FEMALE MIMICS

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AN HEAS GOLDSTRIPE PUBLICATION

VOLUME 6 NUMBER 2

He mixes drinks and sex roles

FROM STUD TO FOX

A candid history of an old established art

PART III: SPOTLIGHT ON CROSS DRESSING

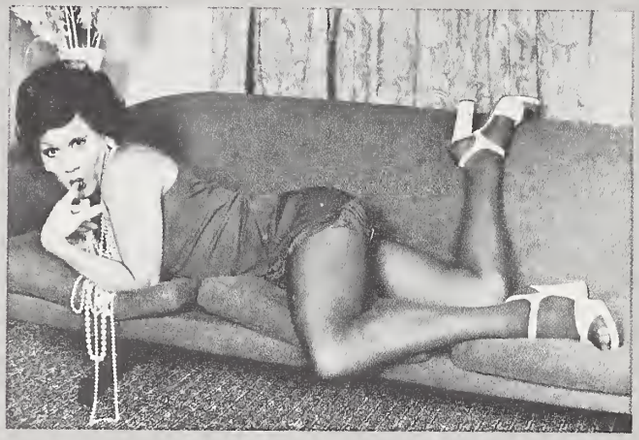
Hip new tv spot makes a splash

VEGAS FLASH: LA CAFE

FEMALE MIMICS

VOLUME 6 NUMBER 2

SPRING, 1975



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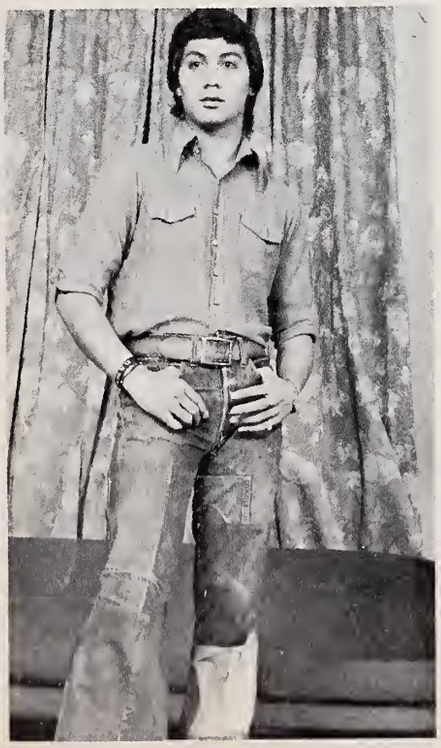
EDITORIAL

If there is one theme that is constant in FEMALE MIMICS, it is that the art of female impersonation is of genuine interest to most entertainment-seeking Americans, and deserves more coverage and exposure in the national entertainment media. For those who need proof, have a look at the photo-feature entitled DAISY DEE'S BALL, a Thanksgiving Eve get-together of New York's TV set. Not only was the ball a smashing success, but the number of contestants -- and the enthusiasm of the crowd -- were overwhelming. This is nothing new. Flip Wilson's *Geraldine* helped make him the nation's number one television comedian, and John Davidson's phenomenal portrayal of a killer in drag on *The Streets of San Francisco* qualified the handsome singer as an exceptional actor. In any case, we're sure you'll find this issue of FEMALE MIMICS more than merely interesting. And remember: when it comes to female impersonation there is only one magazine -- FEMALE MIMICS!



BEST OF THE BUNCH:
DAISY DEE'S BALL

It's a once-a-year funfest freak-out for New York's campy set and also the hair-down delight of the Big Apple's tv community, staged this year at Brooklyn's Cotillion Lounge. Daisy Dee's Ball is the name of the affair and as you can see, it is truly a wild, gay, fun-filled evening for everyone.

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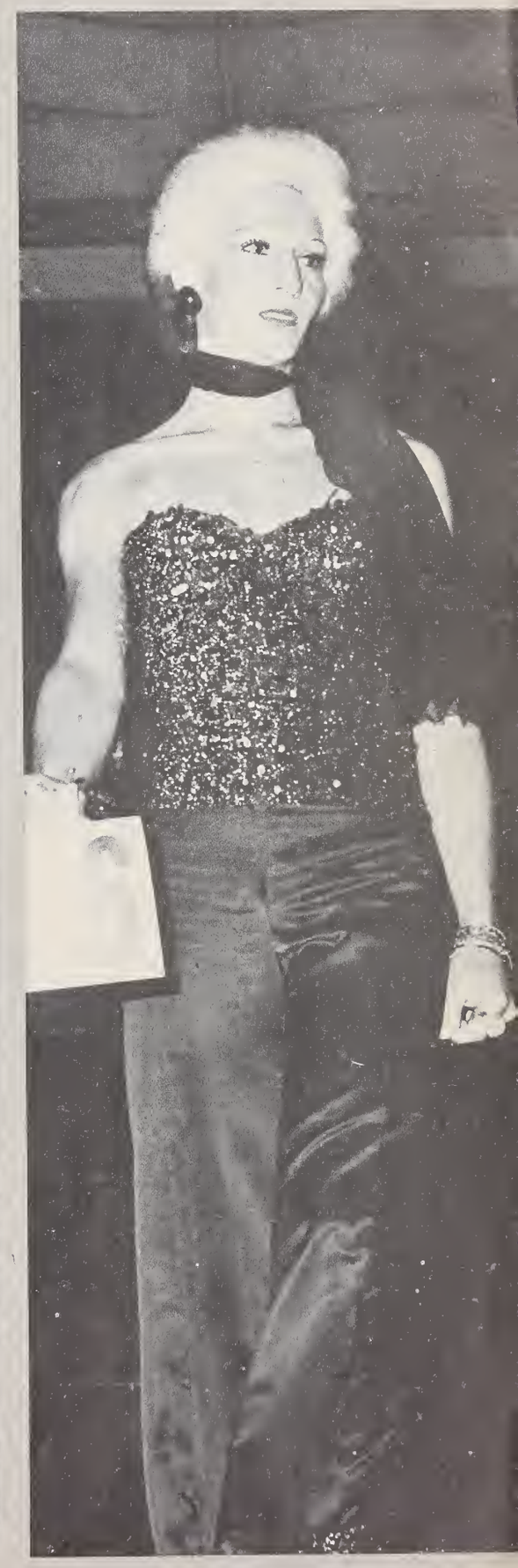

It is not every night that such a fanfare greets New York's style queens. In fact, except for the usual tv night spots, transvestism would seem to be a dying art, what with the line between the dress of the sexes, growing more blurry with each passing year. This night is a throwback to the old days when only women wore make-up and gowns and all the rest -- and as such, it is a fantastic success. Obviously much of the straight fashion community turned out for the night perhaps because the show was bound to be nostalgic, in terms of fashion. I mean, what femme dresses any more?

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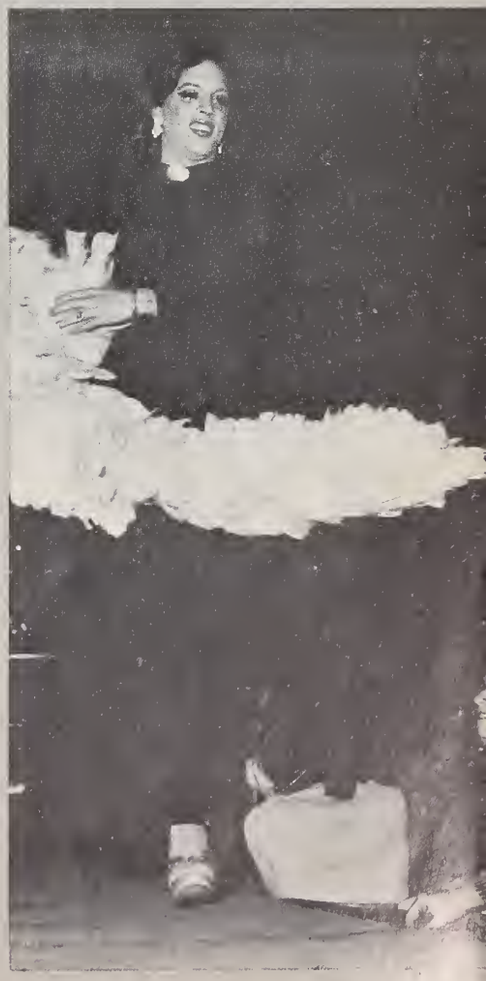
Contestants were drawn from the audience -- anyone in drag who wanted to compete. Needless to say, it being Thanksgiving Eve, *most* of the audience seemed to be in drag and a fascinating cross-section of New York's tv community was represented.



There was a tremendous amount of high spirits gathered around the runway as the show moved on -- most seemed sincerely interested and entertained by the show, and the contestants responding to the audience's howls of approval really got into the whole act. Winners were selected by a panel of judges awarding prizes in various categories.

Most of the interest in the audience stemmed from the straight females who were there -- many of them seeing drag queens for the first time in their lives. Little doubt that they approved wildly, feeling they had stumbled onto a whole new thing -- that, believe it or not, in New York City!

With a success like this to point to, the TV crowd in New York is hoping for still more extravaganzas in the near future. After all, promoters interested in a nice profit and a good show could do worse than this! As a matter of fact, with the recent upsurge in TV work in television (Flip Wilson, John Davidson, Jim Bailey) there seems to be little doubt about America being ready for it.

SPOTLIGHT ON CROSS DRESSING

PART THREE

So far, in this series of three essays on Cross Dressing, we have been working in an intellectual vacuum! We have determined that Cross Dressing does in fact take place, and that it is much more of a problem with men than with women, partly because women are able to satisfy any craving for cross-dressing within the social framework, without comment or criticism. We have considered the fundamental change that has taken place in the West during the past four hundred years, as the standard clothing for both sexes seems to be changing from skirts to trousers.

In addition, in Part Two, we have looked into some of the reasons why Cross Dressing has an appeal to many men. We have taken note of the latent homosexualily frequently present in male transvestism, and of the over-riding fear of castration that accounts for much of it.

However, with all this we have not adduced any positive evidence that Cross Dressing does in fact take place at all! Manifestly we all know that it does—or at least we assume it does, unless of course we have precise personal experience to guide us. But it is possible to discuss a subject in conderable personal experience to guide us. But it is possible to discuss a subject in considerable detail without actually having anything to discuss! Abstract argument and disputation is common even today when a large part of the populace is at least moderately literate. For instance, "Which is the better football team, Team A or Team B?" Now this is an impossible matter about which to argue and quite unfit for intelligent discussion. The whole subject is so utterly subjective. There are no real criteria on which to make a judgement. Better at what? Better THAN what? Better in what manner, at what time—and so-on. These questions cannot be answered.

In an earlier Age, before anyone clearly understood the scientific method of inquiry, the University of the Sorbonne in Paris was famous for its Disputations. Scholars from all over the world would gather there, at terrible inconvenience, to sit for months at a time discussing such subjects as "How many angels could stand on the point of a pin" or, even more weird to our twenthieth century way of thought, "If the Savior had come into the world in the shape of a pea, could the work of salvation have been performed so efficaciously."

Crazy! we cry. Yet, modern man will spend an evening, getting hot under the collar saying such things as, "Now, if Harry Wolinsky had come down the center and passed to Johnnie Forest, so and so would have happened and Team A would have won!" Abstract argument, meaning nothing, because based on original material that is ipso facto illusory. The Savior was NOT a pea. Harry DID NOT pass to Johnnie. There is actually nothing worth talking about!

We shall not fall into that error. It would certainly have been quite easy for me to entertain you, and to "blind you with science" in writing with authority about something that does not, in fact happen. (If this were not so, then how can we account for the popularity of Sci-Fi with adults or fairy stories with young children?) But it has not been our purpose to mislead, but to inform you on this curious phenomenon of Cross-Dressing. Therefore we shall now give a number of Personal Statements from several people who are either ac-

Female impersonation has always exerted a certain fascination because of its in-between nature.

tive Cross-Dressers, or are intimately concerned with them. These Statements have been taped, always with the permission of the individual concerned, over a period of several years. Some are recent; others as much as seven years old. But the date is unimportant. Havelock Ellis gives some fifty thousand words of such statements in the final volume of his work, "Studies in the Psychology of Sex", and not one of them is later than 1923, which was the date of original publication. He also gives examples dating back to the eighteenth century.

Obviously there are changes with the times. But the changes are only in the *form* of the clothing which is the object of the fetishism. Few men today will rave over a "chemise", or a "corset-cover"; few men have ever heard of them, let alone seen them. But the fascination of women's clothing, and especially of intimate clothing remains the same, BECAUSE HUMAN NATURE NEVER CHANGES, not in a generation, not in a century, not even in a thousand years, or in ten thousand. Fashions change, social conditions change, but the human animal who reacts to these changes is the same for all essential purposes as the human animal who reacted to the fashions or social conditions in the days of the Pharaohs!

PERSONAL STATEMENT ON CROSS-DRESSING. Number One.

January 1974.

Subject: Police Superintendent, Aged forty-nine years, married twenty-five years, two children. Near the top of his career; due for promotion to Chief Superintendent in June 1974.

It isn't easy for me to talk about this. I'm glad of the chance though, because I've had to keep it secret for about thirty-five years, and as a policeman I knew how great the strain is of keeping secrets. If the villains I have to deal with could brag about their crimes, they'd not be so likely to do silly things and get themselves arrested. Make it harder for us in the Force. That man in Crime and Punishment ... Raskal-something-or-other ... you remember, he was so desperate to confess that he finally confessed to the policeman who was after him.

Well, what I do isn't criminal; but it's a bit shameful. I mean, if anyone got to know and it got back to the Office, that would be the end of my career. And I'd hate for my wife to get to know about it. She looks up to me, and if she knew, she'd feel contempt instead, and I couldn't stand that. I've been a policeman all my life, and my father before me, and his father before him, and people expect certain kinds of behavior from you, don't they?

Anyway, I'm satisfied with your security arrangement, and if it will help anyone else I'll be glad to say what my experience has been—and still is. If it doesn't help anyone else, it will relieve my own mind, just to tell it.

It started with the War. You remember how all the kids were evacuated out of London in 1939? Well, I was among them. I was fourteen, and I thought I was too old to "run away", but my Dad said I had to go, and I went. He went into the Air Force, and Mum went into a War Plant, and I went off to North Wales to an uncle and aunt who had a small farm there. It was safe enough, but in all other ways it was bloody awful. My uncle was a fanatical Presbyterian and spent all his free time going to prayer meetings and choir practice and things like that. Worse still, he made me go with him. Sundays, it was Church, morning and evening and Sunday School in the afternoon, and no reading profane books or listening to the radio except news bulletins. I rebelled over it, but it was no good. He also believed in "spare the rod and spoil the child". He didn't spoil me—and he didn't spoil his own two kids either; at least not what he would call "spoil". Harry, he was eighteen, joined the Army and inside a year was in the glass-house for stealing, and assaulting a Military policeman. In fact he spent most of the War in a Military Prison, for one thing or another. After that, he got worse. He's been inside more times than I can count. At present he's half-way through a ten-year stretch for "grievous bodily harm". He's just an amoral thug.

Betty, that was my cousin, was a pretty kid, a year older than me. She ran away from home in 1941 and went on the "game". She got picked up and my uncle went to London to bring her home. When he got her home, he gave her a thrashing with a belt he used. The next day she stole twenty pounds from him, ran away again and has never been heard of since.

I had more to look forward to. I knew the War wouldn't last forever, and then I had my own home to go back to. In fact, I stayed there two years and then ran back to London. I wandered around the streets for three days and then went home. I never went back to Wales. Two bloody years was enough for anyone. But by that time the damage had been done.

My uncle's house was a large one—not that he was particularly well-off, but property was cheap in Wales. Still is. All us kids had separate rooms. One day, for something or other I had got a strapping from my uncle. Nothing serious; he wasn't a brute—just one of those men who are too damned good to live with—you know the type. I got sent up to my room to "reflect on my sins", but after a while I got fed up and went to see if I could find Betty to talk to. She was coming to the peak of rebellion, and we used to spend a lot of time cursing the old man, which cheered us both up. She wasn't in her room, but lying on her bed was a small pile of clothes that had been washed and pressed, waiting to be put away. Right on top of the heap was a pair of girl's panties.

Now, you know what women wear these days? I read somewhere a comment that a respectable woman today goes out wearing clothes an Edwardian whore wouldn't have considered respectable to go to bed in! Well, those panties I saw were no great shakes by today's standards, but at the time I thought they were the most exciting and fascinating things I had ever seen! They were full-cut, like short bloomers; flesh-pink in color, and woven from acetate, what used to be called "artificial silk". In fact, although at the time it was despised, this was a nice cloth, and I'm only sorry it is no longer made. The trouble with things like nylon and these modern man-made fabrics is that they are so "dead" and cold. They have no life. You can tell by the feel that they come from coal or crude oil or some such mineral. Acetate was different. It was made from cellulose, from living trees, and it always felt warm and "live" to the touch.

Of course, just at this time I was beginning to become sexually aware. I know that today if the kids haven't had it off by the time they're about 10, they feel deprived; that there's something wrong with them. But this was the beginning of 1940, and we were a bit more backward. Still, I was becoming aware of sex, especially when I woke up in the mornings. And my uncle's habit of strapping me on the bottom had increased my awareness. Every time I got the strap, I also got an erection, which was some kind of compensation.

Impulsively I picked up those panties and as soon as I felt them in my hand, I was hooked. I thought, suddenly, just like that, with no premeditation, how lovely it would feel to have that soft, warm, silky stuff against my genitals, rubbing smoothly against my buttocks. I stretched the elastic at waist and thighs, thinking about having it around me. And that was it. I didn't stop to wonder where Betty might be. I just assumed she was out. Quick as a flash I undid my belt and let my shorts fall to my ankles. They were grey flannel, I remember. Underneath I was wearing the kind of old-fashioned thin wool drawers we used then. We used to call them "short pants" as I remember. I pulled them down and stepped out of them. Then I took up the flesh-pink panties and pulled them on, right up to my waist, settling the leg-elastic as high up my thigh as I could. It was fantastic! The most sensational bloody thing I had ever experienced. Of course my penis was standing up strongly under the panties.

Betty had a long mirror on a stand in her room, a cheval-glass I think it's called. I turned to inspect my appearance in the glass, and then I put my hand down and took hold of my penis and began to masturbate. And right then, at that moment the door opened and Betty walked right into the room! We must have made an interesting picture. I don't know which of us was most surprised! But, as her later career proved, Betty was already a sexy little bint, and she recovered first. She closed the door quietly and stood with her back to it. I stood, flushed and uneasy.

"What you doing then, wearing my panties?" she asked, in this Welsh lilt I have never forgotten.

I stammered. "I . . . I . . . I saw them there . . . I was looking for you."

"I ought to tell my Mam. . . ." she said.

I panicked. "No. Don't! She'll tell uncle, and I'll get the strap again, bad."

"Yes," she said, reflectively, almost as though she were considering it as something possibly attractive. "Yes, he wouldn't half leather you!"

"Please," I begged. "I didn't mean to . . ."

She laughed. "I don't mind," she said. Then she said something I have never forgotten. It was coarse, crude and frank. I've never known another woman talk in quite that way—and I've always wished I had. "You've got a big prick there, haven't you?"

I flushed red again, my face feelling hot. But I sensed that she wasn't going to tell her Mam. We were equal now; fellow-conspirators. If I repeated what she'd said, she'd get the strap too.

Cross-dressing in the company of exotic females has always been a secret male fantasy. Few men are able to carry this fantasy out to conclusion.

"If you'll . . . look away . . . I'll take them off," I faltered.

Betty made no attempt to turn away. She stared at me for some time. Nothing more happened. It didn't, not in those days. Everyone was much too uptight about sex for that. But she said something that has affected my life ever since.

"If you like them so much, you can keep them."

At that moment all I wanted was to get the panties off, get out of that room and turn the clock back half an hour. But I couldn't. And I couldn't take the damned things off unless she turned her back either. So I bent down and pulled my pants and shorts on again, belted them and fastened the buttons. I felt like a cross between a fool and a criminal!

"I'll give them back to you presently," I muttered, not meeting her eyes.

"You don't have to," she said, "Not if you like them that much."

"But Aunt may find out . . ."

"She won't. I take care of my own things . . . and I've got a lot more pairs the same, in different colors. . . . Tell you what, you give them back when you want them washed. I'll wash them for you and you can have them again."

We heard a voice calling from the foot of the stairs. It was her mother, calling me.

"Off you go!" cried Betty, "before she comes up looking for you. She won't like you being in here."

I opened the door and crept out of her room. Then I opened my own door and closed it noisily. I went to the head of the stairs and called down. My

Aunt wanted me to go to the village store, right away, so I had to. I walked through the village wearing those panties, sure that everyone's eyes were on me, certain that everyone knew what I had on. But of course no-one suspected, not even my aunt and uncle. No-one ever has.

Betty kept me supplied with clean panties for almost two years, until she ran away . . . and we never once talked about the matter. You may find that hard to believe, but that's how it was. I would hand her a pair for laundering on the upper landing, when no-one was about, and she'd give me a clean pair. I had a blue pair as well, so that I wore them all the time under my other clothes. And I was never found out.

I had a narrow escape once at school, when there was an unexpected medical inspection. But I was about tenth in line, so I dashed out to the toilets, and came back with the panties in my pocket.

The day before Betty left, she gave me the pink panties and a new yellow pair. I was wearing the blue ones.

"You'd better have these now," she said. And the next day I knew why. She had run away. I said earlier on that Betty had never been heard of since. Well, that's not quite true. I know where she is. She's married to a very important man. He's a General in the Army, and he's a Lord too. I don't know how she managed to get from call-girl to peeress, but I guess it's got something to do with her compassionate attitude. I have heard rumours about His Lordship, and I believe he may be a transvestite, like me but more so. I don't know though.

Most cross-dressers see themselves as artists rather than as exotic homosexuals. Many are not gay.

True cross-dressing means impersonating the female totally, and not growing one's own hair long.

I came across her once, about five years ago, when their London house was burgled. I knew her at once. We were left alone for a few minutes, and she laughed at me and asked, "Do you still wear girl's panties?"

Just like the first time, I blushed. Then I grinned right back at her and said, "Yes. Of course I do!" And we both laughed, and then my juniors came back, followed by His Lordship and that was the end of it. I've never got in touch with her again. She was very kind to me once, and I wouldn't want to do anything to foul up her life.

Except for the odd day when it would be just impossible—usually when I'm due for a medical check-up, I've worn a pair of women's panties under my clothes ever since. I still do. It's been a bit of a nuisance, because since I've been married I haven't been able to wash and press them like I used to when I was single. So I have to buy new ones all the time. It doesn't cost much—and I don't smoke so I don't begrudge the cost anyway. But I can't just go into a store and buy them. I'm too well-known among store-detectives and people like that. So I have to use mail order, and an accommodation address. Then, of course I have to get rid of the dirty ones. I can't wear a pair more than twice because it means a lot to me to have the panties sparkling clean, just like they used to be in the early days. We used to have an anthracite coal boiler at home and it was easy then to dispose of the panties. But now we have gas, so I have to put them in garbage bins, all over the place. For a long time I used the same bin, on a lamp standard

Cross-dressing has always existed for men and women, though male cross-dressers receive more press.

at a bus stop, but I got frightened off that because one day one of my men said, "We've got a funny report here Sir. Some nut keeps putting women's panties into a garbage bin at the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue and Piccadilly. Been going on for months. I thought I'd put a man on to watch for him. It shouldn't take more than two days as he's pretty regular. Must be some kind of sex-maniac! Might turn up something interesting."

"Yes," I said. "You do that." But I knew he wouldn't discover anything, because after that I've been more careful.

It's been a funny thing in an otherwise ordinary and hum-drum life, hasn't it? I can't see it does any harm to anyone, and it still gives me a lot of pleasure. But it's been a damned nuisance to organize, and I'm glad I was never bothered with more complicated cross-dressing. I know just how strong the compulsion is and it would have worn me to a shadow trying to keep it up. . . . But I know I'd have had to!

There. I hope I have helped. Not a sensational story I'm afraid, but that's how it has happened, with no frills. (And that's an amusing expression, in the context, isn't it? I LIKE frills!) Just shows how our words give us away. Like I said before, that's the kind o thing that gives villains away. They rob a bank, and we pick them up on suspicion, but we can't prove anything. But we keep on at them, and eventually they start using words like "bank"—maybe they keep saying something like, "I can't bank on that". Or "vault". "I vaulted over the fence", where anyone else would say "jumped" —and then I know I'm on the right track; and I know I've got them! You can't be too careful. . . .

That was a simple, uncomplicated instance of what is perhaps the most common form of cross-dressing. The wearing of panties is relatively simple, easy to conceal. But, as you can see with a lot of problems of its own. The motivation is fairly straightforward too. A boy from a disciplined family, with at least three generations of policemen. He can cope with it until by the fortunes of war he is torn from his family and put under the influence of a new "father-image", his uncle, whose discipline is much tougher than that at home. He is on the brink of puberty. The fear of the father-image gives rise to a castration fear, and ever after this can only be kept at bay by the wearing of women's panties. No matter how he acts, nor how he looks this man is a "woman" underneath it all. And, being a woman (a castrated man at a primitive level of thought), he cannot be castrated. His life is kept in balance, and he is an extremely useful member of society.

If the explanation seems a bit dreamlike or fantastic, you must remember that the solution he

The cross-dresser's ability to absorb society's laughter is part of the art.

came to spontaneously, without any prompting from anyone was also fantastic. But it worked; and the important thing is that we should be able to live with ourselves and others rather than that all men should wear masculine clothes exclusively and all the time.

PERSONAL STATEMENT ON
CROSS-DRESSING.
Number Two.
NOVEMBER, 1969.
Subject: Professor of English Literature at famous English University. Aged thirty-six years. Unmarried. Author of several books, including one on the Sonnets of Shakespeare which has earned him an international reputation. Has been offered a Chair at a university in California, but is worried, not about the job for which he is very well fitted, but about the social implications.

"You see, the problem is that I'm homosexual, of the submissive type, and a transvestite as well. I don't mean that I like to wear some article of women's apparel under my ordinary clothes like so many men. I have to dress up completely in women's clothes, with a wig and make-up, and BE a woman.

It's all right in England, because sex between adult men in private is now legal, and obviously if you have any good manners, even if you are heterosexual you don't have sexual intercourse in public! I have an excellent apartment near my College, and my two friends are in the same position. They are both very much dominant males, and they share me as their "girlfriend", which we all find enjoyable.

I want to accept the American appointment because it means so much to my career. They are willing to give me such a lot of time and money and facilities for research. But I don't want to part from my friends. I may never find even one more to compare with them. I'm not at all sure what the law is in California with regard to homosexuality. Americans are strange in many ways. I mean, they talk and write so very permissively, but they have quite odd State laws. I mean it's almost impossible to get a drink in Ohio without being made to feel like a criminal. And I know that certain quite obvious sexual practices are still illegal in several States, especially in the South.

But the most difficult thing is the cross-dressing as they call it. I think that several people at my College either know or suspect, but they are extremely tolerant. I don't know what might happen in America. They have this tendency to start witch-hunts, don't they? Like that dreadful Mac-

Cross-dressing with the help of a female gives an impersonator more confidence and poise.

Carthy thing that ruined so many reputations. You know, if anyone found out, well, they might deport me or something. I'm very nervous.

Much as I value my career opporunity, cross-dressing means even more to me. It always has.

About my parents? Well, as I told you earlier, they are both alive. My father is a doctor of medicine. My mother is the stronger personality and also stronger physically. At times, Father suffered a good deal of pain, and this caused outbursts of temper. I am afraid that until quite re-

The best cross-dressers never forget that they are merely impersonating a female's obvious qualities.

cent years both my sister and I used to side with our mother, and showed him little sympathy. I admire my mother very much indeed.

My earliest recollection of cross-dressing goes back to when I was six years old and my sister seven. I don't recall the circumstances, but for some reason she and I changed clothes, and for half an hour, no more, I walked around wearing her clothes. There was nothing sexual in it of course. I reminded her about it when I was fifteen, but she refused to do it again.

I have had this desire to be dressed like a girl since I was about eight, although I suppose the fact that I changed clothes with my sister at six year old must be significant. Perhaps that was when it first showed. As a young teenager I was very much attracted to girls, but never in a directly sexual way. I mean, I was attracted to the clothes they wore and not by themselves. I lived in a state of erotic fantasy a lot of the time, but the fantasies were all about me being dressed like them. I suffered a great deal from this, because my penis seemed to be erect most of the time, day and night and often my charged testicles caused me a lot of pain. My father, who was very old-fashioned in his ideas, had found me once with my hand in my pocket, squeezing my penis and had given me a stern warning against what he called the dangers of masturbation. He frightened me half to death, but he didn't stop me doing it. He only made me secretive about it and gave me a very bad conscience.

When I was about fifteen or sixteen, I was given the chance to play a girl's part in a school play. I was at a school for boys, which was just as well. If I had been at a co-educational school I should never have had a moment's peace from the sight of the girls' clothes! The play was nothing; some silly drawing-room farce; but I got the part of a pretty young woman, the heroine, and of course I had to dress the part. To my pleasure and surprise my mother became very enthusiastic about it, and went to a lot of trouble with my outfit. I had hoped to be able to wear tennis things—a white skirt and shirt in one Act, and a pretty floral dress in the other. I should have enjoyed that. But my mother went the whole way. She decided that I could not hope to FEEL and ACT like a girl unless I was completely dressed as one. Also, of course, although I think of myself as a woman, I have a man's body, with no breasts, and by 1954 Jane Russell had made prominent breasts fashionable again, even in England.

So Mother got me the right kind of shoes, nylon stockings and a garter-belt to hold them up and a pair of nylon panties. This caused a problem because as soon as I put this lot on I became erect, and it was very obvious. I can only imagine she was so obsessed with the idea that I should excel

The more successful impersonators cannot be identified as men except by the closest inspection.

—she was very ambitious for me and always driving me hard at schoolwork—that she overlooked the dangers, because she bought for me a pantygirdle of white elastic cloth—what used to be called "Two-way Stretch". This, next to my skin and under the briefs, effectively controlled my penis, which was so hard that I had to place it so that it lay upright along my lower abdomen. If I pulled the girdle up as hard as it would go, I found that I could push my testicles right up into my body and keep them there.

She got me a wired bra and padded it with cotton, and when I had all this underwear on I used to look at myself for hours in front of the mirror in my bedroom, imagining myself to be a girl in reality. I wore the outer clothes as though I had been reared to it. We gave a dress-rehearsal followed by four performances. I got an ovation from the audience at each performance and a nice write-up in the local newspaper, and they published my picture. I bought a couple of prints from them. That's one there, on the desk. You can see that when I was dressed up I looked just like a girl. Of course, in those days boys wore their hair short, but Mother hired a wig for me. I was sad when it had to go back. But I managed to keep all the other things and used to put them on often, sometimes getting up in the middle of the night to do so.

But one day, about six months later, Mother came across them and found them all creased and soiled. She got rid of them and I was desolate for weeks afterward. However, not long afterward I was given the money to buy a new pair of swimbriefs. I got a white pair and deliberately bought them far too small. I could wear them quite openly and in public for swimming, and in addition I used to wear them at other times, pretending that they were a pantie-girdle and part of a girl's clothing.

When I went up to University it was much easier because I had my own rooms, and plenty of money to spend. My father was not too well-off, but Mother had inherited well and she gave me all I wanted, above my own quite considerable income from Grants and Scholarships. It was not long before I had several complete outfits of girl's clothes, not childish ones, but suitable for my age, about nineteen, if I had been a girl in fact instead of only in fantasy.

It was there I met my two friends. I got friendly with one of them who was taking the same lectures as I was, and had the same Tutor. It was not long before he discovered me in my rooms, dressed as a girl. I had left the door unlocked by accident . . . I wonder if that's quite true? I knew he was coming to visit me that day, and I knew roughly what time, within half an hour. Yet I "forgot" to lock the door, and I deliberately delayed changing out of my feminine attire. I suppose I must have wanted him to see me.

He was thrilled to see me, and it was not long that day before he was making love to me, just as though I had been a pretty girl. I enjoyed it, especially when he pulled down my panties, and when he stroked my nylon-clad thighs. A few weeks later he brought my other friend with him when he called, and after that they always came together. We used to play games. I know it sounds silly, but that's how it was. Sometimes one would hold me down while the other one "raped" me, pulling my clothes off roughly, sometimes tearing them. They used me like a girl. And not only in a sexual way. I had to make them meals and serve them and do the washing-up. They bought me a saucy little maid's costume made of black satin, with a white apron and high-heeled shoes. Or they'd pretend that I was a girl in a "house"—you know, a brothel. They'd make me parade for them. Then they'd take me, one after the other. And I'd make them pay me, always in advance. Of course I gave the money back afterward, but once one of them did not have enough. I had decided to put my price up. So he had to borrow off the other one.

With all this, we were all excellent students. We got Firsts, and myself and one other eventually got our PhD's. The other one became an Engineer. As you know, the University town I live in is also a famous center for car production, and he got a good job there, so we've all been close together ever since—over fifteen years.

I couldn't live now without my women's clothes and all the make-believe that goes with them. And I'd miss my friends badly, as they would me. After all, I'm the only woman in their lives! So I don't think I'll take up the Californian offer. You can pay too high a price for anything. What's the good of having a fine career and ending up bitterly unhappy?

The above is a clear-cut example of one of the causes of Cross-Dressing that we described. A

weak, ineffectual father and a strong-minded, dominant mother, causing the son, whose personality is obviously more like his father's, to wish to identify with the mother-image. In dressing like a woman, he is imitating the admired parent. At the same time, in submitting to his men-friends, he is satisfying his submissive inclination which is inherited from his father.

The modus vivendum he has established is not a particularly good one; to some extent it is certainly ignoble. But it keeps him secure and bolsters up an inadequate personality, enabling him to be a very useful member of society in an academic field. Not everyone is cut out to live heroically. With most of us, it is enough if we can manage to live at all!

PERSONAL STATEMENT ON CROSS-DRESSING.
Number Three.
MAY, 1972.
Subject: A laborer engaged in coal delivery. Aged forty years. Married. No children.
NOTE: This subject is illiterate and incapable of adequate self-expression. It took a long time to get the facts out of him, with a great deal of repetition. His Statement has therefore been edited and rewritten, but every effort has been taken to preserve its authenticity.

"Well, Guv! (Editor: Abbreviation for "Governor", a colloquial form of address to one considered to be a social superior.) Well, Guv! It's like this, see? Like I told you, I dress up like a woman sometimes—often. Look at me! I ask you! Built like a bloody brick outhouse! Look at them muscles! You never seen no-one who looked more like a man and less like a woman, I bet! So why do I do it? I don't know. It's bloody stupid, ain't it? But I done it most of my life, and since I been married all the time. I mean, I always sleep in a nightdress, and evenings I dress up like a woman in the house.

"My old woman? Does she like it? No, I don't think she does. But I don't interfere with her, and she don't interfere with me. She'd get a belt on the ear-hole or a black eye if she tried it, and she knows it! Besides, I don't keep her short of nothing —nothing at all. I makes good money. It's a hard, dirty job, but it's all I'm fit for. I carries four ton of coal in sacks on me back every day—and that's not all of it. Before I leaves the yard I has to shovel all that coal into the sacks first. I tell you, by the end of the day I'm fair clapped out!

Most of my mates goes straight from work to the pub and drink beer half the night. I don't. I takes my money home, and except for my own bit of pocket-money I gives it all to the wife. We've got a nice home and a bit in the Savings Bank, which is more than most of my mates can say.

So she's got nothing to complain about on that score. As for the other, well, she can have that anytime she wants it. In fact she gets it more often than she wants it, but what's a wife for if you can't fuck about with her when you want to?

"She's all right. We gets on well enough together, considering. Especially since I chucked her Mum out. Damned old pest SHE was, always interfering!

My Dad was a drunken old bastard. I hated his guts and it was the happiest day of my life when he fell in front of a bus. Dead drunk he was at the time, served him bloody well right. Did he used to punish me? Gawd! Not only me, but my two sisters and Mum as well, like as not. Then after he'd done it he'd get bloody maudling and start crying. Bastard! We was happier when he kicked the bucket.

Mum had to go out to work to keep us because HE used to drink all his wages. So the home was a bit neglected. One day, when I was still at school I wanted a clean pair of underpants and there wasn't any. She did the washing once a week, and that week she couldn't because she'd got a big bruise on her leg where HE had kicked her. So she gave me a pair of my eldest sister's bloomers and told me to wear them.

They did something to me all right, I can tell you that. The mere THOUGHT of putting them on made my prick as big as . . . well, big-like. And when I'd got them on, feeling all soft and silky-like, the smoothest things I'd ever worn, I thought I'd go crazy. I was about fifteen then, and about due to leave school. I was a right tear-away there, I can tell you. Never learned nothing, except how to fight—and screw. Gawd. We was at it from morning to night, in corners, whenever the teachers turned their backs. I was the best screwer of the lot, and I didn't care whether it was a boy or a girl. I'd have them. Nothing serious, of course. Just standing up in a corner, screwing—you know.

With them nylon panties on I wanted to screw everyone I could get my hands on—and I did, because I was the biggest and strongest. No! No-one seemed to object. They liked it. We didn't have much else in them days anyway.

I got married when I was eighteen. Had to, but it was a false alarm. My wife had a miscarriage soon after—poor old girl—and we can't never have no kids now. In a way it may not be a bad thing. If I'd had kids, who knows, I might have ended up as a bastard like my Dad! Anyway, can't be helped. It's one of them things.

But it was after . . . that . . . that I started wearing women's clothes around the house and in bed. First time she thought I'd gone crazy, but she got used to it. We been married twenty two years now, and I guess she's used to it. *(Continued on page 62)*

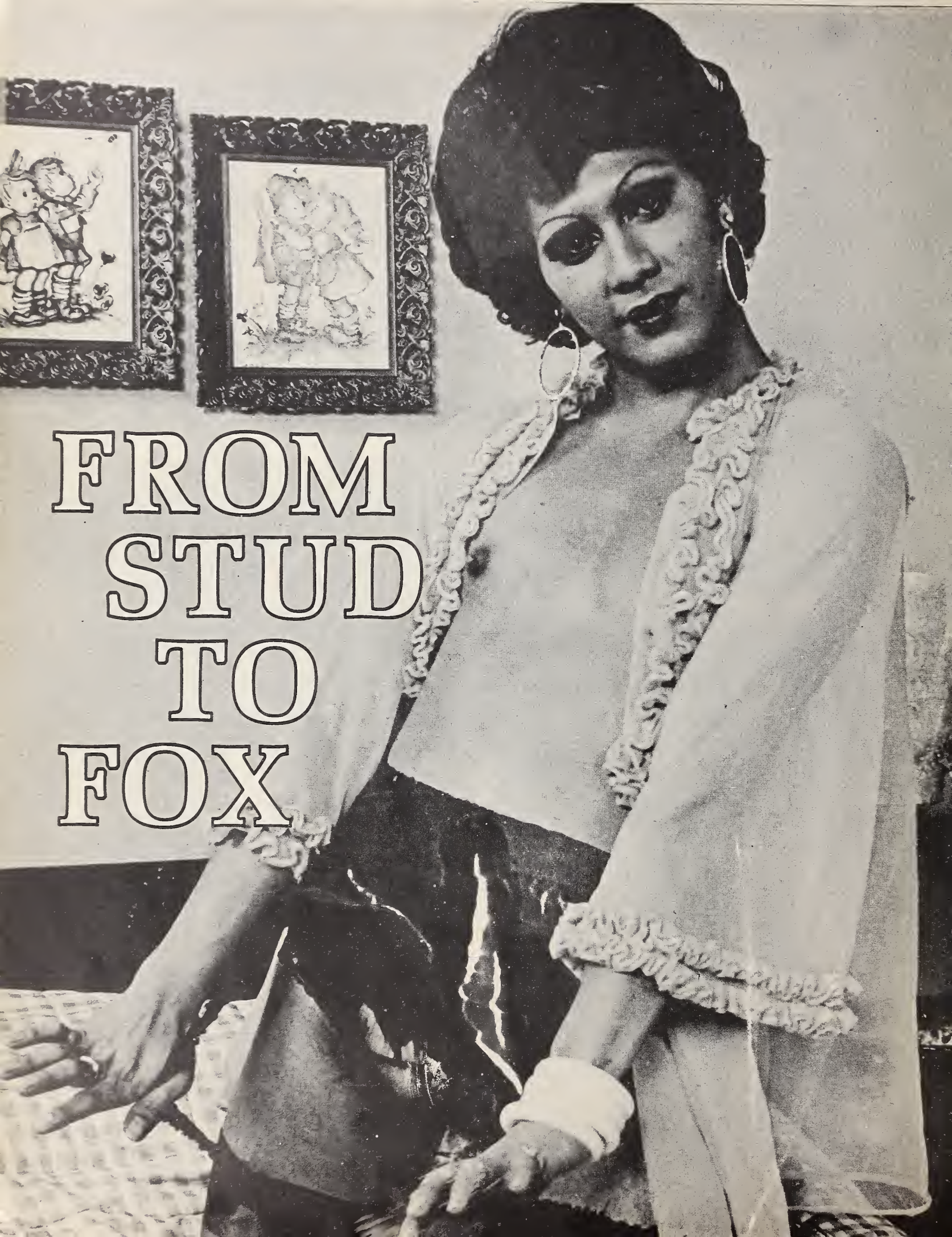
BRUNETTE TO BLONDE

THE TV WAY!

Most people hip to the world of female impersonation are quick to recognize real talent. In Tony's case, the reviews are still pouring in – and they're all favorable! After touring the nation and appearing in long runs on both New York and Los Angeles, Tony has settled in Hollywood in an attempt to crack the industry and make a national name for himself. So far, it looks good.

He maintains an apartment in Beverly Hills because he knows that appearances are all that count in Southern California. Some of the tenants haven't figured it out yet, but the handsome young man and the sultry blonde who share apartment 3-c are one and the same! In fact, Tony was once asked by another male tenant if there was any chance of working up a threesome with Tony's blonde roommate. After Tony explained the way things really were, the tenant was even more interested!

So it goes. Tony, as you can see, has a very definite feel for tv work. In fact, if Tony had his way, his first role would be of the type that did so much for singer John Davidson's career -- that of a female impersonator in a serious dramatic role. But whatever comes along, Tony will scoop it up and work with it, always conscious of where his real talent lies.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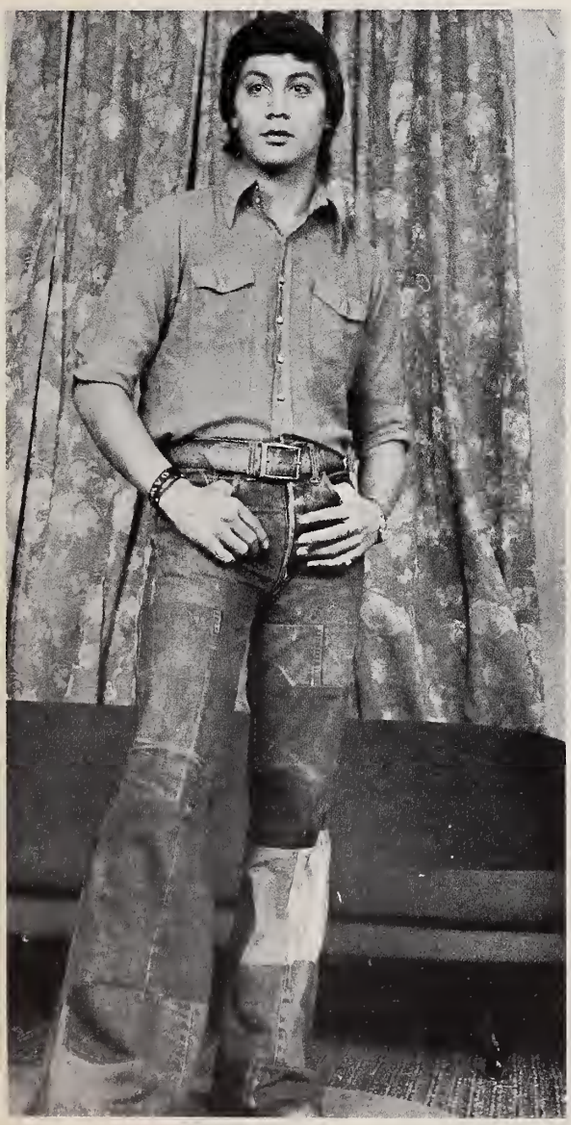
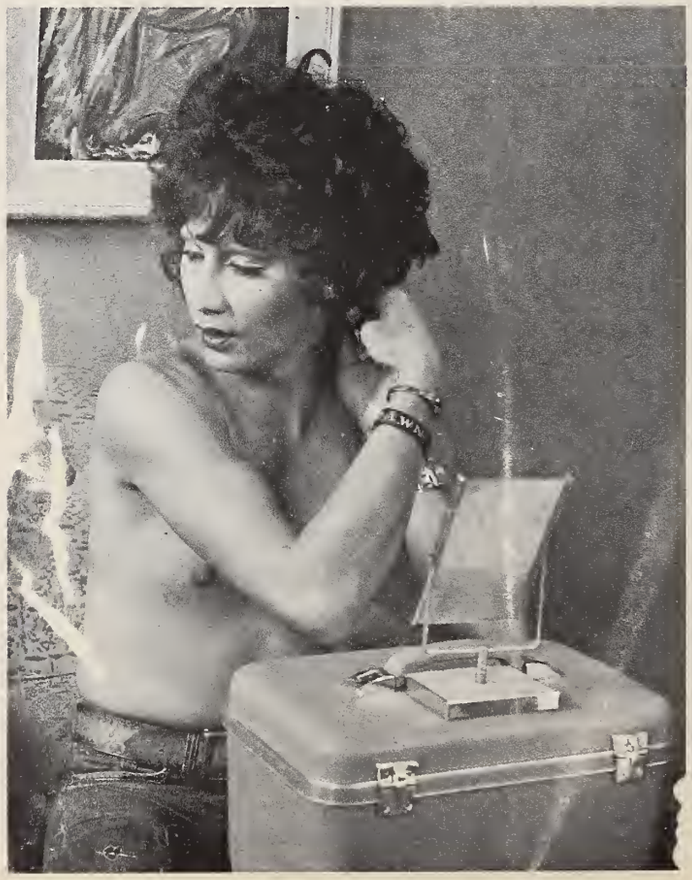


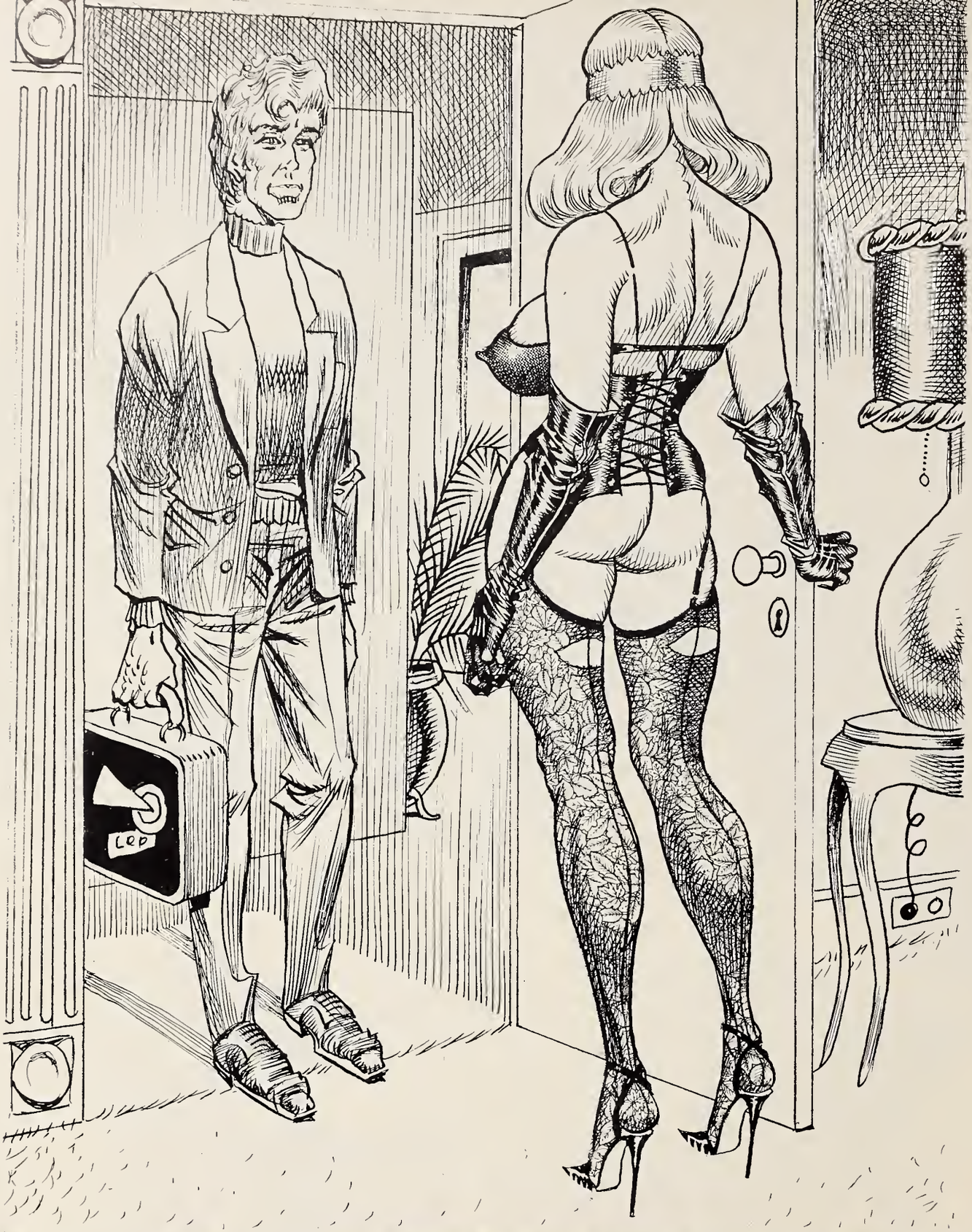
The mimic must earn a living -- few are fortunate enough to be professionals in a stage revue and the demand for impersonators, while growing, is still not large enough to support all. Jim enjoys tending bar and, needless to say, profits handsomely from it.

But as soon as the day's work is done it is time to practice and preen. Jim relaxes this way, and never seems to tire of his hobby. As with most impersonators, he hopes to eventually enter the professional ranks of impersonation and has been working up a club act. He doesn't want to audition until he is together -- a smart thing, as all too many impersonators try out before they are ready. Practice, says Jim, makes perfect. It's a long way to go and Jim is halfway there.



There is no doubt that a strong sexual element characterizes Jim's impersonations. He feels this is the only way to get it going -- after all, Jim notes, we live in a liberated society and there seems to be little point in playing it for laughs. Many impersonators agree, and the new look in American impersonators is not low comedy.

A sultry kind of beauty is Jim's trademark and he hopes to bring it into the heartland of America on television. That medium, once considered the prototype of conformity, has shown signs of vitality and vigor -- especially in its most recent treatments of adult themes. While Jim has no clear idea of how it can be done, he is heartened by the growing acceptance female impersonation seems to be receiving. Sooner or later, he says, femmes will probably have their own show. That's for Jim.



AUNT BERTHA DOES A GOOD DEED

Bobby Carson was a bit nervous as he rang the bell of his aunt's penthouse apartment. He hadn't seen her in six years, and he wondered what kind of a reception he would get, coming unannounced the way he was.

Although almost six feet tall, Bobby had just passed his sixteenth birthday and up till now hadn't strayed more than a few miles from his parent's farm in Pennsylvania. Life had become unbearable on the farm for the handsome youngster. He had no proclivity whatsoever for farming, and for this his father detested him, often resorting to brutal beatings. So he had packed his bag one night and run away, hoping that his only other relative, his Aunt Bertha, would take him in for a while till he could get his life straightened out.

Bobby's knees grew weak and his legs trembled when the door was opened, revealing his Aunt Bertha, a tall, amazon of a blonde in her mid-thirties. He only had vague recollections of her, being only ten the last time he had seen her. Even at that tender age he had been able to appreciate the gigantic bust that swung pondersouly back and forth as she walked, but other than that he couldn't remember a thing about her.

A horrified expression came over Aunt Bertha's face as she stammered, "Oh my goodness. I . . . I was expecting someone else."

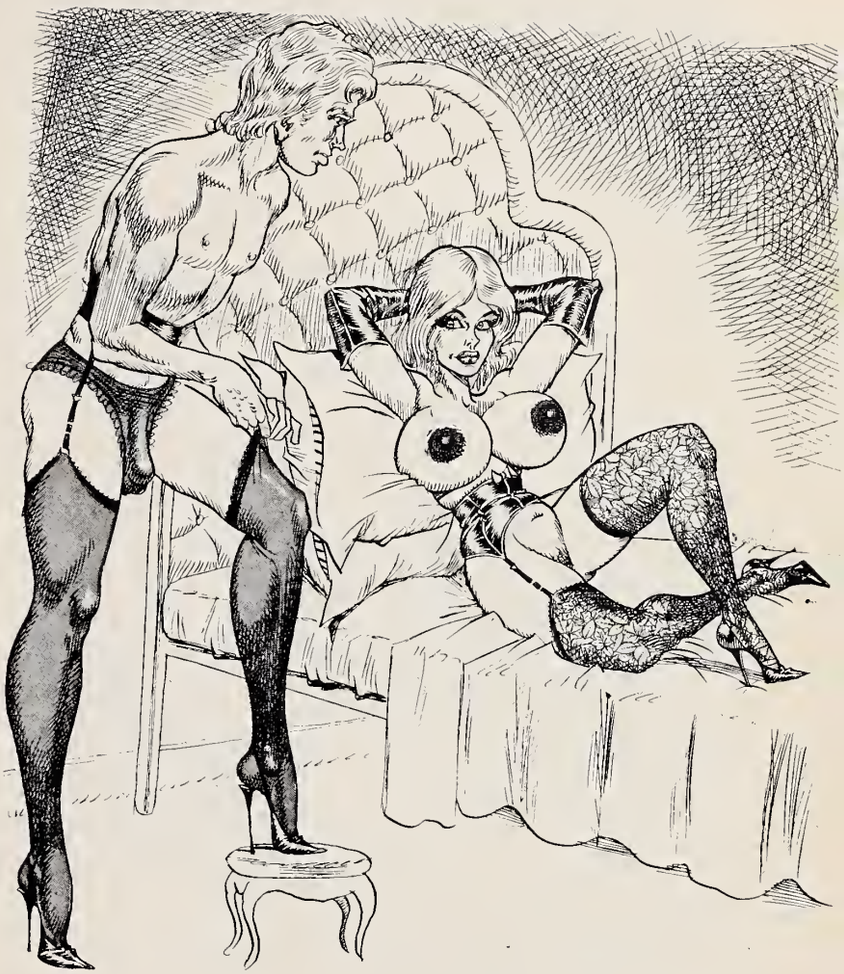
All of this confusion was due to the fact that Aunt Bertha's magnificently upholstered body was clad in agonizingly tight undergarments of an astoundingly bizarre nature. Her enormous breasts were jammed together by a black rayon bra, soft white flesh billowing over the nipped in top. Her waist and diaphram was in the powerful grip of a highly polished black leather corset with bone support panels and laced in the back. Her meaty arms were encased to the armpit in equally tight glossy black kid gloves. A welter of pencil-thin garter straps ran down from the lower edge of her corset, anchored to her blatant black nylons by jemmed clasps. All of this wonderous pulchritude was perched teeteringly in black snakeskin pumps with skyscraper heels.

They stood staring at one another for a few moments, Berta too shocked to think of covering up.

"D-Don't you recognize me, Aunt Bertha? . . . I-I'm Bobby, your nephew," the youngster finally managed to blurt out.

"Oh my GOD, why didn't your parents tell me you were coming?" she cried. "Stay there a moment."

She slammed the door, and when it was reopened a few moments later, her ripe curves were covered with a red hostess gown that clung to them like wet tissue paper. Bobby found himself wondering who on earth she would be greeting at the door in such a bizarre costume, as she ushered him into the apartment. They walked into a sumptuous living room with a huge glass panel that overlooked Central Park, Bobby more interested in the view of her luscious legs as the gown parted at the side revealing them in their entirity in their glossy black nylon sheathing.



"I imagine that you're wondering why I opened the door to you in such an outlandish outfit?" she laughed merrily, her lovely blue eyes twinkling. "I was expecting a lady firend of mine. This is a costume that I was planning to wear to the Beaux Arts Ball tomorrow night, it's really a mad affair. I wanted her opinion of my costume . . . now tell me what you're doing so far from home?"

"D-Dad insists on my being a farmer, and I just can't stand it. He's been beating me a lot lately," said Bobby as he sat down on a couch, his eyes burrowing into the deep chasm of her shadowy cleavage, the slit in her hostess gown parting and revealing her luscious black nylon-clad legs once again.

"So you've run away from home and you want to stay with me . . . is that it?"

"I was hoping, just for awhile."

"I don't want to anger my sister . . ."

"Do you have to tell them that I'm here . . . I-I have no one else to turn to," he sobbed childishly, tears coursing down his cheeks.

"Oh my poor boy, of course I won't tell them," she said warmly, gathering him in her gloved arms and pressing his face against her massive bosom, his nose pressed into her cleavage, eagerly breathing in the wonderous perfumed scent of her. "You can stay with your old auntie just as long as you wish . . . but I'm afraid that life for you here will be terribly dull, no baseball games or anything like that."

"I HATE baseball, Auntie, Dad's always after me to play . . . I-I'm interested in other things," as he sobbed out his heart to her, Bobby burried his face deeper into her cleavage, so deep that even his ears were lost to view.

As he did so his hand accidentally came in contact with a sheer black nylon-coated thigh. The stocking felt like warm ivory, so smooth to the touch. He found himself imagining how exciting those same stockings would feel on his own legs, long and tapered like a woman's. He wanted to move his hand just to feel the marvelous texture, but dared not.

"What are those other things that you're interested in, child?" she purred softly, gently smoothing the long blond hair at the back of his head with her slender white hand, suddenly finding herself excited by the closeness of the sobbing youngster. "Do they have anything to do with big breasts and legs clad in black hose?"

Frightened that he had offended his aunt, Bobby pulled his perspiring face from her cleavage and removed his hand from her butter-soft thigh, blurting out, "Oh no, Auntie, I'm far too young to be interested in anything like that. I like to paint and write poetry, that's all that I meant."

Bertha sensed that her nephew was on a precipice, ready to fall either way, one way towards manhood and normalcy, the other towards homosexuality and oblivion, she intended to guide him, to assist him into manhood, that was the least she could do for her sister. Perhaps if he could see her in sexual action with a man, see how exciting it was, have sex vicariously, perhaps then . . . perhaps.

"Bobby, how would you like to do me a little favor tonight?" she asked, holding an exquisitely-gloved arm up and smoothing out the tiny wrinkles that had formed at elbow and wrist, a brilliant unbroken sheen now running from fingertip to armpit as the glove reflected the late afternoon sunlight that was streaming through the enormous window that overlooked Central Park.

"You have just to ask, Auntie."

"Well, I'm a little nervous about a date that I have tonight. My advertising business hasn't been going so well of late, you know the recession and all. I'm dating a middle aged man who's the president of a firm that I am trying to land as a new account."

"Why are you nervous about it, Auntie?"

"I hate to admit this to anyone so young, especially to a nephew that I just adore . . . but the truth is that when we return from the date he probably will want to go to bed with me. There are rumors going about that he likes to beat women. Ordinarily I wouldn't touch him with a ten foot pole, but my business will probably go into bankruptcy if I don't land the account . . . I'm desperate, Bobby."

"Is there any way that I can help?"

"Yes, that's what I'm getting at. Would you mind terribly if I asked you to go to my bedroom and secreet yourself in my closet about midnight, that's about the time he should be bringing me home? Then if he should happen to start to beat me you could come out and confront him?"

"Sure, Auntie, I'd do anything for you."

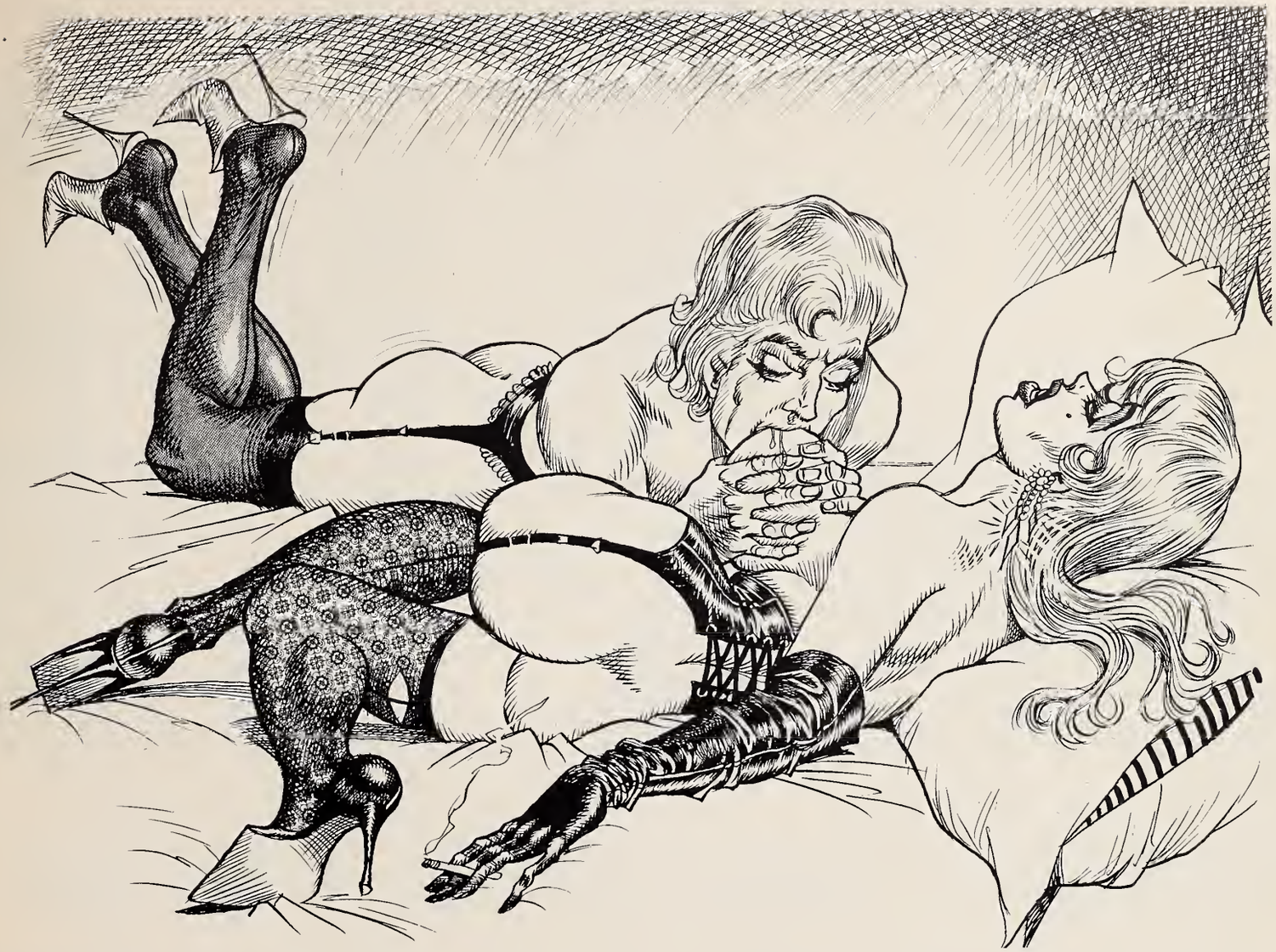
* * *

Jonathan Wainright looked harmless enough when he arrived at the penthouse apartment that night. He was quite tall but terribly thin, the few hairs that he did have were meticulously combed across the top of his head to hide his baldness.

Bertha was ravishing in a skin-tight black satin gown that emphasized the enormity of her bust, her full-fleshed arms encased in the same long black leather gloves that she had worn earlier. Bobby thought it odd that she would wear such a revealing and stimulating dress which would only serve to arouse his sadistic cravings, if any.

After they left Bobby paced the floor, glancing at the clock every few minutes, his pulse racing, his heart pounding. On the chance that they might return earlier than was expected, Bobby went into the luxurious bedroom and entered the closet at e even thirty, leaving the door partially open. G adually the wonderous scent of an expensive p fume overwhelmed him, and he realized that he v s enveloped in negligees, dresses, and all sorts o intimate female apparel. The arm portion of a (a] honous negligee was draped over his shoulder. H ifted it and pressed his face into the whispy mat rial, breathing in the delightful blended aro a of his aunt and perfume. A bulge began to fo m in his trousers, Bobby was growing excited. Th stockings, there must be lots of them in a dress drawer. This was his chance to try them on while s.e was out.

He moved quickly, finding a drawer with dozens of pairs of carefully folded hosiery. He selected a pair of black ones, for that was the type she'd been wearing earlier. He moved back into the closet, then suddenly realized that he would have to take



his trousers off to try them on. Five minutes earlier he wouldn't have dared, but Bobby was excited now, his boyhood a tentpole in his pants. He removed them, plus his shoes and socks, thankful that he had entered the closet early enough for him to try these exciting garments on.

With trembling hands he held a stocking and slipped his foot into the open end, rolling it upwards the way he had seen his sister do a few times. He drew it taut on his thigh, noting happily that it was just the right size. He repeated the exciting process with the other stocking, then realized that the tops were drooping, he needed something to hold them up. Holding the tops so that they wouldn't slide down further, he moved once again to the bureau and in one drawer found corsets, waist-cinchers, and garter belts. His impulse was to take one of the corsets, for his aunt had looked so fantastic in hers. Realizing however that it would take too long, he selected a black satin garter belt, plus a pair of sheer black panties and moved back into the closet.

He wrapped it around his waist, and worked hooks into place at the back then tugged a stocking taut, snapping the catches to the expanded top. He did the same with the other stocking, slipped into the taut panties, then eased the closet door open to see the effect. It was astounding, his legs were now like those of a show girl, beautifully shaped, and marvelously sexy in their black nylon sheathing. He liked the feel of them on his legs even more than he had expected to. He had the sensation that his legs were prisoners of the whispy black nylon, something that was strangely exciting to him, though he didn't know why. He even liked the sensation of the garter clasps as they dug into his thighs, something he couldn't understand either.

Suddenly he realized that there was something missing. Shoes, shoes with tremendously high heels like his aunt was wearing when she went out. He turned and saw a long row of them resting on a slanted board at the back of the closet. He selected a simple pair of black leather sling-back pumps, and to his utter delight discovered that they fit beautifully, fortunately his aunt was a

large woman. He teetered in the unfamiliar skyscraper heels, gradually growing accustomed to them.

Gloves, if his legs felt so fantastic from the hose, his arms should feel even better when encased in tight leather. He was about to leave the closet, so excited now that he had completely forgotten the purpose of his being there, when he heard the sound of the front door opening. Horrified he shut the door and sank to his silken knees, groping blindly for his trousers. In the process some of the garments were loosened from their hangers and fell to the closet floor. In the perfumed, silken heap he was unable to find them. He was making noise; he heard them entering the bedroom. He rose to his feet and stood perfectly still, hoping that they couldn't hear his heart pounding in his chest.

"You certainly are an impulsive man, Mr. Wainright, no sooner do we enter my apartment and you have me in my bedroom . . . what could possibly be your reason?" It was his aunt's voice, not in the least reproachful, but gay and slightly intoxicated.

"C'mon, baby, don't play games with me," he replied in an even more intoxicated voice. "You've been exposing those beautiful big tits of yours to me all night long, reaching across the table every chance you got just to show me more of your cleavage. I know that you're attracted to me."

"M-m-m, that feels fantastic, Mr. Wainright, you have such wonderful hands," Bobby heard her reply. "You're right of course, I am terribly attracted to you . . . oh yes, yes, I've been dying for you to do that to me all evening."

Bobby's excitement was growing in leaps and bounds, he was stroking his sheer panty-clad boyhood now as he eased the door open, just enough for him to see into the bedroom. Aunt Bertha stood facing the closet, Mr. Wainright directly behind her. The bodice of her gown was down around her waist, the shoulder straps stretched taut around her elbows. He had tugged her hammock-like bra high up on her chest, and now was hefting and mauling her massive, unrestrained breasts, peering down over one shoulder at them as he did so.

"My goodness, what is that hard thing that I feel pressing against my bottom, Mr. Wainright . . . do you have a club in your pocket," she giggled, groping behind her with an eager gloved hand.

"Call me Jonathan," he wheezed, beginning to bounce her enormous, fluid breasts in his palms.

"Why, Jonathan, it IS a club, a huge club, I'd better take it out of your trousers before it tears them to pieces." Both hands were behind her back now, obviously working at his fly.

Suddenly she moved away from him and Bobby just managed to choke back the gasp that rose in his throat. She had his manhood out of his trousers, in the firm grip of her leather-clad right hand. To Bobby's amazement it was just about half the size of the one he was stroking in the closet.

"Oh he's big . . . so-o-o big, just like I knew he would be," Aunt Bertha enthused, her gloved hand racing back and forth now, but his manhood no larger than before. "I just lo-o-ove big ones."

The boys in school used to tease Bobby about the size of his penis in the locker room after gym class. He knew that he was much larger than any of the others, but always had assumed that grown men were much larger in that department.

Now he realized that wasn't the case, and it did wonders for his self confidence, something that he had sorely lacked up till now. His aunt had said that she liked big ones, he had a big one, his confidence grew in leaps and bounds.

He looked down with new interest at his panty-imprisioned boyhood, testing its length and thickness with inquisitive fingers. When he glanced back into the room his Aunt Bertha was on her back on the bed, her dress discarded, clad only in long gloves, glossy black leather corset, black nylons and pumps. Her luscious legs were splayed wide, lifted from the bed and kicking spasmodically as Mr. Wainright crawled between, his manhood at the ready position.

What happened after that was an anti-climax. Mr. Wainright moved into the warm V of her splayed black nylon-sheathed limbs, and after four or five short jabs with his midsection, sighed and climbed off of the bed. Sheepishly, without saying a word, he zipped up his fly and left the apartment.

Bobby waited a few moments, a smile on his lips, a confident smile. He opened the closet door and moved into the room, stumbling a bit in his stilt heels.

"Auntie, Part of me might look like a woman, but believe me I'm a man . . . all man as you can see," he grinned, fisting his boyhood and waving it obscenely at her. "How would you like a REAL man to thrill you?"

Bobby moved to a tiny French Provincial stool, his boyhood swaying heavily from side to side in his tautly-stretched black panties. He placed a stilt heeled pump on the quilted satin cushion and adjusted a garter strap, she staring at him in open mouthed amazement.

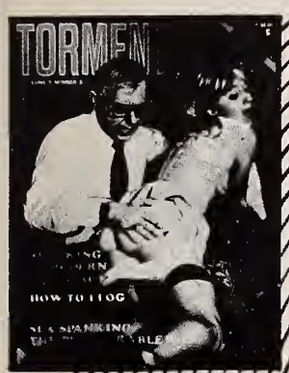
Finally she managed, "Oh would I ever, and be sure to bring that big harpoon with you!"

* * *

Aunt Bertha never told anyone how she had steered her nephew towards normalcy, not even her sister. In truth Bobby's boyhood was only of normal size, it was Mr. Wainright who wasn't the normal one, his penis was only three inches in length.

CUM ONE CUM ALL !!!

Slip into the unusual and dominating tastes of the bizarre world.



TORMENT
VOL. 5 NO. 3

SEX SPANKERS
VOL. 6 NO. 1

SUBMISSION
VOL. 1 NO. 4

HIGH HEELS
VOL. 6 NO. 1

X-OTICA
VOL. 6 NO. 1

EROTICA
VOL. 6 NO. 1

FETICHE
VOL. 6 NO. 1

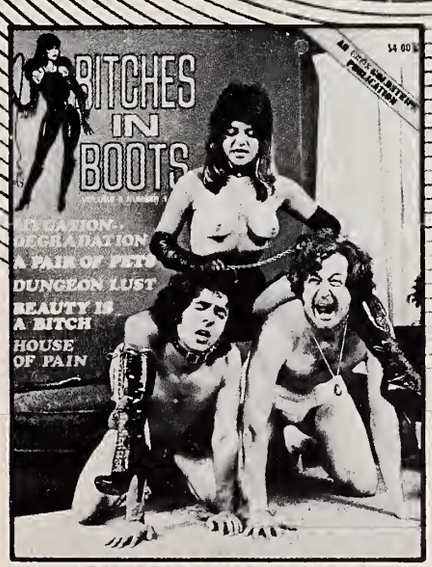
B&D
VOL. 5 NO. 4

EXOTIQUE
VOL. 6 NO. 1

WILD & WANTON
VOL. 6 NO. 1

SATISFY YOUR EVERY SEX NEED

BONDAGE QUARTERLY
VOL. 6 NO. 1



BITCHES IN BOOTS
VOL. 6 NO. 1

HITLER'S HARLOT
SPECIAL

Unique Publications for B/D and S/M Devotees with Demanding Tastes!

$4.00 EACH
Order any 3 for just $10.00
or save $12.00
GET ALL 13 MAGAZINES
$52.00 VALUE
ONLY $40.00

- ☐ TORMENT VOL. 5 No. 3
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- ☐ EROTICA VOL. 6 No. 1
- ☐ BITCHES IN BOOTS VOL. 6 No. 1
- ☐ HITLER'S HARLOT SPECIAL
- ☐ HIGH HEELS VOL. 6 No. 1
- ☐ WILD & WANTON VOL. 6 No. 2
- ☐ B&D VOL. 5 No. 4
- ☐ X-OTICA VOL. 6 No. 1
- ☐ BONDAGE QUARTERLY VOL. 6 No. 1

Total amount of order $_____

Name _____ Age ____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip ____

I certify that I am 21 years of age or older and the merchandise I am ordering is sexually oriented.

Signature _____

C.I.L. Institute P.O. Box 6118 Cleve. O. 44101

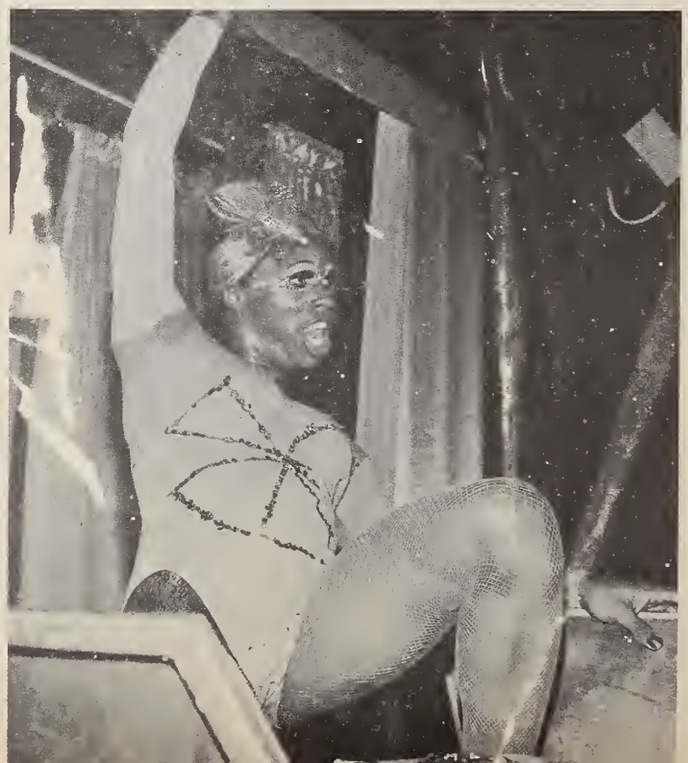
VEGA FLASH:

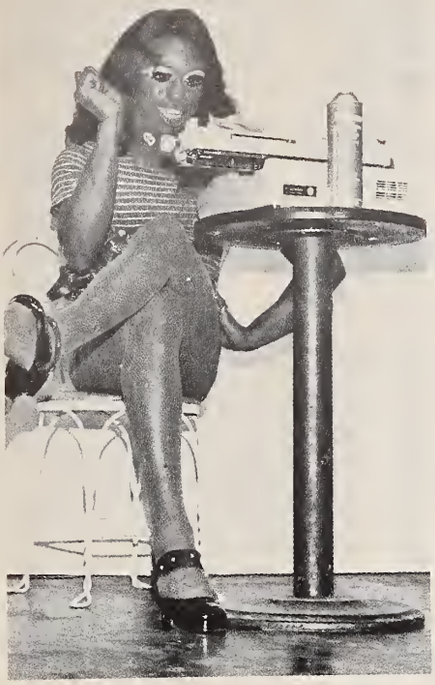
LA CAFE

Every city worthy of the name has at least one nightclub that features female mimics. New York has a few, as does Los Angeles, and many others. In Las Vegas the place to see the very best in female impersonation is the famed *La Cafe*. Presenting an entire revue nightly, *La Cafe* holds its own in a town brimming over with top talent in the world of entertainment.

Could be that the major hotels and casinos are afraid to deal with this kind of act -- but it might also be the close and friendly atmosphere available at *La Cafe*.

The club is packed nightly and the performers go all-out to provide a lively razzle dazzle show. Impersonators are noted for being top-notch stage performers and with a show of their own, they are indeed hard to beat.

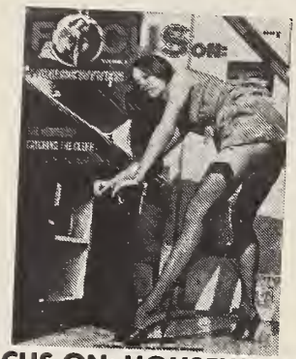




There is a tremendous amount of youthful vitality backstage at *La Cafe* as the mimics change costumes between acts and prepare for another entrance. The crowd is generally very receptive and the atmosphere is warm and friendly. Perhaps in a town given over to high stakes and high prices, *La Cafe* has found a niche of its own. Wonderful Vegas -- flash capitol of the world.

THE HOT ONES FROM CANDOR-IN-LOVE INSTITUTE

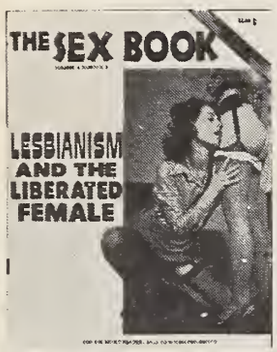
TEASING TEENS
Vol. 5 No. 2



FOCUS ON: HOUSEWIVES
Number 1

For guys who appreciate the best in beautiful girls pictured in their daringest, naughtiest nakedness! Here is a selection of eight of the toughest magazines designed to blow your mind, expand your sexual horizons and open your eyes to the wonderful world of sensuality!
FOR SWINGERS WHO NEED MORE THAN ONE!
FOR GIRLS READY TO LOVE GIRLS!
FOR EVERYBODY WHO LOVES BODIES!

CANDOR-IN-LOVE-INSTITUTE
P.O. Box 6118, Cleveland, Ohio 44101



THE SEX BOOK
Vol. 5 No. 1

FOXY
Vol. 5 No. 1

NEW COPPERHEAD
Vol. 5 No. 1

FOCUS ON: HOOKERS
Vol. 5 No. 1

FETICHE'
Vol. 5 No. 2

$3.50 each
- **Three for $9.00**
- **Any five only $12.50**

BLACK BARE & BEAUTIFUL
Vol. 5 No. 2

CANDOR-IN-LOVE-I STITUTE, P.O. Box 6118, Cleveland, Ohio 44101
Please rush the follo ing:

- ☐ Teasing Teens: 5/2
- ☐ Focus on Housewives #1
- ☐ The Sex Book: 5/1
- ☐ Foxy: 5/1
- ☐ Fetiche : 5/2
- ☐ Black Bare & Beautiful: 5/1
- ☐ New Copperhead: 5/1
- ☐ Focus on Hookers: 5/1

- ☐ 3.50 each
- ☐ Three for $9.00
- ☐ Any five only $12.50
- ☐ All 8 for only $18.00

I have enclosed $_____ and declare that I am over 21 years of age. I desire to receive sexually oriented advertisements and material and do authorize your company to mail such items to me. I have not requested the post office to "protect" me from such material. In the event I do make such a request, I agree to notify you immediately.

Signature _____

N. ME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SEND $1.00 FOR OUR GIANT NEW PAPERBACK BOOK & MAGAZINE CATALOG

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD:

(1) Write your letter and enclose it in an UNSEALED envelope. If you write more than one letter, place each letter in a separate envelope. Each of these envelopes should have your correct address printed on the upper/left hand corner and a postage stamp must be affixed. If you wish to have your letter(s) forwarded by airmail, be sure to use an airmail stamp (or stamps).

(2) Write (in pencil) the Confidential Ad Number of the person that you wish to write to on the lower/right hand corner of the envelope. We will then properly address your envelope and mail it for you.

(3) Send Two-Dollars ($2.00) for the FIRST letter and One-Dollar ($1.00) for each ADDITIONAL letter that you wish us to forward for you.

(4) Fill out the coupon below and place it – along with the letter(s) to be forwarded – in a LARGER envelope. Enclose the proper remittance and send this letter to:

Miss Jenifer Jordan P.O. Box 3896 Hollywood, Calif., 90028

HOW TO PLACE A PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENT:

Ads with photos usually receive the greatest response so why not add more interest to your ad with a photo. You may send either a black and white or a color print, but the person placing the ad must sign the back of the photo along with the date.

Plainly print your ad and all the information on the AD ORDER FORM which you will find on page *51* You will receive a confirmation of your order along with the assigned code number.

All Personal Ads are coded . . . Your name and address is never published. All replies are forwarded to you through FEMALE MIMICS free-of-charge.

Miss Jenifer Jordan
P.O. Box 3896
Hollywood, Calif., 90028

FORWARDING FEES: . . . First Letter $2.00
Additional Letters . . $1.00 ea.

I enclose $ _____ which is payment in full for your forwarding the enclosed _____ letters.
I hereby certify that I am over eighteen (18) years of age.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ SEX _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

_____
(signature)

We guarantee to forward your letter(s) as soon as we receive them. If, however, we are unable to do so, we will promptly refund your money. You are urged to include a recent photograph of yourself whenever possible.

We cannot, naturally, guarantee that you will receive a reply to every letter. That usually depends on how your letter is written. A sincere, friendly letter usually gets results.

Anyone communicating with or through FEMALE MIMICS is required to comply with all local, state and federal postal regulations.

TRANVESTITES

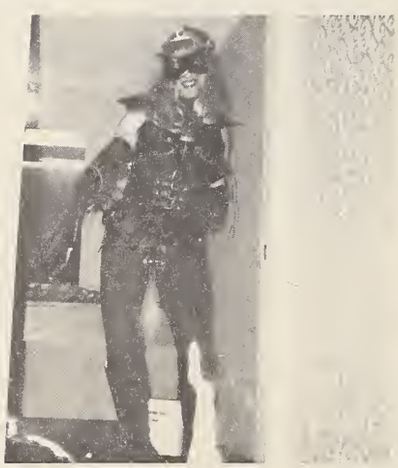
T-2001

T-2001 / CALIFORNIA — Bizarre TV, 28, desires to meet other exotic TVs, TSs and females (either dominant or submissive). I am interested in high heels, boots and leather costumery. Send photo and phone number to assure an early meeting. Discreet. **See photo.**

T-2002 / NEW YORK CITY — 28 yr. old, blonde TV wants to be bound and gagged and made to serve males, females or couples. Loves rubber, leather and satin gowns, high heeled shoes and exotic makeup. Call on me to serve you in any way. Tight corsets and gags hold special interest.

T-2003 / CALIFORNIA — Sexy, beautiful, dominant TV bitch loves to wear spike heels and boots. If your hot spot is skyscraper heels, send me a detailed description of your fantasies along with your photo and phone number. I want to hear from single men, single women, couples and other TVs. **See photo.**

T-2003



T-2004

T-2004 / CALIFORNIA — TV beginner wants to correspond & meet males and females interested in leather, boots, whips and bondage. Would also like to hear from anyone who can help me in cross-dressing and who would enjoy having me as a slave, mistress or lover. Please write and send a photo. No phonies or professionals—just those who really enjoy it. **See photo.**

T-2005 / MICHIGAN — TV, ultra-demanding and experienced in the finer points of bizarre activities — including bondage and female domination. Will teach all the meaning of true sexual domination. If you've tried all those "do nothing but talk" dominatresses, try me for a real experience. Would also like to hear from females and other TVs who would like to dominate me. Photo and SASE are a must. **See photo.**

T-2005

T-2006 / VIRGINIA — 30 yr. old blonde TV would like to serve a demanding mistress or couple. My interests are not important since I will be a slave to your desires. I travel all over the country so a meeting is always possible. Will answer all, but please send photo so I'll know what I'm getting into. Will reply with same.

T-2007 / LOS ANGELES — Bizarre TV desires to meet other TVs or females who are interested in extreme corsetting, high heeled boots and shoes, rubber, leather, satin or ??? Would like to meet and talk. Will answer all letters quickly. Please include your photo and phone number if possible. Very discreet.

T-2008 / VIRGINIA — 30 yr. old blonde TV wishes to serve a dominant mistress or couple. My interests are not important since I will be a slave to your desires. I travel all over the country so a meeting is always possible. Will answer all, but send photo. Will promise to return same.

T-2009 / NEW YORK CITY — Attractive TV would like to meet a sponsor who would be willing to help me in my efforts to become a female. I have just recently decided to go all the way, so now all I need is the ??? to carry it out. Can repay you in many interesting ways. Are you a gambler? These odds are much better than you can get in Las Vegas. **See photo.**

T-2009

T-2010 / MICHIGAN — Pretty TV, experienced in French and Greek cultures wishes to be instructed in detail in all the fine points of Female Dominance and behavior by strict but understanding mistress. Would also like to serve, love and give pleasure to an understanding man who wants a woman's woman, who will keep her under a firm hand, and who wishes to be pleased in every possible way. I enjoy mild B&D and S&M. Looking for a lasting relationship with very strict guidance and a firm hand. Will answer all who write sincere and informative letters with photos. Please enclose phone number as well as address. **See photo.**

T-2010

T-2011 / NEW JERSEY — Attractive, tall brunette TV wishes to add a few more male subjects to her ever-growing stable of slaves. If you think you've experienced everything, you're in for a big surprise when you enter my web of intrigue and mystery. Your most elaborate fantasies can be realized—not by some weak female, but by a strong-willed male who is actually far more feminine than any woman. Have extensive wardrobe of high-heeled footwear, stockings and corsets. You name the game and I'll show you how to play it. **See photo.**

T-2011

PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM:

PLEASE CHECK INSTRUCTIONS ON PG. 48 BEFORE MAILING. PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Please place the following advertisement in _____ issue(s) of **FEMALE MIMICS**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

My ad should read: _____

_____

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PHOTO RELEASE:

I, the undersigned, hereby represent that I am over eighteen (18) years of age and that the photo enclosed is an actual photo of myself. I hereby give **FEMALE MIMICS** magazine my consent to publish my photo and advertisement in **FEMALE MIMICS** magazine.

DATE _____

_____

(SIGNATURE)

YOU'LL BE MY SLAVE

. . . when you see my new bizarre type films. They're quaranteed to make your flesh tingle with anticipation! You'll go stiff with desire as you watch these bizarre beauties perform in natural *Eroticolor!* I command you to order one or all of these exclusive films *today!* If you hesitate, you'll probably never feel the sting of my whip!!!

In part one of DOMINANT TRIO, Kim Christy, Jenifer Jordan and the blonde teen tease, Sirena, humiliate their victim!

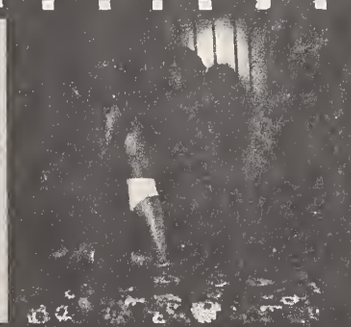
BI-101A

In part two of the DOMINANT TRIO, their victim is reduced to a pitiful hulk by his tormenting mistresses of pain and degradation!

BI-101B

While Bill drinks himself numb at poolside his two beautiful companions are dressing in exotic leather – and Bill soon finds himself in BIZARRE BONDAGE!

BI-102

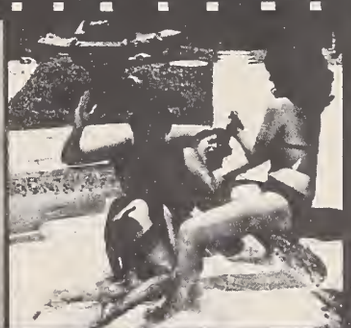


Sexy private nurse Paulette is BOUND TO PLEASE both Harry and his wife when she goes too far once too often. Rene Bond squirms in agony!

BI-103

In DRENCHED & SPANKED, a beautiful French maid endures deep humiliation and pain when she is forced to suffer for spilling a drink on her master!

BI-104



TRAINED AND TRANSFORMED deals with two wantonly dominant females who transform a grocery boy into a stunning blonde against his will!

BI-105

PRICE $25.00 each

SUPER & REGULAR

8mm 200ft COLOR

UNIQUE IMPORTS, Dept. FM62
Box 1460, Studio City, Calif. 91604

NAME _____

ADRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP ____

I certify that I am 21 years of age or older.

_____
(Signature)

No C.O.D. orders accepted.

I enclose $25.00 in ☐ cash ☐ m.o. ☐ check for the following films:

- ☐ DOMINANT TRIO—Part 1 BI-101A
- ☐ DOMINANT TRIO—Part 2 BI-101B
- ☐ BIZARRE BONDAGE BI-102
- ☐ BOUND TO PLEASE BI-103
- ☐ DRENCHED & SPANKED BI-104
- ☐ TRAINED & TRANSFORMED BI-105

CHECK ONE:

☐ SUPER ☐ REGULAR

California residents must add 6% sales tax

(Continued from page 24)

Funny, though. Once she said something to me, I ain't never forgot. She says, "It don't seem so bad when you've got them clothes on. Like being fucked by another woman." She don't like men much, which ain't surprising, because her Dad had a go at her before we was married. Tried it once afterwards too. I came in and found him and bloody near broke his neck!

I like wearing women's clothes, but I wouldn't want anyone outside to know I did it. I couldn't hardly hold my head up if they did. Folks round our way don't go in much for that sort of thing. Might be all right in London, but not here."

There you have the story of a simple kind of man, as opposed to the other two who are quite complex people. He'd down-to-earth. He doesn't know WHY he cross-dresses, and he does not specially want to know. He does it and that's enough. But he wouldn't want anyone else to know about it. In that way, all three men have one thing in common. They have a fundamental shame about the practice of cross-dressing.

The University professor is not a strong character, and not too stable emotionally. The laborer is also emotionally unstable, but does not realize it. Physically he is a very tough, strong, hard man, but he has a soft, sensitive interior life which he protects by an exaggerated appearance of roughness.

His, too, is a case of castration-fear. It seems that he gave up all cross-dressing when he was married. But the loss of the child and the realization that he could never have one was an obvious attack on his masculinity. And the shock of finding his father-in-law trying to rape his own daughter and the patient's wife—although he typically dealt with the problem on a physical basis, must have reactivated the fear of the father-image. He had "overcome" his own father when he was killed in a road-accident and then it all came back again in the encounter with his father-in-law.

This man does not conceal anything from his wife, which is an advantage to him at any rate. He professes not to care what she feels, but it is obvious that he is quite sensitive about it in fact. He was at great pains to point out that she had said that "It was better with him dressed as a woman." Probably he is much more tender, "softer" when he is dressed like that. And taking into account her upbringing and social background, his wife evidently expects men to be beasts anyway, and she probably finds that a husband who cross-dresses is much to be preferred to one who drinks to excess and beats her up when drunk.

Again, it works. The patient has obviously calmed down sexually, probably as a result of cross-dressing, and this is all to the good if one believes his account of his teenage years. And, by his lights, he's a good husband, taking care of the money he earns with so much hard work, keeping his wife in a much better style than his father kept his mother. Although this man talked with a loud, rough voice and was extremely physical, he had a pleasant smile and one gained the impression that inside his rough exterior he was quite a nice sort of person, with a kind heart. A man like that would talk "big" because he would be ashamed to admit being at all gentle.

There you have just three examples of cross-dressing among men, taken pretty well at random from bulging files. Cross-dressing is not a matter of "class" or social standing, although if it is fully indulged in it must obviously be more usual among the better-off and among bachelors, who have more privacy than married men. These days, too, cross-dressing is not restricted to the wealthy. A man can buy a woman's outfit for a very small sum of money, and if he is a "pantie-man" as so many are, the cost is trivial.

If you are a cross-dresser yourself, you may be sure that one man in every fifty you meet has the same craving. In fact, perhaps one in 25 may have the craving, while one in fifty will be doing something about it. If you are not a cross-dresser, be thankful. Do not sit in judgement. Search your own soul first and see what oddity sits there.

A man once went to see a psychiatrist. "What seems to be the trouble?" asked the psychiatrist.

"It's these damned frogs!" cried the patient, brushing imaginary frogs off his coat.

"Don't brush them all over my desk!" cried the psychiatrist, jumping back.

We all have obsessions, and we have them far more in common with other folk than we often care to remember!

Cross-dressing is a harmless enough pursuit, unless it is done in such a way as to bring offense or distress to other people. Then, like all other anti-social habits including drinking, driving too fast, or even smoking these days, it must be brought under control. However, the mores of our society still make it seem that there's something "wrong" about a man who dresses up like a woman, even as a professional performer. So, if you value your job, your social position, and your marriage, be discreet.

Most people think that Cross-Dressing is a sexual perversion. I do not agree. I have given cogent reasons why I believe it has a much deeper and more reasonable significance. That sexuality tends to be heightened by it is incontrovertible. But the release of sexuality in a man who is uptight about it because of the fear of castration can rarely be anything but beneficial.

Just Imported . . . And Now Available in the U.S.A. for the Very First Time!

A New & Exciting Novelty

Life Size — Life Like — Instant Action

PLAY-GIRL

NEW DESIGN -LIFE LIKE IN EVERY DETAIL

IN THE TRADITION OF **DEEP THROAT**

Features:

* **Flesh like vinyl body.**
* **Deep Throat action open mouth.**
* **All female parts built in.**
* **Formed human - like bust.**
* **Spongy detailed breasts.**
* **Life like in every detail.**
* **Mouth powered by air suction.**
* **Life like vagina.**

The only doll in the world with electronic-type action mouth, molded breasts, and ALL female parts. That's right!!! Play-Girl is the ONLY human-like ACTION DOLL available in America. Don't confuse PLAY-GIRL with toy like dolls being sold on the market. PLAY-GIRL is not a TOY. She was designed for the ACTION MINDED man. Imagine coming home to your own play-girl always ready for action.

Dress her up in lingerie, bathing suit, dainty underclothes, tight fitting sleek dresses, pants outfits, mini skirts or leather. Her well rounded legs can wear any style boots or shoes, nylons or hose. Think of all the fun you'll have dressing PLAY-GIRL the way YOU feel a woman should dress. And best of all PLAY-GIRL KNOWS how to show her appreciation.

ORDER NOW, while she is still available at this extremely low price, or before she becomes a collector's item.

SEND $1.00 FOR OUR ALL NEW 32 PAGE FULL COLOR RUBBER GOODS CATALOG

CANDOR-IN-LOVE-INSTITUTE
P.O. Box 6118, Cleveland, Ohio 44101

I, THE UNDERSIGNED, DECLARE AS FOLLOWS:
(NOTE: The below must be signed and your age indicated before we can fill any order)

DATE:_____ AGE:_____

I am over 21 years of age: _____
(Signature)

☐ PLAY-GIRL. . . $39.95

I have enclosed_____ in FULL PAYMENT.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____

Play Girl was designed from above drawing

MAKES ALL OTHER DOLLS OBSOLETE!

CUSTOM DOLL

DEEP THROAT DOLL--with open mouth and all female parts

only **$39.95**