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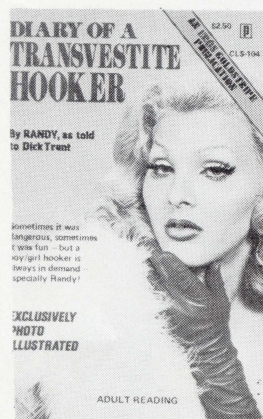
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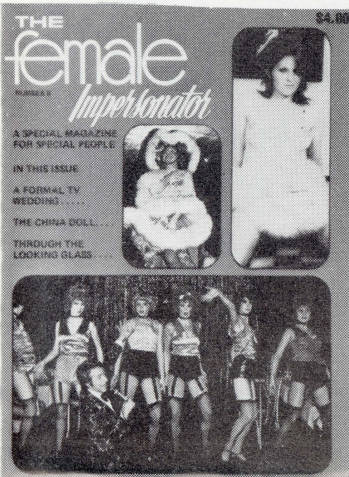
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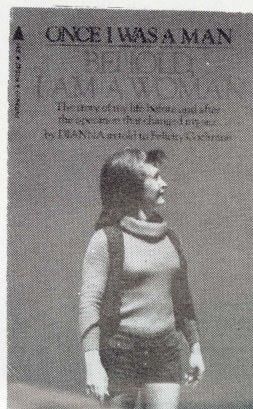
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The Cross-Dresser

vol.1 no. 2

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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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WILMA :

QUEEN MOTHER

THE STORY OF WILMA'S LIFE AND SOME THOUGHTS

I write the following in the hopes that it may be of help to the transvestites and transexuals.

For years, up to the present, so called straight people lay and professional have called us sick and should be treated along this line, but within the last few years there has come along a few doctors that are willing to help people like us to achieve the kind of life-style we would like to live, to help us overcome our frustrations and depressions of the kind of life society tries to dictate that we should live, man as man or woman as woman I have learned the following by myself to overcome these things myself so I write the following:

I am a 68 year old transvestite or transexual, am pretty sure I am the latter as you will see as you read my story. I was the first born of a poor family, had a sister who died in infancy, and a brother who died at age 7, hit by a railroad train, killed instantly.

My father was seldom at home, whoremaster and alcoholic, machinist by trade and a very good one but on account of drinking, never held a job for long, was with a whore when my mother died, he died at a young age, probable suicide. My mother, typical of women of her era, good housewife, good mother, tried to keep her family together under adverse conditions, died very young of pneumonia when I was 9 years old. Father Catholic, mother Protestant, turned Catholic for Father.

Psychiatrists claim that this is the foundation of what makes people like us, called the environmental theory. I disagree and will explain later.

My first memory of wanting to be a girl occurred at about age five, don't really remember wearing girl's clothing until age twelve (12) when I could not resist the urge to wear the clothing of female members of the household. I had no knowledge of a girl's anatomy until I was married at age 22. I do remember I always admired pretty underwear and dresses. I always admired and played with girls, had no desire to play with boys, never cared for sports of any kind, still don't, as a boy most of the time I was a loner, whenever I desired the company of other children, I sought other girls not boys. I have liked to read and now read all types of literature although not much of a student at school. I dropped out of school, which I disliked, but did get to the 7th grade and went to work at the age of 14 (still wanting to be a girl). My occupation as a deckhand on a tugboat left me with not much opportunity to dress or of expressing myself. This was the year 1922, not much was known about people like us in those days. I remember I used to go to sleep at night hoping that by some miracle I would wake up a girl. (Naive, wasn't I? I guess we all are until we are awakened by someone or something we read).

Whenever I had the opportunity I bought clothing and discarded it when I had satisfied my erotic desire. I do not deny that I had erotic thoughts leading up to my getting dressed but I did and do get dressed without eroticism.

I married at the age of 22, not because of a love affair, but with the thought that perhaps that full association with a woman would make it go away. It didn't. In fact, as the years advanced, the desire grew more and more, so you see I know what frustration really is.

My wife was not aware of my desires before we were married, but found out about me about a year after we were married. She accepted me and said that there was no reason I could not dress as I wanted as long as I was not hurting anyone. However, when we had children, she wanted no more of this so I had to go into the closet, as the expression is now. I stayed there for about 40 years, so to repeat, I know what frustration and depression is. We had two daughters (more later).

As a young man I was a short wave radio bug, wanted to be an amateur radio operator or ham as the saying was, but could not realize my ambition for lack of

.....
"I MARRIED AT THE AGE OF 22, NOT FOR A LOVE AFFAIR, BUT BECAUSE I THOUGHT THAT A FULL RELATIONSHIP WITH A WOMAN WOULD MAKE IT GO AWAY. IT DIDN'T."
.....

sufficient knowledge of math and shortness of money. I used to buy short-wave radio magazines, which were put out by Hugo Gernsback, who later published SEXOLOGY magazine. I immediately subscribed to it and still do. It was by reading this magazine that I first found out that there were other people like myself and they put a label on it called transvestism. A Dr. Benjamin was the one who answered questions on this subject. Then they printed an article by a Virginia Prince about men dressing as women. In the article it mentioned that she was printing a magazine called "Transvestia". I immediately wrote to her and subscribed to her magazine and the world of transvestism was opened to me. Even though I do not subscribe to all she believes, I do say that transvestites do owe her something for opening the door to the closets of us all. (For example, she does not, at least publicly, want

to associate with those who are gay or transexual minded). In fact, at this time, transexuality had not become public until Christine Jorgensen had her operation, so I guess we owe her also.

I am now 67 years old and would still love to be a woman. Since I have retired I have been on hormone therapy which leaves no sexual desires, so nothing would be accomplished by the operation. I have achieved one goal of my life, at least, by having my own breasts. Also, since my retirement, I am now out of the closet and dress whenever I wish. (My wife still doesn't fully accept, but does tolerate me, even to buying me dresses and jewelry). I dress from head to toe, skin out, full drag as the saying goes. Being 5'4" tall and not too bad looking I go out in public and do not care whether I am read or not.

Now, as to my thoughts on the why of what we are. I do believe in the theories as put forth by doctors. I do believe that we are programmed as fetuses with this, but Dr. John Money of Johns Hopkins in Baltimore has also expressed this thought in his latest book, MAN WOMAN-BOY GIRL.

THE NEW ERA!!!!!!

Now to come to my life as I am living it now.

In september of 1973 I had a first. I flew to Oregon for what they called "Dream 73", a gathering of transvestites from all over the United States, 50 in all and one from Canada. There were also 12 wives and two daughters present at this gathering which was sponsored by the FPE chapter in Seattle, Washington. (Foundation for Personality Expression) I went all the way as a woman. It was my first flight in an air plane and I

went all the way as a woman. I spent a week out there and met some beautiful people and had a wonderful time. I met a tv out there, who had also travelled as a woman from an Eastern state and in meeting her it opened the door to a beautiful life to me.. more later.

I must go back a little in the year 1973. I met a wonderful person who was also, in a way, instrumental to the life I now have. His name, with his permission, is Lee G. Brewster. He sponsored drag balls, the first I attended was in 1973, my first formal. After coming back from Oregon, I attended my second drag ball in full evening dress and became a member of a group headed by the girl I had met in Oregon. This group consists of transvestites, transexuals, and some gays. We have meetings once a month and we have a ball. We respect each other regardless of what we are, we are all human beings and members and are accepted because of personalities.



Then I went to New Orleans to the "Mardi Gras" of '74, as a woman and spent a wonderful week there with sponsor, Lee Brewster.

Now, to get to the present time of my life. Amongst the group I belong to there are two wonderful girls who are lesbians, one is an ordained minister and her girl friend. On Mothers Day of 74 they asked me if I would be a mother to them and I consented. I am now an adopted member of their family. I love them both. I am not about to offer an explanation of this situation, I just accept it. Love and affection is something I have been looking for all of my life and they offer it to me... Wilma.

Now for some more thoughts about frustrations and depression. In my vocabulary is one word that means more than any other for overcoming these conditions. That word is "acceptance". First, accept who and what you are, regardless of whether you are a TV, TS or gay. I know there are limits to how far some can go, but you will find that if you look at the pleasant side of these things, that life can be beautiful. When I feel depressed I think of something beautiful that is going to happen and so goodbye depression. As for transexualism, I have said before I would still love to be a complete woman but I accept the facts of life and the realism which it entails. If I were young enough and know the things I know now, I am sure that I would go the whole route of sexuality, homo-bi or whatever and enjoy what life has to offer. At my age I have found out what I have missed so this is why I am now accepting all that the rest of my life has to offer.

One part of my life as a male I do not regret: My wife. I had two girls, who have given us eight grandchildren and three great grand-children. So you can see I am now getting the best of two worlds.

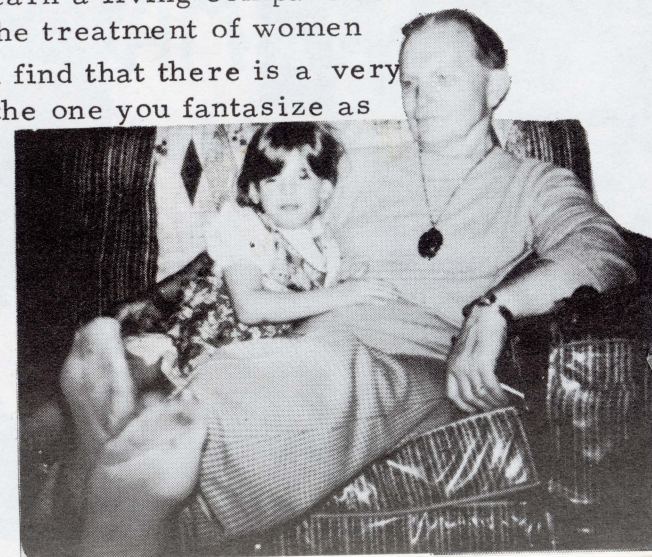
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"AT MY AGE, I HAVE FOUND OUT WHAT I HAVE MISSED, SO THIS IS WHY I AM NOW ACCEPTING ALL THAT THE REST OF MY LIFE HAS TO OFFER."
.....

I never had a homosexual experience, in fact, I used to say I had yet to meet a man who could turn me on, but since being on female hormones and meeting some nice gays, I could be turned on by a man as a woman would feel. There is now a feeling by some tvs that they would like relations with women or very attractive tvs as woman to woman and call themselves male lesbians. I must confess that if I were physically capable that I would go that route. Again, you can see that I know what I am talking about as to frustration.

I would now like to express some thoughts regarding Transexuals. They have my sympathy, as you can see from reading up to this point, but if they are married and have children I believe they should look at the realistic side of life and fully assume the responsibility they owe to their families.

Why not discreetly enjoy both worlds if you are capable of passing as a woman. Find out what it really is to live as a woman. You will find that a woman's life is not all roses. There are lots of thorns, such as less opportunities to earn a living compared to a man's income, and also the treatment of women by men.. you will find that there is a very real world, not the one you fantasize as being.

Again, I say
accept life as
it really is and
enjoy it!





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GIRL FOR A DAY

It was too late now for regrets. Jim knew it as he stood in Janet's apartment, confronted by two strong-willed girls. Janet Blouse was his boss's daughter at the engineering office, and a few words from her to her father could mean the end of Jim's job. The other girl was Janet's cousin, Debra Downy. They were both beauties. Janet was blonde and curvy, and Debra brunette and seductive. Right now they were looking at Jim in a threatening way, not at all in keeping with the softness and innocence suggested by their dainty party dresses. Over their lovely arms were draped various items of silky feminine attire, items which were being brought out from Janet's closet for Jim's benefit. In a few minutes Jim was going to find out what it felt like to be dressed in girl's clothing!

Jim dreaded the touch of all that silk and nylon on his body. He begged Janet to let him off and he would never deceive her again. But Janet was outraged because he had gone out with another girl at the office. "This will be your punishment," she said, holding up a wicked looking little corset in black satin and lace. "And if you don't take your punishment, Jimmy dear, then I'm afraid your services at the office will not be required any longer. So, you see, it's better to do what Debra and I tell you. Besides, you'll find it's not so bad being a girl, Priscilla!" She handed him some intimate lingerie and sent him into the bedroom to put it on.

It didn't take Jim long to make up his mind. He returned to the parlor in a few minutes, clad only in pink nylon panties and a well padded black brassiere. Trying hard to hide his shame, he steeled himself against the coming ordeal of being softly trapped in

humiliating lace and bows. He saw some embarrassing articles being prepared to go on him, and he noticed with a nervous glance a black satin skirt and white silk blouse draped on a chair. But now Janet was behind him and she was fastening the satin corset around his waist.

The corset had a powerful will of its own, as Jim soon discovered. Beneath its deceptively soft and alluring satin and lace exterior lay a tough fabric that gripped like a vise. As Janet fastened it and fought to close the zipper up the back, Jim's middle was squeezed tighter than he had ever felt it. In fact, he was being changed from a thirty waist down to a mere twenty-four inches! Debra had to lend a hand in this operation, because it took all the strength of both girls to close Jim in that Herculean gripper. When it was done, Jim's figure had altered from a male appearance to something resembling Marilyn Monroe. His now tiny waist gave accent to swelling feminine hips shaped perfectly for skirts!

In a twinkling, nylon stockings were brought out and Debra displayed them tauntingly before Jim's eyes. Although he protested and begged them not to do it, the girls quickly put them on him and attached the silky tops to garter straps on the corset. Jim groaned at the extra strain now added to the waist nipper. But even before he could catch his breath, he was put into a lovely satin slip that fit him so closely he could scarcely move. The sight of this thing on him made him dizzy.

"Wait a minute!" Janet said, looking over Jim's new attire. "This will never do, Debra. Just look at his legs. They have to be shaved smooth. And while we're at it, we may as well shave his arms

and chest." Jim begged and pleaded, but it was useless. The girls made him remove the slip, nylons, and bra and he was forced to submit to a thorough shaving. In a little while he was dressed again in the lingerie, which now felt more intimate than ever against his smooth skin. The sheer stockings and the satin slip hugged him and complimented his smooth, white arms and legs. The transformation was very effective, both to the eye and in other ways. Jim was quite helpless to do anything about it. He knew he was entirely at the mercy of the two girls. For the first time in his life, he was weaker than a female. Worse yet, he would now be one himself!

Now Janet placed a pair of patent leather high heel shoes before Jim and invited him to step into them. Unable to offer any resistance, he put his feet into the constricting shoes and fought to keep his balance in them. It wasn't easy, with the added problem of the tight corset which made his hips sway dangerously, but he concentrated on it and was just able to keep from falling. When he had taken a few practice steps, Debra introduced him to the satin skirt. It was wonderful how the light blazed and shimmered on the precious fabric as she assisted Jim to step into the skirt. In a moment it was zippered up firmly over his hips and belted snugly round his slender waist. The satin hem flared naughtily about six inches above his nylon clad knees. Jim's hopes of somehow being able to hid his smooth, feminine legs from sight now vanished.

Janet placed the intimate white silk blouse on his arms and brought it against his bosom, buttoning a long row of buttons up his back. The neck was cut low to reveal his clear, girlish complexion to

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The Cross-Dresser

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advantage. Jim was painfully conscious of the way the silk draped gracefully over his womanly contours, and how the short sleeves clung to his shoulders and exposed his girlish arms to view. He felt utterly trapped in softness from head to foot. But he was soon to feel much worse. In a short while he found himself lipsticked, rouged, perfumed, bewigged, bejeweled, nail polished, powdered, eye penciled, eye shadowed, eye lashed, and completely and thoroughly made up to look like a pretty young miss in the blush of youth!

"Well, Priscilla," Janet said when all was finished, "how do you like your pretty satin skirt and silk blouse? I must say they are very becoming to you, don't you think so, Debra?"

Debra agreed with a playful smile. "I think Priscilla would like to pose for a picture, so she can show her friends how attractive she looked this afternoon. I just happen to have a color film in my flash camera, darling, so you won't be disappointed. Wait while I get it."

Jim knew they would use any pictures they took to black-mail him into silence and further submission to their whims, but it was useless to argue. His job meant too much to him to risk losing it through Janet. As he lowered his long, heavily made-up lashes in adorable confusion, Debra snapped pictures of him from all sides. The girls led him through the apartment, giving him dresses to hold, or pieces of sewing, fancy dolls, frilly aprons, etc., to add variety to the poses. Every step he took in the mortifying fashions he wore worried and shocked him into an awful nervous state. He didn't think he would last the afternoon out.

Unfortunately for Jim, Debra noticed how he shied away from the windows of the apartment, through which he feared he might be seen from the street and from neighboring houses. "Don't you want to show off your pretty outfit to the neighbors, darling?" she teased, making him go over to the opened French doors that led to the front porch. It was a June day and the summer breezes beckoned to them invitingly. Sure enough, the girls made him step out on the open porch in full view! The sun shimmered over his lovely nylons and sparkled in the patent leather shoes. Of course, his satin skirt was ablaze with light. People were soon looking up from the street and peering from the nearby windows at him. As the breeze tumbled his feminine curls about his neck, Jim shut his eyes and wished he could just disappear. The girls forced him to lean out and smile at some of his admirers before they let him go back inside. Never had he felt so strange and so ridiculous, and so terribly feminine!"

To wrap up the afternoon, Janet and Debra took their "girl" to the beach. There they made him get out to stroll around and show off his nylons to the young men who were always present to admire all the girls. What would they say if they realized the truth about this new beauty arrived on the scene in silk and satin? Jim didn't dare think about it! It was bad enough seeing those males looking at him like that, making it absolutely necessary for him to keep them fully deceived. Now he was really forced to play the part of a girl, or he would suffer the consequences for impersonating in public. He had just taken a few steps when he heard the car door close behind him. "Bye, Priscilla!" Janet called. "Have a good time!" Jim turned in time to see the

car drive off. The breeze tugged playfully at his skirt as Jim looked around in a panic and saw two typical beach boys coming over to him to say, "Hello."

.....by Ruth



"I'll Never Let You Go!"

Though we deny it
Once we try it
We come back again
The cards are played
And girls are made
Of those who once were men



For after doing battle
With reason and with rhyme
The precious touch of silk and satin
Wins out everytime.



It reaches out with gentleness
And smiles a knowing smile
Then touches with a soft caress
And says, "Come stay awhile"
It whispers, "panties, bras and hose"
Garter belts and nighties fine
Heels, perfume and pretty clothes
and lovingly says, "Come be mine"



Breathlessly we run to greet her
Slipping bra and panties on
Then she smiles her loving smile
And holds us tighter still
And says, "I'll never let you go",
And we know

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WILL!

.....A. Poet



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Introduction to Petticoats

by Bobbie Wilson

PART #II

In our examination of the various ways in which people become attracted to wearing the clothing of the opposite sex, we are centering on "Petticoat Punishment". It is normal and natural for all young boys to try on girl's clothing at some time in their lives, just to see what it is like. Usually, one or two experiences are enough to cure their curiosity. In order for the desire to cross-dress to become permanently ingrained in their psychological make-up, the experience must be reinforced by pleasure or by negative reinforcement, such as punishment...

Often, according to Freud, punishment is self-perpetuating. That is, someone who receives a punishment may try again to incur that penalty, in hopes of satisfying his masochistic tendencies, or if the penalty is somehow pleasurable to him. Reproduced here is a letter I received in answer to an advertisement in a national women's magazine. It illustrates just such a situation.

July 12

Dear Ms. Wilson,

This is in response to your advertisement requesting information from people who

have had direct experience with transvestites in their formative stages. My son is a full time transvestite. He is eighteen now, and has had this problem for the past six years. He stands five foot seven inches tall and is of very fair complexion. For the last three years he had walked, talked, stood, sat, and dressed like a girl.

I have taken him to several psychiatrists, and they all agree that there is nothing they can do to change him. They fix the blame for his present condition on my punishment of him in his formative years.

At the age of ten, Jack developed an intense hatred of the girls in our neighborhood. Every day he would tease them, throw mud balls at them, tear their clothing, and generally try to embarrass them. This kept up, and got progressively worse, until he was twelve. The day after his twelfth birthday, Jack held a little neighbor girl down on the ground while he cut off all of her hair with a garden shears.

I had tried many types of punishment on him, with little success, but this time I felt I had to embarrass him in a manner consistent with the embarrassment he had caused the girl. I went to the store and bought some clothing of the type that a twelve year old girl would wear. A frilly dress, knee socks, mary jane shoes, and lacy lingerie. When I got home,

I enlisted the help of the neighbor girl's mother, and, with the girl watching, we took Jack's clothes off and dressed him in the girl's clothing I had bought for him,

He was very ashamed to be seen in his dress, and most ashamed of the panties and slip I made him wear underneath. To further rub it in, I made him go and sit on the front steps where everyone could see him. I felt that the embarrassment of this would cure him of his violence toward girls, if not of his hatred of them, but I was wrong. Two days later he attacked another girl, and I made him go through the same punishment again. He put up a fuss that time, but not nearly so much of one as he had the first time. Still, I felt that making him dress like a girl was a valid punishment, and so when he bothered the neighborhood girls again, I made him wear dresses for a week. After the first three days he seemed to be getting used to dresses, so I decided to increase his punishment and force him to wear a cute little training bra, nylon panties, and nylon stockings as well.

Jack was very embarrassed when I made him go over to one of my friend's houses in his dress and nylons. She made quite a big thing of his feminine appearance, and complimented me on the job I had done with him.

After that week, his attacks of girls seemed to stop, but every so often he would

do something else which would anger me and I would make him dress like a girl for a day or two. The punishments were usually given on a Saturday, so school would not interfere.

This went on until he was fifteen, when I caught him in my room one day, trying on my lingerie. I was shocked to the core, and on impulse, decided to make him wear my things as a punishment.

I made him keep on the nylon panties he was wearing, and had him put on a bra, one of my slips, and a pair of stockings. I stuffed an extra pair of panties into each bra cup to give them some shape, then spent half an hour painting his face up like a girl's. Then, without allowing him any other covering, I made him clean the house, do the wash, and scrub the kitchen floor.

Assuming that this would cure him of the desire was wrong. Three days later he came home with a bag full of lingerie that he had purchased from a second hand shop in town.

When I asked him what he intended to do with it, he announced that he was going to wear it when he felt in the mood. Not wanting him to wear second-hand lingerie, I took him out and let him pick out what he wanted in one of the major department stores. He was not at all embarrassed to do so.

This has progressed slowly until now, when he is almost indistinguishable from a girl. He has quit school, and dresses like a girl all the time, even to the point of sleeping in a frilly satin night gown. He is now attending a secretarial school, in hopes of getting a job where he can continue pretending to be a girl.

I am sure that this was caused by my unusual punishment of him.

(Name withheld)

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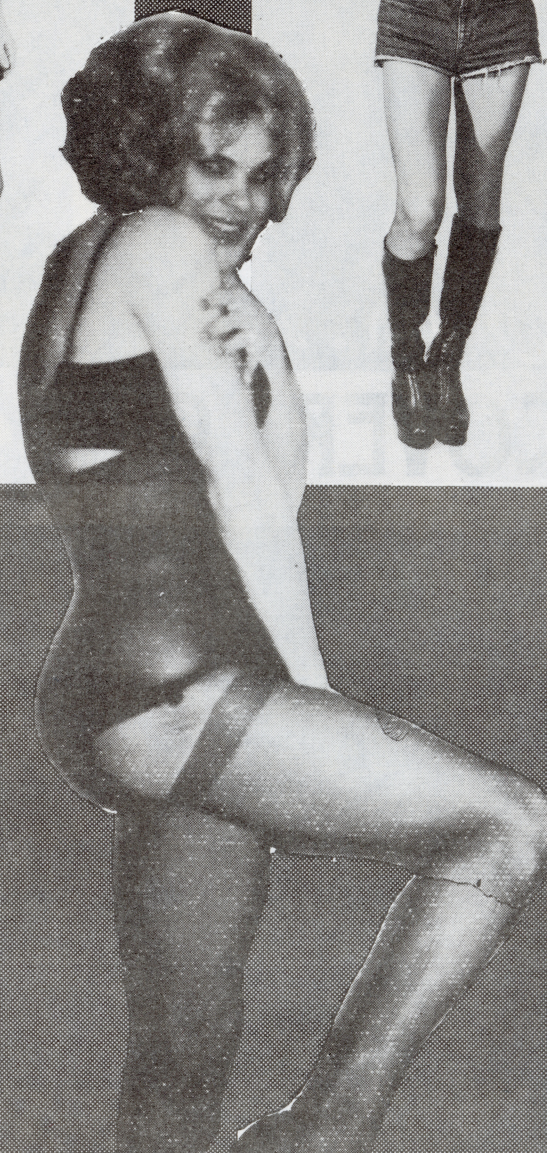
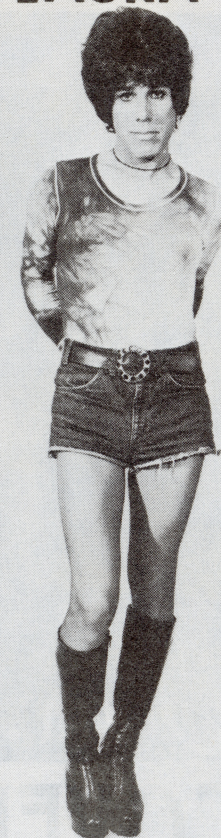
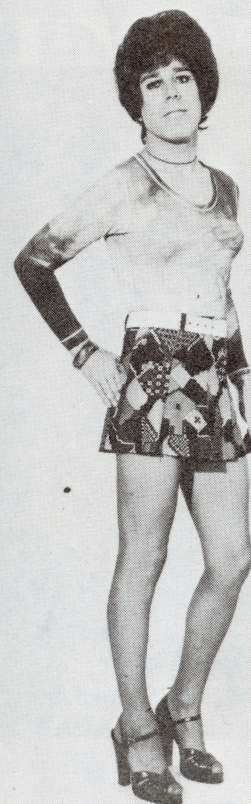
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Joan..

COVER GIRL ~ ~



TVS ON TOUR..





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Mardi gras does something to a person — I can't really pinpoint it, but I think it means something different to each person. For some, it provides a chance to go out dressed on the street without fear of a hassle. To others, it gives the courage necessary to come out of closet. Still others learn a lot about themselves or a lot about others, simply by interacting and talking with each other. I know that I learned a lot and probably will never be the same person that arrived in New Orleans four day previously.

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Commentary
By Sandy Mesics
Female Impersonator News



Joan



JOAN NAYER * Box 83 * San Ramon, Calif 94583

Dear Lee,

Enclosed please find \$15.00 to cover both the cost of "DRAG" and "THE CROSS-DRESSER", quarterly. Also enclosed is a picture which you may use.

I really can't say that my cross-dressing history is unusual at all--I started as, we generally all do, with just panties and bra, but soon found that I only felt complete when fully dressed. Early in my history I also realized the need to live and react as a woman through the entire range of the feminine spectrum. Thus over the years I have happily become a rather good gourmet cook, an accomplished seamstress, writer, and homemaker. I dress frequently and pass without question in any and all situations. I feel most complete when in public and being fully accepted socially as a woman.

I have taken college extension courses as a woman and taken part on a panel dealing with Women's Lib and little theatre groups.

Social acceptance totally as a woman by both male and female friends in a variety of happy circumstances has been a real joy.

While nature pushed my destiny a bit by its initial choice of anatomy, I really feel that over the years I have happily found, and created a life that is full, complete and rewarding.

The future holds great promise as I look forward to making new friends and the rewards of just being me.

Love,

Joan



Lynn

Dear Lee,

I have enclosed the advance payment for the CROSSDRESSER magazine. Below is a history of my cross-dressing.

I've just moved my lawn chair out of the sun, the sky is a vivid blue with little puffs of snowy white clouds slowly, effortlessly floating far above me. My wife, who I should mention, has been about as good and as understanding as any woman could be expected to be, is sunning herself about 20 ft. away. Our three children are running around playing, still glistening and shinning wet from swimming down in the lake. My wife, Mary and I, stewed and worried over whether or not we should tell them that their

dad wanted, enjoyed and in fact had to dress in female clothes and when doing so, even adopt feminine mannerisms and outlooks. But after about six months of talking to other married TV's in my area and reading books on the pros and cons we finally reached the decision to tell them the truth and to this date we haven't regretted our decision. We felt we couldn't raise and function as a family properly if part of the family were living a lie, and besides many of my tv friends have visited our house, both as a woman and as a man.

I've been dressing on and off for about 15 years. I am now 28 but it's only been in the last year or so that I've come out, and started to contact other people with my own interests.

Up to the day I wrote this I've met or written to about 100 tvs and ts. Now this number may not seem large but I'm not much of a writer and about half of the people I've met personally.

As I lie here thinking back over my life, I can't find any one instance that could have caused this unusual little quirk in my make-up. My mother and father were both happily married, they were reasonably successful in life, and though they worked hard at first in later years they just took life easy. I only had one sister, no brothers, and she was six years younger than me. From age 12, I remember quite often dressing in Mom's clothes, usually when she had gone out. When I was in my early teens they both worked so I was left alone on my own a lot. I was never very strong on sports and most of my activities were passive and usually didn't involve anyone else.

From about 15 to the time I got married the tv side of my life subsided, I was going out with girls and had my schoolwork.

In reflecting back I don't look at the tv side of my life as a curse or as if I was cheated out of being a complete man. I've never had any apprehensions or wonderings about my masculinity and I feel I know what and who I am.

My general feelings are that if I try to keep my feminine side from showing too much, and if my friends found out, so what.

Mary and I have talked about this part of our life and we feel we're taking about the only course open to us. The only part of being a tv I really don't like is the sneaking about and the running and hiding everytime the door bell rings. I hope some day that Society will at least tolerate us, but I personally doubt it will ever accept the tvs of this world.

.....LYNN

For those of you who wish to contact Lynn you may do so with her permission:

Lynn [REDACTED]
Box 2031, Station "C"
Downsview, Ontario
Canada M3N2S8

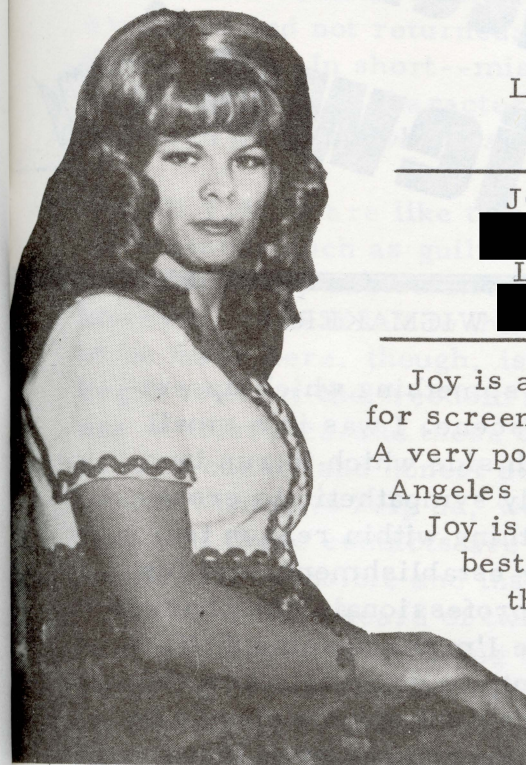
OUR APOLOGIES:

Covergirl of
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was not Denise but
Diane!! We're very
sorry Diane!

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Joy



MEET YOUR SALMACIS
AREA CO-ORDINATOR
for
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Joy Michelle [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Los Angeles, Ca 90038
[REDACTED]

Joy is an exact photographic double for screen actress Genevieve Bujold. A very popular personality in the Los Angeles area, and a hard worker, Joy is bringing together all the best she-males in the area into the Salmacis Society's sorority of equalitarian feminists. Always energetic, she is still able to do the night spots with her boy friends.

Living full-time as a pre-op TS, she does all her daytime chores en-femme, and everyone is quite taken with her presentation.

Joy lives in an attractive apartment complex, and always the open, honest, individual, Joy enjoys the friendship of her female apartment manager, who knows all about Joy's goals. She says, "As long as she's a lady, and behaves herself, we love to have her here."

Often seen in the pool in her attractive bikini, Joy loves to swim and to show off her stunning figure. Those interested in contacting Joy about TV/Ts activities in the Los Angeles area are invited to do so.



"Tattler's Views"



SCALPING THE WIGMAKERS!

This afternoon I saw again something which upsets me with much of the T.V. scene. I was in a small wig shop on Chicago's north side which is run by a very kind lady who is openly sympathetic to cross-dressers. She does everything within reason to afford them privacy at her establishment, and for her work, which is highly professional, she charges very modest prices. While I'm there some T.V. calls on the phone. He wants to come into her shop, then and now, but he doesn't want anyone else to be there! He insists on absolute privacy even if it means locking the door and pulling down the shades, despite the fact that most of the customers are involved with drag or the gay scene in some way and that private try-on rooms are available.

The call got me off on the subject of the preposterous demands that so many T.V.'s make on those who are willing to help them. In my contacts with various groups or individuals who have become involved with serving the needs of drag queens and transvestites, I have heard and seen the same stories repeated endlessly: demands for extraordinary services, coupled with the expectation that because they are tvs they should get cut rate prices; special appointments arranged and then broken without any explanation;

goods stolen during try-on sessions (which, incidentally, result more often than not in no purchase being made and the only payment for everyone's trouble are semen stains left on the clothes); goods borrowed and not returned; and promises made and then broken. In short--miserliness, treachery, and paranoia seem to characterize the way many T.V.'s are seen by those who deal with them.

Not all T.V.'s are like this, of course, and there are reasons such as guilt and worthlessness which cause so many bad relations among us. That subject, however, is best left to the psychiatrists. The point to be made here, though, is that those of us who have begun to enjoy the freedom associated with this new age of tolerance, and those of us who have found success in candid and honest dealings with those business people willing to help us, we are now beginning to fear that these contacts are increasingly threatened by the irresponsible and insensitive actions of many T.V.'s. I have heard of two places recently that have withdrawn from doing business with the cross-dressing crowd because of the wretched way they were treated by T.V.'s and drag queens alike. The grumbings of those who stay with it are becoming more bitter each day.

If T.V.'s wish to ever liberate themselves from the scorn and ridicule that society heaps on them, and if they ever wish to make any of the legal gains that gays have won, then we must all be careful not to abuse those few who are willing to be on our side today in a simple personal and business transaction today.

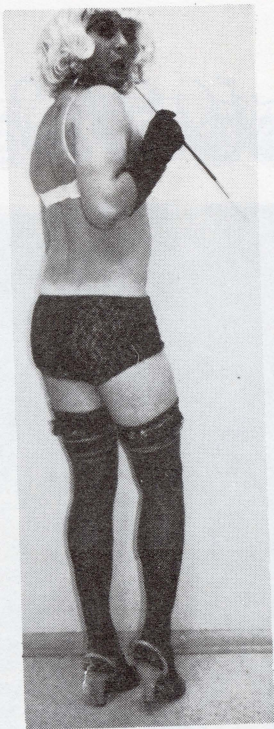
..... Laura [REDACTED]

Comments Welcome.. Send them to Laura [REDACTED] c/o Queens Publications *PO Box 1271 * New York, N. Y. 10009

CAROL



FRANCES



WISCONSIN: Haughty, dominant "male mistress" would like to hear from other tvs who think that they could ful-fill the duties of a cute, shy, docile and obedient "private maid-boy". Must be humble, respectful and look attractive in a French maid's uniform. If naughty my pretty girlie-boy will be spanked, scolded and mde to stand in the corner. All applications with photos answered. R. [REDACTED] BOX 237, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53201.



NEW YORK: Lonely, lovable, little sister desires to meet people interested in TVs in quest of permanent relationship. Will answer all. R. [REDACTED] BOX 270, BRONX, N. Y. 10466.

New York: TV-TS would like to hear from young tv's & Ts's for male lesbian relationship. I am young, long haired, good femme bod, and friendly. call [REDACTED] between 5 & 9 pm ONLY!

CROSSDRESSER

CLASSIFIEDS



NEW YORK: TV 30's, 5'8", 145 lbs, slim build loves to wear mini's, boots, vinyl, leatherwear/passive personality seeks new friends. Rusty [REDACTED] PO Box 236, NYC 10002

GARY, IND. Hi! My name is Darlene and I live in the Chicago area. I'm an underground movie star and would enjoy exchanging X-Rated photos with others who have good ones that they have taken. DARLENE c/o [REDACTED]

Gary, Indiana 46407.



Female Impersonator would like to join real girls as fill-in novelty MC for shows, parties, etc. Out of NYC welcomed. Also available for pix. Extremely reasonable. Write SANDY [REDACTED]

New York, N. Y. 10001.

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NEW YORK: 22 year old pre-op t. s. would like to hear from ts's, tvs, females and men for nights out, dates, parties. I'm very attractive and sexy. Write and tell me about yourself. Photo receives same. R. [REDACTED]
 NYC 10028

NEW YORK: TV 20's, het-ro, needs someone to help, male or female. Photo appreciated. Discretion assured. All letters will be answered; L. [REDACTED]
 Box 102, Malvern, NY 11565.

Transvestite wishes to hear from other tvs.... am lonely and presently incarcerated in the California Prison system... Please write: Harry [REDACTED] B10686 5D26
 Tamal, Calif 94964

Your ad listed here for **FREE!!** We must be able to list your telephone OR address. Send to Queens Publications.....



Attractive, feminine, sexy pre-op TS desires dinner dates when visiting NYC. Would also like to correspond with intelligent people on varied topics. Send photo for reply and my picture. Pamela [REDACTED] Box 1021, Albany, N. Y. 12201

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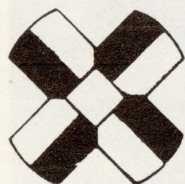


SOUTH EAST FLORIDA TV, 38 would like to hear from females, couples & TV and TS. Am hetro, possibly ac/dc and quite attractive both male and female. Am openminded, intelligent and will answer all who are sincere. Would like to become active in any group of like interests. E. [REDACTED]
 PO BOX 23694, Oakland Park, Fla. 33307

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