

# He's All Man, but...

by Richard Campbell

The curtain rises on a stage in Las Vegas, to reveal a beautiful and sensuous blonde swaying seductively to the muted music in the background.

The eyes of the entire room are riveted on the gorgeous dancer—a tall figure with a lithe and graceful body and sexy walk. Every man's idea of a fine stripper.

Tammy Novack is a successful artist in this field, which is more remarkable when you consider that Tammy is really a man!

"Tammy's been doing this number for about four years now, and he's a darned sight better at it than most of the girls I've seen," says Betty Salway, the attractive brunette who has been married to Tammy for five years.

"When I first met him, a long time ago now, Tammy was just a barman in a sleazy joint in L.A.," continues Betty, "and obviously hated it. He wanted to be in show business so bad it was killing him — and yet he didn't seem to have any act in mind.

"After I had known him a while, he plucked up the

walked in, dressed in a real fine outfit — she looked really cute, and I was annoyed.

"I yelled at her to go away, and that she had no right being there, but she just smiled at me and spoke my name.

"Of course then I realized who it was. I was stunned. I wanted to rush up and hug him to tell him how great he looked, but I was a little confused by his appearance.

"Anyways he solved that little problem by grabbing me in his arms and making love to me with a passion he

# MY HUSBAND IS A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR!

courage to tell me of his secret passion.

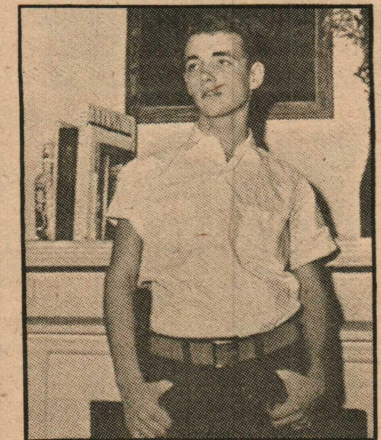
"We were at his place, and had been making out for a while. Suddenly he got up and went out of the room to his closet. He told me to stay where I was.

"After about fifteen minutes he still hadn't come back, and this tall blonde

had never displayed before.

"As he thrust his tongue into my mouth and ran his hands over my body, I thrilled to the feel of his masculine touch, whilst being slightly excited by his female appearance. It all seemed so naughty.

"When he slipped his hand down to my slit, I was already



shaking and flowing like a tap. Quickly he started rubbing my throbbing clitty, as he rammed the fingers of his other hand into my twitching vagina.

"We fell back onto the bed, and I felt the hard swell of his stiff member pressing against my stomach. I grasped it, wondering hazily how such a splendid weapon could be contained and concealed in a flimsy pair of nylon panties.

"Quickly he ripped off his underwear and threw up my dress. He pressed his tongue into the wet folds of my eager pussy, licking at the juices hungrily. His tongue

ran a fiery shiver through my body, as I crushed my gaping sex at his tireless lips.

"Pretty soon he was too excited to hold back any more, and he reached up to sink his swollen weapon into my aroused femininity.

"While I felt the powerful plunge of his tool move deep into my vitals, I looked up to see the face of a woman gasping in ecstasy above me. The shock to my senses was so violent that I jerked wildly and came in a series of delicious heaves, sucking the lava out of the rock that was deep inside my sex.

"Ever since that time, I knew that Tammy had what it takes to be a big success. We changed his name and began to refine his act until it was the equal or better of any girl stripper I had seen.

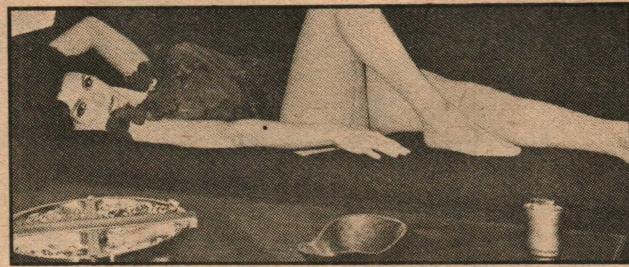
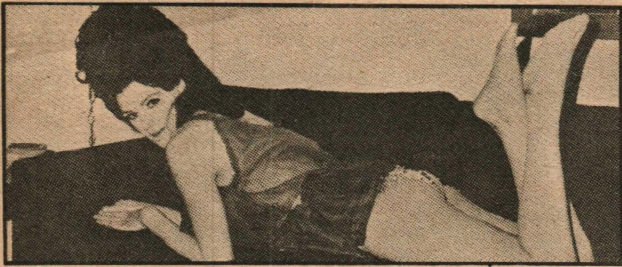
"Agents were keen to book him right from the start, but we played it nice and easy so that Tammy wouldn't be rushed too much, and could keep up with himself.

"Keep up! How does \$750 a week clear sound? For a guy who four years ago was making \$75 a week gross!"

It's a strange profession — but then boys will be girls! Especially for money!



# Says Mrs. Tammy Novack



# I WAS A LEZ STRIPPER—

by Herman Matthiesen

Many people have sexual identity problems of some sort or another in varying degrees, and some find it hard to adjust completely.

But none so hard as Mort Stevens, who was born female, became a lesbian and a stripper, was surgically transformed into a male, and now is a female impersonator at the very same strip club that he worked as a woman!

"I guess you could say I've been through more changes in my life than most people would care to have," says Mort, in his New York City apartment. "It's been a hard road, but I'm sure I have now found the real me under all those agonies.

"I took a job as a stripper in a New York club when I was only eighteen," continues twenty-six-year-old Mort, "and had had almost no experience with sex, on account of being so shy.

"I got the job because it was the only place I could be where I didn't have to meet people socially—a stripper's life can be pretty lonely, and there was a kind of freedom in that that attracted me to it.

"I soon found that while I performed I was really playing for the girls in the audiences. The sight of the leering men turned me right off. I used to get into some nasty situations from telling drunken men to leave me alone.

"Finally a lesbian in the audience figured me out one night and took me back to her place and seduced me. The excitement I felt when our naked bodies touched showed me exactly where I was at sexually.

"Strangely enough though, it seemed to me that I wasn't reacting to her lovemaking as a girl, but more in a male way. I desperately wanted to be able to thrust a warm throbbing penis into her snatch—and the fact that I only had a well-developed clitoris made me terribly unhappy.

"Life went on in this way for some time, and the more chicks I made it with, the more it became clear that there was something wrong with my physical body. The girls could sense it, and soon I had a hard time finding a partner.

"Finally I went to see a psychiatrist, and he advised me to consider a sex change. At the thought that it might

be possible to give me my rightful sexual makeup, I was thrilled, and set about it right away.

"It wasn't at all easy. It took me months to find a guy who would try the operation, and much longer to get through the entire process.

"The main thing was hormone injections, which stimulated male body characteristics to grow, and repressed the female ones. My breasts began to shrink, and my clitoris seemed to grow into something like a real penis. A fair amount of surgery was needed to close up my female genitals, and aid the substitution of the male.

"Skin was grafted to create



## UNTIL I BECAME A MAN



a scrotum, and artificial testicles inserted. I had a small but recognizable penis after about a year, and after intense treatment and therapy, I was ready to enter the world as the man I always wanted to be.

"The strangest thing was, that I couldn't quite get rid of my desire to dress in fancy female clothes, and I went through agonies about this until I had the idea to satisfy that need, which many completely normal men have, by getting back my job as a stripper.

"I never told the boss about the operation, and he was completely fooled. It was weird going to all that trouble to look like a male, and then having to disguise the successful results, but I looked on it as just a job, with one or two drawbacks, like any job has, and it was no hassle.



"I finally told the boss about the op. after a successful three-week engagement, and after he recovered from the shock, he suggested that I make the show an impersonation routine. Some of the regulars were a bit stunned, but now that it's settled down, I'm doing better than ever."

Mort—alias Moorish the stripper—has finally found his ideal man—himself. And any woman who is dreading the change of life should take a lesson from him. Mort changed sex to avoid it!