

# MEN ONLY

VOLUME 47 NUMBER 1

85 PENCE

**BLOOD LUST: TYPE 'O' SEX OF A DIFFERENT KIND!**  
**LIP SERVICE: TIPS FOR SUCKERS...**  
**TRANSVESTISM: MORE STARTLING STEINER REVELATIONS**  
**PLUS: SLIMMING FOR SWINGERS**  
**THE SEX PLAY WAY**  
**OUR LATEST EXECUTIVE DAUGHTER**  
**AND THE ALTERNATIVE**  
**MISS WORLD: IT'S NOT SUCH A DRAG!**

France 30 Francs  
 Italy 8500 Lire  
 Germany DM 12  
 Spain Ptas 390

**PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND**  
**BRITAIN'S HIGHEST SELLING MAGAZINE FOR MEN**



A feature on vampirism out of context? Certainly not! Lust for blood is presumably but one step beyond lust for flesh (the motivation behind most of our sales!) and as Nicola Potter points out, there are strong historical links between bloodsucking and sucking of the type dealt with by Helen Amis, busy getting her teeth into *Lip Service*, an excellent treatise on oral sex. The last of our fairy tales trilogy, meanwhile, reveals the erotic delights that lay in store for young Jack at the top of that boring beanstalk, while Steiner's exhaustive investigation into *Transvestism* and Jay Myrdal's photo-coverage of *Alternative Miss World* seem to share much common ground.

Far from common, on the other hand, is Jaguar's HE version of the anachronistic XJ-S, which seems set to restore the somewhat manky image of Coventry's Big Cat to that of a 'powerful, pace-setting pussy'. But for those who can only afford to look and dream, take heart, for fellow frotteur and fumbler Ed Lancaster lists numerous and invaluable peeping possibilities in his hilarious guide to *Creative Voyeurism*, though the likes of Christie, Sue, Danielle etc. (and especially this month's *Executive Daughters*) make all that sneaky keyhole peeping seem a rather pointless exercise./*Tony Power.*

<b>NETWORK</b>	page 6
<b>BLOODLUST</b> <i>Nicola Potter</i>	page 8
<b>CHRISTIE</b> <i>Dwight Fox</i>	page 14
<b>LIP SERVICE</b> <i>Helen Amis</i>	page 22
<b>JACK &amp; THE BEANSTALK</b> <i>Becky Brown</i>	page 28
<b>DANIELLE</b> <i>Suze Randall</i>	page 33
<b>THE CAT'S WHISKERS!</b> <i>Susanne Kent</i>	page 40
<b>SUE</b> <i>Bryan Whitman</i>	page 43
<b>STEINER'S CARNAL JIGSAW</b> <i>Karl Steiner</i>	page 54
<b>BATTLE OF THE BULGE</b> <i>Gabrielle Shot</i>	page 60
<b>A DAY AT THE BEACH</b> <i>Dwight Fox/Brian O'Hanlon</i>	page 63
<b>CREATIVE VOYEURISM</b> <i>Ed Lancaster</i>	page 72
<b>COMMUNICATION</b>	page 78
<b>MEN ONLY EXECUTIVE DAUGHTERS</b>	page 80
<b>ALTERNATIVE MISS WORLD</b> <i>Jay Myrdal</i>	page 86
<b>MOUNTING EXCITEMENT</b> <i>Serge Jacques</i>	page 91
<b>COVER GIRL</b> <i>Photograph by Ian Potter</i>	

Publisher *Paul Raymond*; Editor-in-Chief *Tony Power*; Chief Executive & Legal Advisor *Carl Snitcher*; Group Art Director & Associate Editor *Roger Watt*; Picture Editor *Alan Pride*; Production Editor *Karen Malcherczyk*; Assistant Art Editor *Mark Pritchard*; Associate Art Editors *Jacque Calvert & Kimberley Leston*; Advertisement Director *Christopher Robins*; Classified Advertisements *Margaret Fleming*; Circulation Director *Mike Stall*

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer St., London W1V 7HE (Tel: 01-734 9191). Typesetting by SX Composing Ltd. Colour by Colorscan, High Wycombe, printed Web Offset by Hunter Print Group Ltd., Radlett, Herts. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely that it shall not without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 85p, and it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publications or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk. While every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Second Class Postage paid at New York Post Office, N.Y. Distributed by Comag, West Drayton, Middlesex, January 1982.  
© Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 1982.

# STEINER'S CARNAL JIGSAW

## TRANSVESTISM: THE SHE-MALE SYNDROME

BY KARL STEINER  
WITH ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFF HALPIN

**The more familiar sexual aberrations tend to be among the most misunderstood. As Steiner explains, there is far more to transvestism than mere dressing in female garments.**

VISUALISE THE SCENE: A beautiful woman is lolling indolently on a silken couch having her toenails painted by a French maid. The décor of the chamber is luxuriously decadent, as is the attire of the reclining woman, who suddenly raises her fur-trimmed velvet skirt to reveal shimmering nakedness and an immaculately depilated vulva.

"Cunt service first, then IBS, Leslie," she demands in a stern, cultured voice. The maid hurriedly lays aside the brush and varnish, prostrates herself between the widespread thighs and sinks her face deep into the moist crotch. There are the sounds of uninhibited and far-penetrating cunnilingus as the maid does her duty, bringing her mistress to a shuddering orgasm.

"That was quite good - certainly an improvement on yesterday's wretched performance. Now let's see if you can maintain that standard where it really counts," says the older woman coldly. "If you foul things up again I shall show no mercy, so you know what to expect."

*With these words she turns over and presents her bottom, thrusting it high and drawing*

the blemish-free cheeks wide apart with perfectly manicured fingers, slightly digging the pointed red nails into the creamy flesh.

With the utmost reverence Leslie makes her rear connection and does her best to hold



**'It's not only the TV's emotions which get mixed up, for there is an element of homosexuality in every one of us and we all tend to be aroused by homosexual displays ...'**

it steadfast throughout. But the awesome task proves too much for her and she reels back, choking and sobbing.

"You incompetent wretch!" screams her mistress. "You stinking turd-face!"

The maid tries to apologise but her mistress refuses to listen. "Go to the Punishment Room this instant, strip and lie on your back on the whipping table. I shall come and punish you just as soon as this mess has been cleaned up."

Contritely the wretched maid obeys orders. Inside the frightening Punishment Room she takes off her maid's uniform and it becomes very evident that Leslie is not a girl at all, for although the testicles are tightly strapped into the crotch there is no hiding that hugely erect penis!

Leslie is a male transvestite - a TV - a she-male. And there are countless others like him.

Transvestism (cross dressing) should not be confused with homosexuality. True, many TVs are actively gay, but just as many are not; and the number of gay people who never cross dress far exceeds those who do.

In our *Carnal Jigsaw* the piece labelled *Transvestism* meshes with *Homo and Bisexuality* as one would expect, but it also interlocks with the pieces marked *Masochism*, *Sadism* and *Fetishism*, and in a great many cases the three last named feature more prominently in a TV's urge pattern than any other deviation, apart from the compulsion to cross dress itself.

All male TVs are submissive to a degree and there are some who are extreme masochists. All female TVs are dominant and some are very sadistic. Most masochistic male TVs tend to be fundamentally heterosexual, whereas sadistic female TVs are almost invariably lesbian in inclination. But seldom are things as clear-cut as this, for bisexuality frequently clouds the issue and even the TV himself/herself is unable to analyse his/her emotions precisely.

To avoid another sort of confusion - the he/she and his/her variety - I shall from here-on refer to the TV as 'it' once the true sex has been established. Curiously, intensely masochistic male TVs relish being referred to as 'it', for their status is still further low-

ered by this mild form of dehumanisation.

It's the concept of willing surrender of his status as a man, his strength and virility, in favour of and in tribute to delicate femininity, which the male TV finds so exquisitely alluring. Therefore, any additional debasement - being obliged to wear a servant's uniform, perform degrading tasks such as IBS, being grossly

sexuality while being totally obsessed by sapphism. Just in such a guy when the lesbians he's been watching and not dressed males, or when a couple of gay boys he's been reviling prove to be female TVs!

Nothing in my experience was designed to tear the spectator's emotions first this way, then that, then the other than a two-man, two-girl act that was famous in Paris during the 1930s. The act was billed as *Yvonne, Yvette, Paul et Pierre* and the routine was based on repeated shock and astonishment. For maximum impact it was essential that you knew nothing about the performers in advance, but I shall do no

but what is the precise nature of the urges that compel a what are the emotions of the TV's?

I have already discussed the lowered status concept that drives the male masochist to dress as a serving maid, and which inspires its mistress to encourage it to do so, but now let us consider the woman that dresses as a man.

This is usually a matter of elevated status and, in fantasy at least, of increased authority and strength, especially in a lesbian or pseudo-lesbian context where the 'butch' type dominates and abuses the 'femme' (or 'fem'): the latter being either a genuine submissive girl or a masochistic male TV.

The distinction between the authentic and the make-believe is very tenuous in such situations. Like I said, emotionally the TV is a very mixed-up person.

And what about the woman in the case? What are the thoughts of the female TV as it abuses its male maid? While probably less confused than the she-male's, they are unlikely to be without complication and I can best illustrate this by quoting from an interview between myself and Evelyn, a 42-year-old female TV who keeps a 19-year-old male maid in conditions of the most abysmal sexual servitude.

*Karl Steiner:* When you are in your male persona, do you ever think of yourself as female?

*Evelyn:* Not for one moment. Why should I?

*K.S.:* Well, Jan tells me that it's never sure about its own sex while you're tormenting it, and I thought you might be similarly confused.

*Evelyn:* Not I! But I appreciate how a submissive guy may be. I mean, it's a lot easier to cling to your make-believe when you're bettering yourself than when you're rendering IBS.

*K.S.:* You mean there's less of a problem in assuming and maintaining an elevated status than a greatly lowered one?

*Evelyn:* That's what I said, isn't it?

*K.S.:* But surely Jan wants to render IBS?

*Evelyn:* What Jan wants or does not want is neither here nor there. It's what I want which matters.

*K.S.:* What I meant was that Jan absolutely *revels* in its shame, yet it still can't hold on to the idea of being female at all times.

*Evelyn:* That figures. Don't forget that Jan is suffering and I'm not.

*K.S.:* But Jan *wants* to suffer! All its fantasies are to do with shame and pain - being lowered in status. So why should it



"We like to offer our sex-change cases a last sentimental splash at the urinal ..."

insulted for the effort; even being addressed as 'it' - can only enhance the deviant's masochistic rapture.

Referring back to the topic of confusion, it's not only the TV's emotions which get mixed up, for there is an element of homosexuality in every one of us and we all tend to be aroused by homosexual displays even though we would never seriously consider active participation.

Most men are turned on by lesbian exhibitions and don't mind admitting this. Most men are also fascinated by male homosexuality but, unless they are overtly gay, fight shy of confessing to the interest.

There are also men who genuinely believe they have a deep loathing for male homo-

one a disservice by giving the secrets away now, for Yvonne and Yvette were killed in World War II, and Paul and Pierre must be old ladies if they are still alive.

No, there's no mistake there: all four members of the act were extremely sophisticated and convincing transvestites.

They all began their routine fully cross dressed, then one by one and at about five-minute intervals, each revealed its true sex with a lewd and tantalising strip. And each fresh revelation bent and twisted the spectator's mind anew and made complete nonsense of everyone's feelings about homosexuality.

So much for the outward manifestations of transvestism and their effect on other people,

**'... not only are many full-time TVs so accomplished that they never arouse suspicion, there is a vast army of deviants who indulge themselves only occasionally ...'**

seek the elevation of mentally reverting to its own sex?

*Evelyn:* You tell me - you're supposed to be the shrink! Frankly, I think you're asking some pretty dumb questions! There's a hell of a lot of difference between fantasy and reality. Surely I don't have to tell you that! When I make a person suffer, that person really plumbs the depths of degradation, believe me.

*K.S.:* It often pays me to act dumb. I get people to open up more that way. Egg-headedness on my part is daunting to some. But please let us move on. You always think of yourself as male, but how do you regard Jan while you're forcing it to render IBS? Is it male or female?

*Evelyn:* Sometimes one, sometimes the other. I get incredible pleasure out of each - very different - enjoyment, of course. It gives me a fantastic kick to know I'm hurting and shaming a man because I'm basically lesbian and a man hater. Oh, I detest men!

*K.S.:* Then why do you dress as one?

*Evelyn:* Good question! I often wonder myself, but I guess it gives me a greater sense of power. Men are so proud of their strength, so if you can't beat 'em, join 'em!

*K.S.:* But you do beat them! Well, I know you beat Jan: I've seen the scars! Are you quite certain it's not a case of sour grapes rather than a hatred of men? Don't you secretly wish you were a man?

*Evelyn:* Perhaps you're right, but who cares? It's getting off good that counts!

*K.S.:* Why do you sometimes think of Jan as female?

*Evelyn:* Because I'm a lesbian.

*K.S.:* And it turns you on to hurt and humiliate a member of your own sex?

*Evelyn:* It turns me on to do that to anyone.

*K.S.:* So you freely admit to being a sadist?

*Evelyn:* Yes, and I'm proud of it! It's better to be a winner than a loser like Jan.

*K.S.:* But men like Jan believe they win by losing!

*Evelyn:* More fools they! What mixed-up bastards men are!

We will now turn aside from linked considerations such as sadomasochism and examine the aspect of transvestism that derives directly from the *androgynous impulse*. But a few definitions are required first.

*Homosexuality:* A masculine

sexual impulse in women and a female sexual impulse in men.

*Transvestism:* Cross dressing motivated by psychological sexual differences being confused.

*Androgyny:* The mixing of physical sexual characteristics other than the genitalia: amount and distribution of fatty tissue and body hair; amount of facial hair (the 'bearded lady'); timbre of voice, etc.



*Hermaphroditism:* Possession of the genitalia of both sexes in addition to a mixing of secondary sexual characteristics.

*Androgynous Impulse:* A compulsive desire to possess on one's own body the characteristics of the opposite sex, and to exaggerate any such characteristics that already exist. This goes with an urge to hide one's own sex.

Unlike a genuine androgyne, not to mention an hermaphrodite, a person with no more than an androgynous impulse may to its profound regret possess little or no resemblance to the opposite sex in its physical appearance; therefore it does the next best thing by becoming a transvestite.

It's impossible to estimate

how many TVs there are in our midst, but I'm sure the number is far greater than is supposed,

for not only are many full-time TVs so accomplished that they never arouse suspicion, there is a vast army of (predominantly male) deviants who indulge themselves only occasionally and then in private more often than not. Such individuals range from the man who, in his wife's absence, puts on her bra and panties, then gets himself off while posturing in front of a mirror, to the far more ambitious type of pervert who wrote the following letter to the Steiner Bureau:

*I am a 41-year-old company director. I'm married to a wonderful woman and we have three fine kids. I am regarded*

angles so that I can relish every aspect of the scene. I get the

although wish my cock were John. The craving for female anatomy is very intense so I pretend my penis is really a dildo. Strangely, this seems to work, but of course there's no way I can explain away the great fountain of spunk that sprays my reflection when I take myself over the top.

After getting myself off like this I carefully readjust my wig, repair any damage to my make-up and then go and mingle with the other guests. Knowing that I'm fooling everyone gives me a deep satisfaction and soon gets me erect again under my silk panties and velvet skirt.

I've been a TV of sorts ever since I was about nine. It all began at a Christmas party where I had to wear one of my girl cousin's clothes for a charade. It's all as clear to me as though it had happened yesterday. I got a terrific erection through wearing Jill's clothes and muffed my part completely. From that moment I've been obsessed with the idea of dressing as a girl. Of course, it was mostly fantasy for many years. I used to toss off in bed; the lust was terrific. I used to lie on my stomach and press my stiff cock into a pillow. I invented 'nice pain' for the sensation I got and think this may be responsible for my masochistic nature.

The masochism never developed to become a major thing with me, but the TV business gradually took over my life. At every opportunity I used to dress in my mother's underwear and toss off in front of her wardrobe mirror. I used her suspender belt to bind my prick and balls to get increased pleasure. I'm now something of a suspender fet-

shist. Apart from a few 'experiments' at school I've never had any homo experiences and don't want any.

I have no regrets regarding my condition, but I am growing increasingly concerned about the risk I'm running. If there is a cure for transvestism I'd be willing to try it, for the horror of being exposed is simply too ghastly to contemplate. Can you please advise me?

I had to tell my correspondent that there is no satisfactory 'cure' for transvestism and that it would be very foolish to try to suppress his desires as this would almost certainly lead to deep emotional problems and even neurosis. My final words were: "Continue to enjoy yourself, but do be extra careful." And I can do no better than to repeat that advice to all my TV readers right now. ☺

by all as an honest and decent member of the community, yet I'm leading a secret life that would ruin me socially if the details ever got out.

About three times a month on average I tell my wife that I have business that will take me out of town for a couple of nights. On these occasions I go to the hotel in Birmingham where I have a large double room permanently reserved. The management think the room is used by a married couple, for inside there is everything necessary for me to enter the room as John and emerge as Joan, or vice versa.

Every delicious step in the transformation from male to female is conducted in front of a full-length mirror, and there are other mirrors arranged at

# ANDREW LOGAN'S *Alternative* MISS WORLD

Nobody seriously believes that Andrew Logan's annual Dragfest really represents an 'Alternative' Miss World, least of all the Morley Clan, who nonetheless still feign indignance. What it does offer is an amusing insight into camp exhibitionism, carried into the realms of fashionable asceticism by sculptor Andrew's 'props', which this year included a giant cornfield (a leftover leftover from a previous exhibition), a dinosaur and a panel of poserati judges and an evocatively one-breast-revealing aide de . . . camp. More a freakshow for the media than an 'alternative' . . . anything but a great night out for The Boys. See centre picture of the following spread for this year's eventual winner. Photographs by Jay Myrdal.



