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FEMALE MIMICS



Top female impersonators the world over vie for highest honors in their profession at the

CONTEST OF QUEENS: The National Cotillion



FEMALE MIMICS



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EDITORIAL

FEMALE MIMICS is, first and foremost, a magazine dealing with a highly specialized area of show business—the art of female impersonation. These highly skilled stars, who are entertainers first and foremost, can thrill and excite audiences everywhere, and we believe they deserve media exposure to a greater degree than they've ever gotten before. For that reason, here you will find a text-and-picture story about Emmanuel, German-born star now in the United States, as well as articles about Missy's Closet Ball, and most important of all, THE NATIONAL COTILLION, and its new queen, Brandie DuShannon. All this and more fill the pages of FEMALE MIMICS, for it is here you'll find the glamorous world of entertainment, together with backstage secrets, of one of the most spectacular kinds of entertainment anywhere . . . female impersonation.





**FOXY LADY
LETS HER
HAIR DOWN**



When lovely Emmanuel, one of Germany's top female mimics, arrived in the United States, her goal was to bring her art of female impersonation to appreciative audiences here. In her native Berlin she is one of the most popular stars, where she appeared at the *Chez Nous*, world-famous for its female impersonation entertainment. She has brought a high degree of skill and professionalism in her art, for in Berlin she was frequently sought out by those artistes who wanted to learn from her the secrets she has acquired that make her the magnificent performer she is. She's looking forward to her performances in the U.S.





Emmanuel's performances are the ultimate in femininity, for she has learned to catch every nuance of female charm, and in addition she's a witty conversationalist, with language no barrier at all. Her act in Germany was often performed for celebrities such as Robert Culp and Josephine Baker, guests at the *Chez Nous*, and other visitors who appreciated the sexual charm of her female mimicry. As a result, her act is filled with sensual charm as well as with humor, wit and intelligence.







Whenever she appears on stage, Emmanuel is faultlessly costumed, for her skill in make-up and dress are unsurpassed. When she's not performing, Emmanuel works on new material and new routines—one of the reasons she's in such demand. She's never satisfied completely with her act, working always to bring her act ever nearer the perfection that's her ideal.







However, all work and no play would make Emmanuel an extremely dull lady, so she makes certain there's plenty of time left

over for the primping and preening that constitute her finest hours. At such moments Emmanuel feels more a lady than

ever, except when she's on stage and the illusion is complete. Then she's really in her glory, for her every move's a triumph.







After the resounding success of her act in Berlin, Emmanuel is looking forward to her opening here in the United States. She's sure the reception she'll get will be more enthusiastic even



than that she received in her native land, for she believes audiences here are more attuned to her very special art. Her fans include men and women alike, and Emmanuel regards that as a



tribute to the perfection of the illusion she creates, the women obviously appreciating the charm and femininity she manages to project during her act.







A MAID IS MADE

“Damn, Damn, Damn,” Jeff exclaimed as he threw the classified section of the morning paper on his bedroom floor. “To get a job today you gotta be a broad!”

Jeff Peatrie was an unemployed actor and had been out of work, any kind of work, for three months. He usually worked in Broadway musicals, but the musicians had been on strike for a long time, so that avenue had been cut off to him. Worse than that, the job situation for males in Manhattan was virtually non-existent.

“Secretaries, department store help, household cooks—that’s what they want. Maids . . . maids . . . that might be an idea. My girl friends tell me that I’m too pretty for their tastes, and there was the show that I developed that high, falsetto voice,” Jeff mused with his chin thoughtfully in his hand. “Falsies, a dress, a wig . . . make-up will be no problem with my show-biz training.”

Three hours later Jeff returned with an armload of packages. He went into the bedroom and lay them down on the bed, thinking as he removed a pair of opera-length white kid

gloves from a slender box, “I hated to spend the money for these, but my arms are just too masculine. I’d be spotted in a second.”

He opened the packages and spread the contents on the bed. There was an extremely large white lace bra, and an equally large pair of falsies to fill it, an exquisite white leather corset to squeeze in his mid-section and thrust out his bottomcheeks, a skimpy pair of white nylon panties, a black satin maid’s uniform with a frilly white cap and apron. Sheer black nylons and skyscraper-heeled black patent leather sling-back pumps completed the array that he spread out on his bed.

Jeff had been repulsed at the idea of dressing up in female clothing. But as he handled the silky garments, felt their wondrously smooth texture, his penis began to swell in his trousers as he thought about having these garments next to his skin.

“The corset’s going to be the toughest, I’d better start with that,” he mused as he stripped quickly, startled to see his penis ramrod-stiff and swaying ponderously to and fro in front of him. “Oh, you like the idea, do

you, Buster?" he laughed.

Fortunately the corset was multi-boned, so it stood up by itself as Jeff wrapped it around his waist. Lacing proved very difficult. He just couldn't find the eyelets with the rawhide lace. He solved this by standing with his back to a mirror. It was difficult to exert the proper amount of pressure with his arms awkwardly behind his back, but Jeff was strong and somehow he managed it, little chills coursing up and down his spine

at the wonderful sensation of the fine leather on his bare flesh.

With the greatest difficulty he managed a bow at the top, and then he stepped back from the mirror to survey the result.

"My God, if it wasn't for old Buster wagging back and forth with approval, I'd take you for a girl already," he grinned, for the squeezing qualities of the corset had given him an hour-glass shape. He knew that the addition of falsies and bra would make him sensational.

There was one package that he hadn't opened, and he took this into the bathroom. He took out a short, black wig, and some make-up paraphernalia. Looking in the bathroom mirror, he painted his lips richly, going over his own outline and creating a cupid's bow effect. Expertly he added some light blue eye shadow, then brushed mascara on his lashes. Finally he rubbed some rouge into his cheeks briskly. When he added the close-fitting wig, Jeff Peatrie had been transformed into a ravishing woman.

"If I can keep from getting a hard on, I'll never be spotted," he chuckled as he returned to the bedroom and began the difficult task of tugging on the long white kid gloves.

He had noticed how women work each finger individually into a glove before tugging the remaining portion over their arms, so he copied them and it worked beautifully. Then it was the pair of white nylon panties' turn. Immediately he realized that he should have bought a larger pair. These were not designed to contain the bulk of a man's genitals, especially those in the swollen state of Jeff's. It was an impossible task. He let them snap shut over his testicles, and he chuckled at the erotic effect of his rigid manhood swaying over his panty-clad testicles.

Blood coursed hotly through his veins, and his pulse raced as he tugged on the dusky nylon stockings. The taut effect of the tissue-thin fabric on his legs was just as sensational to him as the tightness of his corset and gloves, and his erect penis beat the air with renewed vigor. He drew down the elasticised garter straps and clipped them to the tops of the hose, they in turn stretching the sheer nylons upwards into inverted V's. The sleek black nylons had made his legs shapely, devastating, completely feminine, and when he slipped the sling-back pumps on





his feet, the six inch heels lengthened his legs, making them even more sensational.

Then Jeff turned his attention to the bra. When it was on the cups hung limply on his chest, but the falsies soon solved this problem. He practised walking in the unfamiliar stilt-heels. It was

awkward at first, forcing him to walk in little mincing steps, but after fifteen minutes of walking around his bedroom, he had mastered the art sufficiently to venture forth.

The black satin maid's uniform fitted his now completely feminine body like wet tissue

paper. Putting the white cap and apron into a purse that he had purchased, Jeff left his apartment, ready as he ever would be . . . for action.

What kind of action he couldn't imagine.

Claire Vantassel was in a black mood. Her advertisement in the *Times* for a personal maid had gone unanswered for three days. "Times certainly have changed. Nowadays a girl would rather go on unemployment or relief before she'd be a personal maid to anyone," she thought as she stormed back and forth in her bedroom, her floor-length black lace negligee flowing behind her, her huge breasts jiggling enticingly in the confines of her matching lace black longline bra.

She wouldn't have been quite so upset if she had known that at that moment someone was approaching her posh apartment house in the east eighties, coming to apply for the job.

On the sidewalk outside, Jeff was getting a charge out of the effect he was having on the male onlookers as he passed by, his legs flashing in their sheathing of black nylon as they reflected the rays of the mid-day sun, the big, falsie-stuffed bra thrusting arrogantly at the front of his high-necked uniform. He almost stopped traffic. Cabbies honked their horns, truck drivers whistled.

As he approached a building under construction, Jeff noticed a group of hard-hats sitting along a high wood fence that ran along the sidewalk, eating their lunch. His tendency was to cross the street and avoid trouble, but he decided to continue on past them. If anyone could tell he was a fraud, it would be a group of close-inspecting, horny hard-hats.

Men stopped chewing, their mouths dropped open, as Jeff swivel-hipped his way by them, his spike-heels clicking on the sidewalk. A handsome, muscular blond worker rose and as Jeff

passed by he pinched his rump, grinning, "How about it, baby? Ya got a date tonight?"

Jeff turned and lowered his right fist almost to the sidewalk, then with all of the power in his strong arm he smashed the impudent worker on the point of his jaw, with an uppercut sending him flying into the board fence, where he crashed down in a heap, unconscious. The workers on that particular site were to talk of nothing else for the next few weeks other than the broad with the unbelievable punch.

Claire Vantassel was quite impressed with the lovely young woman who applied for the job. Perhaps she was a bit too lovely, a bit too sexually appealing. After all, she had a husband, and he was all male. She had better keep an eye on him. She had introduced herself as Bobette, and she had a delightful French accent. A bit throaty perhaps, but after all hadn't every French chanteuse she had ever heard been on the throaty side?

To Jeff's horror he found his manhood rising to a whopping erection as he drank in Mrs. Vantassel's incredible pulchritude, so devastatingly revealed by her close-fitting, black-lace negligee, black mesh stockings and long-line bra, her garter straps deliciously framing a massive black pelt that ran upwards almost to her navel. Quickly he clamped his purse over his groin.

She offered him a chair, and he sat down, his legs spread, his purse held firmly in his lap, for if he hadn't it would have been dancing all over the place.

"Your duties actually will be very simple," Mrs. Vantassel was saying. "You'll tend to my wardrobe, see that everything is clean and pressed at all times. When I rise in the mornings I will tell you what I intend to wear. You will lay it out on my bed and then assist me with my bath. Then you will help me dress."

Jeff's knees grew weak. He had to apply additional pressure

on the purse or it would have flown to the ceiling. The prospect of bathing this ravishing blonde creature, then dressing her, was a bit too much for him to take all at once.

Suddenly Jeff's new employer took a pack of cigarettes off of her dressing table and tossed it into his lap, saying, "Give me a cigarette and light it, please."

Jeff brought his knees together and caught the pack of cigarettes, horrified because he knew that in order to light her cigarette in no way could he hold the purse over his raging boner at the same time. He fumbled in his purse for some matches. When he found one and looked up, he was delighted to find that she was standing directly in front of him, her face almost obscured by her enormous, jutting breasts. He wouldn't have to rise, so he was safe. He handed her a cigarette, and he couldn't keep his hand from shaking as he struck a match and offered her a light. Female-like, she cupped the back of his quivering hand, excitement racing through him at the delightful contact, her talon-like, brilliantly-painted nails, the type that only a woman of leisure could nurture and grow, resting like a cat's claws on the back of his hand.

In the privacy of the room that had been set aside for him, Jeff did a lot of thinking that night. If a simple little thing like the touch of her hand on his would cause him to almost blow his mind, he would certainly pass out when he attempted to bathe and dress this awesome-busted woman. His penis would prove a constant problem. He couldn't carry his purse with him as he performed his duties. The apron would help. It was small but it was frilly and fluffy. It just might do the job.

Other thoughts were bothering him. He liked the feeling of the feminine garments on his body. Walking along the street he had loved the tautness of his hose

and garter straps, the way the straps tightened, stretching his stockings to the bursting point, then loosened with his steps. He was thrilled by the sensation of the cold garter clasps as they dug into his thigh. He even liked the constricting feeling of his corset and gloves. Jeff had heard much about transvestites and had always been disgusted at the thought of them . . . was he becoming one?

The following morning, Jeff was startled to find that he just couldn't wait to get into the array of garments that hung neatly over a chair. He managed the corset easier this time. He lingered over his stockings, literally caressing them upwards over his legs, excitedly attaching the garter clasps. Then he ran his hands over his silky limbs, marveling at the sensation of the ivory-smooth nylon, as thrilled as though he were handling a girl's legs rather than his own. In short, Jeff was a very confused young man when he approached his employer's bedroom.

Mrs. Vantassel was awake, stretching, as Jeff carefully opened the door.

"Pour my bath, Bobette. Make it a bubble bath. You'll find the bottle in the medicine cabinet."

"Oui, Madame," Jeff replied in his girlish voice as he went into the master bath and turned on the water, getting the bubble bath liquid from the medicine closet and pouring some into the rapidly filling tub. He turned and almost collapsed on the spot as he saw his ravishing employer approaching, completely naked, her bare feet padding on the thick shag rug, her gigantic breasts swaying heavily back and forth like two goatskin bags filled with milk, her enormous aureoles and nipples like twin beacons in a storm.

Jeff had an instant erection, but the soft folds of his apron disguised the fact nicely. He breathed a sigh of relief as his mistress settled her awesome

Continued on page 62



Missy's Closet Ball is an annual gala affair, attracting 'new' queens and their sponsors in a competition as keen as any in the tv's social season. High point of the evening is the contest for queen.

QUEENS OF HEARTS





Missy's Closet Ball is held in Inglewood, California, and each year is a Mecca for queens who have never before appeared in public. In order to enter the queen contest, a female imper-

sonator requires a sponsor . . . an established queen willing to stand behind the newcomer with advice and direction, as well as with moral support during the trying hours of preparation prior

to the ball. Every contestant experiences a certain amount of anticipatory tension prior to the start of the contest, but once it's under way, these new femalemimics rise to the occasion.





Appearing at Missy's Closet Ball, in addition to the established female impersonators and their proteges are kings in drag, vieing for prizes of their own. The female mimics parade down



a runway in the time-honored tradition of beauty contests, the girls perform whatever act is their specialty, and then they are judged. The kings then do their thing and are



judged, the trophies highly valued symbols of success in a highly competitive field, where a high degree of skill, training and concentrations count for much.







Pulses pound and breath comes shorter for each contestant as she's led forward, for this is her very first appearance in public costumed as a female impersonator, and though she knows she's facing an extremely sympathetic audience, still there are the tremors common to every opening night or first performance. The questions that arise at a time like that are, "Do I look all right?"

"Will I be so nervous I won't be able to do *anything* right?" But when the time comes, the performances are exciting as the carefully coached mimics do their routines superbly, making the judges choice an extremely difficult one. But judge they must, so they ponder their decisions as the contestants all await the outcome, more nervous now than before.





Costuming at Missy's Closet Ball is superb, as these photographs illustrate. Queens and kings alike carried their impersonation to a high peak of perfection, making the ball a gala occasion. Queens and their sponsors alike felt the high sparkle of excitement that coursed through the crowd while awaiting the judge's decision. At

an affair such as Missy's, there is always an aura of splendor hard to match anywhere else. Amazingly, the entire transformation from male to lovely, enchanting female must take place in only one hour, making demands on both the queen and her sponsor that are extreme, but it adds a heightened note to the competition.







First appearance of each of the new female impersonators at Missy's Closet Ball is as a male, and then each is given a single hour to make the transformation into female, with costume and make-up complete. Backstage during this time there is great activity, for each queen wants to win.



Under the skilled hands of her sponsor, each new queen is deftly changed from the masculine figure of moments before into the lovely, ravishing woman who will walk down the runway in competition for the coveted title of Queen. Wigs are fitted, make-up is applied skillfully, and gowns carefully slipped into with a kind of breathless anticipation of the competition to come.





The audience was treated to a wide variety of innovative and creative acts, as well as to the sight of groovy guys who had transformed themselves into lovely, gorgeous females through the magic of costume, make-up and, most importantly of all, their own great talent. These lovely queens were at their best, glorying in their wondrous moment as each projected that fabulous feminine image that is the goal of all female impersonators. The sensuality that surrounded them permeated the ballroom, adding a special glow to the proceedings that made the National Cotillion a resounding success.





With the crowning of Miss Cotillion—1975, the high point of the current season was reached, and Brandie DuShannon, the winner, joined such august company as Genie Dee, Brandy Lee, Kim Christy and Kitty

Chanar, all Miss Cotillions in previous years. Brandie, together with other members of her court, began planning the details of her reign, while the other contestants began *their* planning for next

years' National Cotillion. One thing all agreed on, though, was the fact that Brandie DuShannon would make a worthy queen to rule during the coming year. She's a lovely, sensitive person, a real queen.



1975 NATIONAL COTILLION 1st RUNNER - UP

ANDREA NICOLE

The Queen's Attendant



In a close contest such as the National Cotillion, final selection of the winner is extremely difficult, so the selection of Andrea Nicole as the queen's attendant meant that the judging was close, for this talented female mimic shown brightly in a field studded with talent, charm and sensuality. She'll be a worthy aid to Miss Cotillion—1975, Brandie DuShannon, and together they'll reign.





When she's not performing, Andrea Nicole spends as much time as possible primping and preening herself, indulging herself in those luxuries she's earned by hard work as one of the nation's most talented female impersonators. Costumed as a lady, she exudes the most feminine kind of charm and grace . . . a talent not given to many.



1975 NATIONAL COTILLION COTTILLION QUEEN WINNER BRANDIE DUSHANNON



Selection as Miss Cotillion—1975 was a thrill for lovely Brandie DuShannon, one of the top female impersonators in the world, but it was not entirely unexpected. Brandie is every inch a queen, a regal lady fully deserving of the honors heaped upon her. Her magnificent presence on stage, her obvious talent, and the assiduous care with which she prepared for the National Cotillion, all paid off handsomely with her selection as reigning queen.



At home, out of her queenly regalia, Brandie reveals herself as a foxy lady with a passionate love of luxurious surroundings. It's here she can relax and fill her life with those symbols of feminine charm that, as a female impersonator, she treasures so highly. Her time is going to be taken up, during the coming year, with the demands made upon her by being selected Miss Cotillion—1975, but Brandie is sure to provide excellent leadership in this demanding job.

A black and white photograph of a woman with dark, voluminous hair and heavy eye makeup. She is wearing a white collared shirt under a dark, shiny leather vest. She holds a braided leather whip in her mouth and with her right hand. The background is a patterned curtain with floral motifs. The text 'LEATHER-LOVER IN DRAG' is overlaid on the left side of the image.

**LEATHER-
LOVER
IN DRAG**



Genie Dee's captured, in her magnificent impersonation of a dominant female, the full flavor of the high-heeled, booted, leather clad woman who seeks to humiliate every male who comes before her. She's a groovy gal who understands every subtlety, every nuance, of the dominating bitch who whips into submission her men, making them grovel in agony at her feet.





In leather she's a ravishing creature, an absolute queen of pain and submission, willing and able to wield whip or other instrument of humiliation in order to reduce males to the

proper degree of humility before her. Her spike heels she loves particularly well, for they symbolize to her the full level of her dominance over the males who recognize this lovely female

impersonator as their mistress. She's an expert at masculine humiliation, able to reduce a man to a groveling animal in a matter of minutes, and it's her pleasure to do so.







And what brings a leather-lover in drag to go on a dominance trip? She says it's because she has a deep and abiding understanding of the masculine need for domination, the need to be humiliated and thus cleansed of guilt. But in drag, Genie Dee's a tv who's transformed herself into a remarkably stern, albeit lovely, image of dominance.





ROYALTY IN DRAG

Early in 1975 the Duke of Norfolk passed on. Now, to an American in this age, this news may be met with a glassy stare and "So what's next?" However, while the impact of the late Duke of Norfolk on American social movements was minimal, his passing does, in fact, hold some interest for you. Because while he was obviously of far less importance than his more famous great-aunt, Queen Victoria, who lent her name to an Age which even Americans recognize as covering a period roughly from 1850 to 1900, nonetheless in a minor but not insignificant way, the late Duke could also be said to be an important landmark for Western Society as a whole, which includes the Americas.

Briefly, Norfolk is the senior dukedom of the kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The title since 1483 has been held by the family of Howard. John Howard (1430-85) was granted the title, but lost it because of his support of Richard III. Thomas Howard, the 3rd Duke (1473-1554) defeated the Scots at Flodden. He was rewarded by the restoration of the title. He succeeded his father (1542) and led the opposition to Cardinal Wolsey. Thomas Howard, the 4th Duke (1536-72) intrigued with Spain in an effort to get himself married to Mary, Queen of

Scots, but this was discovered and he was beheaded at the order of Queen Elizabeth I. His direct lineal descendant died in 1975, seventy years old and in excellent health except during the last month of his life.

Again, you may well ask, "And what the hell has all that got to do with the price of fish—or of pizzas or even matzos—in present-day America?" The answer can only be, not very much—or a great deal if you would care to bear with me for another couple of hundred words.

Interestingly, the Howard family is Roman Catholic; this makes it even more surprising that they have survived as premier Dukes of England for five-hundred years. It indicates, I think, a certain durability. Also, the Duke of Norfolk is, traditionally, The King's (or Queen's) Champion. (This means that if anyone were to challenge Queen Elizabeth II to a duel with broadswords, or lances, the Duke of Norfolk would, in theory, fight the duel on behalf of the monarch. Of course, today the challenger would end up in a sanitarium for the insane, but the thought is there all the same!) Right through to the Coronation of King George IV, early in the 19th century, it was usual for the King's Champion to ride into Westminster Hall on a white horse while the Coronation Banquet was in process. He would issue a challenge to all-comers who in any way disputed the right of the King to reign, and throw down a glove on the floor, for anyone who cared to pick it up and so accept his challenge. Hence the expression "to throw down the gauntlet" which is the English equivalent of the American, "to throw your hat into the ring." From the Coronation of William II onward, the riding of the horse into the banqueting-hall was abandoned, presumably because manners were becoming nicer—and horses do have such antisocial habits!

The significant thing in all this is that the King's Champion was a Catholic, during long centuries of religious persecution, and while the monarch was, from Henry VIII onward, committed to the Anglican Church of England. Which again indicates a healthy capacity for survival in the Howard family!

Now, here is the point at which all this begins to come close to home to the American tourist in England, with his cameras and light-meter at the ready. The Dukes of Norfolk were also responsible for organizing all the Royal pageantry, and the late Duke did, in fact so organize two Coronations and three Royal Funerals, in addition to literally hundreds of other lesser events. Which, I should say, puts him way out in front of Ziegfield or even Cecil B. de Mille as an impresario!

Among the events in which the Duke had an interest, and an over-riding control, was the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. Ascot Week is the truly great Royal week of horse-racing every year. The monarch almost invariably attends most of the meetings, using the Royal Box, which is set in the Royal Enclosure. Entry to the Royal Enclosure is a jealously-guarded

privilege—and its guardian was the Duke of Norfolk, whose word was absolute Law.

Apart from deciding who should be admitted to the Royal Enclosure, Norfolk also decided what they should wear. For men, it was simple. He imposed a uniform with which most of us are familiar through the movies if in no other way. Grey tophat, grey tailcoat (cutaway), white shirt, stock and cravat, grey pin-striped trousers. Men are easy to handle in this way. Women are more difficult! However, by common consent, the “standard” dress for women at Royal Ascot has, for at least half a century been some kind of pretty gown, suitable for high summer, surmounted by a wide-brimmed and ornamental hat.

But, of course, increasingly there are rebels! Only a decade ago, Norfolk’s “Gestapo” was turning away tearful debutantes from the gates because they were guilty of the crime of wearing trouser suits to the Enclosure. Eventually, because he was the descendant of a line which had known how to survive over five centuries by resisting up to a point and then giving way gracefully, Norfolk eventually turned a blind eye to women in trousers. No permission was even given, but the wearers were neither turned away from the gates, nor executed by the public executioner on Tower Hill! However, the Duke stuck his heels in over hot pants! About four years ago, a flock of young ladies was turned away. Many of them, anticipating some such tragedy had wisely brought a skirt in the car, and making a quick change were able after all to mix with the great; the rest sat weeping all afternoon. Norfolk was charming, but implacable, until his death. In an interview given a couple of months before his passing, he said that “while I live, young women will never be allowed into the Royal Enclosure in Hot Pants.”

And now he has gone, and his son has succeeded, and no one knows yet what his attitude will be toward dress at Royal Ascot. British Society—not cafe society, not the demi-monde, but the real stuff—trembles! And all because of what happened on Saturday, March 8, 1975, almost before the echoes of the mourning bells for His Grace had died away!

It was the occasion of a Great Wedding, when the daughter of another Duke—probably the richest man in England, married a cousin of the Queen. Not only was the Queen herself present, together with some 1500 other guests, including at least three ex-monarchs, innumerable princes and princesses, a number of dukes and duchesses, the cream of the aristocracy of England, and a fair sprinkling of those Americans who, when they are not talking to one another, talk only to God! And inevitably, at the tail-end of such a distinguished guest-list were a few more raffish names. Somehow, throughout history, the rag-tag and bobtail of society has always managed to get a foot in every door, whether of Buckingham Palace or of The White House. Actors and actresses, performers of all kinds worm their way in, as

members of somebody’s “clan,” or even as the mistresses of the distinguished.

And, sure enough there were some actors and actresses at this wedding. Not many—but enough for one of the young actresses—not, I may add, more significant in her profession than a “promising young comedienne,” to overthrow the whole, dignified structure which the late Duke of Norfolk had held up, Sampson-like, for half a century!

In short, she went to the wedding dressed in a tophat and morning suit—exactly the kind of suit that was “de rigueur” for the other guests—except for the fact that the other guests so attired were men! An apparent transvestite got in, not merely to a reception where the Queen was the Guest of Honor, but even into the awesome precincts of Chester Cathedral! The mind boggles! I dare not wonder how the late Duke would have regarded it!

Now, I’ve taken you a long way around to get there, but without any background, this was merely a case of a silly young girl with no taste, cocking a snoot at Society and behaving with the worst of manners in public on a solemn State Occasion. I do not really care about that sort of thing. It is not uncommon for such people to behave badly in public. Four or five marriages flaunted in the face of a long-suffering public; drunken brawling; these are part and parcel of “stage society” to which we have been used ever since the days of Shakespeare. These people are perfectly entitled to “do it my way” if they want to; the rest of us are entitled to ignore them if we want to.

And there is nothing very original about a two-bit performer appearing in public in drag. The seventeenth century Restoration play actors did it often. In those days, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, women were not allowed to appear on the stage in public. Therefore all women’s parts were taken by boys whose voices had not broken. It is interesting to think that Romeo’s passion was first directed, not at a female Juliet, but at an adolescent youth! Inevitably these boy-actors, finding that they were applauded for acting as women, kept up the pose in manner and dress when they were off-duty.

George Sand (1804-76) the famous French author, whose real name was Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, who was for a long time the mistress of Chopin, the composer, always dressed as a man, swaggering around Paris in breeches, carrying a hunting whip! There have been a number of British female performers of the past half-century who have done the same. Such people live by notoriety; one should not blame them for seeking it. In any event, if any woman wishes to dress as a man in public, I see no reason why she should not. That is not the point at issue.

What is, is that this baggage managed to get herself into a Circle which would even six months before, have been subject to the bleak eagle-eye of the late Duke of Norfolk. She hardly waited until he was cold!

Males dressing as women have been known throughout history, as references in early Greek poems reveal. Even royalty has at times been known to cross-dress, though why is not always known.

I am by no means certain that she is going to set a trend. In the photo which appeared with the Press Report, she does not, frankly, look very attractive. In fact, she looks rather silly, and extremely self-conscious. The style, with a voluminous cut-away coat is not becoming to her. I do not anticipate seeing all the ladies at Royal Ascot this year dressed indistinguishably from their male companions! However, it is intriguing to imagine what the Enclosure would look like if everyone decided to appear cross-dressed! I think that on the whole the women would have the best of it. Most of them, except the very fat ones, could at least get by in grey Morning Suits and Top Hats. But I shudder to think what some of the men would look like in pretty dresses and large, floppy hats!

I do not mock the concept of cross-dressing; I know that, as an idea in mind, it has a deep significance to many people, and that to quite a proportion it is a psychic necessity. And I admit that I have seen many instances of cross-dressed women, and a few of cross-dressed men, which result in the appearance of most attractive and pleasant-looking hermaphrodites. But I am also sorry to say that the majority of men, and some women who cross-dress manage to look exceedingly ridiculous!

Now, in privacy, when the cross-dressing has some deep psychic significance, the actual appearance does not matter. If a middle-aged man dresses up as the Fairy Queen, and avoids looking in a mirror, it may give him a lot of real satisfaction, which I would be the last to deny him. But I doubt whether, in most cases, it would give any other satisfaction to an onlooker than that afforded by a hearty belly-laugh! I should be very sorry to see the Royal Enclosure filled with transvestites of both sexes, not on moral but on aesthetic grounds!

If you were inclined to be censorious, you might also say that such a scene would be a clear indication of a society in a state of decay and degeneration—and you would probably be right. However, even this does not bother me because, among my other preoccupations I am an historian, and I therefore see “change and decay” as an inevitable function of civilization. In a short lifetime, I have seen the British Empire—the greatest Empire the world has ever known, shrink to the Colonies of Bermuda, Bahamas and Hong Kong plus half a dozen protectorates. I see England, once the proud master of a third of the inhabited earth, now a small dot on the map, trying to make up its mind whether it is or is not part of Europe. I have seen American Imperialism swell vastly, adding three States to the Union in a few years, seeking to impress its might on half the





The ability of transvestites to mimic female behavior is sometimes phenomenal, and many a man has been totally and completely deceived, not even knowing the 'woman' is really a man.



earth—and I have seen it reduced to the public image of one small traveling salesman, commuting from one capital to another trying to damp down the fires of war, while the Congress, in a mood of renewed Isolationism refuses the minimum funds to care for small nations embroiled in civil war by action, long forgotten, of the American Government.

Not long before I was born, the Chinese Empire collapsed in ruin, and soon after I was born, the Russian Empire did the same. Today, the new Russian and Chinese Empires straddle the earth. I have seen Japanese Imperialism crushed at Nagasaki—and a new form of Imperialism arise in Japan so that, realizing they can no longer hope to win the Empire of Earth by force of arms, they are trying in their industrious, over-ambitious way to buy it for cash! Failing to conquer Australia, they now dig its minerals out of the earth and carry them back to their small islands to further reduce their amenity by pollution!

And none of these things is in any way unusual or important. Civilizations and empires have been rising and falling, like a bride's nightgown, ever since the dawn of history, and will no doubt continue to do so if someone does not try to stop the inevitable trend by blowing us all to hell and gone!

So I should not lose any sleep if the guests at the Royal Enclosure at Ascot in 1975 were to arrive cross-dressed, even if this meant that English society and way of life were about to collapse. It will collapse sooner or later, and something different, which will be hailed as "better" but will in fact be the same thing with a "new look," will arise. On the whole, since I have to live through it, I would prefer to see English society collapse gracefully into decadence than be crushed under left-wing revolution as in Portugal, or become hog-tied in socialistic red tape.

It is not cross-dressing as such that bothers me. It is the hard, inescapable fact that, by and large, on the whole, in a general way, it does not work! I do not mind anyone looking raffish; I deplore anyone looking ridiculous in public, if it can be avoided.

Of course, standards of dress change all the time. President Wilson would have felt naked and defenseless at Versailles without his silk hat. President Nixon in a silk hat might well have looked even more of a crook than he did in a lounge-suit. When the "top brass" of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization meet in solemn conclave today, they wear somber brown or fawn or khaki. Sixty years ago, they could not have contemplated doing their work without scarlet and blue, gold braid and white feathers by the handful in their hats! One would not ask these men to revert to the uniforms of pre-World-War I days. If they did, they would certainly draw more grins than cheers!

And, of course, it is just at the point where the amused grin starts that all the joy goes out of cross-dressing! As at any solemn occasion, such as at the brink of orgasm, a giggle is the kiss of death! If the

young actress I have talked about finds that it turns her on to dress as a young man, then, at 28 years old she is entitled to do so. If she finds that the notoriety of having her name and photo in the national newspapers in drag is "good publicity," she is entitled to her point of view. I personally am of the opinion that, for the individual as opposed to a corporate body, all publicity is bad publicity, but points of view differ. I do not even complain that she managed to get through the invisible screen of "propriety" which originally banned women in trousers, and then girls in hot pants from the Royal Enclosure. It is always fun to see someone giving the leg of the Establishment a hearty tug!

All I wish is that she had taken the trouble to dress up in the suit, have some photos taken, and then sat down after a few days, to study them in detail. I cannot help feeling that she would have changed her mind. There are a hundred ways she could have dressed in male drag without looking absurd!

I do not see this as a "trend." One swallow does not make a summer, nor one actress a fashion! And that, frankly, is what is wrong with the whole thing. Her appearance was outré, gauche, off-beat; not fashionable. Of course, it would be nice for her to find first England and then America following her. If they did, she would at once get rid of the Morning Suit and Grey Topper and put on something different! But

The secret of successful transvestism is, at least in part, based on the tv being able to project an image of femininity in all ways.



Elaborate costuming is a part of the cross-dresser's pattern, and the more elaborate, the better, adding depth to the illusion.

fashions are not "made" by silly little comic actresses dressing up in off-beat ways. They arise from the Collective Unconscious like great, uncontrollable waves which carry everything with them.

This is the day of Women's Liberation, and this is Women's Year. This is not a time for women to "ape the man" by stealing his suits. The Collective Unconscious of women is tuned to the truth that a woman is no less, and no more a person of individual worth and integrity than a man. And such a frame of mind is *not* going to result in fashions for clothes borrowed from masculine styles. Women started to wear trousers in the West when they first began to feel the need to "stand up" to masculine domination in day to day life. In England, they fought, and sometimes died for the vote—in ankle-length skirts. It was soon after World War I that women began, tentatively to wear trousers. The beginning of the fashion was known as "beach pajamas." You may see them occasionally in a very old black and white movie. It grew gradually but steadily through the years, as women came to see more and more that, in truth, they were "as good as men."

But today at least in England, that condition is accepted even in Law. It is now illegal to discriminate against any job-applicant on grounds of sex. If you advertise for a Secretary, specifying fast shorthand, typing and other skills; and if you have two applicants, one male and one female, you may choose between them on the grounds that one of them more exactly meets your job-specification. But you may not advertise for a "Female Secretary," nor may you



In times past, a member of a royal family with a penchant for cross-dressing was regarded as a skeleton in the royal closet. The secret was carefully guarded, though leaks often occurred.



choose the girl because she has big breasts! If the man is nearer to what you have specified, you must give him the job at the identical rate of pay you would have given the girl. And in reverse, if you want an engineer and a girl comes for the job, you may not turn her away because she is a woman, neither, if you hire her, may you pay her less than you would pay a man for the same work. There are severe penalties attached to this Law, which reduces the laughter!

So, in effect, while it will obviously take some years for the spirit of this legislation to sink through the social strata, the fight for women's equality is virtually won. The laboring classes do not care for it, and neither do the Trades Unions, but this is inevitable. There is no conservative to compare with a radical working-class socialist! But they have to put up with it, and within the next twenty-five years or so, will come to accept the position.

The result of this and other positive but non-legal moves toward the total liberation of women in the United Kingdom will inevitably be to reduce the totemistic wearing of men's attire by women in public. Hitherto, women have sought to wear trousers and trouser-suits very largely in order to "put on" the "magic power" of men as demonstrated in their clothing. It has been on a par with the wearing of the skins of powerful animals by primitive people, who in doing so seek to "take on" the power of the wild beast they have killed. I am careful not to say that ALL wearing of trousers by women is in this category. Manifestly it is not. There are social and job conditions where the wearing of trousers may be conducive to modesty or even safety; but they are limited. Obviously it is more comfortable and practical for a woman to wear trousers on a ski-slope. However, although shorts would certainly be more "modest" and at worst no less comfortable than frilly panties and short dresses for playing tennis in, the panties and dresses have the majority vote! And, of course, in hot summer weather, or in a tropical or sub-tropical climate, outside the jungle, a short skirt is a much more comfortable garment than a long pair of trousers.

Women, having achieved a great part of their demand for absolute social equality, will no longer feel the need to assert themselves as "women in breeches," wearing pants in order to take on the magic power of the male. They will continue to do so in situations where the wearing of trousers is sensible and comfortable. True liberation of women, as opposed to the various cranky "women's lib" movements which seem to demand, not liberty but domination, has advanced a very long way since Ogden Nash wrote, in the 1920's, his "Ode to a Girl Wearing Trousers,"

*"By all means wear the pants,
The legs are yours, my Sweeting.
You look Divine when you advance!
Have you seen yourself retreating?"*



So I very much fear that the young actress who burst in upon a Royal Wedding wearing a man's suit is in much the position of a whip and buggy manufacturer in an age of automobiles. He may make the best whips and buggies available, but his order book will not be over-full! She is not going to start a new fashion, because the tide, as I have explained, is against her. We may expect to see more skirts and less trousers as time goes by. And, incidentally, we may accept the miniskirt as virtually dead. I think that outside the maniac fringe, we shall see a recrudescence of modesty in women's dress over the coming years. You see, Western Woman has passed the point at which she was under any real or imagined need to "use her sex as a shrimping net"! She is now a legal and social person, fully equal with men. All that is now required is reasonable time for the fact to become established right through the social strata. At present there are points of resistance at the very top and at the bottom. Among the enlightened and socially mobile middle-classes, women's equality is an accomplished fact.

I have not yet commented on whether or not I believe this to be a good thing. Frankly, I have mixed feelings about it. In principle I am all in favor of equality; in practice it does not work out too well. In England, under strong left-wing political pressure, and because of feeble rightwing counter-pressure, we have now reached the stage where Jack is not merely as good as his Master, but better! This results in a degree of what I can only call Mob Rule, for the want of a more expressive phrase. We sag ever downward toward the lowest common denominator, with the few of us who will not play being condemned as re-

The amount of time a female impersonator must spend making himself up as a woman is far longer than required for a woman to do the same job.





The end result of all the effort necessary for a female impersonator to achieve the illusion of being a woman is often stunningly beautiful.



actionaries, and compelled to buy homes in Spain in the hope that if things get too darned bad here, the regime in Spain will manage to continue to keep the mob in control. (In view of the horror in Portugal, where inside a year an oppressive Right Wing Dictatorship has become transformed into a bloody-minded Communist Dictatorship, I am by no means sure!)

The Duke of Wellington, when he was Leader of the Opposition in Parliament in 1832, opposed the First Reform Bill with the words, "If you pass this legislation, you will be handing England over to the rule of the Mob!" How right he was, even though that particular Bill merely gave the vote to a total of less than half a million adult men of substance out of a population of about 20 millions.

I appreciate the evils of Dictatorship. I have seen it rise in Spain, Germany, Italy and the USSR—and I have seen it fall in Germany and Italy. It will fall, I feel sure, in Spain before the end of the decade. It is unlikely to fall in the USSR, and it is fast developing now in China. Like millions of other people, I fought against German and Italian Dictatorship to their death. I think that the world and the individual countries concerned are infinitely better off without it.

Yet, I see very little that is good in unbridled Democracy, dominated by the asinine statement that "The voice of the people is the voice of the gods," and the assumption that a million nobodies are better able to rule than a hundred somebodies. But I am not misanthropic. I believe that one day some system will be devised which will give us all freedom, not merely from oligarchs, but also from ochlocrats—from rule by a select few and also from rule by the Mob. It will not happen in my time, but I am reasonably optimistic about the long-term future.

The trouble with democracy is that most people, never having learned to rule themselves, are quite unfitted to rule others. The trouble with dictatorship is that it always becomes both oppressive and corrupt. Democracy, being based on jealousy and envy, is also greedy, wanting to devour, all in one year, not merely the fatted calf, but also the cow and its milk as well. Dictatorship, being founded on the absurdity that any one man, or junta knows what is best for everyone, must either persecute its opponents or cease to exist.

Now we have a new force come into our affairs, and so far as I know, no one has thought about it very much. It has crept up on the Western World over the past half-century and is now an accomplished fact. Women are equal with men. (They always have been equal in fact, but certainly not in law. Now they are.) Are they temperamentally fitted for their new role? History would answer with an emphatic "No!" Let us for a moment consider the case of Portugal. For fifty years, under Dr. Salazar, Portugal was a powerful, paternalistic Dictatorship. Salazar knew that most

people are irrational and irresponsible politically, so he fell into the error of refusing the people any share in Government. On a material basis, he did well by the Portuguese. But inevitably he died without having resolved the inherent problem, the self-destructive problems of Dictatorship. His inheritors fumbled the ball and dropped it. Instantly it was snapped up by the extreme Left Wing, who had been plotting and preparing for half a century for just such an eventuality, in accordance with the standing instructions of Communist International which is always to support a weak government until it collapses, and then take power. Less than a year from the end of the Dictatorship of the Right, Portugal is firmly in the hands of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, which means, in fact, grim Communism with all that implies. It would seem that Comintern spends its money more effectively than the CIA!

The Portuguese, having absolutely no experience in democracy, have run wild, clinging to any demagogic principle which will restore some semblance of stability. Lacking another Right Wing regime, they have rushed to the Left.

Now, I have a sneaking fear that something of that sort may happen in the man-woman relationship. Men, with a few notable exceptions such as Elizabeth I of England and Catherine the Great of Russia, have held the reins of power in the Western World for at least two thousand years. We will not go back further. Quite suddenly, over a short period of fifty years, most of that power has been shared equally with women. Most of the sharing has taken place

within twenty years, which is shorter than a lightning flash in historical terms. I do not see that, parallel with this movement, very much has been done to educate women into a sense of their responsibilities. I accept that much of male domination has been bad, even evil; conducive to wars and misery, to enslavement and persecution. At the same time, however, there has been an underlying stability which has made it possible, for instance for the male-dominated world to survive two World Wars in thirty years and rise from the ashes like a phoenix. Is there anything to show that women are mentally and emotionally capable of putting into effect, and holding to such policies?

Physically, as most men know, women are different, and as the French say, "Vive la difference!" However, the general ignorance about psychology, and the almost universal contempt in which it is held because of that ignorance, have tended to blind us to the parallel fact that psychologically also "women are different." You may think of this fundamental difference in a simple example. Give a small boy an old clock to play with and, if he is worth his salt, in an hour he will have it torn to pieces, trying to find out what makes it tick. Give it to his small sister, and she will put the clock on a shelf somewhere and start to play "house," with the clock as the centerpiece of her fantasy. The psychological difference is simple but profound. Generic man is an enquirer, a discoverer, inquisitive, active, and often because of this, destructive. Generic woman, by contrast, is a user, an acquirer of what is, conservative, passive, and be-

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cause of this oppressive. The man wants to change the world—often not for the better. But the woman wants to keep it as it is, and in the course of inevitable evolution, this attitude is like a slow death.

The ideal, of course, would be a balance between the radicalism of the man's mind and the conservatism of the woman's, so that progress is made, but slowly, gently, without blood in the gutters or bombs in the bars! But I have a fear that now the pendulum has swung in favor of the feminists, we shall have to endure a period of dull conservatism in which research, development, experiment will all slow down to a snail's pace. I doubt very much if, under a woman President, America would have set a man on the moon. She would have wanted to spend the money on slum clearance. And while it is certainly desirable to clear slums, there has to be scope for aspirations. And the idea of a woman President is not nearly as remote today as it would have seemed even twenty years ago. In England now, for the first time in history, we have a woman Leader of the Opposition, inevitably a Conservative Leader because the Socialist Party is still trying to pretend that women's equality has not arrived. Given a General Election and barring a catastrophe within the next four years, Britain will have a woman Prime Minister, because she will pull the women's votes of all parties. Today Britain; tomorrow America; next year The World! Certainly Mrs. Bandaraïke in Ceylon, Mrs. Ghandi in India and Mrs. Golda Meier in Israel have done their work well. So, maybe you will have a woman running for President in 1980, or 1984! And she might just win!

All of which may seem a long way from a minor actress getting into a Royal Wedding in drag, but it is not. What I have tried to show you is that she WAS in drag, and not a transvestite. She was defiantly saying, "I am as good as any man," at a time when no one would be likely to dispute the fact. The whole concept was out of date and irrelevant before she did her "act." The fact that she did it—and got away with it—is a demonstration of a further relaxation in attitudes which the late Duke of Norfolk managed to stave off for fifty years, single-handed.

There is a curious reaction to this kind of thing to which I should draw your attention. The immediate reaction when a woman dresses in drag is to assume that she is "sexy." This of course is quite incorrect. It is a fact that to many, and maybe to the majority of men she *looks* sexy; it does not mean that she *feels* sexy. The "sexiness" is in the mind of the man, not the woman. To the male onlooker, there is a delicious and delicate air of bisexuality about a girl dressed as a man, which appeals, not merely to heterosexuality, but also at the same time to latent homosexuality. A man may lust after a woman dressed as a man without having to admit, even to himself that part of his lust is directed toward the man she appears to be, and only part to the woman he knows she really is. I have known of cases of men who were homosexual in

the inclinations, but with practical homosexuality severely repressed. In consequence, they have been incompetent and often impotent with a woman until she dressed as a man, whereupon the male was able to perform satisfactorily. He had the masculine attributes on which his mind was incorrectly fixed, combined with the feminine sex characteristics which saved him from the homosexuality he desired but abhorred at the same time.

Certainly women in boys' clothing have a long-standing public image. During the Restoration, from 1660 to 1685 in England, when, as in the 1960's London was "the swinging City," women began to creep on to the stage. It was a long time before they were generally accepted as actors, because the public had a strong taste for cross-dressed boys in feminine roles. The girls started on the stage as dancers, in a novel kind of entre-acte cabaret show. (In the middle of the dark tragedy of Hamlet, for instance, one or more girls would appear in the intervals and perform frankly libidinous dances. This was comparable to stopping the action of a modern tragic play to run a strip-tease! Or to show commercials!) The dancers had a more-or-less standard uniform, of white shirt and tight black trousers, and the shirt was usually cut to the navel and worn wide-spread so that during the action the dancer's breasts would be clearly visible, while the tightness of the pants left little to the imagination. They looked "boyish"—yet were obviously girls. By contrast, Juliet and other young heroines looked "girlish" but were, less obviously, boys. One feels that the Restoration gallants had a ball!

Since the seventeenth century, cross-dressed women have never been absent for long from popular entertainment. I stress the word "popular" because they were to be found in what was, even in the most repressive days, considered to be suitable family entertainment. In England, at Christmas and for a couple of months afterward, Pantomime is the accepted form of stage-entertainment, levelled at children, but popular always with adults. Every pantomime worthy of the name has two cross-dressed characters. On the comic side is the Dame, who is usually the "mother" of the "hero." (For instance, in the Pantomime, "Aladdin," based roughly on the Arabian Nights' tale of "Aladdin and the Forty Thieves," the traditional "comic mother" of Aladdin is "The Widow Twankey." This character is ALWAYS played by a male comedian, in drag; and it is played strictly for laughs, and belly-laugh at that. His role is frankly vulgar. By contrast, the "hero" of pantomime is ALWAYS a girl, cross-dressed as a boy. Aladdin, for instance is a girl in pantomime although the role she plays is masculine, and you find her making love—within the limits of stage convention—to the heroine, usually called Princess Pearl, who is also a girl. In the meantime her "mother" is having a high old time with another male character who may be the Sheriff of Nottingham in a pantomime called "The Babes in the

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Wood,” which usually involves also Robin Hood. The love affair of the cross-dressed “hero” and the heroine is invariably tender to the point of mushiness; that of the cross-dressed “mother” with the villain, almost invariably coarse and hilarious, usually involving the losing of voluminous “bloomers” and such delights.

So much flagrant cross-dressing, not merely in middle of the road family entertainment, but in entertainment levelled at children! That is odd enough; even odder is the fact that the girl cross-dressed is a genuine “hero,” while the man cross-dressed is a manifest buffoon! I cannot recall ever having seen a cross-dressed male entertainer who did not look either absurd or obscene—or both—with one notable exception who shall be nameless because he is very sensitive. And he certainly looks like what the English would vulgarly call “an old queen.” The word “queen” in this case is an incorrect usage, possibly being a corruption of the word “quean” which is Scots for “an ill-behaved girl—a prostitute” and derives from the Old English “cwene,” meaning a woman. The modern meaning is equivalent to the vulgar English “pansy,” with transvestite overtones. I do not know the modern American equivalent. It used to be “fag,” derived from the Old French “fagot.”

The point about the transvestite convention of the English pantomime which interests me in this context is that, while the girl “hero” is a true transvestite, the male comic is in drag. Off-hand I

cannot recall a single instance of a male transvestite in entertainment who is an “heroic” figure. He seems always to be comic. There are plenty of instances of female transvestite “heroes” outside light entertainment. One that comes readily to mind is the heroine of Daphne DuMaurier’s “Jamaica Inn,” a real swashbuckling wench in men’s trousers if ever there was one. But men in entertainment, dressed as women always seem to be figures of fun.

In the same way, while the ignorant and unthinking might apostrophise the young actress I have been writing about as a tasteless character, flaunting her sex in man’s attire, if her father, for instance, had accompanied her dressed as a woman, sniggers, smiles and belly-laughs would have been in order. Why? Why can a woman get away with cross-dressing in public and often, indeed, gain for herself a lot of genuine acclaim and admiration, while a man cross-dressed in public is merely ridiculous? I suggest that part of the problem is physical. A woman in men’s clothes can in fact look something like a young man, except for the turn of the thigh and hip which is difficult to conceal. On the other hand, a man in women’s clothes has so much to contend with! In the first place he has an incipient beard! Therefore, if he is not to show at least some traces of it, he must use very heavy make-up, which in itself tends to give him a “clownish” appearance. Secondly, if he shows breasts under the clothes, we all know that they are

false, and outside the strictly limited field of transvestism, that in itself raises a smile. If he has a waist, we are sure he is wearing a corset. If he does not have one, he looks thick in the body and ungainly. A man's hands are usually large and so are his feet. The shape of the legs cannot be considered very aesthetic, no matter how vain a man may be.

So, in fact, while a woman in man's clothes tends to look like a spicy, naughty, sexy imitation of a youth, a man in women's clothing tends to look, physically like a caricature. In addition, there is the problem of mental attitudes. Although women have "Snuck up on us" and have managed quietly to grasp their total independence, it is still not generally, taken seriously by men, nor indeed by older women. It is expected and permitted that women should do "flighty" and "irresponsible" things. Men are generally required to show more seriousness; greater personal dignity.

Apart from this there is also the inescapable fact that sexually men are more "dangerous" than women. A man may rape a woman, but it would be stretching the meaning of words beyond reason to suggest that a woman could rape a man. A man is sexually aggressive, no matter how mild he may be personally. He cannot "take possession" of his wife without a degree of aggression, even if not so expressed. By contrast women are sexually passive and receptive. There is no need to stress these self-evident facts. But they do mean that a woman dressed as a man so competently that she could be mistaken for a real man represents no sexual threat to anyone.

A man, on the other hand, who dressed *convincingly* as a woman could be seen as a serious potential threat to women, and this is the real reason why in general the Law is not in favor of men appearing in public—as opposed to the public "privacy" of the stage or cabaret, cross-dressed. In fact, I believe this to be fallacious, for the following cogent reasons.

First, no matter what the fantasies may be, it is almost impossible for any man over about the age of 25 to disguise himself convincingly as a woman. Second, a true transvestite is extremely unlikely to present a threat to anyone, least of all to real women. The essence of transvestism is that the transvestite believes himself to be a woman, despite all the physical evidence to the contrary. He seems almost to be the victim of a stupid error, in that he has a woman's psyche in a man's body. In fact, of course, this is not so. Such unscientific language is permissible only as a simple "shorthand" to avoid lengthy and complex explanations—or, more often to cover up an abysmal ignorance of psychology! The male transvestite has, in fact, a common form of Oedipus Complex. He identifies with the wrong parent—his mother—instead of with his father. This, in reverse, lies at the root of "mannish" dress, (as opposed to the mere wearing of trousers for fashion or convenience) of women. It lies also at the root of a very high proportion of both male and female homosexuality.

The significant point is that the true male transvestite has a fixation on the idea that he really is a woman, and this sometimes expresses itself in extreme form in the case of otherwise normal men who seek a "sex-change" surgical operation. Such a change is not possible. It is, of course possible to castrate a man and, by cosmetic surgery to give his genitalia a superficial resemblance to those of a woman. But such a "woman" does not menstruate, is not fertile, and does not react sexually as a woman does. The sex-change operation is an illusion; the modified "man-woman" becomes a eunuch. It should be evident that any man whose mental attitudes are as I have described, who is prepared to give up his masculine appearance and sometimes his male sexuality in order to endorse his imaginary "femininity" is hardly likely to be an aggressive male. Women have little to fear from the transvestite, who is almost invariably a far more gentle, tender type of person than any average woman, simply because he embodies WHAT HE BELIEVES to be feminine attitudes, glossed over with masculine romanticism. A man in drag in public is in a different category. There would be no question with him of Oedipus Complex. He would, literally, be a "wolf in sheep's clothing." The most likely reason for his cross-dressing would be a disguise in order to cloak some criminal intention.

The Law, reasonably would say that it does not have time to psycho-analyze every man it finds dressed as a woman, and therefore bears down hard on the transvestite and dragster alike. The answer for the transvestite, as I have so often said, is to restrict his cross-dressing to the privacy of home. That way lies both safety and self-respect. There is nothing wrong with cross-dressing if it pleases you, any more than there is with total nudity. However, only a fool indulges in "streaking," or in public exposure in women's clothes.

Which still leaves people like the actress who sparked all this off in the first place, sitting pretty! She went to a Royal Wedding openly and blatantly cross-dressed as a man—and got away with it. Her brother, cross-dressing as a woman would have been thrown out by the ushers, and arrested by the police! Things may change one day. Until then genuine transvestites should be "as harmless as doves and wise as serpents," for their own protection.

But I still think of the old Duke of Norfolk, a sweetly kindly man, full of good and charitable works as he was, and what his reaction must have been if he had seen that chit of a girl strutting into a Royal Occasion in drag! He had a genuine flexibility of attitude, as was shown by the way in which, when he realized that the fashion was permanent, he opened the gates of the Royal Enclosure at Ascot to women in trouser-suits. Who knows, if he had lived another ten years he might even have accepted hot pants! But I feel that he would never have lived long enough to accept a woman, or a man in drag at a Royal Occasion!

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Continued from page 18

assortment of ripe curves into the water. To his utter amazement her great teats floated on the water in front of her, bobbing about in the bubbles like twin beach balls in a frothy surf.

"I-is eet too hot, Madame?" queried Jeff as he had all he could do to resist the temptation to take one of those great, milky globes in his hands and smother it with frantic kisses.

"No, it's just the way I like it, Bobette. Wash my back for me, please," she replied sweetly, her gigantic globes bobbing about madly now as she scooped some soapy water on them.

She leaned forward as Jeff began to wash her back with the cloth, her breasts seemingly detached and apart from her as they bobbed further in front of her, the aureoles and nipples a brilliant red and glistening from their sudsy coating.

"Do my breasts for me now, sweetheart," Mrs. Vantassel smiled when he had finished her back, leaning against the back of the tub now, her great teats riding higher in the sudsy water now.

Jeff's manhood began to thump against the side of the tub as he hesitated for a moment. Dare he pick one of those enticing morsels up in order to wash it properly? It would seem the thing to do.

Boldly, Jeff slid his right hand beneath a massive globe and hoisted it out of the water, his hand almost disappearing from sight in its pillowing softness. It was tremendously heavy, like a basketball filled with water, as he meticulously washed the upper portion, then repeated the process with its mate.

Later, Jeff was in the bedroom, going through the delicious process of dressing his mistress. First he had pulled on her stockings, spending much more time than was necessary to accomplish the delightful task. She had chosen a black leather corset with a demi-bra that served to

merely cup the undersides of her enormous gourds and shape them upwards and out. The corset he had managed, the laces tied in a bow at the back. Now he was standing behind her attempting to stuff her swollen breasts into their cups. No apron could disguise the boner he now possessed, but fortunately her back was to him.

Suddenly to his horror she thrust her rump backwards and wriggled it against his hard on, forcing it into her ass-cleavage, giggling, "My goodness, but you have a big erection for me this morning . . . young man."

"Y-Young man?"

"Yes, I've known all along," she smiled wickedly, spinning around and lowering herself to her knees and fumbling for his organ.

"S-Since when?"

"Since you sat down in the chair yesterday." She inserted her hand into his panties, searching for the erection she knew was there.

"Y-You saw my erection?"

"Not at all. A woman sits with her legs together, or crossed, never with them wide apart." She had his manhood out now, stroking the taut flesh back and forth easily, licking her full lips till they shown wickedly.

"A . . . A simple thing like that gave me away?"

"Not entirely. I was only suspicious. Did you ever read *Huckleberry Finn*?"

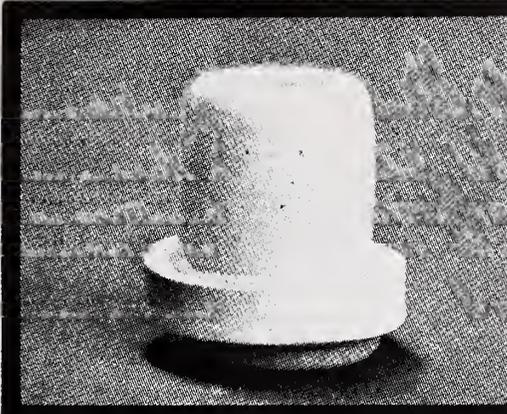
"I . . . I think so."

"Remember the part where Aunt Fanny dropped something into Huck's lap when he was dressed as a girl, and rather than spreading his legs to catch it as a woman would who is accustomed to wearing a skirt, he gripped it with his knees?"

"Oh yes . . ."

"Well, you did the same thing with the pack of cigarettes." The astute Mrs. Vantassel opened her luscious, carmine-laden lips wide apart and swooped forward like a vulture after its prey.

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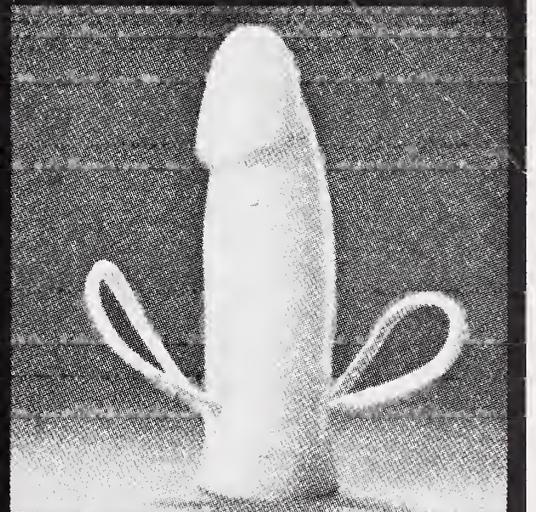
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