIA: SHE-MALE, slim, sensuous, sex-obsessed, experienced with male admirers, seeks penfriends with similar interests. Robyn.

F-540

CLOSET TV, 35, S.W. So Calif. Wants to meet and dominate understanding woman. Male by day, TV by night. I enjoy B&D, music, sunset



F-541

and Melrose in Hollywood Active in Sanus. Photo please. Discretion assured. Love all 'ya!

F-541

SINGLE WM, 26, masculine, sincere. Want to hear from TVs, TSs, females, males or couples. Can travel E. Ohio, N.W. Va., W. Pa. Photo please.

F-542

ATTRACTIVE TV, interested in meetings. Southeast. Can pass on street in clubs and for dinner meetings. Also enjoy leather, boots, bondage, high heels, corsets. All answered with photo.

F-543

ROME, N.Y., tall, full figure, early 40's, TV, loves to wear garter belts, nylons, heels, etc., would like to meet an understanding woman, TVs, etc., any race for a permanent relationship. Must like to wear garter belts, nylons, heels, etc., No men please. Waiting to hear from you girls. Photo appreciated, thank you. With love, Julie.

F-544



F-542



F-544

Dear AD Patrons,

We'd like to remind you that we now have to charge for ad placement. This is due to increased production costs. We hope to bring you better service and a more entertaining format as the magazine grows with your contributions. Please see the coupon below for details on ad placement.

*Thanks,
The Management*

**HOW TO ANSWER A
FEMALE MIMICS
INTERNATIONAL
PERSONAL AD**

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

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) to 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:

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

 (Signature)

PLEASE NOTE: Because of increased expenses we will now have to charge an initial placement fee as follows: \$5.00 for an all-type ad. \$7.00 for an ad with a photo. Please make checks and money orders payable to: LEORAM PRODUCTIONS. Please check instructions before mailing and please print clearly.

**F.M.I. PERSONAL
AD ORDER FORM**

**MAIL TO:
FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL
P.O. BOX 1622
STUDIO CITY, CA 91604**

My ad should read: _____

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____
 ZIP _____

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)

Get Your Back Issues! \$5.00 ea.

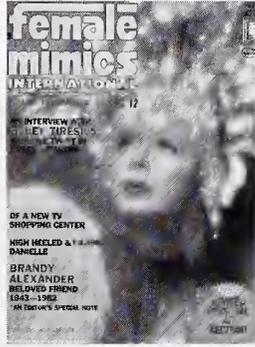
L I M I T E D Q U A N T I T I E S



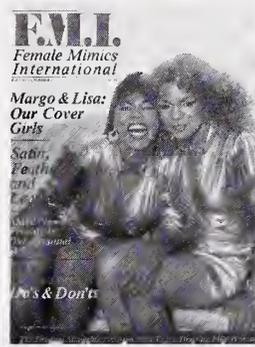
Issue No. 10



Issue No. 11



Issue No. 12



Issue No. 18



Issue No. 19



Issue No. 20



Issue No. 21



Issue No. 22



Issue No. 23



Issue No. 24



Issue No. 25



Issue No. 26



Issue No. 27



Issue No. 28



Issue No. 29

DR. PAULINE MESSEMER & DR. JOHANN HAUSERS

World of Good, Safe & Unusual SEX!

OVER 200 PHOTOS

MANY IN VIVID COLOR

SUBJECTS INCLUDE:

- EXHIBITIONISM
- FETTERISM
- LEZBIANISM
- MASOCHISM
- ROB BREASTING
- ORAL SEX
- PHONE SEX
- SMILER
- SAFE SEX
- SEX TOYS
- SWINGING
- TRANSEXUALISM
- UNIFORMS
- VOYEURISM
- AND MANY MORE

NEW!!!

The Wonderful World of Good, Safe & Unusual Sex

A lavish guide to all aspects of sex. A special look at TV's and TS's. WWI. \$12.95. Many color photos.

Make checks and money orders payable to LR Productions or use your credit card below. And mail to: LR Productions, P.O.B. 1622, Studio City, CA 91604

ITEM #	PRICE EA	TOTAL ORDER \$
		ADD SALES TAX \$
		ADD POSTAGE \$3.00
		2.00 POSTAGE FOR PO BOX \$
		TOTAL ENCLOSED OR CHARGED TO CREDIT CARD \$

If charging, fill in all information below - \$10 minimum on charge. Charge to my VISA MASTERCARD My credit card number is:

Interbank No		My Card Expires	Month	Year																

Name _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Address _____
 Signature _____

I am over 18 years of age and I request this material. (Signature must accompany credit card orders.)



When I dropped out of college, I had no idea that I would do so well. I mean, lots of my friends majored in business administration and computers and what not, and are pulling down \$40 or \$50,000 a year, but how many of them can be earning \$1500 a day as a top model for the Elysee agency? Much less if they are boys!

Obviously, there's a story behind it, so here goes.

In high school, I had a great reputation — as a first-class wimp. The classic 5'6", 98-pound weakling, although I tipped the scales at 105 thanks to my big ass, which didn't help either. Girls? They wouldn't touch me on a bet, although I seemed to spend half my time fantasizing about anyone in tight Guess jeans. I suppose I could have devoted myself to body-building, like the guy in the old Charles Atlas ads, but that just wasn't for me. Too lazy, I guess. At least I did well in my exams and got into what they call the college of my choice.

It was great. Not that I was exactly the Big Man on Campus, but at least I was accepted as a basically nice, if scrawny, guy who was amusing company and — amazingly enough, considering my inexperience — pretty good in bed to boot. I thought I was dreaming when Tamara George (tight Guess jeans and all) displayed an interest in me. She said she was fed up with jocks who seemed more interested in their pecs than in her, and who never wanted to see her except to screw — the rest of the time they were hanging out with the boys, boozing and probably comparing notes about her

F.M.I.

**Serialized Fiction,
Part 1**

The Model of Femininity

An anonymous recollection

and her girlfriends behind their backs.

I'm not going to do the same now, so I won't go into the details of what turned out to be a torrid affair, and a long-lasting one at that. Especially since we're still together now, five years later.

Tamara is a brilliant woman, and she was well on her way to a magna cum laude pre-law degree. But she is also a stunner, and one summer vacation she got "discovered" by a fairly important photographer. Before she knew it, she was one of those girls you seem to see in every glossy magazine: She had the look that designers and cosmetics companies crave, and the Elysee agency grabbed her, offering her a long contract with a guaranteed \$250,000 a year for the duration.

The law, she figured, could wait, and I agreed, particularly as she showed no sign of cooling off about me. In fact, she suggested that we *both* leave the university. Heaven knows, she could support me on that kind of salary, even though there was every sign that I'd be able to do pretty well myself as a free-

lance writer.

It was terrific. We moved to New York, into a three-bedroom co-op East 71st Street between Madison and Park Avenues. Most of the photo sessions she had to do were in Manhattan, and so our home life was a settled one. Like most top models, she was invited to all the chic-est parties, but we didn't go out all that much, preferring a quiet evening of music, talk and fucking. Much better for the complexion, she said.

Occasionally, though, there was travelling, particularly for catalogue spreads. Tamara had become a regular in all the Saks Fifty Avenue advertising, and their lavish quarterly catalogues were often shot in exotic places. Needless to say, I would travel with her, taking my writing assignments with me and working in the hotel room while she went out with the other girls on location.

That's how it all happened. You must understand that these catalogues are always put together months in advance, and if you want to shoot sun-dresses and bathing suits in February you have to go where the

climate is more clement than our New York winter weather, with its heavy snows and below-freezing temperatures. Three years ago, Elysee called and said that the Saks summer catalogue was to be shot down in the Caribbean, but not on one of the regular resort islands. One of the members of the Saks board of directors had offered the use of a tiny speck of an island that he owned outright (who says there's no real money in the retail business?). A sea-plane would fly us all there from southern Florida, leave us for five days with everything we needed, and pick us up again. Idyllic! And I didn't even have any work to do, so I'd be able to relax, relax and relax.

We arrived on Sunday night and settled right in to the palatial beach house. Cool breezes, tropical fruit and a well-stocked kitchen and bar made for a perfect welcome. After a good night's sleep, Tamara crept out of bed at 6 a.m. and went off with the photographer, the stylist, the three other girls and a ton of clothes. About an hour later, I got up, had a cup of coffee and a

mango, and wandered down to the beach to see how things were going.

What greeted me was a scene of consternation. No sooner had they set up for the day's work but one of the girls had become violently ill. It turned out that she hadn't been feeling particularly well the previous week and; rather, than staying in bed and asking that a substitute be found, she had decided to chance the trip. The change of climate had obviously hit her like a ton of bricks, and there was no way she could work. Hell, she could hardly stand up: I was deputized to get her back to the house, feed her a couple of aspirins and put her to bed, while the rest of the team tried to figure out how to shoot around her.

There was no question of getting anyone else; we were incommunicado, and there was simply no one on the island besides us. When I got back to the beach, Tamara came over and asked me if she could talk to me for a while, alone.

What she had to say seemed very strange: She began by saying how what she had always loved about me was that there was no macho bullshit about me, that I never played any sex-role games with her. We were two equals, two friends, who also happened to be lovers. In fact, she said, now was the time when my slight build (and big ass she added, giving it a pinch, which raised a teeny erection) was going to save the day. I, she said, was going to be the fourth girl. They absolutely needed four for certain shots, and she assured me that with a little bit of preparation and expert makeup I would pass. Any problems could be cleaned up when the photos were retouched. She told me that with a good photographer and retoucher they could probably use an orangutan and make it look like Christie Brinkley. Thanks a lot, I said.

I don't mind telling you that I was nervous about the whole thing. I'd never thought of myself as having a particularly masculine body to start with, and now to be told that I was to pass as a girl — in fact, an Elysee

**“I don't mind
telling you I was
nervous about the
whole thing. I'd
never thought of
myself as having a
particularly
masculine body to
begin with.”**

model — was not exactly a boost for my self-image. What could I do, though? Who knew, it might be kind of fun — and since I would be paid the regular \$750 a day fee it would certainly make the week a lucrative one.

So I said okay. It might even make a good magazine article someday.

I was decided that Tamara would get started on me while the rest of the team began the photography. I wasn't at all sure what was going to happen, but I just left myself in her able hands. We went back to the house and Tamara told me to take a hot bubble bath while she got ready for me.

This I did. The steamy, scented

atmosphere relaxed me to no end, and I was just drifting off into a reverie when Tamara came into the room. I started to say something, but she shushed me, slipped out of her silk robe and leaned over the huge tub. She thrust her hands beneath the water and ran her long, perfectly manicured nails down my stomach towards my groin. In a matter of seconds a hard cock surfaced above the layer of bubbles floating on the water, and Tamara lowered her mouth onto the familiar shaft. This was nothing new for us, but somehow the thought of what was ahead of us made the situation all the more piquant.

Just before I came, she joined me in the tub and we had a quick screw, which did me a world of good, I can tell you. I nearly forgot all about why she was there instead of out at the cove modeling bikinis. She soon reminded me, however; we dried each other off and she told me to lie down on the bed, which was covered with just a clean white cotton sheet. She took a hot, damp towel and put it over my face (just like at the barber shop, I thought), and I felt her spreading a warm, scented, creamy substance all up and down my legs, chest and arms, then covering it with what felt like muslin cloth. How nice it was! As it cooled, I felt it tightening, and wondered exactly how this cream was going to help make me look more like a girl.

I soon found out. She whispered, “This may hurt a little — like taking off a Band-Aid,” and began pulling on the muslin. Along with it came the wax (for that is what it was), and along with the wax came all my body hair. Yes, it *did* hurt, but it was the sensation that followed which was odder still. I reached down and stroked my shin, and it was as though I were stroking Tamara: It was silky and soft, and smooth as ivory. Tamara must have seen the surprise in my eyes, for she said, “You think *that's* something? Feel *this!*” She brought over one of her silk slips and draped it over my legs. What an incredible feeling! All

that hair I had worn since puberty had actually been insulating me from sensory pleasures. It felt like nothing I'd ever imagined, the satiny fabric against my absolutely bare skin, and sure enough I began feeling a twinge in my groin. "I thought we'd cured that in the bath," said Tamara. I guess we hadn't, though, and, after putting a fresh hot towel over my face, Tamara went down on me. I'd never felt myself ejaculate so violently, even though we had screwed just twenty minutes before.

When I recovered, I began to wonder about the hotel towel. What did she have in store for my face? My beard was not a thick one; in fact it was distinctly sparse. Knowing I was going to be on a remote island for a week, I hadn't shaved since the Thursday before, so the little hair there was about a quarter of an inch long and quite soft from the hot towels. Jesus! Not that wax stuff again! "I'm afraid so," said Tamara. "Shaving just wouldn't be enough — and we might nick you. Anyway, don't worry: It's a special facial formula."

Thanks a lot.

OUCH!

Then out came a pair of tweezers, and Tamara got to work on my eyebrows. Luckily, the fashion for slightly heavier brows had begun, so the process wasn't too lengthy or painful.

My underarms were handled differently. For some reason, waxing was unsuitable — thank God! — so a quick lather and shave was all that was necessary. I asked to have a look in the mirror, but Tamara said, "Not just yet I don't think. We'll wait till we've finished."

"Now put on this robe and we'll get started on your hair and makeup. Gerry!" Tamara called out to the stylist, who had come up to the house a few minutes before. I quickly got into her silk dressing gown, and my cock started rising. "Hell! I don't need Gerry eyeballing my dick, as much as he'd like to. Let

"Then out came a pair of tweezers and Tamara got to work on my eyebrows. Luckily the fad for heavier eyebrows had begun, so the process wasn't too lengthy."

me at least put on some undershorts — quick!" She reached into our drawer and tossed over a pair of pink satin tap pants, trimmed with lace.

"Are you kidding?" I asked.

"Not at all — you'd better get used to this, Tom, because you're going to be in girl's clothes for quite some time now."

She was right, of course, and I slipped into the tap pants. As I drew them up my newly waxed legs I felt my gut quiver with arousal. Again, Tamara sensed what was going on; this time she didn't relieve me, but merely kissed me lightly on the lips.

"Can I come in now?" Gerry called.

"Come on!" said Tamara, and in he came, laden with the tools of his trade: scissors, gel, dyes and about fifteen pounds of makeup. Like so many stylists, Gerry wasn't particularly interested in girls, except as subjects to work on, but I was a little uneasy about how he'd react to working on *me*. I needed have no fear: He was a thorough-going pro and began the job in a totally business-like way.

My hair is sort of light brown or dark blond — nothing very glamorous. That was Gerry's first concern, and he commenced to creating a more interesting color, using highlighting techniques to add texture and visual impact. It is also not very long at all. Just a man's haircut, in fact. At least I hadn't had it cut for a few weeks, so Gerry had something to work with. "Well, I guess it's going to be the gamine look." And out came the scissors. Half an hour later, I was gelled and blow dried and getting a little curious about what I looked like.

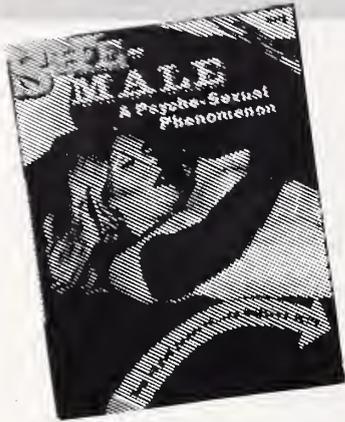
"Not yet," said Tamara, who was just coming back into the room with an armful of clothing. Gerry took her aside for a whispering session, then she came over to me and said, "Gerry has reminded me that we've got to shoot things like shorts and jeans, not just dresses and skirts. He says we're going to have to hide what he called your manhood. It wouldn't do to have suspicious bulges in those tight pants, especially considering that you've had a perpetual erection since we began this whole business. He's asked me to get rid of that erection, and then he has a little miracle he's going to work."

I was apprehensive about Gerry's "miracle," but very, very glad that Tamara was going to help me out of my present discomfort: My balls ached but good! She knelt down in front of me, pulled down my tap pants and sucked me off. There was no time for lingering, for I came like an express train.

Continued in the next FMI

Feel The Lure Of Femininity

COLLECTOR'S ISSUES



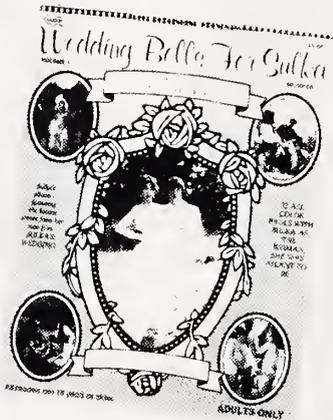
SHE-MALE, starring Kim Christy
Men, women and major appliances are not safe when this sexual tornado cuts through their lives. CAUTION: FRONTAL NUDITY!
KC1-\$25.00

The Mimics, Annual #4
A huge collection of "lady-like" creatures.
MI1-\$10.00

Ladies By Choice
Special issue with Russell Elliot and his friends, Cher, Diana.
RE1-\$10.00

Sensuous Sulka
See the most exotic Transsexual ever, before her renowned sex-change. SS1-\$10.00

Wedding Bells for Sulka
A lavish and erotic magazine starring Sulka after her change.
WB1-\$10.00



B O O K S

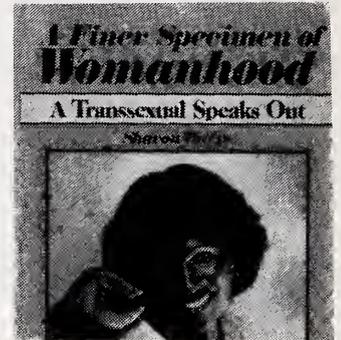


Letters to Kim Christy
Personal experiences in transvestism and transsexualism. From the divine to the bizarre. KL1-\$4.95

Letters to Kim Christy



A Finer Specimen of Womanhood
Sharon Davis' touching and erotic account of her transformation.
Hardbound. SD1-\$7.95



True Stories of TV's #1
Read stories of panty boys, Mommy's little girls, Daddy's little sluts, and forced transvestism. With illustrations.
TTV1-\$5.95

TV Dream Fantasies #1
Personal experiences in foot worship, corsetting, spanking. With illustrations. PU1-\$6.00

TV Dream Fantasies #2
More of the delicious same that you all love. PU2-\$6.00

PHOTO SETS



Five glossy photos ready for framing or . . . ? Glamour shot of Kim Christy from the show biz days including Miss Cotillon. PSA-\$29.95



Kim Christy as the Bitch-Goddess. The side of Kim that we all fear.
PSB-\$29.95

Kim in Heat. Kim with boys/Kim with girls. CAUTION: FRONTAL NUDITY.
PSC-\$29.95



Sulka's Rubber Boy
Sulka instructs a young man in the art of skin-tight rubber worship.
PSF-\$29.95



She-Male Lesbians
These gals have it all. See their unusual style of love-making.
PSD-\$29.95



Trained to Serve
See the pretty boy turned into a French maid by two mean beauties.
PSE-\$29.95

FEMALE MIMICS MAGS

SUBSCRIPTIONS & BACK ISSUES

One-year subscription (6 issues)
SB1-\$45.00

Two-year subscription (12 issues)
SB2-\$90.00

Current FMI's (last 6 issues)
CI2-\$8.00 ea.

Back issues BI1-\$5.00 ea.

Make checks and money orders payable to LR Productions or use your credit card below, and mail to: LR Productions, P.O. B. 1622, Studio City, CA 91604

VHS BETA

ITEM #	PRICE EA.	TOTAL ORDER	\$
		ADD SALES TAX	\$
		ADD POSTAGE	\$3.00
		2.00 POSTAGE FOR PO BOX	\$
		TOTAL ENCLOSED OR CHARGED TO CREDIT CARD	\$

If charging, fill in all information below — \$10 minimum on charge. Charge to my VISA MASTERCARD. My credit card number is:

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Interbank No. MasterCard only

My Card Expires _____
Month _____ Year _____

Name _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Address _____
Signature _____

I am over 18 years of age and I request this material.
(Signature must accompany credit card orders.)

The Mysteries of
TRANSSEXUALISM
Explored



Starring
Heather Fontaine
Summer St. Cerly
and Tania

Men who love
women's clothing!

A make-up and
lingerie party!

Secrets of cross-
dressing revealed!

Distributed by

OZ

ENTERTAINMENT CORPORATION

The Mysteries
of Transsexualism explored

Heather, Summer, and Tania show it
all to you in this femmy little expose.
(60 minutes) VM-\$49.95

TRANSFORMED



Starring
Kim Christy

An
Incredible
Video
in Three
Chapters

DISTRIBUTED BY
LEORAM PRODUCTIONS

Transformed

See this rare footage of Kim transfor-
ming from a healthy young athlete to
a wild and sexy babe. (30 minutes)
VT-\$39.95



A
WITH LOVE, FROM KIM
PRODUCTION

She
Male

TRIANGLE

She-Male Triangle

This is this first video in our new line, "With Love, From Kim."
See Sulka and Serena devour this tasty morsel of male flesh in
their she-male nest. (30 minutes.) ST-\$39.95.

Sally and Her Friends
(continued from page 19)

it and quietly walked toward her car. She didn't seem to pay any attention to me until I opened the car door and started to get in. "Wait, what are you doing?" I said, "Mary, it's me, Norman." Well, she just looked incredulous, and I thought her eyes were going to pop right out of her head. She couldn't even speak, so I sat down, closed the door and asked her to drive somewhere so that I could tell her what had happened. On the way she asked me what in the world I was doing dressed in a skirt, and nylons, and heels, and wearing lipstick. "Why, Norman, you look just like a girl, I would never have known you in a million years." That little speech gave me an idea and hope for the coming days. Why shouldn't I just be a girl for the week and forget the explaining and excuses.

After I had given her all the details she said, "But why didn't you just refuse to join the fraternity instead of embarrassing yourself like this? Why the idea, a boy wearing a bra, and panties. And you've even got eye makeup on. I can't go out with you when we're both wearing a dress." "Mary, I just have to be in a frat, and it's only for a week, and you said yourself that I look like a girl, and if you wouldn't have known me, who would? Couldn't we just be, uh, girlfriends temporarily, until this is over?" "Girlfriends! Are you crazy? I want a boyfriend, a big strong man, not a little girl in a garter belt." I blushed with shame, and said, "OK, Mary, I guess it's over between us, but since I've lost you, I can't lose the frat too so I might as well go on with the shame, I'm sorry." "I'm sorry too, Norman. I really liked you. Maybe when this is over we can patch things up, and I won't tell anyone about it, but I certainly don't want to see you in skirts after next week." "Oh, don't you worry. I'm going to be all man

after next Friday night." On the way home I wondered about that.

I couldn't face reality when it hit me right in the face. I wasn't ever going to make it with a girl, not when I really wanted to be one. And being accepted by the fraternity was a pipe dream. All the guys were probably laughing at me, over a beer, right at that moment. I felt

"Anyone would think you'd been a girl all your life."

so alone and friendless. It was Saturday night, all dressed up and no place to go. The only thing that kept me going now was that beautiful wardrobe, and after Mary had dropped me off, I had showered and had dressed to the hilt. I was wearing a beautiful silk print when the phone rang. It was Tom wondering what I was doing, and could I go out for a drive in his new car. I wondered what the catch was, was he just checking up to see how I was dressed? I told him I wasn't doing much, and yes, I'd love to go for a drive. Funny, my heart began to beat a little faster after he hung up. I went to the mirror to check myself. Yes, everything perfect. I picked up a wrap and hurried to the curb to wait for him.

He drove up in a beautiful new car, and I opened the door, sat and then threw my legs in as girls do. I wondered at that. Was my femininity becoming a natural thing? "Hi, honey. You look just terrific. New dress?" "No, just one that one of the boy's sisters sent." "Well, it looks like it was made for you." "Thank you, Tom." I was riding on air, and I wondered why. I hadn't noticed before what a handsome boy Tom was. As we drove, Tom continued to flatter me, but then said, "You know, honey, I'm kind of sorry that we got you into all this, it really wasn't very fair, and just a quirk of

an idea." "Oh, it's alright, Tom, I understand, and I'll be able to handle it for a week all right!" "Well, you're certainly a good sport, but it's just amazing." "What is, Tom?" "Well, it's the way you act, all the guys say you make the best looking girl on campus, but it's not only that, it's the way you walk, sit, get into a car. Anyone would think you'd been a girl all your life." I didn't know what to say as he pulled off the road and parked the car. I said, "Why are we parking?" "Sit closer, honey," and as I slid over he put his hand on my knee, and sent chills clear through me. "Can I tell you something?" "Why yes, what is it?" "Since the first time I saw you in a dress something happened to me that I can't explain. Now don't get me wrong, I don't like boys, but, well, you're different, I don't look at you as a boy, and never will, I look at you as a darling girl, and I'm crazy about you." I heard bells go off and my heart skipped a beat. "Tom, whatever are you saying?" "I'm saying that I think I've fallen in love with you and I don't quite know what to do about it." "I don't know what to say." "Honey, be fair, you didn't really learn how to dress, act and look feminine in just two days, did you?" "Well, not exactly." "And down deep you would like to be a girl wouldn't you?" "Uh, well, yes, I guess I would." "I knew it. How would you like to be my girl?" "Oh, Tom, I'd love to be your girl!" And with that he drew me into his arms and kissed me passionately. I said, "Honey, I've never made love to a boy before, or even a girl for that matter, but I think I'd like to make love to you." "I'd like that baby, but I'm not ready to make love back to you." "Oh, that's alright, Tom, I understand, and I really want you to be a man, and I want to be your woman." I felt very much like a woman as I opened his pants and watched as his beautiful hard cock popped out, pointing skyward. I placed both hands around it feeling the vibrant, throb-

bing, heavenly thing and then I slid my lips over the head and down the shaft as far as I could and made him crazy with passion. When he came, I was in heaven knowing that I had given him as much love and pleasure as a real girl could.

After our lovemaking, I freshened my lipstick as Tom was laying back on the car seat, and I said, "Penny for your thoughts." "Honey, I want you to let your hair grow long, and wear ribbons and bows in it just like other co-eds." "Tom, what are you saying? I'd look awfully funny next week wearing ribbons and bows when I'm back in boys clothes." "I don't want you back in boys clothes." "What?" "Nancy, I love you, but I can't love your looking and acting like a man." "But, you know I can't go on as a girl after this week, and stay in school, and I have to finish school or my parents will kill me." "Look, nobody knows for sure that you're a boy, and I'm going to start the rumor that you were actually a girl all the time, one of those liberation females, and pretending to be a boy just so you could get into a fraternity and cause a lot of problems." "Tom, I don't know, do you think that would really work?" "You bet it would work, honey, and I'm going to get started on it tomorrow."

After Tom took me home, I lay in bed wondering about the whole thing. How did I ever get mixed up in this, and where would it lead. Oh, well, Tom was a lot smarter than I so I would just leave it up to him. I knew he would do the right thing.

The next morning I awakened early and got ready for church. I wore a sheer pink blouse under a pretty powder blue suit that had a cute jacket, and a short skirt with a slit in the back that showed off glimpses of my lacy pink slip with every step I took. I just loved the look, but at that moment I had no idea who else would be looking at it as I walked to church. I had a quick breakfast, said goodbye to Mrs.

O'Malley and went out the door. What I didn't know was that as I was headed up the street, my parents had just driven up to see how I was getting along, and Dad was talking to Mrs. O'Malley at the door. "Oh, no he's not here Mr. Evens, he just walked out the door to go to church." "That's funny, we just came from that direction and the only person we saw was a

*“Pardon me Miss,
I understand that
you're our son.”*

young lady." "Well, ah, yes. I mean, ah." "You mean that's him?" Dad didn't wait for an answer, and the next thing I knew was that a car was pulling up beside me, and I heard "Pardon me Miss, but I understand that your our son." As I turned around my heart was in my throat, I turned six shades of red, and I thought I was going to pass out. I couldn't even talk. "Well, young lady, I'm waiting, what have you got to say for yourself?" Finally I stammered out, "Dad, what are you and Mom doing here?" "What I want to know is what you're doing here, out in public no less, wearing lipstick, skirt and high heels, and God only knows what else." Finally Mom cut in, "For heaven's sake, Fred, give the poor boy a chance to explain." So I got in the back seat of the car and explained as best I could why I was dressed as a girl. It seemed like explaining was never ending.

Then Mother said, "My, what a pretty blouse, dear, and your slip showing through is lovely." "Why, thank you, Mother, it's Vanity Fair and I'm wearing matching panties." She had caught me off guard with a seemingly innocent remark, and I bit my tongue as Dad said "Matching panties! My God, I thought I had raised a son not a chorus girl. If you girls would like to discuss your lingerie, I'm leaving." "Now, dear," Mother said, "let her, I mean

let Norman finish."

But it was too late. I knew I could never convince Dad that I wasn't dressed as a girl on purpose. So I told them I had better go in to church, and started to slide out of the car, but as I did, Dad turned around as if to say something, and his jaw dropped and his eyes popped out and I looked down to see that my skirt had slid up to reveal the tops of my nylons, and "matching panties" and I gave a little shriek, looked back at him with my hand over my mouth and then hurriedly got out of the car.

I said my goodbyes and started up the steps to the church. Half way up I turned to see if they were still there. They were and I knew that Dad was looking at my legs and the slit in my skirt and was shaking his head and was wondering if he would ever see his son again. I wondered too!

Whatever rumors Tom had spread in the next couple of days worked beautifully because the frat brothers gave me a bad time about trying to sneak into their fraternity as a boy. Mrs. O'Malley told me I would have to leave as soon as I found a suitable place for a young lady. Tom gave me fake I.D. cards to use at the registrar's office so that my sex was changed to female, and my name to Nancy Evens. And I thought Mary was going to kill me for, as she put it, using her as a foil to try and prove manhood. She said she knew all the time that I was a girl.

It was difficult for me when all the boys' sisters took back their clothes, I had grown so used to them. But I thought I had died and gone to heaven shopping for a whole new wardrobe with money Tom had lent me. I couldn't believe it, my very own lingerie, nylons, heels and dresses, and everyone expected me to wear them.

And it was all due to Tom. I loved him so, and I couldn't thank him enough. But I tried, oh, how I tried, every night for the rest of the semester.

IN UPCOMING F.M.I.

She-Male Reformatory

