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**TRICK OR TREAT**

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**"THE VIRGIN"**

PLUS:  
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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 5

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**MAIL** ♀

**INNER FEMININITY**

Dear Sandy,  
I recently received two copies of

psyche is predominantly female, it will manifest itself in outward expression. This is especially true of transexuals who are feminizing down

features and overall physique are too pronounced to be countered by a feminine assertion from within. However, all of the above taken into consideration, I myself would neither resort to surgery nor recommend it to others. I intend to do the best I can with what I've got and that's good enough for me.  
Sincerely,  
Jaye

**LEFT HANGING**

ong sex organs and body with the wrong mind.  
I was very lucky myself, as I was the only child and the only relative I have ever known were my dominant mother and my sister.  
I was only 12 years old when I began to feel the urge to dress like a girl. My mother and her sister did not mind it all, and they thought I looked cute. This feminine urge finally got me in trouble when I was raped by one of the school janitors. He told me that if I ever told the law he would beat me up. I was terrified



IMAGE in the mail and read them both cover to cover. As a pre-op TS I am very inquisitive about the latest developments relative to the needs of crossdressers like myself, coming out into the TV community and find that your magazine contains some very interesting, informative and pertinent articles which are of immediate value to those TS's who are ever-striving for self-assurance, feminine attractiveness and poise. You certainly are doing your share in making a worthy contribution to the overall well being of girls like me who never feel that we've learned all there is to know.

I found especially fascinating your treatise on Breast Augmentation printed in the no. 3 issue. Though I readily admit that it is truly fascinating what can be done surgically to increase breast size, make sex changes, and other physical adjustments that tend to enhance femininity, I certainly would not go under the knife to achieve those transformations, regardless of how successful or satisfying they might be.

It is my sincere belief that genuine femininity emerges from within, which is to say that if one's

to the core, a transvestite without this depth of femalehood would have great difficulty in removing those pronounced male characteristics which are present in his physical awareness. Even a TV blessed with feminine physical traits and mannerisms will never be as convincingly feminine as a TS less well endowed in that respect, but who is the living articulation and manifestation of the inner woman striving for overt expression.

I observed this to be true in my association with both TV's and TS's I have one sweet friend who has a 'bag-o-bones' physique (scrambled eggs chest, et al.) and who is quite conservative in her use of makeup and those artificial feminine accoutrements (padding, falsies, corsets, etc.) and is yet more of a femme than many genuine women I know.

Yet, there are exceptions to the above general comments I made, for example, those conflictual cases where the male and female parts of a person's psyche are in a constant tug of war struggle, neither side giving in to the other. Then there are those whose masculine

Dear Sandy,  
In issue no. 2 of IMAGE there was a fiction story titled "The Mistake" by Jan O'Sullivan. The story was very good, but that couldn't be the end of it. It left the reader hanging in mid air wondering what happens next. Was it continued in IMAGE no. 3? Hope so, as the rest of the story, if any, must be terrific. Keep up the good work.  
Yours truly,  
Linda

**LATIN TRANSEXUALS**

Dear Sandy,  
How sweet of you and the editors for giving the publicity you gave your centerfold girl, Miss Cindy Romero in IMAGE 3.

Being a Latin like me, she must have gone through a lot of heart break and trouble before she was able to find a surgeon considerate enough to operate on her. Then there are the parents and the other relatives one must convince of our feelings.

We are human beings like everybody else, only nature played a cruel trick on us by placing the wr-

and the only one I ever told was my mother. I knew that she would understand.

I dropped out of school when I was sixteen, when my mother and her sister started a hairdressing shop that has been very profitable. They allowed me to work with them where I could dress like a girl if I wanted to. That was the only way I felt comfortable. I started to let my hair grow long and in a womanly style.

Years later when I was 22 I decided to go all the way and have my sex changed. But it was not easy-one doctor told me I would be arrested if I did not leave his office quick.

It took me almost two years to find a surgeon who would perform my sex change operation. Eight years have passed since my operation, and I have enjoyed every minute of it. I have no regrets of any kind. I have enjoyed love relations with several men and they have all been very kind to me.

It is my desire that you do not find this letter too long to print

as it is my desire to see more Latins express their feelings.

With love,  
Melinda

**LONLINESS HURTS**

Dear Sandy,

I have been a TV for as long as I can remember. When I was five, I would rather be Dale Evans than Roy Rodgers. This means more than twenty three years that I have had stolen moments of happiness. It has only been within the last year that I have ventured into public view, and that is my problem.

My very wonderful wife of a very joyous marriage has done a lot for me in the way of improving the image I display. Unfortunately, because of my mannerisms and certain masculine features that I have not been able to overcome, I do not pass very well. Where does a person in my condition go?

The only place that I know of is the 'C'est La Vie' now the 'Baton Rouge'. This is a place that leans toward a gay crowd and features an impersonation show. When I want a night out I go there because they do tolerate people in drag. The sad feature is that it is like a small clique and members are only sociable with other members.

If I were to go there as a male I might be able to hire one of the girls for an evening's entertainment, but to appear as a female, I evidently present the look of a competitor or rival or some such thing. After quite a few attempts at making friends, I have resigned myself to sitting alone, having a few drinks,

watching the show, and going home when I get tired.

As a result of this uncomfortable loneliness, I don't dress as often as I would like to, and as a result, I am extremely depressed. My days at work seem a lot longer than they used to, and if I continue down the same sad path, I am afraid I will go over the proverbial edge.

This is the reason that I am writing. Can you tell me of places to go or people to meet in the Los Angeles area? I am not gay, although I may be leaning in that direction. I associate with homosexuals just as comfortably as heterosexuals. I respect gay people more because they can deviate from what society calls normal and still have self-respect. People like myself too often hide in closets and present a false view of themselves.

If you could find it within yourself to be charitable, if you could open one door-find one friend I would be very deeply grateful.

Lonliness hurts,  
Karen

**YOU'RE WELCOME ! ! ! !**

Dear Sandy,

Just a thank you note for the absolutely magnificent job you and your staff did on the number four issue of IMAGE Magazine.

I must add that it was a beautiful surprise for me to pick up the issue to find myself as the centerfold.

Much success to you and your staff in your endeavors.

Sincerely,  
Iris

**HORMONE HELP**

Dear Friends,

I received my first copy of IMAGE. I congratulate you on a very fine magazine. I am very anxious to receive the next issue. It is just great reading-keep up the good work.

On the next to last page of your number two issue was a word of caution to all transsexuals who are contemplating surgery in the Cleveland area to proceed with caution. I have a friend in Denver who had her surgery by this doctor, but I don't know the results, so any information that you have on this doctor would be appreciated.

I have had some trouble getting a doctor to start me on hormone therapy. I went to 14 doctors in 1974 and was refused by all of them. A lot of them suggested that I go see a psychiatrist as it was all in my mind, and I am a fool to continue down such a road.

I don't think that I will be able to find a doctor here as I don't think the doctors here are ready for transsexualism or do they know anything about it. I have been hitting my head against a brick wall for over two years trying to get help of some kind.

If you know of someone who would send me some 2.5 mg. of Premarin I would be glad to buy it. I don't tend to give up this feeling about it. I love it and with my work being part time, so I doubt that I could afford surgery. Any suggestions from you about the hormones would be appreciated. I need help, and I hope you can afford some

suggestions.

I am sending in my subscription to IMAGE as I think it is a wonderful magazine. I wish you success and best of luck.

Sincerely,  
Bob

Dear Bob,

As far as we know, dispensing hormones anywhere in the U.S. without a doctor's prescription is illegal. We suggest that you keep trying to find an understanding doctor. Some information is enclosed.

**IMAGE**

Dear Readers,

We invite your correspondence. We try to keep answers in the MAIL section of IMAGE to a minimum to allow readers more space to voice their opinions. We will answer letters personally, if you enclose a SASE. Keep those letters comin'!

**LADY BARBER SPEAKS**

Dear Sandy,

Thanks for giving me a forum for my viewpoints. I hope your readers have enjoyed the Lady Barber story and will write me with their comments.

I'm too masculine for cross-dressing, but I've always loved to be with TV's and TS's. My main interest, is, of course, depilation. I love to shave and be shaved. My body is normally completely hairless, and I'd love to hear from girls who also love the sensation of utter nakedness.

My ideas on baldness are new to a few, but I know there are other fans around. Let me hear from you friends everywhere. I'll correspond with, or if possible, meet girls who are interested in my ideas. Write to me soon. I'll send nude photos of me to the first three who send a picture to me (preferably as a femme)

Love,  
Jeff Rogers  
P.O. Box 5627  
Postal Station F  
Ottawa, Ont. Canada

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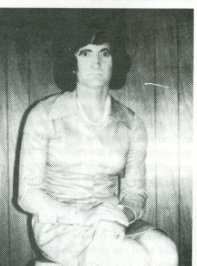
**PORTLAND PRETTY**

Dear Sandy,

I am sending you a picture of me as a man and also some of me as a woman. I am single, 49 years old, weight 145 lbs. am six foot tall and am also retired from where I was working.

Sandy, do you know where I can get in touch with Sussie Collins as I am a member of UTTS and I haven't heard from her for four months. Also, is there anyone in Portland Oregon who gets IMAGE as I would like to get to KJow them.

Your friend,  
Rosemarie



**REVUES ♀**

**\$850,000 CIRCUMCISION BUNGLE**

A Seattle family has been awarded \$850,000 in a malpractice suit for damages resulting in an improper circumcision.

The circumcision was performed by an armed services doctor when the child was nine months old. During the procedure, the child's genital area was burned so badly that specialists recommended changing the child's sex to female. The child has undergone eight surgical procedures subsequent to the accident, and still faces several more.

The doctors testified that lifetime dosages of estrogen will feminize the child, but the greatest threat to the child will be if she ever finds out that she was born a male.

**\$52,278 A PAIR**

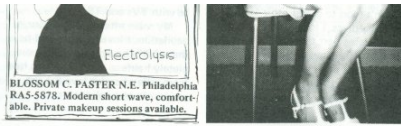
Now that the value of a penis seems to have been set at \$850,000,

**ALTERNATE SEX AND GENDER LIFESTYLES: An in Depth View of the TV Subculture. Proceedings of a conference held in Boston, April 19, 1975. Available from A.Kane, Box 161, Cambridge, Ma.**

Last April, I had the chance to attend this conference, and although I was a bit put off by the closedness of some of the participants, I went on to enjoy a very provocative and productive day. I remember coming away from the conference wishing I could remember more of what was said. Fortunately, Ariadne Kane, the coordinator of the event, has the foresight to publish the proceedings of the conference. Without a doubt it is a valuable aid to anyone who is serious about understanding the male who dons women's' clothing.

Betsy Shaw leads off with a discussion of classical transvestism, which, although much too brief, raises some interesting questions and answers others. Betsy answers





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Paula Cole discourses on transgenderism, which to many, including myself, was an entirely new term. According to Ms. Cole, the transgenderist lives two lives, each of which is vital to the person's well-being. He is accepted in public in either role, and attempts to live as much as possible as a woman. Ms. Cole points out an interesting fact: The transgenderist is predominantly a middle class white.

Rebe Gibson, a Boston drag queen, talked about drag queens and female impersonators. Rene stated that drag queens were basically gay males, some of whom felt they were women trapped in male bodies. She points out that many come from broken homes, and are illegitimate children or runaways. Unlike the TG the drag queen does not have two personalities but no matter how feminine they may be, they do not want to be women all the time.

Richard Rubino, a Boston lawyer, discusses transvestism and the law. He mentions that crossdressing per se is not illegal in many states. He also recommends that a crossdresser write his local law departments, since many places have local laws against crossdressing. Rubino also talks about the many difficulties the TV and TS has when dealing with the law.

Gender identity an overview is presented by Michael Fleming, associate professor of psychology at Boston University. He is also a member of Gender Identity Services of Boston.

Fleming discusses the psychodynamic view of gender identity and stresses the importance of looking at the crossdresser as a whole person, and not as a TV or a TS. He

also points out that sexuality must change with time and the person must realize something about himself in the process.

Frankly, had I known that the proceedings of the conference would be forthcoming in a book, I would have thought twice about making the trek to Boston. It all in one volume, to pour over, ponder, and learn. At the price, it's a bargain.

**THE TV, TG, TS PHENOMENON**  
Discussions of transvestism, transgenderism, and transsexualism, held at the University of Rhode Island School of Nursing. Available from A. Kane, P.O. Box 161, Cambridge, Ma. 02140. \$3 or both for \$5

The subject matter covered in this proceeding is similar to that of the Boston conference, but approached differently by different speakers. It is most interesting to sit down and compare how two transvestites view transvestism, etc.

Laura Fairchild, a university professor elegantly describes the classical transvestite. Her conclusion is that there is no such thing, and the reviewer must agree.

Ariadne Kane spoke on Transgenderism, using a lot of anecdotal experiences to illustrate why a TG is a TG, and how he feels and reacts.

The topic of transsexualism is discussed deftly by Heien Hyde, a post-op TS, who handled the most intimate questions candidly and with a sense of humor.

This little book is lively, educational reading; you'll enjoy reading it and when you're done, you'll feel good about it.

the value of a man's testicle has been determined to be \$26,139. The decision was made by an Australian court who awarded that amount to a carpenter who lost one testicle in an industrial accident. Too bad transsexuals can't trade theirs in on a vagina!

Benjamin's scale to the transvestite to illustrate TV as a continuum from pseudo transvestite to transsexual. Betsy also talks about the closet complex, TV groups, and TV's wives.

**THE HARDEST DECISIONS**

A Confide interview Cassette. The Reverend Cannon Clinton R. Jones 35 mins. \$8.95 by Confide, Dept. TIM, P.O. Box 56, Tappan, N.Y. 10983

This is the latest in the excellent series of CONFIDE interview cassettes, and like the others, it is a valuable aid to the transvestite or transsexual who is trying to come to terms with himself. Confide's director, Garrett Oppenheim, has an uncanny ability to see into the mind of the transsexual, and he asks many of the same questions that a TS would have, if he had the opportunity to do so.

The Rev. Canon Jones has long been active in the gay community and has counseled intersexuals, so he is very familiar with the hassles and trepidations that many of us have had especially those who are in the process of changing gender.

When asked, "Is there a transsexual explosion in this country?" The reverend said that although the phenomenon has existed for centuries, "Thank God we have recognized it and are beginning to help people." This giving, helping attitude pervades the entire tape, and before long, we forget that we are listening to a member of the clergy; the reverend is just a compassionate human being.

Rev. Jones feels that the TS surgery is not against the will of God, especially in this day of organ transplants. He feels that there is real movement in the church to recognize the transsexual, and he is at odds with the traditional Judeo-Christian ethic in regards sexual matters. Jones is

clearly a progressive thinker, and his message will surely bring solace to the transsexual's troubled heart.

If you are a religious transsexual, and you are bothered by the nagging fear that sex reassignment is morally wrong, listen to this tape. It will surely clear up your doubts. If you are not religious because you feel that the church is lagging behind in the sexual revolution, give this tape a listen-it may change some of your ideas. The staff of Confide should be commended on this short, but splendid interview.

**MEN'S LIBERATION: A New Definition of Masculinity**, by Jack Nichols. A Penguin Original

Women have come a long way in redefining and re-establishing a new gender role, but unfortunately, men have not fared so well. They cling to the established images, threatened by the new woman, afraid to express emotions that might be considered effeminate, and bogged down as a mere cog in the corporate wheel. A new definition of masculinity is sorely needed, and Jack Nichols has taken the giant step in showing that men can be people too.

Nichols stresses adaptability, and points out that no single pattern of sex role behavior is innate. He traces the changes that women have made and also points out how the old macho image is becoming ludicrous at best in our modern society.

The reviewer found several references to female impersonators particularly interesting. Nichols states that the female impersonator arouses masculine fears about the feminine

component of a man's personality. The impersonator is also regarded as having abandoned all advantages of being a man. To the average male, this type of behavior is insanity.

On the other hand, the male impersonator is thought to have a lot of smarts. They are more acceptable to men, since they are showing traits that will get them ahead in the world.

Nichols feels that the value of male or female impersonation lies in the ability of the performer to satirize the cultural stereotypes of masculinity and femininity. The impersonators also demonstrate that these roles have very little to do with biology.

**MEN'S LIBERATION** should be required reading for every transvestite, since it is a guide to how he should act when he is not crossdressed. Many TVs are classic male chauvinistic pigs when they are in the male role, and they should be shown that to express the 'feminine' component of their personality, they don't have to put on a dress.

**MALE HOMOSEXUALS: Their Problems and Adaptations.** Martin S. Weinberg and Colin J. Williams. A Penguin Book.

This exhaustive report on the gay subculture is in the form of the famous Kinsey Studies. 2,400 interviews were carried out in New York, San Francisco, the Netherlands, and Denmark. The results are a bit startling to the general public because the study showed that homosexuals are psychologically healthy despite the stigma of being gay.

The book touches briefly on some issues pertaining to the TV sub-

culture. It briefly mentions the New York Mattachine Legal Committee's efforts to change the anti-drag ordinances in that city, but fails to mention the Queens Liberation Front for the work they did in the same area.

The book briefly mentions the Times Square area in New York and the Leidsplein in the Netherlands as places where drag queens hang out, and refers briefly to Copenhagen as the place where Christine Jorgenson had her sex change operation.

From the standpoint of the TV subculture, this book has little to offer. Its statistics are interesting, although overpowering at times. It is dull reading, and the statistics suffer from bad sampling techniques and overall stuffiness. Pass this one up.

**JORGENSEN COOKS**

Christine Jorgenson has just completed a Scandinavian cookbook, and is now gathering material for a novel about the Danish underground during World War 2. Her sex change in Copenhagen occurred twenty three years ago.

**LOADED HANDBAG**

Peter Powers decided to dress in drag and go out begging for money with his girlfriend, Carole Rodgers. However, a Spanish waiter picked the two up in his car and tried to get friendly with Powers. The drag queen hit him over the head with his purse, which just happened to be weighted down with 1½ pounds of lead.

**SEX CHANGE GETS THE BOOT**

Paula Grossman, the New Jersey music teacher who lost her job after undergoing a sex change operation, has failed in her sixth attempt to win reinstatement. Ms. Grossman's suit contended that the firing was due to sex discrimination, but Judge George Barlow ruled that Grossman was dismissed not because of sex discrimination, but because she had undergone the sex change.

**DOG DAY AFTERNOON**

On August 22, 1972, three men set out to rob the Chase Manhattan Bank in Brooklyn. The story unfolds dramatically as a simple robbery turned into a thirteen hour affair, ending with one bandit dead, another captured, and a third who got cold feet. All this for what? To pay for a sex change operation.

This bizarre story actually happened, and now there is an excellent portrayal on celluloid, **DOG DAY AFTERNOON**. The film stars Al Pacino as Little John Wojtowicz, a well-meaning though inept bank robber whose mistakes snowball until practically the entire New York Police Department descends upon the scene of the crime.

Pacino excels as Little John, a role that should land him an Oscar for best actor of the year. You can see every emotion cross his face throughout the movie, particularly in the airport scene, when he sees his partner killed. This is a superlative performance that should not be missed.

John Cazale plays Sal, the psychopathic sidekick. He is so out of touch

with reality, when Little John asks him what country he would like to escape to, he says, "Wyoming."

The part of Liz Eden, the transsexual lover, is handled poorly by Chris Sarandon. There is, however, a touching scene in which Leon (Liz) is brought to the scene of the robbery at Sonny's request. He begs Leon to go along with him, but he refuses. It's a heartbreaker, although Leon comes across more homosexual than transsexual.

Also interesting is the crowd's reaction when they find out why Little John is pulling off the job. Until then, there were cheers for him. The cheers turn to jeers of 'faggot' as Leon enters the scene. It's a sad commentary on where people's heads are at.

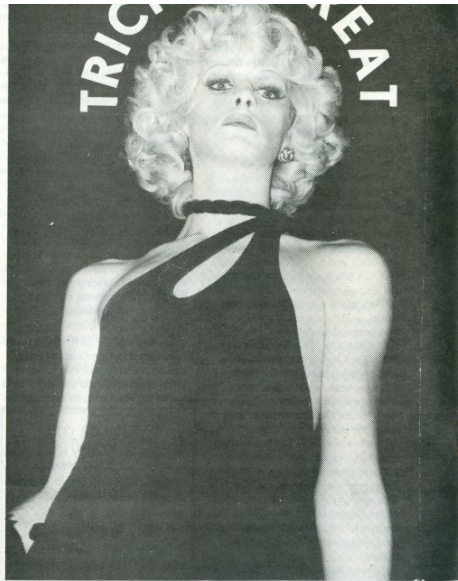
The film is directed by Sidney Lumet, who does an excellent job all around. The pace slows here and there, but in the long run, this serves to heighten the tension and excitement of the impending outcome.

**DOG DAY AFTERNOON** is about a modern day Don Quixote and his transsexual Dulcinea. It is funny, it is heartbreaking, and you can't help but be moved-I was, to tears.....

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Halloween marks the apex of the year for the drags, with countless drag balls and masquerade parties held all over the country. While these events are attended by many straights,





the occasion marks a yearly high point for the gay, transvestite, and transexual subcultures.

The evening is a chance for people to get out in zany masquerades, boa and even leather drag, or on where the feather drag, or is at. It is an ag, depending merrymaking person's head evening for people, dancing, partying meeting and hav- ing a time. hell of a People let their hair for this down oc- casion.



For many, Halloween is a time for coming out, if only for the evening. For those who have already emerged from their closets, the evening takes on a special kind of nostalgic significance.

For voyeurs, Halloween is a veritable field day, where they can look and gawk to their hearts content, without being afraid to indulge. For the exhibitionist, it is his opportunity to strut his stuff in front of an audience.



On a night like Halloween, we get a unique opportunity to see people in a true light, without all their inhibitions. This is a good experience for some, and a not-so-good happening for some other unfortunate souls. It is an evening that can sometimes make or break a budding relationship.

The lovely girls in this article were captured by our roving reporter and photographer, Anne Malloy, at a recent drag ball held in Philadelphia on Halloween. As always, it was sponsored by Mr. Henry David, the drag IMPressario of Philadelphia. Recently, Mr. David had a fling at managing a night club which featured

some of the top names in Philadelphia's gay and lesbian community. Recently, Mr. David had a fling at managing a night club which featured some of the top names in Philadelphia's gay and lesbian community.



Next time Halloween rolls around, you owe it to yourself to make it an evening out on the town. There is always plenty to do, especially if you know the gay spots in town. Who knows, it might open up a whole new side of life that you have missed all these years. These lovely girls have gone all out in the glamour department to make Halloween a special night for themselves and their admirers.



# Wendy

No one can be sure where Wendy will pop up next. A model, cosmetics expert, and a woman about town, she might be seen shopping in one of Philadelphia's exclusive boutiques, dining in one of the chic restaurants, or boogying in one of the town's swinging discos. She is the toast of the cities' night people, and much sought after as a party guest. Wherever she is, you can bet she will be the center of attention.







image



Wendy attributes her good looks to her mother, who just happened to be a very famous stripper. This is also where our centerfold girl got her modelling savvy. A former stripper herself, Wendy knows all the right moves, bumps and grinds to turn almost any man on. With someone like Wendy, who wouldn't be happy?





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## FOREIGN

*Hetero TV would like to correspond and exchange pictures on transvestism, very high heels, long hair, corsets, gloves, etc. Write to Denise, C/O IMAGE.*

*New York City Tempting and Sexy young queen, Pro., passes. Seeking fem shemales and TS's only. Loves hearing from Bi-Girls or couples for exciting fun and friendship. TV's and gents for dates. Send SASE. Enjoys modelling, the nightlife and the exotic, and the cultures. Am of dominant nature, so passive fems write. Also has photos for sale. Sincere only with photos answered. Cindy Del Sol, 152 W. 42nd St. New York, N'Y 10036.*

## WANTED: ASTROLOGICAL BIRTH DATA FOR A STATISTICAL STUDY OF TV AND TS HOROSCOPES.

I need the date, time and place of birth to aid in a computerized study of astrology in terms of the TV and TS. I do not need your names if you do not want to give them. To aid in sorting out the various categories, however, I would like to know: Are you a TV or TS? Are you HS, asexual bisexual or heterosexual? If you want to add to this, you could tell whether you are into S&M, B&D, dominance or passivity, etc. If you would be willing to give more information

(such as a questionnaire) please indicate so and give a return address. If not, then just the basic data would be wonderful and if no more is said I will assume a 'minimum' TV-hetero with no extra preferences.

I am a student looking for possible graduate thesis material and am not funded at this time so cannot offer any sort of payment for data received.

I am not an astrologer, I do not prepare individual horoscopes (this program is a statistical analysis) nor do I do delineations, predictions, etc. The data will be treated confidentially, strictly on a statistical basis to find correlations in natal horoscope patterns.

Please send to **Astrix, P'O' Box 815, Mankato, Mn. 56001**

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Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ day month year

Time of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ specify A.M or P.M.

Place of Birth \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

OPTIONAL DATA: Cross out all not applicable

TV TS ASEQUAL HS

HETERO BISEX S&M B&D

DOMINANT PASSIVE OTHER

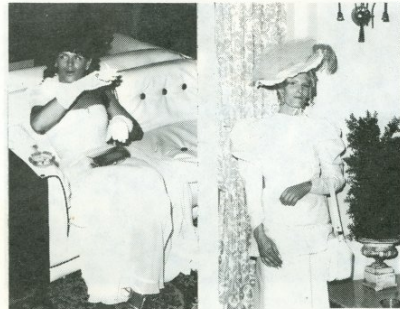
## SALMACIS AWARDS BALL

Photos by Lyssa Bergson Story by Charlette Allison



It was Salmacis '75, the first annual Grand Awards Ball, and what a grand ball it was! At long last, the TV/TS Feminist organization founded by Sally Douglas in 1969 was big, bold, and beautiful enough to come out of the closet and go on the town.

The presentations were opened with five special awards of recognition to those who worked so hard to put Salmacis in the spotlight: First of course, to Sally Douglas, a past president and founder, for dedication and special efforts in perpetuating the Salmacis Society. To Fran Dowell



The winners and all runners-up received embossed certificates, the Salmacis Society Award.



for her efforts in developing the educational series on the problems of transgenderism, to Lyssa Bergson, for producing the Salmacis newsletters, and Dianne Lindquist for her beautiful work in art and graphics.

And to Patricia C. McGrath, a special golden plaque for outstanding and dedicated service to the Salmacis Society.

It was an evening of enormous fun and contributed





While gay royalty filled several of the big round tables, several others were held down by the warmly welcomed gay women.



significantly to a vital and educational and service program for the future. So look out world, Salmacis has finally arrived on the scene!



## The Virgin

Some Women Lie About Their Pasts...



It was a cold November night. I was finally well enough to go out on the town again. I had made sure I looked perfect before I left home. I was very nervous on the ride into town again, after all, it had been months since I'd been to a club. Would any of my old friends be there? Would anybody talk to me? Would I be bothered by people who I didn't like? Am I still beautiful? These questions shot through my mind in a wildly spinning carousel of thought.

I parked my car as close as I could to the club. However, in the cold crisp air, the three blocks seemed like thirty. My nerves were really on edge. I walked through the doors. The loud blaring music felt as though it would push me back out the door. I paid the cover charge, checked my coat, and headed up to the ladies' room to check myself out.

When I went back downstairs, the place was full of people. I had gotten there just as everyone else was arriving. I immediately made for an unoccupied bar stool to sit down. I ordered a 7-up and then sat back to survey the atmosphere of the place.

"...I felt alone in a roomfull of people."

Before long, I had attracted several males to me. It seemed the only thing they knew how to say was, "Do you want to dance?" In my condition, however, I had to say no, but at least I knew I still looked fabulous.

The night went on. Me, by myself, drinking seven-up and the rest of the world partying. In a way, I began to feel sorry that I came out. I felt alone in a roomfull of people. Maybe I should leave, I thought.

"What are you looking so sad about?" A very nice looking man had seated himself next to me, while I was lost in thought.

"I can't dance." I said.

He was puzzled.

"You mean somebody as dynamite as you can't dance?"

"It's not that I can't dance, it's that I CAN'T dance." He looked at me as if I were speaking Albanian.

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"What I mean is, I can dance, but I was in the hospital and am afraid I would strain something."

He looked concerned.

"It was nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh, it was serious all right."

He sipped some of his drink.

"Do you mind talking about what was wrong?"

I sipped my 7-up.

"It was personal, gynecological type thing. It kept me in for 12½ days though."

He gulped hard on his drink. I guessed he had planned to make it a topic of conversation but realized it was quicksand. I decided he was decent, so I talked.

"Do you come here often?"

He was sort of relieved that I'd temporarily taken over the conversation.

"No, this is only my third time. I would have come to the opening but I'd just gotten out

"No, this is only my third time since it opened. How about you?"

"This is my first time. I would have come to the opening but I'd just gotten out of the hospital. But it seems like a nice place." I drank some more of my 7-up.

"It is, as long as you watch out for the faggots and drag queens!"

"Cough... cough... cough." I choked on my drink.

"What's the matter?... Oh no, you're not one of THOSE are you?"

I struggled to get my voice back. "What do you think?" I asked satirically.

"Well, you've got an awfully deep voice for a woman."

I gave him a very dirty look.

"You're beautiful, very beautiful. But sometimes appearances are deceiving and I can neither read your mind nor see through your clothes. If you're all you seem to be, I could really love you."

As I slowly melted in my seat, he reached out taking my hand in his. I had to try to say something before I was a puddle on the floor.

"I am real. I have feelings, emotions, and desires that sometimes rule me more than my mind. I guess that's part of why I am a woman." He let go of my hand, and slid his arm around my waist.

"And my woman's intuition tells me that if I don't go up to the ladies' room now, I'll hopelessly be unable to resist you." I tried to move from the stool, but he held me in place.

"What would you do if I pulled you onto my lap and would not let you go?"

I looked at him and smiled. "That's easy - in three or four minutes, I'd pee on your lap. Does that answer the question?"

He just scowled at me, then smiled saying, "O.K., but if I let you go, do you promise to come back soon as you've done your business?"

I paused for a moment of thought. "No, I think I'd rather pee on your lap."

"...That's easy...In three or four minutes

I'd pee on your lap. Does that answer your

question?"

I looked at him with an expressionless look. He let me go.

I headed immediately for the ladies' room.

There were a lot of ladies ahead of me. I saw a few old friends and we talked till I was able to get in and do my business. I rushed that putting the form back in, so I could re-



"Well, if you think I'm not a girl, then WHY don't you leave me alone!"  
He looked me over once carefully. Then looked into my big brown beautiful eyes, as if to try and break through any subtrofuge that I'd erected.

"I closed my eyes as his lips touched mine. His arms encircled my waist."  
He took my chin in hand and turned my face to an appropriate position. I closed my eyes as his lips touched mine. His arms encircled my waist as mine went around his neck. He pulled away causing me to open my eyes.  
"Does that answer your question, beautiful?"  
"Un-huh. But do you know something?" I don't even know your name.  
"It's John, John Thompson."  
"Well, I'm not going to tell you mine," I said coyly like a spoiled child.  
"You're a playful little bitch aren't you?" I gave him a dirty look to show I disapproved of his terminology.  
"Aren't all 23 year old virgins teases?"  
He looked like a fox in the hen house. I could imagine what lurid things he was thinking in his mind. "You mean to tell me you've never been. . ."  
"My name is Gina Resse and I'm a 99.99% pure Italian virgin. A dying breed in this country," I interrupted.  
"Well, my beautiful Italian virgin, how would you like to be cured of your curse of virginity?"  
I grinned slyly. "I would love it. . . just as long as a gold wedding band and ceremony goes before it."  
That didn't bring a smile to his face!  
We kissed and talked till closing time. All the while, he trying to persuade me into joining him for the night. I kept reminding him of my surgery but he insisted he wouldn't go "all the way."  
Finally, we were outside the club.  
"Look Baby, I PROMISE you on MY HONOR I won't hurt you. Now, do you see that couple over there by the red Firebird?" He pointed to a red sports car across the street in a parking lot.  
"Well, that's my roommate and his date. Now I have to tell him right now whether we're going with him or not."

"Look, I'm sorry for what I said, I deserved the slap. Now will you get in the car and drive home safely." I looked into his eyes.  
"How will you get home?" I sobbed.  
"Don't worry, I'll take a cab. I'll be all right."  
"Don't leave me!" I threw myself back into his arms. He held me. I felt more secure in his arms than I had ever felt in my life. I relished the moment, then put my lips to his ear and whispered, "Did you really mean it when you promised not to. . ."  
He looked up, looked me straight in my gorgeous brown eyes saying, "If it's humanly possible for a man to resist your charms, I promise the stars in the sky, I won't."  
"Well, let me make a call home, then I'll go with you."  
He smiled and we turned to head for a nearby phonebooth. He waited till I finished my call. I stepped out of the booth with a shy smile, looking into his eyes. I threw my arms around him and pressed my lips to his. The warmth from his lips took the chill from the nippy night.

"I felt more secure in his arms than I have ever felt in my life."  
We moved on towards the car. I searched my pocket for my keys.  
"Here, I want you to drive."  
He opened the car door for me, held my hand as I got into the car, closed the door, then came around to the other side and got in.  
We talked as we drove towards his apartment. As it turned out, John and his friend Ron rented a house not far from my own.  
We locked the car and went in. John introduced me to the other couple, Ron and Donna. They weren't interested in conversation. John tried to start a conversation for my sake but they were deeply into petting.

"I gushed with tears crying my sweet little heart out. I knew I could get an Emmy for that performance."

JOHN MY FRIEND GOWNSMAN.  
I kind of snuck up on him, so I could see what he was doing. He sat there, fingering the glass in his hand, seemingly deep in thought. I slinked over and sat on his lap.  
"Bet you didn't think I was coming back. Are you happy that I did?"

"Don't tell me you're one of those freaks!"  
I swear to God, if you've got a dick, I'll kill you!"  
"But I have MY CAR three blocks DOWN the street." I thought that might dissuade him.  
"O.K. then, we'll follow them back to our place. Come on, don't make me a third wheel."  
I paused a few seconds while thinking. "Try to see this thing my way. You want me to go to your apartment with you and you promise no funny stuff because of my condition. O.K. then, why do you want me there?"  
"Maybe now you can't, but what about the future? I mean I like your company. I think you're a very beautiful woman and I'd like to know more about you."  
I gave him a disbelieving look.  
"For Christ's sake! I'm not going to fuck you."  
I gave him an even dirtier look!  
"My God! Whatever this problem is, you're really hung up on it." He paused for a second. I lowered my head.  
"Don't tell me you're one of those freaks! I swear to Christ, if you've got a dick, I'll kill you."  
C R A - A - A - C - K ! ! ! I slapped him with all I had in me.  
"That's fuckin' it! I've had it!" He turned and started for the car.  
"No!!!" I cried, and threw my arms around him as he turned towards me. I was crying and shaking.  
He put his arms around me while signaling his friends to leave. By now, we'd sort of drawn a crowd, so he began walking me away.  
Somehow, he guessed the right direction and before long, we were in front of my car. "Which one's your car?"  
I let go of him long enough to point out my little brown Vega. He lead me up to the car, then pushed me away from him so he could look into my eyes. He then spoke and his voice was very warm and tender, "Are you all right now?"  
I nodded yes.

"I took my bra off and threw it in a nearby chair. I then slipped into bed next to him."  
I whispered to John, "Turn down the lights, and let's leave them alone."  
"We'll have to go to my room," he warned.  
I smiled and stood up. He took my hand and led me upstairs to his bedroom. We entered his room. He kissed me then walked out saying, "I promised a promise and a promise is a promise, so I'm going to get ready for bed."  
While he was in the bathroom, I took off my dress, panties and pantyhose. I put back on my panties then sat on the bed in my bra and panties while he was still in the bathroom. He emerged after a while in a pair of pajamas. I felt stark naked. He was astounded to see me there like that.  
"A - A - A . . . there's an extra toothbrush in the bathroom if you want it. The red one."  
I shyly crept into the bathroom. I washed off my make-up and went to the bathroom. Then I brushed my teeth. I couldn't decide whether to leave the stint in or out. I decided to put it back in.  
I peeked from the door.  
"I don't have a nightgown."  
He was puzzled as what to do. After a few moments, he offered me a pair of his pajamas. I declined.  
I was really shy and nervous as I reentered the dimly lit room. He was already in the bed and covered up. Fear was in every part of my body. I lifted the covers from my side of the small bed. I began to shake visibly. He watched aware of my fear.  
Then something snapped in my head. I took my bra off and threw it into a nearby chair. I then slipped into bed snuggling close as I could to him.  
"I thought you didn't want to do anything?"  
"There's only one thing I can't do, but that still leaves the field wide open for play," I whispered sensually.  
He began to rub one of his hands over my small naked

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breasts. I opened my lips pressing them to his. He rewarded me with his tongue and soon I was at a level of ecstasy that I had only dreamed of before.

While one hand still caressed my compact breasts, he slid his free hand down my body. I trembled with excitement trying to press myself closer to him. It wasn't long before he found the t-strap around my waist and broke the kiss.

"What's this thing?" he asked, pulling on the strap.

"It's the belt that holds my stint in."

I could feel his fear that I might not be as I seemed. I was ready. I began to speak in an impassioned voice, "Well, you see, when I was a little girl, I closed up." I let go a few tears. "When I happened, the doctor didn't do anything." I began to sob and cry. "So when I got to be a teenager..." I cried more and let my speech become broken. "I... I... wa - was sterile." I positively gushed of tears and crying. He tried to comfort me.

"An - an - an just... just... this... year... I... got the money... to have... have it reopened. So... so... now... I have to... keep a thing in... in to keep... keep... keep it open."

I gushed with tears crying my sweet little heart out. I knew I should get an Emmy for that performance.

He pulled me gently into his arms to comfort me.

"Don't cry, don't cry baby. I'm sorry I said those things to you. I didn't know. I... I really can feel you've have a painful life. But that's over now. I don't care about your past. You're beautiful, sensitive and in my arms and I feel... really lucky to have you. So don't cry, nobody will hurt you. I'm with you now."

I stopped crying. I'd done it! I'd trapped him for sure!

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