

FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL

VOLUME 11 NUMBER 1

THE ORIGINAL MAGAZINE
FOR MEN WHO ENJOY
DRESSING LIKE WOMEN!

FEATURING

**FROM TEXAS
ENTERTAINER
OF THE YEAR**

**LIVE FROM
NEW YORK
THE AVANT
GARDE BALL**

**DRESSED TO KILL!
with
SHALEI LUTRELLE**

**FROM
LOS ANGELES
THE QUEEN MARY**

**PLUS MUCH MUCH
MORE!**

ADULTS ONLY

MAGCORP



FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL



KIM CHRISTY

EDITORIAL

VOLUME 11 NUMBER 1 WINTER - 1980



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The undertaking of this great magazine has proven to be a truly rewarding experience. All of the support from those who contribute is greatly appreciated. Your letters asking for guidance, and sharing with us your innermost thoughts, are very touching. It certainly gives our readership a greater understanding of all the areas involved in cross-dressing. We will do all we can to guide you through the troubled and sometimes misunderstood worlds of transvestism, transsexualism and the like, while bringing you the highlights and high-points in the fascinating world of guys who dress like girls, some dressing for professional reasons, and some just for the pleasure of being exotic women, fulfilling their fantasies in a harmless and beautiful way. All of us have the same thing in common: we are all human beings, with feelings and a conscience. We have the right to express ourselves in ways which make us feel the most comfortable, and we deserve to be treated with dignity and respect.

In our continued effort to bring us all closer together, we are now accepting your personal ads for our new ad section. The ads are free, and the details for placing them are on page 40. I hope you will continue to send in your letters, ideas, pictures, and good wishes, as this magazine is dedicated to those who wish to communicate with our world.

I would also like to express my appreciation to the following people for their contributions to FEMALE MIMICS: MISS LINDA LEE OF OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA; T.W.T. MAGAZINE OF HOUSTON, TEXAS; MR. LESLIE OF NEW YORK; JEFF & ELI OF HOUSTON, TEXAS; MS. MAGGIE RUSSO, FEMALE MIMICS NEW YORK REPRESENTATIVE; AND A VERY SPECIAL THANK YOU TO THE QUEEN MARY IN STUDIO CITY, CALIFORNIA, FOR THEIR COOPERATION AND EXCELLENT CONTRIBUTION TO THIS PUBLICATION.

THANK YOU,
KIM CHRISTY
EDITOR



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Kim:

Savoir-faire - that's how I describe your excellent magazine. The photography is sharp and clean in your publication. I love it. Your layout is first-class, too. You really know how to produce a magazine. I would like to be a part of your world.

I am very excited about your Ad Section, too. Please send me complete information on how to place and answer an ad.

Many thanks,
Amber W.

A million thanks, Amber. The fact that you wrote so enthusiastically proves how much you already are a part of our world.

Kim

~~~~~

Dear Kim:

My name is Kerry. Ever since I was about ten, I had a desire to dress up in my sister's nightgowns and underwear when I would go to sleep at nights. At age fourteen, I got my first bra. It was a 34-A. The reason I got a bra is that I always had large breasts, which resembled a girl's, and I felt a bra would suit me properly. Just recently I switched over to a 34-A

padded bra, which fits me more comfortably. For some reason, I love wearing a bra. I wear one all the time now, even to work and to school, and especially to bed. I especially love wearing a bra with a see-through blouse. I love going in drag that way. I recently sent away for estrogen cream, hoping that it will add to the beauty and size of my breasts. Incidentally, I am only eighteen years old. Now and then I get fully dressed up, but usually I just wear my bra and underwear. The only fear I have is that none of my friends are like me, and can't stand people like us. Although I am not gay, I think I will always love dressing up as a girl, and hopefully I can someday become a full-fledged transvestite without looking over my shoulder and being embarrassed about walking around as a woman. When I get a picture of myself, I'll send it to you.

Sincerely,
Kerry

Dear Kerry,

It is rare indeed that someone has breast development so young without the aid of hormones. You are a very lucky girl. Dress as you please, and do not fear the attitudes of

others. You must live your life to suit yourself. Be happy and please send a photo as soon as you can.

Kim

~~~~~

These pictures, sent by Liz from the state of Washington, are the perfect example of shots we love to receive from amateurs and professionals alike. Liz tells me she has just started taking estrogen, and we wish her the best.

Love,
Kim



All dressed up
with no place to go



SABIN

Dear Kim:

I was very happy to see your name as Editor of *Female Mimics*. I had heard you had dropped out of the TV scene. Your magazine issue No. 5-1 was good, but 5-2 was the greatest. The story about Amanda was super. She is one of the most beautiful ladies I have ever seen. She's as pretty as a blonde that used to be seen in impersonator magazines a few years back — you. What's the chance of your magazine doing a feature of you in one of the future issues? I think it would really be great.

I am 42, fat, and don't look much like a woman, but I do enjoy dressing up like a girl. I have never gone out dressed, but it is something I would like to do.

I love the way your magazine shows the featured ladies — they are all shown as ladies, no signs of manhood, just fantastic ladies. In closing, I would just like to say, keep up the good work with the magazine, and think about my suggestion to feature you, because you are one, if not the number one outstanding beauties of the impersonator world. Thank you for putting up with my rambling, but I needed to write to you.

Sincerely,
Gerry

Gerry,

Thank you for all of your wonderful compliments. You are correct, I did drop out of the scene for a while, but I'm back with the thrill of producing this great magazine. I hope my layout makes you happy — after all, it was your suggestion!
Love ya,
Kim

Hi, Kim:

This is my first real attempt to communicate my needs and desires in public. I have told only my sister about my love for fine lingerie, and although she isn't enthusiastic about it, she does understand somewhat. Perhaps by writing in your magazine (or to you), I can meet some others who feel as I do. Which brings us to an interesting question: How *do* I feel? Well, for one, I'm particular about the lingerie I dress in. Many department stores stock your basic, inexpensive nylon tricot. But, as I say, it's inexpensive and therefore cheap, in my eyes. I prefer to go for the more soft and feminine materials — satin and silk — in selecting my wardrobe. Such labels as Dior, Farr West, and Lily of France are types of manufacturers who make your soft and sensuous intimate apparel. Sure, it may cost a little more and may be more scarce to find, but isn't quality worth it? I think so.

Another thing I have feelings about are other female impersonators. Overall, anyone who desires to appear as a woman (whether in public or just privately), I say, "Good, do what you enjoy." But, one thing I am particular about is how feminine they appear. If they wish an audience, I feel they should look convincingly female. Otherwise, they project a negative image for others in the field. In reference to these thoughts, I would like to compliment both Amanda and Jennifer in Vol. 5, No. 2, on their splendid appearance. If I met them on the street; well . . . I would be

delighted to share myself with them. Why? Because they take their desires seriously.

Looking at the follow-up issue, Vol. 5, No. 3, I was not as pleased with the models portrayed.

Well, there is one last question. I hope you will answer either in the column or personally, and then I will close. On page 4 of Vol. 5, No. 2, who is that luscious sweetheart? She is so sweet, feminine and sexy that I would be in paradise if I could have a meaningful relationship with her. Well, the lead in my pencil is about gone, so I'll be saying goodbye.

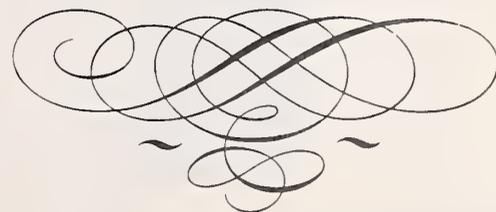
P.S. I have never really given myself a name, but since I had a childhood sweetheart named Cindy, I think I'll use it.

Love,
Cindy


Cindy,

Your passion for pretty things is shared by many, but it is nice to hear that you do not settle for just any lingerie. Having a little fetish for particular things makes it that much more exciting, wouldn't you say? The girl you mentioned on Page 4 of our previous issue Vol. 5 No. 2 is Michelle from New York, and I'm sorry to say we have lost contact with her.

Stay particular,
Kim



MEET YOUR EDITOR

"KIM CHRISTY'S" PERSONAL PHOTO ALBUM



Meet your editor . . . from the private files of KIM CHRISTY . . .

As a young teenager, FEMALE MIMICS was a great inspiration to this bombastic performer, and after appearing in an early edition in 1967, there was no holding her back.

After working in famous clubs and cabarets such as the CLUB 82 in New York City, the French Box Review, the Jewel Box Review, and touring the United States and Canada, it was time to go abroad and visit the cities of her dreams in Europe. She visited Amsterdam, Paris, Cannes, Berlin, and after a brief engagement at the infamous Chez Nois in Berlin, she decided to come back to the good ole U.S.A and move west to California.



The West Coast was just what Kim needed to be creative and even more a dynamic personality. After winning the "NATIONAL COTILLION," along with a special judges award for being the best in all three categories: bathing suit, talent, and evening gown (a great accomplishment never before done and not done since), Kim settled down a bit. Kim has continued to seek out dreams and has been very successful in publishing over the past few years with as many as 25 or more titles and many other special projects. Kim is still brilliant, brash and bombastic, enthusiastic for life and the living, and will be around us for a long time to come, to keep us all entertained . . . and never to be forgotten!











CHANGING YOUR LIFE

by LINDA LEE



First of all, let me set your mind at rest . . . this article is not a handy guide for werewolves, vampires and other traditional shape-changers of folklore and fable.

The changes we are dealing with are more simple, consisting mainly of changing your male shape into an acceptable female shape. More simple, but still sometimes extremely frustrating.

Before we go too far into the changes, though, let's consider a few of the similarities — when it gets right down to it, the basics are the same. Both sexes have the same configuration of arms, legs, head and torso, and the placement of these parts is much the same.

In this way, humans have it all over some other species where the males and females hardly look like the same kind of creature at all.

Granted, this isn't much consolation when that new blouse seems about a foot too short in the sleeves, or any wrap dress you try on hangs like a bathrobe.

What this article will discuss are the various ways to get around these problems and others like them.

Generally, the problems that plague males who choose to become women (either temporarily or

permanently) are: overall body size, arm length, shoulder width, lack of definite waistline, slim hips, no bust.

We'll look at some solutions, starting with the simplest (and most temporary) and moving on to the more complicated, costly and permanent.

It's best to admit right away that there are currently no solutions to some problems. Since we have no practical way to shrink people, those for whom overall size or height is a real problem have a problem more of adjusting to the reality than changing it.

Again, though, let me repeat what I said last time. The most natural and one of the most beautiful TSs I know is 6'2". She is accepted without question wherever she goes, and the universal reaction is never "Look at that guy in a dress . . ." but, "Gee, what a tall woman!"

Just the same, I know two TVs, both extremely attractive, one of whom is 6'4" and the other 6'6". One once commented in a letter that, even dressed as a man, he gets stared at, so, naturally he is reluctant to appear in public "en femme".

This is a legitimate problem, and unfortunately



LINDA LEE

there's no solution yet.

On the other hand, some TVs and TSs complain that their shoulders are too wide, their hips too narrow, and their bustlines too small. They don't realize how lucky they are.

Any fashion designer will tell you that in looking for a model for fashions, the kind of figure they look for is slightly broad-shouldered, with slim hips and a small bust, because this is the kind of figure that wears clothes best.

Of course, if you are built like a tight end for the Philadelphia Eagles, you may have to make greater adjustments to achieve a natural appearance. The point is that the key to the whole process is to honestly assess your strengths and weaknesses.

People — and I think transgendered people are more guilty of this than most — often get very frustrated because their appearance doesn't seem perfect to them. This attitude can only lead them to pain and disappointment.

More than that, they can become so obsessed with perfection that, rather than deal with their flaws realistically, they become completely non-functional.

I know one very attractive and perfectly passable TV who has a real problem because she feels her hands

are too large. It has reached the point that this flaw, plus a couple of equally minor ones, literally keep her from going out dressed, or meeting other people. To me, this is very sad.

Vivien Leigh, certainly one of the most beautiful women of her time, also felt that her hands were too large. She would constantly keep them in her pockets or otherwise hide them, until a friend pointed out that Ellen Terry, the great English actress, had suffered from the same feeling and conquered it only by constantly using her hands, making her "defect" an asset.

Vivien Leigh listened to this advice and went to work finding gestures that used her hands to best advantage. She also added wrist frills or longer cuffs to most of her clothes, and wore bracelets that fell slightly below her wrists.

She looked at her problem honestly and refused to let it stand in her way. It took effort and creativity, but most worthwhile things do, and it's a lesson we can profit by.

Many similar figure problems can be dealt with by the way we dress. For instance, the lack of a definite waistline, often a complaint, can be minimized by wearing a skirt with a little bulk to it, and a broad

belt. This will create more of a flair at the hips and give the impression of a waistline, even if there isn't one, especially if the blouse is also cut full rather than form-fitting.

It would be easy to write a whole article just on ways to dress that either hide figure flaws or accent good points.

In fact, there's a whole book that covers these tips and lots more good advice on how to dress well and attractively (and not go broke doing it). The title is *LOOKING TERRIFIC*, and it is by Emily Cho and Linda Grover. It's available as a large format paperback for about five dollars, and that's a pretty small investment, considering what it can do, or rather, what it can help you do for yourself.

One of the points Ms. Cho stresses is finding the right bra. This, of course, is even more important for transgendered people than for many genetic women. Often, for us, the bra not only accentuates the bustline, it creates it.

There are thousands of bras on the market (a glance at any Frederick's of Hollywood catalogue will confirm this). What you first have to determine is the purpose the bra is to serve. A bra that has to help create the illusion of cleavage where there is none is going to be lots different from a bra that doesn't.

Let's run quickly through the method for creating cleavage to illustrate what I mean. The bra must be a good, snug fit and mustn't tend to slip. It must have a cup that is fairly highly structured, that is, which doesn't stretch or change shape when filled with padding. The outer shape of the bra should be a natural curve, because what we are going to attempt is to push the fleshy part of the chest in from the sides and up over the edge of the bra.

If the shape is anything but a natural curve, it will create a line of demarcation between the chest and the bra, and look very odd.

One of the best bras on these counts is the Jezebel style #265. Frederick's used to carry this but has replaced it with their own style #3190 which seems very similar. Lots of professional impersonators use this type of bra.

In order to get the effect, almost the entire cup must be filled with padding. I once made a set using the very complicated process of casting foam rubber, but I found that almost as good results could be obtained by buying a block of ordinary polyfoam and cutting shapes to fit with scissors (use fingernail or other small scissors for the final shaping).

These pads should actually project back beyond the cup of the bra a little (about 1/2 inch), as they need to hold very snugly against the chest. If they do not, one's cleavage may suddenly disappear — a disconcerting effect rather like Cinderella at midnight.

An aid to creating cleavage is the trick of taping, used by impersonators and fashion models. To accomplish this, a piece of ordinary adhesive bandage about an inch wide, and of a length determined by the size of one's chest, is anchored under one armpit.

It is then pulled tight toward the center of the chest. This pulls the fleshy part of the chest toward the center. The free hand pulls the other side of the chest toward the center, and the tape is anchored all the way across the chest, approximately under the nipples.

This creates more pronounced cleavage than is possible with padding alone, and it has much less tendency to disappear during an exaggerated arm movement. On the other hand, it's not terribly comfortable, especially when the time comes to take it off.

The other disadvantage of this arrangement is that it is rigid. That is, the construction doesn't move the way breasts naturally move.

There's really no ideal way to simulate the movement of natural breasts (except, of course, to have them), but these days, when natural appearing movement is often more important than showing cleavage, it has to be considered. About the best technique is to use the special gel-filled forms that are often worn by mastectomy patients. These are available from large corsetry departments or from surgical appliance supply houses. Sometimes a special bra is required for these and sometimes not, as many different versions are available.

At this point, for completeness, I ought to mention the false bust that one sometimes sees advertised. This is usually latex and either glues on or ties at the neck and waist. The join is either a feathered edge or is concealed by a necklace at the top and by clothing.

For photos or stage use, this "false front" is perfectly reasonable, but for streetwear, it would not only be unrealistic, but, one would imagine, extremely uncomfortable as well.

One other item in the category of temporary changes is makeup. Few people outside the theatre realize how a little highlighting and shadowing can emphasize the breasts and even make them appear larger. For anything but a stage performance, subtlety is the key; if you can tell makeup is being used, it isn't working.

It should be noted, too, that there are other types of pads besides "falsies". Both derriere and hips can be "enhanced" with padding. Just remember not to overdo it. You want to look soft and curvy, not odd and lumpy.

All the changes discussed so far are temporary and, for many of us, aren't enough. We want to actually develop more feminine bodies. It's not something to be undertaken lightly, because it requires a certain commitment and means changes in our lifestyles, but for some of us, it is the only way we can be comfortable with ourselves.

Those of us who find ourselves in this situation look for ways to make the adjustments that are so necessary, and usually the first step is to see about estrogen therapy.

Before going further, let me say that no one should ever try to alter their hormone level unless they are under the care and supervision of a doctor. These are potent chemicals which can have both physical and

emotional side effects. To try to "do it yourself" is not only risky, but stupid.

I know people who not only ruined their health with "street" hormones, but didn't accomplish what they set out to do in the first place, and that is very sad indeed.

There seems to be a lot of misunderstanding about what estrogen will and won't do, so I'll review that briefly.

Estrogen is a comprehensive name for a group of several female hormones. In genetic women, these are generally first produced in quantity during puberty, and trigger development of the secondary sex characteristics.

The most marked change is the body shape, particularly in the development of the breasts. However, estrogen also promotes the build-up of a layer of fatty tissue all over the body just under the skin which is responsible for the relatively softer look in facial features, less clear muscle definition, etc.

Estrogen also has the effect of inhibiting certain changes. In women, it keeps the vocal chords from lengthening at puberty, thus holding the voice in a higher register, and it blocks the development of the permanent, persistent hair that makes up the male beard.

It is important to realize that in a male who has gone through puberty, estrogen will not raise the pitch of the voice, nor will it stop beard growth (though it may slow it down a little).

How estrogen actually effects an individual is a combination of many factors, most of them hereditary. In the matter, for instance, of breast development, usually a prime consideration for males starting estrogen, there is extreme variation.

Some people develop hardly at all, or develop extremely slowly. Unfortunately, I fall into that category. After five years of estrogen, I still can't fill an "A" cup without at least a little cheating. On the other hand, I have a friend who started estrogen and who was, if anything, slimmer than I am. Inside of six months, she looked as if she were smuggling baseballs.

This is one reason estrogen should always be taken under a doctor's care. In a situation like mine, the natural tendency would be to increase the dosage. This is only effective up to a point. Beyond a certain level, the body merely discards the excess estrogen and excessive amounts can have bad side effects, including damaging the liver which does a lot of the work metabolizing estrogen.

Incidentally, the fact that the liver figures prominently in processing these substances gives a clue to something that has to be kept in mind. Heavy drinking and estrogen are rotten together.

A doctor who is really conscientious about the health of a patient taking estrogen will take periodic liver function tests to keep watch for any abnormality.

Besides development of the breasts, estrogen causes a general redistribution of body fat. Usually hips and thighs pick up some, and the derriere often does, too.

These changes generally aren't as marked as the breast development; there, not only is fat being built up on the chest, but the mammary glands themselves are developing. Also, feminine shape is partly bone structure, and estrogen does nothing to alter that.

The side effects of estrogen can be numerous. One of the most major is the tendency for some people to retain fluid if they are taking estrogen. This can lead to or aggravate a number of conditions including rapid weight gain, high blood pressure, epilepsy, etc.

Estrogen can also cause nausea and vomiting. This is essentially morning sickness, because the body has been chemically "fooled" into thinking it is pregnant.

Related to this is something less unpleasant but extremely startling. If one's dosage is fairly high, and one takes a prescribed break from medication (or stops for any reason), the body may receive the same message a woman gets just after giving birth.

At this point, the breasts swell and the nipples become tender and sensitive. They are doing exactly what they were designed to do. They are giving milk. This has happened to me several times and is a unique sensation. I feel lucky to have experienced it.

Apart from physical changes, any marked alteration in hormones may trigger emotional changes, too. There's no definite pattern, rather a change in hormones seems to make emotions more changeable as well.

Anyone on estrogen should be aware of this, because these mood swings are easier to deal with if armed with the knowledge that the estrogen may be the cause.

Most people by now have heard the accusations that estrogen increases the risk of cancer. There is dispute about this, but, oddly, it is apparently safer for males to take estrogen and females to take testosterone than vice-versa. Indeed, estrogen has been used in treating some cancers in men, as mentioned in Dr. Harry Benjamin's book, *THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON*.

Just the same, taking any potent drug over a long period of time involves a certain amount of risk. It's up to those considering this step, and their doctors, to decide whether or not the potential results justify those risks.

The other major means for changing from boy-shape to girl-shape is plastic surgery. Plastic surgery is complicated, expensive, and often uncertain.

Perhaps the most important single factor is to be sure you have a surgeon in whom you have real confidence and whose work you know and trust.

The way to get to know a doctor's work is to talk to several people who have had surgery by that doctor. A number of sources is best because surgeons, like everyone, can be erratic, and talking to one former patient won't give a balanced picture.

It's not really hard to find former patients. Someone recommended the doctor in the first place, or at least mentioned that this was someone who dealt with transsexuals. That former patient probably knows

others and so on.

However, all the recommendations in the world don't mean anything if you aren't comfortable with the doctor. Probably more than any other medical relationship there has to be a certain empathy between a plastic surgeon and a patient. Remember, this doctor will be altering one of the most personal things you possess — your appearance.

There are so many different plastic surgery procedures that it is impossible to describe them all in an article this short.

Perhaps the most common procedure among transsexuals is called "augmentation mammoplasty," or in other words, breast enlargement. That's the procedure I'll concentrate on in this limited space.

I should note that I feel the actual sex reassignment surgery is in a class of its own. I'm primarily dealing with surgery of a cosmetic nature and, to those who go through it, the reassignment is much more a corrective surgery.

A couple of years ago a friend underwent breast reduction surgery. I later said it was too bad I didn't know at the time, because we could have done the world's first "tit transplant." Unfortunately, it doesn't work that way.

With a synthetic substance there is not the trouble with tissue rejection and other complications that any organic substance might trigger.

For a while, doctors were doing breast enlargement by injecting liquid silicone directly into the breasts (this is the procedure made famous by Carol Doda) which was simple and relatively inexpensive but, especially if used in large amounts, the silicone would occasionally shift position in the body, to the consternation of doctors and patients alike.

The concept was rather that of going from a figure like Dolly Parton to a figure like Twiggy, but with the world's largest kneecaps.

Since the effects of silicone shifting in the body (aside from the obvious ones) aren't completely known, this procedure was mostly dropped.

These days, the breast is enlarged using an implant, essentially a plastic sac filled with some substance that simulates breast tissue.

Implants get around the problem of shifting by enclosing everything in plastic, then anchoring the plastic sac to the chest. The implant goes under whatever breast tissue there is.

Though they are the best method available, implants are far from perfect. To begin with, they sometimes wind up looking odd. I've seen pictures of post-implant breasts that were either "cross-eyed" or "wall-eyed," or otherwise an unnatural shape.

Sometimes, they can be very beautiful, of course, though even then they are occasionally so very perfect they don't seem quite natural.

There are other problems, though, more serious than merely cosmetic ones. Sometimes, for reasons that aren't clearly understood, the implants harden up in the body. They may still look all right, but hugging a

person who has this problem can be a risky business.

A friend of mine had her implants removed and replaced three or four times. Each time, the tissue underneath the implant, which had been treated not to grow back, grew back anyway. This pushed the implant forward and caused considerable discomfort. Finally, the implants were taken out for good, as my friend decided it wasn't worth the hassle.

There are two main types of implants these days. One is silicone-filled, and the other is filled with saline solution (sterile salt water).

Both have advantages. The silicone is closer in density to breast tissue, and for that reason may move more naturally.

The saline sac, on the other hand, has the advantage that, should it somehow break, the only thing that gets into the body is salt solution, which is a major part of most body fluid anyway. Also, some of the saline implants can be inserted empty and be filled in place. This means a slightly different surgery can be used — less likely to leave a visible scar. Silicone implants have to remain sealed, so a larger incision is required.

One thing that would insure better results would be if transsexuals would show restraint as far as size. In the long run, it's going to be a lot more satisfying to have really beautiful "B" cup breasts rather than peculiar looking "D" cup breasts. Remember, the larger the implant, the larger the incision has to be. (I personally would be happy with a really pretty "A" cup breast, but that's neither here nor there, which, actually, is the problem . . .)

Remember, too, that people with large breasts (real or implants) are often subject to rather painful back ailments among other unpleasant side effects. This is something to consider before deciding "bigger is better".

Another aspect of plastic surgery is expense. Implants these days can run in the neighborhood of \$2000, and that's a pretty ritzy neighborhood. That figure, by the way, doesn't include hospital costs.

Altogether, there are lots of questions to answer for yourself before you seriously consider either of the permanent methods of changing your shape.

And that's really the important part of this article. If I can convince just one person to weigh all the pros and cons and to decide carefully and thoughtfully rather than impulsively, then I'll be happy.

I want these articles to reflect your real concerns. If you have suggestions for future topics, I'd be pleased to hear them.

I also want to thank those who inquired about, or purchased, the "Conversation with Linda Lee" cassette (still available for \$10.60, including postage and handling . . . plug . . .). To order or to send along ideas for topics of interest, write to:

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ENTERTAINER OF THE YEAR

IN TEXAS 1980



NAOMI SIMS



NAOMI SIMS

When word had reached the west of the TEXAS ENTERTAINER OF THE YEAR, FM wasted no time in covering this exciting event. Interesting to note were the Texas laws governing cross-dressing in public. They are, for your information, very strict. You can be fined up to \$500 for this violation, unlike other big cities such as New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, etc., where there is no law enforcement in this regard. The only exception in Texas, as far as we know, is for "professional entertainers." Well, professional entertainment is just what the COPA in Houston had on the evening of November 13, 1979. In fact, the very best from all over the great state of Texas joined together to compete in what can only be described as a great tribute to FEMALE IMPERSONATION and to civic pride. All of the pros deserve FM's congratulations for bringing such great talents and



花嫁の物語



花嫁の物語

NAOMI SIMS



NAOMI SIMS



NICKY SHILTON



NICKY SHILTON



NICKY SHILTON

effort together and giving us all so much to be proud of.

Naomi Sims racked up a whopping 315 state votes to capture the coveted title of being the most popular entertainer in the state of Texas.

First runner-up went to Ernestine, with 266 state-wide votes. Ernestine also won the Houston vote. Randy had previously won EOY Texas for two years in succession: 1977 and 1978. Second runner-up



went to Donna Day, with 208 state-wide votes. Donald was last year's state title-holder, having won EOY Texas '79.

Third runner-up went to Hot Chocolate, with

201 state-wide votes. Larry is the current Miss Gay America. All three runners-up tallied over 200 votes each. Other city winners were Lady Shawn, who won the Dallas vote, Nikki Shel-

ton, who took Fort Worth by a landslide, Sabrina, who scored heavily in Austin, Pauletta Leigh, who walked away with San Antonio, and such hometown favorites as Rose Fontaine in Wich-



ERNISTINE



HOT CHOCOLATE





SABRINA



MISS RIKI

ita Falls, Andrea Mikels in Beaumont, and Lindsey Love in Waco.

Rounding out the field of 15 finalists were Cheree, Scarlet Fever, Miss Riki, and Jahonau Reis.

Topping off the top twenty-five were (alphabetically) Allan Allison, Cindy Birdsong, Charlie, Kandi Delight, Michael Andrews, Rai-





ROSE LONTAINE

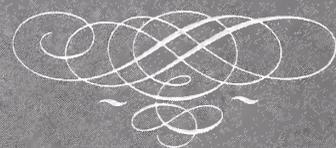


LADY SHAWN



LINDSY LOVE

na Lee, Roxie, Tasha Cole, Tracy and Tragedy Ann. Emcee for the annual TWT pageant held at The Copa in Houston was former Mr. Texas, C.J. Harrington, who posted the tense vote tabulations on stage on the large election center board.



DRESSED TO KILL

FEATURING

SHALEI LUTRELLE



THERE ARE BUT A
FEW WORDS TO
DESCRIBE THIS
MAGNIFICENT
CREATURE; SEN-



SUOUS AND SPELL-
BINDING ARE PROB-
ABLY AN EXCEL-
LENT START, FOR



SHELEI'S EXOTIC BEAUTY HAS MADE HER ONE OF THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER PROFES-

SIONAL IMPERSONATORS IN CALIFORNIA.

A NATIVE OF THE

ISLANDS OF HAWAII, THIS FASCINATING PERSONALITY CAME TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TO



FURTHER AN
ALREADY ESTAB-
LISHED CAREER AS
A DANCER SPECIAL-
IZING IN THE
TRADITIONAL
DANCES OF THE
ISLANDS. SHALEI'S
SPECIAL TALENTS
AS A CHOREOG-
RAPHER ARE
ALWAYS IN DE-
MAND, AND SHE'S
ALWAYS WILLING
AND HELPFUL,
WHETHER IT IS
ADDING TO THE
SHOW AT THE





QUEEN MARY, WHERE SHE APPEARS FIVE NIGHTS A WEEK, OR PUTTING TOGETHER AN ACT FOR A GOOD SISTER WHO

MAY BE ENTERING ONE OF THE BALLS OR AFFAIRS IN THE AREA.

SHALEI'S BEAUTY AND TALENTS RECENTLY WON HER THE "QUEEN OF THE UNIVERSAL BALL" TITLE AT A

SPECTACULAR EVENT HOSTED BY NONE OTHER THAN EMPRESS I LA REY OF LOS ANGELES. SHALEI'S INTERPRETATION OF MADAME BUTTERFLY SENT THE AUDIENCE INTO A SWIRL OF EROTICISM AND BROUGHT THEM TO







THEIR FEET WITH TWO EXTRA ROUNDS OF APPLAUSE FOR SHALEI.

THIS IS ONLY ONE EXCITING FACET OF SHALEI'S LIFE. SHE IS TRULY A UNIQUE INDIVIDUAL AND HAS ALWAYS HAD A FLAIR FOR DRESSING, WHICH SHE USES TO ACCOMPLISH A LOOK FOR THE MOOD SHE IS IN. WHETHER IT IS INNOCENT, GLAMOROUS, SEDUCTIVE OR WHATEVER, SHE CAN DO THE RIGHT THING TO PUT YOU THERE WITH HER. AS YOU MIGHT GUESS, HER WARDROBE CONSISTS OF THE SAME VARIETY—FEMININE STREETWEAR, OPULENT GOWNS, BIZARRE LEATHER WEAR, AND THE MOST EXOTIC COLLECTION OF FOOTWEAR WE HAVE EVER COME ACROSS.

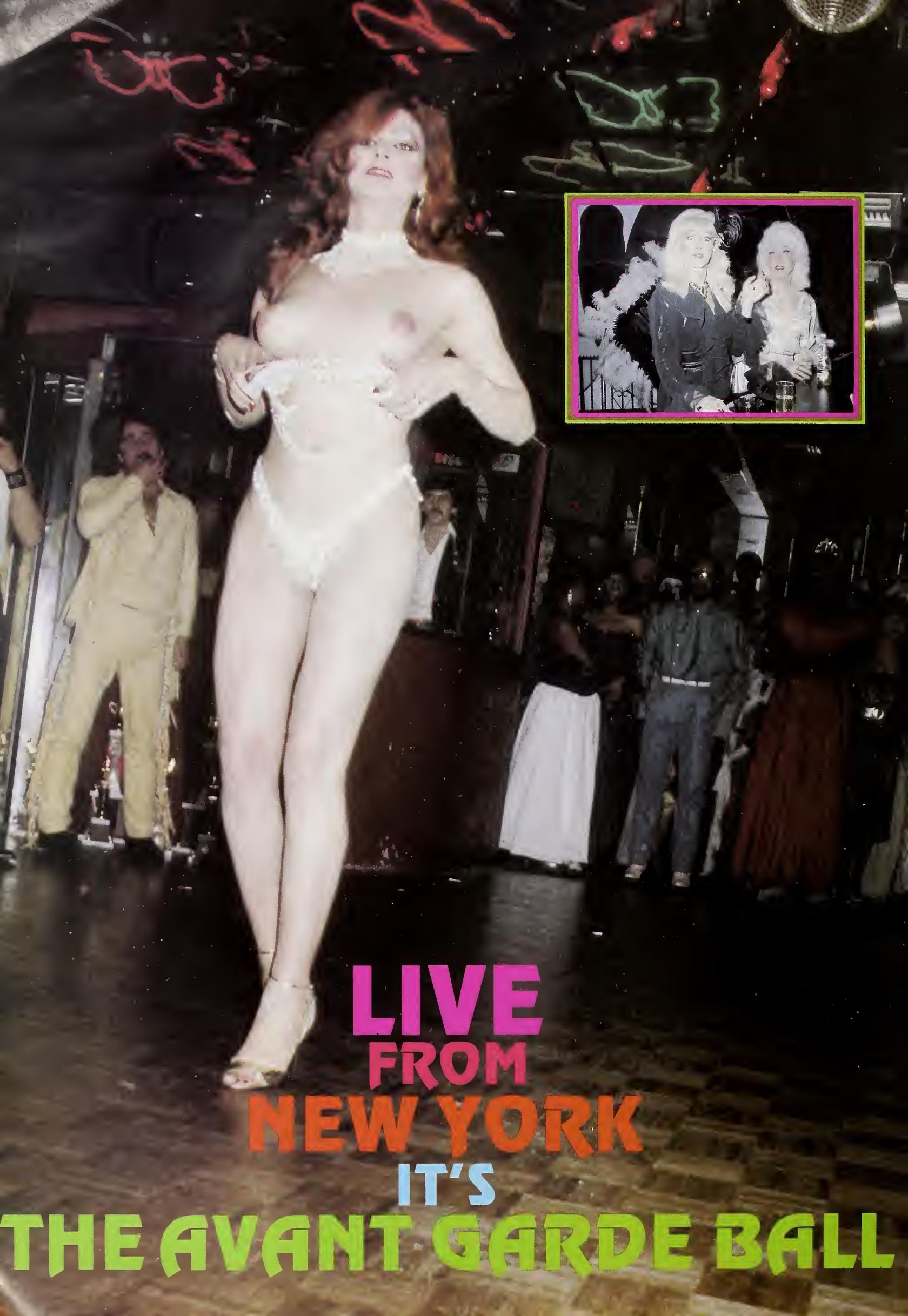
OUR PHOTO SESSION WAS A JOY



FOR US ALL. SHALEI THOROUGHLY ENJOYED GIVING US A LOOK AT HER CHANGING MOODS

AND THE FULL EXTENT OF HER KNOWLEDGE OF THE FINE ART OF IMPERSONATION.

WE HAVE INDEED GROWN TO LOVE HER DEARLY AND KNOW YOU WILL, TOO.



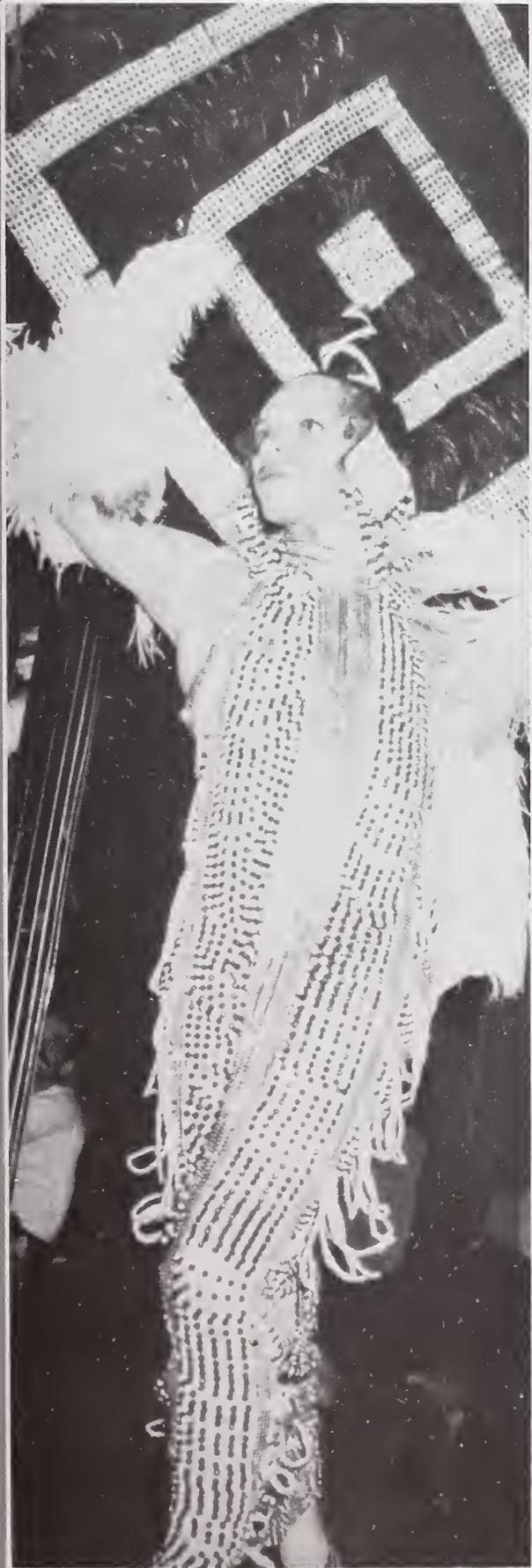
**LIVE
FROM
NEW YORK
IT'S
THE AVANT GARDE BALL**



The Best Costume information didn't come to us in time for this printing, we are sorry to say.

The QUEEN OF THE

BALL was none other than that petite beauty of the evening, Tiny, decked out in a shimmering gold dress. She was the epitome of



elegance and femininity.

It certainly looks like Eve Adams pulled off a great evening once again. Dressed ele-

gantly as always, with her show biz personality and warm smile, she was without question the hostess with the mostest. We sin-

cerely hope the Avant Garde Ball becomes an annual event. We absolutely enjoyed covering this one and look forward to the next.



The wires were burning up between New York and California. Eve Adams, a long-time friend of our editor's, was throwing a Thanks-

giving bash at the La Bamba Disco in Manhattan, and at approximately 8 p.m. an entourage of New York City's finest imper-

sonators, dressed as only the Big Apple's Bon Vivants of the drag world can — tasteful, elegant and outrageous — entered the smash-



ing dance palace, eager to have a great time. Such outstanding pros as Ms. Tish, the soulful strut of Ms. Avis, and the radiant Ms. Carrol

Derrel, who was indeed breathtakingly dressed in white fox.

The competition was to be judged on Best Costume, Best Body,

and Queen of the Ball. Eve presented everyone with equal enthusiasm, being campy and warm-hearted as only Ms. Adams could get

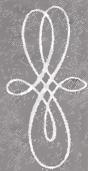


away with.

When the judges made their decisions, Sugar walked away with the **BEST BODY** award — a very deserv-

ing winner. She walked out onto the floor wearing a full-length mink and threw it off to reveal a magnificent body, with all the

curves highlighted by a beaded bikini. The audience went up for grabs and it was a sure win for her.



female mimics PERSONAL ADS



SOPHISTICATED and adaptable she-male with good wardrobe seeks fun-loving people or to act as friend to TVs. S.A.S.E. to Barbara. **F-100**

MALE, 55, Transvestite, cannot find contact for clothing, equipment and training, wishes to serve and correspond with other TVs. Help, please. **F-101**

YOUNG (26), male TV would like to meet female 18-30 for fun. Must wear stockings, possible permanent relationship. Own house and car. Also like to hear from other TVs - anywhere. **F-102**

ARTS graduate with cultural interests. I am not a Transvestite, but I am keen on silky panties. I wish to correspond with other enthusiasts who have similar interests. **F-103**



MALE TV, 25, needs help in cross-dressing, wishes to meet/write other TVs or females with similar interests. Discretion absolute. Genuine replies only. **F-106**

YOUNG pretty TV required for 35 year-old, tall, slim, frustrated TV as housekeeper, friend, lover, confidant. I can never be a beautiful woman, let me make your dream come true instead. **F-107**

LADIES! I am in need of instruction in the art and craft of femininity. Womanhood, wifecraft, housewifery, girliness and a host of other qualities and crafts which I sadly lack. Please aid me in the task of molding me to being the proper young lady I need to be. **F-104**

MALE Transvestite, Florida. Age 45, 5'8", weight 150 lbs. Would love to hear from TVs, TSs, women, couples. I love everything fem. Love to have you write me. Those sending photos will be answered first, but all answered. All you girls living in north Florida, south Georgia areas, let's get together and enjoy being girls. It's so much more fun when shared. I enjoy a variety of activities. Will answer anyone, from anywhere. Hurry, let's get together!

YOUNG, convincing TV wishes to meet similar or sympathetic young lady into makeup and fashion. My interest is fashion photography. Not glamour or nude. **F-105**

T-100



HOW TO ANSWER A FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL 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 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 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 letter(s) to:

Leoram Productions
c/o Female Mimics International
P.O. Box 1622
Studio City, CA 91607

Please make checks and money orders payable to:
LEORAM PRODUCTIONS

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First letter \$2.00 ea. 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)



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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. You will receive a confirmation of your order along with the assigned code number.

MAIL TO:

**Female Mimics International
P.O. Box 1622
Studio City, CA 91607**

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 INTERNATIONAL correspondence club is required to comply with all local, state and federal postal regulations.

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



PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM:

**PLEASE CHECK INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE MAILING
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY**

MAIL TO:

**Female Mimics International
P.O. Box 1622
Studio City, CA 91607**

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____

List the following ad as:

Female Transvestite Male Couple

My ad should read: _____

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 INTERNATIONAL** magazine my consent to publish my photo and advertisement in **FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL** magazine.

DATE _____ (Signature) _____

DRESSING FOR KICKS

I mean, it all started simply enough. A bunch of us were sitting around the frat house. It was slow just then. The nervousness of beginning a new semester was over and midterms were still a month or so away.

The main topic, as usual, was girls.

"Geez," Joe said, "ever since that key club opened up and Audrey started working as a bunny, it's been terrible. She's always nagging about how she makes more working two nights a week than I make in four hours a day at the garage."

"Yeah, Bobbi, too," said Eddie. "Not only that, but she keeps goin' on about what a glamorous job it is and how could anybody stand to work in a machine shop."

"It doesn't matter where you work," I said. "Leslie keeps rubbing it in about how little I make at the bookstore. I tell her I have to stay in school somehow, but then she just comes back at me with how dull it must be and how she saw this or that celebrity at the club last night. I know she doesn't mean to make me feel bad, but . . ."

"Ah, they're all a bunch a' dumb broads," grunted Floyd, our resident jock.

"It's like Howard says," sighed Eddie, pointing in my direction, "it really makes a guy feel small. I mean, whatta they got that we haven't got?"

"Tits," said Floyd.

"Shut up, Floyd," Joe said.

Eddie looked around the room. "Really, though," he said, "there isn't *that* much difference. Anybody could look good under all the makeup those bunnies wear."

"Even you?" snickered Floyd. "Haw, haw, haw . . ."

"Don't be a drip, Floyd."

KICKS

by Jerri Bush



"Yeah, Floyd, don't be stupid. Or at any rate, don't be stupider."

"Watch it, bozo," said Floyd, climbing out of his chair, "or I'll fix it so ya' look like ya' been in a wreck."

"Wait a minute, you guys," I said, loud enough so Floyd stopped moving toward Eddie. "I'll bet Eddie's right. With makeup and, ummm, stuff, we could look just as glamorous as the girls. When I was in San Francisco last summer, my sister and her husband took me to a place called . . . uh . . . Pinocchio's, or something like that. Anyway, the whole show is female impersonators and they really look good. But my brother-in-law knows one of them, and we went for pizza after the shows and without the makeup, he's, well, ordinary."

"Aw, a bunch a' fags."

"Shut up, Floyd."

In spite of Floyd, we got talking about it, and from a joke, mostly, it got to a possibility, and from a possibility, it got to seeming like a pretty good idea.

The big Halloween party was coming up, and we made plans to show the girls that if we used the same tricks they did, we could look just as glamorous, and that it wasn't all that hard to look like a bunny.

We decided we'd meet a week before the party to "practice". Eddie's family lived close to campus and they were all going to be away for the weekend, so we planned to get together there. Except for Floyd, who said we must be a "bunch a' fairies" and wouldn't have anything to do with it.

The big night came. We'd each been assigned certain jobs. Mine was to ask a friend in the drama department about makeup. I'd practiced on myself, and you know, it kind of gave me a funny feeling inside when I looked in the mirror and here was this girl looking back. I mean, not Brigitte Bardot by any means, but . . . well . . . a girl!

When I got there, the first thing Eddie asked was, "Do you think we really ought to do this?"

"Why not?" I said, setting down the makeup.

"Well . . . maybe the girls will think we really are, you know . . . strange."

"I don't know about you and Bobbi, but I think Leslie knows me well enough not to worry about that. And once we let them know why we're doing it, then I think they'll get the point and won't bug us so much with this bunny business."

"I guess you're right."

"Did you bring the stuff you were supposed to get?"

"Well, I've got dresses and shoes. Aunt Sophie was real good about letting me borrow them. I suppose since they're second hand anyway, it doesn't matter if they get worn one more time. But I think we ought to have them cleaned before they go back."

"Fair enough." There was a chime in the background. "Is that the phone?"

"Doorbell. Probably Joe."

It was Joe, carrying a good-sized box.

"Boy," he said, "this stuff is expensive!"

"I thought you had a sister-in-law in the business," I said.

"I do, and it's still expensive."

"Well, if it makes the point, it'll be worth it."

We settled down to business pretty quickly after that. I started out doing makeup. I'd gotten pretty good at it if I do say so, and my friend in the drama department had loaned me three wigs.

I did Joe first, then Eddie, then I did my own face. I think Joe was the biggest surprise to me. He has one of those broad, slightly blank faces that looks like the sort of guy you might picture as a life-guard or a boxboy. Definitely nothing special. But put some eye makeup and lipstick on him and with a blonde wig he really looked terrific.

Then Joe opened the box. First he took out three flat cellophane envelopes.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Pantyhose," he said.

"Gee," I said, "I always thought they came in plastic eggs."

"You," said Joe, looking me up and down, "got no class. None at all."

"Do these go on over or under?" asked Joe, picking up an envelope gingerly.



"I think you suit yourself," said Joe. "I really didn't ask about it."

"What about the rest of the

stuff?"

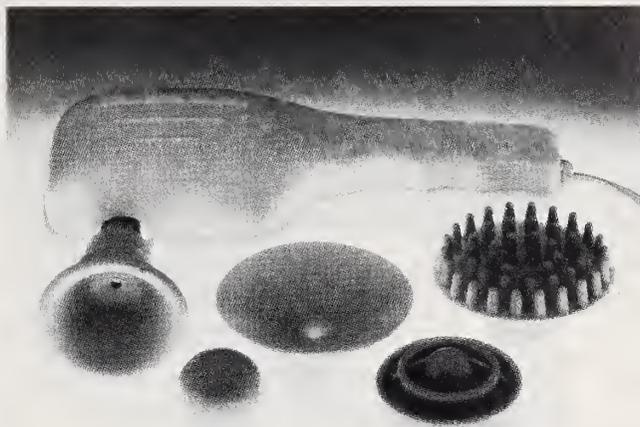
"Well, I got three brasieres. 'Ya' know, Louise, that's my sister-in-law, says a

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sensations



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AL GOLDSTEIN

"sensations' IS WHAT PORNO—GOOD PORNO—SHOULD BE ALL ABOUT."

BOB SALMAGGI

ADULTS ONLY X IN COLOR

SENSATIONS signals a new era in sensual motion pictures. This film does not try to make the statement that the joys of flesh go hand in hand with some kind of guilt and punishment. Instead, Director Alberto Ferro has succeeded in blending eroticism with an interesting storyline to create a movie that imaginatively portrays the beauty of sex.

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lot of guys buy this stuff. They say it's for their wives or sisters, but Louise, she says she can always tell. Hey, Howard, remember that show you saw?"

"Sure."

"Louise says there's a show like that right in town. Not so big, but the same kind of thing. She says this is the kind of brassiere most of the guys in the show buy. It makes 'em look like they got . . . uh . . . something there when they really don't."

As it turned out, Joe was right. Between the brassieres and the padding, I think we could have raised cleavage on a stringbean. The funny thing was the brassiere was a little thing—about half-satin and half-lace. You wouldn't have thought it could have done that, but it sure did.

Then we put on the pantyhose. Joe opened the box again. "These are the bottom half," he said.

"But there's nothing' to it!" cried Eddie. And it was a wispy bikini, in colors to match the bra.

"Well, you don't wear jockey shorts with stuff like this, dummy," Joe said.

"They're really kind of nice," I said, picking up a pair and putting them on, "soft and everything. After all, if we're going to do it, we might as well do it right." As I slipped on the bikinis and thought how I must look, I got the oddest feeling, partly in the pit of my stomach and partly all over. It wasn't a bad feeling. In fact, it was sort of warm and pleasant and . . . sexy.

"How about the dresses," Joe said. "I feel naked in this stuff."

"Not yet, not until you try on the shoes and get the hang of 'em. I don't want you guys falling all over the house in Aunt Sophie's dresses. She could hardly put them back in



the shop all torn up."

Joe complained, but eventually agreed. As for me, I was kind of interested by this time to see how it would feel.

All the shoes were high heels. Joe found a pair of black patent leather pumps that fit with only a little squeezing. Eddie had already picked out a pair in imitation alligator, and I found a pair covered with a pretty brocade which fit me as though they were made for me. I slipped them on and suddenly realized I was breathing faster than usual and my hands were sweaty. Either I was coming down with flu, or there was

definitely something to this dressing up business.

At first, we did fall down a fair amount, but after a half-hour or so, we got the hang of it pretty well. That was when we began horsing around, pinching each other on the behinds and making rude remarks. We were all laughing pretty hard, which is, I suppose, why we didn't hear the car drive up.

Suddenly, the front door burst open. There stood Audrey and Bobbi and Leslie. I'll never forget that moment. All I could think of was Leslie's eyes on me as I stood there in high heels, pantyhose, bra and

bikinis.

Bobbi spoke first. "Well, I'm certainly glad you gave me that key, Eddie. If you hadn't, I'd never have found out what kind of guy I was mixed up with. And it certainly looks like "mixed up" is the right phrase."

"Look at the little darlings," Audrey said. "We do seem to have been involved with some gay birds."

Leslie didn't say anything, but I saw shock in her face and something I couldn't identify.

"But how did you" Joe began, "who told"

Then, from out in the car, I heard a male voice say, "What I tell ya! A bunch a' pansies!"

"Now wait" Joe started again.

"Shut up, blondie!" snapped Audrey. "My God, you look silly." She and Bobbi started to laugh, but it wasn't very pleasant laughter. Leslie didn't really join in.

"Look, Bobbi" Eddie said.

"You shut up, too!" Bobbi yelled. "I don't know whether to laugh or cry, seeing you standing there in panties. And I thought you were a real man"

It went on like that for awhile. We tried to dish it out as well as take it, but a guy's at a disadvantage in underwear, especially when it's the kind he isn't supposed to wear.

Finally, the girls turned and walked out. I heard Floyd laughing as they drove off. We got cleaned up and Eddie and I went home. Nobody said much.

I tried to keep a low profile on campus for the next week or so. I'll say this for the girls, they didn't seem to want to spread the story around. I guess they had each other to commiserate with. Or maybe they were worried about being associated with such "perverts".

I should have known I couldn't avoid contact forever, though. I was sitting in a corner of the student union, being inconspicuous and feeling crummy, when someone slid into the seat next to me. It was Leslie.

"Now look," I began, "I can understand you're pretty angry, but"

"I'm not. I'm not angry now. I just don't understand it. Why would you want to make fun of women like that?"

"I wasn't! I've never tried to make fun of women. If you really want to know, the whole idea was to make a point."

Leslie was taken aback. "What point?" she asked, genuinely puzzled.

I explained as well as I could. "So you see," I finished, "I realize you thought I looked pretty silly dressed up like that, so"

Leslie put her hand on mine. "But I didn't!" she said. "Really. I thought . . . honestly, I thought you made a very pretty woman."

To say I was surprised was putting it mildly. I started to say something but she hushed me.

"And more than that . . . Eddie and Joe looked awkward in their things, but you looked . . . I guess comfortable is the best I can do. You looked as though you felt good about yourself."

"No, no," I protested, "it was all just a joke to make a point about your bunny job"

"Oh, Howard, don't try to lie to me. I know you well enough. Look, the important thing I'm trying to tell you is that it doesn't matter, at least not to me."

"Leslie!" I tried to keep my voice down, but it wasn't easy. "Do you mean that? I mean, really mean it?"

"Yes," she answered, looking straight into my eyes, "I do."

I tried to look at her just as steadily. "Then I guess I ought to tell you . . . yes, I did enjoy . . . that is, it, somehow, dressing up like that felt good . . . I don't know if you could understand it"

"Why not?" she said. "I know I wouldn't want to give up the kinds of things I wear for what you wear."

"But you don't think that makes me"

"I don't care what it makes you! You have to be you, not my idea of you, or anybody else's idea of you. You have to be what you are, not what someone else thinks you ought to be! The only right I have is the right to know whether you still care about me."

"Care? Of course I do . . . but"

"And vice versa is also true, you know. You have no right to tell me what I should do, only the right to know if, after the other night, I still care."

"And do you?"

"Of course, dopey. Why else do you think I've been going through all this?!" and she smiled an impish little smile I hadn't seen before.

"And you know what?"

"No, what?" I asked warily.

She looked me straight in the eyes again and I noticed how very blue hers were. "Since you've been honest with me, I think it's only fair I be honest with you. When I saw you dressed like that, I thought you looked very . . . sexy."

You could have knocked me over with a feather (and I know some people who would have done it if they'd been there.)

Leslie's eyes went down and her voice dropped. "I suppose I should tell you, too, that I've occasionally wondered about myself and . . . well . . . some of the other bunnies at the club, I think, like other girls,

you know, as bed partners . . . I've never . . . but sometimes I think I could if it was the right person. Now do you still care?"

I took her hand. "Of course, how could I not," I said.

She smiled one of the nicest smiles I'd ever seen.

Then she leaned over to me and whispered, "And now we're going to my place to get freshened up and . . . uh . . . changed. Then we're going out to dinner and back to my place for . . . dessert. Okay?" And she nibbled my ear so there'd be no doubt what she had in mind for dessert. That was the second time I had that funny "pit-of-the-stomach" feeling.

When we got to the apartment, the first thing Leslie said was "Look in the bedroom."

For a moment I thought it was awfully quick work, but then I did look, and there on the bed was a familiar cardboard box.

"How in the world did you get that?" I asked.

"I got it from Audrey who took it away from Joe after he told her it was all a joke and he'd never do it again."

I thought about what the box meant. "You must have been pretty confident," I said.

"Not really, Howard." and she came over and took my hands. She looked up at me, "But I was hoping. If you had been doing this just to ridicule us . . . I don't think I could have gone on seeing you, but somehow I didn't think that was it, at least not for you."

"Of course not, and remember, you really had been giving me a hard time about your bunny job."

"I realize that, and I think I can find a way to make it up to you"

"How?"

"I'll tell you after dinner.

Right now, let's get you dressed."

"But I am"

"No, silly, I mean dressed right! I can't be seen with a girlfriend who wears jeans and a crummy old Navy jacket and men's shoes. People would think I'm a lesbian." She patted my behind. "And I guess they'd be right, at least in certain cases."

This time, Leslie helped me with the makeup and it came out better than ever. She had a couple of wigs and she tried one on me. It was black, shoulder-length, done in a flip.

"I like your own color better," she said, "but this is a good length on you. Now then, what to wear."

"Do you have the dresses Eddie brought?"

"No, they went back to Aunt Sophie. Besides, they weren't right . . . they were evening dresses and we're hardly going to the Ritz. I did manage to go by Sophie's shop and get your shoes, though. It was a good thing they were easy to spot.

"But if you don't have those dresses" I began.

"You're a little too big for my clothes, but I have a cousin whose about your size, and she gave me some things a while ago. Now get into your bra and panties."

I got dressed, this time relaxing and letting myself enjoy the sensuous feeling of the smooth fabric against my skin.

By the time I'd put on my heels, Leslie was back in the room with an armload of clothes.

"Grrrrrr!" she said, but it was more a purr than a growl.

Her cousin's things fit fine, and after a touch-up to my lipstick and a light spray of cologne which nearly caused a complete sensory overload, we went to dinner, both

looking very stylish. We picked a quiet place a fair distance from campus. Even so, my nerves were so strung out I could hardly eat, but everything went fine.

Back at the apartment, Leslie started to undress me. "Hey, wait!" I said.

"Relax," she said, unbuttoning my blouse, "enjoy"

"It is nice," I admitted.

"I've always liked it when you did it to me."

"That's a swell idea," I said, and I began to unbutton hers.

Her fingers were running up and down my back under the blouse. I caressed her waist, just at the lovely hollow before the flair of her hips.

"You're very distracting," I said, "but what was this idea of yours you promised to tell me?"

"Well," she said, nuzzling my shoulder and somehow at the same time slipping my blouse off, "If you really want to have a try at being a bunny," and now her hands were at the back of my skirt, "I'll help you."

"That's an interesting thought," I said, unzipping her skirt. It fell to her ankles and we were standing there, arms around each other, in bras and bikinis. Through the sheer fabric of her bra I could see her nipples, erect and excited.

"Chilly out, is it?" I said.

"That's not the reason, silly," she said. "Let me show you."

She unhooked my bra; I unhooked hers.

"A bunny," I said, "that's a very interesting idea." And then her hands, warm and gentle, were taking down my bikinis.

And if she does help me have a try at being a bunny, I'll let you know all about it. For the moment, though, I'm . . . well . . . otherwise occupied.

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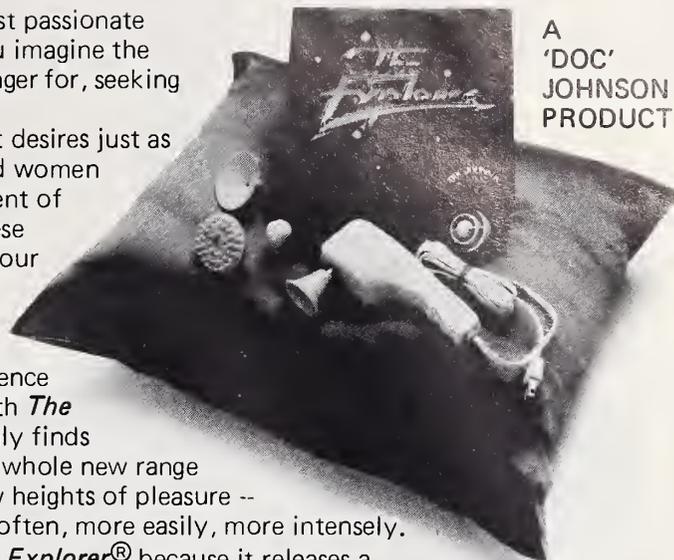
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(FROM LOS ANGELES)



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Many have the idea that the San Fernando Valley is a quiet place, where they roll up the sidewalks at eight o'clock. This is not true, for right in Studio City, at the southeast end of the San Fernando Valley, is the hottest female impersonation showcase L.A. has to offer — the Queen Mary. Located at 12449 Ventura Boulevard, this haven for the “girls” boasts the most beautiful and entertaining personalities, not to mention a wonderful place to meet and greet other non-professionals from surrounding areas.

The likes of Butch Ellis, who recently appeared and gave us a great performance in “The Rose”, as well as receiving a special award in November at a local function for his great contributions to the fine art of female impersonation, will

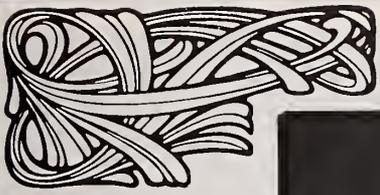


JULIUS DAVIS



AMANDA WINTERS





surely keep you amused and rolling in the aisles with his antics as M.C. of the show.

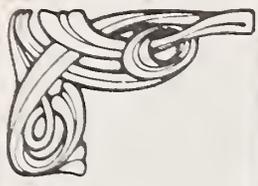


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BUTCH ELLIS





CAUSHA LEE





Watching the "girls" get it together before the show is fascinating indeed. The paint, powder and glitter transforms ordinary guys like Causha Lee into the most dynamic creatures, whose many different looks keep you wondering how many impersonators are in the show.

With great beauties such as Amanda Winters and Shalei, the audience whispers amongst themselves, trying to convince one another of the true genders of these sensuous creatures. All in all, it's truly a wonderful way to spend an evening with friends and family, just watching a very professional show, and the expressions on some very shocked faces!

Shows are Wednesdays through Sundays, with two or three shows nightly. Reservations are advised, and considering the waiting line between shows, we suggest an early arrival.



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