

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

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VOLUME NUMBER EIGHT

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

REVEALS THE SECRETS OF HOW MEN BECOME FEMALE IMPERSONATORS
ILLUSTRATED WITH 35 PHOTOS OF MALES IN FEMININE CLOTHES

Published By Nutrix Co.
35 Montgomery Street
Jersey City 2, New Jersey

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LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Nutrix Publications:

Dear Sir:

Many thanks for your letter. It is to me, a relief that I can look forward to reading the kind of literature that appeals to me very strongly, namely, your exciting magazines on female impersonation.

We have nothing like it over here and the first time I came into contact with female impersonators was during the last war, when I went to a theatre to see a live show called, "Soldiers In Skirts," later it was called "Boys Will Be Girls." I was astounded that the lovely girls on stage were so fashionably dressed in gorgeous satin and taffeta gowns and that they were really men!

They finally all took their wigs off to prove it. It was a thrill to see them in a restaurant scene, sitting at tables with shapely nylon-clad legs, dresses just above the knee, with lace-edged petticoats showing from under their pretty party frocks. How I longed to be up there with them. When I saw your "Art of Female Impersonation" openly displayed in a local book shop, I just could not wait to read the contents.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

What marvelous girls you do portray--I think they are positively stunning. How deliciously sweet some men look in panties, bra, high heels and nylons. On stage recently I saw an amateur group give a two-week "season." The house, a small 200 seater, was packed each time I went.

The "girls", although not all were up to professional standard, were quite good. The "girl" I fell for was a 19-year old boy from medical school. He was dressed in a very short chorus girl's outfit, consisting of thigh-length red satin dress with tight waist, a lovely bust line and a dress skirt so short that one glimpsed his tight white satin panties. He was wearing black fish net hose with high-heeled black patent leather shoes.

He sang "I Enjoy Being A Girl" and I could quite believe it, too. So would I in that outfit. I forgot to mention his shoulder length beautiful blonde wig.

Please continue printing your wonderful books and I enclose herewith some photos of myself that you may find useful.

Yours Sincerely,
"MARGIE C"





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Editor,
Nutrix Co. Publications.
Dear Sir:

I began my show business career at the age of three years, when I was just about able to toddle on stage at the finish of my mother's vaudeville act. From this start I learned the rudiments of stage techniques and worked as a singer of ballads for many years at night clubs, as well as musical comedies in the theatre.

A sudden illness affecting my throat made me turn from singing popular songs of the day to comic songs of the 1920's. These songs had been taught to me by my aunt, who had been in show business during that hectic period. Much to my surprise, the comic renditions of these songs went over quite well but since most of these songs were written especially for women, I sang them in a feminine tone of voice.

Then, to help put over the songs, I began to wear skirts and gowns when singing, putting on effeminate effects while mimicing a woman. This new routine was so well liked, that I added some dance steps and old-fashioned feminine styles of the Roaring Twenties to my costume changes for added effect.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

These additions to my act have resulted in repeat engagements in New York City, Miami Beach, Detroit, Los Angeles and San Francisco. I have discarded wearing male attire on stage and do my entire act now dressed in feminine clothes.

I design my own costumes, which are fitted to my figure by a professional dressmaker. In fact, the greater part of my theatrical salary is spent on buying new gowns, flashy costume jewelry and taxi transportation from my hotel to the spot where I have an engagement.

Rather than spend lots of time in hot, stuffy and oftentimes poorly ventilated dressing rooms, I make up at home, except for costume and wig and thus save myself needless inconveniences at the theatre.

My act is quite different from other female impersonators' acts, as I do not do any so-called exotic strip dances or try to caricature being a female. I spend much time on my female attire and makeup and let the audiences make up their own minds as to whether I am a female or not. If your readers are interested in my experiences as a female impersonator, I would be glad to write again.

Yours truly,
"MINETTE"



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor of Nutrix Co:

The books entitled "The Art of Female Impersonation" have been very useful and helpful to me. In fact, my wife is amazed at the feminine appearance of the impersonators shown therein, especially and in particular, Gigi Laurence.

Regarding the pictures in your books, I do hope that you will have more of the men wearing women's "street clothes"--suits, skirts and blouses, afternoon frocks, etc. That is, the kind of clothes the ordinary woman wears. The amateur impersonator is particularly appealing for this reason.

An occasional hint of slip, crinoline or petticoat in the poses would, I suggest, be most provocative. Incidentally, it seems that none of your models wear slips. I always do when I dress up, as I simply seek to dress just as the average woman does.

I would say four out of five women wear full-length slips. The others favor waist-length petticoats, especially in warm weather. Why not print some more photos on Gigi Laurence, as well as other impersonators, in candid poses?





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

By the way, how is Gigi Laurence doing with her hormone shots? I am also sure that a few pictures of models wearing bra and panties would be very popular. And could I also suggest a series of pictures of a man dressing up from the skin out to make-up, hat, coat, gloves and hand-bag?

With a woman assisting in the process, I believe this would appeal to very many of your clients, especially myself. I like to dress up with the aid of a female, as this gives me more confidence that I will be able to pass as a girl.

Those very high-heeled shoes must, no doubt, appeal to some people, but the normal woman does not wear them. Smart shoes now are medium heel height to high ($1\frac{1}{4}$ " to 3"), with pointed toes.

But please accept my comments in the spirit intended, as it is obvious that you are doing much to broaden the scope and appeal of your books and pictures, and I know Nutrix Company is successful in this.

Let me wish Tina Marsh luck and God speed in becoming a woman, so that she can live as a woman at all times. I am happy for all you impersonators who have the courage to go ahead



GIGI
LAURENCE

VICKIE
LYNNE





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

and have done what is necessary to have the peace of mind which is necessary to those who feel that they are the sex to which the outward appearance their body says they are not, and they are forced to live as the sex to which they feel they do not belong.

I feel it is best for them to take this big step when they are still young and have the courage to do it. It is not easy when one becomes older. I hope you will print in future editions news of those who had the courage to straighten out their lives. Hope I will be fortunate enough to meet and talk with some people like Tina Marsh or Gigi Laurence, or at least get a letter from them.

My brother has been away in Florida and I am able to dress and live as a woman from the time I get home at night until I go to work the next day. Of course, I have to do this with drawn blinds and stay indoors, but I am happier this way than anything else I could do.

Keep up the good work and I will be looking forward to your next new issues on female impersonation books.

Sincerely,
"STELLA A"

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

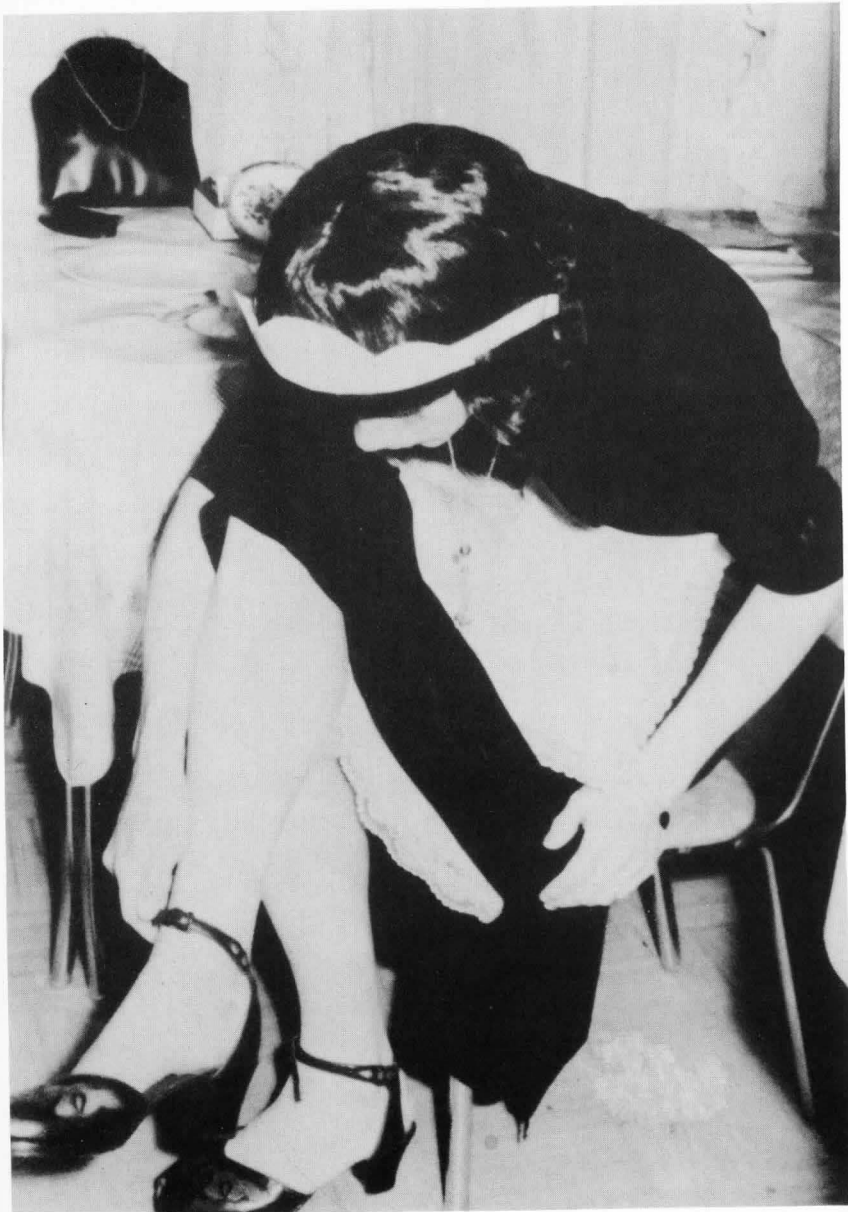
Dear Editor:

Although you probably don't hear from girls very often, I am writing because I think many of your readers will be interested in finding out about some unusual things I know concerning my cousin, who is a boy 3 years younger than me. A few photos which I took of my cousin, Bill, are enclosed with this letter.

For obvious reasons, he likes to be called Betty when he visits with me. On occasions when I am alone, he drops in for a chat and puts on one of my dresses and some of my other clothing. He adores wearing the brunette wig I got for him, which he puts on with his favorite choice of my earrings and other jewelry.

I get a kick out of watching him make the big change into a female, and many times I help out with the tough points. He has his own way of fixing up his eyebrows with my pencils and he is a real "natural" with lipstick. I have to keep several shades of lipstick and rouge around my dressing table for him, besides a terrific variety of perfumes which he likes. Once in a while one of my girlfriends asks me why I have several pairs of shoes that are too large for me and I have to say they were given to me by mistake or something.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

The time I first found out about Bill's feminine ideas was when he was 13. He was staying with my mother and me during the summer. When my mother was out on visits and I was out with my girlfriends, Bill would be alone in the house. One time, I returned early with a friend. The door was locked, so I used my key. When we stepped inside, we got an unexpected surprise. There was Bill standing in the middle of the parlor and dressed in my nylons!

He also wore my petticoat, bra and Sunday hat with a veil that came down over his face. He was very embarrassed and ran into my bedroom with the petticoat swishing around his legs and he shut the door. My girlfriend and I looked at each other and laughed. We were both thinking the same thing. I said "Come on," and we ran to the door and forced it open.

Bill tried to hide in my bedroom closet but we caught him by the arms and dragged him over to my dressing table. We held him down and told him that if he did not do what we told him, we would tell everything to my mother. This scared him enough so he stopped resisting and just sat still in front of the mirror, looking very ashamed of his feminine reflection. We now started on our plan.



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My little sister was 7 years old and had some very cute little girls' dresses which would look nice on Bill. We picked out a pink full-skirted basque dress made of soft cotton satin. Bill had no choice and it looked adorable on him, with the narrow edgings of white Cluny lace around the neck and the puffed sleeves. His face was cleverly complemented by the colorful flower print. To add the proper touch, we made him don one of my stage wigs that I used in school plays.

Then we squeezed his feet into a pair of sister's buckle shoes and dainty socks. The hardest thing was to stretch the little white gloves onto his hands. We then added some ribbons and the result was a sweet little girl! Bill did not agree at first when we suggested that he should go outside and play with us and some other girls, but he soon decided to accept his humiliation when we threatened to tie him up and show him to my mother the way he was now dolled up!

So Bill went along with his hands in ours out the door and into the front yard. Some of our girlfriends came from across the street to meet the new "miss," and Bill was introduced as "Betty" to them!



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

We kept Bill outside in his tight shiny dress all afternoon, making him play hopscotch, jacks and jump-rope with all the girls. Just before my mother came home, we let him go inside and change clothes. The secret was kept but every day after that we forced Bill to wear different dresses and skirts and frilly blouses, with lots of lace and ruffles!

We took him to sewing classes and beauty parlors with us and even made him attend ballet school with all the girls. After a while, we got him to get used to it, wearing my best dresses and gowns to various tea parties, showers and fashion shows. He even went to my girlfriend's wedding and acted as bridesmaid for her!

As Bill became older, the habit stuck with him and he continued to pay me visits frequently, as he does now, putting on my tight silk slips and dresses with a perfectly natural grace and ease. When the change is complete, down to the high heels, he adds a dab of perfume behind the ears and on the neck and then usually goes out with me for a drive. He doesn't dare to mince down the busy streets but he likes to get out of the car out in the woods or country and stroll with me to get the full feel of the feminine finery.



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He loves to have the wind blow his skirts and ruffle his flowing curls, but we have to be careful not to get our nylons snagged on some of the walks we take on paths and country trails. It really is a riot to see him prancing and skipping through the fields, letting his petticoats show.

Bill has now become a true nature-girl, if you ask me. He even goes swimming in streams or the beach with me, wearing one of my bathing suits. We get lots of laughs out of seeing him in a form-hugging two-piece swimsuit!

At the house, of course, Bill usually becomes "Betty", the maid, which is the name we gave him when he was made to first venture outside as a little girl. In the house, he has to wear a maid's cap and apron, so that he can help me fix supper, clean house, wash and iron clothes, as well as other household chores.

He enjoys housework and he does not even mind doing the dishes when he is dressed in his proper maid's costume, in which he looks very good. I allow him to wear all my clothes. However, if he happens to tear anything, he has to sew it himself, and he is good at that.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Girdles seem to be his pet item. My pink back-lacer is the one he wears most. With either that or one of my waist nippers, he can sash-up his waist to under twenty-four inches. He has to do that to squeeze into my close-fitting peddle pushers or lace sheath evening gowns.

Bill slips into a gown when we decide to see a special show or a concert in town. He often comes along with me when I am joined by a few of my girlfriends. They get used to him easily and accept him. They treat him just like one of the gals. The way he swings his hips in a skirt fools most of them anyway.

Bill goes around disguised as Betty most of the time now. He is getting bolder and bolder as a woman, day by day. Recently, Bill donned a silk blouse and jumper in plaid, plus girly sneakers, to play tennis with me at the beach.

Bill actually got as many looks of admiration as I did in shorts, despite the fact that my legs are far more attractive than his! It is just wonderful that he could do this.

Yours truly,
Ruth

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor:

Hi, there. I am "Miss Jackie Joyce" and would like to be called by my right name. Won't you please call me "Jackie Joyce" when writing about me, even though I understand that there is a model and several others with a name similar to mine.

In this letter, I would like to tell you some things about myself. After my 14-year old sister, Linda, had succeeded in making me, her 16-year old brother, Jackie, wear her sissy silk panties in place of a pair of swimming trunks at a beach party, my whole life changed!

Linda told mother what had happened at the beach and "Mommy" was amused and she thought it was a "cute idea!" For my birthday, my sister Linda bought me a skimpy, tight-fitting bikini swim suit. At the next beach party, I found myself squeezed into the tight bikini panties.

I did not need it, but my sister Linda insisted that I also wear the halter top, too! Can you imagine?

While my sister was swimming with some of the older boys, a beautiful girl named Carla



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

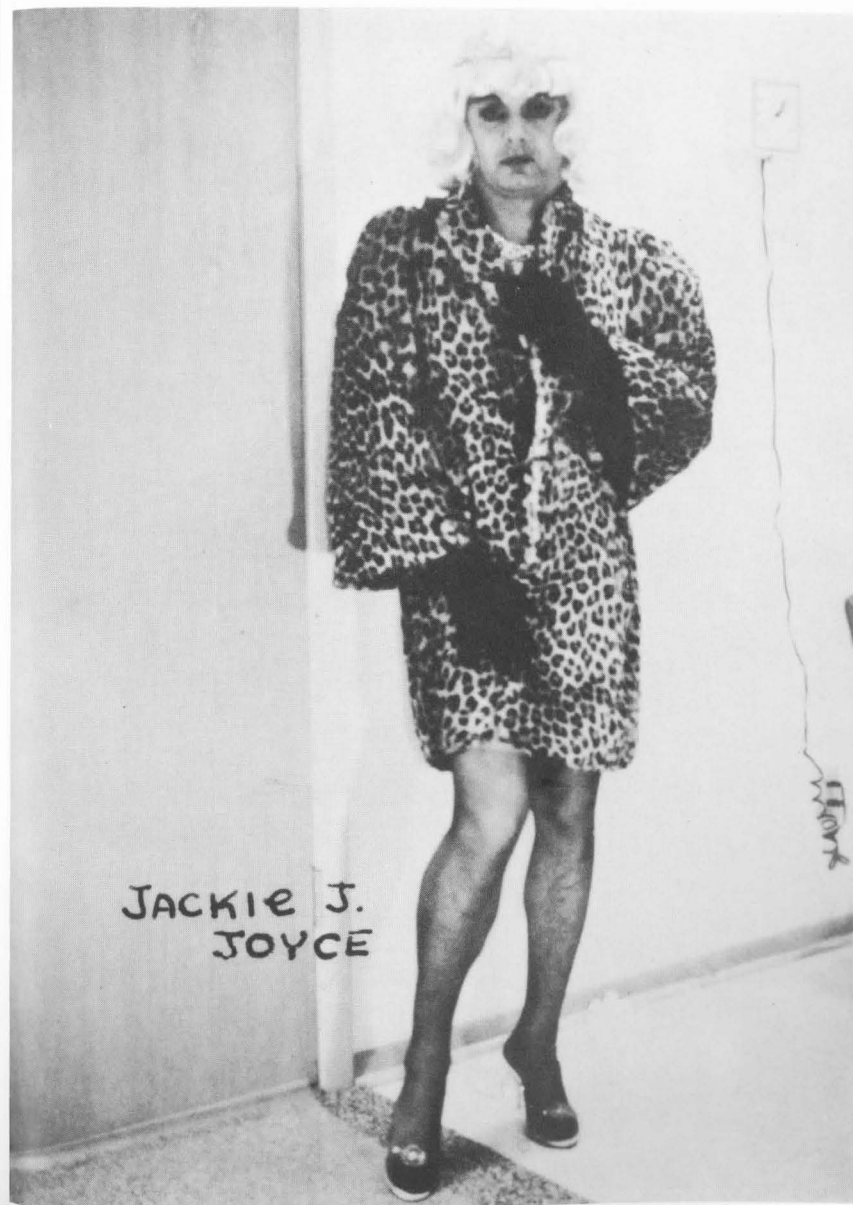
sat down next to me and said, "Hello, Baby-Doll!"

At 16 years of age, I was extremely shy, but within a few minutes I knew that I was in love with this lovely girl. Carla, too, looked much older with lipstick, high heels and dark hair tied in a sophisticated bun. After gaining my sister Linda's permission, Carla and I began seeing a lot of each other.

Linda grew bolder with me every day, as we continued our friendship. She bought me a set of seven boxed panties for each day of the week and demanded that I wear the appropriately marked panties under my trousers each day.

I objected very strongly at first and even told my "mommy" about it, but it did not do any good. She merely smiled and told me to be a good little boy and obey my sister! Thus, I began to wear feminine clothes almost daily thereafter, getting more and more used to them in place of my normal male attire.

It was not hard to respect, fear and even worship women like "Miss Carla", "Miss Linda," and my "Mommy." I, too, wanted to become a member of the masterful female sex!





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

How exciting it would be, I thought, if I became a strong virile girl and handsome boys would come crawling at my feet and address me as, "Ma'am" or "Miss Jackie!" It took a few years for this, but my dreams finally came true!

Now that I am 30 years of age, I have learned to transform myself into a female. Yes, when I don my platinum wig and attire myself in frilly female undies, black nylons, high heels, long black cocktail gloves, beautiful jewelry and tight-fitting velvet toreador pants, I feel like a living goddess who expects to be loved, worshipped and obeyed!

I also like to dress as a cute maid and serve drinks to the visitors, as well as my relatives. I feel that I must tell you, as I sit here typing this letter, how I am dressed. First, the undies are all black, I am wearing powder blue half slip, black stockings, black silk skirt, white blouse, black gloves, three inch black cincher belt, red button earrings, and last but not least, my "hair."

I enjoy silk against my skin and I can now take my own photos. I would enjoy telling anyone of my pleasure if they enjoy this type of thing.





LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I have also enjoyed reading your books on female impersonation and I liked particularly those impersonators who look just like women, such as, Kim August, Jan Richards, Vickie Lynne, Tina Marsh, Gigi Laurence, Jackie Maye, Bobbie Paris, Chalimar, Dee Aynes, Marilyn Laner, Jackie Hayes, Laurie Allen, Chickie Ramos, Dore D'Or, as well as the French female impersonators, as Coccinelle, Bambi, Tania, Carlove, as well as Lynn Fairbanks.

I would like to become a professional impersonator like the above-named pros, but I can never bring myself to appear on stages of night clubs and theatres as I am too shy when dressed up in female attire.

Well, I think that I had better close for now, as it is getting pretty late and I must be getting into my female night clothes for bed. I hope that my new photos will please your readers, to whom I wish the warmest love and affection.

I am anxiously looking forward towards seeing the next issue of your "Art of Female Impersonation" publication.

Sincerely,
"Miss Jackie Joyce"

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Editor, Nutrix Co:

Dear Sir:

I like all your books on female impersonation and I enjoy reading them, especially "Letters From Female Impersonators," being an amateur female impersonator myself. Your letters and editorial comments verify my own doctor's comments on the effects of female hormone treatments.

I would like to have as much to "look forward to" as any of the more voluptuous females parading across our movie screens, with the possible exception of Tempest Storm, whose waist line, nevertheless, I admire greatly. If I could develop a bust that protruded about four inches WITHOUT losing my bass voice, nor my heterosexual characteristics, I might try it, even with some discomfort from time to time.

However, I have never wanted the moon and I find complete satisfaction doing a good job where God wants me. Another thing I wanted to comment on is the subject of female clothing. I get most of my clothing from the mail-order houses, especially Spiegel. Most of their stuff is fairly good. They have many standard brands and feature tall sizes, along with standard and petite.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Good clothes cost money but it is interesting to note that I can dress from the skin out, including pads, for less than a comparative outfit of my regular clothes cost. In other words, the additional cost of women's clothes is in the number of items she buys, as compared with the number of items a man buys.

I have a couple of places where I get eye-lashes, leotards, tights, wigs and other odds and ends. Very frilly lingerie is another big item. I bought a sun suit, but have since put it in the Good Will Bag, along with a lot of shoes, bras, girdles, etc.

Most of the dress shops feature salesladies who look down very long noses at me or slowly raise a quizzical eyebrow. I have not found one saleslady who I would call "sympathetic to an oddball hobby." I can buy hosiery at the markets and I doubt if anyone thinks that the flimsy things are for me.

At one place, the girl looked at the hosiery and then at me with an amused smile. I told her, with a straight face, that they were for me, and she laughed out loud, thinking that I was joking. Old women are usually the best out here.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

They enter into the gag of a man getting ready for a costume party and they do their best to help me. In buying clothes, I cannot find a foundation garment that is long enough and restraining enough at the same time.

Some will stretch to the proper length but they also stretch the other way. I cannot find the bra I want. As bras go up in cup size, they expand in area rather than extend in depth. I have a Playtex Bandeau 40D, which is a good size for me. Unfortunately, the Longline in the same make and size is as big in volume but spread around rather than reaching forward.

I try little isolated dress shops now and then but am given a cold reception and only succeed because of the money involved in the sale. I have even felt that the police would be notified as soon as I left the store!

I think that the three books I received recently are the best yet. Volume 10 of *The Art of Female Impersonation*, and Volumes 6 and 7 of *Letters from Female Impersonators* all had good pictures in them. Until I found out about the Nutrix Co. I got all my female impersonation stuff out of the newspapers, largely men whom the police had picked up or ads of night clubs.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

I have even called a radio station in my town and stated that men had as much right to appear on the street in female attire as women have appearing in male attire. This was one of those phone radio programs, so it got around.

I do not even have to include shorts, levies, slacks, treader pants or any of the other feminine versions of an item formerly strictly male. I mean women in regular men's suits, trousers, coat, shirt, tie and hat. Men's shoes, too. I will champion this right until it is allowed or they start picking up women and dragging them off to the pokie.

I have no desire to parade on the street in female attire, but it would be a help to get ready ahead of time and drive to a costume party all decked out, instead of retiring to a bedroom or the dressing rooms and going through the work of transformation. I dress up as a sort of escape. Others get drunk--I don't drink so I need another route.

Lastly, I would like to discuss mutual problems with any reader who cares to write to me, as you have my permission to forward my address to reliable persons requesting it.

Sincerely,
TERRY MANETTE

LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Dear Editor:

I would like to contribute more information to those interested in the use of heavy rubber balloons as falsies, on which subject I am in agreement with Bobby Daye. I have used water-filled falsies and find that they fill the bill, if taken care of properly.

I use water-filled balloon bosoms for comfort. The reason that they do not puncture easily is that there is no pressure inside and the rubber is tough enough to give with the pressure of the pin, or whatever.

Infinitesimal holes do show up, however rarely, but even then the balloons do not leak more than enough to dampen the outside slightly. Even under pressure, so small a hole allows practically no water to escape.

These holes are easy to repair. Plastic rubber is best, but good rubber cement will do also. The former is a bit denser and nearer to the toughness of those large brown rubber balloons. The area around the hole **MUST** be dry. If there is an air bubble in the balloon, manipulate it under the hole. If the balloon is not squeezed, the air will not escape nor will any water seep out.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

Locate the leak and mark it. Then dry the balloon. Next apply a drop or two of the cement and allow it to set. It may be apread around a little to be sure that it covers the hole.

Air does collect in the balloon, in time, by what is known as "osmosis." By the same means, a little water escapes. It is a good idea to release the rubber band around the neck now and then and force the extra air out. A complete change is an even better idea, as the proper size is thus maintained. Regarding the neck--cut off the heavy bead formed when the balloon is rolled off the paddle.

Check the balloons for deterioration by holding them over the bathtub and pulling and squeezing them. If the rubber is beginning to rot, this is the time to find out. Always have a couple of spares for each size you use.

I would like to find a place to buy these balloons new. Those I get from the surplus stores may be years old when I get them. They have lasted several years for me although, of course, I use them much less than the A-1 female impersonators, like Bobby Daye. If any of your readers can furnish me with this information, I would greatly appreciate it.



LETTERS FROM FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

At a party several years ago, I was using these falsies and a drunk, who thought that I was one of the tall girls--I was masked that night--really worked me over. The naturalness of these falsies as to touch and warmth had its acid test that night, and they passed the test.

If I had some one to correspond with and discuss such subjects as the above, I would not feel so lonely and sad about my transvestism. Perhaps, if I lived in a large city, where I was in touch with a lot of female impersonators, I might feel more like a full-time transvestite.

However, as one who likes his way of life with an infrequent detour into the fanciful, I shall probably go on in life as I actually am. Wouldn't it be awful if you "accidentally" left this letter where one of the "girls" saw it and discovered my address and right name and wrote to me?

If anybody did write to me, I would be most happy to answer promptly and exchange photos. I am enclosing a few photos of myself so your readers can see what I look like in female attire.

Sincere wishes to the girls,
RENE DEL RIO

"TALES OF FEMALE DOMINATION OVER MAN"

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