

FEMALE MIMICS

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 3

FALL, 1974

CONTENTS:

FEMALE MIMICS VISITS UBA'S BOUTIQUE

Foto-feature 4

THE QUEEN OF SUNSET STRIP

Fiction 15

MIAMI MIMIC

Foto-feature 18

DEGREES OF DRAG

Foto-illustrated Article 20

LESLIE AT HOME

Foto-feature 25

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE AT C'EST LA VIE

Foto-feature 36

PART THREE: A COMPLETE GUIDE TO FEMALE IMPERSONATION

Exclusive Feature 46

CORONATION BALL

Foto-feature 54



FEMALE MIMICS is published quarterly by Eros Publishing Co., Inc., Wilmington, Delaware. Copyright, ©1974 by Eros Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved on entire contents. Nothing may be reproduced, in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited materials. All manuscripts, photos and artwork must be accompanied by return postage. All photos in this publication were posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos, or words used to describe them, are meant to depict the actual conduct or personality of the models. No data on models will be released. Any similarity between real persons and characters depicted in fiction or semi-fiction herein is purely coincidental. Exclusive distribution by Parliament News, Inc., 21314 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, California 91311. Printed in the U.S.A.

EDITORIAL

A brand new issue of FEMALE MIMICS for you! It's the magazine that focuses in on one of the least well-known aspects of sexual behavior in the entire spectrum of human intercourse, and it serves as a guide to the experienced impersonator, an introduction to the fine art of female mimicry for the novice, and just plain interesting reading for the man or woman who isn't afraid to explore new territory in the search for both knowledge and insight. FEMALE MIMICS is, however more than this -- it is a reflection of changes in the social fabric of the nation as a whole. All of the popular media are running articles and stories about the "twilight" world of the transsexual and the transvestite, and the whole subject of cross-dressing and gender role identification is becoming more and more out in the open, what with the emphasis on the Unisex look, the appearance of many entertainers, such as Alice Cooper and David Bowie in full drag, and the popularity of stage shows such as the recent "Rocky Horror Show" in Hollywood. Female mimicry is beginning to be recognized as an art form, and as a justifiable and exciting style of life, and there is no better source of information on the subject than our magazine, FEMALE MIMICS, the only publication of its kind in the world.





FEMALE MIMICS VISITS UBA'S TV BOTIQUE



Located on the corner of Rose Avenue and busy Pacific Avenue in Venice, California, Uba's boutique is one of the very few establishments in the nation, and for that matter, in the world, which specializes in servicing the clothing needs of the female impersonator. Our guide, and model on this tour of Uba's is none other than the striking blond impersonator Embie West. Embie was born and raised in Tennessee and migrated out to the West coast in her teens. She has established herself in her three years as an impersonator as one of the most polished, professional and popular of all in our community, and we can see that no one is more qualified to lead us through Uba's than the lovely Embie. Presently Embie works as a cosmetologist



in a make-up studio, and serves as well as a "transvestite consultant", helping other TV's learn the fine art of hair styling, fashion and make-up. Among her most recent credits are the winning of Empress LaRey's Universal Ball prize for the best costume (Two years in a row!), and First Runnerup at the VIP ball, as well as being chosen Queen at a new Hollywood club, Bacchus 74. She is a Viscountess in the Royal Court of Los Angeles, and welcomes inquiries from aspiring and experienced TV's on the subjects of fashion and make-up. Embie is a very helpful gal.





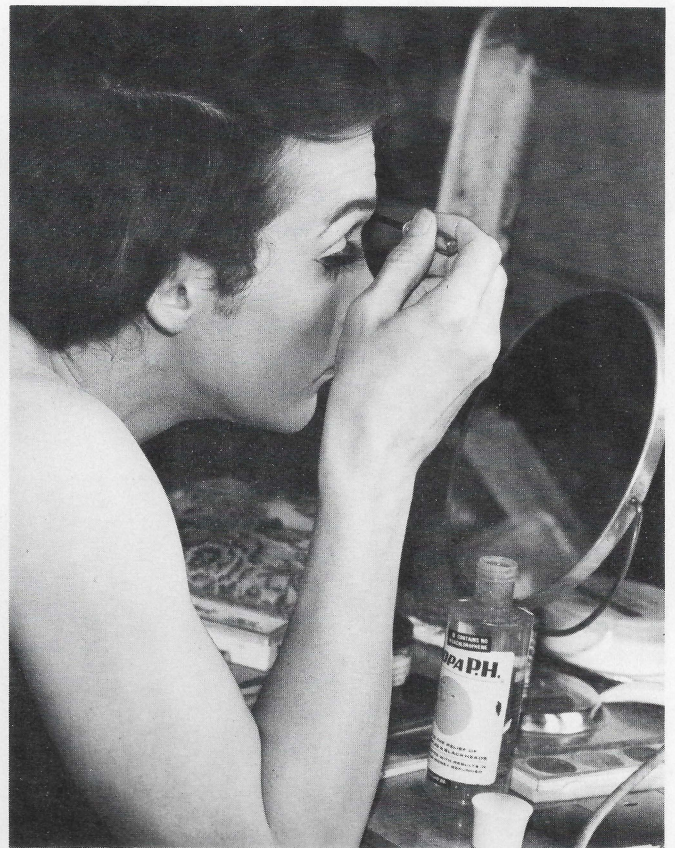


Stepping inside the shop, Embie is awe-struck at the variety and the quantity of goods that Uba has on display, and she notices immediately that Uba's sense of style, taste and class is perfectly attuned to the fashion flair of the impersonator. The atmosphere of the shop is very relaxed and the proprietress is eager for the shopper to spend as much time as she wants trying on different outfits, asking questions, and making sure that everything fits properly and is suited to the TV's individual personality and figure. Uba gets a great deal of satisfaction from her work, and enjoys working with impersonators. There is no "hustling" of merchandise at Uba's, and business is carried on in an atmosphere that promotes individual attention and lasting friendship.





Uba has operated her business for six years now, serving the needs of famous impersonators, aspiring TV's, and men who simply get off on "dressing-up" in the privacy of their homes, without going the full route, into participation in the activities of the gay community, such as the various transvestite balls and coronations. Uba seems to have a natural flair for and understanding of the desires of the impersonator, and she strives to be helpful in all ways, giving advice and help with make-up and hair styles along with fashions.







Uba has a specialty within a specialty at her unique shop by the beach. In addition to carrying on a complete line of clothing and accessories for the impersonator, ranging from formal wear to sports clothes, Uba has a selection of maid's uniforms and clothing which emphasizes the "little girl"



look. These two styles are her personal favorites, and she has a considerable clientele which is devoted to the frilly and feminine look which is created by the donning of the maid's outfit. Her shop serves as a gathering place and social club for impersonators who favor this look.





Uba also has an understanding of the "bizarre" look, fashions featuring high-heels and synthetic materials, and in the future she plans to create another "social club" for those impersonators who enjoy the bizarre look and want to get

together to talk shop with kindred spirits. As we leave the shop, Uba reminds us that what we see is not all that is available, and that in addition to her large variety of ready-to-wear clothing, she will custom-make anything the TV desires.



THE QUEEN OF SUNSET STRIP



Fred restrained himself from throwing his grease rag into the face of the old crow in the Cadillac. There was a two-hour wait in the line which stretched away from the gas station, and she had been honking her horn from the moment she had first joined the cue. When the old barge finally rolled up to the pumps, it turned out that she was just topping off her tank. It took exactly three

and a half gallons.

"You're new here, aren't you, Sonny?"

"Yeah."

"Well, make sure you check my oil. This is a very expensive car with a powerful engine."

Her turkey neck wobbled and her eyes popped as she leered at him out of the window. She was so comical that his anger dissipated, and he chuckled to him-

self and threw back his shoulders, acutely aware of his lean, muscular frame which his tight straight-leg Levi's and thin tee shirt showed off to good advantage. This was his first day on the job. Starting Monday, he would have to conceal the body he was so proud of in the loose-fitting orange coveralls which the management required. It was just that today they had been short of uniforms, yet another shortage on top of the gasoline crisis. He was really happy that he had sold his Mustang and bought a Honda 350 before he had come to the West Coast from Iowa two weeks earlier.

Freddy had been planning to come to Los Angeles for over a year, and now that he was here it was like being in some sort of sexual Shangri-la, even though he hadn't scored yet. Cruising along the Sunset strip far exceeded even the wildest dreams he had had on dismal nights in downtown Ames. Naturally he'd come out here to break into films or television or even do a little modeling. He didn't know anyone in L A, but he knew he had "it", and if he flaunted it enough sooner or later he was certain to make the necessary contacts. And it didn't much matter to him whether he was spotted in his everyday butch persona or as a full drag fox. Either way, he knew there weren't many men or women in his class, and when the big break came along he would be willing to suck or fuck anything vaguely human if it would help his career. Naturally the first step was to get a really dynamite wardrobe together. He'd taken the gas station job temporarily so that he wouldn't have to dip into his savings for living expenses. Actually, he quite enjoyed pumping gas and getting his hands dirty. It would make his transformation into a starlet all the more magical when he donned his drag gear.

He knocked off at seven and took his time strolling home. There were still quite a few teeny-boppers patrolling the streets in their daytime gear, short cutoffs worked up into the cracks of their asses and ripe young breasts bobbing away in their halter tops. Freddy checked them all out closely. They looked fresh and healthy, but didn't know the meaning of the word style. In fact, he seldom spotted a woman who understood style the way he did.

Freddy had a peanut butter sandwich and two tall cans of Budweiser for supper and a downer (doctor's prescription tranquilizer—he didn't like to mess with illegal drugs) for dessert. By this time he felt totally unwound and his long day at the gas station seemed to belong to another person. He used a special hand cleaner to remove the last traces of grease from around his nails and knuckles while he ran a hot bath. He had hardly a trace of body odor after working all day in the hot sun, but the bath was the first step in the ritual of transformation. He doused the bath liberally with a richly scented bubble bath oil and slipped in. As he lay there soaking, the pungent fragrance filled his nostrils and began working its magic.

When he emerged from the tub his skin was soft and had a glistening sheen. He scrutinized himself in the full length bathroom mirror while he gently toweled himself dry. His arms were well muscled, but the skin was very smooth and his fingers were long and tapered. To be sure, his hips were narrow, but his not too broad shoulders and pert buttocks gave him the fashionably lean type of figure that many hourglass shaped women envied today. His legs were his best feature—long, slender, and beautifully shaped without a wisp of hair anywhere on them. In fact, the only hair on his entire body was his thick pubic

bush. His nipples were large and prominent, and when he flexed his pectorals and arched his shoulders forward, the three-quarter view in the mirror definitely suggested the subtle contours of adolescent buds. His body was really lovely—there was no other word for it.

Using a magnifying mirror, Freddy plucked a few stray hairs from his chin and then rubbed a depilatory on. While the cream was taking effect, he sprayed a fragrant floral deodorant on his groin and under his arms. Then he cleaned off his chin, straightened his thin eyebrows with a tweasers, and applied an avocado oil moisturizer to his face. After a lemon stick astringent, he was ready to go to work in earnest. He was very careful not to overdo it either in his make-up or in his clothes, and he had a very sensitive touch, bordering on the artistic. He knew exactly the effect he wanted. He scrupulously avoided anything that looked tarty or tacky or screaming and concentrated on a look that was sexy, classy, hip, and above all, real.

First came a thin coat of liquid makeup on his face and neck which closely matched his tanned complexion. This was followed by grey eyeliner, light blue eyeshadow, a double coat of mascara, just the suggestion of an orange blush on his cheeks, and light tangerine lipstick. He left his eyebrows as they were, the same light blond as his hair. The hair was his piece de la resistance, for Freddy never wore wigs! Instead he brushed his straight, silky hair forward, creating a feathery effect which framed his face with bangs just brushing his long lashes.

Having completed his toilet, Freddy moved to his bedroom for the final stage of the transformation. First he tucked his cock and balls between his legs and wigged into the tight black lace panties which held them there without a telltale bulge. Next

came a 36C cup black lace brassiere padded with ingenious pockets of liquid which gave Freddy a bosom which could hardly be distinguished from the real thing. By now Freddy was undeniably a "she", and after hitching on her ruffly black garter belt, she engaged in her favorite treat—lovingly pulling on her sheer black silk stockings with much straightening and caressing of her shapely legs. Freddy's bedroom was very small, but it had the decided asset of a large full-length mirror on the closet door. She squeezed into a pair of shiny black patent leather shoes with five-inch spike heels and admired herself from all angles in the mirror, especially delighted by the way the heels made her ass jut out, before she decided what to wear over her sexy underwear. Somehow the long slit gown and the boa seemed a bit premature tonight, and she rejected a limp silk pants suit because she hated to cover up her legs. She considered a white leather micro-mini skirt and shiny black halter top, but decided that they were both too young and too daytime for the look she wanted tonight. She finally settled for a very short, slinky silk shift in a predominantly yellow pattern which she knew would offer seductive glimpses of her garter belt every time she lifted a leg. She finished off with a tight choker and a few simple bracelets, not bothering with a wrap even though she knew it would get cool later because she didn't have anything that was just right and she was confident that she would find some way to keep out of the cold. Just a touch of Channel below the ears and at the wrists and ankles and she was ready for the street.

It was close to ten when she finally slipped out the front door and headed for the Strip. It was a fragrant summer night, and the atmosphere was electric.

If she didn't score tonight, her name wasn't Freddy. She felt completely authentic, not at all like any of the fake femmes or tacky drag queens she had seen cruising the Strip. It was only natural therefore that her mind was set on scoring with someone really straight, a dude so straight that he would be completely convinced that he had discovered his ultimate fantasy chick. She strolled up and down the Strip for about an hour, luxuriating in the admiring glances and outright leers she received from the men and even some of the women she passed on the street. It was especially gratifying when she got smouldering stares from guys who were obviously out on "heavy" dates with genuine chicks, much to their companion's discomfort. Even though Freddy had always known that she was capable of being a real woman, she had never had feedback like this. As a matter of fact, back in Ames being a real woman had hardly seemed preferable to being a tacky drag queen or a limp wristed shoe salesman. They were all equally suspect there. God, it was good to be somewhere where she was appreciated. Back there the best she could have done would have been to have an operation and become a drab housewife married to a pot-bellied insurance salesman, but here she could keep her cock and still outclass the foxiest chicks in the world—with an audience!

It seemed like time for a drink, and Freddy stepped into what looked to be a young, intimate bar with a predominantly music oriented crowd. She thought it looked like it might be a place to meet a musician and possibly even investigate the sexual mythology which surrounded bass players.

The bar was dimly lit, and the juke box pounded out a deafeningly throbbing rhythm. Freddy slid onto a stool at the corner of

the bar, allowing one long leg to dangle invitingly toward the main action. She ordered a sloe gin fizz and took out her compact, presumably to check her makeup. It didn't take her long to case the joint and zero in on a likely target. There was a loud-mouthed, middle-aged swinger who kept eyeing her lustfully and sullenly, but she squelched him with one of her long "don't you come near me, you scumbag" looks. There were four or five musician types with Fender and Rickenbacker cases, but they were all really too androgenous for her tastes. She liked them big and slightly burly with rough edges. As soon as she heard the harsh nasal twang which was unmistakably Texan and horny, she knew that she had finally encountered her evening's contact. It sometimes bothered Freddy just a little that she tended to be a bit more aggressive in her female persona than she was as a male, but tonight it didn't phase her a bit because she knew she was in top form. Judging by his voice, he didn't have a musical bone in his body, but then she had just created the bass player goal as a working hypothesis, so to speak.

He was talking and laughing raucously about guns and the decline of American masculinity with a young kid and his teenybopper date in a booth just to the right of the stool Freddy was perched on. It was utterly obvious to anyone who glanced at the table that he was trying to pull the kid's chick, but Freddy decided she would soon change that situation.

After a few minutes, he got up to go to the john, and Freddy flashed him a cool, appraising sideways glance. He was thickly built but obviously in prime condition, and his tight slacks revealed everything that she really wanted to know. When he passed her on the return trip, she knocked her purse off the bar with her elbow. He stopped and

bent to pick it up for her, his eyes traveling the length of her leg as he straightened up. Before he could say a word, she fished a Tarryton out of the pack in her purse and asked him for a light, knowing full well that he had left his cigarettes and lighter in the booth. He sauntered over to the booth, but by the time he had clutched the gold Dunhill in his meaty hand, Freddy was directly behind him. Correctly reading the invitation in her eyes, he invited her to sit down and insisted that he buy a drink for her.

"Mah name's Tex. Ah work for Standard. This here's mah little buddy, Ed, and his lady, Louise."

"I'm Freddy."

"That's really a cute name for a girl," Louise simpered.

Ed looked to be extremely relieved by Freddy's arrival.

Freddy giggled and brushed her leg against the big Texan's. He *was* horney. He clutched at her knee and worked his big hand up her thigh under the table. She hoped he wouldn't tear her stocking or find something he didn't want to find. The young couple sat across from them with inane grins on their faces, unable to come up with any suitable small talk.

The Texan broke the spell. "It's really hot in here, and I can't hear myself think. How about a little walk in the night air?"

"Sure," Freddy replied; slipping out of the booth. The youngsters remained immobile and breathed a sigh of relief.

"My place isn't far," Freddy whispered in Tex's ear once they were outside. Tex threw his arm around her shoulder and during the short walk, his hands were all over her. She loved it and could hardly wait to get her hands on him, stripped down. In a short time they reached Freddy's apartment. She opened the door, letting Tex in in front of her.

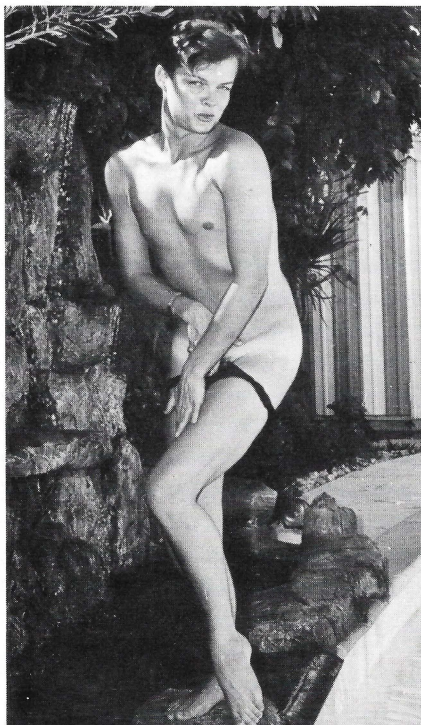
(Continued on page 53)

MIAMI MIMIC



Robin Roberts, of Miami Beach, Florida, is a hairdresser by profession and a female mimic, at Miami Beach clubs, on the weekends.

The prodigy of famed entertainer Zorita, Robin would rather be a full-time female mimic than anything else -- for further proof, see color photo on page 61.





KIM'S KORNER



Just a note, in way of an explanation and an apology, about the column this month. Schedule changes and some interesting developments in my career have forced me to forego my usual column this month, but it will reappear (magically) next month and thus ever onward. I hope that all my friends -- and not just the wonderful people who have sent in two dollars for the Christy Mystery Package, P.O. Box 5606, Sherman Oaks, Calif., 91413 -- will understand and continue to look for me in every issue of FEMALE MIMICS! Next month we'll discuss fetishism, which as we all know, is not an Italian Entree but a sexual deviation. Until then . . .

DEGREES OF DRAG



Not every mimic is a homosexual in practice.

There are several different categories of men who impersonate women, although in some cases the lines are more clearly drawn than in others. First it should be kept in mind that female impersonation is not the same as homosexuality. Many homosexuals are not effeminate either in dress or in manner, and many men who strive to look like women would be horrified at the idea of actually having sex with another man. Nevertheless, there are quite a few homosexuals who enjoy dressing up as women, and there are a lot of men who first be-

come aware of the fact that they would like to have sex with other men through the pleasure they derive from donning feminine gear. Finally, female impersonators, transvestites (known in the vernacular as drag queens), and homosexuals must all be distinguished from transsexuals who are, properly speaking, misplaced sexually. That is, if a transsexual dresses and acts like a woman, it is because he believes that he really is a woman, mentally and emotionally, but through some sort of cosmic joke he has been bestowed with the wrong set of sexual organs. It is a transsexual who seeks to undergo the surgical transformation which will actually change him from a man to a woman, both physically and legally (or from a woman to a man, if that be the case).

Transsexuals who believe that they are really women trapped in men's bodies actually have their penises and testicles removed and a vagina surgically constructed in their place and also undergo hormone treatment so that their breasts swell and their hair patterns change. It is possible for males who are thusly transmuted into females to marry men, and in their subsequent sexual relationships they are women in all relevant aspects except for the fact that they cannot bear children. In other words, male transsexuals are men who have surgically become women. They cannot be said to be female impersonators, because they *are* women.

Now, as we have already noted, among female impersonators there are both homosexuals and heterosexuals. A further distinction can be drawn between those transvestites who dress as women as an end in itself and those who do so for the purpose of sexual gratification by some other means. Among those who dress as women as an end in it-

self are clothes fetishists who can reach a sexual climax by simply wearing and directing their erotic attention toward an article of female apparel such as a bra or a slip. These men do not find it necessary to dress completely in feminine clothes and often wear their fetish objects under traditional male garb such as worker's uniforms or grey flannel suits. Other transvestites derive immense pleasure from dressing completely as women and thus exhibiting themselves in public places. Most performing female impersonators fall into this category.

There are two sorts of transvestites who use female gear in order to achieve other ends—homosexuals who dress as women to attract males and heterosexuals who must dress up as females before they can make love to women. Many in this last category are otherwise happily married and have great fun with the help of their wives, parading around the house in wigs, make-up, and a variety of flimsey lingerie. It should be noted at this point that any man who dresses up as a woman will look more exaggeratedly feminine than most contemporary women. It is for this reason that transvestitism has become very camp.

Finally a word should be said about the most modern and glittery of female impersonators such as the rock superstar, David Bowie, and those of his fans who try to emulate him. These people are usually very young, most of them under twenty, and they deliberately defy all sexual categorization. Their dress is mainly effeminate with lots of flash and sequins and see-through clothing, exaggerated make-up, obviously dyed or bleached hair cut in bizarre patterns, and heels sometimes as high as ten inches. The males among them are clearly recognizable as males although their dress is what would be traditionally regarded as female. They may be exclusively homosexual or heterosexual, but more frequently they are neither and even find the term bi-sexual somewhat dated, preferring to think of themselves as ambisexual, omnisexual, androgenous or just plain sexual. If these people are harbingers of trends to come, then it will soon be quite meaningless to speak of transvestitism which depends on clearly identifiable and different clothing styles and body language for males and females. In order to get a sense of the general categories discussed so far, we interviewed a young man planning to undergo transsexual surgery, a heterosexual ladies' stocking fetishist, a performing female impersonator, a homosexual exhibitionist drag queen, a happily married man who dresses up in his wife's clothing, and an androgenous young guitar player.

For the past three years John has been working as a secretary and dressing as a woman in order to prepare for his transsexual operation next month. He is divorced and has three children, but all of

his life he has felt as though some terrible mistake had been made in his biological casting. His manner is somewhat prim and he came to the interview wearing a long print dress and high-heeled shoes. There is nothing outlandish about his dress or camp about his style. He is thirty-three and is using the name Jean.

Q: Why do you want to be a woman?

A: I've always felt more female than male just as a woman knows what she is without question. I had a miserable childhood because nothing that people expected me to do seemed right.

Q: But biologically you are male. You have an estranged wife and you're the father of three children.

A: There's a lot more to sex than just sex, if you know what I mean. I never really enjoyed my physical functioning as a male. It's true I shouldn't have married as a man, but someday I hope to get married properly as a female. My ex-wife has been very understanding and we both realized that there was no sense in prolonging a mistake. The children have taken the transition very well. Their mother is planning to remarry and they will have a proper father for the first time.

Q: Why are you willing to undergo such drastic surgery rather than simply become a male homosexual?

A: Because, as I see it, in order to be a homosexual you have to be the same sex as the person you're having sex with. I am not masculine enough to relate to other men as a homosexual.

Q: Have you always been turned on by men sexually?

A: I've always been too worried about the fact that I was the wrong sex to be turned on by anyone sexually. I've never had sex with a man, if that's what you mean. But after the operation, when I'll be free to operate completely as a woman, I know that I'll be turned on by men sexually.

Q: You're looking forward to this operation very much then?

A: Absolutely! Before I found out about it, it seemed as though the only alternative was suicide.

Arnold is thirty years old and looks the perfect company man. We interviewed him at the advertising firm where he works and noticed that he had a jovial-ass pinching relationship with his pretty, young secretary. He is engaged to be married and plays golf in his spare time.

Q: You certainly don't look like a transvestite.

A: I only consented to this interview because I think that there must be a lot of men who have secrets like mine, and it might make them feel a hell of a lot better if they saw it in print.

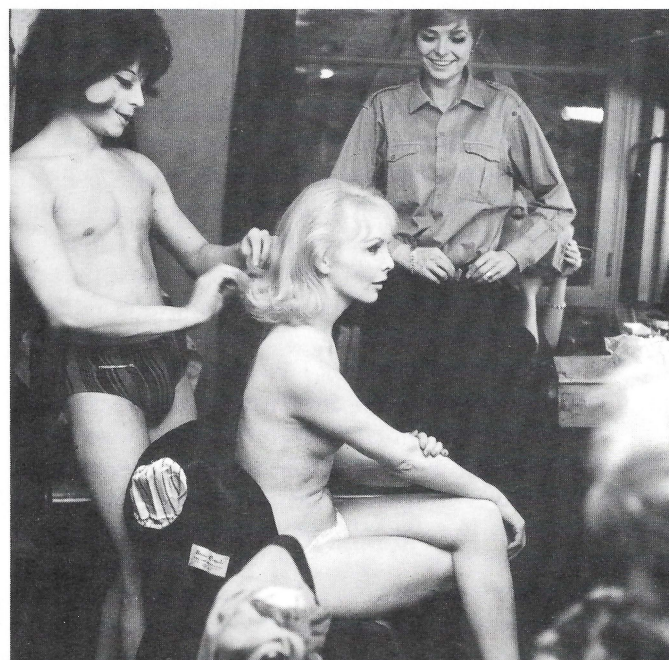
Q: What is your secret?



When an impersonator is also a paid professional entertainer, and must appear partially undressed, attention to detail is mandatory.



Professional impersonators vary from "straight" men who simply enjoy aspects of transvestitism, to all-out hormone enhanced transexuals with breasts.



A: (at this point Arnold got up from his desk and silently rolled his trouser legs up to his mid thighs. Under his grey flannel pants, he was wearing sheer black nylon stockings with a red garter on the left leg.)

A: Do you always dress that way?

A: Naturally I have a full wardrobe as my position requires and my budget allows, but I can't function without the stockings. It's murder when I go to the beach. Luckily my fiancé is very understanding, and she'll help me plan my life, taking this into account. Actually, it isn't much of a problem, just a little kink. I've been to see three different psychiatrists for consultation, and they all advised that I carry on this way. Rather than invest in lengthy psychoanalysis which might not change the quirk anyway. I just don't feel sexual without the stockings and garter. I used to ejaculate as soon as I put them on, but now that I wear them all the time, they're not really a significant part of my sex life.

Q: Why do you think this one article of clothing is so necessary for your well being?

A: Oh, that's classically simple. My mother was killed in a plane crash when I was five and before they got rid of her clothes, I stole a pair of stockings which I hid and took to bed with me every night. You see, we never outgrow our need for our mother's love, and while most people have their mothers around long enough for this love to become an unseen part of their psychology, I have to have my emblem with me physically.

Q: Like the knights who wore their ladies' scarves into battle?

A: Yes, although I never thought of it in that way. Maybe I feel very threatened after all. Do you think I should go into psychoanalysis after all?

Q: Well, that's for you to decide, isn't it?

Lawrence has been wearing wigs and evening gowns on night club stages for fourteen years. His act consists of a very plausible rendition of Judy Garland. He has a slight build and even features and looks about forty. We chatted with him in his dressing room after his show.

A: How did you get into this line of work?

A: Oh, I was just good at it, I guess. I'm not really a transvestite, just a performer, so I don't know if your readers will be interested in anything I have to say.

Q: What do you feel like when you sing *Over the Rainbow*?

A: I feel like Judy Garland. Like I *am* Judy Garland. Any great performer is just a persona. And any other person can step into that persona regardless of his sex. It's like putting on a mask.

Q: Do you ever dress like a woman when you're not working?



The careful and thoughtful impersonator who takes the proper time and effort to make a thorough transition is very hard to detect on the street.

A: Nah. I get it all out of my system on stage. I'd much rather watch the girls at other times, although I do look at them with an eye toward improving the art. Everyone's got an act on and off the stage.

Q: What's your act off stage?

A: When I say I am Judy Garland, when I do her number, I mean it. I don't have much time for putting an act together off stage. I just like to show people that I can do it, I guess. Yeah, I think that's my real motivation.

A: Show them that you can do what?

A: Anything the chicks can do as entertainers. Anyone who says that males and females don't compete is talking through his teeth. Women have been competing with men since they started having babies. This is my way of evening the score.

Jackie is an unabashedly gay young man who has starred in a number of underground pronographic movies. "She" usually dresses in drag complete with false eyelashes and perfume, and lately has been very visible cruising up and down Hollywood Boulevard which was where we talked to her. On the night in question, "she" wore a long red silk dress, a black silk cape with sequins on the back, five inch silver heels, earrings, and an elaborate platinum blonde wig. Nevertheless, it is doubtful that many people would take Jackie for a female.

Q: Jackie. . . .

A: Before I say anything, I want to make sure you get my name right. J.A.C.K.I.E. Just like Mrs. O. Would you look at that? (Jackie turns and flutters her eyelashes at two strolling sailors.)

Q: Do many people think you're real?

A: Where are you coming from: I'm not butch enough to be real. What kind of a magazine are you working for? Dirty, huh? Listen, you can

take a picture of my thing anytime, every throbbing inch of it. Listen, let me tell you something about cruisin'. It's an art. As a matter of fact, my agent is putting together a package on cruisin' right this minute. You are talking to the next sexual superstar. The whole point of cruisin' is sexual freedom—seeing and being seen. The Greeks understood. They called it Doxa. Image, you dig? You go out and take your image for a walk, man. Have you got that? There isn't enough tape in that machine to record my first fart of the morning. I'm like that nubile young dude Lucretius wrote about. Nothin' but musical notes comes out of my asshole. Honey, you should have seen those Jap tourists pop their flashcubes when I walked past Mann's earlier. I'll tell you why I'm class. Not because all this tart gear is chic or even that dramatic, but because I'm a man who is pretending to pretend to be a woman. Get that? I'm not really pretending to be a woman—there'd be no point in cruisin' then. I wouldn't even have an act, because the street is full of foxes in tight pants with their tits hanging out. No real drag queen wants to be a woman, because then he wouldn't be a queen. Women are all drones, man. The really good queens only got by because they were so butch.

Q: You seem in fine form tonight.

A: Isn't that the truth. I'm a little accelerated and spaced out—uppers and downers at the same time. I've been down to Vine four times already tonight, and I'm flirting with danger. Have you ever seen so much rough trade on the make? I like a quickie every now and then, but for the most part I transcend sex. Basically I want to be seen. I wouldn't even mind being blind as long as I could be seen. As a matter of fact, I'd give my eyes to science to be on television every day. When nobody looks at you, you're invisible, you don't exist. It's worse than death. You know, this is a really good interview. It's not cluttered up with a lot of stupid questions.

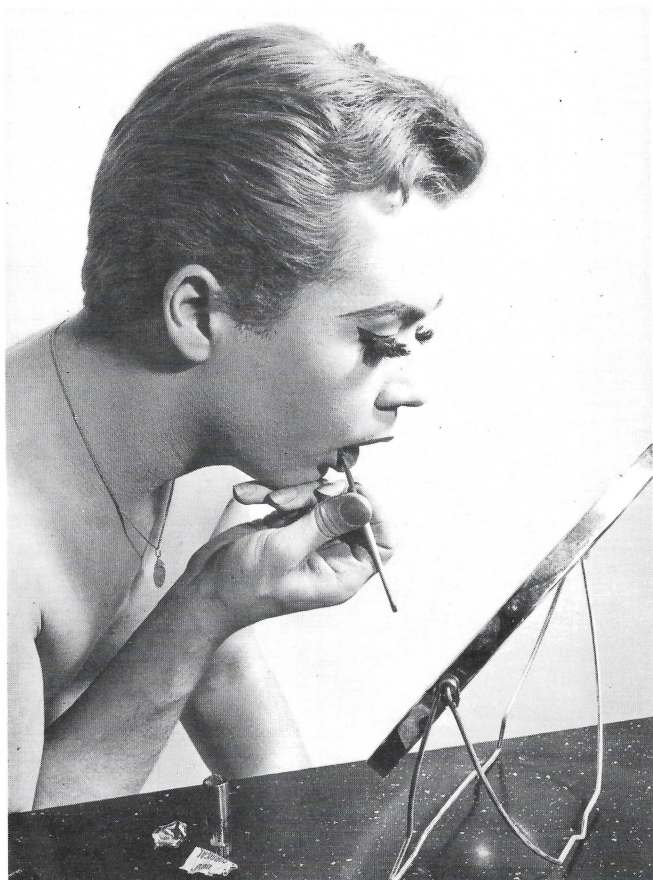
We went to visit Mr. and Mrs. M at their home in Malibu. He's a well known film producer and she is famous for her charity work and dinner parties. A uniformed maid placed a pitcher of martinis at Mrs. M's elbow and then retired, leaving us alone at the side of the pool. Mrs. M poured the drinks, keeping our glasses filled while Mr. M talked. He is in his mid-forties, in excellent physical condition, and has a shimmering shock of silver-white hair which may or may not be a toupee.

Q: We want to thank you for consenting to this interview.

A: I'm glad you called. It will give me a chance to sort out my ideas. I've been thinking about doing a film on the subject. My wife used to buy me wigs and make-up and evening gowns, but



The artistic and tasteful application of make-up and hairpieces is a time consuming process, but it is vital to all who engage in female mimicry.



for the past few months, I've been purchasing them myself. You see, from time to time I dress up as a woman and we make love as lesbians.

Q: What do you mean?

A: I achieve erection and penetrate my wife in the normal fashion, but are both dressed as females.

Q: Can you achieve sexual gratification without the costume?

A: Yes, of course, but the clothing furnishes something extra. A special wickedness, I think. A sort of defiance of conventional expectations.

Q: You mean that people in long hair and evening gowns don't have penises as a rule, and it makes you feel unusual or special that you do?

A: Exactly. Although it's not that I feel superior to women, or other men for that matter. As my son might say, I get off on being different.

Q: Does your son know about it?

A: I don't think so. But I'm sure he would be amused if he did. He's gay.

Q: How do you feel about that?

A: To tell you the truth, I'm rather pleased. And pleased at the fact that I'm pleased.

Q: Have you ever had a homosexual experience?

A: No, I've never been interested in having sex with a man. Occasionally my wife will penetrate my anus with a dildo, but that's different. I've been psychoanalyzed of course.

Q: What did your doctor say about your dressing up?

A: He said it was perfectly normal, considering the pressure of my work and the fact that women have always found me a perfectly satisfactory lover.

Billie is nineteen and came out to the West Coast last summer from a small town in Pennsylvania. He plays lead guitar in a new rock group and was very enthusiastic about being interviewed for an erotic magazine. We met him at a Sunset Boulevard recording studio where his band was cutting a demo tape. He wore orange sateen trousers, high-heeled silver boots, a see-through shirt, heavy makeup, and his shoulder-length hair was double processed blonde with orange streaks.

A: Hey, it's really far out doing this interview. I've been looking for an entry into porno chic ever since I got here. Got any good dirty movie connections?

Q: We could look into it for you. But actually this article is about female impersonation.

A: You gotta be kidding!

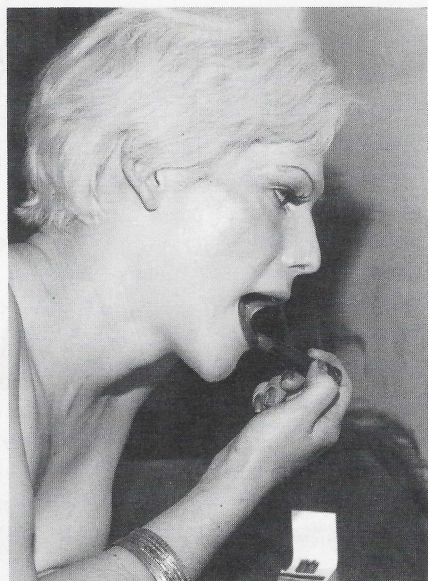
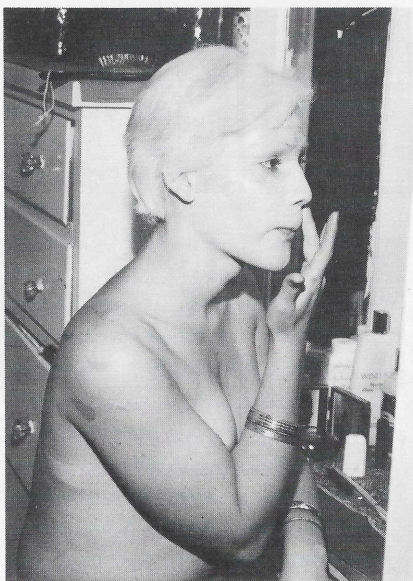
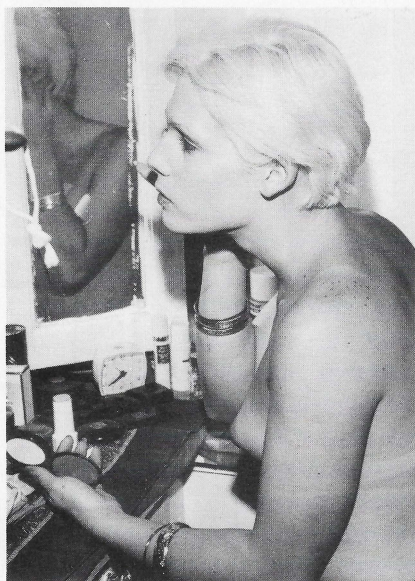
Q: How about transvestitism? Would you say a few words about how you're dressed?

A: Fuck off!

We left it at that for it was perfectly obvious that in Billie's mind his dress was perfectly normal. And he certainly wasn't impersonating anyone.

LESLIE AT HOME





Leslie is not really a vicious Lady of Pain, bearing a whip and heels, searching for a male slave to enthrall. Actually, she's got a personality quite to the contrary -- easy-going, friendly, totally feminine, and a bit shy and retiring. It is a testimonial to her ability to act, model and pantomime that she can project the image of a "dominant female" so thoroughly, and we might add, frighteningly, in this photo spread. Leslie is obviously a talented female mimic.



A great deal of Leslie's talent can be attributed to her complete and thorough mastery of the artistic application of make-up. We took the time to shoot her before her dressing table, applying her own "face" with the utmost care and attention to detail. This is a facet of female impersonation that can never receive enough emphasis as being the singular, most important aspect of the transformation of a male into a more than passable female.





Leslie has gained her skills at make-up and the use of accessories and wigs through the study of famous and beautiful females in the entertainment world, and also, maybe more significantly, she is at present enrolled in school, studying for a license in cosmetology. So important is this practice and study to her chosen lifestyle, Leslie is going to school full-time, reasoning that the time spent learning will eventually re-pay her in the end for her efforts. Leslie was born in Brooklyn, and has been a practicing female impersonator for over seven years now, and her experience and long hours of trial and practice have obviously been put to the best use, for the best possible effect. When she is in full "drag", with her face just the way she wants it, with her favored outfit and wig on, she presents an image that is classic in appearance, sexy and erotic





in the context of feminine appeal, and the whole package speaks of polish and perfection. Her favorite items include garters and stockings, both for the wonders they work as far as erotic appeal, and for their "forties era" look, a time period that Leslie regards as one of the high-points of modern fashion and sex-appeal. The "bizarre" look takes a little more effort, but it's easy for Leslie.











Leslie is an impersonator who lives her entire life as a female, and her hormone treatments have eased this sometimes trying task immensely, and she recommends the shots for anyone seriously considering full-time impersonation. In her club act, Leslie favors pantomime interpretations of stars like Vicki Carr and Barbra Streisand, and she prefers acting to competing against other TV's at balls.





BENEFIT PERFORMANCE AT C'EST LA VIE





A most gala benefit was held at C'est La Vie cabaret recently for the purpose of raising funds for the legal defense of a friend of our own Miss Kim Kristee. In order to ensure a good turn out and ample contributions, Kim and the club's managers pooled their efforts and contacted almost all of the best known impersonators in the Los Angeles area to donate their talents for a night. Kim, of course, was there, and looking her outrageous best for the occasion, and she treated the hundreds of guests to her famous striptease act.







The talented Dee Richards contributed greatly to the evening's success with her singing, dancing, and her lively, all-around pleasing performance and social grace.



With the heat of the footlights growing intense, Dee engaged in a modest, impromptu striptease as well, and her tasteful act drew much applause, and donations from the crowd.



As you can see by now, there wasn't any shortage of top-flight impersonation that night, and one of the most popular acts of the whole benefit was Andrea McCall's group.



Andrea's Royal Hawaiian Dancers are most impressive in their professional polish and in the pyrotechnics of their dancing. Their costumes are authentic Island outfits, and much effort goes into making them.

A view of the crowd in a lull between acts shows that all were having a great time, and were more than willing to contribute to a worthy cause after being presented with such a showcase of talent.



Lovely Leslie, who has a feature photo-spread elsewhere in this issue of FEMALE MIMICS, entertained during the benefit, and provided excellent social lubrication with her charming personality.

As you can see, not all of the entertainment that night was presented in full "drag". The audience appreciated the talents of this ventriloquist as much as anything else; look at the cash on the stage!



Although the actual reason for the gathering at the C'est La Vie was very serious, with a lot hanging in the balance, the gaiety of the occasion didn't suffer, as we can see in this photo of Serena clowning with a waitress at the club.



After dressing up again upon the completion of her exotic dance, Kim Kristee talks over the evening with one of the Hawaiian dancers and another impersonator.



Here is the full entourage of the Hawaiian Dancers, posed amidst the games in the foyer, the male lead dancer smiling along with the gals.



The lovely Leslie gets a bit carried away some time later in the evening, posing atop the piano, and giving everyone a glimpse of her sexy cleavage.

Backstage with the gals at the C'est La Vie! As Serena prepares for her act, she is seen gossiping with Goddess Cher and Leslie.



Here we see waitress Missy, performer Dee Richards and one of the staff at C'est La Vie watching Serena on stage, as they prepare to collect donations.





One of the most gifted and beautiful of local impersonators, Serena prepares to don her costume and go out on stage, giving her all for the benefit of the lad in trouble.

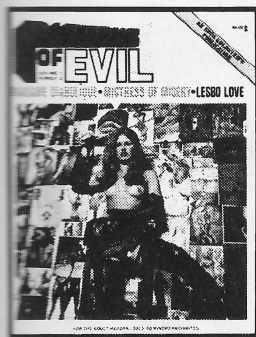


After a little impromptu clowning with a highly excited member of the audience backstage, Serena gets her act together and performs to the absolute delight of the audience, topping off an evening that was first-rate as far as enjoyment, and especially gratifying because all of the proceeds went to such a worthy cause.

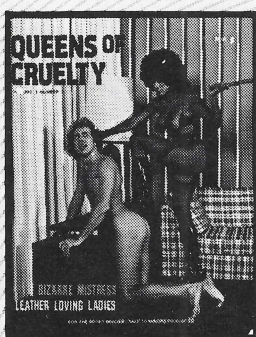


CUM ONE CUM ALL!!!

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



Patterns of Evil
VOL. 5 NO. 2



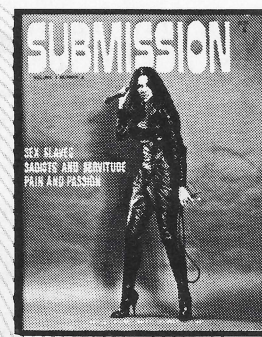
Queens of Cruelty
VOL. 1 NO. 2



Exotique
VOL. 5 NO. 2



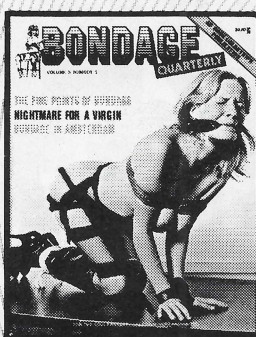
Madame Dominique
VOL. 5 NO. 3



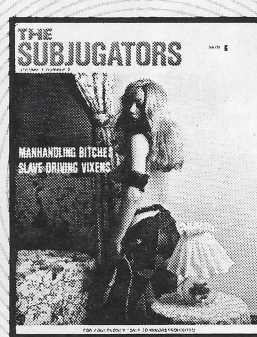
Submission
VOL. 1 NO. 2



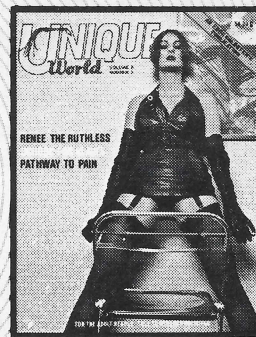
Exotique
VOL. 5 NO. 3



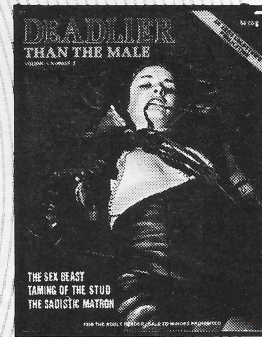
Bondage
VOL. 5 NO. 3



The Subjugators
VOL. 1 NO. 2

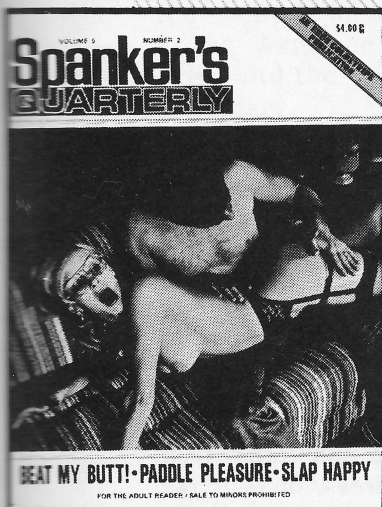


Unique World
VOL. 5 NO. 3

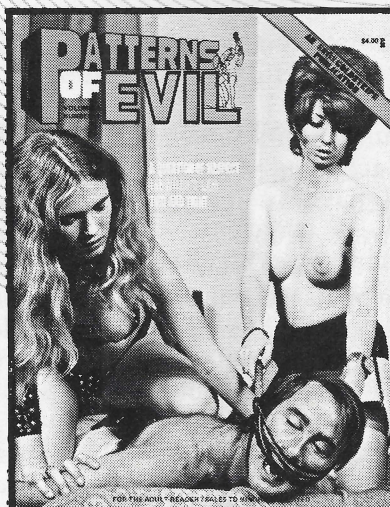


Deadlier Than the Male
VOL. 5 NO. 3

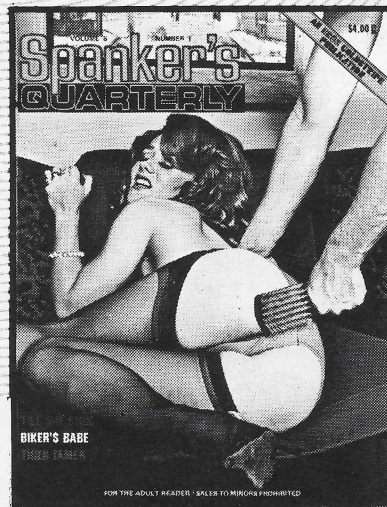
SATISFY YOUR EVERY SEX NEED



Spanker's Quarterly
VOL. 5 NO. 2



Patterns of Evil
VOL. 5 NO. 1



Spanker's Quarterly
VOL. 5 NO. 1

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

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

- ☐ Patterns of Evil Vol. 5 No. 2
- ☐ Queens of Cruelty Vol. 1 No. 2
- ☐ Exotique Vol. 5 No. 2
- ☐ Madame Dominique Vol. 5 No. 3
- ☐ Submission Vol. 1 No. 2
- ☐ Exotique Vol. 5 No. 3
- ☐ Bondage Vol. 5 No. 3
- ☐ The Subjugators Vol. 1 No. 2
- ☐ Unique World Vol. 5 No. 3
- ☐ Deadlier Than the Male Vol. 5 No. 3
- ☐ Spanker's Quarterly Vol. 5 No. 2
- ☐ Patterns of Evil Vol. 5 No. 1
- ☐ Spanker's Quarterly Vol. 5 No. 1

Total amount of order \$ _____

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

Signature _____

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

PART THREE

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO FEMALE IMPERSONATION



The finished mimic always looks convincing.

COSTUMES AND INDIVIDUAL ACTS

A "must" for the impersonator is a good wardrobe. It is not that times have changed, it has always been so.

Perhaps you have wondered how the professionals get such good and beautiful clothes. The secret has been closely and cleverly guarded, and yet it is a very simple one.

Would you like to have a \$3,000.00 gown for only \$25.00?

Of course you would, but stop and think. Is it the price itself that makes the dress, or is it the \$3,000.00 look that makes the price so appealing? There are three ways of getting such a gown. One is by buying a second hand one that is no longer in good condition or in a slightly illegal manner, or by paying cash for it first hand.

But there is *still* another way, and this is the secret of having a good wardrobe. Have you ever looked at pictures or photos of the lovely women who make the "best dressed" lists each year and said to yourself that you could possess such a wardrobe if you had the money to spend on the



The aspiring mimic should go see the pros at work.

gowns like they do. But just think, why is it so many other wealthy women never come near the "best dressed" lists although they have unlimited amounts of the green stuff to splurge on expensive clothes?

Obviously, money does not guarantee being well dressed. Each one of the chosen "best dressed" has the talent for picking the clothes that allow them to be the center of attraction, rather than choosing a costume that buries the wearer and the wearer's personality.

The wardrobe of these women complements them and the complements for the clothes are secondary.

So, to be applauded, for yourself, rather than for something you tuck away in a closet the majority of the time, do not buy clothing that any general woman could parade around in.

I do not mean by this that you should rush right out and buy 6 copies of everything you see in the latest fashion magazine, or that a Paris showing just revealed. The way out gowns are just a way designers have of calling attention to themselves, and publicity, a few times a year. By being patient for a short time, you can get to wear the same smart fashions that the wealthy women pay thousands for. Before long your local store will feature copies of the best and loveliest fashions. In this way, these copies can be yours at a fraction of their original cost.

But do not buy any copy. Be sure to look for quality, and the best your budget can afford.

Suppose you see a gown worn by your favorite movie star and by some chance it has been faithfully reproduced and is on sale at a price you can afford. Buy it only if it looks good on you. Keep in mind that the gown was created by a highly paid

studio designer to make that star stand out. On you, it possibly might make you look like a wash-out.

You can easily own an expensive original without giving up lunches for a year to do it. Women who own expensive wardrobes, and are in the public eye, and who do not wish to be seen in the same gown too often frequently sell these in almost new condition to a resale shop. The shop in turn, which pays very little for the dress, resells it to you at just a slight mark-up. Those are the tricks of how the professionals get that million dollar look for only a few dollars.

Wear your gowns as if you were in the running for the "best dressed" list yourself. The most expensive garments and gowns could look like a mass of sewn rags if the body in them does not fit accordingly. Be sure to wear the proper undergarments. Stand proud and tall.

Do not pass all your secrets on, however. They were secrets because the ones who used them used them to profit by.

Many times when you are in a show, there is a "bargain" gown for sale. Buy it only if it fits your type act or character. I personally feel that the professional impersonator is more successful if he is over or under dressed.

Many impersonators I know get hired solely for the purpose of displaying their lavish and extensive wardrobe, and not for their effectiveness or talents as they so falsely believe.

Cleanliness is very important where wardrobe is concerned, and no wardrobe should be used that is not cleaned or repaired if need be.

The more "show-like" the gowns are, the better. Keep in mind always that you are a "show" and that the wardrobe you use is used for accentuation of that fact.

Feathers, rhinestones, sequins, beads and dangles of all kinds add to the show look, and the main reason why impersonators do not use them is because they usually cannot afford them. But they can afford them!

Anyone can learn the simple fundamentals of sewing and do much of the "elaborate" and "detailed jewel work" themselves.

Here are a few suggestions: Take a large lace doily. Cut the center out. (Enough for your head to fit through.) Pin-stretch it to a cardboard. Then take a can of silver or gold spray paint and spray several coats over the doily, making it look metallic and become stiff. Then when it is shiny enough and dry, remove the doily and attach a hook and eye on the back of it so that you can get it on and off. Then purchase some bugle beads, sequins, and sew-on stones that would fit the design of the doily and sew them onto it. (Be sure to coat any thread you sew beads or stones on with by using bees-wax, as this protects the sharp edges of the beads from cutting the threads.)



Choice of wardrobe is obviously very important to the art of impersonation, and clothing choice will determine the final image the mimic seeks.



Use contrasting stones on the doily. That will match whatever you will wear it with. When it is finished, you will have an elaborate jeweled collar that would have cost you a fortune were you to buy it, for only a few dollars of materials, and made in your spare time.

I usually work on such things between shows or in any spare time I get while working. It is well worth the effort.

You can also do the same thing to an applique. When it is finished, you can sew several of these into a design on a gown or bra, or on anything you want to accentuate, or make look expensive. As I say, sewing is not hard. It just requires a little effort and time on your part, and it is well worth it.

Many jewelry supplies can be purchased at the local 5 and 10 cent stores. You will find many useful trimmings, jewels, etc., at a theatrical supply store. New York has many import houses where, if you buy in a large quantity, you can get wholesale prices.

If you plan on doing much of this work, then it would benefit you to go to the local library and look up importers in the yellow pages of the New York City directory. All libraries usually carry out of town telephone books. Write to several companies for price lists and samples.

You can also cut out a design on felt and sew beads and sequins, etc. onto it. Then attach the felt to the material you are going to use.

Ostrich boa is very effective for trimming on a duster, on neck lines, on sleeves and on costumes. It is not too expensive and comes in a wide range of colors. Marabou is also very reasonable and comes in many colors. To clean white feathers, Ostrich boa or marabou make a mixture of corn starch and oatmeal, and put material to be cleaned in a large bag with about a pound of the mixture, and shake for about 5 minutes. Then carefully remove material (outdoors) and shake vigorously until all of the mixture comes out of the material. If you desire to wash Ostrich boa or marabou, use a combination of "snowy" bleach and water softener, and when feathers are washed fluff over steam to revive them.

While we are on the subject of cleaning, here is a good tip. To clean white gloves, boil them with a powdered soap and bleach till any stains come out, or they become bright white. It is a good idea to keep white gloves in a separate small plastic bag when not using them. This helps to keep them clean.

The average impersonator usually feels that his body is so beautiful that he wants to try stripping. So he begins by getting a few pieces of strip equipment (usually second hand stuff that needs cleaning), and he tells the band to play something "stripperish." He then goes out on stage and parades around for 5 or 10 minutes.

This is not stripping, and there are more than enough impersonators today who are in the business doing it that should not be.

If you have a nice shaped body, if you can really dance, if you are graceful and are willing to work hard, then, and only then, consider stripping! There are too many in the impersonation strip world who just take their clothing off and really offer no entertainment at all.

Even before you begin you should watch professional female strip-artists such as Adele Latour, Naja Karamuru, Manuela Damarr, Pagan Jones, Blaze Starr. These are good examples of burlesque stars who do more than "just" remove their clothing and parade around.

An important thing is to have a "theme" when stripping and people who have had a "theme" to their strips, have reached fame and fortune.

Here are some suggestions that you could use should you decide to strip.

Cowboy strip—Costume consists of guns in holster, boots, hat, and fringed costume. A lariat can also be used for rope tricks and stunts.

Spanish strip—Costume consists of flowers and lace, very ruffled and that breaks away. Castanets can be used plus and knowledge of spanish dancing could help.

Toreador strip—Costume consists of a regular bull fighters outfit that breaks away. In the dance you fight an imitation bull using a sword, cape and prop of a bull's head.

"Dance of the silhouette"—This strip takes place behind a window shade in a frame about 6 feet. It is illuminated from behind by a color changing wheel and you strip as if you were in a bedroom, taking a bath, etc. At the end of the act you can come from behind the shade wearing a one piece black leotard. It is a very clean type of strip and is cute.

Optical Illusion strip—Several 6 foot mirrors are placed in such angles that when you strip, it looks like several people are stripping with you. The lights must be just so for the illusion. It is a good illusion, however.

A strobic lightstrip—Is usually pretty effective. It is done by wearing materials made especially for black light and it gives off a radiant fire look. White feather fans will strob and these can be used during the act also.

You can order anything and everything in strob supplies from Ultra-Violet Products, Inc., San Gabriel, California. They carry a complete line of strob materials, so send for information.

Oriental strip—Can be done with small fans, oriental type costume, gestures to suggest the orient. Suitable music is a must. An act like this type has to have a great deal of study put into it.

There is no end to themes you could use.

An Indian strip—Feathers, beads, fringe.

An Artist strip—Brushes and palette, beret, a

large canvas that is pre-painted but covered so that it appears as if you did it.

A Hawaiian leis—Flowers in hair, sarong over a hula skirt.

A Devil strip—Dressed in a brief devil costume in fake flames and smoke.

Arabian or belly dancing is a form of strip.

There is no end to ideas. You are only limited by the censors and from using an act that is already being used.

There are many "acts" for an impersonator to do: Comedy pantomime, Magic mind reading, master of ceremonies, solo dance act, singing, talking comedy, impressions, half and half act (an illusion act), and many others too numerous to mention.

No matter what type act you choose to do, make sure you are comfortable doing it. Then you will do well at it. If you have a special talent or ability, why not try to work that into an act, and perhaps it may fit in with another ability you can acquire.

Libraries are helpful for suggestions and ideas. So are dance magazines, theatrical books and movies.

Be professional at all times, however, no matter what type of act you do. Acting professional is a step towards being professional.

AGENTS AND UNIONS

The impersonator usually succeeds in show business by selling his services. The actual sale of his services is his own affair, but to have someone lay out hard cash for his services he must first make them want him. The more they want him, the higher the price will be.

Talent and excellence in work will aid in the desire but there are other factors too. Publicity, professional background, audience drawing power, person to person salesmanship, name value, are all methods which have influence on the ultimate sales appeal of the impersonator.

Many impersonators continue their art without recognition or financial rewards purely because of their belief in their ideal of the art itself. This, although it is a personal one, is a kind of success. If the impersonator combines both the artistic and the commercial success in his career, he is indeed lucky.

But on the average, it is hard for the impersonator, who is usually a sensitive person, to plug it out in the byways of show business. He can hardly find time to develop himself in his own work, let alone try to sell himself.

Therefore he needs an assistant such as an agent or manager. The agent has been the victim of a large amount of unfavorable publicity, but a reputable one can be of immense value to the performer. The most commendable type agent is one that

acts as your personal manager.

If he is willing and sincere, he can aid immeasurably in furthering the impersonator's career mainly because he devotes much of his own time to the impersonator personally.

However, since there is only a limited amount of room at the top, these personal managers are usually difficult to acquire for the impersonator. In most cases it is only after the impersonator has proven his potentialities that the manager or agent will even consider representing him.

An agent, however, does not get you jobs. He submits you for them, arranges the interviews, negotiates your salary and conditions, and receives a percentage of your earnings—if you get the job.

Whether or not an impersonator needs an agent is the subject of some disagreement among people in the business. Sign with an agent only if you think he can get you more money.

The unions have several types of contracts and authorizations under which agents and impersonators do business together. But basically the impersonator is usually a "free lance" performer.

Being "free lance" means that you are not signed exclusively to one agent, and that you are not committed to have him represent you exclusively.

If he submits you for a show and you get it, he gets a commission for that show. If another agent gets you another part in another show, he gets the commission for that show and so on.

You do not have to be signed to an agent or agency in order to have him represent you for a particular job. Under no circumstances should the impersonator allow more than one agent to submit him for the same job.

Many agents today take great pride in discovering and promoting new talent, and in helping to build careers through wise and experienced council.

Franchised agents are the best, usually, because they have agreed to comply with the conditions and codes of professional ethics embodied in their contracts with the unions. The franchise was designed to insure protection against the agent who perpetually tries to pirate other agents' clients, or who uses the impersonator's need to work as a basis for making personal demands, or who overcharges on commission or who tries to collect payment even when not entitled to it.

How do some agencies get away with such things? It happens when the impersonator involved does not understand his rights, or is too intimidated to report infractions to the unions.

An agent who holds franchises from the unions may represent you even if you are not a union member. But a union member may not work through an agent not franchised by his union. Even if you should not be a union member, keep in contact with the franchised agents. It will not

do you much good to be handled by someone who does not represent professional impersonators.

The agency rules of each union are published in booklet forms, and when you join the unions, you should ask for these and study them carefully. Not only are the rules made to protect you, you also have certain obligations which you must fulfill.

You are never to pay more than ten percent of your salary to any agent under any circumstances. There are no exceptions in any case.

If you can negotiate to get an agent to accept a smaller percentage, that will be all to your favor, for the commissions specified in the franchise agreements are maximum payments and impersonators can pay less.

Never play one agent against the other. If one agent should call you for a job and another has already mentioned one to you about the same job, tell them both just what the situation is. Unfortunately, impersonators most often get into trouble by not wanting to say "no" to anyone for fear of losing employment. But you will only get a bad reputation that way and make it harder on the professionals.

Be sure that you and the agent understand each other before you go to see about the job he may have for you.

Usually, the maximum payments authorized by the unions today apply to most jobs but not all of them, or always is the rule. Agree on payment before the agent starts to work.

Do not trust an agent who tells you that he has exclusive booking rights to anything, and that if he does not handle you, then you will not get that job.

There are some agencies who may be booking consultants paid by the producers or owners. But in these circumstances, they are not allowed to take the commission from the salary of the impersonator.

Such cases should be reported immediately to the union, and you will be protected, and the agent will more than likely lose his franchise.

Agents need you as much as you need them. If you want an agent there are a lot of them in the business. But the lack of an agent has never kept a talented impersonator or performer from being recognized.

There are five basic unions that you sooner or later will be concerned with.

1. Actors Equity Association (AEA or Equity), has jurisdiction over stage.
2. Screen Actors Guild (SAG) has jurisdiction over all film.
3. The American Guild of Musical Artists (AGMA), has jurisdiction over opera singers, ballet dancers and concert artists.
4. American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA) has jurisdiction over live and

taped TV and radio.

5. American Guild of Variety Artists (AGVA) and this is the union you will basically be connected with. Its jurisdiction is usually over vaudeville performers, circuses, night club performers, strippers, etc.

Many newcomers into the impersonation field feel that getting a union card is the most important first step toward furthering their career. They believe that once they have joined, they automatically will find employment, or at least the chances will be better than they were.

This is not necessarily true, as membership into a union is no guarantee of getting a job. And they do not get you jobs. They do, however, protect you with your relations with employers. They obtain and try to enforce certain working conditions which the member wants and they guarantee that salaries will be paid.

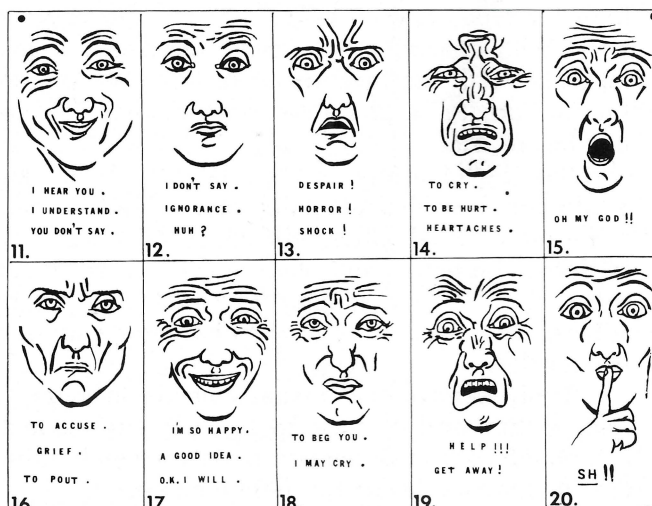
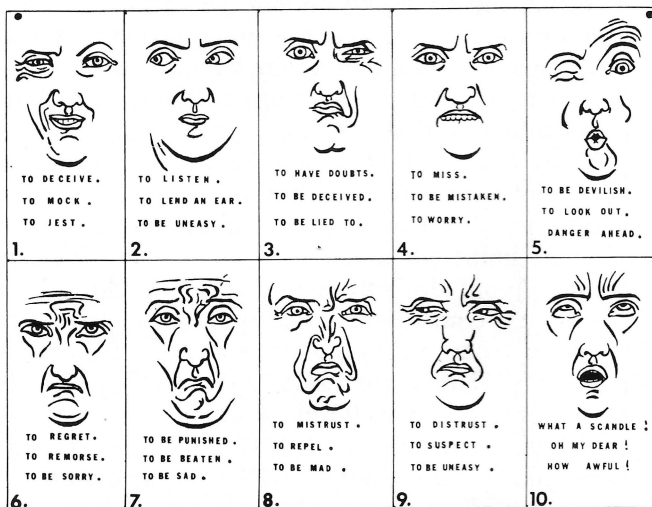
Although many impersonators may be anxious to join a union, the unions themselves are not very anxious to recruit impersonators with any visible enthusiasm. They have enough problems trying to find work and jobs for their huge proportion of already unemployed entertainers.

COMEDY

What is this thing called humor? It is basically embarrassment, or the element of surprise. However, what is funny to the Japanese is sometimes meaningless to the American, or vice versa.

One can safely say, though, that whenever there is laughter, somewhere humor is present. It is usually visible when someone becomes embarrassed or is surprised. The term comic or comedian is applied to those who employ humor as a means to an end.

The important element in humor is knowing how to bring it about. Timing plays a big part in the execution of humor. Not in the length of the act, joke, or story so much, as in the intervals of time between words, sentences and laughs. For example, the inexperienced comedian because of nervousness, often hurries toward his laugh or punchline, forgetting that most such lines are the culmination of the preceding lines. Consequently, if these lines are weak, the punchline will fall flat. Timing is important. How to develop the sense of timing cannot be found in any textbook. Rather, it is something that comes from instinct; not only a natural, but also a developed in-



instinct born out of much observation and practice.

The versatile comedian will utilize every phase of technique possible to obtain the maximum response from his audience. His face, his eyes, his hands, even his body are tools for him.

Pantomime facial expressions are important and to practice and learn them will be a valuable asset to the comic. In the two charts *(F) and *(G) I have drawn a few which you can begin with, and may I suggest you further your study on this subject by reading books from the library. Practice before a mirror daily.

A shrug of the shoulders, eyes turned upwards or popped or rolled, a wave of the hand holding a cigarette holder, all of which if used with discretion can be more eloquent than the most clever words.

Whenever possible, try to watch comic impersonators at work, or even professional regular comics. The material and delivery of it may become quite helpful.

Within the field of pantomime, there has sprung into some prominence a type of comedian known as the record comic. (Lately, this is also being done with the glamorous type impersonator but should, by professional standards, be only for comedy.) As the name implies, phonograph or taped recordings form the basis of his work. A popular or comical recording is played offstage while the impersonator silently mouths the lyrics, accompanying them with a pantomime burlesquing of their meaning. This may be a satisfactory means by which a budding comic may make his first venture. However, it should not continue into his professional career as live entertaining puts him into the professional bracket.

The comics material in the professional field is mostly supplied to him by several writers at a great expense. Impersonators seldom have used professional writers and have had to obtain this material elsewhere. If he is clever, he may be able to write or create his own. By observing life in all its forms he can apply his own point of view. (It is basically unethical to borrow or steal material from another comic.)

Another type comic is the story and gag teller. These are humorists who rely upon the effective use or delivery of anecdotes and jokes. Comedy songs can also be used. These are popular melodies accompanied by especially prepared comedy lyrics.

No matter which form of comedy is used, expressive and good delivery are essential. I personally have found the clown-like method to be most effective.

I have drawn several charts *(H) and *(I) as suggestions for you to use, and to give you ideas with which to work from. Perhaps exaggeration is the funniest form of visual comedy, especially when applied to the field of female impersonation,

and there is unlimited material to choose from.

With comedy, the professional impersonator can achieve heights and popularity that the serious minded impersonator will never even come near to.

Impersonation is as such that the general public desires to see it "for laughs" and comedy is the key to enter the clubs and shows where impersonation is now considered taboo.

Magic and novelty stores offer warehouses of material to work with and are usually extremely helpful in making suggestions. Personality has a lot to do with what "type" gimmicks an impersonator will use.

An impersonator should try to appraise himself and then suit his performing material to the result of his appraisal. The comedian's general attitude toward life helps not only his delivery, but more important, his material also.

Window display materials, enlarged cameras, coins, etc. and toys in large sizes are usable for many type comedy routines.

Many times rummage sales, resale shops, such as thrift stores can offer an unlimited supply of items that can be used for an act.

The public library offers all types of reference material and ideas so do not be afraid to spend hours on end there seeking ideas in magic books, costumes, etc. You can never have too many ideas for comedy. The main thing is that you put the ideas into practice.

Many times adapting the characterizations, actions and expressions of different animals enables you to acquire a new type of character.

Color helps immensely. Use vivid solid bright-colors. Avoid drab lifeless colors and do not use small print materials. Publications, tips, suggestions from professionals and friends, and all manner of leads are important and helpful. But remember, the possibility that the tip may not be for you. If it is a good one, try it, and see what happens. If it does not work, be philosophical.

Cartoon characters are ideal to use as reference, both for types and of animations. If you know an artist who specializes in clever cartoons, it may be well worth the investment to have you employ him to "create" a character for you that you can use for an act.

Have the character drawn both in black and white and in color from many angles and in many different comical situations. Once the character is decided upon adopt your make-up, your costume, and your mannerisms to match and the result may be exactly they type character you were looking for.

I firmly believe that visual comedy is more effective than oral comedy by itself. Visual comedy combined with oral comedy makes a combination that is unbeatable for the impersonator!

Think about it! **CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE**

(Continued from page 17)

"Nice place you have here. Cozy." Tex pronounced, surveying the pad.

"Glad you like it, Tex. Can I get you a drink?"

"Do you have any beer?"

"You bet, Honey."

"Do you mind if I take my shirt off?"

"I'd love it."

"I sure love the shit out of California girls." Tex grabbed her when she handed him the beer, and pulled her down on top of him on the low couch. His chin was rough and the muscles on his chest were hard and knotted. She deftly kept his hands out of her dress, but allowed him to plunge his tongue as far into her mouth as it would go. She could feel that he was ready. She expertly unzipped his slacks and bent her head toward the angry thick cock which popped out of them. She circled the tip several times, and then plunged her mouth as far down on the shaft as it would go.

"Oh, yes, baby," Tex moaned deeply as she went down on him. She swallowed as much cock as she possibly could and figured

by Tex's response that he would be good for two or three ejaculations. By this time his hands were slipping hungrily all over her body, but Freddy was too abandoned to care. He roughly slipped his hand down her sides and tugged the black lace panties off. When his hand slipped into her crotch, everything came to a sudden standstill. Tex jumped up and stared at the cock that his hand had discovered in mute disbelief. As Tex stood there gaping, Freddy's cock sprang to attention, hard and throbbing.

"Surprise!" Freddy said in a throaty voice, beaming her foxiest grin.

"Fuckin' faggot! Fuckin' goddamn faggot cocksucker!" Tex breathed, still immobile. His face was turning a bright red and he was shaking all over.

"O! Tex is gonna teach you a lesson you won't forget, queer boy," he fumed, directing the pointed toe of his cowboy boots at Freddy's erect cock. His aim was poor, and Freddy leaned towards the kick, grabbed his ankle, and gave it a sharp jerk. Tex came down on his back like a ton of bricks, shaking the whole house.

Stunned and bewildered by the fall, Tex narrowed his eyes and let out a fearsome roar as he pulled himself to his feet. Freddy just sat on the edge of the couch grinning at him as he lunged. He came flying through the air like a semi truck, but Freddy just leaned out of his path and delivered a devastating Karate chop to the side of his neck as he flew past her.

When he came to a couple of hours later, Freddy had had her way with him. She'd sucked his half-hard cock dry and fucked him in the ass twice.

"Where am I? Who are you?"

By now Freddy was back in his butch gear. "Name's Freddy. Found you just outside my door. Looks like you been mugged, Fella. How 'bout a beer?"

HERE'S ENOUGH HOT READING TO KEEP YOU WARM ALL YEAR LONG

**At Unbelievably Low
Prices Too!!**

Hours of red hot pleasure

Yes! For your most secret desires in mind we've put together the most thrilling and exciting "Treasury of Sensual Delights" you've ever read about.

We're offering you an unbelievable selection of the most unusual, erotically shocking adult sex novels you've ever had!

Our unique GRAB BAG SPECIAL contains everything from all-time best sellers, both fiction and non-fiction, to explicit, exciting case histories. Some with detailed, comprehensive photos, too!

All this at a fraction of the publisher's original cost.

You've got hours of very adult, very spicy, very sexy reading ahead of you if you act now! Take advantage of this rare money-saving opportunity! Grab while the grabbing is good!

**GRAB
BAG
SPECIAL!**

... AN
UNBELIEVABLE
BARGAIN ...

A GREAT EROTIC COLLECTION

We also carry a complete line of adult paper back books and magazines.
Send for our free catalog.

Send to:

Candor-In-Love-Institute

P.O. Box 6118

Cleveland, Ohio 44101

10 assorted sex novels for \$10.00

20 assorted sex novels for \$15.00

If airmail shipment is desired, add \$1

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

I am over 21 years of age.

Signature _____



Candor-In-Love-Institute
P.O. BOX 6118
CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101 \$1.00

SEX AIDS & NOVELTIES

**ORDER OUR NEW 1974 CATALOG
OF SEX AIDS AND NOVELTIES**

This new catalog is the biggest one yet and offers the most sophisticated adult type merchandise seldom seen in other mail order catalogs.

In it can be seen a dazzling array of sex aids and devices, sexy lingerie, vibrators and electric devices, love creams, sprays and lotions, and just about anything that's new, imaginative, sexy and hard to get!

The items advertised in this all new catalog are manufactured of only the most acceptable and approved medical materials. They are reusable, firm, but entirely comfortable to the user and his partner.

Order a copy today!.....\$1.00

Send to:
Candor-In-Love-Institute
P.O. Box 6118
Cleveland, Ohio 44101

CORONATION BALL





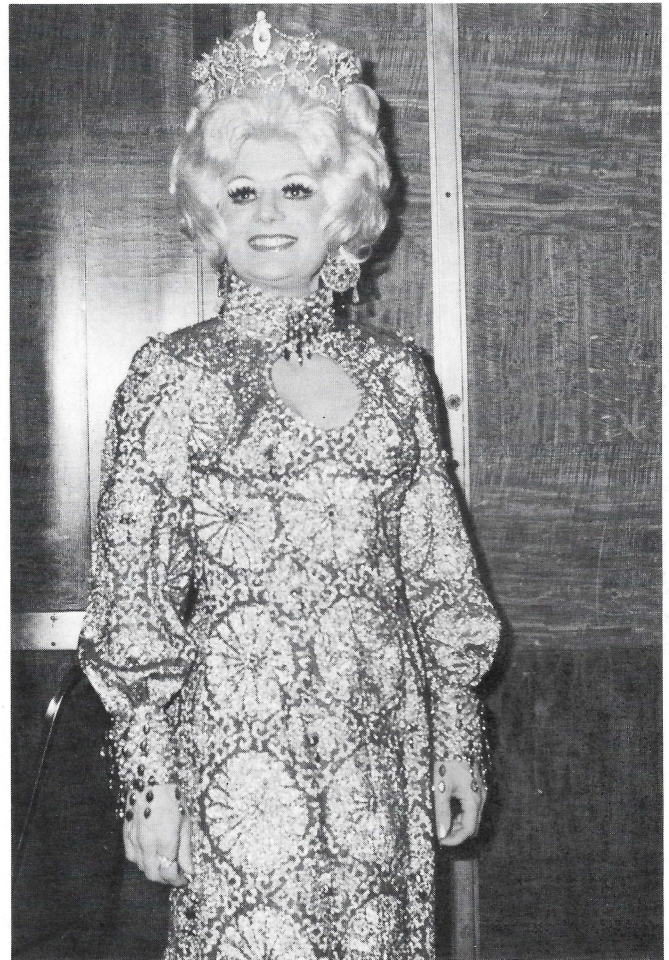
The gay community of Long Beach, California recently held the event of the year for themselves in the main ballroom of that floating palace, the Queen Mary. In the splendorous setting, reminiscent of the pageantry of



bygone eras in Europe, the hundreds of guests assembled together to crown the new Emperor and Empress de Long Beach. The reigning couple of 1973, Empress II de Long Beach Anita Day, and Emperor



I de Long Beach, Ken Stadelman, passed their prized crowns and titles to the new Empress III de Long Beach, Georgia Brown, and her escort, Emperor II de Long Beach, Gary Behr (photo, p. 55, top center).

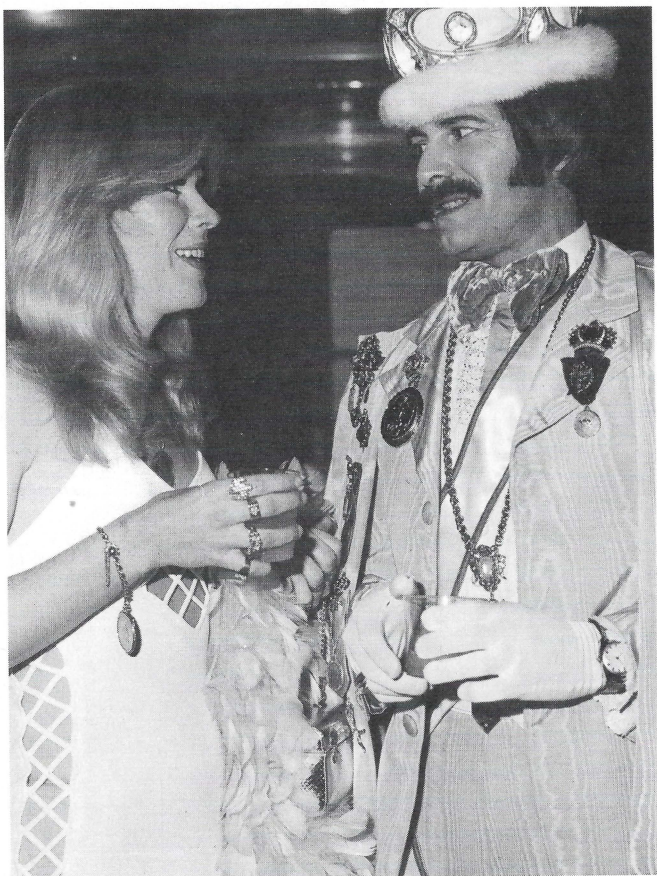




The guest list was tremendous in length, and it is really quite impossible to give proper attention to everyone in attendance at this most successful and enjoyable event, but we cannot fail to give notice to Empress I de San Diego, Tawny Tann and her emperor (p.55, top right) as they strolled about in the famous Showbiz Lounge of the Queen Mary.

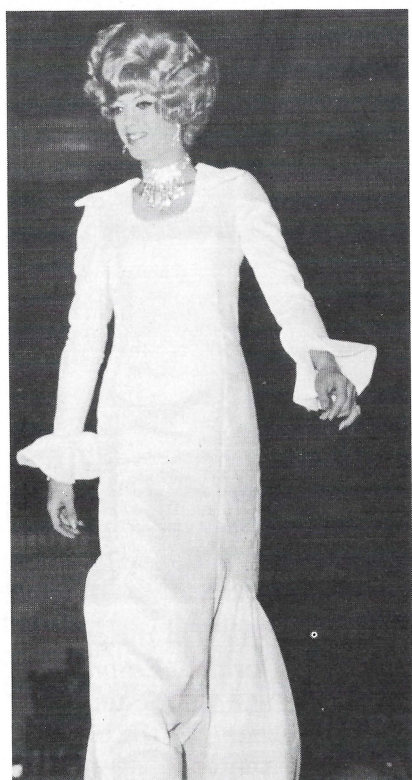


In attendance were prominent figures in the gay community of all Southern California -- Empress IV de Los Angeles, Honey Carolina (p. 56, top right), and Miss Diana Lee Anderson, of the Haven in Long Beach, (p. 56, bottom, center).



Our own Kim Kristee was in attendance -- she couldn't very well miss this gala opportunity to shine! With all of the elaborate clothing and the lavish surroundings, it might be assumed by some of our readers that the coronation was some form

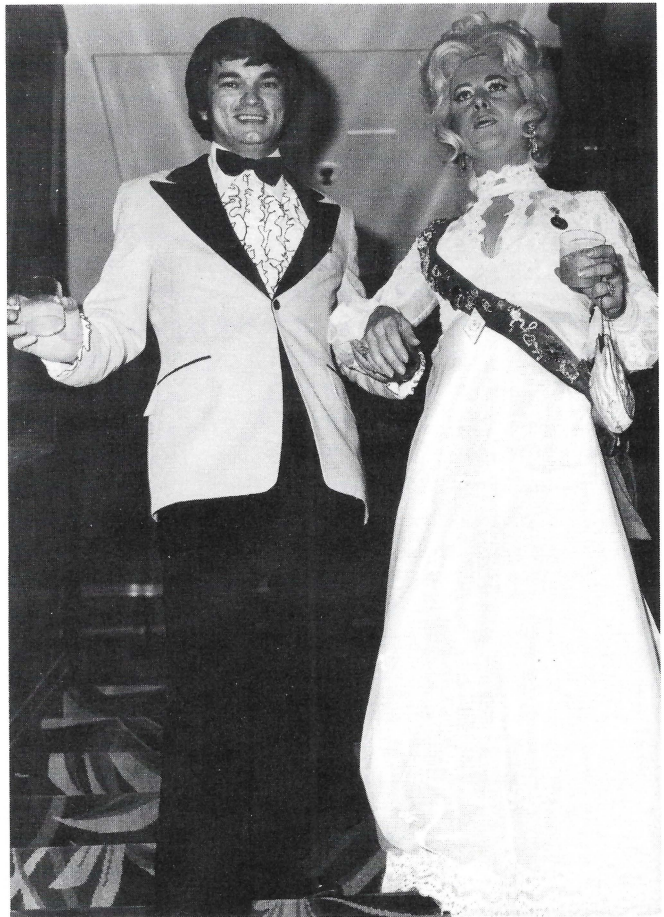
of beauty competition. Nothing could be further from the truth. If anything, the Coronation ball is more of a popularity contest, and the purpose in staging an event like this is to promote gay unity and pride.





It is at an event like the Coronation Ball for the Empress of Long Beach that the aspiring female impersonator will really have a golden opportunity to see the art at its finest and in all of its variations of style. It is a lesson in the art of impersonation to attend one of these events, and even if one never competes, surely it will still be valuable.





Entertainment aboard the Queen Mary that night was provided by many of the guests, and it was all top notch in performance. These competitions are completely light-hearted in atmosphere, and as anyone who has attended can tell you, they do wonders for the feeling of togetherness in the community where they are held.





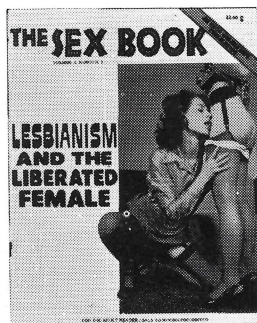
THE HOT ONES FROM CANDOR-IN-LOVE INSTITUTE



TEASING TEENS
Vol. 5 No. 2



FOCUS ON: HOUSEWIVES
Number 1



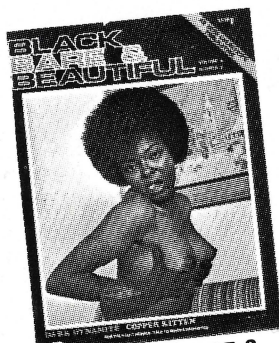
THE SEX BOOK
Vol. 5 No. 1



FOXY
Vol. 5 No. 1



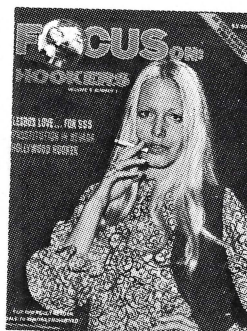
FETICHE'
Vol. 5 No. 2



**BLACK BARE &
BEAUTIFUL**
Vol. 5 No. 2



NEW COPPERHEAD
Vol. 5 No. 1



FOCUS ON: HOOKERS
Vol. 5 No. 1

For guys who appreciate the best
in beautiful girls pictured in
their daringest, naughtiest nakedness!

Here is a selection of eight
of the toughest magazines
designed to blow your mind,
expand your sexual horizons and open
your eyes to the wonderful world of sensuality!

FOR SWINGERS WHO NEED MORE THAN ONE!

FOR GIRLS READY TO LOVE GIRLS!

FOR EVERYBODY WHO LOVES BODIES!

CANDOR-IN-LOVE-INSTITUTE

P.O. Box 6118, Cleveland, Ohio 44101

\$3.50 each

● **Three for \$9.00**

● **Any five only \$12.50**

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

Please rush the following:

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

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

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

Signature _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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

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

A New & Exciting Novelty

Life Size — Life Like — Instant Action

PLAY-GIRL

NEW DESIGN - LIFE LIKE
IN EVERY DETAIL

IN THE
TRADITION OF **DEEP
THROAT**

Features:

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

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

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

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

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

CANDOR-IN-LOVE-INSTITUTE

P.O. Box 6118, Cleveland, Ohio 44101

I, THE UNDERSIGNED, DECLARE AS FOLLOWS:

(NOTE: The below must be signed and your age indicated before we can fill any order)

DATE: _____ AGE: _____

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

☐ PLAY-GIRL . . . \$39.95

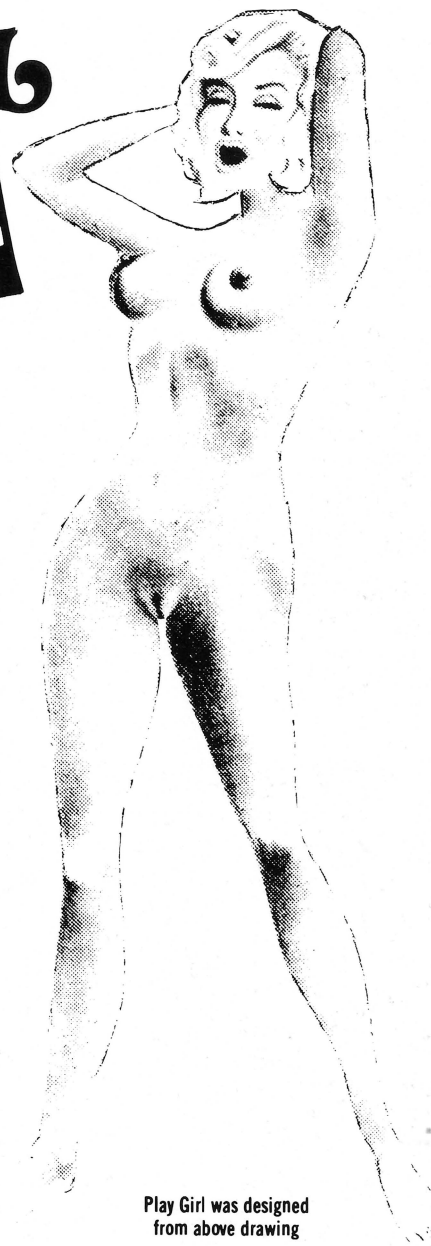
I have enclosed _____ in FULL PAYMENT.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



Play Girl was designed
from above drawing

**MAKES ALL OTHER
DOLLS OBSOLETE!**

CUSTOM DOLL

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

only **\$39⁹⁵**

