

# FEMALE MIMICS



Vol. 1 No. 3

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ACME



THE WORLD'S FOREMOST

FEMALE IMPERSONATORS



# FEMALE MIMICS

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COVER: TERRY NOEL

COLOR INSERT: TERRY NOEL, RICKY RENE

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## Exclusive First Person Story!

Birth certificate shows that "Patricia Ann Morgan" (below) was born Henry Glavocich in New Jersey, is now 24 years old.

HUDSON COUNTY  
Bureau of Vital Statistics  
JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

**FACSIMILE OF RECORD OF BIRTH**

No. 2667      16909      November 19, 1963

1. PLACE OF BIRTH: Hudson, Jersey City, Hudson County, New Jersey

2. CHILD'S NAME: Henry Peter Glavocich

3. FATHER'S NAME: Nicholas Glavocich, Salesman

4. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME: Rose Arcosiano

5. DATE BORN: 3-16-39

6. SEX: Male

7. DATE OF BIRTH: March 12, 1963

8. SIGNATURE: Herbert Abrams

9. REGISTRAR'S SIGNATURE: William A. Purcell

10. DATE: 3-16-39

11. COUNTY: Hudson

12. CITY: Hoboken

13. STREET ADDRESS: 560-1st Street

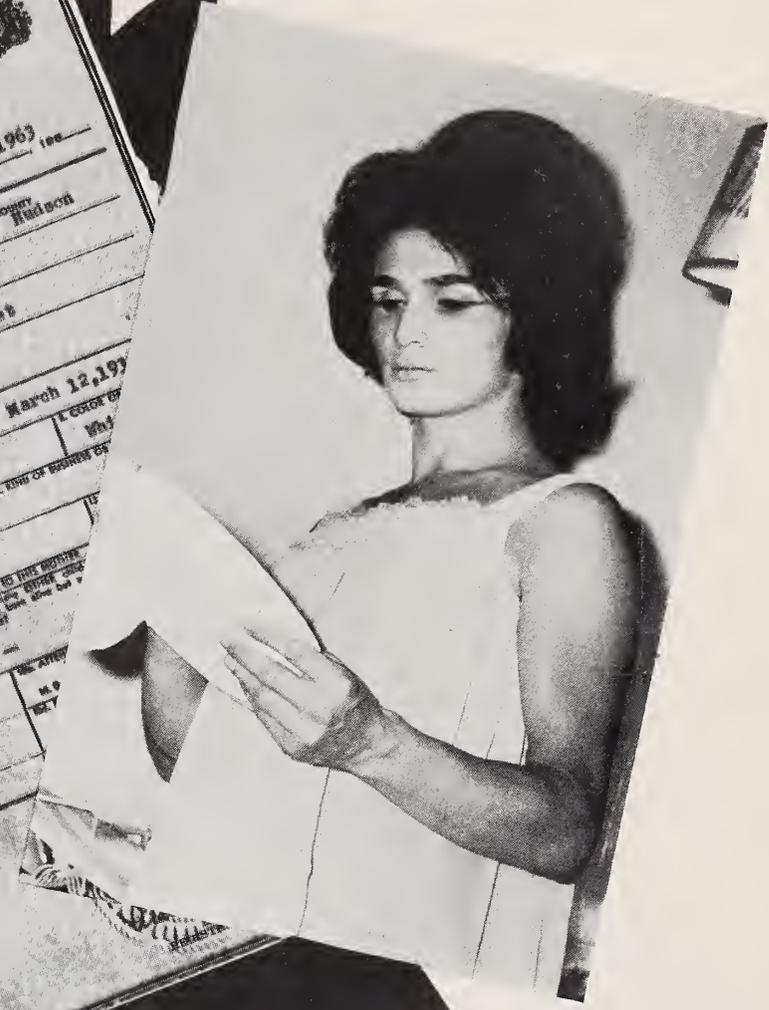
14. STATE: N.J.

15. I hereby certify that this child was born alive on the date stated above.

16. The date of birth and sex of this child are correct according to law.

17. REGISTERING CLERK'S SIGNATURE: [Signature]

18. DATE: 11-19-63



# HOW I CHANGED MY SEX!

by Patricia Ann Morgan

# *A misfit for 22 years, Patricia took the bold step and*



**I**T WAS A wonderful day for a trial. I awoke early, dressed carefully in my best blouse and skirt and hummed with happiness as I put on makeup, flounced out the door of my apartment and headed for the courthouse on Manhattan's Centre Street where I was being tried for indecent exposure.

The calendar said it was August 11, 1963, but for me it was like my birthday, wedding day and anniversary all rolled into one. It wasn't the first time in my life I had seen the inside of a courtroom. I had spent almost three years in jail back when I was a Different Kind of Person. But the idea of being charged with walking down East 57th Street in New York City wearing shorts that revealed too much tickled me to my womanly core.

This time I beamed with happiness as my heels clickety-clacked down the hallway. Men turned to watch me and even the magistrate looked up as I entered the court. Until my case was called I sat there smiling to myself, conscious in a feminine way of the sideward glances of men about me.

"City of New York vs. Patricia Ann Morgan," the clerk bawled out. I swept from my seat and walked up the aisle, then stopped and stood demurely and respectfully before the magistrate. As the charges were read out I stared at him behind his high majestic legal platform desk. He stared right back, matching my smile with one of his own.

"Are these charges correct, Miss Morgan?" he asked when the clerk's machine-gun monotone finally stopped. "Did you really walk down East 57th Street on August 4 wearing shorts that were too short?"

"No, your Honor," I said, "My shorts weren't too short. It's just that my legs are too long!"

"Case dismissed," the magistrate laughed. And I couldn't help but laugh along with him. Because I had just made my point the way a woman should, with a smile, a quip and a toss of the hip.

Another woman might not think anything of my performance, but

*Today fully a woman, Patricia is taking singing and acting lessons*

## went through a series of painful operations—but she

deep inside me I felt my feminine pride glow white hot.

Because I had only just gotten back from Los Angeles, where I had shed my male sex forever and had a series of operations that changed me into a woman!

The approval of that magistrate, his looking on me as a *beautiful girl*, made the heartbreak and frustration of my life fade away. It more than repaid me for the \$15,000 I spent to become a girl, for the months of unbelievable agony in hospital beds as the surgeons'

knives trimmed my body and changed it from male to female.

\* \* \*

I guess my story really begins when I was seven years old. Living with an aunt in Hoboken, New Jersey, my father dead, mother at her wit's end, no homelife but the certain knowledge that I was being passed from one relative to another, I began to hate my masculine sex. I hated my father for the way he fought with mother. By the time he finally died I had to be paid to go to his funeral.

And I hated my grandparents because they looked down on my mother. They thought their son was too good for her. Mother was proud; she stole milk from doorsteps to feed me as a baby. But when her pride broke one day and she asked her mother-in-law for milk, the old bitch spat at her and said "Go to hell!"

The older I grew, the more unhappy I got. Girls wouldn't play with me in school and boys beat me up, calling me horrid names and grinding my lunch into the ground

*Patricia wants to get married—but is wary of men who still regard her as a curiosity.*



under their shoes.

I was 15 and a shoeshine boy after school in New York City and Hoboken when I read a newspaper story about a sex change operation. Until I saw it in black and white I didn't even know such operations existed. I knew then that I wanted to be a girl.

What I didn't know was the strange battle of sex going on inside my juvenile body, a fight between arrested maleness and latent femaleness. Much later on, when doctors told me my male characteristics could have been emphasized with an operation to make my male organs descend to the place God meant them to be, instead of up in my abdomen where they still were, I thanked Him that no such operation was performed. I wanted to be a woman, and anything that could have turned me into a hateful man like my father would have been more than I could have taken.

So I tried as best I could, a sheep among goats, forced to wear trousers I disliked instead of the skirts I longed for, taken to the barber by sheer strength to have my hair cut short when I cried for it to be long.

Looking back now, it's no wonder my relatives muttered behind my back about how "Henry is turning into a fairy." They didn't understand what was happening inside me. Nobody did, least of all myself.

So finally they kicked me out with no clothes and only 50 cents in my pocket. I don't really blame my aunt, though. What was she to think, looking down the hallway and seeing her nephew leaning against the wall kissing one of her boarders . . . a man?

After that, four years of strange living in New York City, sharing apartments with homosexuals who sold their bodies to men and then slugged and rolled them. I even went to prison for part of the time after my roommate was caught and I was blamed, too. But what could I do, a boy of 16 without working papers. I knew all about shining shoes, and just about nothing else!

*Shopping for feminine clothes was a big thrill for Patricia after operation made her physically into a real woman*



# *says all the pain was worth it!*

It was that prison term that made me certain I was going to be a woman, someday, somehow. I was put in a cell-block with homosexuals, me, a boy who was sent there in the first place because I had been caught associating with them!

The experience deepened my hatred of being a man, turned the very idea of having to go through life as a male into a cancer that ate into my soul.

Raising the money for the operations took me a year, not very long when you think how much it cost in the end. I did anything . . . and everything . . . to make money, hoarding and squirrelling it away in a dozen savings accounts until I had enough.

All the time a doctor friend of mine was trying to find out when and where the operations could be done. When he told me I could have them done at West Lake Memorial Hospital, in Los Angeles, I breathed a sigh of relief. I knew I didn't have enough money to go overseas and live while my sex was being changed.

But I still had one hurdle ahead of me: the doctor heading the surgical team scheduled to change me insisted that I undergo psychiatric tests to determine whether I would be a happier and better adjusted individual as a girl instead of a boy. Unless I passed the tests, no operations. He explained that he had to have the proof in case any other doctors complained to the Medical Association.

But I passed the tests, and the psychiatrists gave their go ahead.

I packed up everything I owned, clothes, pictures, letters, papers, the whole works that could remind me of when I was a man. And I took them over to the East River at three o'clock in the morning and heaved them into the water, one thing at a time, laughing as each item hit the choppy surface, was grabbed by the current and swirled off into

*Applying for a change of legal status to a woman, Patricia wants to adopt children after she gets married.*



the darkness.

It was November 15, 1961, I had spent 22 years as a horrible, hateful male. But the end of it was in sight.

I was strangely shy and scared when I met the medical experts who were going to perform the surgery of my sex change. All men, they seemed to look at me with what I thought was pity, or disgust. Maybe it was all in my mind, but I couldn't help thinking they didn't approve of the operations, and wouldn't have agreed to perform them except for the medical challenges they always seemed to enjoy so much.

After two days of physiological tests I was awakened at 6:00 a.m. and my lower body was shaved and covered with disinfectant. Then I was wheeled into the operating theatre where the seven surgeons waited, gowned, gloved and scrubbed. As I breathed in the anaesthesia to the gentle sound of hissing instruments and murmured voices, I looked up into the bright overhead lights staring down at me like huge eyes and breathed a silent prayer that everything would come-off all right. Ahead lay six hours of major surgery.

\* \* \*

Coming back to consciousness was pain, agony that spread throughout my body and down my

nerves. "My God, I never expected this!" I thought. The waves of pain seemed to pulse and recede.

But then I looked down at my lower body, swathed in clean white bandages. Even though everything was completely covered, I could see from the smooth curve of the gauze that my male organs had been successfully removed. For the next six weeks I lay in the hospital bed without moving, under constant sedation to fight the pain, with two tubes hanging out of the bandaged area to take care of wastes.

Then I was released for another month's recuperation with a girl friend in her apartment. I couldn't afford to stay at the hospital.

In February I went back in for the female operation, which provided me with artificial femininity and the means to use my body the way any woman does. Again my life revolved around pain for a month, as the tender tissues slowly repaired themselves from the swift but sure strokes of the surgeon's scalpels.

The final operation was a breeze compared to the first two—simple plastic surgery to remove any disfiguring scars. As I hesitantly left the hospital for the last time it was as a woman, or as close to a woman as anybody born a man could

be. The heat of the July sun was like a blast from a steel mill fire door as I went out on the street, pushed in a wheelchair. But no amount of weather discomfort could affect me now that I had finally reached my goal.

That summer, and the fall and winter following, were filled with wonderment and joy for me, as I experienced the delights of being a woman. I shopped for clothes, went to the hairdresser and bought shoes by the dozens. I even experienced the thrill of going with men as a woman does, admired and wanted and happy to give their all, secure in the knowledge that I was now a member of what some silly people call the Weaker Sex.

I don't know what lies ahead of me now that my life has been changed so radically. When I got back to New York last August I took my own apartment under my new name, and applied to the State of New Jersey to have my birth certificate changed from "male" to "female." As soon as all the necessary affidavits have been filed from the hospital in California I will legally be a woman.

But I am so much more successful as a woman than I ever was as a misfit male that I know that my decision was the right one. I've taken up singing and acting lessons, and even been offered a show in Greenwich Village. But I turned it down because that is part of the life that I would just as soon forget.

Like every normal woman I want to get married and have a family. I've had proposals, but the man I marry will have to want me as a woman, not as a curiosity, and so far that's what my suitors have felt. Once my birth certificate has been changed I don't expect to have any trouble adopting children, and I want several so I can give them the kind of childhood I never had myself.

But the proof of the rightness of my new sex, I guess, is my changed attitude towards men. From a half-man filled with loathing and revulsion towards his own sex, I have been changed into a woman who likes men, needs men and appreciates them for the grown-up little boys that they really are.

*As a half-man, Patricia hated men — now, as a woman, she needs them.*



# STUNNING AND STAGS



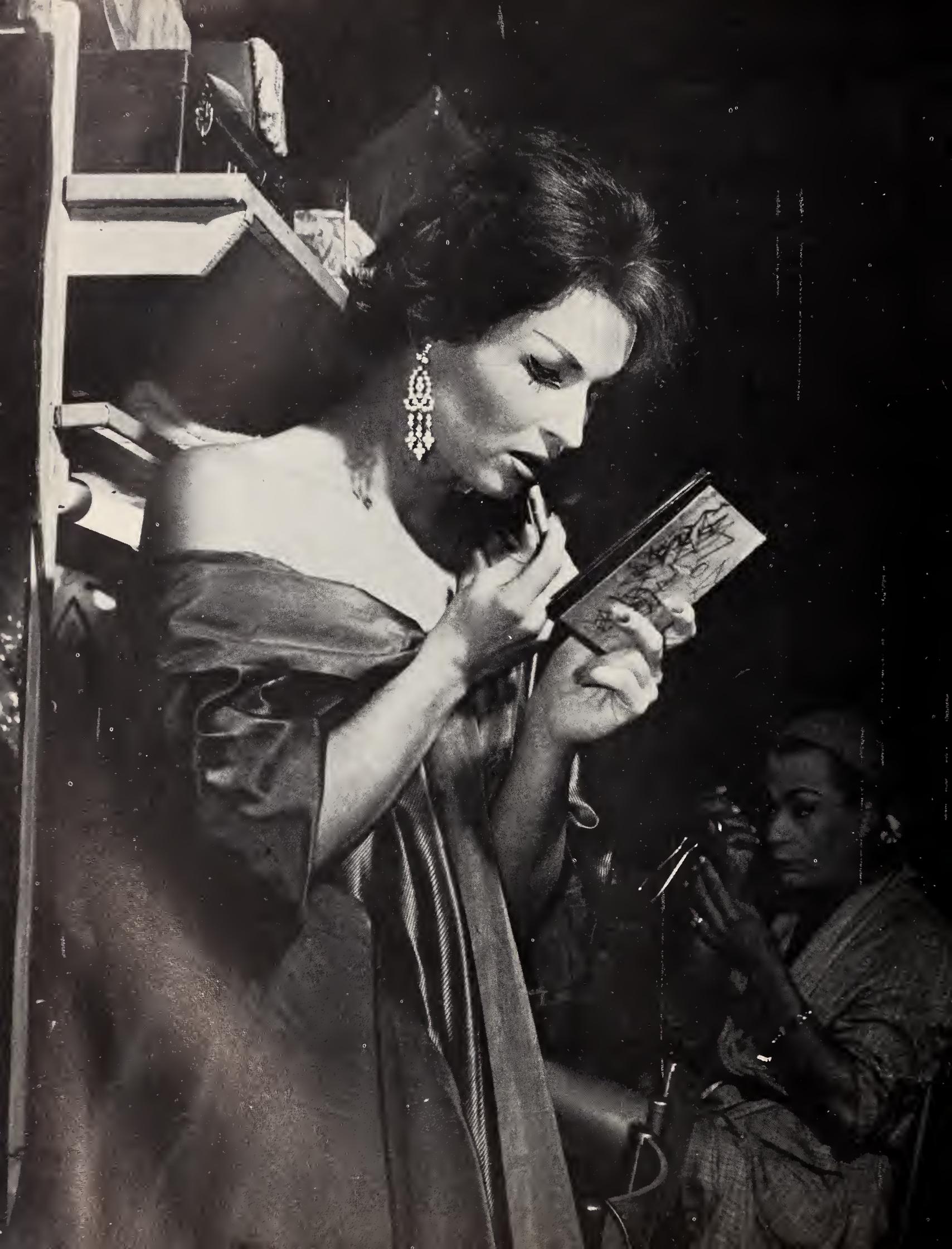
*Finale of one of the shows at Frau Helen's. Note that the performers don't stint on the lavishness of their costumes.*

The hottest nitespot rage in Europe these days is the *travesti* club, featuring female impersonators, patterned after such originators of the idea as the Carousel and Madame Arthur's of Paris. Already England has a couple, Amsterdam has one, and now Frankfurt, Germany has joined the bandwagon with its Frau Helen Club, the first of several such clubs planned for Germany. At first drawing on talent from its French and English counterparts, Frau Helen's soon expects to develop its own, native talent, now that a showcase for it has been opened. To get the ball rolling and encourage this new talent, Frau Helen features twice a week an amateur night with prizes to winners, and, in the case of two amateurs already, contracts for regular appearances. Popular with the West German citizens and U.S. Army men stationed nearby, Frau Helen's appears to be the big hit of postwar Germany.



*Backstage at Frau Helen's gives a peek at some of the leading performers. At the top is an Englishman, Freddie Mack; at left, two from the Carousel in Paris, Clarisse (Georges Fath) and Helen (Jacques) Ange. Above are Frenchmen Alex Bourget and Simon Blanc. At page right a West Berliner who is the star of Frau Helen's, Rudi Kuntsler.*





*Rudi (right) and some more of the travesti crew at Frau Helen's. Satire is very big in Germany these days, and skits kidding politics highlight the shows, in addition to the usual singing and dancing. At page left is Heinz Albrecht, who won the first Frau Helen amateur contest, is now a regular performer.*





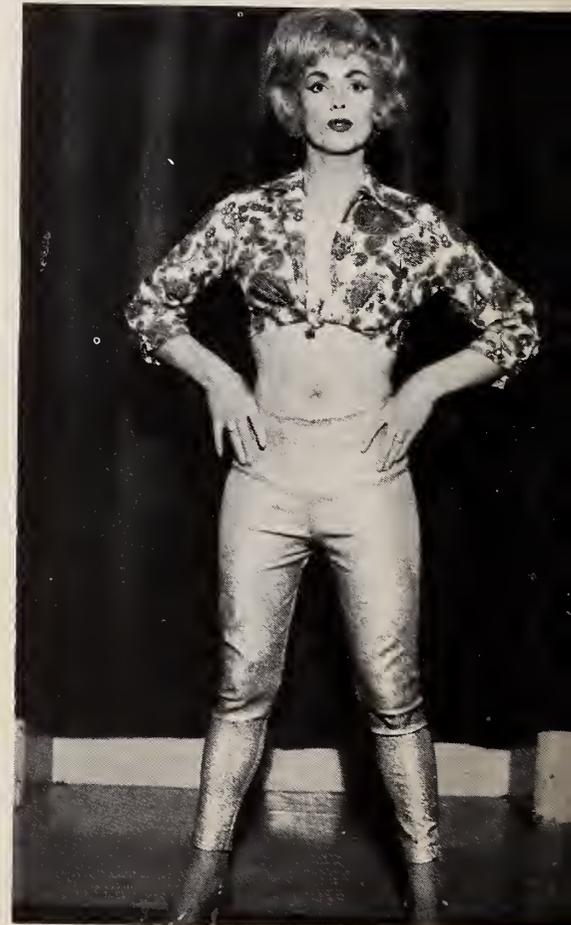
## TERRY THE TANTALIZING

As British photographer Pryce Forbes entered the neat little house in Leeds he was met by a young man wearing slacks and sports shirt who introduced himself as Terry Durham, the female impersonator. At the house to photograph Terry for publicity pictures, Forbes nodded as Terry excused himself so that he could dress in his "working clothes." In a few moments, as Forbes was sipping a scotch, in walked a beautiful blonde.

"Terry's in the back room changing," said Forbes.

The blonde laughed. "I'm Terry," the impersonator said.

Forbes stared and gasped. He had photographed many a female impersonator in his professional life, but none in his experience had looked so ravishingly a woman. After taking a number of photographs in dresses and evening wear Forbes suggested several in tights and bra to show off Terry's unusual bustline. Some time ago the female impersonator had an operation to enlarge his bust to give greater realism to his act. Thirty years old, Terry has been a female impersonator for five years, mostly in clubs around London, although he once appeared in Paris, at the Carousel.









*An accomplished accordionist, Terry began his professional career as a female impersonator wearing high hat and tails, high heels and blonde wig, and playing the accordion. Today, one of the leading practitioners of his art in England, he specializes in songs and patter and a striptease act. Patrons find it difficult to believe that the performer is a man, especially with the impressive results of his bust operation.*

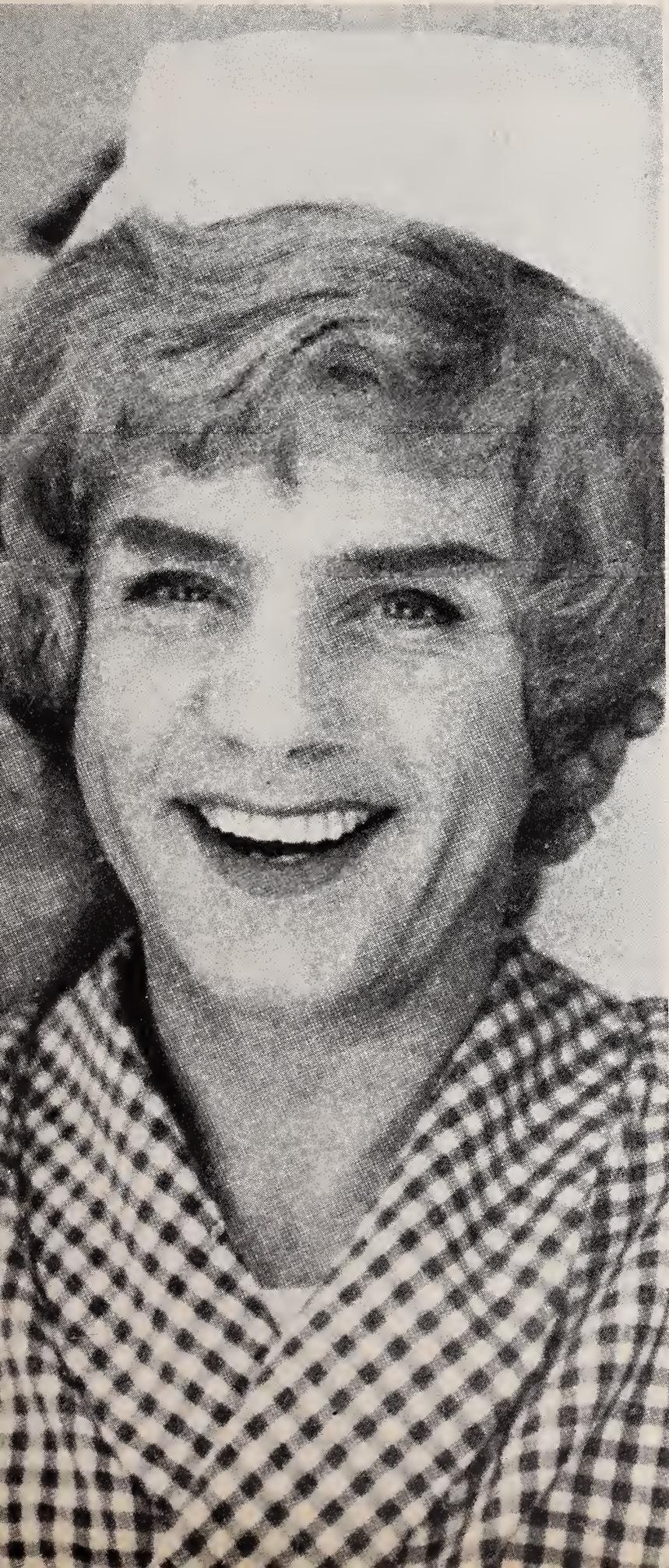


# “A STITCH IN TIME”



*Though not calculated to raising temperatures in that nurses's rig, British actor Norman Wisdom does tickle the funny bones in his latest film.*





Maybe British actor Norman Wisdom dressed up as a nurse wouldn't rate a boyish smile from Dr. Kildare or risk a pat on the fanny from a wolfish interne, but he's believable enough in his latest film, "A Stitch in Time," to pass muster as a female.

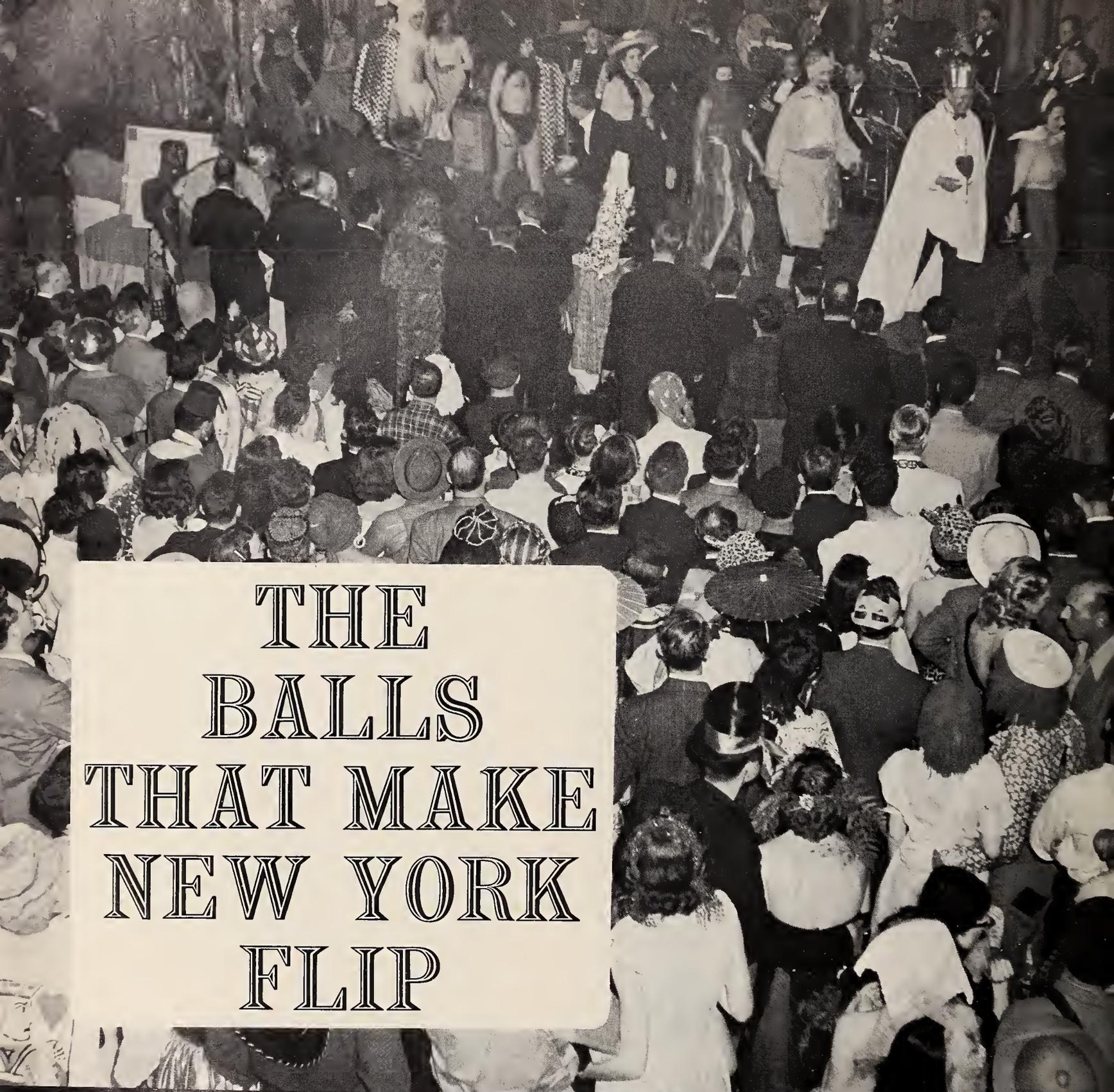
Credit Pinewood Production make-up man George Blacker with much of the success. He did a great job of making Wisdom believable as a nurse. He waxed out the actor's eyebrows to make them thinner, gave him false eyelashes, shaded his face to make it look thinner, painted his lips fuller and used a flesh-colored make-up to cover up the shadow of his beard. Then hair stylist Bidy Chrystal took over, gave Norman a blond wig and a coiffure. The costume department provided a nurse's outfit. No falsies, no girdle. Just Norman.

The gimmick is, the actor is not turning into a female impersonator for the movie. More like a Peeping Tom. He's portraying a butcher's assistant who changes into a nurse right in the nurse's dressing room at a hospital, enjoying the Peeping Tom's paradise of seeing gorgeous nurses getting into and out of uniform. So he becomes girl enough to fool the other nurses, but remains man enough to retain his own identity.

Even the usually indifferent camera crews got a laugh at the actor's first wiggles across the sound stage, looking like a duck out of water. As Wisdom himself explained, "I was trying to look effeminate but making a hash of it. I'd get it all just a little bit wrong, even that wriggle of the bottom. To the audience I've got to look like Norman Wisdom trying to look like a girl. But I couldn't ham it up too much or the audience wouldn't believe I could fool the other nurses. And if they don't believe that—bang goes half the fun of it."

That Norman Wisdom succeeded is evident from the reviews and the success of the film in England. American audiences will be just as convinced.





THE  
BALLS  
THAT MAKE  
NEW YORK  
FLIP

*It's lunacy time in Manhattan when Artists Equity and the Art Students League hold their annual jamborees! Begowned and bejeweled the boys who would be girls wow the crowds with their costumes and capers*

*These photos were taken at the latest Art Students League Ball in New York, where more people came to stare than be seen. For obvious reasons there seemed to be a large number of Cleopatras in the crowd—like the Queen at lower right.*



*It's a real drag race  
with the winner the  
fastest guy with a  
fancy garter belt!*



Take the New Orleans and Rio Mardi Gras and put 'em both under one roof and what have you got? A fair idea of what goes on—not to mention comes off—each year in New York when the Art Student League and Artists Equity hold their annual balls. Costumes, gowns and jewels that have been lying in moth balls and velvet all year are brought out and prepared for the big events—and not so much by the ladies, but the gentlemen!





*Still at the Art Students League Ball, these are all guys dressed as gals—and could you tell the difference? Take a look, for example, at the fashionable foursome below and the twisting torso at the right, prime examples of the tops in female impersonation!*





***You can't tell the guys from the gals at these gala bashes—but nobody seems to care! From the tango to the twist the swingers strut, stomp and sway until dawn chases 'em home!***



*Things are no less zany at the Artists Equity Ball, where these candid photos were taken not long ago. Take a look at the motorcycle madcaps at right and the terrific twosome page left who look like they just stepped out of the Follies.*



***The spirits are willing and the flesh is pretty much in evidence among the boys and girls who make each year's ball the wildest ever***

*Boys will be boys, as the saying goes—except at such events as the Artists Equity Ball, when lots of the boys will be girls if you look closely enough. It's sequins and satin instead of socks and shirts for these laddies.*





*A chance to kick up their high heels is just what the boys have been waiting for all year; the hairdressers and the costume rentals get the big rush when it's Ball time in mad old Manhattan.*





# HAPPY NOEL

*Meet Terry Noel,  
for whom it's  
always Christmas  
time from now on!*

*Hailed as one of  
the top new female  
impersonators  
in the business*

*Terry is happy with  
a new coast-to-coast  
deal he just signed!*



*Watch this miracle in make-up jobs as Terry transforms himself into*



*Make-up is the first and perhaps most important part of Terry's transformation into a woman. Powder and eye-shadow start it.*



*Terry's almost non-existent eyebrows get a heavy pencilling in, then lipstick is brushed on, and finally the blonde wig donned.*

*as beautiful a performer as ever did a turn under the spotlight*



*Darkening the lashes is an expert's job, and Terry could probably get a job in Hollywood as a make-up man if he wanted the career.*



*Terry knows the sex appeal value of good lingerie, goes in for dark-shades of silk stockings, a tight, black leather girdle.*



*Terry's wardrobe at home has a fantastic array of shoes, from flats to fancy high heels, and gowns and furs to make any woman swoon with envy.*

While New York City at this writing is talking about the exciting entertainment provided by female impersonator Terry Noel, the rest of the country is waiting its turn—for Terry has just signed for his first coast-to-coast tour, a journey that will take him to fifty cities and more than a hundred nightspots from Miami to San Francisco. Terry got started in female impersonations comparatively recently, but with his features and figure he could be considered to have a natural flair for it. A wig, panchromatic make-up and a gown, and Terry's ready to go out there and surprise the crowds with a darn good singing voice and an act that has 'em screaming for more. A native New Yorker, Terry is looking forward to his tour, the first time he has had a chance to travel professionally since breaking in his act at the Club 82 on Manhattan's lower East Side.





*A real bug for leather garments, Terry loves the feel and smell of new leather, has dozens of leather gloves and many jackets.*



*Bedecked in black leather from shoes to girdle to bra, Terry shows what goes under the fancy dresses he wears when performing. Dress at page right, for example, cost him two hundred dollars; obviously his wardrobe is a tremendous expense to a performer. By the end of 1964 Terry Noel is a good bet to be among the topmost ranks of female impersonators, famed all over the U.S.*



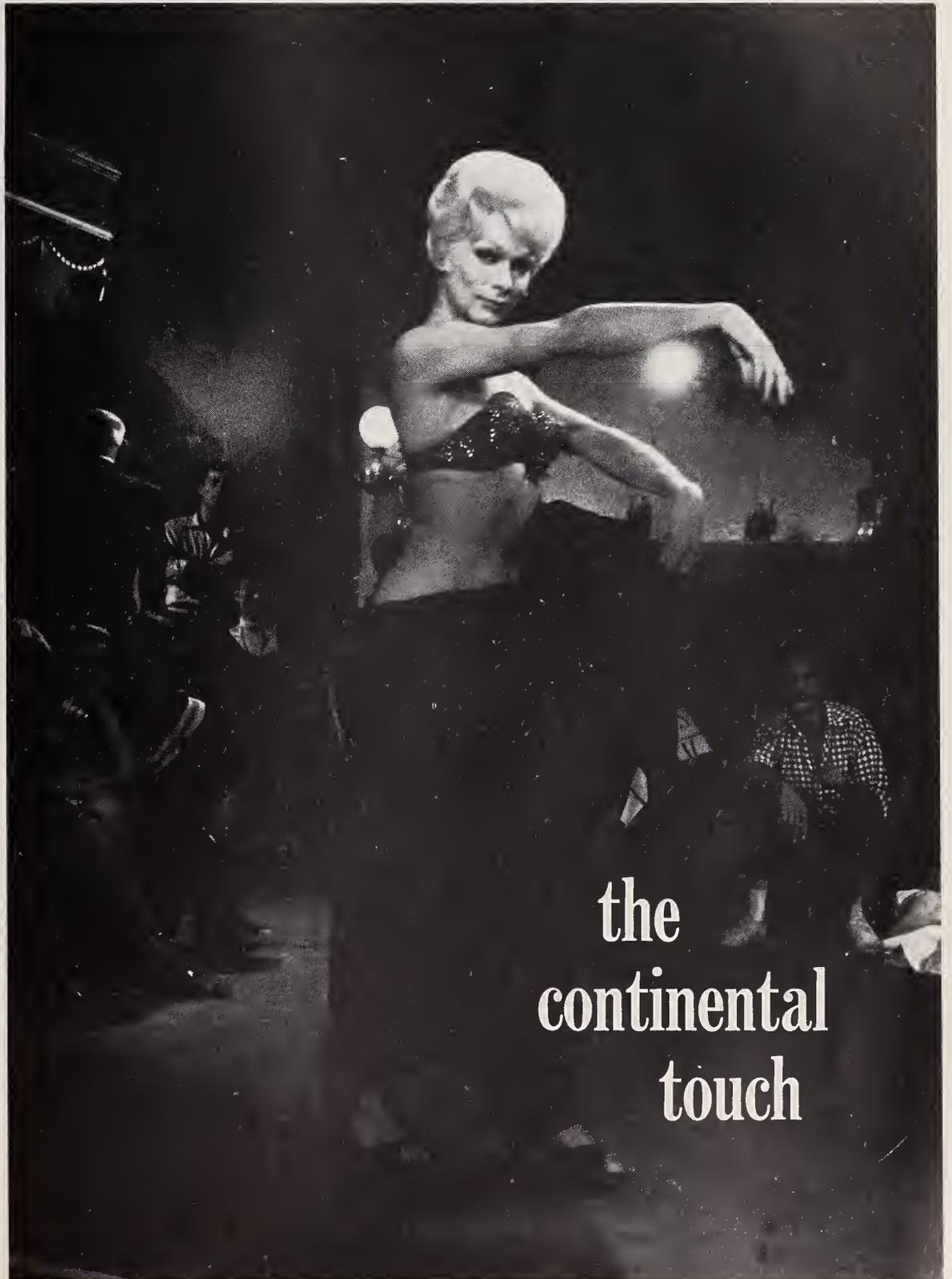








*Hamburg's famous Reperbahn has been the scene of some sensational nitespot acts— but Ricky Rene has the whole town calling Kamerad!*



the  
continental  
touch





*Ricky gets his act going with a song, mixing straight ballads with bawdy parodies.*



*A native New Yorker, Ricky got started at Club 82, went to Paris to work at the Carousel, now is making a tour of the principal clubs in Europe.*

# the continental touch



The German seaport city of Hamburg is famous throughout the world (or maybe *in-famous* is the word) for its Reperbahn, the German version of Soho, Greenwich Village, Pigalle, and maybe a bit of the old Barbary Coast thrown in for good measure. They get a lot of exciting acts and fabulous performers along the Reperbahn, but few lately that can match the stirring strip act of female impersonator Ricky Rene. These photos, taken in a Reperbahn *rathskellar* club, show Ricky doing part of his strip act. He seems to be especially popular among the young German college student group who frequent the clubs.



# FIT FOR A



*It's costumes wild when king meets king, and neither gives a deuce about how much jack it'll cost. That's the story here as Toby Marsh, a king of the female impersonator set, meets Rex Huntington, king of the costumers, for a royal fitting*

# KING







*Toby, from Weehawken, New Jersey, picks out a snazzy red number that looks like it has possibilities.*

Those in and around show business know that a substantial part of a performer's expenses are put into clothes and accessories. This is true no matter what the act, but it is even more so when the performer is a female impersonator. Because he not only has to bedazzle the audience, but hide his sex, convince the audience that he is a woman, the female impersonator has to spend big for clothes—gowns, shoes, lingerie, accessories such as jewelry, wigs and make-up. Anywhere from fifty to five hundred dollars might be spent on one single outfit. Almost needless to say, therefore, designing, making and supplying the female impersonator can be a taxing, but profitable undertaking. One of the best in the business is Rex Huntington, who not only designs, fits and makes clothes for female impersonators, but is an expert make-up artist who acts as their cosmetician as well. Here Rex has allowed us to peek into his workroom to see step by step how he goes about making up and fitting female impersonator Toby Marsh.





*A former Hollywood make-up man and designer, Rex, beginning to make up Toby here, settled down in the East and began specializing in gowns and make-up for the female impersonators in the New York area.*





*New wig in place and make-up on, Toby begins to try on some of the lingerie at Rex's. Silk stockings and a garter belt are first items on the agenda for this female impersonator.*







*Next lingerie items for Toby are red panties and a red bra, the latter helped along with the addition of foam rubber gay deceivers. Rex helps as Toby has trouble with garter belt.*





*High heels on and looking every inch a woman, Toby even starts to think like one, can't seem to make up his mind about this gown.*





*But now it's on, with Rex helping with the zipping, and Toby is positively dazzling — another tremendous production by Rex Huntington. How much did it cost? We were afraid to ask!*





# COMIC STRIP



*Pudgy Roberts may be a clown—but he sure ain't no fool, not the way he's been making a roaring success of his comic strip act. A new and novel twist in female impersonator acts, Pudgy's comic strips have tickled the ribs of sophisticated audiences coast to coast, and most lately in New York's Village clubs. Once a straight singing act, Pudgy found the pickings better and the money greener doing the clown act combined with female mimicking—a unique combination.*



LE MONOCLE



# TORRID THREE



# FROM GAY PAREE

*The advice still goes—if there's something you're looking for and can't find it, look in Paris—like these three switcheroos of the Left Bank, clubs where Women do the Man bit!*



*Friends are easy to find for those who come to Le Monocle without one. Definitely not a man's world in here.*



*The Monocle is a popular hangout for the artist and writer set of Paris.*

Photos on these and successive two pages were taken at Le Monocle, which is in the Montparnasse section of Parea's Left Bank. The section, known for the eccentricities of its characters, boasts more nightclubs per square foot than any other city in the world. Perhaps one of the most famous, at least for the past 25 years or so, is this Le Monocle, hostessed by a unique woman named Jo. A member of the resistance during the German occupation, she is one of the few women ever awarded the French Legion of Honor. Among her friends she lists many persons important in international political life. Jo runs an unusual club: the doors open at midnight and don't close again until dawn. Guests are mostly women, escorted or not. In either case, however, they are sure to have a good time and find another woman to dance with. The orchestra is female, and the waiters are women dressed and groomed as men.

*There's hardly a man to be seen on the dance floor at Le Monocle, and, except for the artiste crowd, few men ever enter.*



*Hostess Jo greets her guests, most of whom are regular patrons of Le Monocle and similar Paris clubs.*





*The bar at Le Monocle is the rendezvous point for most of the unescorted women; they'll sit and heckle dancers to get attention.*



## Chez Moune



*Frede, smartly dressed, lounges casually against the wall chatting with guests at her smart nitespot. Seated at left is Michele Berger, the club's secretary.*



*Frede herself, the proprietress. Her clothes are made specially for her by a Paris couturier.*



Second of the Left Bank's unusual clubs is Frede's Cabaret, presided over by Frede herself, a well known character in art circles and unofficial arbiter elegantum of Paree's woman set. Catering like Le Monocle, less to the curiosity-seeking tourists than to the sophisticated set Paris, Frede runs a well-organized, well-decorated, expensive boite. Frede opens shop earlier in the evening than Le Monocle, and remains open until about five to accomodate many of the Left Bank's showbiz people who come by after their own shows close for a drink or a coffee before dawn sends them scurrying home to sleep. Most of Frede's guests are, of course, women who come on as men and find companionship in Frede's place.

## *Chez Moune*



*Every night seems like New Year's eve at Frede's Cabaret; the wine flows and the music plays constantly. Below, Frede chats at the bar with secretary Michele Berger.*



## Chez Moune

*Moune, with the short blond hair, kids with a customer at the bar. In background are Moune's waiters.*



Walk down three flights of narrow stairs on a certain sidestreet in Montparnasse and you'll find the third of Paree's torrid three of the unusual in nitespots. This one is called Chez Mouné, operated by a short-coiffed gal of the same name who dresses and acts like a man. Like Le Monocle and Frede's Cabaret, all the waiters and other help are women dressed like

men, and the club caters to those gals who would be guys and dress and act accordingly. The only gals look the part in Chez Mouné are the showgirls Mlle Mouné employs to entertain the customers, and these are among the most beautiful in Paris. Chez Mouné is packed solid night after night. Doors open at about 10 p.m. and stay open till dawn.

*Dancing with the female customers  
is part of the job for Moune; this gal  
is one of the rare ones dressed like one.*



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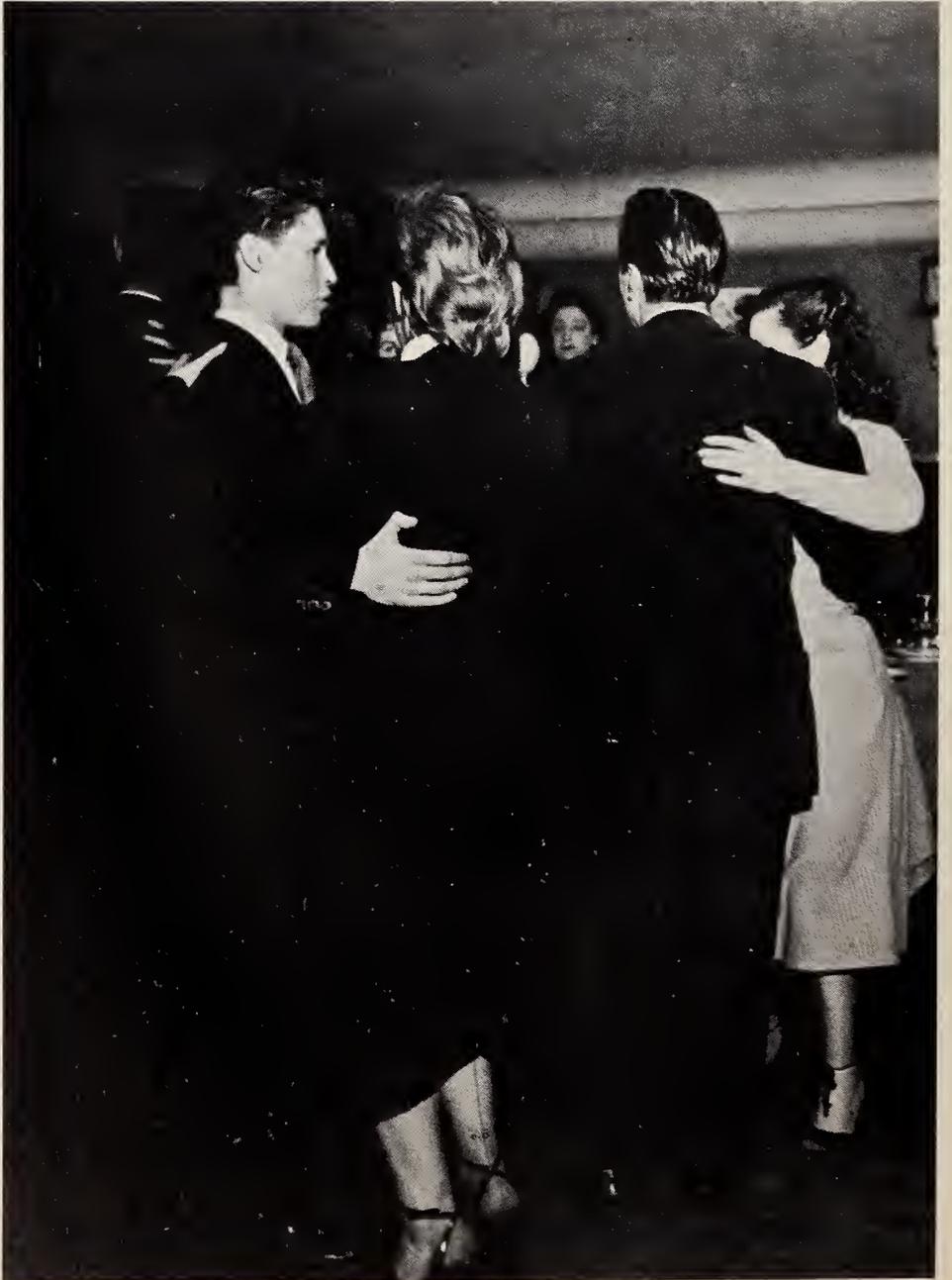
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*Stags don't make out too well at Chez Moune; the girls prefer each other for dancing and drinking partners; curiosity seekers are discouraged.*



# the readers always write



*Here's a new column intended just for you, the reader—it's your sounding board and your mirror . . . so drop us a note with your comments on the magazine and your thoughts in general, and include a photo of yourself for our next issues, coming soon.*



Dear Sir:

After reading your editorial of the Premiere issue I just have to tell you that it's great and accept my congratulations. I am a professional female impersonator. I enclose my picture; it will be an honor to have it in your magazine and of course be a pleasure for me to pose for you if you want me to. Thanks a million for all you are doing in behalf of female impersonators. We really appreciate it very much.

Mourish Stevens  
New York, N. Y.

• • •



**MOURISH**



**TOMMY**

Dear Sir:

I'm a San Franciscan and I just want to tell you in behalf of myself and many other professional female impersonators on the Coast that we think your first issue was simply great. It is about time we in the profession had a magazine all our own where we can be taken seriously and regarded as the true artists that we are.

My name is Tommy, and I'm





sending along my photo, which I hope you can publish along with my letter. Again, a big vote of thanks for the good work.

"Tommy"  
San Francisco, Calif.

• • •

Dear Sir:

Some of the fellows down here in Big D (Dallas, Texas) asked me to be their spokesman and write to tell you how swell we think your magazine is.

My name is Jan, and I've sent along a photo of myself which I hope you can publish in the near future. At the moment I'm just an amateur female impersonator but I hope one day soon to enter the professional ranks and make this a career.

All the guys in Dallas hope you'll continue and have great success.

"Jan"  
Dallas, Texas



JAN



• • •

Dear Sir:

Great! Just the end! That's what I say about your first issue! We female impersonators have been too long without representation in the magazines. Although I still consider myself an amateur I am now taking lessons from a professional and hope to make my debut in a short while.

Looking forward to your next issue.

"Dee"  
Philadelphia, Pa.

• • •

Dear Sirs:

Orchids to you for a wonderful magazine! I think you are filling a great void by producing a maga-

zine for and about female impersonators.

I am not a professional, just a fellow who likes to dress up in fancy woman's clothes in the privacy of his own apartment. Secretly I would love to become a professional female impersonator but I'm afraid I don't have much talent. Besides, I would be too bashful and frightened to appear in public dressed as a female.

Anyway, thanks for your good work and an enjoyable magazine.

"Pat"  
New York, N. Y.

• • •



DEE

Dear Sir:

Saludos! I am from Mexico City, and imagine my surprise when I saw your magazine here in a bookstore! It is just what I and my friends have been hoping for. We enjoyed it very much. I am only a poor amateur female impersonator who adores to wear those big high heels, lacy lingerie and silk stockings. But someday I hope to come to the Estados Unidos and become a professional.

If I do I will come to visit you and you can take my pictures for your magazine. It will be an honor.

Continue your fine works!

"Lisa"  
Mexico City

• • •

Gentlemen:

I am writing to you from London, England, where there is a great deal of interest in your maga-





PAT

zine, though I'm afraid it is a bit difficult to obtain here. Not too many bookstalls carry your periodical, but I did find one that promised to save each issue for me as it is received.

I am an amateur female impersonator at present, with fond hopes of entering the ranks of the professionals before too long. I think it's a most glamorous profession. I envy those who are making a successful career of it.

Hope I haven't taken up too much of your time and space, and that you find room to publish my photo. Please continue to publish your fine magazine, and perhaps send more of them to London, where I assure you a receptive audience is waiting.

"Brenda"  
London, England

• • •



Dear Sirs:

Good luck on your new magazine, I think it's the best thing around today. Been looking for something like it for a long time.

I'm a protege of a female impersonator who is very popular out here in the midwestern clubs. I've always liked to dress up in feminine clothes, and with this professional help I think it won't be long before I will have my first professional engagement.

Maybe then you will do a story on me. Meantime I'm sending along a photo I hope you can print.

"Joan"  
Madison, Wisconsin

• • •



LISA

Dear Sirs:

Just a brief note to tell you how much a group of us enjoyed your new magazine. We are a group of six fellows who put on amateur theatrical shows around the neighborhoods with female impersonations as our specialty.

Each year we have a costume party at New Year's and see who can come up with the wildest female costume. I won last year.

Keep up the good work.

"Brad"  
Miami, Florida

• • •





BRENDA

Looking forward to many more issues.

"Lonnie"  
Chicago, Illinois

• • •

Dear Sirs:

I have two words for you all—  
Absolutely marvelous!

"Winnie"  
New York, N. Y.



JOAN



Dear Sir:

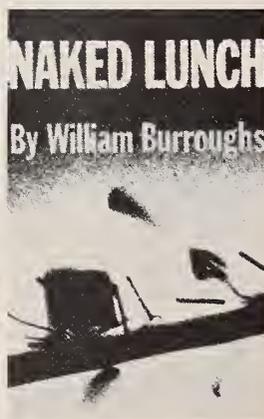
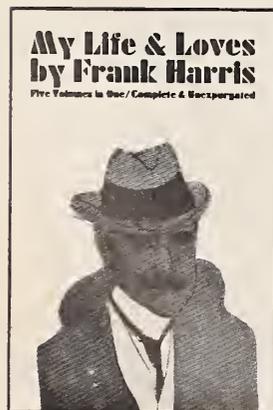
Congratulations on a great book. It's the best idea for a magazine I've seen in a long time. The pictures were great and so were all the female impersonators in it.

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In *My Life and Loves*, Frank Harris attempted to give the world the most honest autobiography ever written. Outside the pages of fiction, no one has ever written more freely or completely about the most intimate affairs of his life. For this reason, *My Life and Loves* has long been banned in both England and America. Harris had the first four volumes printed privately, in a limited edition not for public sale, and the entire work of five volumes—with a fifth volume of dubious authenticity—has long been published in France where it has been purchased and read by innumerable British and American visitors. With this edition, in which an accurate version of Volume V is re-established, it becomes available in its full and authentic form for the first time anywhere.



## "NAKED LUNCH"

## Newsweek

November 26, 1962

As an added complication, the book is as obscene as anything ever written; it had trouble with the U.S. postal authorities in the three years since Burroughs finished it in 1959, the grounds for the trouble, curiously enough, being pornography. The criterion of pornography is that it must excite so-called normal people to lust. Since the only effect "Naked Lunch" will have on anyone's daughter is to make her swear off sex for two years, the charge is nonsense, and has been so recognized.

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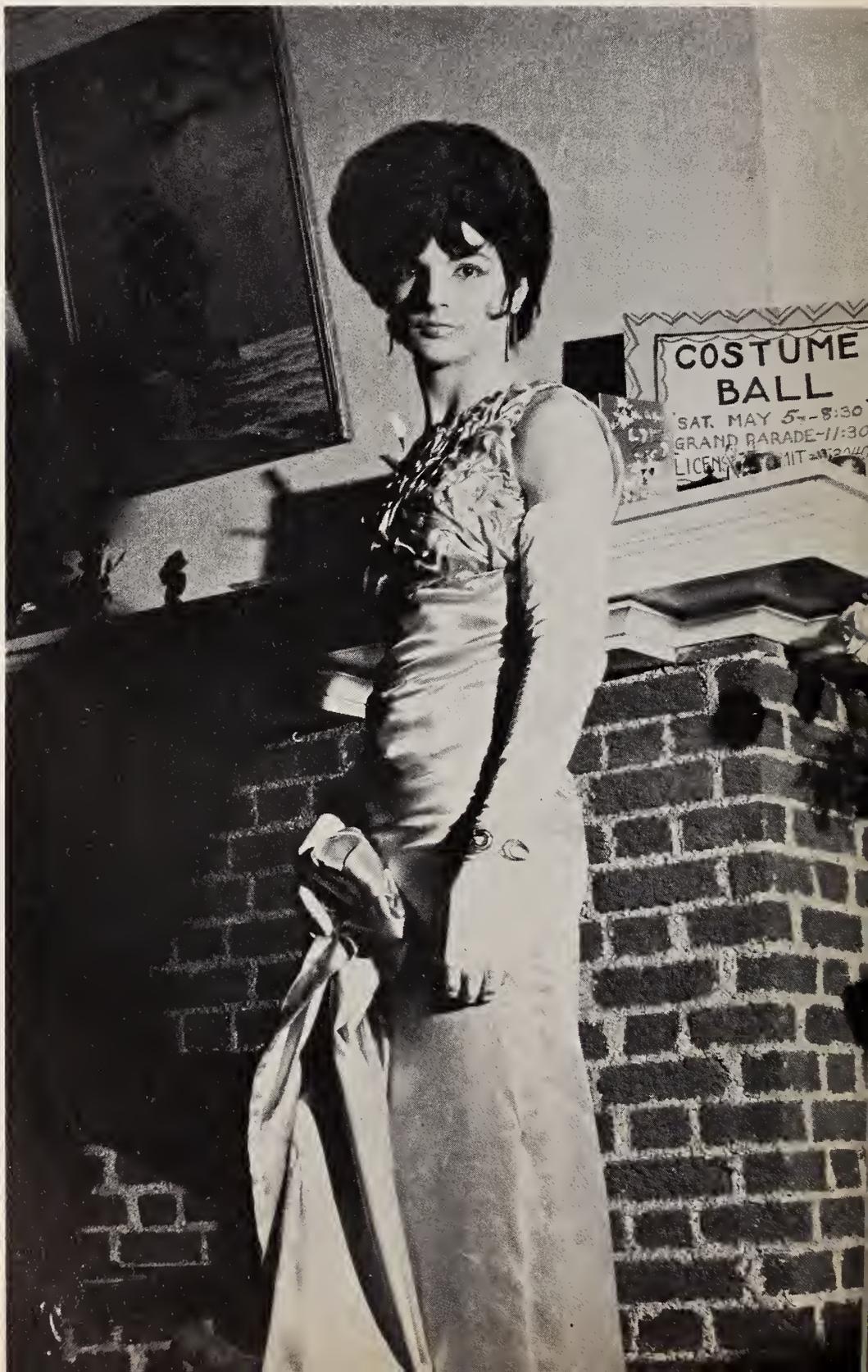
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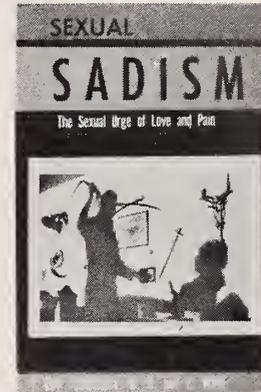
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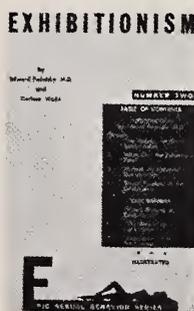
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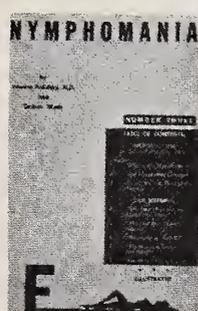
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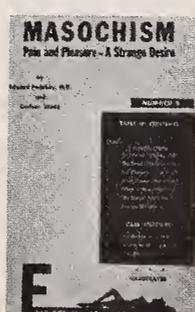
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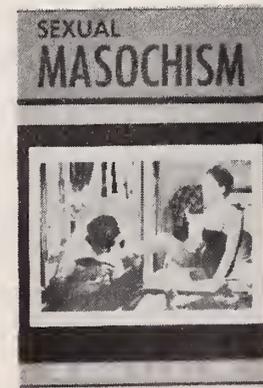
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*Between dining and dancing the boys gossiped about gowns and coiffures.*

The big, brassy and official costume balls held each year in New York are, as mentioned earlier in this book, the Artists Equity and Art Students League Balls. But in between these grand events smaller balls but just as important ones to the partygoers are held in and around the New York City area. This one was held recently in Brooklyn, for example, and, except for the posh surroundings afforded by such Artists Ball sites as the Waldorf, *was* every bit as much fun. The guys who preferred to come as gals were resplendent in their gowns, furs, spiked heels, jewelry and wigs, many of them prettier looking than the real gals! Climax of the evening was the Grand Parade, held just before midnight (the witching hour!) with prizes to the best-dressed man.





*The boys wait all year sometimes for an occasion like this, and trot out their best in gowns and wigs. Many of them run over to Rex Huntington's shop for a make-up job and a new frock for the occasion, though this gets expensive.*

