

\$3⁵⁰

The Cross-Dresser

no 6



**FICTION:
Bound
In
FEMININITY**

Letters

--- Photographs

---- True Experiences

----- and many Short Stories
about the TRANSVESTITE

Classifieds with
addresses

The Cross-Dresser



MARDI GRAS '79

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EDITOR: LEE G. BREWSTER

Jackie Nichole

and FRIENDS

Chateau Pelham is an elegant catering establishment located in the Bronx. Recently it sponsored Jackie Nichol's third annual show. Jackie's friends were Carla Marlowe, Jimmie Lane, Ron Stevens & David Miller.

Bob Bradford directed the four piece combo, Musical Factory Band and was the M.C. for the evening. Jackie entered wearing a head to toe white scarf creation and initiated a strip until he stood in a silver sequined two piece bathing suit. While the audience applauded, Carla Marlowe came out with two male dancers, and performed "All That Jazz." Mr. Marlow then performed a solo to "Cabaret."

The lights dimmed and Jimmy Lane came walking through the audience, shaking hands, to the tune of "Somewhere Over The Rainbow.", "much as Judy Garland had so often done before. He entertained with "Rockabye Your Baby",

and dedicated to all the lovers, all the gay people, all the straight people, "The Man Who Got Away."

Bob Bradford's jazz music heralded the entrance of Ron Stevens, who, dressed in a 40's hairdo, red skirt and white blouse did Lili Tomlin's Ernestine. He presented several other comical skits also. Mr. Stevens creates his own voices and facial expressions and is most funny and entertaining. The M.C. then introduced Mr. David Miller. Mr. Miller gave him an impression of Streisand singing "I'm the Greatest Star", and followed it with "Don't Rain on My Parade." The audience responded with loud and length applause.

Georgia Franklin and Carla Marlow at the Limelight





Jackie Nicole and Carla Marlow

Jackie Nicole

After the intermission Jackie Nichle appeared to sing "Goldfinger", "Diamonds Are Forever" and "Big Spender." David Miller and Jimmy Lane also returned and gave entertaining performances. Jackie's closing performance was both enchanting and captivating. He demonstrated great grace and art in his impersonation of Shirley Bassey. His lip-synching was letter-perfect and he created a fine illusion of Miss Bassey doing "I Who Have Nothing" and "This is My Life". When given a bouquet of American Beauty Roses, Jackie began to toss them to delighted members of the audience. With loud shouts of approval he received a standing ovation, proving himself to truly be New York's Number One Shirley Bassey.

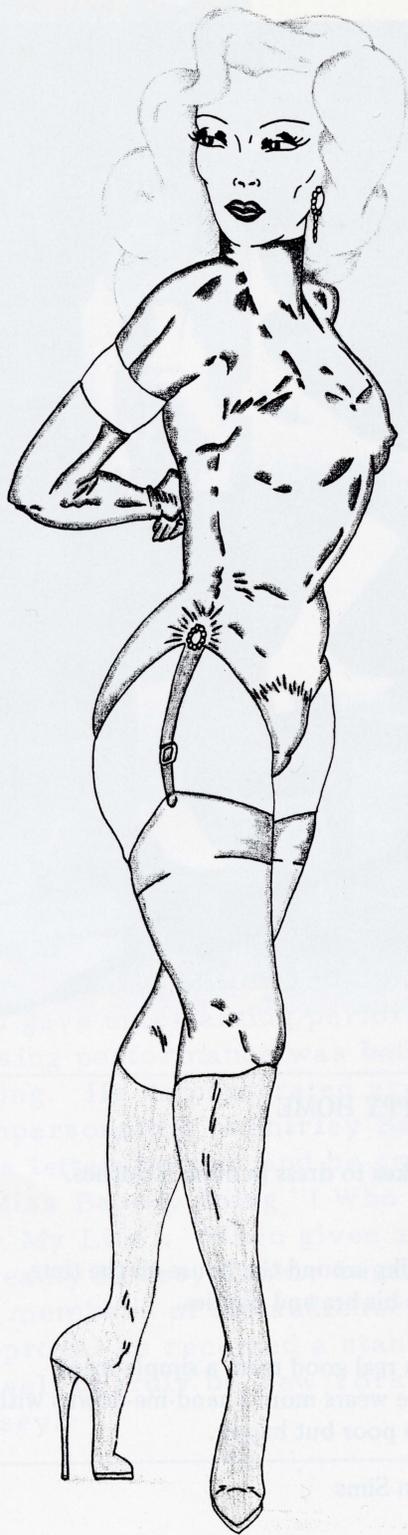


A HAPPY HOME

Dad likes to dress in mom's clothes.
A lot.

He walks around the house all the time
In just his bra and panties.

He is a real good man, a simple man.
And he wears mom's hand-me-downs with love.
We are poor but happy.



Bound in

FEMININITY

At last the letter had arrived. I followed the instructions exactly. At exactly 2:30 on the next day I telephoned. A pleasant feminine voice answered.

"Is that Mr. Daniel Jones?"

"Speaking."

"Alright, Jones! I do train and employ submissive males. I understand you wish to serve in a transformed role? You may call me 'Ma'am'."

"Yes... Ma'am!"

"You understand I use humiliation and the most degrading methods in my transformation process?"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"Can you meet me next Thursday?"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"You may meet me and buy me lunch at the Plaza. You are to be in the lobby at twelve-thirty. Sit on the couch opposite the entrance, wear a dark

suit, white shirt and pink tie and socks. Be sure your knees and toes are together and your hands in your lap. Sit up straight. Wait!" The line clicked dead.

As part of my wish for a feminine life, I have acquired some pairs of women's panties. The pink ones match the tie and socks I have bought. By wearing them to the hotel I felt one up on my new Mistress.

The Plaza lobby is full of the splendor of a by-gone gracious age. The couch I had to occupy is central and conspicuous. I sat there, upright, feet and knees together, hands in lap, just as I had been told.

The clock moved slowly to twelve-forty-five; the bellhops began to stare at me. By five-to-one they began to imitate my posture, nudging each other, snikering. The situation had gotten ridiculous. I got up and strolled over to the newstand with a patient, waiting air. There a lady was also killing time, idly turning the pages of a glossy fashion magazine. She turned to me, staring me down.

"Jones!" she said sweetly, "Go and sit down! Take this!"

Dumb, whipped, I turned and obeyed. I was half-way back to the couch before I realized that she has put a large pink ladies' hand-bag in my hand. I sat down primly, in the middle of the couch, abject with failure, miserably conspicuous, holding a pink hand-bag in my lap.

If the bell-hops started snickering again, I didn't notice. My senses were wholly absorbed by the

the slip of a woman who had quelled me, with a stare and an order, leaving me gaping and gawking "like a maid." I worshipped her and knew I must serve her.

Unconcerned, she continued to look over the magazines for ten minutes more, bought one, then beckoned me up with a disdainful, gloved finger.

I followed along, trying to look as though I were escorting her, carrying her hand-bag--but she carries her own very prominently. She spoke to the head waiter, and he escorted us to a table.

"Now, Jones, I hope you are going to do as you're told. You show signs of being untrustworthy. Why did you get up off that couch?"

"Your behavior was self-conscious and silly, like a school-girl!"

"Do you have a wallet? Give it to me. Now put those in your hand-gab, those in your bill-case." She handed me my papers and money. "Put the change from your pockets in the purse. What else do you have? I expect pockets to be empty and flat." She put my wallet in her own hand-bag.

Her mood changed then, and we talked of our mutual interests over dinner. The waiter quietly removed the empty plates and we sat back to give him room. Suddenly, her grey eyes, a moment ago so clear and open, are cold, angry as a storm-cloud.

"Do you never take care of your hands? They're coarse, and the way you've bitten your fingernails is disgusting! Here, take these!" She handed me

a nail file, cuticle knife, emery board and polisher. She, herself, painted on a pail pink varnish and made me keep my hands spread flat on the table 'til it dried. "Put all those things in your handbag and be sure you use them regularly!

"Come to think of it, your face is just as bad-- don't you ever do anything for yourself?"

Just as suddenly, the coldness, the hardness, faded from her eyes. She put her hand on mine, saying: "Jones, I do understand you correctly--you do want to be a maid?"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"Well, you've got a hell of a long way to go!" she laughed. "Are you wearing anything feminine at all?"

She was so friendly that I told her of the secret of my panties.

"Oh! I must see! Pull down your zip!"

I hesitated, but catching the glint of ice coming in her eye, I hastily did as I was told, hiding my actions beneath the tablecloth. She leaned over, put out her hand and gave my man-hood a long, firm, friendly squeeze. She kept hold of the soft, pink nylon and pulled out a tuck, which she prinked into a huge rosette outside my trousers.

I was aghast, mortified. Her eyes dared me to put it back. Luckily I covered it fairly well between my handbag and the tablecloth.

The waiter came back and asked our desires for

desert. When he left, she said, "You'll find a compact in your handbag, with a mirror in the lid." She took out her own while I fished for mine. Then, she handed me a bright red lipstick.

"Now, Jones--do as I do!" She held the compact up in front of her, pouted her lips and gently drew a bow, making a mouth to get it on her lower lip. Her lips were red, moist and lovely. I followed suit, realizing that the lipstick was sure to show, if not in the dim light of the restaurant, then certainly in the bright sun outside. I was embarrassed, but thrilled at the same time, wearing a lovely, sweet-tasting bright red lipstick and a classic pink shade of nail polish.

"What other women's clothes do you have? she asked gently.

"not very much, just some lingerie and two dresses ---one black, one white. I have difficulty keeping it all hidden."

"well, you'll soon have a good deal more! You will also need a full-length mirror and a dressing table. Order them immediately.

"There's a memo book in your bag. Note down these mail order firms and send for their brochures. Bring them next time! What size shoe do you wear? Do you wear pantihose?"

"No... Ma'am! Size nine, Ma'am!" I blurted.

"Well, take these to the men's room and put them on, now." She handed me a package. "You are to wear them every day and wash them every night. If I find a run in them, you'll be punished."

Clumsily, I stood up and threaded my way toward the men's room. As she called to me, I turned around. "Jones! Zip up your fly!"

I panicked! As the room filled with laughing eyes and grinning mouths, my hands shot to my pants. My hand-bag fell and burst open. I tugged frantically at the zipper, which caught on the pink nylon and jammed. I fell to my knees, scrambling for the contents of my bag and stuffing them in. Finally, I clasped it in front of me and scurried for the restroom door.

In the toilet stall, I sorted things out. I can't possibly go back! I have to go back--this is the test! I took off my shoes, socks and pants and carefully rolled on the pantihose. Dressed again, I entered the restaurant; nobody so much as looked up, all was normal.

When I returned to the table, and was gone. I felt somehow that she was watching, though. The head waiter hovered with the bill. I looked at it and gasped. Have I got enough to pay it? I fumbled in the bag, counting the bills and coins--just enough, but nothing left for a tip.

He watched sardonically as I counted out the money. With a little bow he took it, bringing his other hand out from behind his back. "I believe these are yours....sir!" He held out a pink compact and cutical knife.

I mumbled thanks and hurried out.

Once home, I went through the bag's contents again. At the bottom, I found this note:

"Meet me three weeks from today at the small lake in the North end of Central Park. By then you are to have lost at least 25 pounds. Dress as you did today. Twelve-thirty--be prompt!"

Three weeks later, 27 pounds lighter, I waited by the lake. It was twelve-thirty.

Then, I saw her, coming towards me, her heels ringing a staccato rhythm on the path, her aura vibrant, positive, determined, yet feminine. She wore a black leather trenchcoat, a red satin, tight-fitting mini-dress and calf-length black patent boots, with six-inch heels. Behind her came a maid, unusually tall, dressed attractively, if somewhat sexily. She carried a pale blue coat and a shoulder bag.

I acted undecided. Should I walk to meet her? Should I stand respectfully where I am? I went a little way, stopped; my futile uncertainty was apparent in every movement.

"Stephanie, this is Jones!"

"Hello, Stephanie."

"Silence! I'm not introducing you, I'm telling you. Come here!"

She inspected me up and down: pink tie, pink socks, pink handbag, pink nail polish, red lipstick.

"Are you wearing pantihose and pink panties?"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"Give me your hand-bag. Take off your jacket and give it to Stephanie. Stephanie, give Jones the cape."

Stephanie shook out the coat she carried. It was a powder-blue, smooth rubber cape with a pink lining and a broad pink band four inches from the hem. It had no opening, only a short zipper at the back, with a cowl hood and wide, two-color strings.

"Put it on, Jones."

She spoke low and musically, with quiet authority. I bunched it up at the hem, dropped it over my head and shrugged it down. The rubber was as smooth as a baby's skin. A tiny thrill ran down my spine, mingling with my growing embarrassment. Ma'am pulled up the zipper, put a slim chain around my neck, through the jumbo ring and padlocked it with a tiny, but strong, locket.

"Now, take off your trousers! Stephanie help him--take off his shoes and socks and put these on for him."

She produced a pair of blue patent pumps, with four inch spike heels. Stephanie put my jacket on the path, squatted down and started unlacing my shoes. I fumbled with my belt.

"Up!" Stephanie spoke with a surprisingly low, throaty voice. She took off my sock and shoe and jerked down my trouser leg in one swift movement. I looked around wildly, but there was no one in sight. She slipped on the pump. I stepped on my

pants, which still imprisoned my other ankle. Stephanie pulled them off and swept them toward my jacket--they look like rags. She fit on the other shoe and stood up, curtsied to Ma'am and stepped back.

I stood there like a goon in a tent, with my feet where Stephanie had put them down.

"Wake up, Jones! Put your feet together--you're a girl, now! Put one toe close to the other instep. Lift your heel, put your knee across the other. Supple your waist. That's better. Put your hands through the slits of your cape and fold them in front of you.

"Come here, close to me, and do a respectful curtsy. That's it, back straight, look up, bend the knees. There! Stay like that while I fix your face."

She took a blonde, wavy wig from her bag, arranged it on my head and brushed it into place. She dabbed a little cream on my cheeks and forehead and gently rubbed it in, the touch of her fingers sending little shocks all through me. She used the powder from the compact in my hand-bag, then touched up my lip-stick. Now she pulled the cowl onto my head, arranging it around my blonde curls, tying a big bow under my chin.

"Stand up now and let's look at you. Turn around. No, not like that! You're a girl now--go around with a little swing of your hips to swirl your cape out." I followed her instructions. "That's better; not a hell of a lot, but better. Pick up those clothes and give them to Stephanie." I obeyed.

"Stephanie, take those to the Salvation Army--

Jones won't be needing them. Then meet us at the car." She turned to me, holding out my handbag, open and empty. "Put your hands in there!"

She snapped the bag shut. It wasn't my bag but another, similar, except that the sides of the frame make a round bracelet instead of being straight. It was a need effective hand-cuff. Metal bands were around my wrists, my hands helpless inside the bag. She locked it. To the passing world, I was a young girl, demurely dressed for the oncoming rain, holding my handbag in front of me. In reality, I was a cross-dressed young man, transformed by the dovely dominating woman at my side, bound in the most effeminate way I could possibly imagine.

She ran her hands down my cape, smoothing me, thrilling me. She put her fingertips under my chin and tilted my face back, stroking my hair and arranging my hood.

"Come along, Jones, dear," she commanded. "we'll stroll through the park. We must think of a suitable girl's name for you. Have you any special favorites?"

I was intoxicated! By the unbalance of my high-heels, by the whispering swish of the cape caressing my sleek, nyloned thighs--by the overpowering presence of this entrancing, dominant darling!

She coached my walk, making me take short, mincing steps and point my toes. Gradually, as I learned, we lapsed into silence, just two lovely ladies enjoying a walk in the park. All too soon ew had reached the edge of the park, and there was

Stephanie, awaiting us by the car. She held open the door as Ma'amgracefully stepped in.

I was having difficulties, trammled by my cape, my wrists and hands bound and helpless. Stephanie put an arm under my legs, lifted me effortlessly as a girl and gently deposited me in the rear seat. At last her secret is disclosed--no woman could possibly have handled me so easily. Stephanie is a cross-dressed man--a male-maid!

Ma'am removed a pair of dark glasses, with side-shields, from her purse, tried them on and turned to me for approval. "How do these look?"

Without waiting for my answer, she took them off and placed them on my nose. They are perfectly black--I am blindfolded!

Fear of what I had let myself in for, combined with claustrophobia, took over and I began to shiver. Ma'am took pity on me and held me in her arms. "There, there. Everything will be fine," she cooed.

After quite a while, the car stopped. I heard the door open and felt Stephanie lift me out once more, standing me on the pavement.

"Don't stand there like a window-mannequin!" cried Ma'am. "Feet together, toe to instep, heel up, knee across, hip out! Stand up! You'll learn I don't tell my servants twice--how'd you like to be laced into a twenty-inch corset?"

I was panicked and--yes--thrilled by her words. The restriction of a corset sounded both wonderful and frightful. Stephanie attached a lead of some kind,

probably a dog chain, to the ring of my hood, gave a slight tug and said "Walk!" We passed through a gate and a door. Eventually Stephanie placed me in a small hard-wood chair, admonishing me to sit up straight, with my legs together, ankles crossed. She pushed back the cowl, and removed the chain.

When I heard Stephanie leave, I somehow still knew I was not alone--Ma'am was there. Even had that not been true, I would have been so frightened to disobey my instructions. I sat as commanded, and waited.

After what seemed an eternity, she plucked off the black glasses. She wore a form-fitting red-blouse and wet-look black pants, with a black leather belt prominently buckled about her waist.

She rang a bell. Stephanie re-entered, carrying a tray of toiletries and shaving things. "Now, Jones, we'll see what we can do for your face." Stephanie tied an apron around Ma'am's waist. Then she pulled off my wig and put a protective cap on my head. They moved me over to a vanity table.

Ma'am scrubbed my face clean, and then Stephanie gave me the closest shave of my life. When she finished she massaged the raw skin with a sweet, perfumed cologne. Then Ma'am went to work with make-up. A base and powder were applied, eye-shadow, false eye-lashes, blush and that same gorgeous shade of red lipstick. Then she replaced my wig, brushing the curls into place and topping it with a lacy maid's cap. Ma'am swung my chair around and faced me toward the mirror. I saw a beautiful young girl, beautifully made-up and coiffed, who could have been my twin sister. It certainly isn't the me I have always known.

"Now, let's look at the rest of you. Stand up!! Doing as she bid I rose carefully, barely taking my eyes off the mirror. She released my hands from the hand-bag. Stephanie removed my cape and shirt.

I stood before her, dressed in pink panties and pantihose, a maid's cap on my head. She reached out and grabbed my genitals, drawing me to her knee. Holding me firmly, she smiles right into my eyes. "Now, we must choose a name. Jones! Joann? No! Daniel Jones! Danielle-Dani? Dani-jo! I'm going to call you Dani-Jo! Do you like it?"

"Yes, Ma'am very much!"

"Dani-Jo, dear, transformation begins with high-heeled shoes. You pass through the looking-glass, like Alice, the moment you put your feet in them!

"You are a girl--you must be leg-conscious from toe to hip. Take these court-shoes, sit on that low table and put them on. Now, stand on the table and let's look at you."

I did as she commanded, posing girlishly as I could. "Hmmm...you're a bit thick-waisted. Stephanie, fetch the special corset!"

Stephanie left and came back with a vicious-looking, black satin corset, fully boned, with elastic garters attached. I gulped nervously, it seemed much too small for me. "Get down, Dani-Jo. Strip! All the way! We'll have no false modesty from the servants around here!" I did as I was told. When I was naked Ma'am clasped the wicked garment around my waist, and with Stephanie's help, laced tighter than I

would have thought possible. I felt cut in two. "Stephanie, bring the tape measure!" Stephanie complied. Ma'am measured my new waist-line. "25 inches. Not bad, but we'll have you down to 22 inches in less than a month." Inwardly, I cringed.

Now they set about my full transformation in earnest. Dark brown, but sheer, smooth nylons were drawn up my shaved legs (I have done the shaving that morning), and gartered tightly to my corset. Now the black patent court shoes were replaced. The height of the heels relieved the pressure of the corset somewhat. Next realistic falsies were placed in the cups of the corset, giving me a full 37-inch bust, to match the rounded curves the corset had given me below. Ma'am led me to a full-length mirror to view my new figure. Posing sexily I smiled at my own image. Unable to resist the temptation I fondled my ersatz breasts. "Like them?" asked Ma'am. "In time you can have a full set, perfectly real. Hormone treatments will begin immediately." I looked at her doubtfully. She smiled. "Truly. Every inch of Stephanie's figure is real."

I turned and stared at the maid I knew to be male. She smiled shyly and blushed.

Stephanie turned and walked to the closet, returning with the piece-de-resistance of my transformation--a red satin maid's uniform, identical but contrasting to her own black one, with full petticoats and dripping with lace. I couldn't help smiling, and reaching for it, I begged to put it on.

The male-maid and the mistress helped me into

the uniform and again led me to the mirror. Just looking at myself, fully female, sexily attired in red satin, my slender legs encased in sleek nylon, my lingerie visible at every movement, I experienced an incredible orgasm

Ma'am saw my involuntary shudder of passion and came over to me, clasped my cinched-in waist, and kissed me fully on the lips. "You are mine now, body and soul, forever," she whispered.

She was right.

THE END....

By: Danni-Jo

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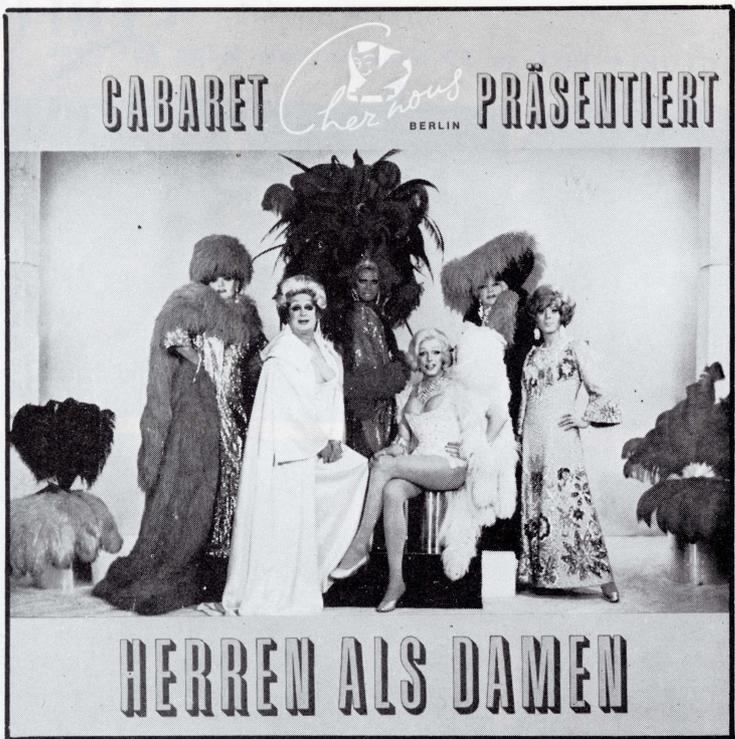
GLORIA FOX in 30 Minuten vom Mann zur Frau



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DORIS' STORY



The role of the transvestite in this modern society, or in any society has been most difficult. This difficult role has been foisted on us by those who do not understand, nor care to understand our desire to dress as a member of the opposite sex. Added to this is a certain element who refer to the practice of transvestism as being a form of perversion, or when in a charitable frame of mind they call it an aberration. I do not consider myself perverted when I dress up, but destroying a feeling of guilt and remorse has not been an easy task. Let me therefore impart the story of my own inner turmoil and grief. I am thirty-seven years old and prefer to be called Doris. "As a youth I was surrounded by females and at a most early age found a great deal of fascination by female clothing. At age fourteen I stepped into my first pair of panties and found it most delightful. Soon the desire grew and it was common for me to wear girdles and slips. This was followed by wearing the complete garb of a woman, yes, it was a thrill, but eating away at my very vitals was a feeling of revulsion as society frowned on a male wearing girls attire. Many a day I would swear that this desire must be done away with. Several times I dressed up and prayed that this madness would leave me. I went to church and lit candles hoping that the almighty would listen to my prayers, but the urge became stronger and after praying I would go home and struggle against the desire. The urge would win out and I would go to my cousin's room and gaze with rapture at her clothing. I would curse and damn myself, but still the panties in her drawer seemed to invite me to try them on. When I fully dressed I would stand in front of the mirror and wonder what was going to happen to me. Once the

clothing was removed then a feeling of relief from guilt would come over me, but only for a moment. One day my cousin threw away a girdle, stockings, and panties along with a dress. These garments I put away in the cellar. Now I felt that I was lost indeed, next I started a scrapbook containing womens clothing. The torture went on, a longing to be dressed as a woman, but no desire to be one, this was compounded by the feeling that I was indeed abnormal and that the insane asylum was but a step away. Like many males I went in the armed forces, and like many of our kind I would go to a hotel room and there dress up. The service did not help as all I heard was that anyone dressing in the clothing of the opposite sex was a "queer". How I hated that word, if I saw a homosexual I wanted to belt him one, for I was not a homosexual even though I wanted to dress as a woman. Thanks to being stationed in a large city I was able to get books and read that my desire was indeed shared by many. But the guilt and frustration remained. I then read about masochists who were happy only when being whipped. To my surprise I read about transvestites who desired to be beaten, I envied them for it seemed that they were able to expiate guilt by accepting physical punishment. Could I get someone to whip me while I was dressed up, this revolted me as I felt that beautiful and frilly clothing was made to be worn for enjoyment and not to wear while someone was whipping you. All this added to my confusion and despair, at all times a voice was reminding me that what I was doing was verboten as far as society was concerned. Shortly after this I went overseas, and although I was in a forsaken spot in the Pacific, and did not see a female for over a year the desire was growing stronger. I received my discharge and went to college. I was still heterosexual, and at no time did I ever remotely desire a homosexual affair. I did have an affair at college with a girl, and I loved to watch her strip, but always with a longing to be

wearing her clothing. Once I almost told her about my desire but decided against it. About this time I started to arrive at a conclusion. My research led me to believe that it was not guilt which was like an anchor about my neck, but rather conformity. How I damned and how I hated conformists. What a shame to realize that nay and all advances made in medicine, science, and technology are made by non-conformists. The conformists sit there with a smile on their smug faces, and peddle their dogmatic garbage, and all the while the people they hate are the ones who improve their lot. How ironic, how tragic. How then did I crush my serpentine guilt, I had a long talk with myself and declared that since I am cast in the image of a transvestite, so shall it be. No longer am I stricken with guilt and remorse, no more do I cry out: "Oh heavenly father, why must I be this way?" On the contrary I am most honored to be a TV. But let's not kid ourselves, the adjustment was not an easy one, for a long time I lived in a hell of my own making. Now when Doris is all dressed and looks at herself in the mirror it is with head held high and with a feeling of pride. But Doris does get sad when she realizes that there are many other would-be TVs, who now feel the cruel lash of guilt and conformity. To those of you who might read my story all I can say is stay with it and be happy. You must be one or the other, there is no half way in this desire. The TVs for whom I feel for are the ones in the small towns. This was one of my problems. In a small town it is hard to get away from people, they are too inclined to know your business. Before I moved to a large city I had a post office box and used this as a means of ordering clothing. Now that I have a positive attitude it is no problem to go to a store and pick out my clothing. Several times I would swear that the clerk knew that the frilly garments were for me, but I cared not.

The world of the transvestite is a glamorous fun-filled one. However, it must be pointed out that the only the strong in mind can aspire to this plateau. If you are weak at heart then you must change. Failure to change will multiply the pain and torment, if you cannot change then you are in for a life of despair. It is easy to take off your male garb and assume the garb of a woman, but you must maintain mental control and discipline to the extent that as each female garment is put on, your mental attitude is also in the process of change. There is nothing more unfortunate than a man in female attire, but lacking the change in the psychological realm. If necessary, you must while dressed up stand at the morror and exclaim out loud, "My body is garbed as a woman, my clothing is lacy and dainty, my mind and my outlook are those of a woman; so what, this is what I want, and this is what I am."

I hope that my remarks will be of help to one in need.

.....DORIS

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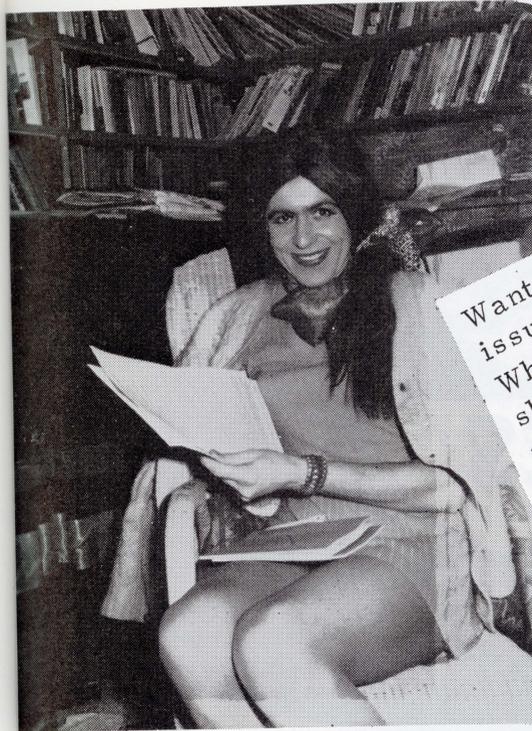
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To list your ad in this section send to our mailing address: Lee's Mardi Gras Ent., Inc., PO Box 843, New York, N. Y. 10036. (You Must be able to list a telephone number and/or address. (P.O. Box O.K.) South Jersey Area: Very tall and slim TV loves to wear white garter belts with black nylons to show my small but firm rear and slender legs. Very well endowed and would like to meet any one that enjoys giving and receiving French and mild spankings. Sent photo if possible and phone number to: E.N., Box 71, Wenonah, N.J. 08090.

CALIFOPNIA Mature White Bisexual She-male wants HOT correspondence, affairs with same. Want to get into your panties, you into mine. Am hairless, with sexy titties and look exciting framed in garter belt. Write: Jack [REDACTED] c/o Horizon House, POB 3363, San Leandro, Ca 94578.

FLOPIDA - MALE TV, Bi, wants to hear from and meet other tvs for mutual pleasure and friendship. Love sheer undies and lingerie. Write: Charles [REDACTED] POB 004, Apopka, Fla 32707.

OKLAHOMA CLOSET TV and gay. Straight appearing and acting wants to meet same in Tulsa Okla. Write Gary [REDACTED], [REDACTED] Tulsa, Okla 74136.

TULSA, OKLA. Would like to hear from TV's in Tulsa Area or others passing through. Write Charles [REDACTED], [REDACTED] Tulsa Okla 74119

ALASKA: Beautiful TV-Bi would like to meet & correspond with same for mutual satisfaction. Can travel, will answer all, photo and phone. S.A.S.E. Write: Tawni [REDACTED], Box 1732, Juneau, Alaska, 99802.

PHILADELPHIA, PA: TV Bondage enthusiast desires correspondence, photo exchange and possible meetings. Happiness is being securely bound as a woman. T.M. Bounds, box 36, Woodlyn, Pa 19094.

MARYLAND: Slender young tv would like to meet females or couples in Washington, Baltimore area. Enjoy French, mild B & D and lingerie. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. Write Tom [REDACTED], Box 31012, Temple Hills, Md 20031.

PORTLAND, ORE: Want to meet other tvs in Portland area to form a TV club. Write: Olivia, Box 13173, Portland, Ore 97213

NEW JERSEY TV: W/M, 24, 140 lbs, 5'9" would like to meet girls or tvs in 20's for Fun in N.J. area. I pass and do go out in public in drag. Write soon. Bob [REDACTED], P.O. Box 1578, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903.

NEW YORK CITY: Males, looking for a date? Try this sexy, foxy, she/male. Pleasant personality. 5'8", 150 lbs, late 30's. Loves being a girl, digs dating, dinner, cocktails, etc. Only those sending photo and SASE will be answered. Write to: RUSTI [REDACTED], Box 236, NYC 10002

NEW YORK: TWO TVs searching for generous men who desire strong disciplining, willing to travel within 60 mile radius of NYC. Send explicit letter, photo, stamp to B.D. [REDACTED], Box 57, Vails Gate, N.Y. 12584.

CHICAGO: Young male looking for tv, ts for get-togethers and dress up partys. Cannot entertain but free to travel. Age 21, cauc., blue eyes, brown hair, 5'11", 185 lbs. Write to Gregory [REDACTED], PO Box 421, Chicago, Ill 60690.

ST. PETERSBURG FLA: TS adjusting to being a woman and getting ready for the sex change. I am looking to meet others that are interested in crossdressing and looking for a home here in Fla. with me. I sure need and want someone to love me and be loved. Please write or call me. James [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Tangerine Tr. Pk., St. Petersburg, Fla 33712. Phone [REDACTED].

BUFFALO, N.Y.: Sincere male tv interested in correspondence with all. F w Hobbies. Am Heterosexual. Write: J.T. [REDACTED] [REDACTED], Buffalo, N.Y. 14213.

PENNSYLVANIA: I pass well, go out in public all the time. You may have met me at a lot of the clubs. I want to meet others who are bi or straight to go out and have fun sex or whatever. Write: Al [REDACTED], Box 96, Breinigsville, Pa 18031.

GREENSBORO, N.C. Greensboro Drag Queen white, 38, 6', 180 lbs seeks all men tvs and gays for good times. I would love to meet with all of you out there. Give me a call. Love Vicki: (919) [REDACTED].

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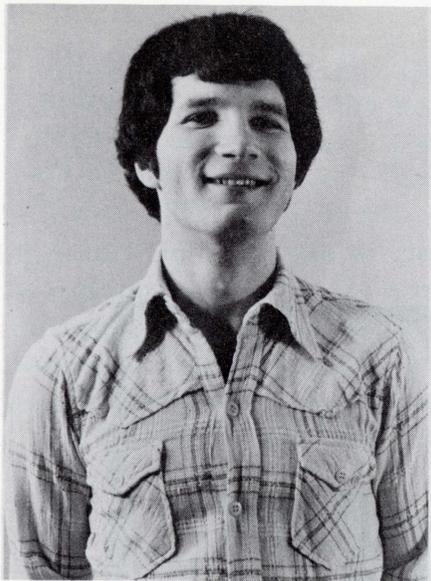
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NEW YORK passive bi tv in mid 20's would like to hear from, meet and make new friends. TV's, females, bi-males and gays please make contact! Discretion assured. **JAMES** [REDACTED], Box 334, Orchard Park, N.Y. 11427.



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NEW YORK attractive white male, age 28, 6', 190
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 ts for fun dates. Please send photo and phone. Will
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NEW YORK, attractive decent chap with intelli-
 gence, class and wit would like to hear from all
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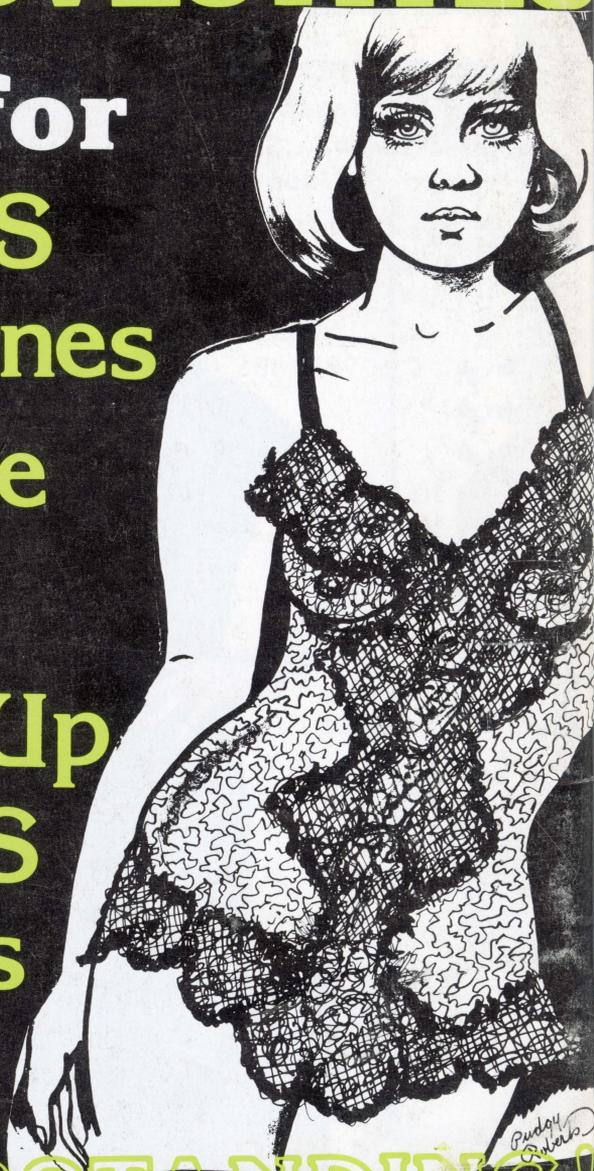
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