

Female Mimics

\$5.00

AN **EROS** GOLDSTRIP
PUBLICATION



NUMBER TWO

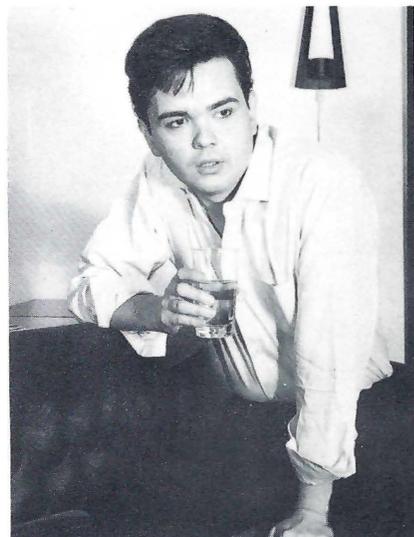
**THE 82-CLUB
RE-VISITED**

**EBONY
TEMPTRESS**

**FILM STARS
IN DRAG**

EXCLUSIVE: COLOR FEATURE  **MIXED-UP AFFAIR**  

FOR THE ADULT READER / SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED



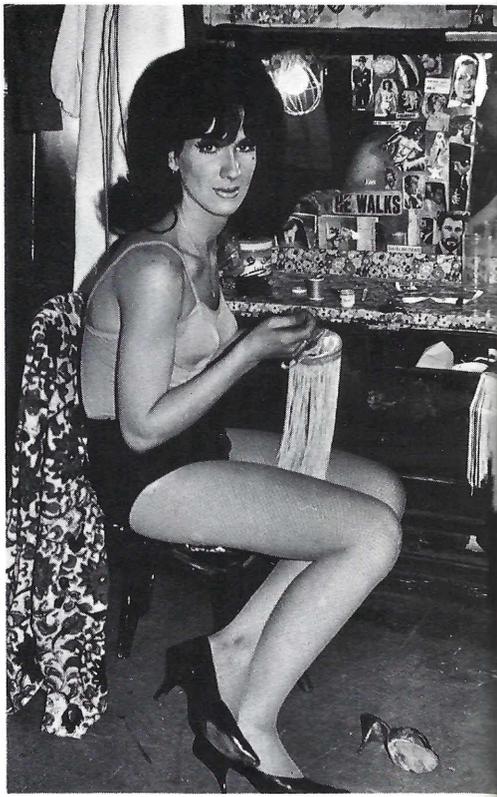
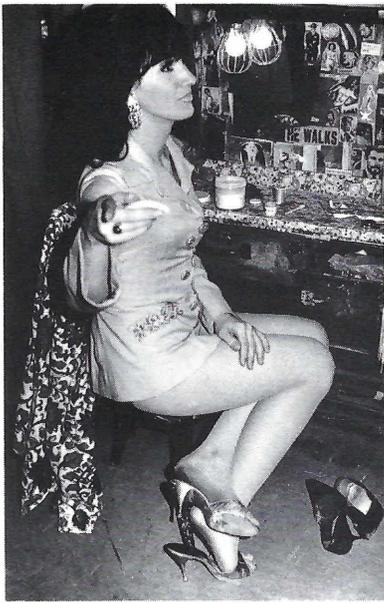
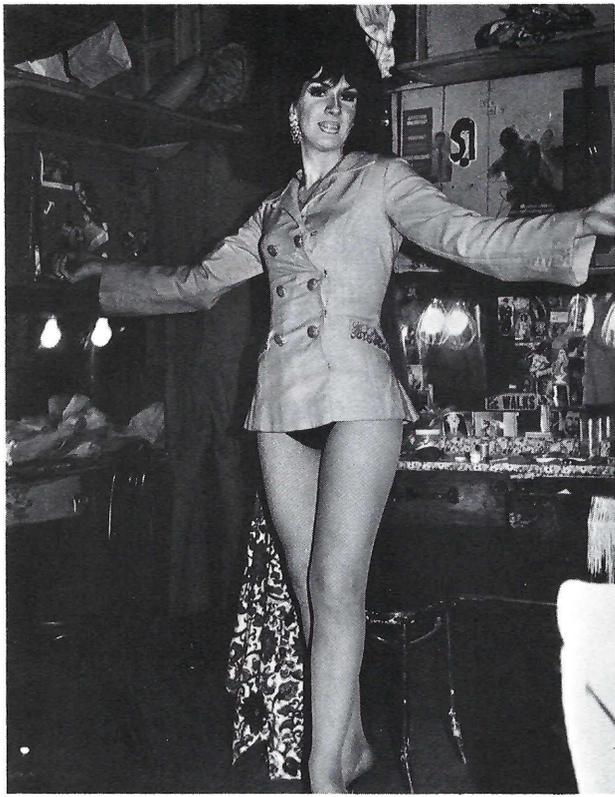
CONTENTS:

THE 82-CLUB REVISITED / Foto-Feature	Page 3
PRE-THANKSGIVING COSTUME BALL / Foto-Feature	11
JENNIFER / Foto-Feature	20
THE TOUGH TRANSVESTITE / Fiction	27
EBONY TEMPTRESS / Foto-Feature	31
PRESENTING ROBIN ROBERTS / Foto-Feature	36
MIXED-UP AFFAIR / Foto-Feature	43
FILM STARS IN DRAG / Foto-Feature	67
HAWAIIAN HONIES / Foto-Feature	69
QUEENS IN DRAG / Foto-Feature	74
DALE ROBERTS - BACKSTAGE / Foto-Feature	81
DAYZEE DEE'S THANKSGIVING BALL / Foto-Feature	84

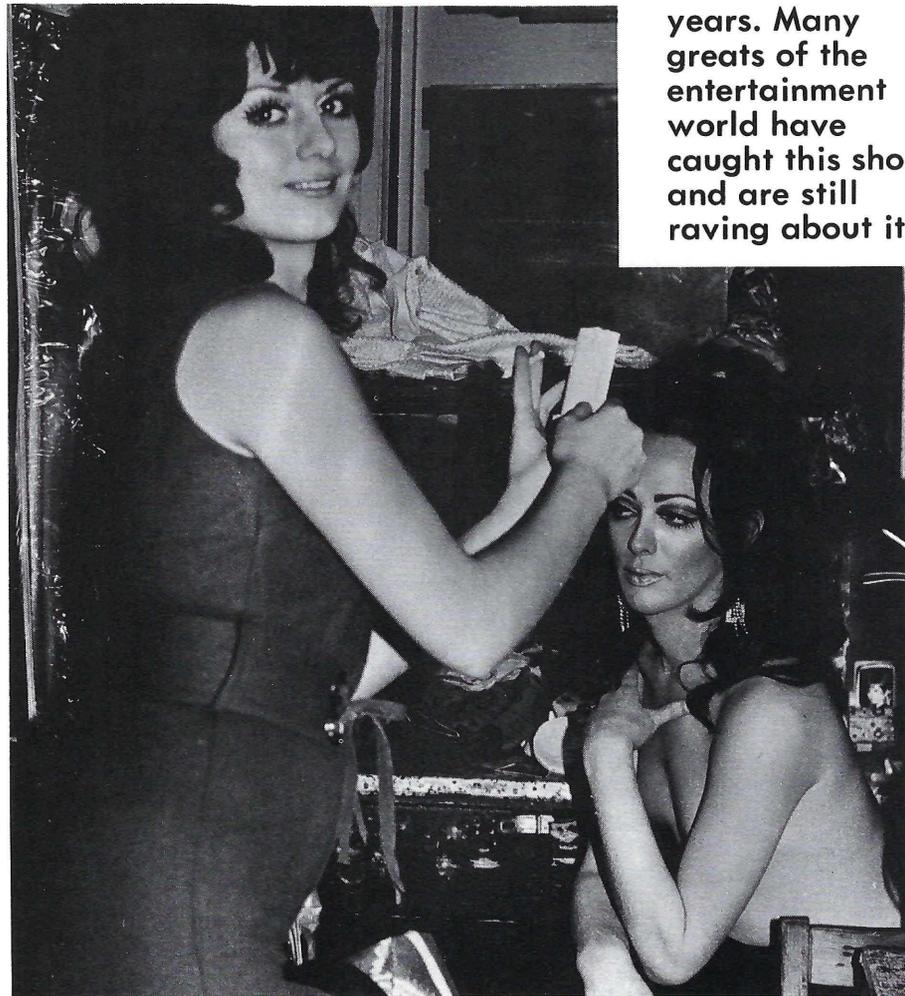
FEMALE MIMICS / is published quarterly by Eros Publishing Co., Inc., Wilmington, Delaware, with editorial offices located at 14 East 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Copyright ©, 1971 by Eros Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved on entire contents. Nothing may be reproduced, in whole or in part, 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 and impersonators 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. *Printed in the U.S.A.*

THE 82-CLUB REVISITED





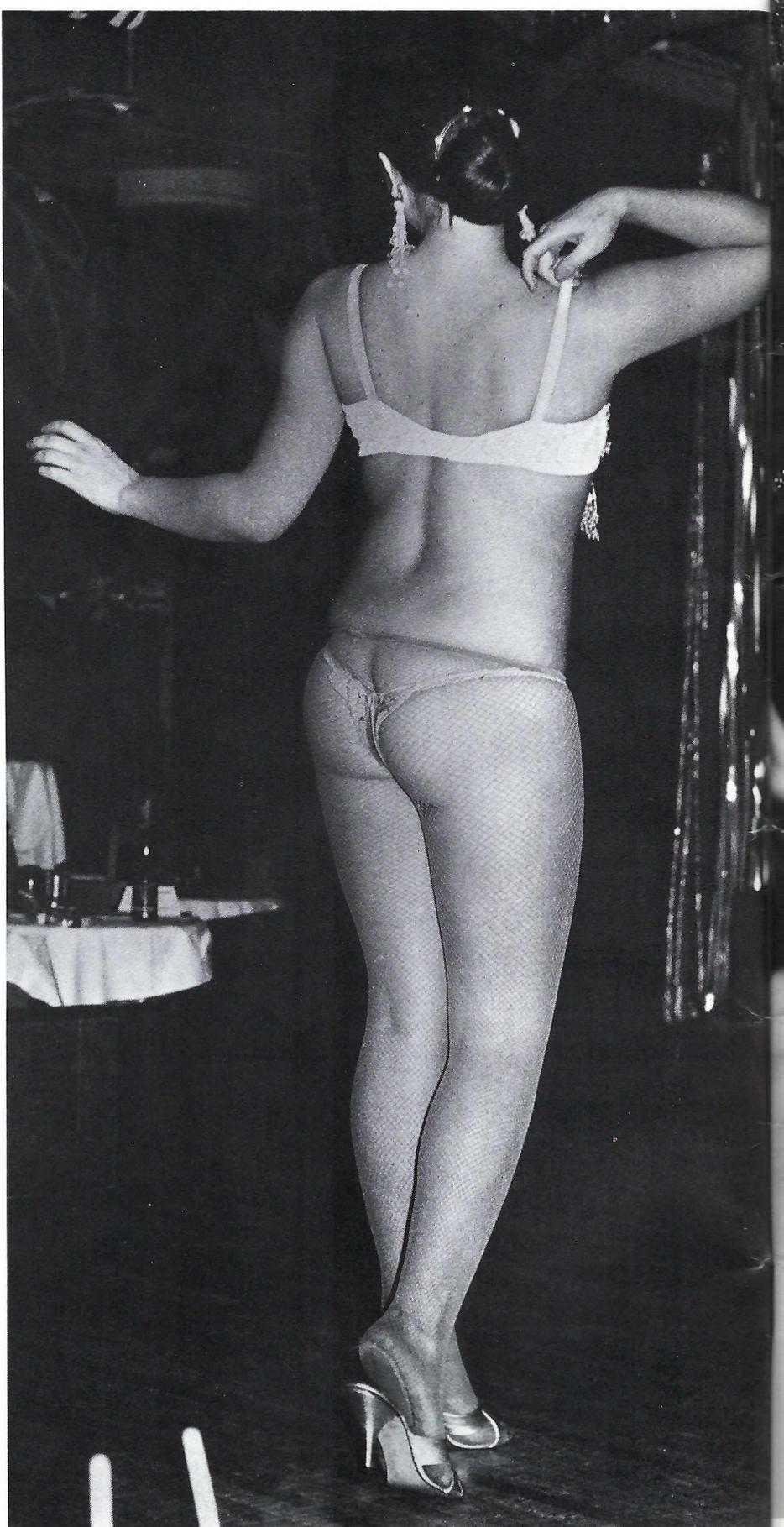
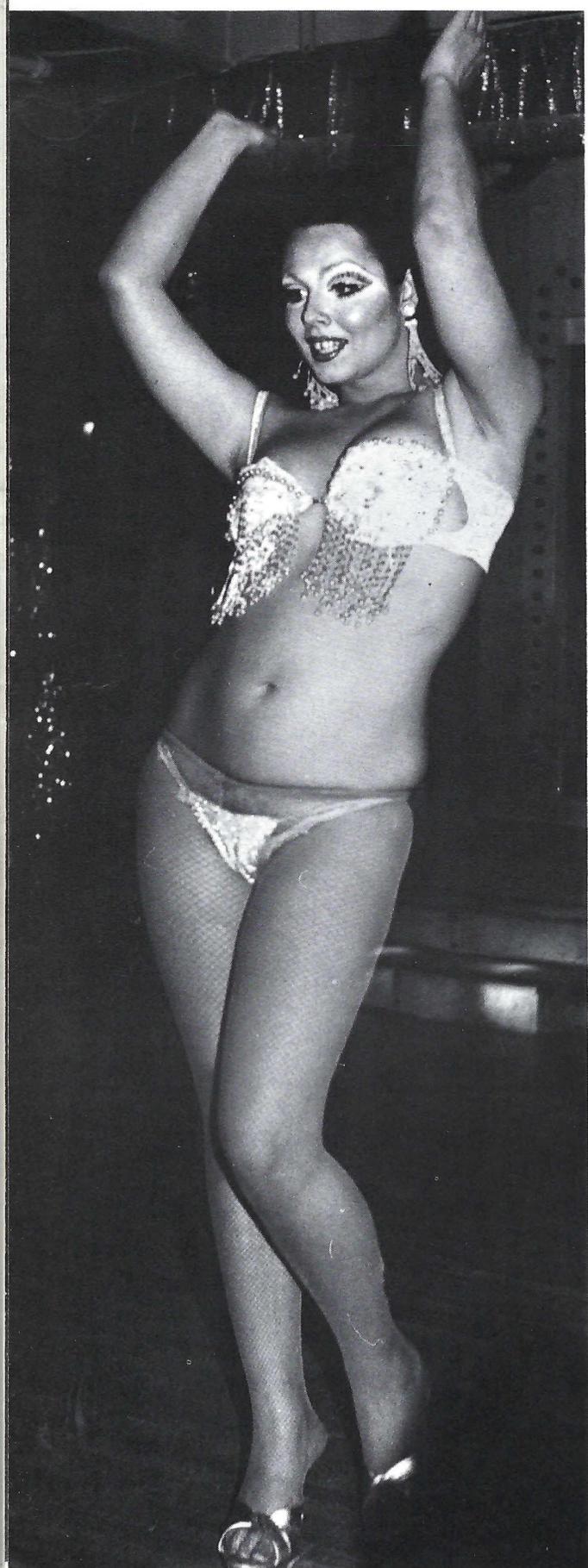
New York's
82-Club has been
entertaining native
New Yorkers and
visitors for many
years. Many
greats of the
entertainment
world have
caught this show
and are still
raving about it.







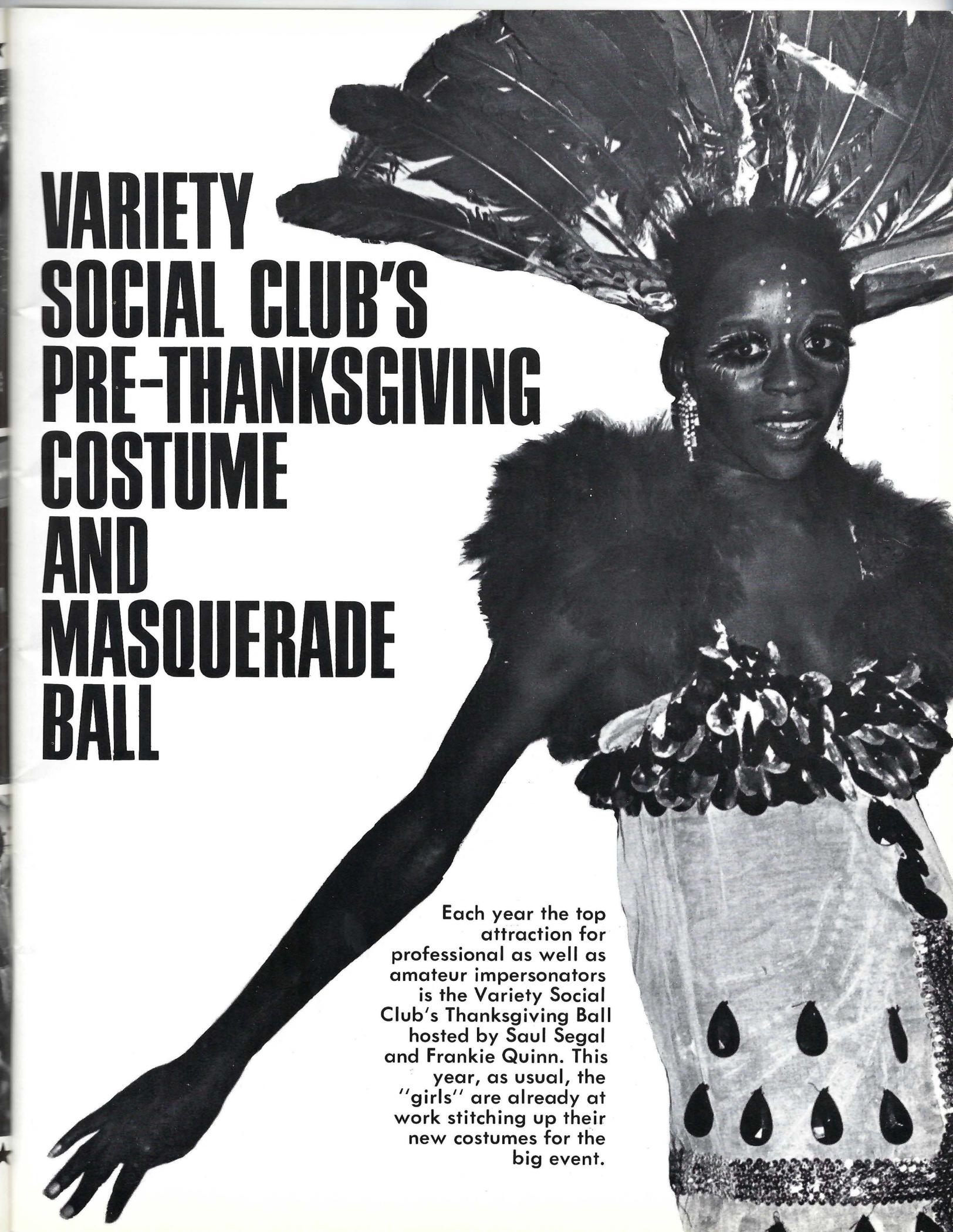




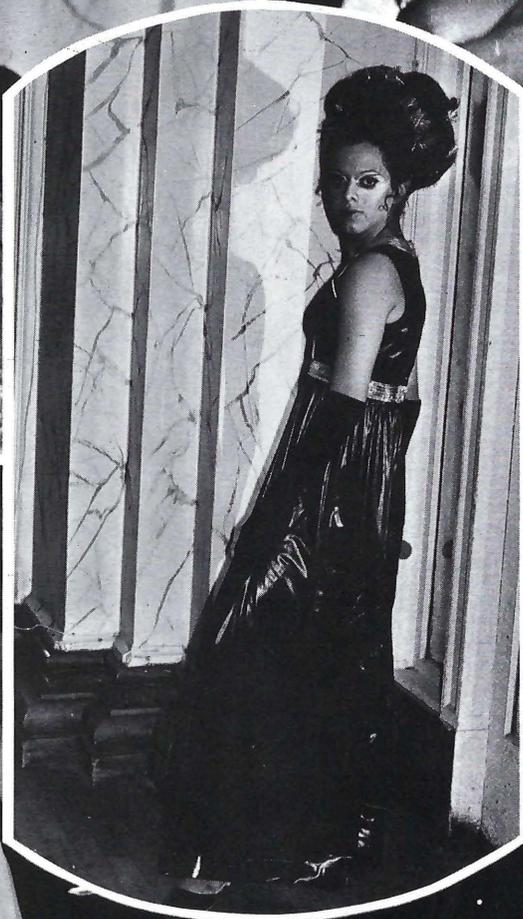
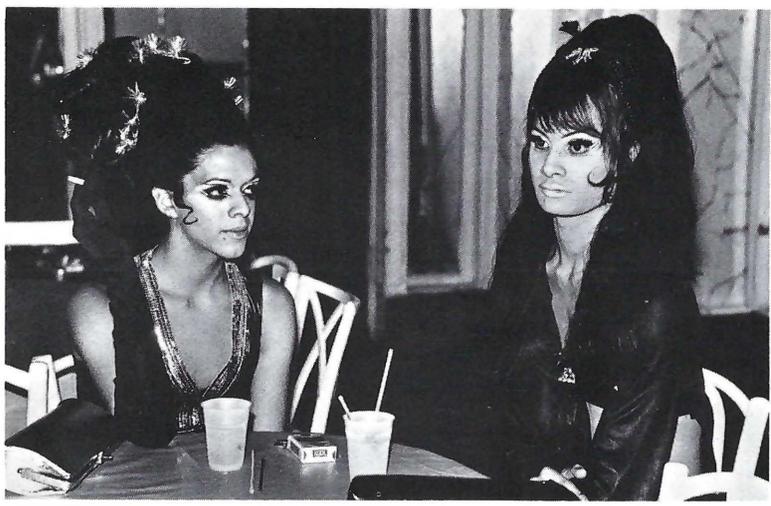


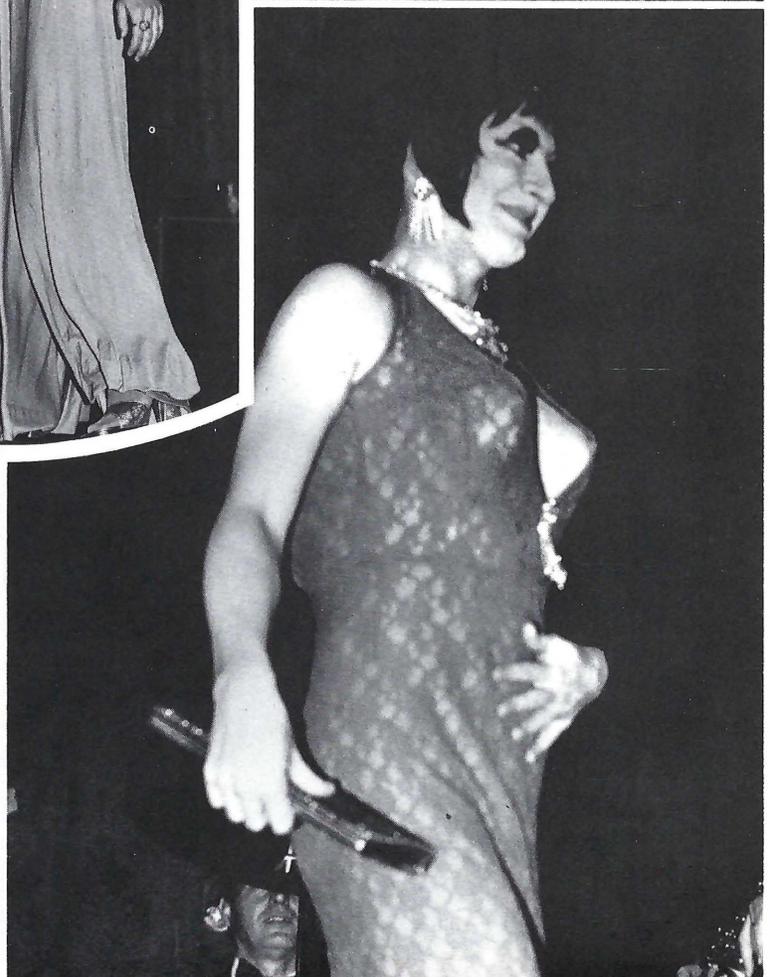
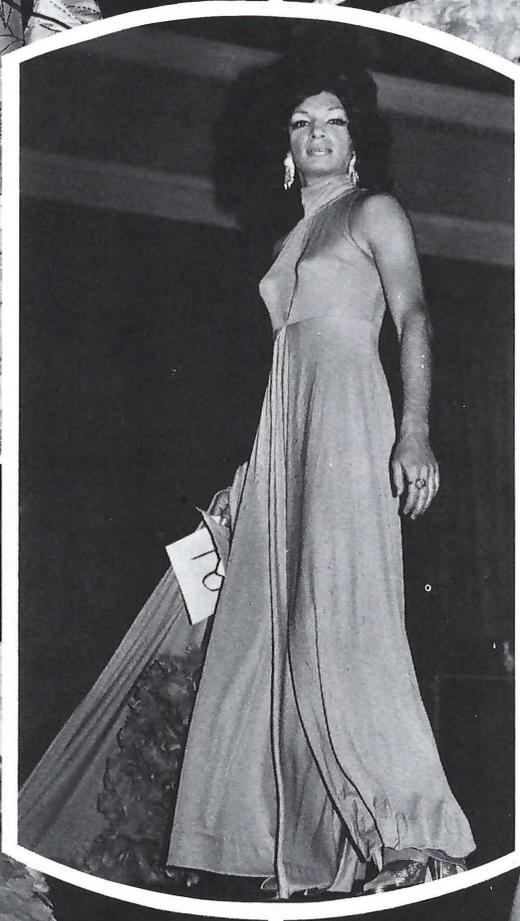


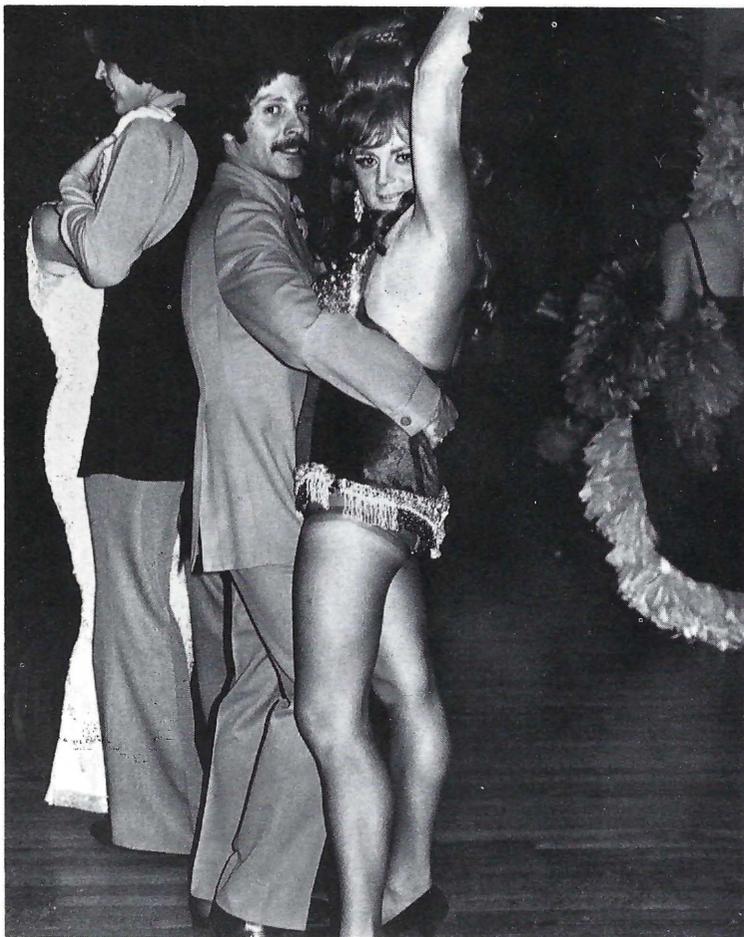
VARIETY SOCIAL CLUB'S PRE-THANKSGIVING COSTUME AND MASQUERADE BALL



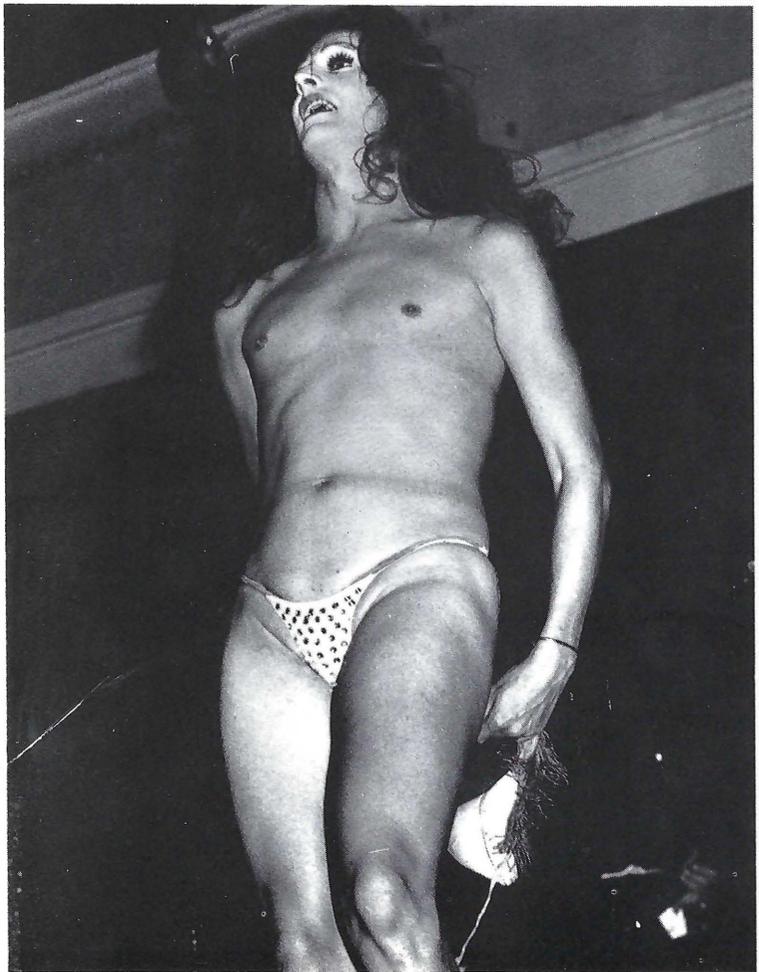
Each year the top attraction for professional as well as amateur impersonators is the Variety Social Club's Thanksgiving Ball hosted by Saul Segal and Frankie Quinn. This year, as usual, the "girls" are already at work stitching up their new costumes for the big event.

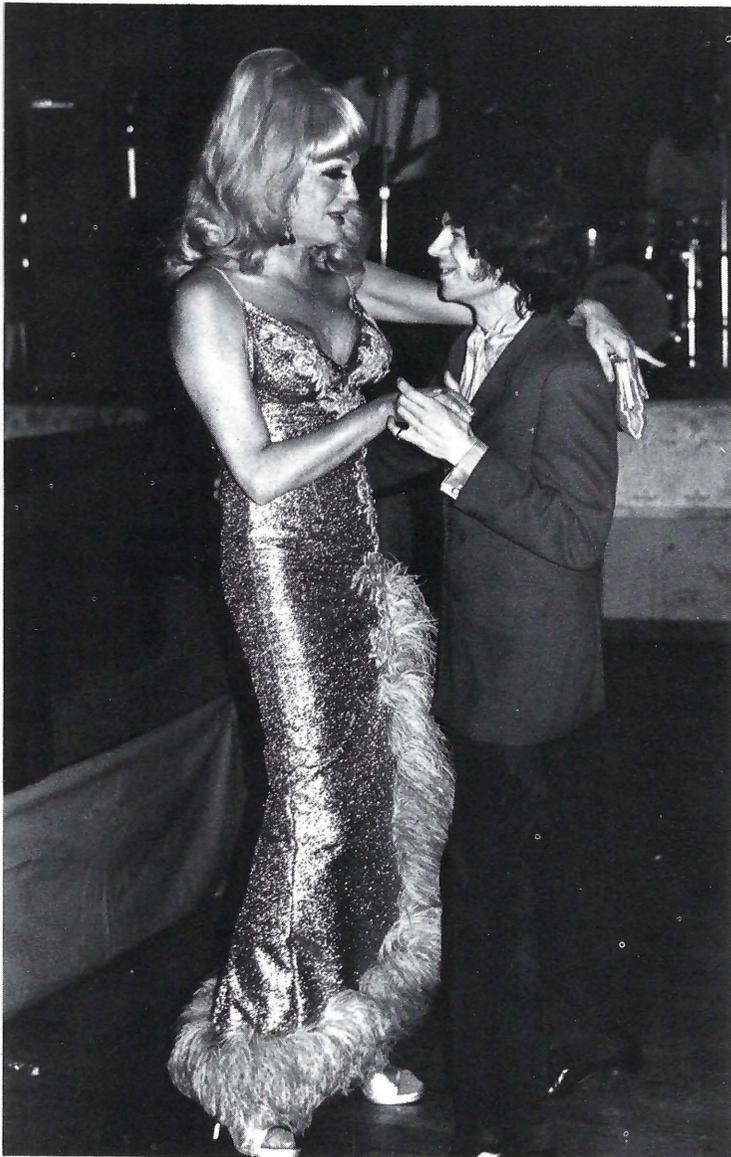












JENNIFER



Jennifer is Chicago's answer to Coccinelle and Bambi. This gorgeous creature has only been a girl for a few short months thanks to a quick trip to Casablanca.



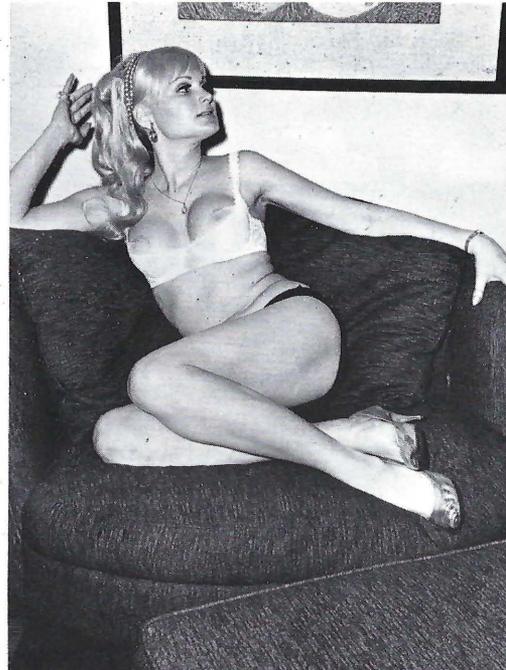
JENNIFER





SEMI-FER





Jenifer has been playing to packed houses whenever she appears on the burlesque circuit where she is billed as America's

DEWEY



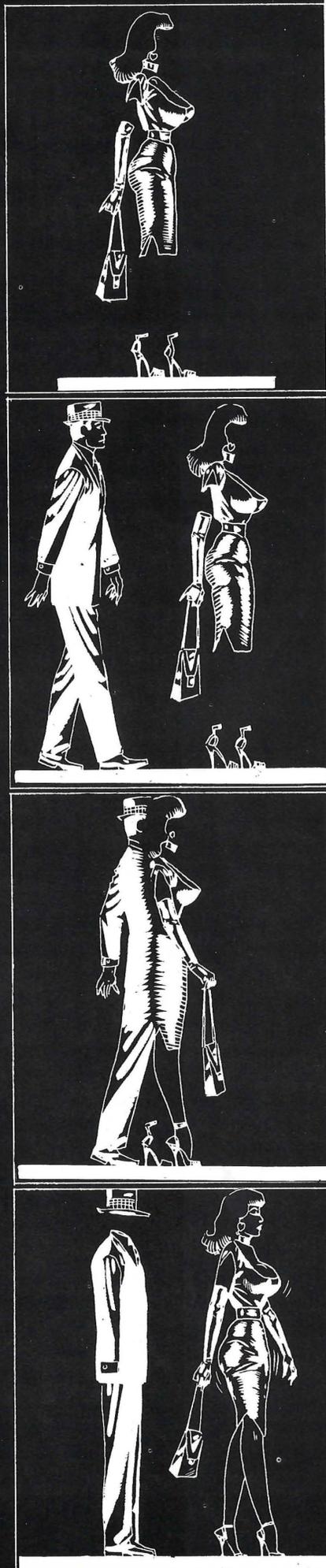
THE TOUGH Transvestite

I'm a transvestite—a male who dresses up in women's clothing, but I'm not a "closet queen" the way lots of male transvestites are. When I get all glamored up in sexy female clothing, I do it so hundreds of people can watch me, and pay me well for doing it.

Most transvestites keep their fancy feminine clothes locked up in a closet at home. When they feel in the mood to indulge in their off-beat pastime, these closet-queens make sure they won't be disturbed or discovered and then secretly put on whatever articles of feminine attire they have dared to accumulate. Then they parade around for their own amusement, look at themselves in a mirror, and then usually jerk themselves off for their kicks. That's their bag, their act, but it definitely isn't mine, even though we start off with about the same preliminaries.

I'll tell you later how I got started in this line, but for now I'll describe a typical professional performance. I arrive at the theater or nightclub an hour or so before I'm due to go on, and I always insist that I have a private dressing room. That's because if there was anyone in with me they'd be all shook up and confused at my switching back and forth between being a normal looking man and a sexy-looking glamorous girl. It takes me quite some time to get into my costume because I have more things to do than the usual showgirl or strip-teaser. I have to pretend to have things that I don't really have, and I have to try to hide things that a real girl doesn't have.

I have a slender build for a man, neither skinny nor with bulgy knotty muscles. I am naturally light on my feet and graceful, and at college I'm fairly successful as an athlete in my weight-class. I'm not naturally a hairy type, and for professional reasons I use a depilatory on most of my body, except for a small triangle of pubic hair. My legs, arms, chest and belly are kept smooth and bare, also, of course, my armpits. As for my beard and whiskers, I shave carefully and very close just before I go into my act, and sometimes this means shaving three times in a night on Saturday evenings at a popular spot. The hair on my head I keep cut fairly short, almost a crew-cut, because I have a collection of half a



... which sounds definitely feminine and not too scratchy when I sing or talk. I'm no great operatic soprano, but my voice doesn't set your teeth on edge, or instantly betray the fact that I'm a man disguised as a woman. But I was going to describe a typical performance for you.

In my dressing-room I strip down and put on my special g-string. This functions as a jock-strap, covering and supporting my regulation-sized cock and balls, but the triangle in front is shiny pink satin with red tassels to disguise the volume of the tissues enclosed. Next I put on my heavily padded bra, also pink satin with tassels at the tips of the well-filled cups. What goes on next depends on what act I'll be doing on stage, and this varies, sometimes three different acts and three different costumes in one night.

One that gets a lot of applause is when I get myself up as a teen-age high school girl. In this act, I go through the motions, accompanied by the orchestra, of a wildly enthusiastic cheer-leader at a football game. I wear high-heeled boots, and a widely flaring mini-skirt of black velvet, lined with scarlet satin. This skirt twirls and flips as I walk, revealing short white panties, and to increase the sexiness of the costume, there is an outline of a man's hand, in red, right on each cheek of my ass, and one in front right over what would be my pussy if I was a real girl.

Above the waist I wear a very snug white sweater over a special bra. The cups of this bra are double-walled inflated with air. This means that with every movement, my fake tits and protruding nipples jounce and bounce and quiver within the tight sweater, just as if I had full firm breasts and was wearing no bra.

From the way they whistle and cheer, the audience thinks I look sexier than any real coed, and I prance and dance and cavort around, making sure that my jiggling tits and ass cheeks and fake pussy get ogled a lot. I sing a medley of college songs, and every male watching me wishes that it was his hands on my ass and cunt instead of just fake outlines. And, very frankly, I get a big kick, myself, out of turning them on and making them want me.

As to how I became a female impersonator, the answer is very simple, really. The Unisex idea, that boys and girls, men and women, should dress alike, look alike, wear their hair alike, and behave alike, is all meant to be very new and now. But this new 'In' thing, for the 'far-out' set was a way of life for me when I was growing up twenty years ago. Mother didn't have any fancy advanced

... waste time or money on unimportant minor distinctions. As far back as I can remember my sister, Barbie, and I, Bobby, dressed alike, behaved alike, and looked enough alike to confuse everyone but mother. My father had been killed in an automobile accident just before we were born, so mother had no spare time to spend on details.

She was a brilliant but vague woman who made a fair living as a free-lance artist, but you could never accuse her of being well-organized. The fact that boys and girls were different didn't bother her, and she didn't let the difference bother us. By the time we graduated from diapers, we knew that we were different in the areas between our legs, but so what? All through early school, we dressed almost alike, and mother cut our hair herself, so that Barbie's was shorter than most girls, and mine longer than most boys, a practical arrangement from her point of view. Once when we were about ten, Barbie and I exchanged her skirt for my pants and nobody noticed it all day.

In high school there was an awkward time during puberty, but in a year or so we recovered, and for our own entertainment we continued switching back and forth from boy to girl. It amused and confused our friends when we would appear as two boys, or two girls, or boy and girl with the wrong twin portraying each sex.

My college is an all male institution, so I had a grand time playing girl's parts in college theatricals, including several musical comedies. Some of the fellows thought that my ability to look and act like a girl made me a queer or basically effeminate, but only one fellow made enough of a nuisance of himself for me to have to disillusion him. He was considerably bigger than I am, but I am the 135 lb. boxing champion of our college conference, so it cost him a broken nose, two black eyes, and two front teeth to learn his lesson.

The normal jobs open to a college student who needs money don't usually pay very much, and can interfere with academic and sport activities. After an audition try-out at a nightclub near the college, I found that I could make out much better financially working club dates on Friday and Saturday nights. I worked half the time and made more than twice the money of any fellow I knew. My sister worked as a secretary, full time, in an office in the city, and I make a hell of a lot more than she does.

People ask me how I feel about being a female

impersonator, and I tell them that most of the time it's just a job. Sometimes I get emotionally or physically involved, but not in the way most people expect. Let me explain. There's one outfit I wear in connection with a special act I do for occasional high-pay audieces. I wear a long blonde wig and I'm costumed as a young virginal bride. It's a solo act, all in pantomime, of how the girl behaves when at last she's alone in the bridal chamber with her new husband. The audience thinks it's very funny, a bit vulgar and risque, but good for lots of belly-laughs. The bride is both eager and frightened as her imaginary husband obviously is in a big hurry to get her to bed and have his first screw.

For this act, over my G-string, I wear a panty-girdle of shiny white satin. It is high-waisted, and cinches my waist in to exaggerated slimness. Also there is padding in the girdle over my hips and buttocks, so that I have a more obviously feminine figure than usual. My white satin bra leaves no doubt in the viewer's mind that the bride is well endowed in the tittie department. Sheer nylon hose are tightly gartered to the panty-girdle and high-heeled white pumps add glamour to my feet and sexiness to my calves. Over this foundation goes a high-style, waltz length white wedding dress, and a veiled head-dress to complete the picture of a glorious virginal bride about to have her first fuck.

Like all young males, I need to have my ashes hauled every now and then, and doing this bride-act often makes me acutely aware of this problem. Wearing the tight slippery-smooth girdle exerts pressure on my hips and pelvis and especially on my compressed cock and balls. My waist is tightly constricted and I am intensely aware of the sleek nylon encasing my legs. I run my hands over my disguised body, over my satin-smooth belly, my artificial breasts, my girdled thighs, and thrills race through my whole body. I'm fondling myself, and the sensations are within me, but the kicks are because I think I am feeling the sexily clad body of a lovely young girl whom I, a man, am about to screw. It's not even masturbational, because the feelings in my body are the exact sexual counterparts of the feeling from my hands. But when I can feel my cock begin to swell and squirm within the tight garments, I know it's time for me to get layed by some cute broad.

This happens fairly often, and it's usually some girl from the night club or theater where I'm performing. These girls feel a fascination for my sex-switch act, as though they had to prove to themselves and for themselves that I am a real man, with all of a normal male's urges and

abilities, even though on stage I come on as a sexy girl in every way, even more glamorous and exciting to men in the audience than the real girl performers are. Anyway, I can get very well screwed by some cute young chick just about as often as I want to. By some freakish lesbian emotional switch, some of the girls have even asked me to wear my impersonator costumes when I go out on dates with them. They know I'm really a man, and they know I'm going to fuck them, but they like to start off with me dressed like a sexy girl, too.

A few months ago my sister, Barbie, was having trouble with a smart-ass sales-manager in the office where she works. He was determined to lay her, even though she wanted nothing to do with him. He was married, but he threatened to have Barbie fired from her job if she wouldn't date him and go to bed with him from time to time. On their first date he even got too insistent and roughed her up a little when he found out that she really meant no.

When I heard about this, I persuaded Barbie to let me take her place on a date with this clown one night. I have a wig that nearly matches her hair, and I borrowed some of her clothes, and this jerk picked me up at her apartment, thinking for sure that it was Barbie. I made him buy us some drinks and an expensive dinner at a fancy, high-priced restaurant, and then I allowed myself to be coaxed into going to a motel with him, pretending to be shy and afraid of him and his influence.

Once we got into the motel, I let him feel me up and get himself all sexually excited, teasing him and waiting till he had a hard-on like a baseball bat. Then I let him take off my dress, leaving me unhampered by awkward clothing. Then, as he reached for me, I slapped his face, like a girl-fending off too-rough advances. He got angry and tried to hit me, but I hit him first. From then on, the next five minutes were fun for me, but not for him. He never touched me with his fists, but I methodically beat the shit out of him. No serious damage, but he was black and blue, and sore, and swollen, and bruised all over, from his balls to his bald head. After being knocked down several times, he either couldn't or wouldn't get up, so I gracefully put my dress on again and walked out, driving myself back to the city in his car.

Barbie said that the next day in the office he looked very unhappy, and kept staring at her as if trying to figure out how a lovely girl like her could pack such a terrific wallop in each hand. I'm not sure he ever found out that it was not Barbie who had beaten him up. She had no

trouble with him after that.

To get back to my Bride-On-Her-Wedding-Night act, it really is just a special form of strip-tease, with me pretending to be slowly undressing while temporarily frustrating the attempts of my hot-pants but imaginary husband to get at me and jam his wedding-night erection into my virgin cunt. I pretend to keep pushing him away with one hand, especially when he tries to feel my breasts and crotch, and all the while I'm fearfully but eagerly undressing myself with the other hand, being ready as any bride should, for her first experience.

From my motions you can see when he cups my breasts, when he tries to reach up under my skirt, when he feels my ass, and when he tries to hurry up my undressing. At one stage I lose one shoe and am hobbling around with one high heel and one stockinged foot, trying to evade his gropings. Then I show surprise and alarm when he evidently has taken out his stiffened cock for me to see. Obviously I know what he wants to do with that immense lance, but I'm worried that it's too big to fit in me without ruining me for life. Finally we get my dress off and he goes to work on my panty-girdle while I'm trying to take off my nylons without tearing them. I keep pushing away imaginary husbandly hands from sexually significant areas. Then I can relax for a moment while he removes his own clothing, but then I am shocked all over again by the size of his randy cock.

Finally we manage to drag my panty-girdle down off my hips and legs, leaving me only my G-string and bra as protection against my ardent, non-existent husband. Now comes the place where it takes cooperation and timing between me and the stage-manager. Just as I fall on my back on the bed, after feeling my husband's imaginary cock, my bra is ripped off just as all the lights go out. The audience sees the bra start to be ripped off, but the stage is in total darkness before they get a chance to see that the bra really contains no tits.

Another of my short transvestite acts is called "The Song of the Seven Veils". Actually what I do is to sing different bawdy suggestive lyrics to popular songs while doing a variation on the standard strip-tease. Learning the new sexy words to various tunes that the audience is sure to know is easy, but the strip-tease is pretty difficult to bring off properly. My costume consists of seven diaphanous dresses, made of almost transparent filmy nylon, ranging in length from floor-length for the outside one, to micro-mini for the seventh or last inner one. Under the dresses I wear my special disguising G-string and

paste-on foam-rubber falsies. The act is done with plenty of back-lighting, so that the audience can see through my gauzy garments with increasing clarity as I shed the seven layers, one by one.

I sing a chorus of dirty words for each song as I slowly remove each dress, thus slowly getting down to what they hope will be the bare facts. The audience knows that I am a man, but they cheer and whistle and whoop it up as if they were watching a sexy girl disrobe in preparation for real sex. People are crazy, obviously, and I snatch off my last tiny filmy garment as I dash from the stage at the end, wearing only my glued-on falsies and my concealing G-string. It's a crazy way to make money, pretending to fool people who know they are being fooled and are willing to pay for it. Men seem to enjoy watching me because they can pretend I'm a real girl, and women enjoy watching me because they know I'm not.

The wackiest thing that has ever happened to me in my professional transvestite career happened just the other night. I suppose it was a good example of how confused people can get when their ideas of male and female get mixed up. In the bit city near the college there is a very active Women's Liberation group. The head of the group is a brilliant, beautiful, tough-minded young woman who has made quite a name for herself all over the country for her strong feelings and violent behaviour on the subject of equality of the sexes. Her public proclamations screamed that women should never indulge in sex with men or give men any satisfaction of any sort. Let the men do their own house-keeping and cooking and laundry. If a girl wanted a baby, she could get pregnant by artificial insemination without ever having to endure the slavery of submitting her body to a man. If a girl got feeling hot and sexy, she could either scratch her own itch, or get some other girl to lick the problem. Women should be bosses. It should be a women's world in every way.

Last week I got a letter from this militant female liberationist, addressed to me by my professional name at the night-club where I work. She asked me to come see her at her office to discuss the relation of my female impersonation act to the liberation movement. The girl sounded interesting, and she certainly was beautiful, so I was glad of a chance to meet her in person, even though I didn't see how my act had any bearing on the problems she was so wrought up about. Just for kicks I decided to wear one of my transvestite costumes when I went calling on these bellicose broads. I was dressed to portray a frilly, frivolous, sexy man-chasing,

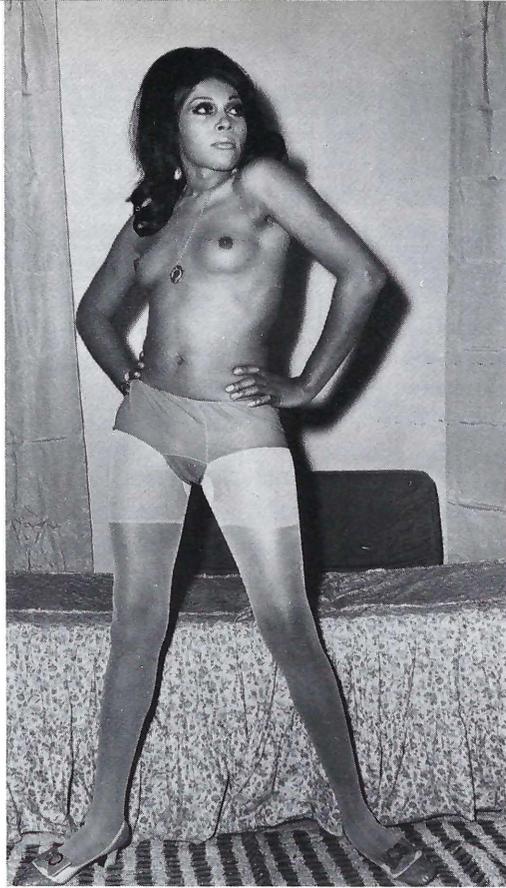
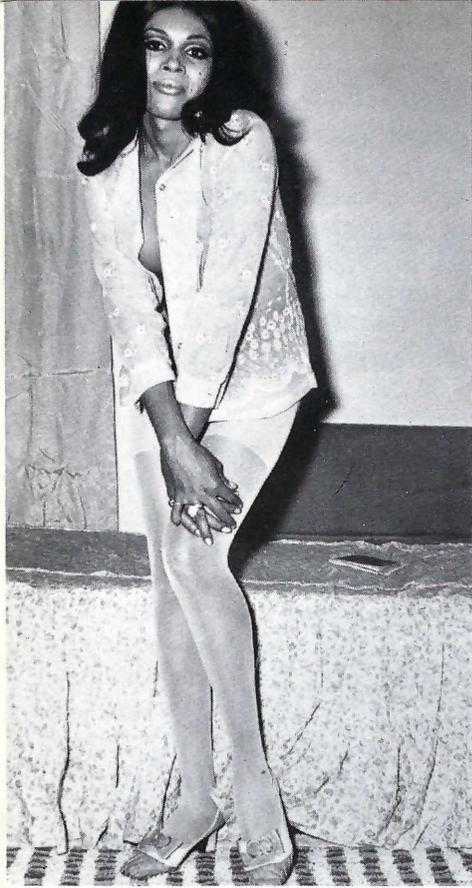
(Cont'd. on Pg. 94)

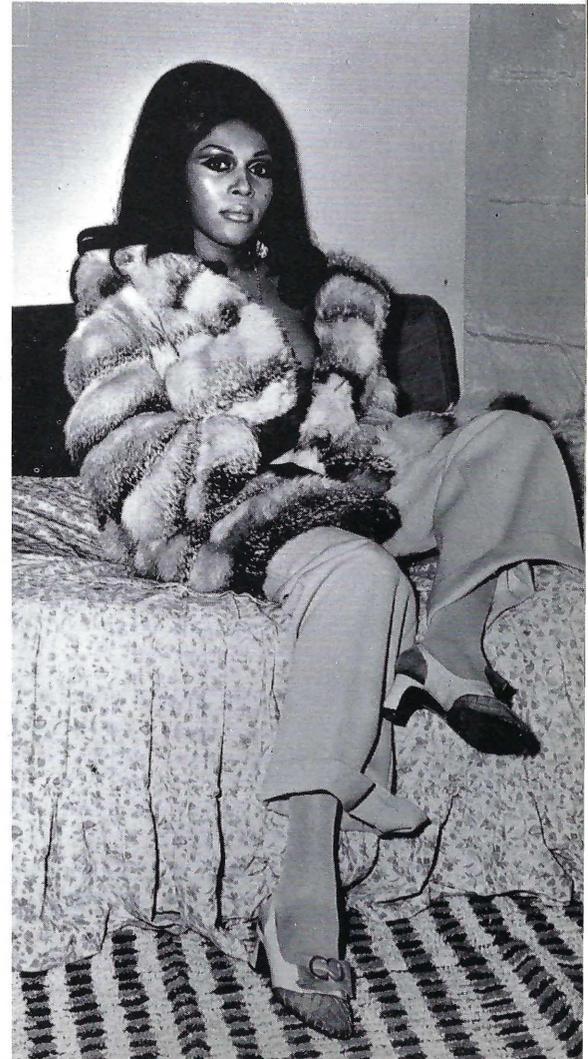
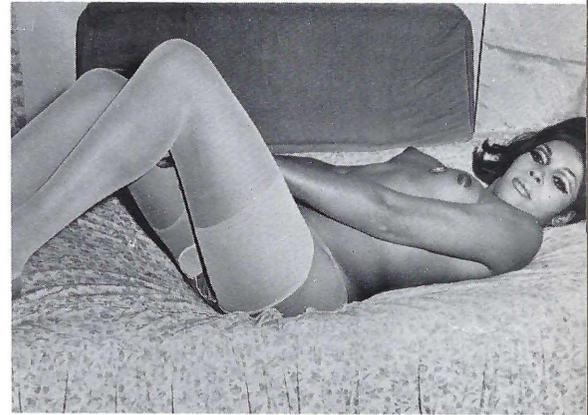
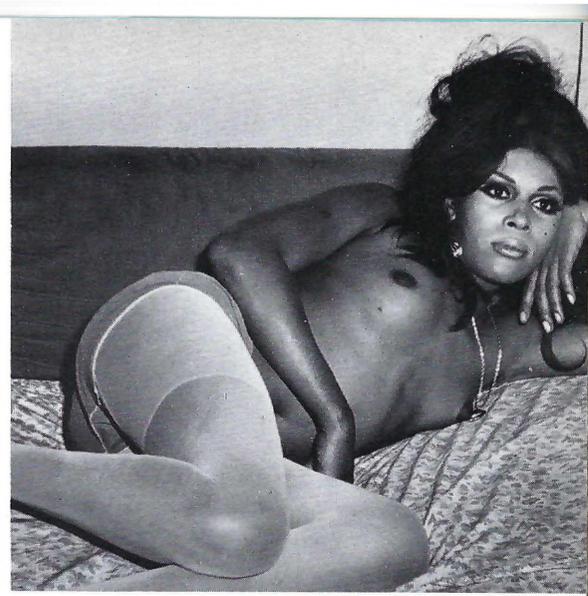
EBONY TEMPTRESS

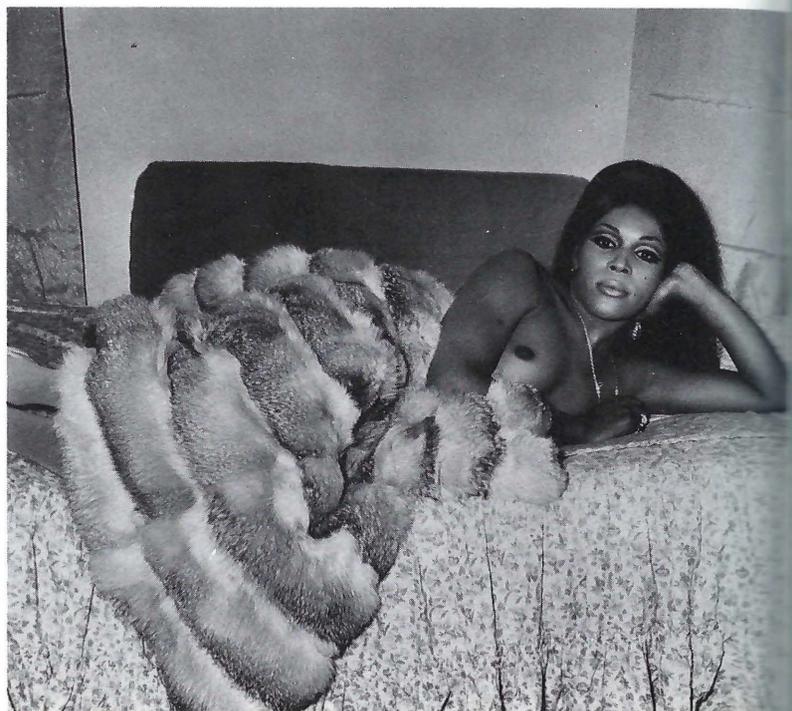
Tall, tan and terrific is
the only way we know
how to describe Carol

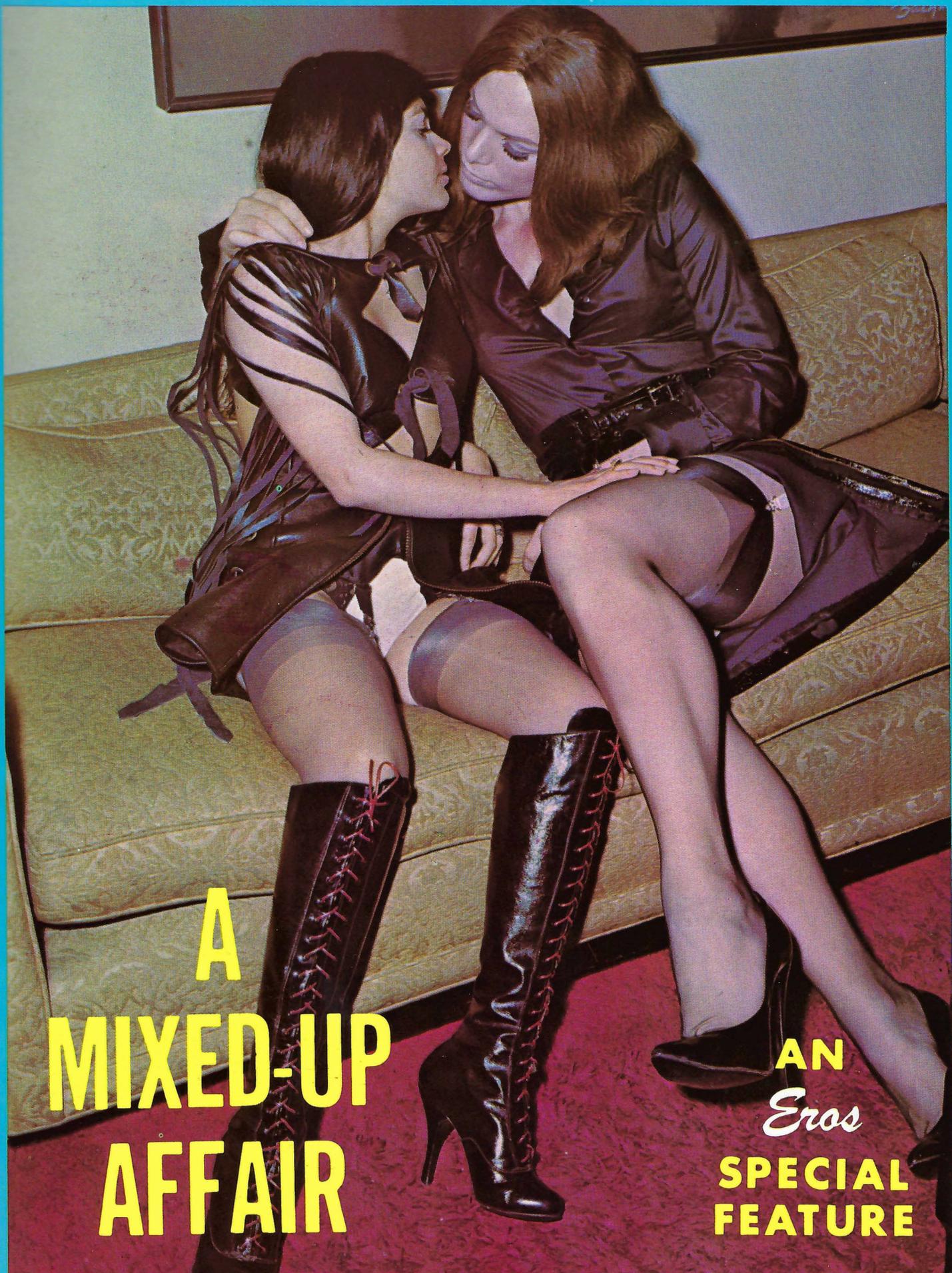


Carol works all over
the U.S.A. where she
commands top \$ for her
talents.









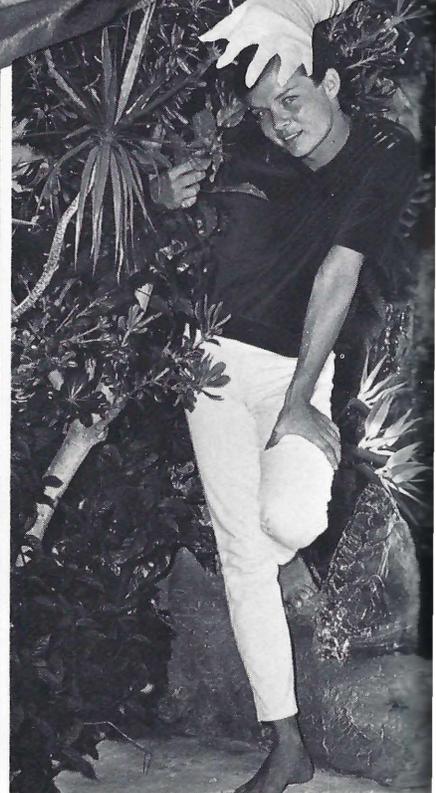
**A
MIXED-UP
AFFAIR**

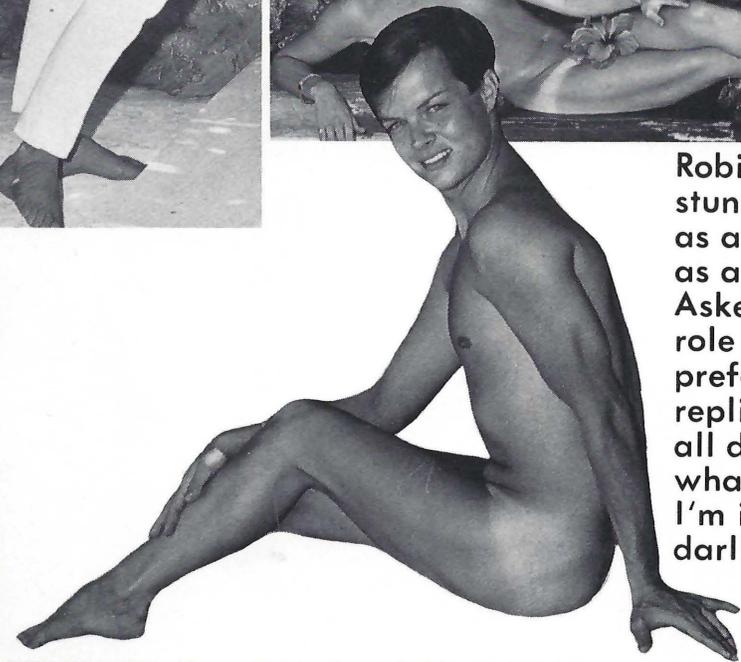
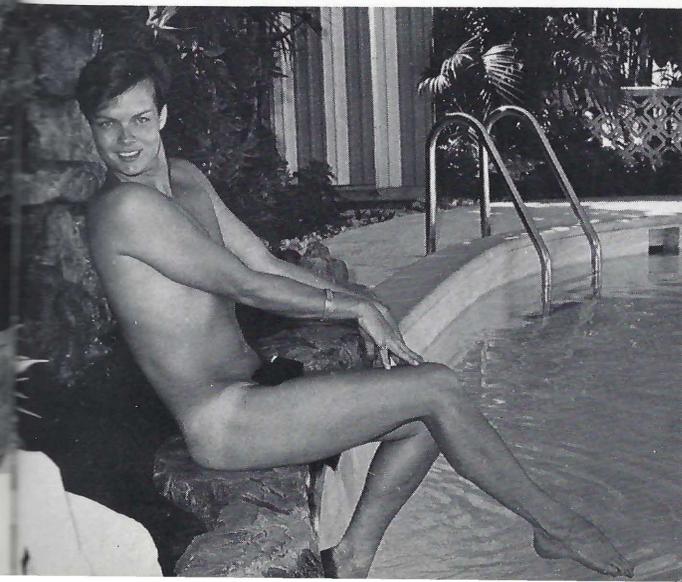
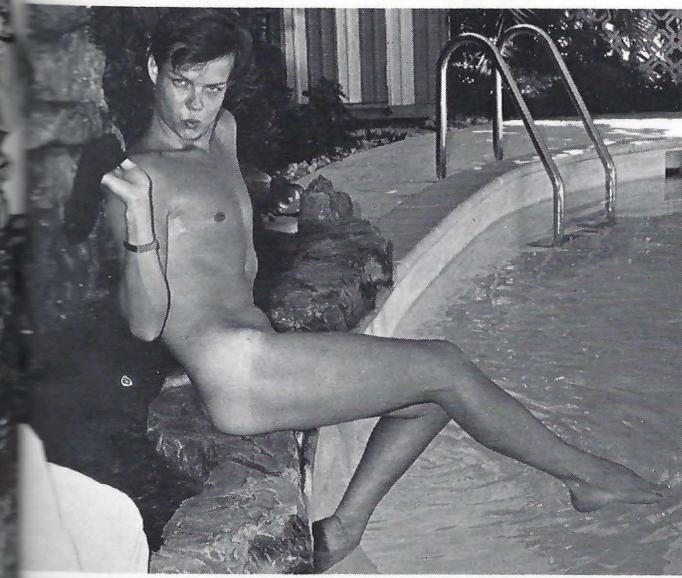
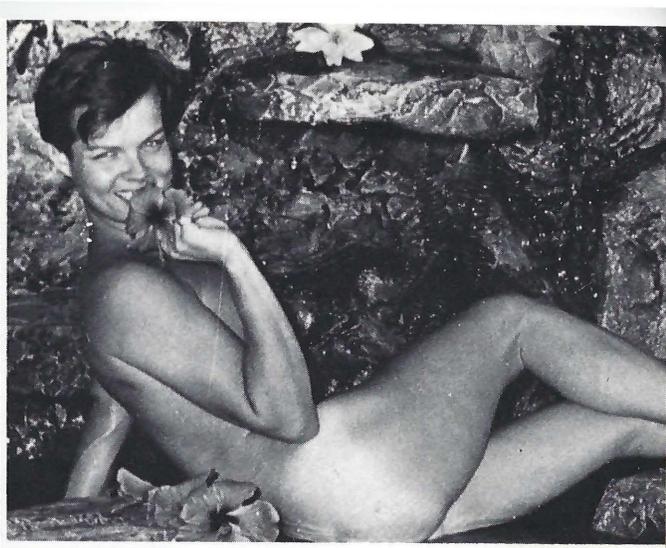
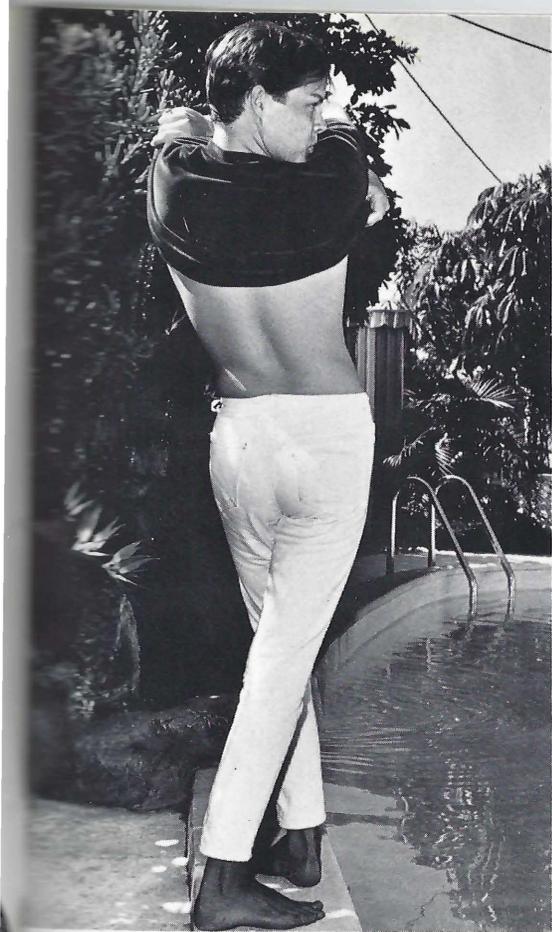
**AN
Eros
SPECIAL
FEATURE**

PRESENTING ROBIN ROBERTS



Robin is a native of Miami Beach where he works as a hair-stylist. He keeps telling himself that he will go North and work as a professional impersonator, but whenever he reads about those cold winters, he changes his mind.





Robin is a stunner either as a boy or as a girl. Asked which role he preferred, he replied: "It all depends on what mood I'm in, darling."

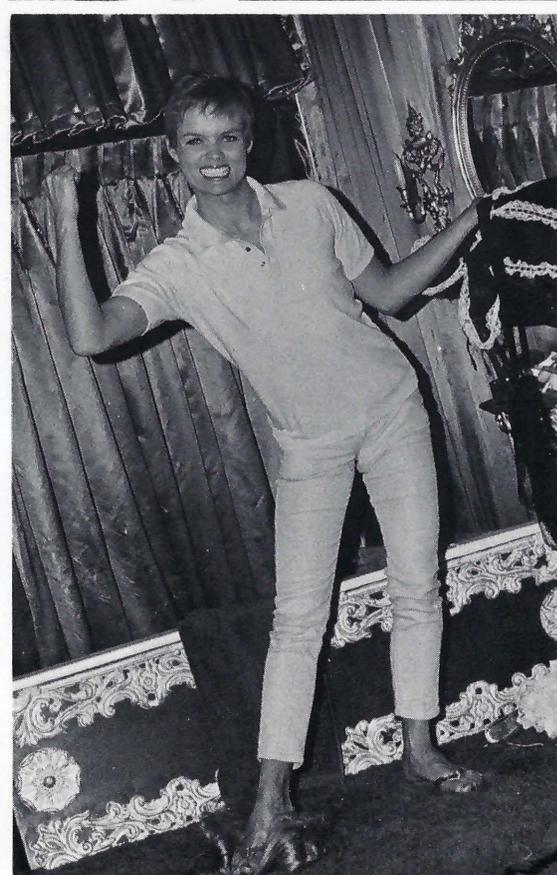
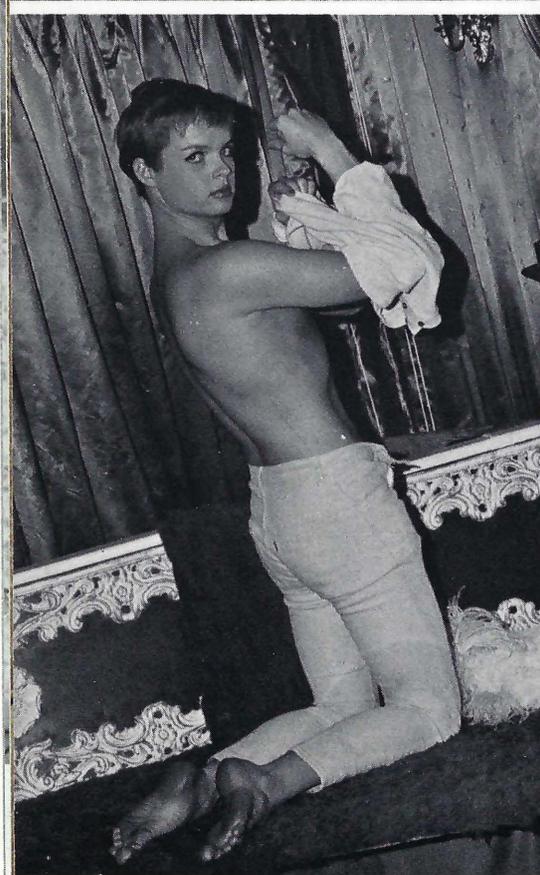
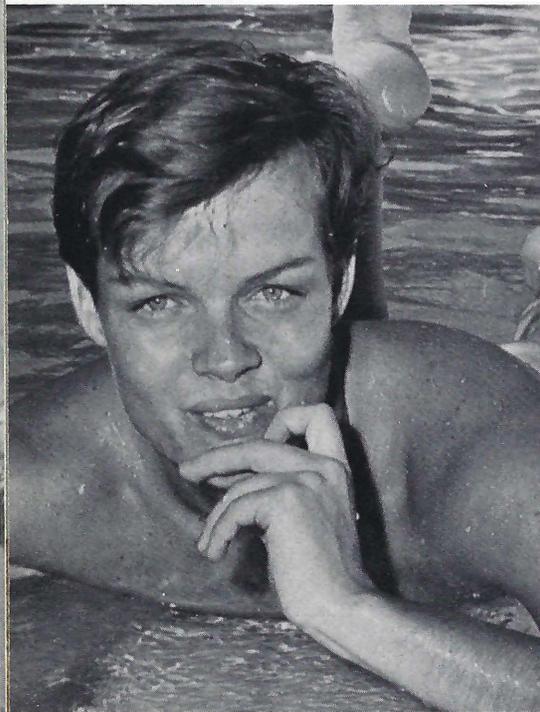


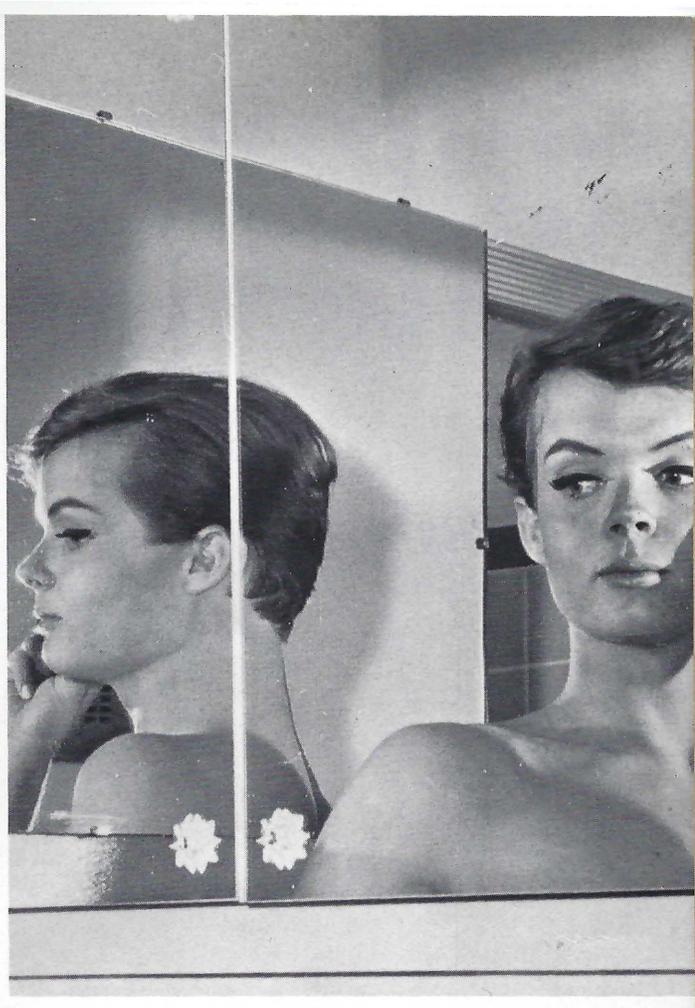
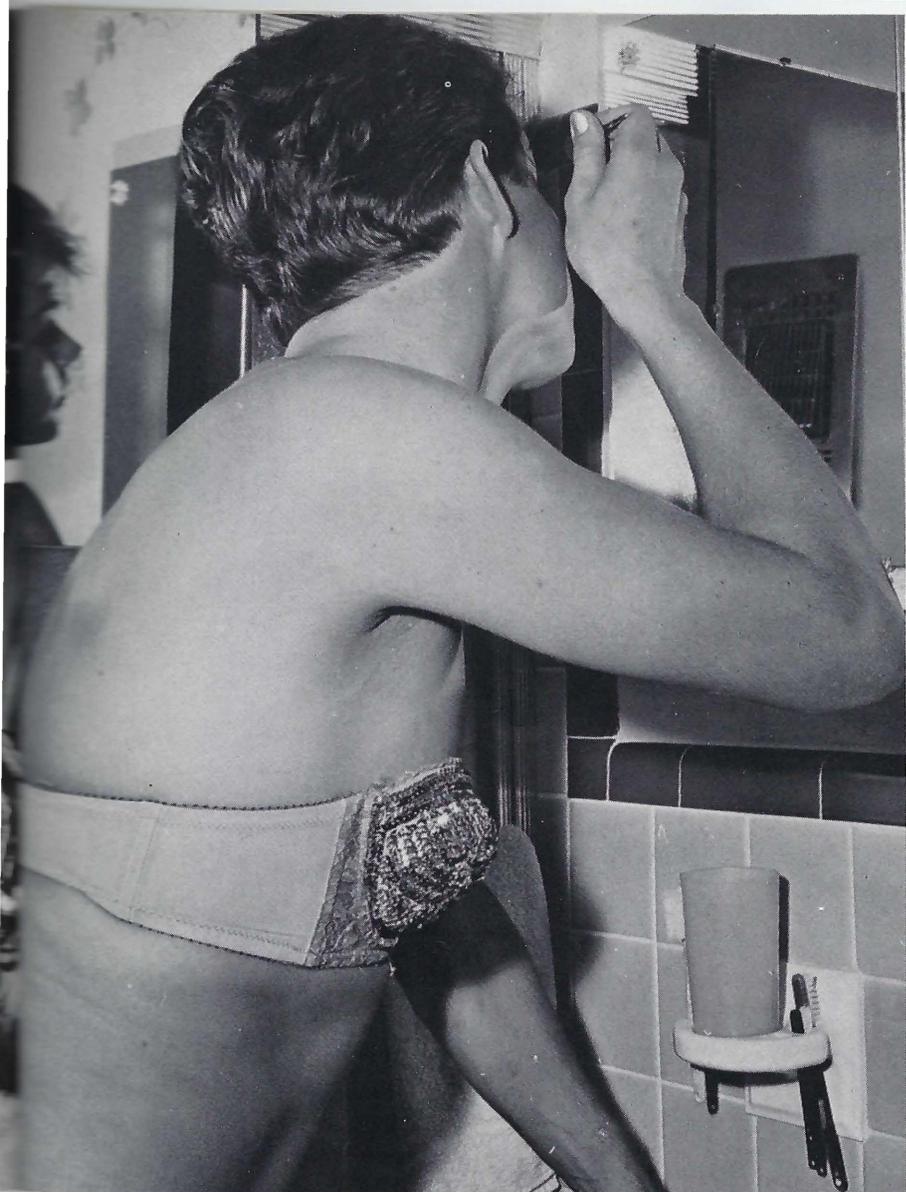






The last time we ran pictures of Robin, we were swamped with requests for more on him. We dispatched our staff photographer to Florida and here are the results of the trip. What more can we say?



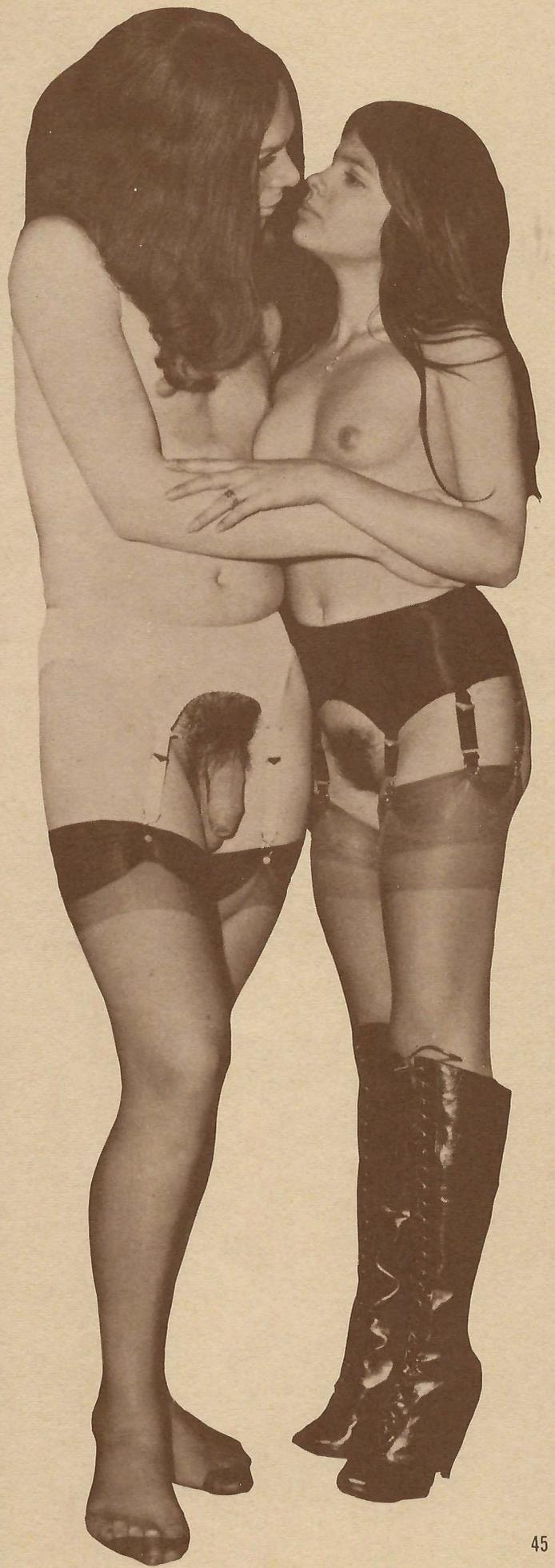






**MIXED-
UP
AFFAIR**









Bachman



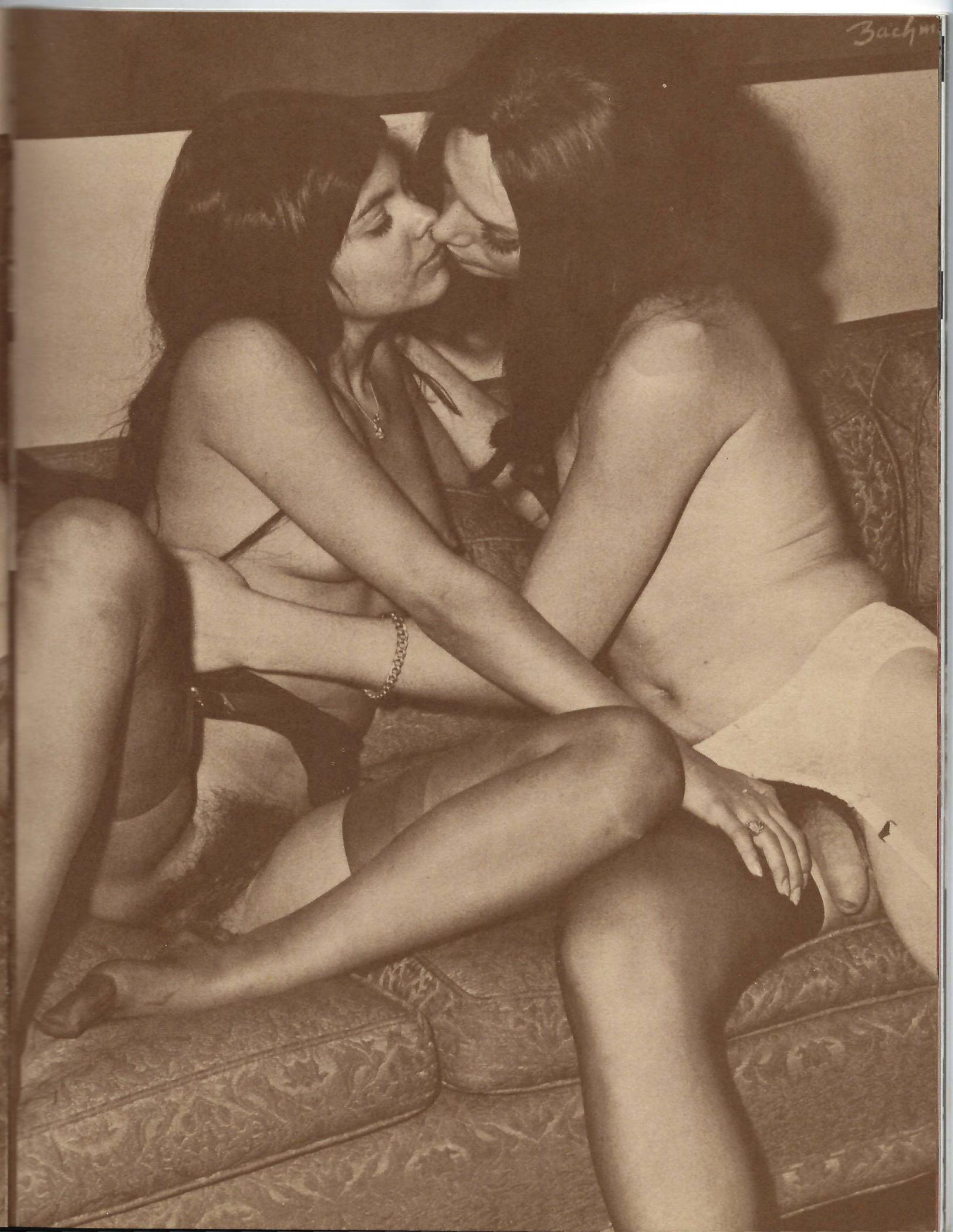








Bachm





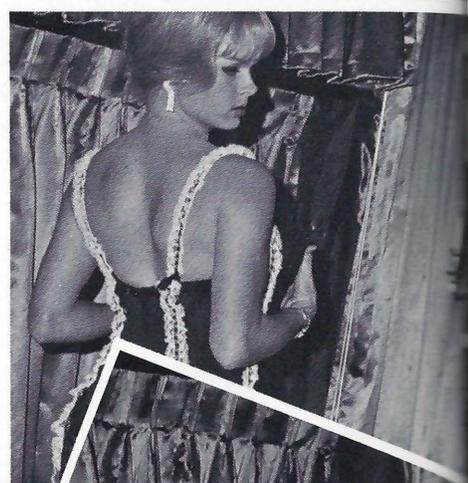
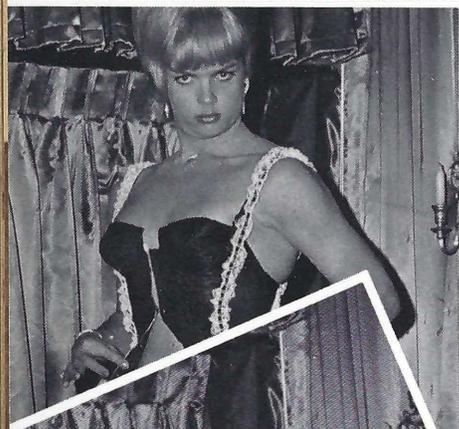
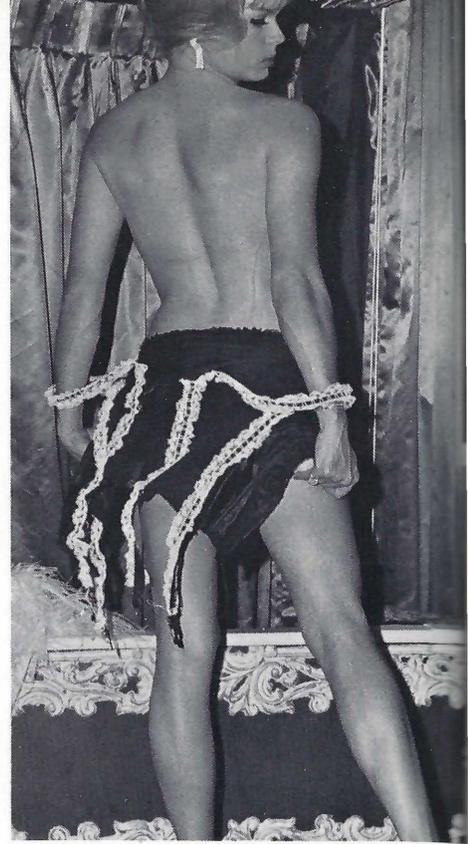




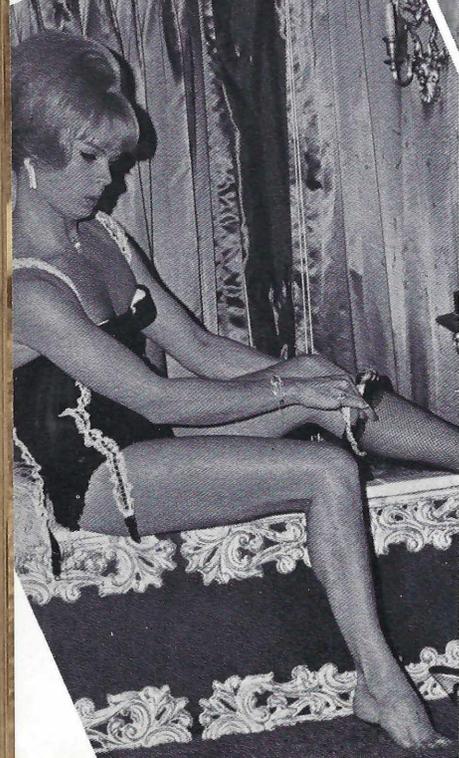


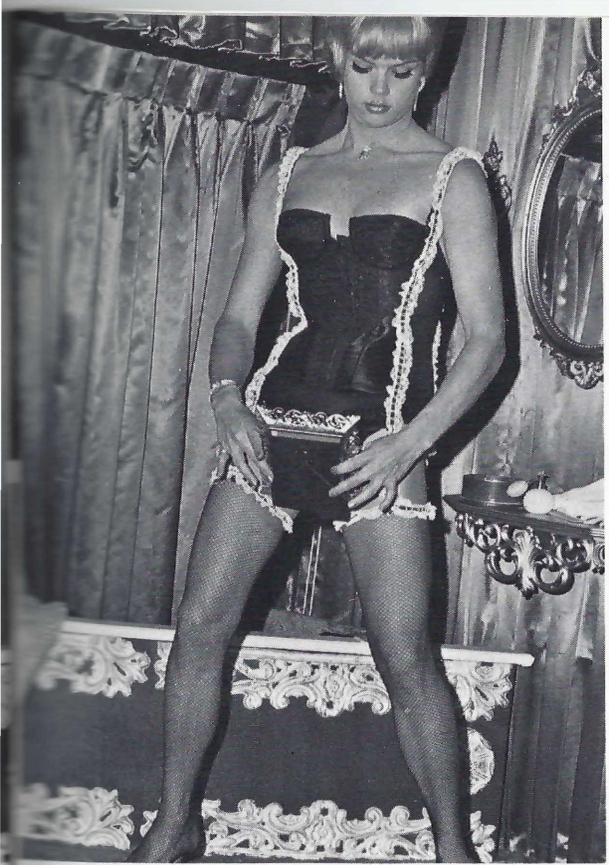






Wonder why Robin
wasn't cast as Myra
you-know-who?













Many hundreds of attractive and beautiful impersonators have passed through the pages of FEMALE MIMICS, but none can surpass the sheer glamor and excitement of this non-professional. We predict great things for him.



FILM STARS IN DRAG



Practically every male motion picture star has, at one time or another, slipped into female garb when the role called for it. These are just a few examples that we managed to dig out of our files. . . .





George Raft (above) bears little resemblance to the tough guy that he usually portrays.

HAWAIIAN HONIES





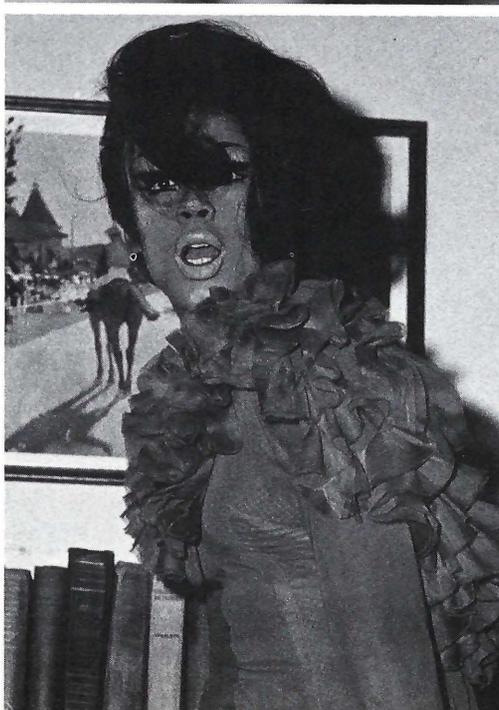






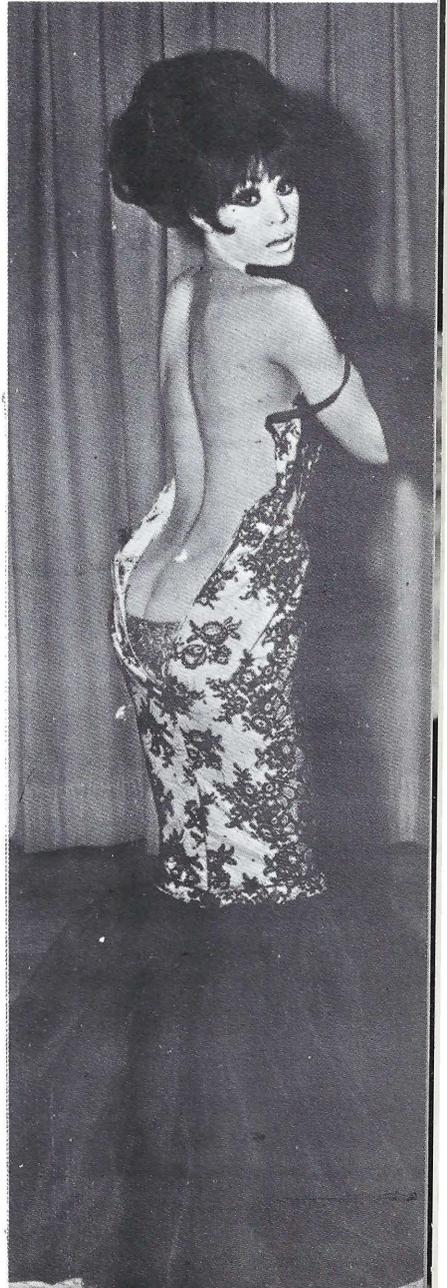
QUEENS IN DRAG







Gene La
Buff

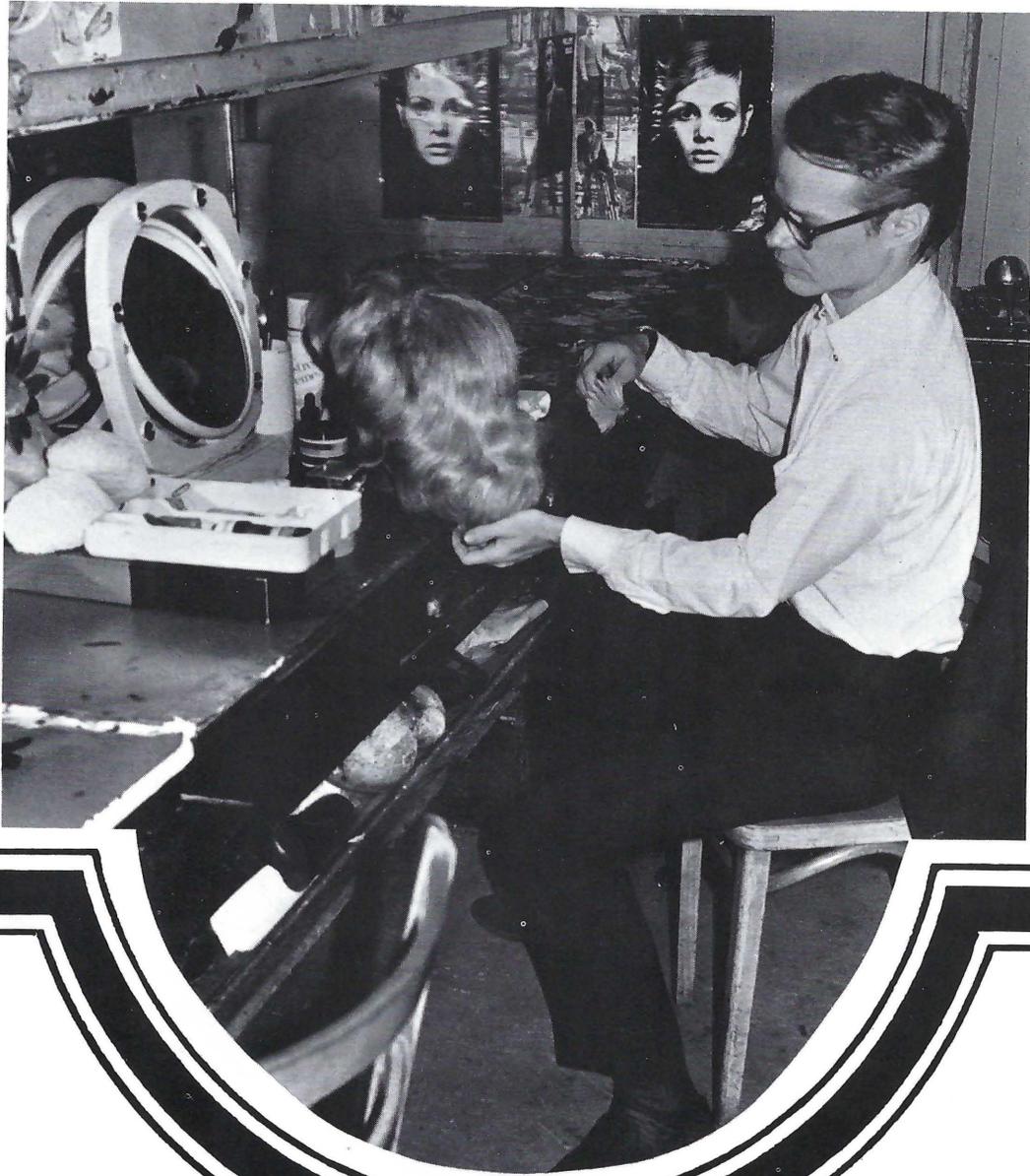


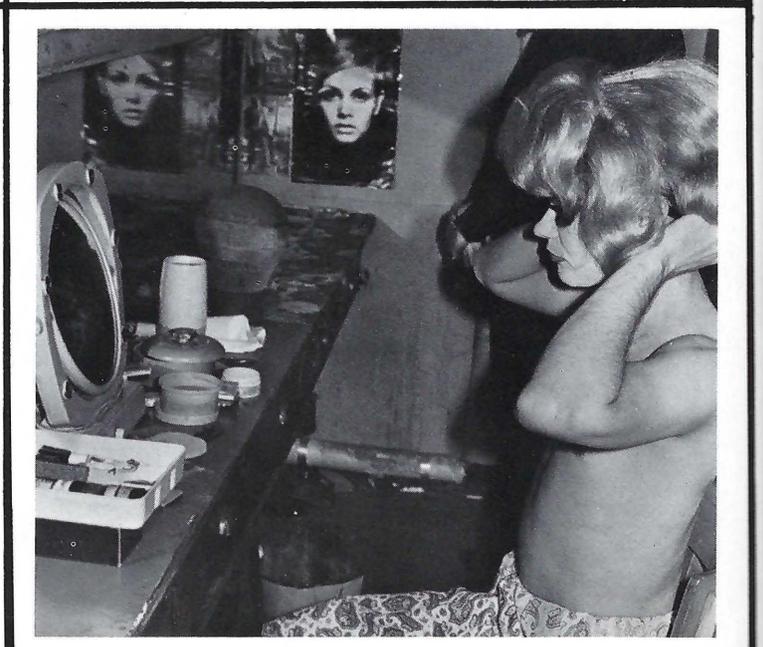
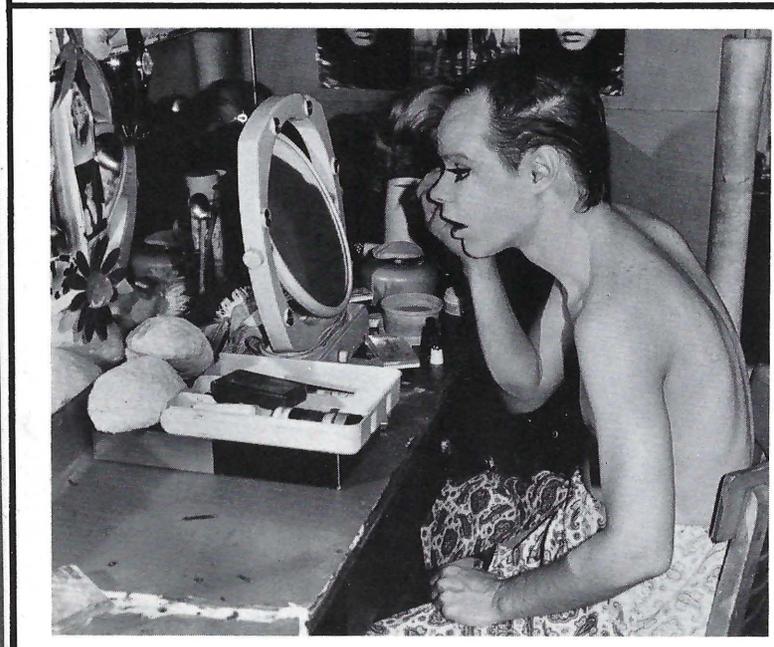
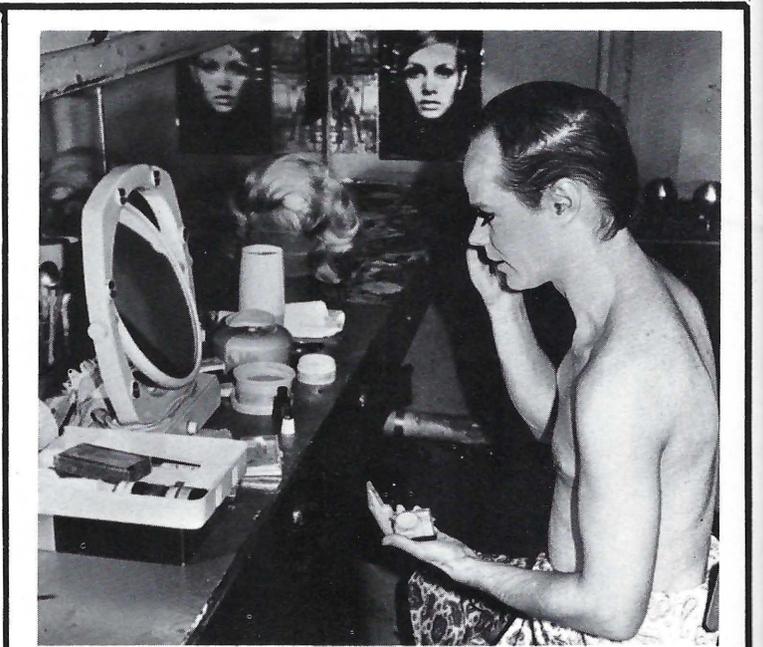
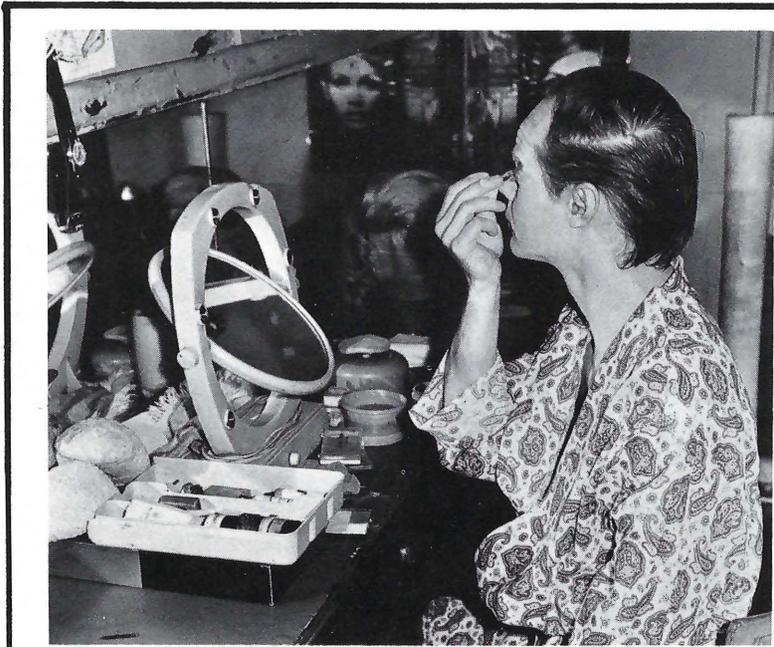






DALE ROBERTS- BACKSTAGE



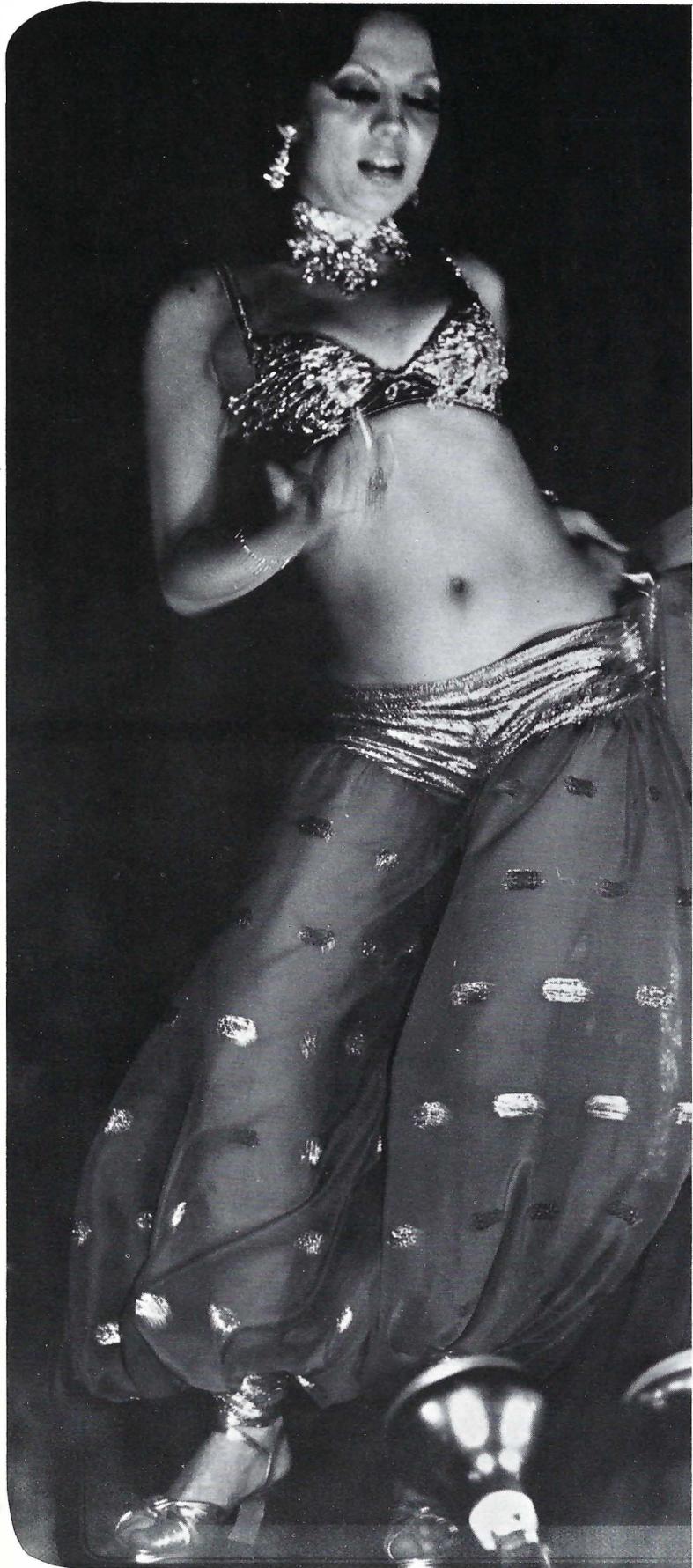




DAYZEE DEE'S THANKSGIVING BALL

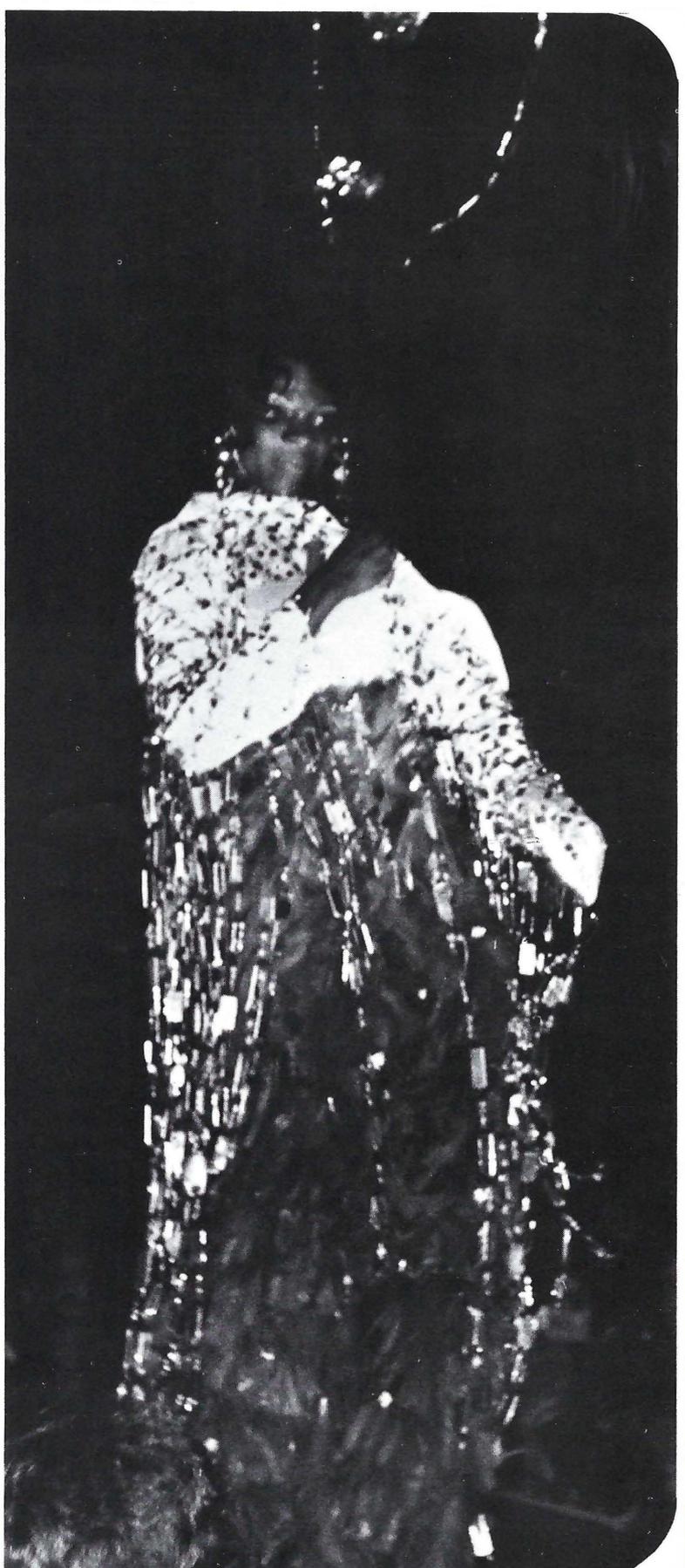
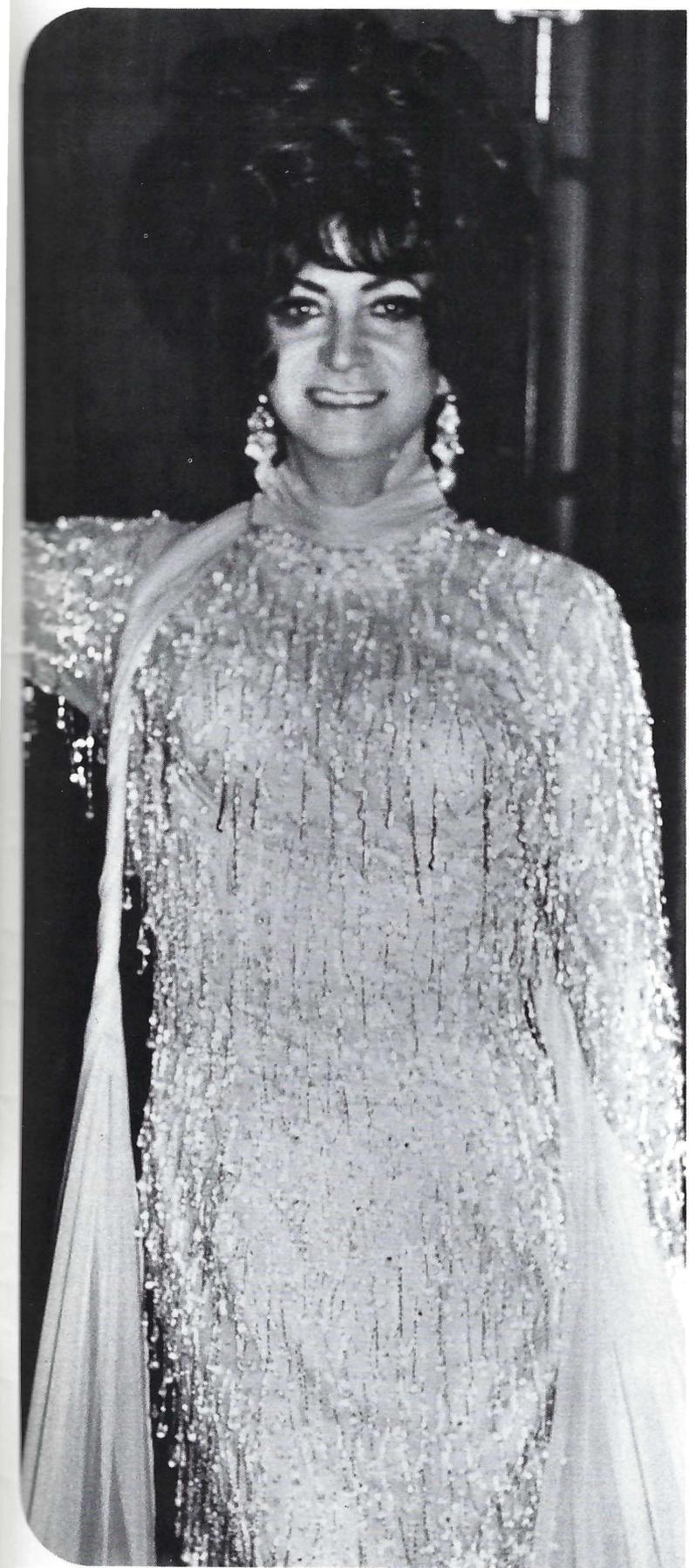
















The Women's Libleader was named Samantha Newhouse, and, appropriately enough, she was called Sam. I was ushered into her private office where she was talking seriously with another girl, evidently one of her chief assistants. Both girls were wearing loose, shapeless gowns of drab material, trying to conceal their basically feminine outlines. From my professional experience in such things, I could see that neither girl was wearing a bra, that symbol of female slavery to male desires (according to their creed). Her aide was not attractive, having a gross, heavy face, bad complexion, poor posture, and too much obvious fat on her bulky frame, but Samantha was something else again.

In spite of her concealing garb, it was certain that she had an exquisite feminine body, with breasts that kept pressing arrogantly against her voluminous robe. She was taller than I had expected, being an inch or so taller than I am, and with a lovely face totally devoid of any make-up. In repose her features were quite beautiful, but she spent most of her time snarling or arguing or threatening someone. She dismissed her aide and then turned angrily on me.

"I don't know what you're trying to be, you half man, half woman, but you've got to stop it."

"Why should I stop?" I asked quietly. "I'm working my way through college, and making good money."

"You're making the sexual slavery of women even worse than it is. You get men all hot and sexed up with your exotic costumes and actions, and then when they get home they want to use their wives and girl-friends to relieve the pressure. You're helping make women's lives a sexual hell."

"Bullshit," I replied abruptly. "A real woman likes sex with her man as much as the man does."

"Typical male chauvinism," she screeched at me, rising and advancing menacingly so that she towered over me. "Women hate sex. It debases and enslaves them. They just pretend to like it sometimes, to please their male masters. Sex is terrible. I know."

"You're not a real woman," I told her finally. "You're a dirty-minded, frigid, lesbian pig who's afraid of her emotions and ashamed of her body and too uptight about everything to either give or accept love."

She swung at me with a typical female round-house, straight-armed punch which I ducked under easily. Then she was swarming all over me, spitting, scratching, kneeling like a child having a temper-tantrum. She succeeded in

only to make her madder. I slapped her face smartly and in retaliation I grabbed her monkish robe and ripped it mostly off her, revealing that she wore only crude coarse cotton panties underneath. With her heavy outer garment wrapped clumsily around her feet I grabbed her and bent her quickly over my lap and began spanking her plump round ass while her big bouncy tits jiggled against my legs.

She was squalling like a singed cat, but nobody dared come to her rescue; she wanted to conquer me all by herself. I kept on beating her pneumatic bottom, and as her panties tore under the blows, I ripped them off, leaving her lush body naked in all its statuesque glory. Her ass-cheeks were getting redder and hotter and I noticed that her struggles were getting less violent and her screeches turning to moans. Suddenly it occurred to me that maybe this was the first time she had ever been effectively opposed and mastered by a man, and that she was getting to like it. All the better for me.

I picked her up and carried her over to a big leather couch against the other wall of the office. She was taller than I and probably out-weighted me by twenty pounds, so she was surprised at being manhandled like a little feminine girl. As I lay her down on the couch, her arms came up around my neck and suddenly we were kissing passionately. She was naked, and I was nearly so, so it took only a second for me to tear off my tiny G-string. My cock was already hard and her knees were raised and spread as if she knew what was going to happen.

To my pleased amazement her hand guided my randy prick to the entrance to her heated cunt, and her hips were already heaving in ardent anticipation. For a moment I couldn't gain admission for my rod into her hole, and suddenly I realized that she was still a virgin. With one powerful heave, her writhing pelvis helping, I burst through the barrier of her maidenhead and was buried full-deep within her lush body.

She screamed at the pain of defloration, but in seconds she was moaning in rhythm with our fucking, a moaning of desire and mounting pleasure. Moments later the dam of her long-repressed passion burst and she soared into a violent orgasm of delicious release. I was only seconds behind her, and then we lay panting in each other's arms. She hugged me lovingly as I whispered in her ear, "Do you still think sex is so terrible and degrading?"

The women's Liberation movement lost one of its most militant members that day.



BIZZARRE

MAGAZINES

For The CONNOISSEUR..

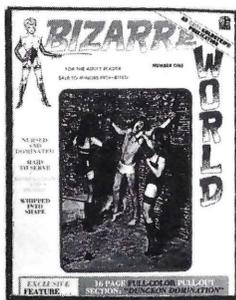
Here are magazines with pictures so tantalizing, so thrilling that they make the erotica of the past seem tame and pale. There are stories so daring and explicit, even the street vendors of Paris did not dare to offer them. Fantastic feats of sexual dexterity that will leave you in a breathless state of wonder. There has never been a group of magazines like this before.



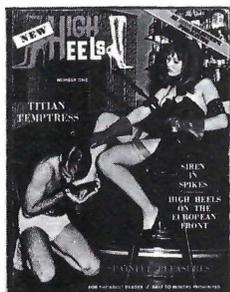
4.00



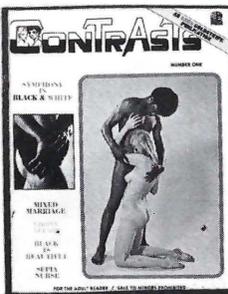
4.00



7.50



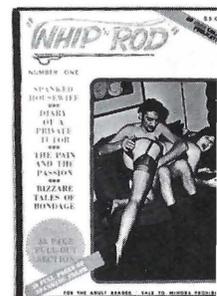
3.50



5.00



5.00



5.00

VISUAL ADVENTURE P.O. BOX 5818 CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101
 SEND THE ITEMS CHECKED TO ME BY RETURN MAIL, POSTPAID. I HAVE
 ENCLOSED CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER IN THE CORRECT AMOUNT.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD.

SIGNATURE _____

DOMINANT DUO
BIZZARRE WORLD

SPANKING MENAGE
A 'TROIS'

CONTRASTS NO.1

FEMALE MIMICS

HIGH HEELS

WHIP 'N ROD



RUBBER GODDESS CB205 2.00
KEN COULD SEE HER NIPPLES THRUST, AND THE URGENCY IN HIS GROIN BEGAN TO HAMMER FOR APPEASEMENT.

LEATHERED LASS CB215 2.00
TAKE A CURIOUS, WILLING, SEXUALLY ADAPT 15 YEAR-OLD GIRL, AND KINDLE HER IMAGINATION WITH BONDAGE.

SWAPPING SOCIETY CB216 2.00
THIS ALL NEW, ACTION-PACKED PUBLICATION IS CERTAIN TO PLEASE EVERYONE INTERESTED IN THE BIZARRE LIFE!

SWASTIKA SEX CULT CB214 2.00
A COMPLETE BONDAGE STORY, ON SECLUDED FOG ISLAND WHERE THEY CONDUCT SCHOOL FOR SEXUAL PERVERSIONS.

PAIN & PLEASURE CB046 2.00
NOTED AUTHOR, DR. HARVEY LEATHEN, HAS STUDIED SADISM AND MASOCHISM AND THEIR EFFECTS....

SEX & FEMALE DOMINATION CB048 2.00
A TEAM OF SEXOLOGISTS SHEDS NEW LIGHT ON TODAY'S AGGRESSIVE WOMEN IN THEIR OFFBEAT MANIFESTATIONS.

BONDAGE QUEEN CB081 2.00
LISETTE AND HER WEALTHY HUSBAND, CATER TO PROMINENT MEN WHO BEG FOR HER DIABOLICAL TORTURES!

FEMALE AGGRESSOR 2.00
THE SADO-MASOCHISTIC FEMALE TURNS HER PARTNERS INTO WARPED SLAVES OF CARNAL LUST. (CASE HIST.)

DOMINANT FEMALE 2.00
GONE IS THE MYTH THAT MEN SHOULD MAKE THE SEXUAL ADVANCES. TODAY'S WOMAN TAKES HER LOVING!

BIZARRE EROTIC ZONES VP288 2.00
YOUR BODY IS BROUGHT INTO ACTIVITY DURING SEXUAL UNION. THERE ARE EROTIC ZONES YET TO BE EXPLORED.

SUBMISSION OF LADY HELEN CC9528 2.00
A MEMBER OF THE NOBILITY WAS FORCED INTO THE MOST DEGRADING SEXUAL SLAVERY - AND LOVED EVERY MINUTE.

4 FOR \$7

8 FOR \$14

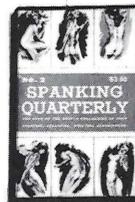
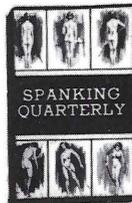
ALL 11 \$18

EROTIC PUBLICATIONS ADULT EDITIONS LATEST EDITIONS SADISM & MASOCHISM BONDAGE PHOTOGRAPHS



FRUTA VERDE #1 & #2
3.00 EA. OR BOTH FOR 5.00

FOR THE FIRST TIME TROPIC BOOK SERVICE BRINGS TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC TWO THRILLING CARTOON - SERIAL BOOKS DEALING WITH FEMALE DOMINATION AND UNUSUAL ADVENTURE! THE ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACCOMPANIED BY A RUNNING TEXT BOTH IN ENGLISH AND SPANISH WHICH DESCRIBES THE ACTION. DON'T MISS OUT ON THIS TERRIFIC OFFER. ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF COPIES ARE AVAILABLE!



SPANKING QUARTERLY
#1 & #2
3.00 EA. OR BOTH FOR 5.00

NO. 1 AND 2 IN THE SEXUAL BEHAVIOR SERIES. THESE BOOKS FULLY DESCRIBE THE SEXUAL SATISFACTION DERIVED FROM THE SPANKER, IN DETAIL, THE CAUSES AND THE METHODS--PLUS HIGHLY INFORMATIVE CASE HISTORIES, TRULY AN INTERESTING SET.



SADISM & MASOCHISM
#1 & #2
3.00 EA. OR BOTH FOR 5.00

SADISM AND MASOCHISM THROUGH THE AGES TO TODAY'S PRACTICES OF THESE PERVERSIONS, STARKLY AND VIVIDLY ILLUSTRATED. THE MOST VIVID DETAILS ARE TOLD IN FRANK TERMS, SO THAT STUDENTS AND THE LAT-READER CAN MORE FULLY UNDERSTAND THESE TWO VICES. THESE TWO BOOKS REVEAL ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT SEX AND SADO-MASOCHISM!

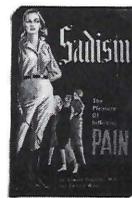


DOMINANT FEMALE 5.00

SHE IS FULL-BLOODED AND PASSIONATE. SHE IS EMOTION ITSELF-HYSTERICAL, FURIOUS, AND DESPERATE. THERE IS NO MODERATION. THE STORY OF A FULL-BLOODED AND HOTLY PASSIONATE DEMON...REVEALING PHOTOS.

BRUTALITY 5.00

THIS SPECIAL EDITION EXAMINES THROUGH THE AGES TILL TODAY'S PRACTICES OF THESE PERVERSIONS. THE MOST GRUESOME DETAILS ARE TOLD IN FRANK TERMS. A SCIENTIFIC STUDY INTO THE ATROCITIES AMONG THE DIFFERENT NATIONS FULLY DOCUMENTED.



TV DOMINATION 5.00

A BIZARRE AND THRILLING CARTOON-SERIAL DEALING WITH FEMALE DOMINATION AND UNUSUAL ADVENTURE! READ WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A YOUNG MAN BECOMES A WOMAN UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF A SCHEMING AND FORCEFUL FEMALE. (OVER 45 DRAWINGS)

SADISM 5.00

SADISM, ITS MANY FACES, CASE HISTORIES OF A FEMALE SADIST AND MALE SADIST, WEAPONS USED, THE EMOTIONS IN THE HEIGHT OF AN ACT. SADISM AROUND THE WORLD, THE WEAPON AND METHODS OF A SADIST, VARIOUS IMPLEMENTS, WHIPS, STRAPS, ETC.



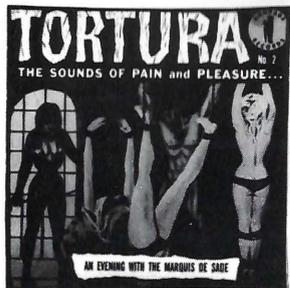
EXOTIQUE ILLUSTRATED
NO. 1 5.00

THIS IS THE PREMIER ISSUE OF AN ALL NEW MAGAZINE FOR ALL DEVOTEES OF THE UNUSUAL IN TEXT AND IN PHOTOGRAPHS. IF YOU ARE TIRED OF THE SAME OLD MATERIAL THAT YOU SEE IN EVERY OTHER MAGAZINE, ORDER A COPY TODAY OF EXOTIQUE ILLUSTRATED.

MASOCHISM 5.00

HOW DOES A PERSON BECOME A MASOCHIST. WHAT DOES A MASOCHIST FEEL WHEN BEING SUBJECTED TO PAIN. ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES AS UNUSUAL AS THEY ARE BIZARRE, FULLY DOCUMENTED BY ONE OF THE FOREMOST AUTHORITIES OF OUR TIMES.

THE SOUNDS OF PAIN AND PLEASURE
 A MUST FOR YOUR NEXT PARTY



TORTURA 5.00

In response to many requests after completely selling out the first record of this type ever to be offered. We are again offering to the general public... Tortura #2.

BONUS

IF YOUR ORDER TOTALS \$10.00 OR MORE, YOU MAY SELECT ANY ADDITIONAL ITEM ON THIS CIRCULAR, WITH A VALUE UP TO \$2.00 AND RECEIVE IT ABSOLUTELY FREE.

IF YOUR ORDER IS \$20.00 OR MORE, YOU MAY SELECT ANY ITEM(S) UP TO \$4.00 IN VALUE AND RECEIVE IT AS YOUR BONUS.

CHECK SELECTIONS

- | | | | |
|---|------|---|------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> RUBBER GODDESS | 2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> SADIST IN SKIRTS | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LEATHERED LASS | 2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> BIZARRE LIFE NO. 2 | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SWAPPING SOCIETY | 2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> TRANSVESTISM AROUND | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SWASTIKA SEX CULT | 2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> THE WORLD | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PAIN & PLEASURE | 2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> DISCIPLINE MANOR | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SEX & FEMALE DOMINATION | | <input type="checkbox"/> NO. 5 | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BONDAGE QUEEN | 2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> MASOCHISM | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FEMALE AGGRESSOR | 2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> SADISM | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DOMINANT FEMALE | 2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> BRUTALITY | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BIZARRE EROTIC ZONES | 2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> TV DOMINATION | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SUBMISSION OF LADY HELEN | 2.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> EXOTIQUE ILLUSTRATED NO. 1 | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PUNISHMENT JOURNAL #1 | 3.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> DOMINANT FEMALE | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FETISH JOURNAL VOL. 1 | 3.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> BIZARRE COSTUME CATALOG | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THREE WAY AFFAIR | 3.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> DUNGEON DOMINATION | 5.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TORTURE MANOR | 3.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> TURNABOUT SPANKERS | 3.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EVIL IN EROS | 5.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> FETISH IN FILMS | 5.00 |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> WHIPPET | 5.00 |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> TORTURA | 5.00 |

BOTH FOR 8.00

- | | | | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|--------|--------------------------|----------|--------------------------|
| FRUTA VERDE #1 \$3 | <input type="checkbox"/> | #2 \$3 | <input type="checkbox"/> | BOTH \$5 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| SPANKING QUARTERLY #1 \$3 | <input type="checkbox"/> | #2 \$3 | <input type="checkbox"/> | BOTH \$5 | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| SADISM & MASOCHISM #1 \$3 | <input type="checkbox"/> | #2 \$3 | <input type="checkbox"/> | BOTH \$5 | <input type="checkbox"/> |

VISUAL ADVENTURE, P.O. BOX 5818, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101
 SEND THE MAGAZINES CHECKED TO ME BY RETURN MAIL, POSTPAID. I-HAVE ENCLOSED CASH, CHECK, OR MONEY ORDER IN THE CORRECT AMOUNT.

Name _____
 Address _____ City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD. Signature _____



PUNISHMENT JOURNAL #1 3.00

THIS IS A STORY FROM CASE--HISTORIES PUT INTO A JOURNAL. IT DEALS WITH PEOPLE WHO ACHIEVED FAME IN THEIR CHOSEN FIELD.



FETISH JOURNAL VOL. 1 3.00

PEOPLE KNOW PAIN AND PLEASURE OF SEX ARE CLOSELY RELATED. BUT FEW PEOPLE UNDERSTAND THE PLEASURE AND PAIN.



THREE WAY AFFAIR 3.00

A HISTORY OF CHARACTERS SEEKING SEXUAL BY PATHS. IT SHOWS THE STRANGE WORKINGS OF THEIR MINDS AND LIVES AS THEY LIVE THEM.



TORTURE MANOR 3.00

IT WAS A SECLUDED MANSION. ITS OWNER WAS A DOMINATING -- LESBIAN WHOSE TASTES RAN TO THE ABNORMAL WITH EMPHASIS ON WHIPS.



EVIL IN EROS 5.00

TWO LONELY LOVERS DISCOVER A WAY OF LIFE AMIDST A GROTESQUE-- TWILIGHT WORLD OF THE TWO MINDS HALF ASCETIC AND HALF ORGIASTIC.



SADIST IN SKIRTS 5.00

THEY REQUIRED WOMEN TO SATISFY THE PERVERTED NEEDS OF THEIR MASTERS. READ WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY TURN TO THEIR MALE PRISONERS.



BIZARRE LIFE NO. 2 5.00

SHARON WILSON MODELS ITEMS FROM HER OWN COLLECTION OF LEATHER GOODS. EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS ARE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME!



TRANSVESTISM AROUND THE WORLD 5.00

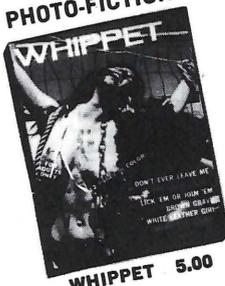
HERE FOR THE CONNOISSEUR ARE OVER 100 NEW PHOTOS OF THE WORLD'S BEST IMPERSONATORS!! MEET THEM ALL AND SEE THEIR CREATIONS.



DISCIPLINE MANOR NO. 5 5.00

A DOMINANT BEAUTY GETS DESIRE TO TAME EVERYTHING. SEE HER CHANGE LOVINGLY INTO LEATHER AND LACE AS SHE LEANS TO HANDLE WHIPS.

BIZARRE PHOTO-FICTION



WHIPPET 5.00

SPECIAL COLLECTORS ISSUE!



FETISH IN FILM

EROTICA

ENTIRELY
 NEW
 SELECTIONS



DUNGEON DOMINATION 5.00



TURNABOUT SPANKERS 3.00



BIZARRE COSTUME CATALOG 5.00

BOOKS

RECORDS

MAGAZINES

NEW BOOKS

ON THE SEX REVOLUTION
THAT IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY

COUPLE EXCHANGE

Has the electronic computer replaced the human match-maker? In the blunt language of the people who have used the computer matching set-up, the answer is worth reading about. #2 2.25

TEEN SWAP

The sex activities of our teen-agers make the fastest motion picture seem like afternoon socials! Others may profit from reading of the experiences of the people between these covers. #3 2.25

PRIVATE SECRETARY

George Morrist Handson and charming what a boss. The hard covered had come to mind, the wrist and ankle things... Tied there, spread-eagled and loving. #4 2.25

I'M COMING

Long Beach is a long way to the world's most famous whorehouse. SOAK LEGS AND BATHS — don't frown, that's really the name and their motto will make you sit up. 2.00

SWAP MARKET

The author writes of his life with his mother as she sold herself to anyone in order to survive. He recounts the many orgies she had with many men. #DC2 2.25

SEXPO '70

Two complete novels for the price of one. **TEENAGE SEX SLAYS & DIRTY OLD WOMAN.** Rare novels written by today's modern writers. 2.90



CHILD INCEST

In their own shocking revelations, a wide range of orally oriented teen-agers describe their initiation in to a continued experience of sex with children. #DC3 2.25



SEX STUDIES

Two books in one. **NOON TILL DAWN & WOMAN AND ORGASM.** True case histories of the bizarre happening going on in the large, corrupt cities of our nation. 2.50



SEX IN NUMBERS

The introduction of the pill has even further accelerated the general loss of interest in female virginity. A must! #OS 2.00



WANDA'S WHIP

Carla loved to dominate men and women. Those who rebelled, were given a taste of the leather lash secured to her black leather mittens. 2.00



SPECIALTY HOUSE

Once in a blue moon a novel is written that lifts you right out of your chair. If it is true that we all get out of a book exactly what we bring to it, prepare yourself well for a flesh and blood cast of characters. 2.25



ANAL INTERCOURSE

Case histories of anal sex. The author comments: "I have not made any changes in the transcriptions of any of the interviews." #CS 2.00

PHOTO-ART MAGAZINES



ALL-COLOR GRABBER, VOL. 1, #1 5.00



HIGH HEELS, VOL. 1, #12 3.00



BANG #1 3.50



SWEETIE #2 2.50



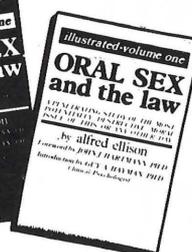
SWEEPERS #4 2.50

ORAL SEX

AND THE LAW

Over 200 Illustrations From Uncensored Publications Around The World.

FRANCE
DENMARK
INDIA
GERMANY
JAPAN
SWEDEN



VOL. 1 \$ 12
VOL. 2 \$ 12
Both Volumes \$ 20



HOT BALLS
FULL COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS
"These are the rules." We can do anything we want to you. We'll make you do anything you want you to do to us and you can't do anything you want to do. 3.50



HOT FLESH
FULL COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS
Christina's flesh was hot, she smiled at both men and nodded her head in approval, she would devour them both. 3.50



THE LADY IS WILLING
FULL COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS
If your interested in reading about a red hot broad and SEX, you'll have to reread every single word. 3.50



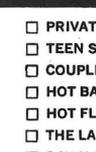
DAWN OF LUST
FULL COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS
Dawn reached out lazily, took the cross off the high table beside the couch, sipped it. "Don't stop," she murmured, easing her body lower down. 3.50

AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPHS FULLY ILLUSTRATE THESE ASTONISHING BOOKS!



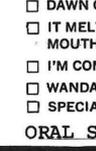
IT MELTS IN HER MOUTH
OVER 40 PHOTOS
Rachel was hot — and she was sweating. She'd been in that sauna for hours. She walked around a bit and watched the people playing dog and cat in the exercise rooms. Wow! what a story. #P43 3.25

HUSTLING WIVES
OVER 40 PHOTOS
Today's new women are willing to experiment with off-beat methods and aberrations. These are the facts. #P46 3.25



THE BIG BLOW
OVER 40 PHOTOS
No more women! I'm gonna cut off my cock with a razor. I'm gonna do something drastic. She sucks the juice out of you and leaves the rind for the maid. #P44 3.25

HARD WAY IN
OVER 40 PHOTOS
Ten days and Brenda would be free to do just as she damned pleased. From here on in was going to be one never ending merry time. #P47 3.25



WILD IN THE SADDLE
OVER 40 PHOTOS
Her fingernails scratched at my hairy lips, sometimes grazing my throbbing quim. She dug three long fingers into my wet sunning hole. #P45 3.25

BETWEEN THE SHEETS
OVER 40 PHOTOS
"Come on, sugar," I said, "follow me." As the door opened you never saw two girls pull off their bikinis so quickly in all your life. #P48 3.25

MALE NUDIST MAGAZINES



EXPERIENCED PLAYMATE 2.50

MALEROOT 3.00

CHAMPIONS ALL #4 5.00

A BOY & A BOY 6.00

BUNKHOUSE 3.00

VISUAL ADVENTURERS,
P.O. BOX 5818, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

PLEASE SEND THE MAGAZINES CHECKED AT RIGHT TO ME BY RETURN MAIL, POSTPAID. I HAVE ENCLOSED CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER IN THE CORRECT AMOUNT AND CERTIFY THAT I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

ALL OFFERINGS MADE SUBJECT TO PRIOR SALE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SUBSTITUTE IN THE EVENT OF SHORTAGE. ALL ORDERS MUST BE SIGNED. CHECKS MUST CLEAR BEFORE SHIPMENT.

- ALL-COLOR GRABBER, VOL. 1, #1 5.00
- HIGH HEELS, VOL. 1, #12 3.00
- BANG #1 3.50
- SWEETIE #2 2.50
- SWEEPERS #4 2.50
- EXPERIENCED PLAYMATE 3.00
- MALEROOT 3.00
- CHAMPIONS ALL #4 5.00
- A BOY & A BOY 6.00
- BUNKHOUSE 3.00

- PRIVATE SECRETARY 2.25
- TEEN SWAP 2.25
- COUPLE EXCHANGE 2.25
- HOT BALLS 3.50
- HOT FLESH 3.50
- THE LADY IS WILLING 3.50
- DAWN OF LUST 3.50
- IT MELTS IN HER MOUTH 3.25
- I'M COMING 2.00
- WANDA'S WHIP 2.00
- SPECIALTY HOUSE 2.25
- ORAL SEX Vol. #1 Vol. #2 Both
- SEXPO '70 2.50
- SEX STUDIES 2.50
- SEX IN NUMBERS 2.00
- THE BIG BLOW 3.25
- WILD IN THE SADDLE 3.25
- HUSTLING WIVES 3.25
- HARD WAY IN 3.25
- BETWEEN THE SHEETS 3.25
- ANAL INTERCOURSE 2.00
- CHILD INCEST 2.25
- SWAP MARKET 2.25



**WATCH
FOR
OTHER
EROS
GOLDSTRIPE
PUBLICATIONS**

**HIGH
HEELS**

"WHIP 'N' ROD"

TWILIGHT

CONTRASTS

...and the all **NEW**
and **EXCITING**:



