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The Cross-Dresser

Letters

--- Photographs

---- True Experiences

---- and many Short Stories
about the TRANSVESTITE



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The Cross-Dresser

Letters
--- Photographs
--- True Experiences
--- and many Short Stories
about the TRANVESTITE



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The Cross-Dresser

vol.1 no.1

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THE CROSSDRESSER is published quarterly by Lee's Mardi Gras Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 1271, New York, N.Y. 10009. Copy right 1975. (Photos of men/women in this magazine doesn't necessarily imply that the individual is a homosexual or a transvestite.).

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COVER GIRL



"Tell Pauline
hello for me"

THE DRAG DRESSER

Pauline Keith, of COVER GIRL, in London gained her fame as an outfitter of TV's, or as she thinks of herself, a "Transformation Specialist", started by chance as did Lee Brewster in New York with his growing conglomerate of services for transvestites.

A man came into Pauline's shoe shop to purchase a pair of high-heeled evening shoes. He said the shoes were for his wife and Cover Girl was anxious for the lady to come in and try the shoes before buying. The customer said this was impossible and eventually confessed that he wanted them for himself. "There is no accounting for taste or fashion and I simply showed him shoes until he had a perfect fit. My attitude so surprised him that he bought another pair of shoes and then asked me if I sold wigs. Wigs in a shoe store seemed a bit farfetched so I suggested a nearby hairdresser. He said he was much too shy to go in and ask for a wig for himself and asked if I would buy one for him. I rang my neighbour who was very willing to send me over three or four wigs. My customer tried them on in the office and chose one. He made a great fuss about my understanding and was full of gratitude though I could not see why. I had simply been courteous and efficient in a commercial transaction which I hoped would satisfy the customer and make him a "regular".

A week or two later he brought two friends along; they bought shoes and then we sent for wigs and they again chose what they thought suited them. After they left I noted they had spent fifty pounds. Now I realised this was good business and that it could be developed profitably, but it also satisfied me in a creative way. I had always been interested in fashion and thought once of opening a gown shop but decided to stick to shoes which I know. My late husband, Ivan Keith, laughed at first but I soon convinced him that this was a good business opportunity.

I asked my three TV customers if they would be inter-

.....To Left: Barry Scott, a professional impersonator

ested in a service that would provide them with every article of clothing from top to toe. They liked the idea, so I started. News soon got around on the TV grapevine that I had a discreet salon behind my store. I became so busy that I had to start an appointments system, like a dentist. Lots of letters arrived from the provinces, so I devised a self-measurement form and produced a catalogue. In association with various firms, I designed and got into production special bras with realistic foam padding and then devised the "New Body" which is a firmly boned corset with built-in breasts which really transforms the male body into the female form.

Within a year, not only were transvestites able to come in and discuss without embarrassment every detail of feminine attire which gives them so much pleasure to wear, but I was also making their form of deception more convincing. I learned a lot more about these men. Some people would say they were peculiar or kinky; I absolutely disagree. Without exception they are gentlemen and are very well-behaved.

Most of my customers are well-educated, none of them are poor, because to engage in the transvestite hobby properly can cost you quite a lot of money. Over the years I have acquired a lot of information about this exclusive world of drag and can often pass on a good tip or idea to a new recruit.

Men who cross-dress are usually worried in case this becomes known to their friends or business associates. It is, therefore, important to them that all our business transactions are confidential. Only my husband and I have actual contact with our customers. All records and correspondence is filed under a 'non de plume' and only I know the real identity of the customer. Apart from the real transvestite I have many customers who are Female Impersonators in Shows and Cabarets. Their

attitude is different to the amateurs. They want to appear as "perfect ladies" before an audience but that is all. At home, female clothes do not interest them. It has been said that no drag act appears in London without wearing some article of clothing designed by Cover Girl.

This feeling for female dress is more common than one would imagine. I numbered several peers, a number of African, Indian and one or two Chinese amongst my friends and customers. There are also some dockers, a porter at Covent Garden and a well-known wrestler. The 'dressing-up' syndrome appears in all levels of society. I even have one blind man who visits me to buy clothes.

"The most pleasant side of this business is that you are not just a retailer of clothing, you are also a designer. In addition I am confident of many customers, because a transvestite is somebody quite outside the field of normal male activity and because he is one of a small minority, he often feels unhappy, inhibited, and guilty. When such a man comes to see me and I show him my collection of pictures sent to me by customers wearing my clothes, he feels free to unburden himself and I am glad to say I am a good listener and frequently suggest some answer to his problem.

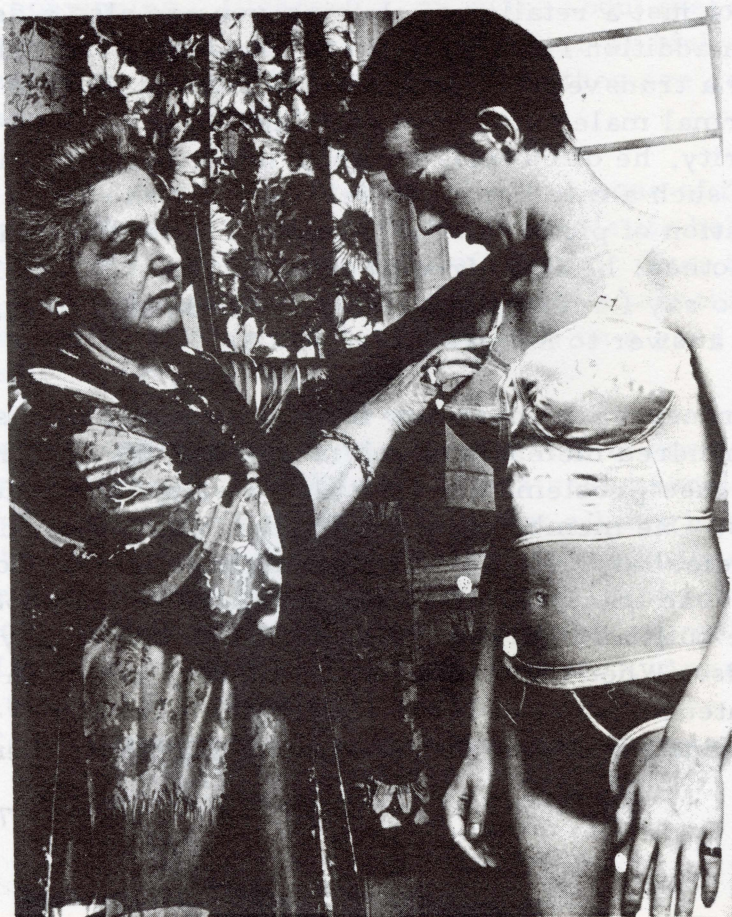
The transvestites have now formed a society with several hundred members which means that they can meet to discuss problems and they also arrange social functions. One member assures me that all the best dressed 'ladies' at the 'do's' are wearing my clothes. So from one transaction, selling a pair of ladies shoes I have built an interesting business and made many friends. When they come to see me they are often frightened, shy and resentful. I jolly them along-- this, plus the dozens of photographs reassures them and

leave feeling happy when they realise they are not alone and that a matter-of-fact woman like me, accepts them without reservation. One man wrote to me "If everyone was like you, my TV world would be perfect".

Cover Girl is doing a really good job. I have known many transvestites and know how miserable life can be for them unless they can establish relationships with understanding friends and others who cross-dress. To fulfill in reality their fantasies is good for them and if they are accepted without prejudice or discrimination their unhappiness and "Persecution Complex" will fade away. They may be able to contribute by their actions some good to Society but they will certainly do nothing to harm it.

You may order Pauline's catalogue for only \$3.00.
See address on next page....

PAULINE KEITH and client.



"COVER-GIRL" AND IVAN
P. CUTLER, LTD.
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Islington Green, London, N1 ONP

Introduction to Petticoats

by Bobbie [REDACTED]



Each issue in this column, I will relate one of the many case histories in my files, concerning transvestites and how they get started, and the effects of Petticoat Punishment.

This account comes from a nineteen year-old girl, a student at one of the colleges here, who came to my office for counseling. I have reproduced her story directly from tapes of her session, but have changed the names of the parties involved.

"I guess our turning my little brother into a girl started when he was twelve. He was a very quiet kid, always reading and spending his time in his room when he wasn't in school, and mother had wished that he'd be more of an active boy, but with no father around, and only mother, me, and my sister Sherry to relate to, he had no chance to be."

"I would catch him in my room once in a while, rummaging through my drawers. I used to bawl him out for it, but finally gave up. Around November, I started to notice losing some lingerie. A slip or two, and three or four panties. At first I couldn't figure out where they went, but then I searched Tommy's room and found them hidden under his mattress."

"I waited 'til he got home from school, and when he was doing his homework, I burst into his room, pulled a pair of panties from their hiding place and confronted him with them. He was very embarrassed, and begged me not to tell mother, but I made him go down to her office with me where I pulled my panties out of my purse and told her where I had found them and what he had been doing with them. She cursed him out for it right in front of the whole typing pool. I've never seen anyone turn so red. Then she made him put them on over his

trousers and wear them all the way home."

"Tommy was crying all the way home. I led him down the main street, and made him stop and look at the windows of the clothing stores there. Everyone stared at him because he had my pink nylon panties on over his pants."

"I threatened that, if he stole any more of my clothes, I would make him wear them all the time for a month."

"Mother thought that would end the problem, but a few weeks later, the neighborhood girls mentioned that they were missing some things from their wash line. We didn't say anything, but we knew who was taking them."

"We let Tommy think everything was alright until Christmas morning. As was our custom, no one got dressed in the morning, so Tommy was out under the tree to open his presents in his pajamas."

"Instead of the books and chess set he had asked for, there were boxes of dresses, skirts, blouses, stockings, and girls shoes. He thought his packages were marked wrong, but mother assured him that they were intended for him, and told him that since he had such an interest in girl's clothes, she was going to make him wear them through all of January."

"The poor kid was so scared that he locked himself in the bathroom, and we used that time to take all his boy's clothes out of his room and hid them, and to fill his dresser drawers with lacy little panties and bras, slips and nightgowns and such. When we finally coaxed him out of the bathroom, we tore his pajamas off and dressed him in girls clothes. Then we made him go to church with us that way."

"Mother made him go back to school in dresses, but the

teasing got so bad that the principal asked her to take him out, so she got him a private tutor. He stayed in girls clothes all that month, and we took him to restaurants and movies that way, and made him go shopping with us for dresses and lingerie."

"At the end of that time, he was allowed to go back to pants and school, but the teasing was so bad he couldn't stand it. One day he got back into dresses and asked for his tutor back. Mother said she guessed she'd ruined him, so she just let him stay in dresses at home. That was two years ago, and he's still in dresses to this day."

At times, as in this case, Petticoat Punishment can have adverse effects, by negative re-inforcement. This author does not recommend Petticoat Punishment for anyone except those over the age of consent who request it.

....BOBBIE WILSON

Mardi Gras 76'

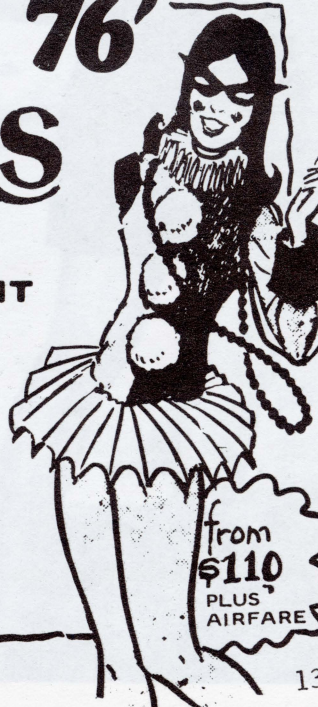
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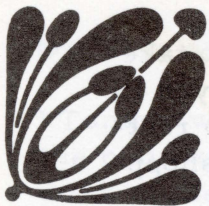
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BONNIE



BARBIE



Hi!

Just a note to let you know
the perils of Sandra [REDACTED]

Had a hell of a time in Oklahoma as I made both newspapers (which are Statewide), Radio & television --as the "Male Who Is Changing his Sex to Female". Wow! Anyway, due to the fantastic news coverage I decided to retreat to California. I got here (male) on December 29th and December 30th, Sandra appeared and (Bob) was put away--Forever! I had a hell of a time finding a job but I did! Have a good job with a good company. I'm doing drafting and have been asked to stay on indefinitely. So I guess they like me. "They Don't Know About Me!" Only that I'm a good worker and a woman. I plan on having my final operation in a few months and then I'll really be happy!

LOVE...
Sandy

Dear Sandra,

Sorry to hear about all the problems but glad that everything is working out for the better. I do hope that you will be cautious about having the operation. Remember, it won't solve all your problems.....

Lee



Sandy



Dearest Lee,

First I want to thank you with all my heart for getting me back issues of DRAG. I was lost without them. I will send in my subscription in a week or so.

I'm very happy to see the photographs of all the readers from all over.

Lee I don't want to take too much of your important time and I really don't know what to say for I have only wrote to one other tv, which was Jean Michelle and she returned my letter with a very sweet one.

If you have time, I'll tell you a little about myself. I'm 35.

I stand 5'2" and weigh 118 lbs.

I've been dressing as far back as the 8th grade off and on. For the last seven years

I dress every second I can for I do have a beautiful wardrobe of pretty clothes. I draw pictures

and I was looking for one of you I was going to try and do and send you.

if you could spare one I would love it and and I'll try and do you a good portrait for

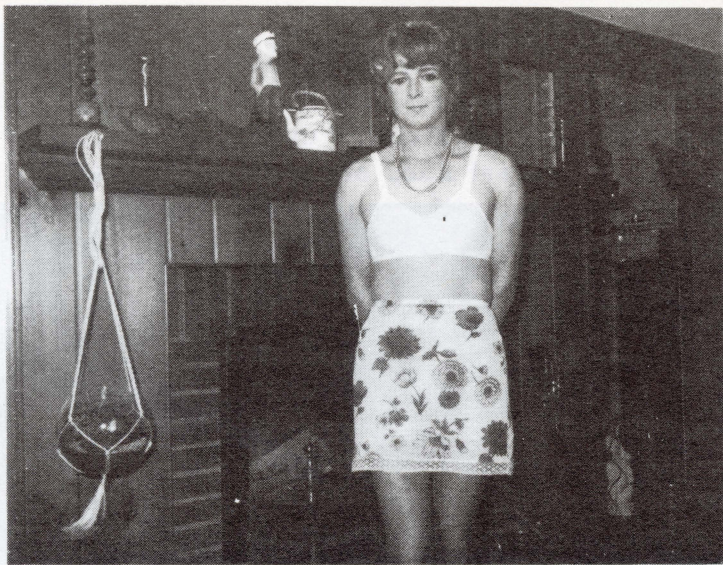
being so kind to me.

Lee, you asked for a photo of me so I'm sending you a couple. I had to tear them out of my scrapbook so I'm sorry about the shape they are in. I would be very proud to see me in your magazines.

love,

JUHREE





I started dressing about the age of six or seven, I am now 28. Having lived with two girl cousins for some time made it very convenient for me. They were one and two years older than I and I could relate a lot of good times if you would like to hear about them in the future....

Our family moved into our own house when I was older and I would dress every chance I got with whoever's clothes were available. I dressed on and off through high school. Wow, if those girls only knew why I stared at them so much. They probably thought I wanted to get into their panties, which was exactly what I was dreaming.

I knew one girl in school who in my mind was really a boy! I had this feeling because there were things about her...like an occasional bulge in the front of her skirt. She also had a very husky voice for a girl. I never saw a girl who loved to lift her skirt and show her undies and girdle, etc. All you had to do was ask her...and presto...you saw. There were numerous other things I noticed that no one else or a non TV would notice. For instance she was permanently excused from any girls phys-ed classes.

I still think she was a he who was made to be a girl by his mother or someone else. Many times I wished I had the courage to ask her but I never did. Now I guess I will never know.

The rest of my life is an average TV life so far with the wonderful discoveries of how feminine one feels when he puts makeup on for the first time, or the terrific feeling all over the first time out...knowing people see you as a girl.

I am married now to a wonderfully understanding woman whom I love very much. She approves completely. She

FRANCINE'S STORY

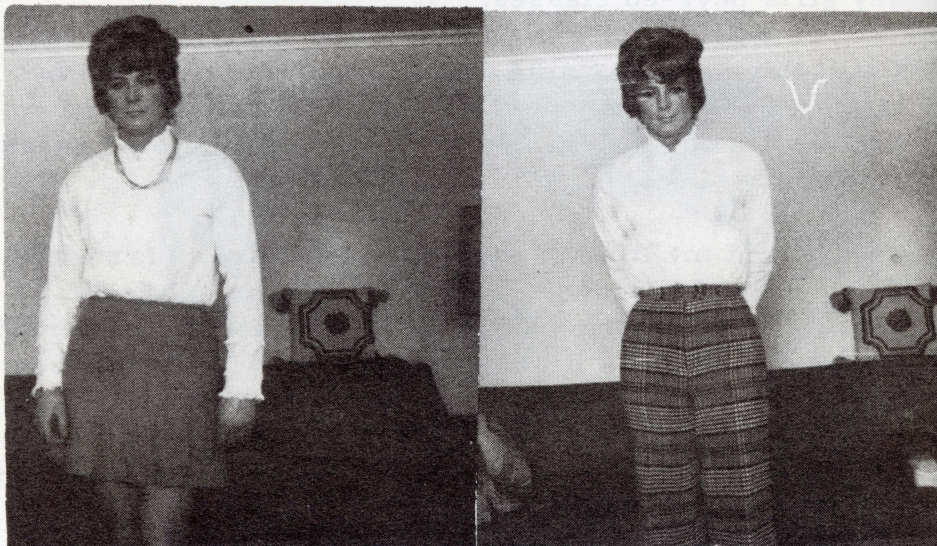


says she would rather have me dressed than wonder who I might be fooling around with or spending all my money drinking like a lot of husbands do, so I am just as happy to stay home and be her girl friend.

I stand about 5'10" and weigh 150 lbs. I would like to trim a little off the middle but I enjoy eating too much.

I hardly ever have to shave...about two times a week. I have absolutely no hair on my chest and very little on the rest of my body. I had this week off so I used the time to do something I have been meaning to do for a long time....I finally pierced my ears. It may sound silly...but it made me feel real good and girlish. Just one more step from manhood to womanhood.

"I FINALLY PIERCED MY EARS. IT MAY SOUND SILLY..BUT IT MADE ME FEEL REAL GOOD AND GIRLISH!"



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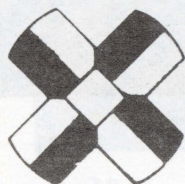
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What A



DIFFERENCE....



PAULA COLE



HAIR
can
make!





I am now 20, but it all started four years ago. I left school at fifteen, and lived at home for a year, largely because my father had only just died and my mother needed company. Eventually I got a job as a bank clerk in London, so I moved up to the Big City, settled into a bedsitter, made a lot of good friends and enjoyed life. I used to go home to see my mother regularly once a month; it was only two hours away on the bus and it was good to get a rest occasionally. On each visit home my poor mother became more and more shocked as my hair grew longer and longer. Eventually it reached below my shoulders, like all my London friends, but the fashion hadn't yet reached the small market town where we lived. Things have changed a lot in the last four years.

On seeing my long hair Mother would remark, "Good Heavens, I thought it was a girl", a theme with which I have become fairly familiar since. She would continue with "You must have a haircut; if my friends see you in town like that I shall become a laughing stock", followed by, "If you are going to have hair as long as that you might at least keep it clean and tidy. It's always dirty and greasy" and "A lot of girls would give anything to have

lovely silky hair like yours and yet you let it stay dirty the whole time."

After about six months in London I was given an extra day off so I arrived home late on the Thursday evening. The usual barrage of remarks met me, but with a new one I hadn't heard before, "You know I sometimes think you would make a lovely girl with your blonde shoulder-length hair, and you are so slim." I exploded at this--- "For goodness sake stop getting on about my hair: it is the fashion in London. The way you carry on I am beginning to think you would rather have had a daughter than a son, but it is a bit late now." "I am sorry dear," Mother replied, "But it is true in a way. I always wished I had had a daughter as well as you, but it just didn't happen that way. Danny la Rue has just been on the television, he looked so gorgeous and I suddenly thought I could make you look just as good. When you walked in the door I know I could."

"Look, Mother" I said, "I'll do a deal with you. I will let you dress me as a girl tomorrow if you promise never again to mention anything about my hair being long or my looking like a girl. Otherwise I just won't feel like coming home so often". She was obviously surprised by this suggestion but after thinking it over she agreed to it. "What a lovely idea. You can spend the whole of tomorrow as a girl and we can finish in the evening by dressing for dinner, with you wearing one of my long evening gowns." I hadn't bargained for a whole day of it, but I realised my offer had been rather vague, and if it finally cleared the air once and for all it would be well worth it.

I woke up next morning to find Mother opening the curtains in my bedroom. "Are you looking forward to your big day" she said. "I've brought you a pair of tights, a pantie girdle, a bra and some falsies. When you have washed and shaved come into my bedroom and we'll

choose a nice dress for you". When she had gone I looked at the clothes she had brought for me--ordinary flesh-coloured tights and plain white bra and girdle. I contemplated staying in bed all day, but then I realised it would be best to do everything Mother wanted today so that she would have no chance at all of claiming that I hadn't co-operated and therefore that she needn't fulfill her part of the bargain.

After I had washed and shaved I began to put on the tights. It was a bit difficult to begin with, but at last I pulled them right up my legs and settled the elastic firmly round my waist. Next came the pantie girdle, which was tighter than I had expected and to my surprise almost totally concealed the very masculine bulge between my legs. I went to the mirror and it confirmed the suspicions that had begun to arise in my mind; there was no doubt that I had a very good pair of legs, long and slim from thighs to ankles. From the waist down I was indistinguishable from a girl.

What about above the waist? I tried to put on the bra but found it impossible to do up at the back. Eventually I cheated by putting it on back to front, then turning it round and slipping my arms through the straps, and finally putting the falsies into the cups. I looked in the mirror again and found to my increasing alarm that I looked nearly as good above the waist as below it. Still, I must grin and bear it; it was all in a good cause.

I went into Mother's bedroom and said, 'Mother, here is your daughter reporting for duty'. A large smile spread quickly over her face. 'I was quite right; you make an extremely attractive girl. Your legs are gorgeous, real chorus-girl standard. I can see we are going to have a marvelous day today. Now, sit down and let me see your hair and make-up.'

I sat down on the stool by her dressing-table and she started to attack my hair with a strong comb, but she quickly found she was making no impression on it. Within fifteen minutes she had washed it, dried it and now she combed it all back into a long pony-tail and tied it up with a large pink ribbon. We were by now rather late for breakfast so we decided to leave my make-up and dress until after we had eaten. Mother handed me a black negligee to put on and while I was doing so I slowly began to realise that I was enjoying it. My white bra and girdle showed clearly through the transparent negligee, my ponytailed hair flicked eagerly on my back, I smiled and a very attractive girl smiled back at me from the mirror. I tied the negligee round my waist so that my legs showed through with each step I took. Mother noticed this--'Well I never', she said, 'I really think you are enjoying yourself.' 'Yes', I replied, 'I think I am'.

After breakfast we went upstairs again and I sat down while mother made me up. She decided that as it was still morning only a light make-up would be necessary, so she dusted a little powder on my face, put a little eye shadow on my lids and then taught me how to put lipstick on myself, first outlining the lips and then filling them in with the warm red colouring. Next I put on a plain white mini-slip, a long-sleeved orange blouse and a dark brown mini-skirt. Mother slipped some shoes on my feet and I went to the mirror to see what I looked like. It was almost unbelievable: not only did I look good, but I felt good as well. My long slim legs stretched down out of my skirt. I could feel my breasts pushing forward in my blouse even though they were plastic, my red lips moistened with pleasure; I just knew that I was a girl. Mother must have read my thoughts because she said 'We shall have to think up a suitable name for you. I can't possibly call you by your boy's name when you are dressed like that. 'How a

about Angela?" I repeated the name two or three times and said, "Yes, that is a lovely name. I shall be Angela for the rest of today."

The day passed very quickly. I read a number of Mother's magazines, envying the gorgeous models whose work was wearing beautiful clothes, and I watched television in the afternoon. After tea Mother called me upstairs and I found to my surprise that she had got her curlers ready for me. "But Angela, darling" she said when I queried this, "Tonight you are going to be a lovely sophisticated young lady, and you must have a hair style to match. You can't wear a ponytail with a long evening dress." I didn't attempt to argue--I didn't want to-- and very soon all my hair was piled up in little steel curls on top of my head, which in turn was covered with a scarf.

After I had helped Mother get dinner ready I went upstairs and ran the bath. I emptied a whole packet of bathsalts into the bath and then lay in it and soaked for what seemed hours. When I was dry Mother came in and dusted me lightly from top to toe with perfumed talcum powder, so that I smelt and felt soft and fragrant all over. I put on the transparant black negligee and followed Mother into her bedroom.

There, laid out on her bed, was the most beautiful selection of black lingerie-panties, strapless corselette and stockings. I put the panties on, took off my lovely filmy negligee, and stepped into the corselette which Mother zipped up at the back. Then I slowly put my stockings on, enjoying the silky feeling as each one was pulled gently up my leg to my thighs and fastened to the suspenders hanging down from the bottom of the corselette. I sat down while Mother made me up; cream all over my face, powder, a dab of rouge, eye-liner, eye-shadow, mascara and finally lipstick. I felt as if I must be smothered in war paint but in fact she had

done it so skillfully that it looked quite natural and not at all overdone. Next she took the rollers out of my hair which tumbled fluffily round my shoulders and back. She arranged it in a very attractive style, curls all round my face and long waves gently caressing the sides and back of my neck.

Mother then took out from her wardrobe the dress that I was to wear for the evening. It really was gorgeous and I stepped into it eagerly and she zipped me up at the back. The dress was very pale pink in colour, just off the shoulder but with the neckline just high enough not to reveal my cleavage; it clung tightly to me from immediately under my breasts down to my hips where the skirt frothed out into yards and yards of silk. I eased my feet into a pair of gold evening shoes with three inch stiletto heels, and, rising slightly unsteadily to my feet, danced round the room with my skirts swirling round me. Finally I put on some jewelery long dangling earrings, a necklace with a pendant hanging down almost to my breasts, a bracelet on my left wrist and an amethyst ring on the middle finger of my right hand. So Angela was ready for her first formal evening.

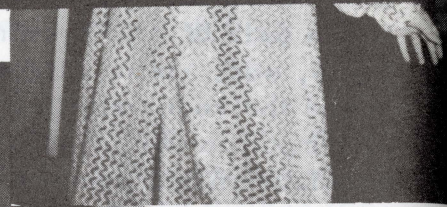
As I went carefully downstairs it seemed impossible that in less than twelve hours I had changed from a scruffy boy to a lovely young lady. I shall never forget the evening that followed, not only because I enjoyed wearing my gorgeous pink dress so much but also because of what it led to. On all my visits home since then Angela has appeared almost as soon as I get in the door, and she now has quite a large wardrobe of her own, thanks to Mother. She even appears occasionally at the flat where I now live in London. At any rate I have never regretted her appearance on that wonderful four years ago.

.....Angela

Miss America



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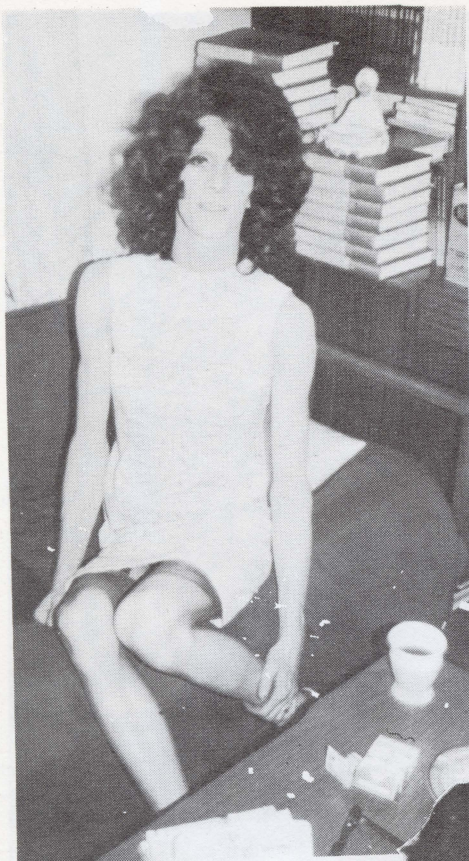




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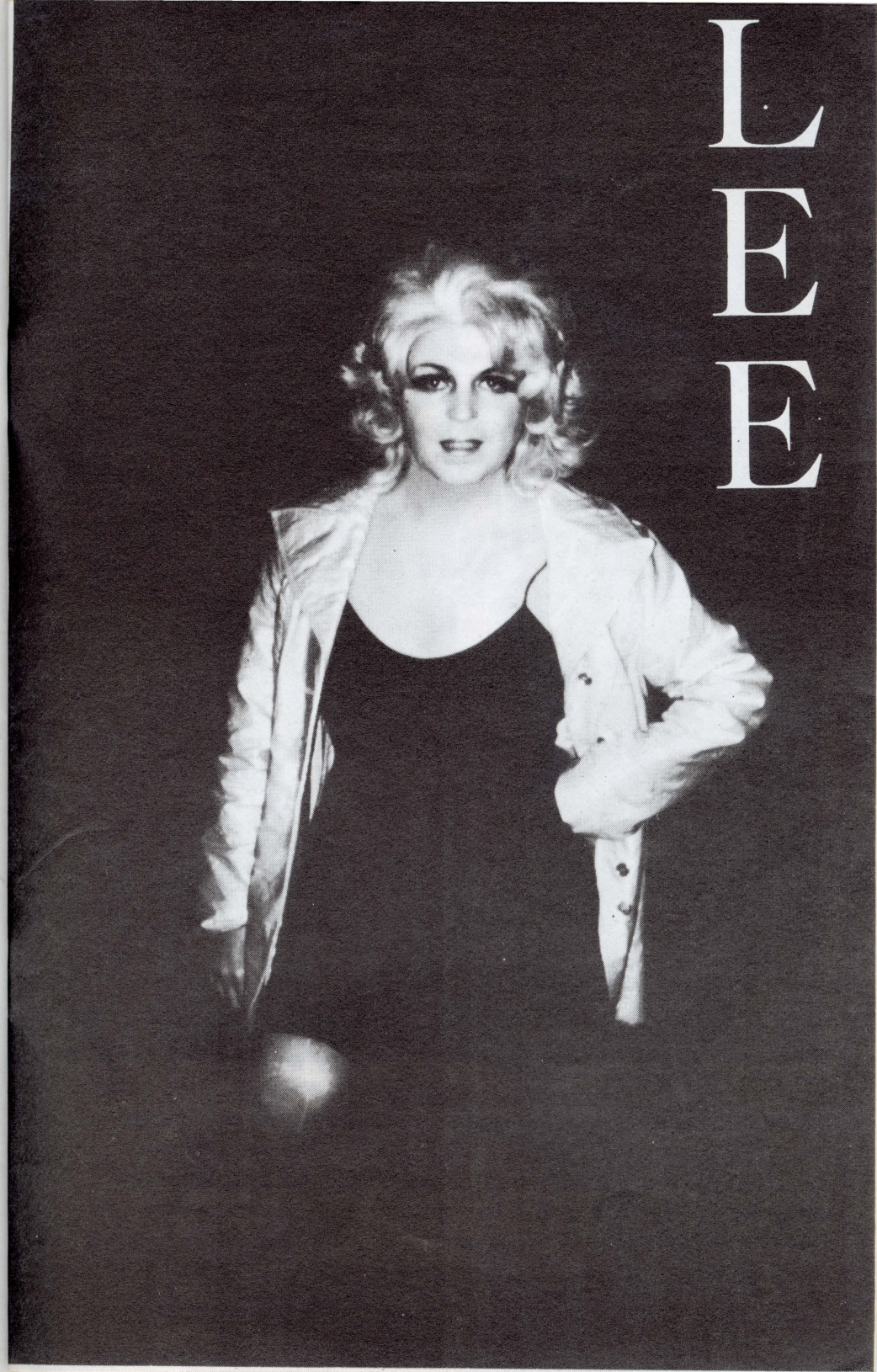
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LEE





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