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"THE ART OF FEMALE IMPERSONATION"

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FEMALE IMPERSONATORS ON PARADE

REVEALS THE SECRETS OF HOW MEN BECOME FEMALE IMPERSONATORS

ILLUSTRATED WITH 35 PHOTOS OF MALES IN FEMININE CLOTHES

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Well-known female impersonators who appear on the stage of night clubs and theatres with touring revues are often asked if they prefer wearing female attire offstage as well as on. Well, the usual answer is, "Yes, of course," as shown by the many trunks of feminine wardrobe that the professional female impersonators take along with them on such tours.

Many a female impersonator has turned professional, giving up well-paying jobs, because of their desire to wear women's clothing as much as possible.

Coccinelle, a popular favorite in the night clubs of Europe, who has appeared briefly in the United States, prefers to be a woman all the time. He has even submitted to a very painful and arduous operation in order to be feminine all the way.

Coccinelle, whose real name is Jacques Dufresnoy, has been taking hormone treatments for a number of years now and can boast of a perfect 36 inch natural bustline. He has no need for artificial padding or "falsies." This change in appearance was not accomplished overnight, as some misguided amateurs seem to believe, but over a prolonged period under the supervision of



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a doctor who helped him over the rough spots. Coccinelle has turned into a very pretty girl whose outward appearance defies detection that he is actually a male.

He wears lovely negligees and costume jewelry, just like other females do, and lives his life as he desires. He does not care what society might say of his adopting the female role instead of the masculine life.

Coccinelle's skill in appearing very feminine has brought to him fame and fortune. He chooses his stage appearances so that he can indulge in his hobby of wearing the latest in women's fashions and getting paid at the same time for doing so. His love for dressing up in girl's clothing has paid off for him and he is extremely happy in his chosen profession.

As most female impersonators are traveling around a lot from city to city, they do not have the time to make many friends. Since they crave companionship, they usually tend to flock to places where there is a friendly atmosphere. That is one of the reasons why some bars, more than others, will attract female impersonators because of their friendlier attitude as well as atmosphere.



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At these cafes and night spots, they can drink together and meet others with similar desires. Thus, they have no qualms about discussing with their drinking companions about their drawerfuls of wonderful, soft and dainty lace trimmed lingerie, etc.

Oftentimes, when the last performance is finished and the bars are closed because of various liquor board regulations, some of the female impersonators will get together at a performer's apartment for a party to relax their nerves from the tension of the show. The female impersonators will all chip in for beer, liquor, party snacks and food and they will then sing, dance and perform. Thus, they forget all the strain and stress, as well as the cares of the day.

Once the party gets under way and they have imbibed of the liquid refreshments, some of the female impersonators would get up and give impromptu performances, much to their companions delight. These gay parties are so much fun, that they have become almost a weekly habit to have some sort of lively party or affair at a different impersonator's home or apartment. They look forward to these parties and talk about them during the week.



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Female impersonator Chickie Ramos invited some of his female impersonator friends from the show in which he worked to one of these informal parties. Chickie figured that it would do the kids in the show a lot of good to sort of let them relax and let their hair down. At this party they would have some fun for a change, as everyone was weary from the rehearsing routines for a new show to begin next month, as well as doing three performances nightly at the club.

Chickie invited Lynne Robberts, who brought over several cases of canned beer, while Vickie Lynne brought over some vodka and containers of orange juice. Jan Taylor and Terry Noel brought in some food and other refreshments and the party was ready to start.

The "girls" got together and, as usual, like real girls do, they discussed first their mutual love for feminien garments and the various bargains they had purchased of feminine clothes recently. During the shows and the rehearsals, the female impersonators were kept too busy learning their new dialogue, dance steps and songs to be able to chit-chat like that. Chickie made a most charming hostess in his tightly fitted sheath dress, sheer black nylon stockings, instead of the usual mesh web stockings used theatrically.



As time wore on and the liquid refreshments began to take effect, the party became more and more informal. Chickie, who did not want to have his new gown ruined by some careless drinking, suggested that they all shed their dresses, as it was quite warm in the apartment and the sole air conditioner did not cool off the place as much as it was desired.

This idea of Chickie's was well received and in a few moments all the female impersonators had taken off their dresses and gowns and were now attired in bra and panty outfits. This informal manner of dressing was much more comfortable and cooler to move around in than wearing dresses.

They began to act like real girls, admiring each other's tastes in lingerie, critisizing those that they did not like and talking in general in feminine fashion about the latest styles and feminine clothing in general.

Some of the "girls" went into the bedroom to freshen up their makeup and soon the others came into the tiny bedroom, making it so crowded that they all had to stand on the bed because of the lack of floor space. One of the impersonators had a camera and asked them to pose as they were as a momento of the gay party.



They all posed for photographs, some clowning around and others in a more serious vein. Beer was served on the bed and almost before Chickie realized it, there were five different female impersonators on the bed at once. They all drank a toast to Chickie's health and since he was their hostess and this, of course, led to Chickie having to fill up his glass and finish it before someone else made another toast.

This made Chickie a little woozy and tired, so he picked up his night eye shade and putting it over his eyes, he told his guests that he was going to sleep. This had the desired effect of chasing the others out of the bedroom and into the living room, where the food had been laid out very nicely on a table.

"Come and get it while the getting's good," yelled out Terry and they all crowded around the small table and began to stow away the tasty food as if there was no tomorrow! Lynne Robberts spread some mustard on a slice of bread and before he could get a slice of roast beef on his bread, all the roast beef was gone, as the hungry "girls" grabbed up the meat slices. The food disappeared like lightning, as the female impersonators ate in shifts because there was not enough room for all to eat at once.





Having finished eating and wanting to give some of the other guests a chance to get at the food before it was all gone, Vickie Lynne got up and began to give some tips on female impersonation to newcomer Jan Taylor, who had only recently broken into the ranks of female impersonators. Jan was very grateful for this information, for Vickie has a very enviable record as a professional female impersonator, having been starred or featured in many female impersonator revues, as well as in home and theatrical type motion pictures.

Vickie loved to help out the new kids because he, too, had been helped along when he first entered the fascinating profession of female impersonating. From long experience in styling the hair on hiw own wigs, Vickie was able to show Terry Noel how to comb the hair on the wig in various styles, without having the hairlace sewed to the hairpiece showing out and betraying the fact that the coiffure was a false hairpiece.

Jan then helped Vickie put on his gown and in return for Jan's help, Vickie taught Jan how to stand up in the six-inch high-heeled theatrical type patent leather shoes without cracking the stilt heels.





There is a definite knack in seeming to stand on tip-toe while walking around in the patent leather shoes and unless one can seem graceful and girlish on the high-heeled shoes, it can spoil the womanly effect. "It is a definite asset to know how to wear female shoes properly," Vickie explained to Jan, as he helped Jan to put on the spike heeled shoes.

Vickie told Jan that, according to a leading shoe manufacturer, a 110 pount woman wearing spike heeled shoes exerts the same pressure on the floor at the spot where the heel tip touches as a half-ton steam-pressure hammer and she could wear away inch thick marble floors in time just by the tapping of the spike heels on such floors.

Many a bank and public building has found out, much to their dismay, that women's spike heels have the same effect on their flooring as a herd of elephants, thus calling for substantial and expensive repairs to be made on the floors sooner than anticipated.

The pressure on the wearer's toes is extremely painful if the shoes are ill-fitting and could wreak havoc on the wearer's nerves if such shoes are worn for too long a period of time.



"A person has to look her best and since everyone always looks at a girl's feet and shoes, one cannot walk clumsily on high heels but must walk on them as daintily as possible," warned Vickie, as he straightened out Jan's high-heeled shoes.

"Not many amateur female impersonators realize how important shoes are in a girl's wardrobe and how they add to a girl's appearance," Vickie advised his attentive listeners, who knew that kindly Vickie was talking for their benefit and guidance. "Nothing looks so awkward as a supposed female stumbling around on high-heeled shoes and if these shoes are not fitted properly, it can become quite an agonizing experience," Vickie warned, as he adjusted Jan's shoes.

"I'd advise you newcomers to read some of the Nutrix Co. publications on 'The Art of Female Impersonation,' of which I now happen to be associate editor," Vickie proudly told his interested audience, talking like a college professor. "I do not get any extra recompense for plugging the Nutrix Company's books," Vickie Lynne stated, "but you will find these books not only very interesting and informational, but you will be able to get a better insight into the



likes and wants of some of the fans who pay good money to see you perform. "

"Take the publication 'Letters From Female Impersonators," Vickie went on, picking up one of the Nutrix Co. books and showing it to some of the new members of the profession of female impersonating. "It has many actual fascinating letters received from would-be professional female impersonators, who have similar likes and desires as we have and who live in so many parts of the country. If you read their letters carefully, you can see how lonely and frustrated many of them are, just as you and I were before we turned professional."

Vickie continued, "Many of these letter writers have the same problems that we have to contend with and I sympathize with them and try to be as helpful as I can to aid others who need help and guidance on the art of crossdressing. If we female impersonators can help make life more bearable by showing them that men can look like pretty girls without being detected and being arrested, then I am for helping them out. I know that you all agree with the letter writers, that as long as men in skirts are harrassed and arrested sometimes, then the women in pants should be arrested as well. There should be no double standard--



one for men and one for women."

All the female impersonators applauded Vickie's statements and the gay party continued on and on until long after daybreak, when the last impersonator went home, leaving Chickie alone to clean up the mess. It had been a hectic affair but a well behaved one and Chickie was so tired that he sank into a sleep so deep, after his guests had gone, that he did not wake up until his phone rang many hours later. The telephone call was from the theatre manager, reminding Chickie that he was late for the rehearsals for the new show at the club.

Jean R. is an amateur female impersonator who has been cross-dressing for many years. He has a remote control cable hooked on to his Polaroid camera and thus he can take his own photos in female attire. He has seen female impersonations at the "High and Low" Club in Montreal, Canada, as well as some of the shows in France and he would like to appear on the stage in a professional capacity. However, Jean has a fairly responsible position which pays very well and he is fearful of trying his luck at something else and thus losing his well-paying position, unless he can be sure he can make out well.





Jean started cross-dressing about eleven years ago, when he was in the Army doing overseas duty in Korea. On week-ends whe he could get off the post on a pass, he would duck out on the other fellows and visit the stores which sold feminine apparel and which, of course, he could not leave without purchasing something.

The foot-locker in his barracks was soon bulging with sweaters, panties, dresses and other dainty items of female clothing, besides his army clothing and equipment. This could dangerous business, Jean realized, should there be a sudden locker inspection and a dishonorable discharge or a Section 8 (for mental instability) discharge could stem from his exposure as a female impersonator.

He licked this problem by renting a small cheap apartment near the Army corps headquarters, where he passed his off-duty hours dressed in female attire. He was very well pleased at being able to indulge in his hobby of wearing feminine clothes. He was able to have a blonde wig mailed to him from New York by a friend who knew of his desires. Thus, Jean was able to dress as a female, although he was actually a male in the service of the U.S. Army!



Then his regiment was shifted and Jean had to leave his rented apartment, along with all his feminine apparel, as there was no time to have the female clothing put into storage. Soon the tension and stress of guard duty, mud, K.P. work and going out on patrol made him so depressed that he thought he was going out of his mind!

It was his obsession to once more wear female attire that took him out of a deep mental depression, for he wrote a long letter to a friend in New York City, asking him to send some skirts, panties, bras, nylon stockings, etc. He enclosed in the letter some of his Army pay as payment, explaining that he wanted these feminine articles of clothing to distribute among the Korean women, who had never seen such things, as a gesture of goodwill.

The Army censor okayed Jean's request and within a short period of time, the feminine clothing requested came and Jean once again felt good as he donned this apparel in secret. Alone with his female garments, Jean stripped naked and found great pleasure in once more wearing his beloved female clothes. He had been without these things for a long time and it was the greatest feeling in all the world to once again wear female garments.



Jean slipped into a pair of pink panties and it felt so good as the silk clung to his body that he put on another pair before realizing how silly it was to wear two pairs of panties. The soft cool caress of the padded brassiere made him long to wear it under his uniform. However, the fear of attracting the attention of a superior officer made him think it best to wear only the silken panties next to his skin.

He would have liked to wear the soft pink sweater that came with the outfit but he thought better of it and had to give the sweater away after a while, as he had no place to keep this dainty feminine clothing. However, all through the war Jean wore a pair of pink, black lace trimmed panties on under the course G.I. dungarees that he had on most of the time during his service.

Even now, long after the war and long after he had been discharged and returned home, with never a scratch on his milk white body, Jean wondered what would have happened if he had been wounded in action. If he had been killed, it would have mattered little, but if he had been wounded and those pink, black lace trimmed panties had been found encasing his male body under his Army uniform, there would



have been plenty of trouble for him.

Every once in a while, Jean will wake up out of a sound sleep in a cold sweat at the thought of what might have happened if he had lost his trousers or had been wounded in the height of a battle and the female panties found on him! He has a nice apartment now, where he indulges in crossdressing to his heart's content, having a beautiful wardrobe that most real girls would love to own themselves.

Another amateur female impersonator, Veronica, whose introduction to cross-dressing came when he was living away from home in his early twenties, staying for a while with his married cousin. She was living in Canada and his room rent helped keep up the monthly payments on the house that she and her husband had recently purchased.

Veronica's cousin loved lacey lingerie, which she often left lying around the house when she and her husband went to the movies after work, leaving Veronica alone in the house. Veronica felt the temptation to try on the dainty lace trimmed lingerie in place of the heavy "woolies" that he usually wore as protection against the cold Canadian climate.



The soft textured silk slip and panties felt so soft and thrilling that he could hardly bear to take off these female undergarments. He soon looked forward to the nights when he would be left alone in the house, so that he could shed his ordinary masculine clothing and slip into garter belt, silken panties, bra and even sheer nylon stockings.

Veronica would buy cosmetics and practise putting on makeup before the mirror, trying his best to copy all his cousin's feminine characteristics as best as he was able to do so. He was soon able to make a fair cupid bow and line his eyes with eye shadow.

Then the opportunity came to live in the United States, thus depriving him of borrowing the feminine lingerie of his cousin. At first he was hesitant to purchase female attire in the U.S.A,, but as time went on and the sales girls came to know him, Veronica became bolder and now enjoys discussing the latest female styles and looking over new patterns in lingerie openly with the store clerks.

Veronica has a medium build and wears a 38 "D" cup bra, with a 32-inch girdle, though he can squeeze into a size 28 if it becomes necessary. He does wear a smaller size cor-



selette of white satin to give control to his waistline bulge. He chooses his outfits carefully, as he feels that it is quite distracting to try and dress up as a woman and have on some masculine item which could betray his true identity.

Veronica has a dark complexion and thus uses a dark brown wig in keeping with his skin texture. He uses a padded bra, as he does not like to bind his chest with surgical adhesive tape to create cleavage. A choker with three strands and clip-on earrings are the only jewelry that he wears.

Veronica does not feel completely dressed up unless he has on earrings. Usually he wears a half-slip under his skirt and delights in the rustling sound as he walks on his street wear shoes with $2\frac{1}{4}$ inch heels. He owns several pairs of 6-inch high heel shoes, which he wears only when sitting down inside, as he has not as yet mastered walking around daintily and feminine like on the spike-heeled shoes.

The largest heels that he has ever walked on were a pair of patent leather shoes with 3-1/2inch heels. He would like to graduate to a much high heel, as he gets a wonderful feeling when wearing a snug pair of high heel female shoes.







Veronica wears a silk or taffeta full skirt most of the time and likes the taut support of the garter belt holding up his stockings. He wears long-sleeved blouses and sweaters to hide the light hair on his arms, since he has to work with his sleeves rolled up in warm weather.

When fully dressed in female attire, he likes to read a book and listen to good album music. He has never ventured out at night dressed up for fear of being arrested, but around his home he has posed for photographs in girls' clothing. He gets a secret thrill out of masquerading as a woman and delights in wearing feminine attire every chance he gets, shedding his masculine clothing to become a completely different person.

Janis P. has just turned professional and is going to Paris, France, where he expects to appear in night clubs that feature female impersonators. He was very thrilled and delighted with the many letters he received from wellwishers in response to his letter, which was published in Volume Two - "Letters From Female Impersonators," which is put out by the Nutrix Co., the publishers of this publication. Janis sends his regrets at being unable to get around to answering all the correspondence



which has accumulated, but he is very busy with his plans to work in France and save up enough money to go through with an operation which he has had on his mind for some time.

In Paris, Janis will most likely come in contact with such well-known professional female impersonators as Bambi, Wanda, Coccinelle, Tanya, Everest, Lisa and Zambella, whose photos he admired when their photos appeared in Volume Three of "Female Impersonators On Parade."

Now that female impersonation acts are considered good entertainment and are great drawing cards in Paris, Janis hopes to earn enough money to live comfortably as a girl in France, where the attitude is much more tolerant than in the United States of America.

Those impersonators who assume female guise in Paris and perform on the stages of "Carrousel" or "Chez Madame Arthurs" night clubs, such as Bambi, Wanda and Coccinelle, are accepted by the public without any question. If these well-known female impersonators wish to appear offstage, as well as on, in women's attire and use single feminine names, they are permitted to do so, as long as they do not





commit an overt act or make a public nuisance of themselves.

The Parisienne fashion stylists hire female impersonators to publicize their designs by giving them some of their latest creations to wear in public and thus create demand or prestige for their fashion houses. At night clubs or public gatherings, you will find effeminate men wearing or discussing the latest styles which some of the lesser fashion houses imitate for mass consumption.

Some of the better known female impersonators are given high-priced gowns at cut-rates to wear as advance display fashion horses. Thus female impersonators, such as Zambella, Carlove, Bambi and Lisa can be seen in public, wearing expensive clothes which cost them only a fraction of their original cost, merely for advertising the maker of the gowns. In the United States, by contrast, if female impersonators were to appear on the streets in female dress, they would be arrested and lodged in the nearest jail to await trial for wearing the apparel of the opposite sex!

Another professional female impersonator who is not as well-known as he would like to be







is Bobbie Paris, who is a member of the National Variety Artists and often has appeared at benefits, doing a female impersonation act. Bobbie enjoys his work very much and has the unique pleasure of getting paid to perform in public for something that he enjoys in private, which is cross-dressing.

Bobbie has an eight months growth of hair on his head, which he combs over his ears in feminine style. With the aid of bobby pins and a comb, his hair can be substituted in place of a wig for impromptu female impersonations. Bobbie took off his wig to show his natural curly dark hair which, with several hair curlers and a hair spray, he was able to style in lovely feminine manner.

Bobbie Paris put on a satin bra with a "B" cup and slipping off his trousers and donning a dress, garter belt and black nylon stockings, he transformed himself into a beautiful and lovely young lady. Reclining on a bedspread to show off his shapely legs, encased in sheer stockings, the viewer would never guess that Bobbie was a male and not a female.

Bobbie Paris takes great pride in his soft, lady-like legs. He has his stage gowns slit on



the side to take advantage of this natural feminine asset.

To prove his acting ability and versatility in portraying feminine roles, Bobbie would often change his costume, using a red-haired wig with bangs, and in a few seconds would appear to be an entirely different woman, so changed from his former style that it is extremely hard to believe that the dainty, darkhaired girl or the slimly built man and the red-haired vixen are all one and the same person!

It really took many months of practice for Bobbie to walk on the spike-heeled shoes in lady-like dignity before he dared to appear on the stage with these shoes. He worked his way up from two-inch heels, graduating to three-inch heels and then up to the six-inch patent leather shoes.

Bobbie prefers a 2-1/2 inch street wear, open-toed shoe for ordinary wear, however. His natural beauty and cleverness in impersonating a glamorous young lady has earned him a nice salary and reputation and he does not have to depend on wigs to aid his impersonations of a female. This is quite a saving in expenses.





Bobbie's spacious apartment contains all the effects and fixtures that one expects to find in a girl's living quarters. He has five changes of wigs, all coiffured in various styles, so that he can look different with each gown or dress he wears. His wardrobe is quite large and fills three trunks when he goes on the road, while his masculine clothes are carried in an overnight bag.

Bobbie's masquerade as a female has been very well received and he has standing offers to return to the theatres and clubs where he has previously appeared. He is an avid reader of the women's fashion magazines and this serious study has helped him achieve his goal to impersonate a woman without being detected.

His impressions of some stage and screen female stars are so good that oftentimes he has to disclose his real identity as a man just in order to prove that he is not a female making believe that she is a man imitating a girl!

Bobbie keeps in his wardrobe trunks a plentiful supply of bras, panties and corselettes, to which he has become so accustomed in wearing, that he often forgets that he is a male himself. He likes the feel of satin and soft silken lingerie



against his body. He hates the male clothing which he is forced to wear when he has to go on public thoroughfares.

Bobbie has appeared at hotels dressed as beautifully as any of the other young ladies in the lobby, with no one being wise to his masquerade as a female. If it were not for his dark facial hair, which requires shaving twice a day, his face could pass for that of a young lady.

Bobbie is thinking of having his ears pierced so that he can hang colorful earrings from them to further his deception but as yet has not gotten around to that because of his many stage engagements. Bobbie is in great demand since he makes a beautiful woman, as his photos in this book prove.

It takes him about an hour to put on proper makeup, so that his astonishing transformation will look letter perfect. It takes a lot of skill in front of a mirror to change from male to ravishing female but gasps of admiration at his goodlooking female self are ample reward for the time spent improving his facial appearance. The accompanying photos help show how different he looks before he dresses from the skin out into a lovely female.

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