

\$3⁵⁰

The Cross-Dresser

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

Classifieds with
addresses

NO. 5



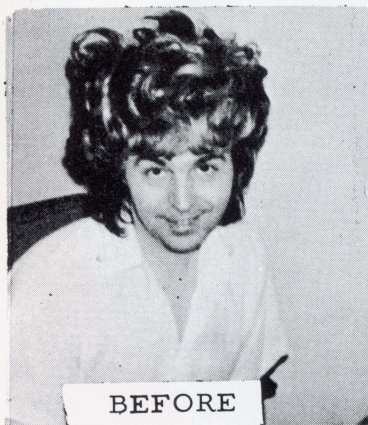
.....
DRAG CONSULTANTS
 HELP FOR THE BEGINNING TV

BACK AGAIN!

TV CONSULTANT: MAKE YOURSELF INTO YOUR GIRL SELF!

★
 PRIVATE
 DISCREET
 REASONABLE
 ★

TV CONSULTANT: This service is basically for beginners to give them some idea of what they will look like when properly dressed. What we do is put one in full drag and we supply everything with exception of the panties and stockings (for health reasons). We give one several changes of hair, style as well as color and a couple changes of clothes. We do it by appointment only and there is a \$25 fee for the two hour session, payable in advance. Additional information can be obtained by calling (212) 947-7773 between the hours of 12 noon and 6 p.m.



BEFORE



AFTER

FOR INFORMATION

(12 noon til 6 p.m. only please!)

The Cross-Dresser

vol.1 no.5

CONTENTS

Letters	3
FICTION: I Lived for 13 years As A Girl	8
SUE	24
CHRISTINE	26
J. C. Gaynor	28
A Models Portifolio	34
Classified	40



EDITOR: LEE G. BREWSTER

ADVERTISING RATES

One-Inch	\$10.00
Two-Inch	18.00
Three-Inch	24.00
1/4-Page (4 col. in.)	28.00
1/2-Page (8 col. in.)	50.00
Full-Page (16 col. in.)	90.00
Back-Page	100.00

THE CROSSDRESSER is published quarterly by Lee's Mardi Gras Ent., Inc., P.O. Box 1271, New York, N.Y. 10009. Copyright © 1976 (Photos of men/women in this magazine do not necessarily imply that the individual is a homosexual, transvestite or transsexual.

Letters

Dear Lee,

I sent in my renewal to DRAG and THE CROSSDRESSER a month ago and I'm just now getting around to mailing in some photos and biography. Sorry I'm late.

My name is Laura and you may know of me through Janet [REDACTED] I send Janet all the magazines I can send her overseas. I've been doing it for about four years now. I don't regret a day of doing it as I spent a year in military service overseas myself and had no one to keep me informed. It really makes me feel good to help another sister.

Here's a little about myself. I'm 27, married and the father of two girls. My wife knows and approves of my transvestism. In fact, she takes my photos and does my make-up. She's just a beautiful and wonderful person.

I've been dressing off and on for 16 years. I've been through all the usual purges and sometime during my 4 yrs of Air Force time I decided to face the fact I was a TV, so no more purges!

I don't dress as often as I'd like too; maybe two times a year. But it's wonderful when I do. I just love going out too.

I also know Linda [REDACTED] your west coast correspondent very well. We generally try and see each other three or four times a year (I work nights and go to school full time in the day). She keeps me abreast on the happenings and really makes me feel relaxed as we girl talk for hours.

Thank you and take care and keep up the good work!

Love,
Laura



LAURA



Dear Lee,

I suppose my crossdressing began like most others. I'm 29 and single. I have no intention of marrying, unless my wife knows, understands and accepts. Acceptance is the key word. I have some girlfriends who know, but I don't think they totally accept and that's what we're all longing for--acceptance.

I intend 100% to continue crossdressing and, in fact, improving my feminine side. But it takes time, money and help to develop ourselves and it also takes courage. I've been able to get help on wigs, makeup, and wardrobe.

I do intend yet to find a woman with whom I can develop my personality. If women were as lib-

erated as they like to think they are, this would be simple. I want to do what I can to liberate women and myself. I don't go out too much, at present but I know I will be soon walking the streets as confident and proud as any real woman. It will certainly be a pleasure and relief for me as I have a very positive attitude and faith in myself. I know the future holds joy and many new experiences. I am anxious but patient.

I'd love to hear from anyone regarding transvestism, including females. I want to learn all I can as experience is the best teacher and I love to learn from experiences of others.

Love.....KAREN

I Lived for 13 Years as a Girl

8



LINDVILLE... The sign said as I drove into town. I used to live there when I was younger. It had been ten years since I left that night a few days before my thirteenth birthday. I only lived there for about six months but I remember the last few days most of all. I drove to the girls school that I attended while I was there and parked in front of the school and sat in my car. As I sat there my mind drifted back to my childhood.....

My father had deserted my mother when I was a year old and it affected mom to the extent that she held an abnormally strong hatred for men. We moved around from place to place every year or so. This type of life made it hard for me to have friends and I grew up a very lonely and sheltered girl. Mom hardly let me out of her sight and I could go nowhere without her.

When we moved to Lindville she started to allow me a little freedom, but not too much. In the "LINDVILLE GIRLS SCHOOL" I made only one friend, Dawn Rawlens. Dawn was a nice girl and we became friends very easily and of all the girls in school she was the only one that I could call my friend.

The night before my thirteenth birthday, my mother and I were sitting watching TV. It was a Friday and I was going to have a small party the next day.

"Who is coming to your party tomorrow, dear?" mom asked me.

9

"Just Dawn Rawlens, I don't know any of the other girls well enough and besides, none of the others like me." I told her.

Mom got up and took a package from her handbag and gave it to me. "Happy birthday, Kim", she said as she handed the package to me. I opened it and found a training bra. The first one I ever had. I was what mom called a late bloomer. At thirteen I was board flat. I took off my robe and started to unbutton my pajama top so I could try it on.

"Kim, not here. You know better than to undress in front of anyone. Go up to your room and try it on." Mom had a thing about this. I never in my life had seen anyone, not even a baby, undressed. I went up to my room and tried it on.



The next day I wore my new dress as mom never let me wear slacks. She said that girls should look like girls. I stuffed the cups of my bra with stockings to give me a little breast. My dress came to just above my knees which was the style those days. With my hair in a pony tail I looked more my age than I ever had.

Dawn came over about noon and gave me a beautiful sweater. it was a white cardigan with fur trim around the neck. I just loved it. When she gave it to me she kissed me. I always felt so good when I was with Dawn and that day when she kissed me I got a funny feeling that I could not explain. I don't know what it was, but I liked it.

Later that day we went down to the ice cream parlor. Mom said that I had to be back in an hour as she didn't like me to be out of her sight too long. At the ice cream parlor we sat in a booth drinking ice cream sodas when a couple of boys came in and said hello to Dawn. She invited them to sit down with us. I didn't know them, in fact I didn't know any boys. As one of them, Phil, sat next to me, his body pressed closer against mine. As I felt it, a shiver ran through me and I moved closer against the wall. I could think of nothing to say and as they talked, Phil put his arm around my snoulder. I could not stand for him to touch me and I asked to be excused. I ran to the ladies room.

I didnt have to go but I wanted to get away from there. I must have been there too long because Dawn soon came to see if I was alright.

"What is the matter with you?" She asked.

"It's those boys. You know that I do not like boys and if my mother ever finds out that I was even near one you know that she would kill me. Please. Let's get out of here."

"O.K. We'll go as soon as we finish our sodas."

Monday Dawn was sick and did not go to school. I ate lunch alone sitting under a tree on the school grounds. As I sat there I could over hear some of the other girls talking. One of them was Mary Vincent. We did not like each other, although I do not know why. I never did anything to her. "How about that snob Kim Baker." I heard her saying to some of the other girls. "She had a party last Saturday and the only one she invited was that Dawn Rawlens. Those two are always together. Do you know what I



think? I think they are Lesbians. The way they are always together you would think they were going steady or something." When she said this she and the other girls laughed. I wanted to cry.

I went up to where they were talking. "I heard what you said Mary Vincent, you take that back, that was a nasty thing to say."

She turned to me and said. "Well, where is your lover today? is she..."

She never finished what she was going to say. I hit her in her big mouth. She hit me back and the next thing I knew we were rolling on the grass, fighting. I would have killed her had not Mrs. Harrison, the school counsuler, gotten to us and pulled us apart. She sent me to her office and told me to wait for her there. I do not know, nor did I care, what she did with Mary Vincent.

"Allright Kim." She said when she came back to her office. "Do you want to tell me what happened. I am not going to ask you who started the fight but I would like to know why you were involved. This is the first time that you have ever been in my office and I know that there must be a good reason for you to fight Mary Vincent. You do not strike me as the kind of girl who would fight for no good reason."



I did not answer for a few minutes. I was all confused inside and I wanted to get control of myself before saying anything.

"Kim...as you know, I am your guidance counsuler, but do you know that I am also a Psychologist? If there is anything that you want to tell me, I can assure you that it will be kept in the utmost confidence. If you do not want to tell me anything I will not force you to... You do not have to stay in my office any longer than you want to."

"Thank you." I said and got up to leave. I got about half way to the door when I turned around to face her. "Is that the truth? I mean about talking to you in private?" She answered me that it was. I went back to my chair and sat down.

"I find that the best way to start things off is on a first name basis. My name is Helen." She said smiling.

"Mary Vincent called me a Lesbian. She said that Dawn Rawlins was one too, so I hit her."

"Why would she say a thing like that?"

"I don't know. But sometimes I think the same thing, not about Dawn, but about myself."

"What makes you say that?"



I talked for the next half hour and Mrs. Harrison never interrupted. I jumped from one subject to another saying the first thing that came to my mind. I told her all about myself and my feelings. While I talked Mrs. Harrison, Helen, took notes and when I finished she explained a lot of things to me.

I thought that I was a lesbian because I had this deep feeling for Dawn and such a repulsion for boys. She explained that it was not unusual for girls to become deeply attached to each other at my age. My feeling of repulsion for boys was due, most likely, to my mother. She hated men and was passing that hatred on to me by her constantly telling me how bad and evil they were. Helen did agree that mom was far too strict with me; not allowing me my freedom. As for my slow maturity she said, that it was a common thing and that if I just waited long enough I would one day wake up and see a well-developed young lady looking back at me from my mirror.

The only thing that seemed to bother her was the fact that I was completely ignorant of the biological makeup of the human body.

I felt so much better when I left her office. She told me to go home even though school was not yet over. She gave me her address in case I should ever want to see her when school was not in session. She offered to talk to my mother for me about my having more freedom, but I refused. I thought it would just make things harder for me.



I did not go right home, instead I went to Dawn's house. She was up in her room listening to records. When I told her about the fight I had, she laughed. "If I had a dollar for every time that I wanted to punch Mary Vincent in the mouth I would be a millionaire." she said. I started to cry a little when I told her about my meeting with Mrs. Harrison and she took me in her arms. I felt so good when she held me that I did not want her to take her arms away. I got hold of myself after a few minutes. I left her house in time for me to get home at the regular time. I did not want mom to know I had left school early and give me the third degree.

That night mom told me that we would be moving again soon. I ran up to my room without saying a word. I was used to moving all the time, but now I had too much to leave behind. I had two people that understood and cared about me. Dawn and Mrs. Harrison. I knew better than to try to talk mother out of it, so I took things in stride.

The next day I did not go right to school. Dawn had the Flu and would be out for a few days so I went to see how she was. I told her that I did not know where I was going to move because Mom never told me. I had to leave for school but before I left, Dawn took a ring out of her jewelry box. It was one of those friendship rings and had two hands clasping as a design. When you unclasped the hands the ring came apart to form two rings, each one with one hand.



"I want you to have this half. Keep it always as a token of our friendship. I will keep the other half and maybe some day you will come back and we will be together again, just as the rings will be." I put mine on my finger and she put hers on her finger. That was the last time I was to see Dawn.

I did a lot of thinking that day and when I got home that night I had quite an argument with my mother. I had rehearsed all day long what I was going to say and never gave mother a chance to say a word. I told her that I was tired of moving all the time and that I wanted to stay in one place long enough to make friends. I told her that I did not think it was fair to force me to hate boys just because she hated men. I asked her to give me just one good reason why I could not have a boy friend if I could bring myself to like boys.

She just looked at me as I yelled at her. I had never in my life talked back to her, much yet yelled, and now here I was doing both and making demands at the same time. When she spoke to me it was in a slow far away voice, she avoided my eyes.

SEND US YOUR TRANSVESTITE HISTORY AND
PHOTO FOR FUTURE ISSUES OF CROSSDRESSER



"I love you baby...I do not want to hurt you.. but I knew that sooner or later you would find out the truth.. Your father left me when you were a little baby...I hated him for that..... I grew up to hate all men and I did not want to be near one...Or to have one near me... But I loved you too much not to have you near me... Why do you suppose I kept you so close to me?...I knew that you would see the difference and ask questions..."

"I dont understand what you mean, mother. What differences are you talking about?" I asked with tears in my eyes.

"The difference in our bodies. You are not a girl...You are a boy...As a boy I could only hate you...so I raised you as a girl so that I could stand to have you near me..."

She was still talking as I ran out of the door. I ran until I was exhausted. I found myself on the other side of town when I finally came to my senses. I didn't know what to think. Was mom right? Am I a boy? Why would she say such a thing. I sat down on a bench for a while until I thought of Mrs. Harrison. I had her address in my purse and I was not far from her house. I found her house and rang the bell.



"Kim Baker. What are you doing here. She said when she opened the door.

"I have to talk to you. Please, can I come in?"

"Yes, do come in. Sit down. Are you in trouble? You look like you have been crying?" she said as I took off my coat and sat down at the kitchen table.

"In school you said that if I had any problems I could bring them to you. I have to talk to you, I have to talk to someone or I will go crazy. Maybe I am already crazy."

I told her everything that had happened at my house. I told her all about the fight I had with my mother and what she said about my being a boy. She was very understanding and when I told her the last part I could see that she did not believe me, in a way, I could not blame her.

"Kim...you must have misunderstood her. Surely it can't be true. It seems impossible for your mother to fool so many people for so many years. I can't bring myself to believe such a story. You should know if you are a boy or a girl."

"That is just the point, I don't. I know that boys and girls are different, but I don't know what that difference is. I told you that mother never told me anything and I never had friends to talk to about those things."



"I don't know why, but I am beginning to believe you Kim. There is only one way to find out the truth. I know that this will be hard for you to do, but if you really must know the truth I can help you. This will prove that you are wrong."

"How?" I asked.

"Can you bring yourself to disrobe in front of me? I know that this will be hard from what you tell me but it will put an end to this foolishness."

I was beginning to feel silly and sorry that I had started the whole thing. But what mother said made sense in an insane sort of way. I stood up and opened the front of my dress and took it off. I took off my slip and stood there in just my bra, with the stockings filling it out and my panties. I wanted to stop but I felt that I had gone too far to stop. Slowly I lowered my panties below my hips. Helen, who had been standing while I did this fell into her chair and buried her face in her hands. "Your mother is right." Was all she said.

I put my clothes back on and sat across the table from her. Helen took my hands in hers and looked me in the eyes. "I have to take you home. I have to talk with your mother and the sooner the better. There are a lot of things that must be done. Are you ready to go?"



"No. But lets go anyway." I put on my coat and tied my scarf around my head. Helen put her arm around me as we walked to her car. I shook it off me. We drove to my house in complete silence. Neither of us knew what to say. What does one say in a situation like this? When we pulled into the driveway I saw that the front door was still opened. I ran out so fast that I did not close it. I went in first. Mother was still sitting in the living room where I had left her. She still sat in the same chair, in the same position. I knew that something was wrong, so did Helen. She sent me out to the kitchen.

I made some coffee while I waited. I did not know what was going on in the living room nor did I really care. I heard Helen talking on the phone but I could not hear what she was saying or whom she was calling. After awhile she came in and I poured her a cup of coffee and took one myself. "I had to call an ambulance for your mother. She is in some kind of shock. It was probably brought on by what happened tonight. The ambulance will be here in a few minutes. Your mother will need Psychiatric help and so will you. Here is what I want you to do. I am not asking you, I am telling you. Go to your room and pack some clothes. I am taking you home with me for the night. Tomorrow I will have to take you to see some people. We will be seeing a lot of people in the next few days. Now go, I hear the ambulance coming.



They took mother away and I spent the night in Helen's guest room I was still in bed the next day when Helen came into my room. "I want you to stay here until I get back. I have to go down town for a while. When we go to the hospital later you have to see some people who will ask you a lot of questions. I want you to give honest answers. I have to go now. Make yourself at home."

"The people I have to talk to...they are shrinks aren't they?" I asked her. She said they were, but that there was nothing to be afraid of. "I am not afraid, so long as you will be there."

I lay there for about ten minutes and then I got up and got dressed. I put on my prettiest dress. It was a pink lacy one with balloon sleeves and a belt that tied in front at my waist. It had a wide skirt and I wore a beautiful lacy crenoline under it to give the skirt a full look.

I put my hair up in braids and tied the ends with pink ribbons to match my dress. I went to Helen's room to borrow some lipstick. I checked myself in the mirror and saw that I looked good enough to meet anyone. I was sitting in my room when Helen came back. She shouted from downstairs, "Kim, come on down nere. I have something for you."



I went down to the kitchen where she was putting something in the refrigerator. "How do I look?" I asked as I entered. She turned and looked at me. When she saw me her eyes started to water.

"You look beautiful." she said. "But you can't go like that."

"Why not? These are my best clothes. What is wrong with them."

"You can't wear dresses anymore. You are a boy. I thought you understood that. You must wear boy's clothes. I hope I can make you understand. It is for your own good."

"I do understand. But I have no boy's clothes. All I have is dresses."

"That is what I went out for. Here, put these on," she said as she handed me a package. I opened them and found some shirts and pants, some underwear and socks. She had a pair of shoes too. "I hope they fit." She said as I examined my new clothes.

I took them up to my room but I did not like them. I did not want to put them on. I liked being a girl, I did not want to change. I saw myself and saw that I was pretty. I was still the same skinny girl that I was yesterday but last week Helen said that some day I would develop and that I would be beautiful. I knew that if I was to be a boy they would cut my hair. I never had a haircut in my life. My hair hung way below my waist. As I looked I saw Helen in the door way behind me.



"Why do I have to be a boy." I asked her as she came in and sat on the bed. "I like being a girl. And you said that I am pretty. I don't want to be a boy." She sat down beside her and explained things to me. She made me understand that the choice was not mine to make but Gods. She explained the biology of sex and by the time she was finished I understood everything and willingly changed my clothes. Before changing I took one last look in the mirror.

We had breakfast after I changed and she told me that although I was physically a boy I was still mentally and emotionally a girl and needed treatment to change this. She had friends who would help me.

The juvenile authorities put me in her care. My mother never recovered, she spent the rest of her life in an institution in a catatonic state. The truth about me was never told, as far as anyone was concerned I went to live with relatives in another state.

The next two years are not too clear in my mind. I went to live with some friends of Helen's who were gentle and understanding. They never had any children and took me to their hearts from the first time they saw me. They, too, were psychologists and helped me over all my hard times. When mom died they adopted me and I changed my last name to theirs, Howard. I kept my first name.

SUE



CHRISTINE



J.C. GAYNOR



Mirror mirror on the wall,
we have a surprise for
you..J.C.GAYNOR is living
proof that not every female
impersonator is a mincing
"queen" in mufti. Off stage
J.C. presents a very mascu-
line mein. In fact there
is such a difference in his
actual appearance and his
performing one (as Diana
Ross and Shirley Bassey, to
mention two) that it is
hard to believe he is one
and the same person..or
perhaps persons. But mir-
ror, he is the fairest of
them all, either way.

"Jamie" was born in San
Diego and brought up in the
Phillippines. He was an
"Army Brat" and traveled
around quite a bit with
his family. Jamie's father
is Jewis and his mother is
Philippine-Spanish. He
attended Navy grammar
school in the Phillippines
and then Maryknowl high
school. He went on to the
University of Santo Thomas
where he earned his B.A.
in fine arts. It was in
the Philippines that J.C.
first started designing
his own clothes "there was
very little ready to wear
that a man could buy then".



"Look at it this way, dear. We always wanted a girl. . . ."



BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:

DRAG #3, #6-12 only \$2.00 each.

DRAG #13-19 only \$3.00 each.

BOTH CROSSDRESSER &

DRAG only \$18 (first class)

Foreign—\$ 5 Additional Per Year

A magazine for transvestites without reference to sexual persuasion (ninety-five percent of reader-subscribers are heterosexual, editors say). News is the largest part of the publication. While it is mostly concerned with items of interest about cross-dressers, legal repression is such a common feature that it will be of great interest to civil libertarians. Articles about the various concerns of the transvestite, reviews of films and books, an occasional piece of poetry and a "Getting Together" personal advertising feature make up the rest of it. The editing is competent. Eyecatching artwork and photographs are generously sprinkled throughout and generally feature glamorous costuming. The magazine elicited so much interest from the library and lay people to whom it was shown that it was no surprise when part of the run was stolen. There is no explicit concern with sexual matters; the commercial ads, (largely for clothing and beauty consultants) and the "Getting Together" section could cause trouble with the ignorant and uninformed who might consider transvestism "catching," but a library has no business basing a decision not to buy on such a concern. Recommended for all public libraries that have a transvestite and/or gay minority in the community (where is there a community that doesn't?). (G.M.)

(reprinted from:

154/MAGAZINES FOR LIBRARIES: SECOND EDITION SUPPLEMENT

Lee's Mardi Gras Enterprises, Inc.
P.O. Box 1271
New York, N.Y. 10009

CHECK ONE:

- ☐ DRAG (\$12 first class mail)
- ☐ CROSSDRESSER (\$10 first class)
- ☐ DRAG (\$10 third class mail)
- ☐ CROSSDRESSER (\$8.00 third class mail)

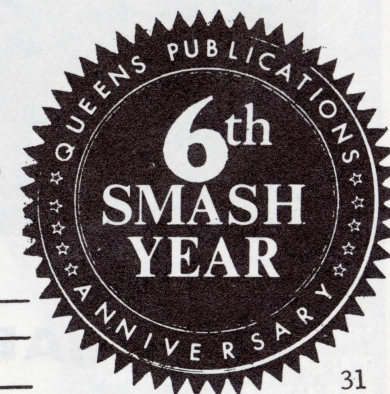
Enter my subscription to **DRAG** and The **CROSSDRESSER**. Enclosed is \$_____.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

TELEPHONE _____ ZIP _____





**MICHAEL CALLAN IN
"THE NEW INTERNS"**

**"BOLD, ORIGINAL,
VERY FUNNY!"** -Edith Oliver
"HILARIOUS PARODY!"

-After Dark
"A TURN ON!"
-Playboy

Divine In the Smash
Hit Comedy

**Women
Behind Bars**



MAIL ORDERS NOW Tues., Wed., Thurs., & Sun. Evgs at 8 pm;
Fri. & Sat. Evgs at 8 & 10:30 pm. All perfs. \$7.50, \$6.50 & \$5.50

Sat. \$8.50, \$7.50, \$6.50

CHARGEIT: Major Credit Cards (212) 239-7177

TRUCK & WAREHOUSE THEATRE,
(Off Broadway's Finest Showplace)

79 East 4th St., 777-0140

NOT A BICENTENNIAL EVENT

The ultimate in
COSMETIC SURGERY

is found at the luxurious XANADU
in Baja, California, with our staff
of U.S. and Vienna-trained surgeons.
"Hide-away" in a beautiful
ocean front mansion.

Call or write for free information.

Lowest fees (213) 556-2220

La Casa Grande
xanadu

10340 Santa Monica Blvd., Century City, CA 90025

GAY IN ENGLAND!!!
GLAMOUR

LONDON SCENE
INFORMATION MAP 50p
TV CONTACT SERVICE

SATIN * LACE * NYLON
LINGERIE * WIGS * HOSIERY
BAGS * JEWELLERY * ETC

**MISS
PORTOBELLA**

212 PORTOBELLO ROAD, W11
01-727 4415

"POUFF" is French cabaret
entertainment unlike
anything else in this
country. As
entertainment, it's
tops."

After Dark Magazine

**PETER
JACKSON'S**

Pouff
LA VIE EN ROSE

THE BIZARRE NEW MUSICAL
WITH A CAST OF 25

2 SHOWS NIGHTLY

at 9:30 & 11:30 (Closed Sundays)

9:30 show \$18.50 per person includes
Dinner, Cover and Show (Dinner served
between 7 & 9:30).

11:30 show \$8.50 per person
entertainment charge.

All Major Credit Cards Accepted

For Phone Reservations:
Please Call Spyro or John 755-1820

LA VIE EN ROSE

227 East 56th St., Little Hippodrome

**A
Model's
Portfolio**

Stephanie
[REDACTED]







CLASSIFIED

DETROIT AREA

Bi-sexual handsome male would love to meet she-male; ts, fi, drag queen or tvs for fun and friendship...and female who would like to dress me in lingerie. Very sincere, affectionate. Am gentle, fun loving, ultra discreet. Will please in all ways. 5'7", 140 lbs, '37, look younger. Intelligent, clean. Photo desired but not required. Will answer all.

A. [REDACTED]
BOX 187
Westland, Mich 48185

W. Suffolk Co., New York
32 year old caucasian novice into rubber desire male or female friendship in local area. Will correspond. Love to dress up. Please SASE and picture. Love Cathy.

C. [REDACTED]
Box 16
Hauppauge, N. Y. 11787

Western Pa and eastern Ohio TV, 36 would like to hear from females and tvs. I will answer all letters and very excited to hear from you.

WENDY
PO Box 693
New Castle, Pa 16101

NEW ENGLAND/N. Y.
Bi, w/m, 28, masc. intelligent, truly believes that boys do make the best girls! I'd love to meet a pretty young tv or ts for dates and hopefully a deep relationship. Steve.

S. [REDACTED]
PQ Box 325
Dedham, Mass 02026

NEW JERSEY TV
30 year old tv wishes to meet new friends (Tv's Ts's and women only). Enjoy most cultures. Write to: Norine [REDACTED]
PO Box 4302, Trenton, N. J. 08610



WASHINGTON, D. C.
Dominant "Black Mistress" well endowed would like to hear from other tv's who enjoy being sexually humiliated. I know what you want and the equipment to satisfy. All applications with cute sissy photos will be answered.

D. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
Washington, D. C. 20012

TRANVESTITES ARE OUR BUSINESS!
For make-up, lingerie, books, magazines, write:
Lee's Mardi Gras Ent., Dept. #2566, P.O. Box 1271, New York, N.Y. 10009. We now have a boutique for TVs in the Times Sq. area.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA
Young tv would like to meet interesting people who enjoy crossdressing, am inexperienced but open to suggestions. Would love to exchange photos.

Carolyn [REDACTED]
PO Box 7170
Hampton, Va 23666

NEW YORK
Attractive novice tv, age 27, 6' would like to meet and date pretty tv, ts and girls. Also someone with patience and sincerity who will teach me the finer points of feminine dressing. Sheryl.

S. B. [REDACTED]
PO Box 180
Floral Park, N. Y. 11102

CHICAGO, ILL
TVS looking for help & learning. Now is the time to contact us. Gal and Guy really with it. Let's get going.
Dan [REDACTED] P. O. Box 3850, Chicago, Ill 60654.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

Lee's Mardi Gras Enterprises is always interested in discovering new writing talents. We are currently seeking more ORIGINAL novel manuscripts and short stories for future publication. If you want to try your hand at writing, do so without hesitation.

Please send your manuscripts to:
LEE'S MARDI GRAS ENTERPRISES * P O BOX 1271 *
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10009

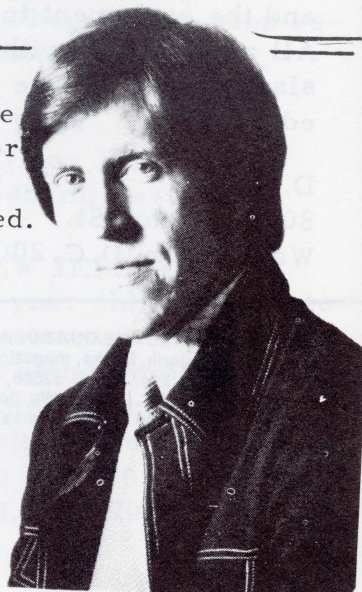
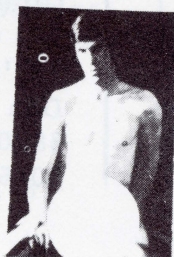
Young tv, 27, 6'1", 155 lbs, seeks correspondence with new friends. I m incarcerated within the Central State Hospital and very lonely. Release is in September of this year, '76. I will answer all letters. Especially those with photos first. Love to all. Joey [redacted] Box 431, Wau-pun, Wisc. 53963.

LIST YOUR AD IN
THE CROSSDRESSER,
IT'S FREE!!!!!!!!!!!!

You must list your address (P.O. Box acceptable) and/or telephone number. We will not forward mail. You get more response when you can be reached direct!!!

LOS ANGELES, Tall 6'4" slim male would like to be escort/boyfriend for slender female impersonator, tv or ts. LA area or S.F. Area preferred. Please write to:

Gene [redacted]
PO Box 2754
Hollywood, Ca.
90028



SEX CHANGE

The Ultimate Adventure

Who wants it? Who needs it?
How do you get it? Is it for real?
Is there sex life after surgery?

Now the whole closetful of secrets is out in a lucid, lively and beautiful trio of audio cassettes:

The Way of a Transsexual

So authoritative and explicit, they are used in medical school classrooms, yet so simply told, everybody can understand and enjoy them.

Joanne's Story—"Told frankly and forthrightly as elicited by a skilled interviewer . . . entertaining . . . informative . . . highly recommended for educational use."—Drs. John Money and Paul A. Walker. \$12

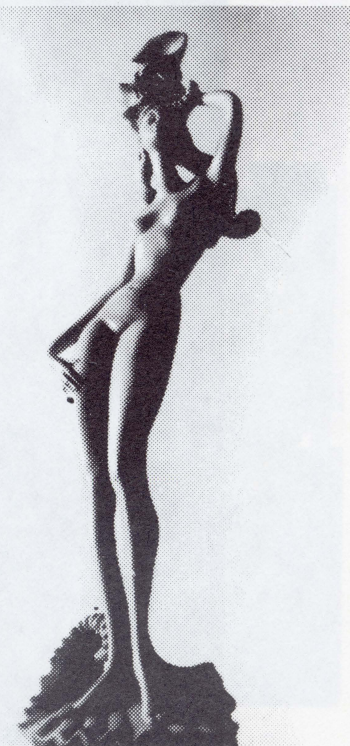
How the Doctor Can Help—noted expert Leo Wollman, M.D., gives an exciting account of how he has helped hundreds of patients toward a change of sex or a change of heart. \$10.45

The Hardest Decisions—The amazing leap across the chasm that separates male and female leads to doubts, guilts and fears. Canon Clinton R. Jones offers cogent counsel that will shock some and delight many. \$8.95

Special Offer—All three: \$26. Reel or 8-track, add \$3 per tape. New York State residents please add sales tax. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Ten-day return privilege.

CONFIDE

Personal Counselling Services
Inc. Box 56 Tappan,
N.Y. 10983.



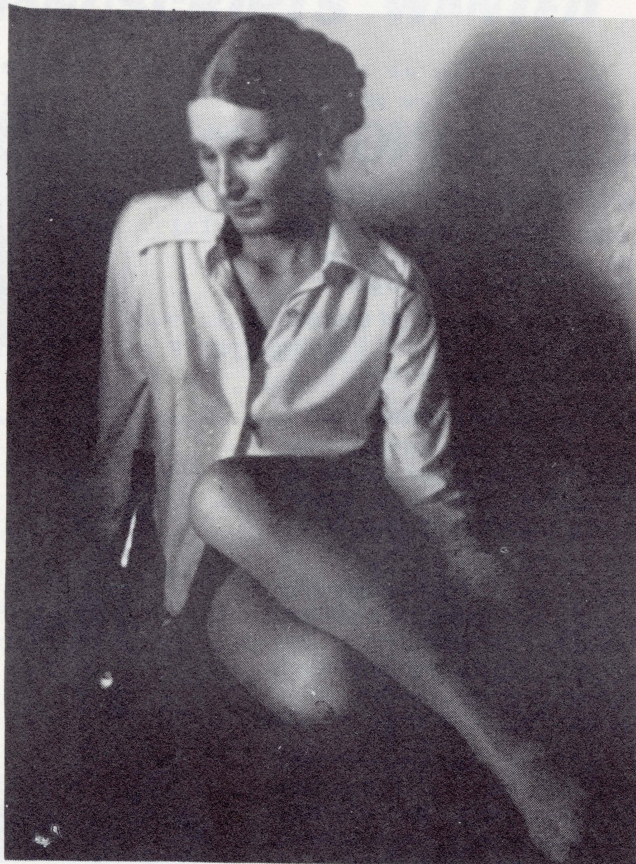
CROSSDRESSING
The Lonliest Joy?

This widely misunderstood phenomenon is explored with remarkable clarity and thoroughness by CONFIDE'S directors, Garrett Oppenheim and Fae Robin, on a single, 54-minute cassette:

THE MALE TRANSVESTITE

A classic that has won enthusiastic endorsement from some of America's foremost authorities. "Sensible . . . accurate . . . humanitarian," says Harry Benjamin, M.D. "I hope many people will listen."\$12

Very Special Offer - - All four cassettes, \$36, a saving of \$7.40



Alluring young pre-op transsexual, 25, seeks stimulating relationship with a sophisticated executive or professional who crossdresses and wishes the warm companionship of a wife or mistress while retaining complete freedom to pursue personal desires with understanding and acceptance. A tall, elegant former Paris showgirl, I have passed unquestionably in all levels of society for several years; college grad, multi-lingual, accomplished hostess, many varied interests. Seeking lasting bond rather than temporary fling. Will relocate. Discretion assured and expected.

"Hetaera", Box 185, Cliffside Park, N.J. 07010

Used, out of print books for sale, rent or exchange. Send SSAE for details to: Francine [redacted] Fremont Calif 94538

NEW YORK TV has place available for parties and get-togethers. Interested in hearing from like-minded people in the Long Island Area. Jenny. [redacted] Call before 10 pm, PLEASE!

NEW YORK TV late 30's, 5'8", 150 lbs interested in dating, parties, games, etc. Have passive personality, enjoy dominant people, minis, boots, leatherwear, etc. Send photo and SASE (Self-addressed, stamped, envelope.)

Rusti [redacted]
Box 236
New York, N. Y. 10002

CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOMED
on places and events that may be of interest to our readers



TORONTO, ONT. CANADA Male tv likes to meet tvs. Females or male. Seeks to share photos and dressing hints. I am a hetero, age 25, 5'9", size 18. Shoe 10. Live in west end of Toronto. Not able to use home to cross-dress. Write: Miss Wilhelmina Karen [redacted] PO Box 7079, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5W1X7



The fem side of life
and all that goes with
being a girl are my
thing. If silks and
frills thrill you, too,
please write. (S.A.S.E.)

TVs, TSs and women for
friendship and fun. Photos
come first, but will an-
swer all. I am 5'11",
148 lbs and 38-25-37.
Have own car and can
travel tristate area.
Love..

CHRISTINE [REDACTED]

Bronx, N.Y. 10457



MONTREAL, CANADA

Sexy Tv, 29 5'6 1/2",
150 pounds with gorgeous
legs and beautiful face,
loves high spike heels
and boots, kid gloves,
leather, satin, furs,
corsets, etc. Devoted
fetishist, will try any-
thing no matter how bi-
zarre. Write me:
MONICA, Box 296,
Westmount Postal Station,
Montreal Canada or
phone [REDACTED]
ask for Monica.

RENE





LEE'S MARDI GRAS ENTERPRISES, INC.
(Formerly Queens Publications)
565 Tenth Avenue (one flight up)
New York, N.Y. 10036

(212) 947-7773 (12 noon til 6 p.m. only please!)

HOURS: 12 pm til 6 pm (Monday thru Friday)
Late Night 12 noon til 8 pm (Thursday)

Come by and say hello we have clothes,
lingerie, wigs and one of the largest
collection of books and magazines on the
subject of transvestism in the world. To our
knowledge we have every book and
magazine currently available on the subject
from ALL publishers including: **MUTRIX, EROS,**
GOLDSTRIPE, CHEVALIER, EMPATHY,
NEPTUNE and of course, **QUEENS**
PUBLICATIONS. Why deal with others when
you can get your books and magazines from
one source! Come by and save!

NOW OPEN ON SAT. !!
52 PAGE CATALOGUE
FREE!