

FEMALE MIMICS



AN **EROS** GOLDSTRIP
PUBLICATION

\$5.00 **R**

NATIONAL COTILLION 1973

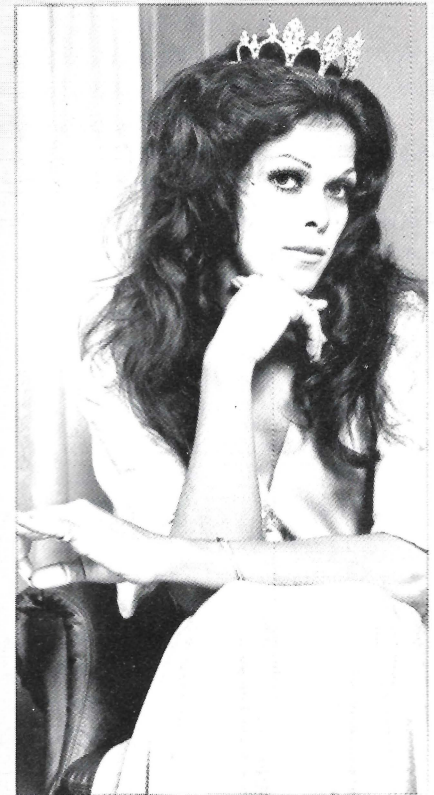


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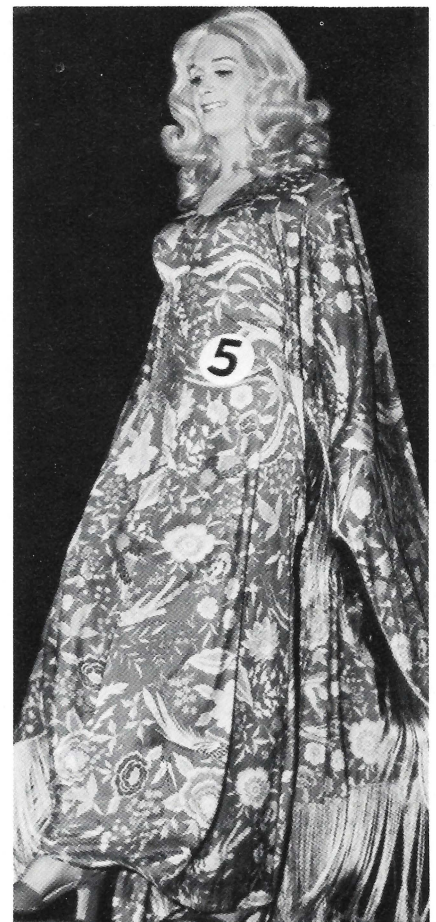
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NATIONAL COTILLION :1973

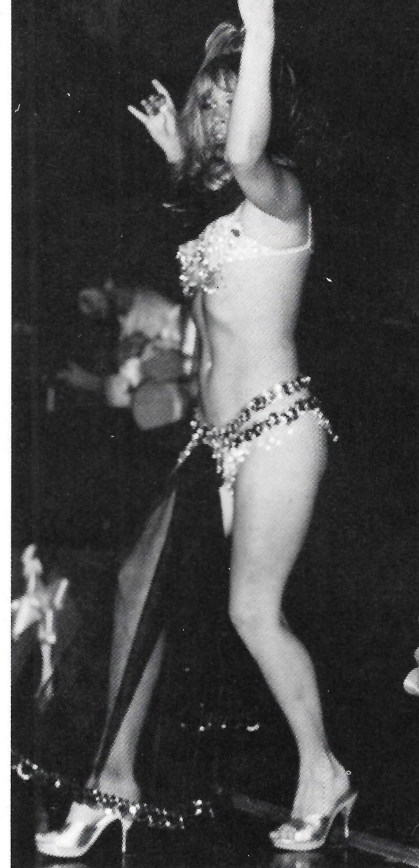
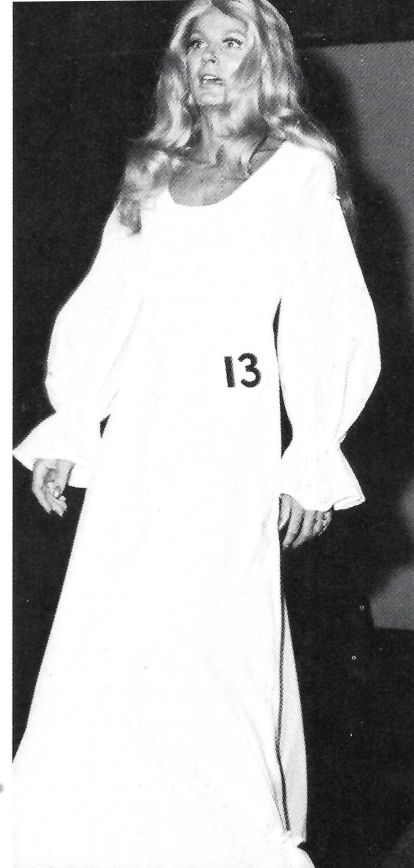
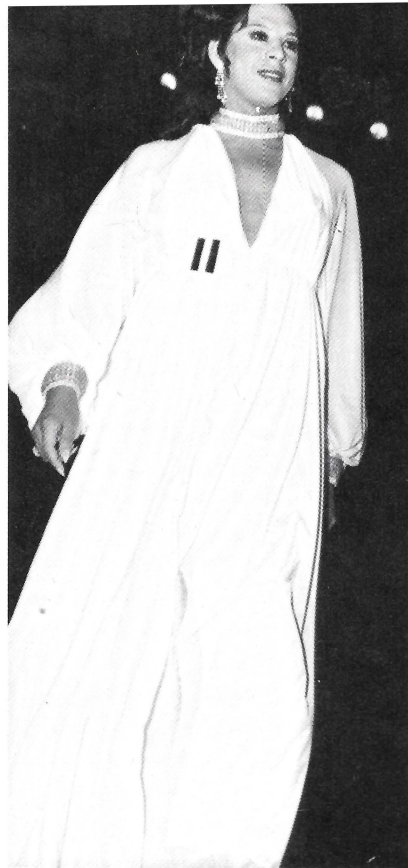






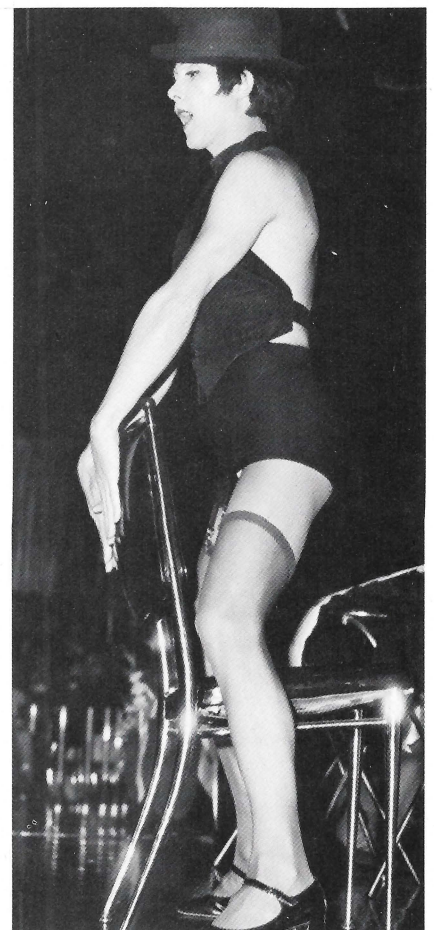
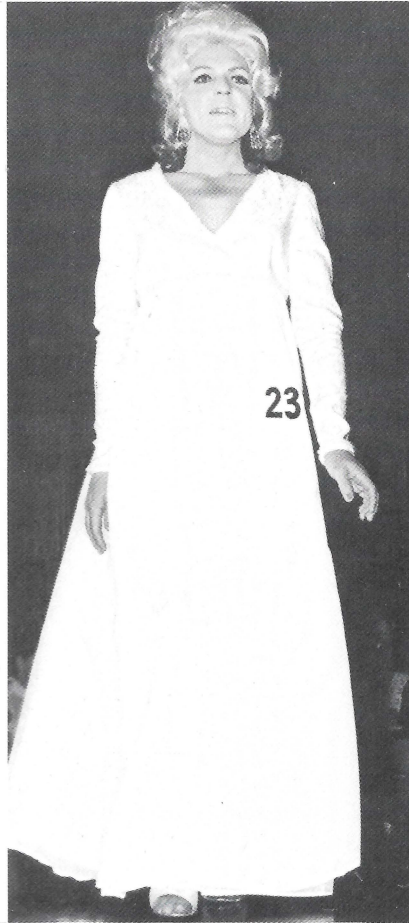
(Left) Gloria West; (Above & Below) Jackie Reyes; (Upper/ Right) Miss France; (Lower/ Right) Francine.

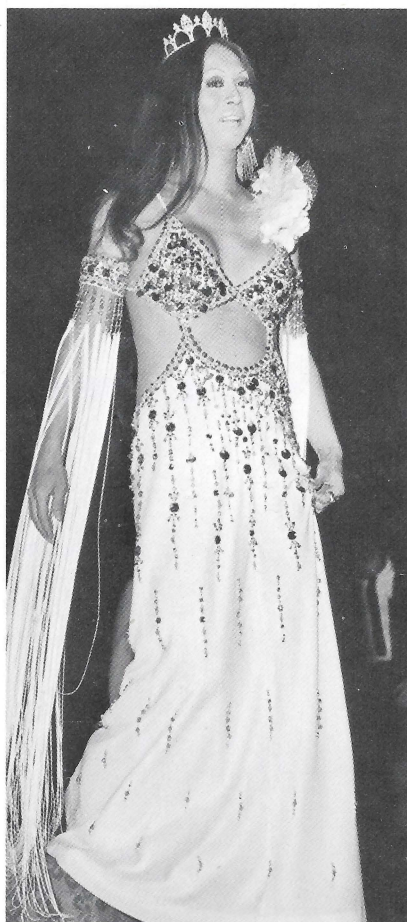
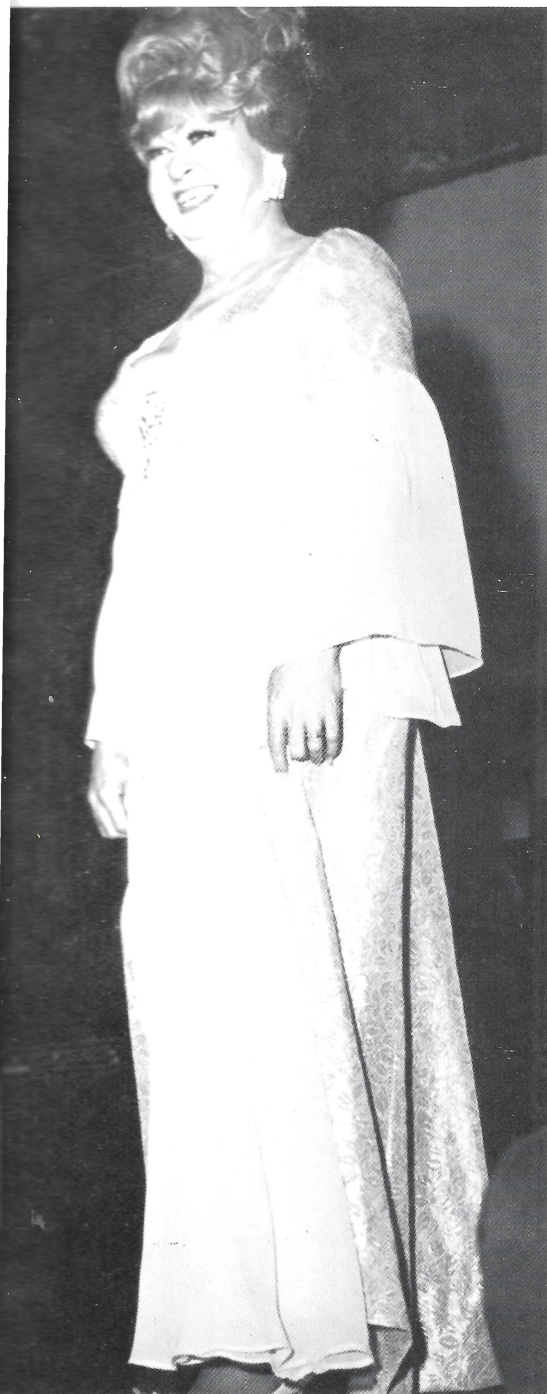




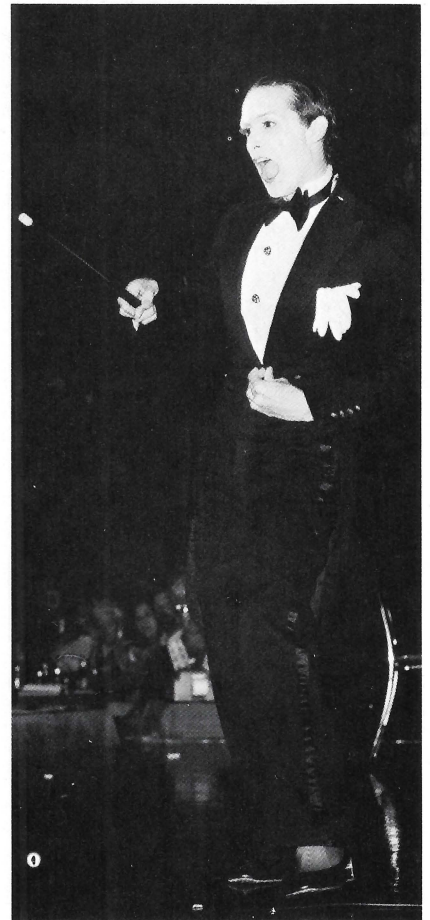


(Above & Upper/Center) Kim Christy - MISS COTILLION - 1973; (Lower/Center) Tawny Tann; (Upper/Right) Alexis; (Lower/Right) Danielle.



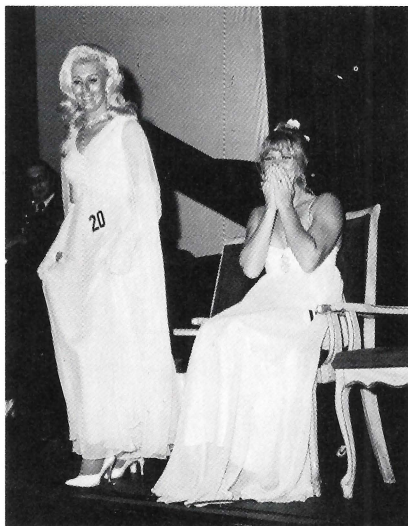


(Above) Fel Andrews; (Upper/Center) Brandy Lee, (Lower/Center) Roski Fernandez; (Upper/Right) Gloria West; (Lower/Right) Vickie Lee.





(Above) The five finalists (Left to Right) : Jackie La Rue; Kim Christy (Miss Cotillion-1973) ; Frankie; Francine & Ladilyn.



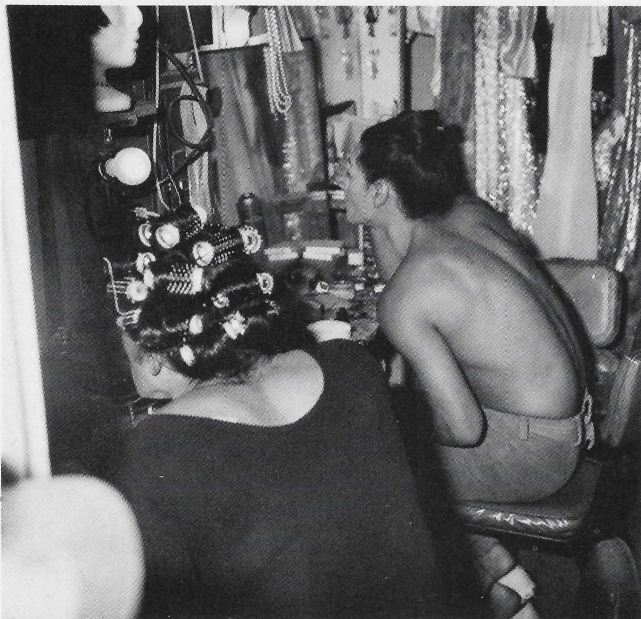


The beautiful KIM CHRISTY - MISS COTILLION of 1973!

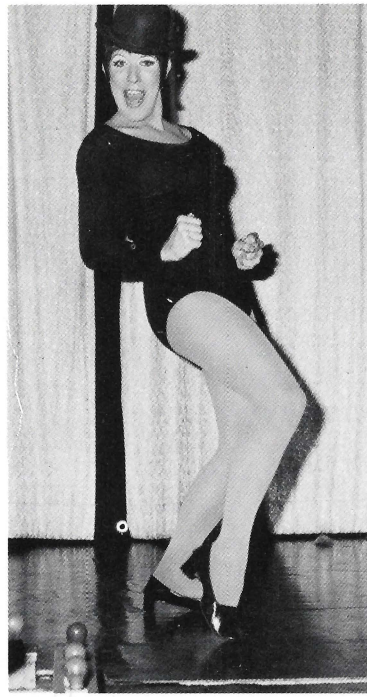




THE REDWOOD ROOM



(Above & Left) The star of the Redwood Room's mini-production of CABARET: Dizzy.













A SATIN SMILE



"Fuck with my wife, will you? You filthy stinking pervert!" The man shouted. "I'll blow your goddamned brains out!" And he ground the barrel of the gun in viciously against my temple.

You pull the sheer black nylons snugly up over your sleek calves, over your dimpled knees, on up your smooth thighs and

fasten them in place by means of a satin garterbelt. Your eye strays frequently to the mirror as you dress, for you firmly believe if something is worth doing it's worth doing right. There are penalties if you fuck it up. You concentrate on doing it right.

You should always do everything right. If it's worth doing, it's worth doing well. That's

what your mother always said. Be careful. Be neat. Don't play rough, it isn't nice. Keep your clothes clean. Act like a little gentleman, Howard.

Sissy. Pansy. Fairy. Creep. Keeping clean's what girls do. Don't play rough is what girls do. Being refined is what women do. Other boys hated him. He was afraid.

Why wouldn't anyone leave him alone?

Your waist is too thick and there's a heavy slope to your shoulders which makes finding the right clothes a chore, but despite it all you manage to look damn good. Feminine, no question about it. No Barbie doll, true, but definitely much more than merely adequate. When you're baiting the trap for something really special, you've got to know what you're doing and do it right.

Watch out, world. Here you come.

HARRIET.

"I don't care what you say. I love him. Besides I just happen to think you're wrong. What's so sick about it? I've never met one woman in my life who didn't sometime or another wish she'd been born a man. And I bet if most men were honest with themselves, they'd find they'd felt the same way."

"Well at least they don't go around dressing up in men's clothes, unless they're Dykes!" Mack had growled.

"They *don't* . . . ?"

Howard's last haircut had been three and a half years ago, and he hadn't been wearing it particularly short then. Howard liked his hair, and could see no reason not to admit it. For the first year or so that he'd been letting it grow, sometimes when he'd brush it he'd get an erection.



He would feel vaguely feminine at those times, with the hardon giving him the biggest clit in town. That didn't happen very much any more, although his hair was longer and healthier now than ever, and he brushed it easily a hundred strokes a day.

He liked trailing his hair across his girlfriend's naked breasts as he leaned over her on the bed. Sheila dug playing with it, and being played with with it, and enjoyed the contrast between her long blonde hair and his long chestnut hair.

"Whaddya think you are, a fuckin' *girl*?" He hadn't heard that one in over two years.

He had been reading a science fiction magazine when it happened, an old issue of *GALAXY*. Well, it had been a new one at the time, he was thirteen or so. A Sheckley novel, as he remembered.

It was the illustration that got him, the beautiful sexy girl in the swimsuit, breathing underwater, through surgically implanted gills, in the world of the future. Then the story-line. The hero's body was being smuggled half-way across the world. And since the Police were using psyche-detectors which would register brain-wave activity, our hero's friends split his personality from his body and pass it like a baton from person to person till it reached the same destination as his body.

But what fascinated him, what really grabbed him, was the scene where the hero found himself in the body of a young teen-aged girl (living in an underwater city) who was waiting in fear and indecision as her boyfriend swims toward her, knowing that she has agreed today to yield up to him her virginity.

Before anything happened, of course, our hero was switched to another body. But the thought lingered. And the idea. You had thought about doing sexual

things with females, before, and masturbated. So often, in fact, that you had grown bored with the five millionth reimagining of what little you knew to imagine. But you had never thought of imagining that *you* were the/a girl before. And now you imagine what it would be like to be in a woman's body while having sex. Imagine a future where it is possible to switch bodies at will, where men and women change sexes as it bores them. And suddenly you realize how wonderfully simple it would be then. How wonderfully simple for you. To be a woman. That would solve everything. It was okay for a girl to be sensitive. It was okay for a girl to be smart. It was okay for a girl to hate sports. It was okay for a girl to be frightened. In fact they never had to fight at all.

But it was years before he began to see the *real* advantages....

You were doing it right, night after night, absolutely correct down to the tiniest false eyelash, the most subtle mannerisms, the most natural looking set of breast implants, facial epilation, exercises, dancing lessons, the right hormones, everything—until that day in 1969 when Masters and Johnson blew your whole act by making multiple orgasms the standard of female performance.

Your act had been perfect up till then, for there was nothing (aside from giving birth) a woman could do that you couldn't do more convincingly. You were at the top of your profession, the most acclaimed and the loveliest feimpersonator ever to work a gay bar.

But you could only come once.

They call it clitoris envy.

MACK.

"Can ya imagine that, Joe? A

goddamned fucking Queer. A, whatchamacallem, transvesdike. Some kinda weird fucking pervert, man. All dressed up in *women's* clothes. Whatta sight! Like I couldn't believe my fucking eyes! It was the sickest, twistedest, most fucking goddamned *grotesque* thing you ever saw! And that's what she goes for, see? That's the kind of *thing* she goes for instead of me. I mean, I tell ya, Joe, I always knew she was a little off—Hell all women are a little off. Joe. But Christ! I mean I coulda understood if it was some other man. I mean, hell, no man likes to think of his wife fucking around behind his back with some other guy. But I mean Christ Jesus! Something like this. It just makes you sick!"

So why shouldn't you be interested in girls? Isn't everybody? Girls are a special kind of female, with figures that rape your eyes, voices that feel good on your skin, and just being near them makes you horny all over. That's what girls are for. Ordinary females are okay as just people, but real girls are special.

Real girls are sexy.

Real girls are irresistible.

That's what they've been telling you for years, and of all people you should be in a position to know, because that's what you are:

A real girl.

Sometimes, when he was younger, he would slip it into the conversation. Work the subject around to clothes. There was always some way you could work *any* subject into the conversation. And then he'd get to talking about comfort somehow, and about how girl's legs looked like they'd get cold with nothing on but thin nylons to protect them. And the girl would always deny it. And he'd be incred-

ulous. And go on to other items of clothing, knocking what chick's wore (all the time inwardly envying it, but playing along for the sake of the game). Until at last, somehow or other (if it seemed safe), he'd say off-hand casual-like, that he supposed the only way they'd ever know for sure was, in the general and not the personal sense, to try on each other's clothes.

What the hell, when he was younger hadn't people said to him, "What long lashes you have, you ought to be a girl!"

And when his cousin Jean had taken him up on it and dressed him up in her clothes, and then gone to call her aunt to come look at him and see "what a beautiful girl he makes!" And he'd hid embarrassed in a closet, trembling with humiliation that an adult should find out; still all the time he just couldn't help being secretly pleased.

"And the best part of it, Marge, is that he makes love like a woman. I mean, he's so into imagining what it feels like to be female, that he goes out of his way to do all the right things. Sometimes I get the feeling that he really is a woman locked up in a male body, you know?"

"I've never had any that weren't hung up on being he-men. don't know if I'd be able to handle one like that."

"What's to handle? I generally just lie back and enjoy his trip. Sometimes we go out together, like girlfriends, and because of the electricity between us it's like we were lesbians, because we know that when we get home, which ever place we use that day, that we're going to ball, we're going to rub our bodies together and kiss and suck on each other and get each other off, me and this gorgeous girl I'm having lunch with, and only the two of us know that this gorgeous girl has a gorgeous cock,

too."

"All men are a little odd, but some are odder than others. I mean *really*."

For a long time he had thought he was queer. Not really thought he was queer exactly, that was only in flashes at the bottom of despair. Because he knew deep down he was not. When he heard the term "latent", of course, he freaked out. But after a while he was even able to get past that. I mean, basically it was girls he was interested in. In fact if he'd been able to get any, he'd give the whole transvestite thing up in a minute (or so he thought at the time, but then you've got to kind of forgive him, this was all a long time ago, back in the fifties and things were much more uptight then). But he never seemed to be able to get it on with women, at least not then. He didn't want to come on like the sex-mad barbarian animal most boys did. Especially not with the kind of girl *he* liked: Small and dark and slender and feminine. The quiet type with good souls. Not the empty headed vixens most girls were, interested in playing one boy off against another to feed their own egos and unable to think of anything beyond, clothes, cars, dances and boys. No, he didn't like them. But he wasn't queer and he knew it, because he was in love, he had been in love, he would always be in love. Her name was Suzie. The second girl he ever loved. Her love was Irving. It was always like that. And even when he did date later. He didn't want to push farther than was wanted. And he would always try and detect some sign. But even on the few times he grabbed girls and tired to kiss them (his tongue thrusting in between their teeth) they always sat so stiff and unresponsive, that he knew they didn't want more. And so he quit and after a while drove them

home.

She lives inside, waiting. Sometimes she despairs of ever being free, of ever being allowed to express her own self in spite of the body she wears. She has read where her own kind have rejected others like her. How she would rejoice if she could somehow match her body to her psyche—the physical equipment she's got now prevents her even from being lesbian.

But she fantasizes lesbian, gifting herself in imagination with luscious, ripe breasts, flowering vulva and the most sensitive, responsive clitoris anywhere to be found. She fantasizes another female, this one equally voluptuous in every way, tonguing her clit while she nibbles at the other's swollen labia. She fantasizes how her imaginary vagina clenches rhythmically in response to the other girl's tongue.

Her hand works busily and her penis goes into the orgasmic spasm that would have originated in her clit if she'd had a female body, and her semen hits the pillow just under her ear, and leaves a trail of slime across her flat and pimply chest.

When he first read about Christine Jorgenson it changed everything. He felt himself being freed from some cruel and terrible punishment. He discovered there were such things as *transsexuals*, women born in men's bodies. Not homosexuals at all. Just women who wanted to live with men and take care of them and go through all the endless womanly routine. Then he knew what he would do. Like Christine Jorgenson he would bide his time and wait until he was grown up and could go to work and earn the money. And then he would find a doctor who would do the operation. And he would become a woman like he always should have been.

That was the moment he first gave himself a female name. The name that would be his on the day he obtained his heritage. And he would lie there in his bedroom in his parent's old house over on Forty-second Street, listening to the steady metallic popping of the heater as it cooled and imagining his vagina, his breasts, giving himself up totally in his mind to the possession of the man he, like Christine, was destined to marry someday. All through the long, fevered nights of his youth, he lay there masturbating, imagining himself a woman, being subject to all the possible things that a woman might be subjected to, filling the endless nights with an endless procession of imaginations. Hot and hard and fevered, aching for fulfillment. Unable to score.

And then he met Angie. And that changed everything again.

Some stories have many endings. This one has five.

With Angie, he got laid. And then he could give up all that stop-gap stuff forever.

"And then one day I realized I'd actually grown the beard to make it impossible for me to dress up ever again," Howard recalled. "And when I figured that out I shaved it off in an attack of conscience. But I kept my hair long. I don't know what I'd have done if they hadn't invented hippies right about then. For the longest time I thought I was a transvestite. Turned out, though, I was just horny, and long hair gets me off. Sheila digs it, too."

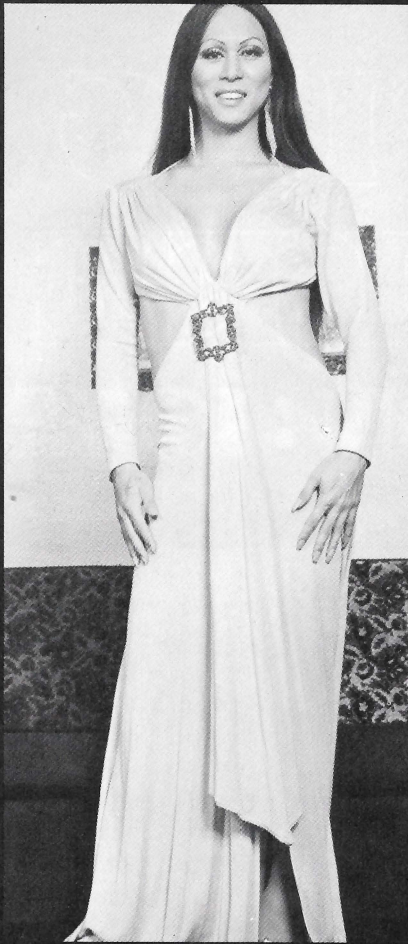
"Do you envy women their sexual apparatus?"

"Sure—don't you? They've got a much greater variety of ways to enjoy themselves than we do. I've never even heard of a man who can consistently come just

(Continued on page 57)

PRESENTING
BRANDY LEE
- MISS COTILLION: 1972





"Brandy" was born under the sign of Gemini in Honolulu, Hawaii where he began his career. Prior to appearing as a female impersonator he studied dancing under Rod Alexander and appeared in "Show Boat" and "West Side Story". His first appearance professionally as a female impersonator was at The Glade in Honolulu where he worked











Attired in a waist-cincher, leather gloves, black stockings and spike heels, Brandy is a tall, ebony-haired dominatrix.



for five years as lead vocal soloist, choreographed the show and appeared in production numbers.

While working at The Glade, he also did guest spots — many of them *firsts* for any female impersonator. Among these were: Waikiki Shell, Hawaii's answer to our Hollywood Bowl; University of Hawaii, which led to the entire show from The Glade being booked to appear at the Auditorium at the University; National Guard Annual Ball; Firemen's Association Annual Ball; Policemen's Association Annual Ball, held at the Hilton Hawaiian Village and the Board of Water Supply Ball held at the Kaiser Dome.

He was one of three impersonators to be selected to play a limited engagement at the Pua O Oro Plage in Papeete, Tahiti — the biggest night club on the island. This appearance

was attended by more than 1,000 persons nightly and brought personal congratulations from many dignitaries, including the Mayor!

Three years ago he came to Los Angeles to join the "Hawaiian Fantasy" review then appearing at the Redwood Room. The booking was to last two weeks — he stayed for almost two years!

While appearing there, he entered the first "National Cotillion" in July, 1971 and won 3rd Runner-up. Other honors he has received include a Sally Award for Best Entertainer of the Year, Miss International Show Queen, A Lulu Award for Best in the Field of Costuming, a Maggie Award for Entertainer of the Year and, of course, "Miss Cotillion-1972" in addition to tying for "Miss Congeniality" at the "National Cotillion" in August, 1972. He has appeared at Caesar's, Bitter

End West, After Dark and many award functions and benefits throughout the area. He recently closed his show at The Cabaret in San Francisco and after a much needed rest will enter the "Miss David" contest in New York and then return to open his new show at Caesar's in the Valley. His future plans call for the cutting of a 45 rpm record and a full length stereo album for release in the Fall. With the advent of the 45 and the album it is hoped he will receive the national recognition that has been long overdue in coming.

We are honored to have shared this year with him — a year in which he not only added new dimensions to his career but added new import to the coveted title "Miss National Cotillion". He is an outstanding entertainer, a beautiful person and a credit to our function.







Whether Brandy is in a pensive mood (*Above*), a torrid mood (*Below*), or a theatrical mood (*Right*), she is always DYNAMITE!!!





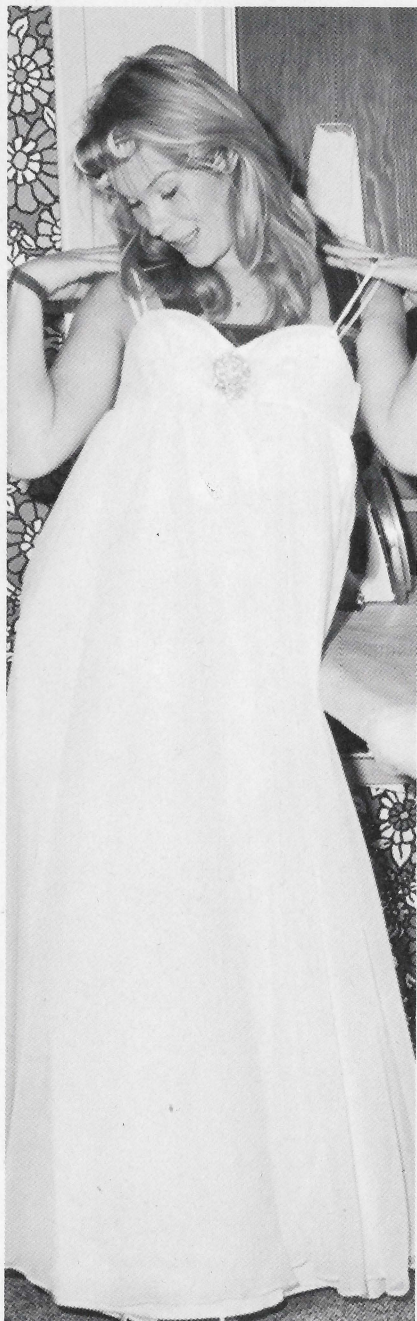
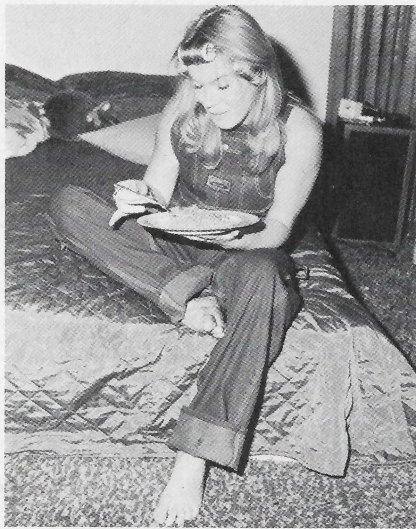
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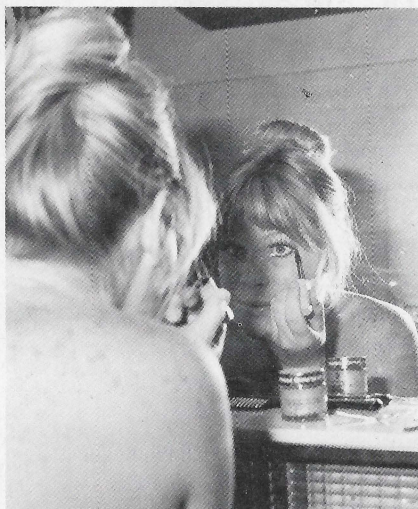


Kim Christy, the National Cotillion Queen for 1973 is not always a glamour "girl", at home, she prefers to be just herself sans makeup and is just her lovely, natural self . . .

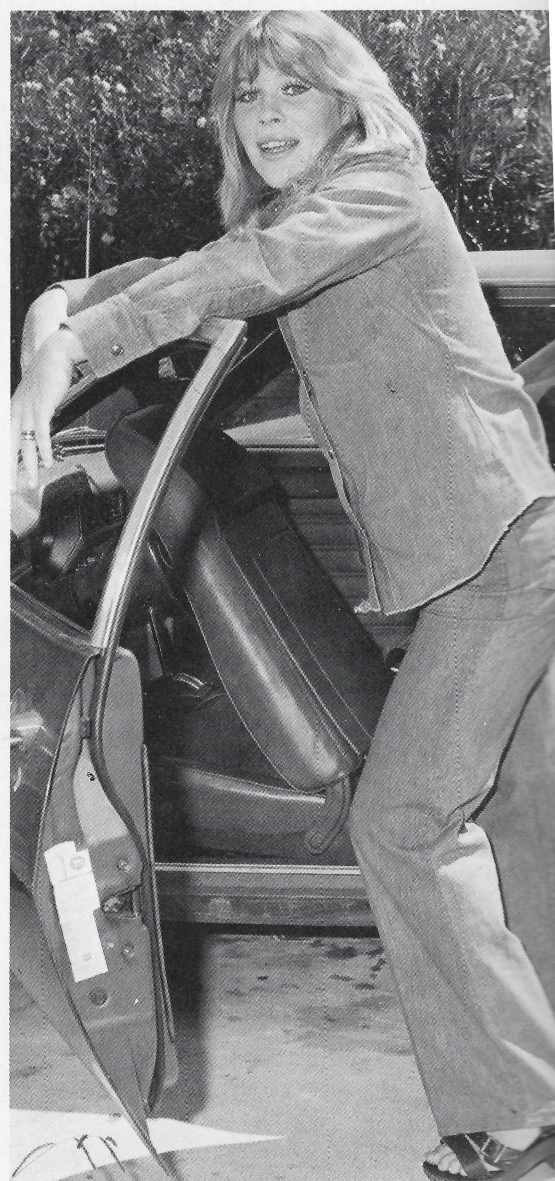




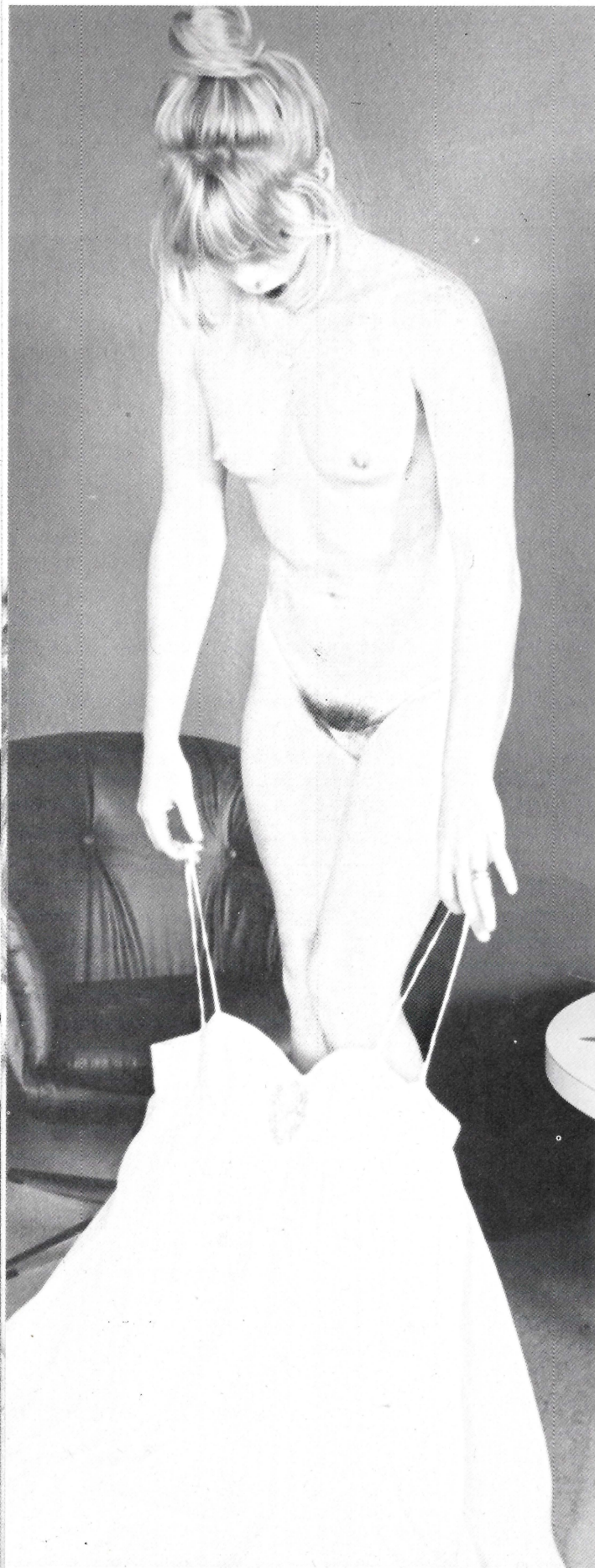




When the time comes for Kim to go out "on the town", she puts on her "face" and transforms herself into the lovely "female" shown here.











COMPLETE GUIDE TO FEMALE IMPERSONATION

LOOKING AT YOU

What are the qualities that set the professional impersonator apart from the amateur?

The professional has stage presence. The professional is effective. The professional dresses himself in feminine clothing just long enough to give his performance, and then he is ready to get back into male attire. He has no particular attachment for his extensive feminine wardrobe except as it aids him in being a successful entertainer.

Stage presence is a quality that you alone can fashion for yourself. A most important point to remember is that a charming personality on or off stage is not made up of a whole cloth by assembly line, or carbon copy techniques.

Quite the opposite, it is woven of hand picked threads into a highly individual pattern.

The professional is effective because he knows his art; you will be too, once you discover the techniques and secrets that make up the grand illusion, and once you begin to practice them...continuously.

Let's take a good look at you! Stand completely

nude before a mirror and look at yourself objectively. Appraise the good, the bad, and the indifferent all as objectively as you can. Whatever you detect...overweight, underweight, or spotty distribution of flesh...face the fact. Do you have a large or small frame.

Once upon a time Venus was thought to possess the model female form. But compared to our present standards, Venus is out of the running...way out.

The ideal figure (A composite of all the Miss Americas of the past) is:

Height — 5' 6-1/2". Bust — 34-1/2".

Waist — 24-1/2". Hips — 35".

Weight — 124 lbs.

Age around 19 Or 20 years old, brown hair, blue eyes.

Very few movie stars have these dimensions; but they are the qualified standard proportions of today!

There is no one more attractive in a man eye than a graceful woman. Like a streamlined car, she satisfies the masculine criterion of smooth performance combined with smooth looks. How

well you stand, especially in high heels, affects how well you move. A faulty stance is always responsible for the awkward gait or gesture, and often adversely affects other facets of your appearance, personality and poise. And what a reaction your posture has on people who see you.

Carry yourself well, and you show others how alert, self-reliant, poised and nice you are. Stand ram-rod stiff or all in a heap, and you become the example you show.

Even more serious than the damage done to your figure by poor posture is its threat to your health. Slumped or rigid positions disrupt normal breathing, circulation, digestion and placement of internal organs, and can lead to deterioration of your physical condition and appearance.

So, for that lady-like appearance, practice a poised, well balanced walk, in and out of high heels.

Here are some helpful hints to give that lady-like appearance.

1. Lift your neck out of your shoulders.
2. Place your chin parallel to the floor.
3. Relax your shoulders; strain them neither backwards or forwards.
4. Elevate your chest as on a deep breath.
5. Pull your waist out of your hips.

Here is how to appear womanly in your gestures and positions:

WALKING. When you walk, feet should move parallel to each other, never crossing over to "tow a line". Shoulders should be relaxed so that arms will swing easily, the hands relaxed, gracefully at sides, palms turned towards the body. When you take each step, lead with the thigh, keeping knees slightly flexed so they will act as shock-absorbers.



STANDING. The forward foot should point straight ahead, and back foot placed at a 45 degree angle just behind the front foot. To stand restfully for long periods, keep knees slightly flexed; never locked.

SITTING. Sit on buttocks, not on thighs, but keep the body at an angle to present an S-curve to anyone facing you. Do not cross legs at knees; cross them at ankles, if you cross them at all. Hands should be cupped in lap, or one elbow or hand on the armrest, and the other on the lap. Never place both elbows or both hands on armrest at the same time.

HANDS. When you have nothing to do with your hands, no matter what position you are in, just let them do nothing. Your hands will appear most graceful in profile, so learn to keep your hands at a slight angle to the viewer.

Practice these pointers daily...and soon you will have them as a habit...a refined lady-like posture...and a well-balanced streamlined walk.

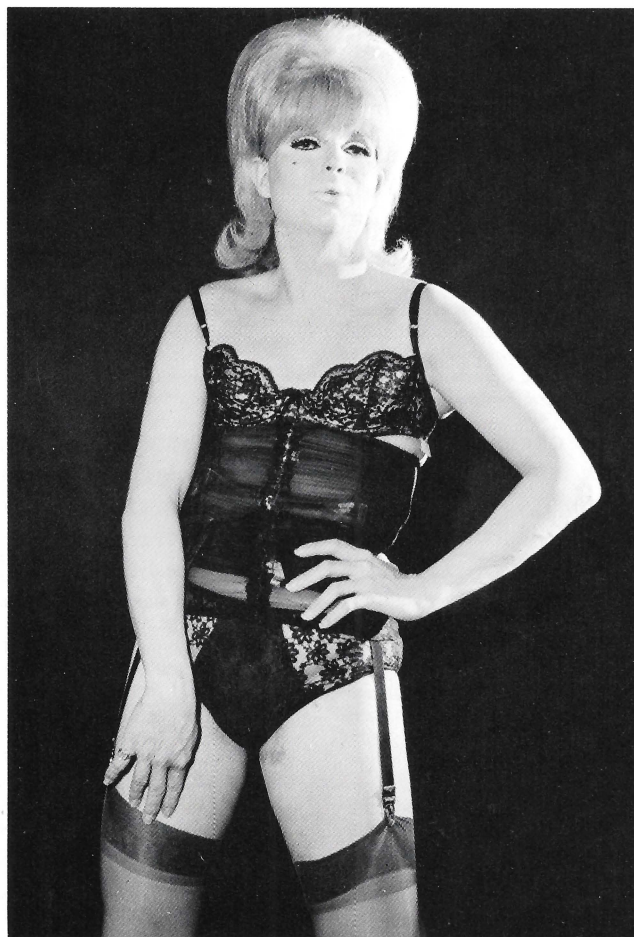
For a time, these hints may impose some stress, but it will, with concentration on your part, become second nature to you. Your body will then fall in line without conscious thought on your part. And that will be the day that you will be walking and standing up with the best of them.

How you nod your head when introduced can be a very feminine thing if you, when you acknowledge an introduction, guard against "Bobbing for apples," repeatedly shaking the head up and down. If instead, you tilt it a fraction one side, and hold this position for a split second, the initial expression will take on a new feminine appearance.

Frowning, squinting, fluttering the eyelashes, grinning too widely, distending the nostrils, pursing the lips, pulling the mouth into a thin line, and affecting a stare are only a few of the grimaces that can make you ugly and can give an entirely false impression of your intentions and personality.

Your mirror will reveal these habits if you sit down in front of it and hold a conversation with it. You say that you would feel silly talking to yourself? Well, you would feel sillier if you spoiled the illusion you were trying to create, or if heads turned away when you spoke, or if you looked foolish in front of an audience.

More magnetic and far longer lasting than good looks, is a well-groomed speech pattern, one that is marked by a warm-melodious voice and stimulating ideas, clearly and tactfully expressed!! By this I don't mean a poorly imitated or put on "falsetto" voice, but one that is musical.



There is no substitute for the pleasure a resonant speaking voice gives to its listeners, and no equal to the appeal such a voice gives you. Work for increased resonance, and very shortly you will hear greater clarity, smoothness and melody in your voice than ever before. So will everybody else!!

The following is five tested steps towards a more musical and colorful voice and expression.

1. Hum "M" (really hum) and hold one pitch as long as your breath lasts. See if you can sense the vibration that humming sets up in your nasal passages. By placing your fore-fingers lightly on the bridge of your nose, you will be able to feel it. Practice humming until you establish a strong vibration, and keep humming your favorite tunes during the day.

After humming, say "M" and "N" and "NG" several times. Then say "Sing," "Coming," "Moaning," "Lung," "Mine," and compile a list of sentences using as many words as possible using the letters M, N, and NG in them. As you say them, always make the words sing, so that you will feel the same vibration in your nose as you hum. This is known as head resonance and is an absolute necessity for beautiful speech. But don't overdo; no other sound you make should be allowed to come through your nose.

2. Change your volume to express the subtle shadings in your meaning. You would not sing a lullaby with as much volume as you would use for a marching song, would you? It is the same with speaking. Variations in volume also prevent the monotony that loses listeners.
3. Work for flexibility of pitch to emphasize better the underlying sense of what you are saying. Say "No" three times, once so that you infer doubt, then question, then authority. Did you notice how your pitch changed! The greater range that you can acquire in everyday conversation the more compelling your speech will be.
4. Change the rate of speed at which you talk. Neither the rat-a-tat-tat nor a slow drawl is "listenable" for long. Important words and ideas need some stressing!!
5. And last, but in no way least, you should concentrate on, and believe in, what you are saying; not just with your mind, but with true feeling. Your emotions do show in your voice, however hard you try to hide them.

Smile, Damn it! Too many impersonators today never smile on stage. Almost any male in his right senses will choose a face with a smile over entrancing features that are dully expressionless.

The only justifiable excuse for withholding a smile is because your teeth require attention. If this is your situation, take your problem to your dentist. Otherwise, smile. Remember too, there is more to a winning smile than merely meets the glance... sincerity is a requisite.

Your eyes have a language all their own. They can smile, glower, or record boredom. We will discuss eye make-up later, but what I am getting at is expression IN your eyes.

It is possible that through unconscious habit, your eyes give a false impression of you. To make sure, study the antics of your eyes before a mirror. Open and close your eyes slowly. You will discover very soon that it is the movement of the upper lid that gives the eye its range and expression. The lower lid never moves unless you study some object or thought.

Next, try squinting. Does this feel natural? If so, chances are that you are going about with a squint that gives people the idea that you are stubborn as a mule, or too vain to wear glasses.

You probably know at least one person who looks bored or indifferent most of the time. Both his or her eyelids and mouth droop. This is mainly an affectation of young people who believe that such an expression makes them appear sophisticated. But boredom is not, never was, or will ever be chic...or fashionable!

On stage, as well as off, be sure you keep your eyes open, and use expression in them. It pays off in the long run, and more people will want to be seeing more of you!

Remember, that a gracious and streamlined entrance and exit, and the charm and expressive personalities are the marks of the professional impersonator, and are the marks which helped them become professional.

CLOTHES MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Good wardrobe is most essential to today's professional impersonator, for they know that every line in their clothing minimizes their poorer points and accents their best.

The top impersonators today have developed a highly developed sense of fashion, and possess a becoming, fashion-worthy theatrical wardrobe. Surprisingly, they manage all within the time and money budgets allotted them.

Besides being profitable to appearance and wallet, developing a fashion sense is an interesting pursuit. It is mainly a matter of keeping your eyes and ears alerted to what top designers of fashion are thinking, planning, and scheming how you can best apply the knowledge gained to yourself.

Your fashion sense grows apace when you place an individual touch on what you wear—jewelry, gloves, etc.

When your gown or dress infallibly "Wears" all these tokens of fashion sense, it will be as distinctive and valid as your signature.

Line is your first consideration in selecting in dividually becoming clothes. Whatever the fashions of the day, your clothes will not look as



though they were designed for you unless they possess the lines that compliment your type of figure.

This does not mean that you can or should disregard current styles. Rather you must adapt the lines of fashion to your silhouette, single out those clothes that designers have created with your figure in mind.

Here are some little known secrets that will help you to dress more professionally and attractively.

If you are very TALL and SLIGHT of build:

Wear: Horizontal lines	Avoid: Vertical lines
Round necks & collars	Deep V necklines
Soft, rounded shoulders,	Exaggerated shoulders
three quarter kimono	Vertically placed tucks
and Dolman sleeves	and buttons
Yokes and Shirring in	Beltless waistlines
your blouses	Medium-length jackets
Low heels	Tight, tubular skirts or
	gowns

Also choose full bodied, touch-textured fabrics; they modify your proportions. Splashy, definite patterns...and intense bright colors. Strive for a soft effect. Wear contrasting colors.

If you are SHORT and SLIGHT of build:

Wear: Horizontal & modified	Avoid: All exaggerated lines
vertical lines	Deep V necks
Round & short V necks	Sleeves chopped at the
Small collars	elbow
Soft, rounded shoulders	Yokes and long center
Short, vertical tucks in	closings
blouses	Wide or contrasting
Self belts, set-in or	belts
princess waistlines	Overlong jackets
Draped, medium full,	Box pleats
knife-pleated or straight	Massive trimmings or
skirts	large accessories
Delicate trimmings	
High heels	
Crisp, starchy fabrics	
Dainty patterns	

Do wear one-color outfits with simple lines.

If you are TALL and FULL figured.

Wear: Vertical & diagonal lines
Deep V necks & pointed collars
Squared off shoulders & set-in sleeves, also three-quarter length
Blouses with vertical stitching & center closings
Medium-wide, self belts
Jackets not longer than 2 inches below the hipbone
Medium-gored, or eased straight skirts with center stitching or pleat
Diagonal trimmings (such as pockets set on the diagonal)

Avoid: Horizontal lines
Round necks & collars
Yokes & shirring
Princess waistlines
Very long or short jackets
All around pleats, yokes or full-gored skirts
Round trimmings such as scallops.

Choose medium weight fabrics and moderately designed and spaced patterns.

If you are SHORT and FULL figured.

Wear: Vertical & diagonal lines
Moderate V necks & small pointed collars
Unexaggerated shoulders
Blouses with centered or diagonal stitching & closings
Narrow self-belts
Easy, straight skirts with center stitching or pleats

Avoid: Horizontal lines
All round necklines
Drippy or puffy sleeves
Yokes, shirring, full tucks
Set-in belts
Boleros, overlong jackets and peplums
Skirts with wide gores
All-around pleats or peplums
Round trimmings

Vertical trimmings (such as slit pockets): Use light-weight fabrics, but never clinging. Small geometrics or shadowy patterns are good.

These hints are of course basic, but the following are key colors balanced to an individual type of female, and a color type classification. These colors suggested compliment the skin, color of hair, and the eyes.

COLORSCOPES

You are COOL BLONDE if you have blue undertones in your skin

Any shade of blonde hair (but not light brown)

Blue, gray, green, or hazel eyes;

And your best colors are—

Reds: Cardinal
Raspberry
Blues: Aquamarine
Periwinkle
Violet
Midnight
Greens: Lime
Forest (the hue of blue spruce)
Yellows: Topaz
Grays: Oxford
Browns: Cinnamon
Rembrandt (very dark)
White: Chalk
Black: Ink
Pastels: Shell pink
Powder blue
Ice Green
Avoid: Beige, unless your hair is golden color.

You are a WARM BLONDE if you have ochre undertones in your skin.

Any shade of blonde hair

Brown eyes.

And your best colors are—

You are COOL BRUNETTE if you have blue undertones in your skin.

Dark brown or black hair (not medium or light brown)

Blue, gray, green, or hazel eyes;

And your best colors are—

Reds: Magenta
Fuchsia
American Beauty Cerise
Wine
Blues: Violet
Orchid
Mauve
Wedgwood
Bright Navy
Greens: Emerald
Forest
Yellows: Gold
Buttercup
Grays: Oxford
White: Chalk
Black: Ebon
Avoid: Browns & Beiges

You are a WARM BRUNETTE if you have ochre undertones in your skin.

Dark brown or black hair

Brown eyes.

And your best colors are—

Reds: Coral
Brick
Scarlet
Vermilion
Tangerine
Blues: (Vivid shades)
Turquoise
Ultramarine (Royal)
Sapphire
Greens: Chartreuse
Lettuce
Bottle
Yellows: Mustard
Grays: Dove
Browns: Maple sugar
Amber
Tobacco
White: Cream
Black: With color dabs in it
Avoid: Pale yellow and beige

COOL TITIAN

Blue undertones in skin

Auburn, chestnut, golden or henna-red hair

Blue, gray, green, hazel or light brown eyes.

Your best colors are—

Browns: Beige
Burnt sugar
Rembrandt (dark)
Yellows: Lemon
Greens: Moss
Cucumber
Pine
Blues: Pastel tints
Cornflower
Azure
Bright navy
Grays: Every shade
White: Chalk
Black: Unrelieved or with pastel dabs
Reds: Apricot
Shell pink in dabs only

Avoid: All reds, other than those mentioned.

COOL GRAY

Blue undertones in skin—white, silver or salt and pepper hair; blue, gray, green or hazel eyes.

Your best colors are—

Reds: Raspberry
Claret
Mauve
Blues: Lilac
Wedgwood
Teal
Slate
Sapphire
Midnight
Orchid
Violet
Greens: Deep blue greens, unless your eyes are blue; then you should avoid green
Gray: Smoke
Black: Lustrous
White: Pearl
Pastels: Palest tints
Lively shades
Avoid: Yellow, brown and beige

Reds: Shrimp
Geranium
Chinese
Rust
Maroon
Blues: (Vivid shades)
Peacock
Ultramarine (Royal)
Red purple
Greens: Bitter Almond
Kelly
Bottle
Yellows: Lemon
Daffodil
Gold
Grays: Dove
Taupe
Browns: Beige
Golden
Mahogany
Tortoise shell
White: Ivory
Black: With dabs of brilliant color

Avoid: Pale pastels

WARM TITIAN

Pink undertones in skin

Fiery hair

Blue, gray, green, hazel or brown eyes.

Your best colors are—

Browns: Sandy beige
Taupe
Rembrandt (dark)
Yellows: Pastel tints
Mustard
Greens: Olive
Hunter
Blues: Powder
Larkspur
French
Midnight
Grays: Charcoal
White: Oyster
Black: Raven
Pastels: Palest tints but no pink
Avoid: Red

WARM GRAY

Ochre or pink undertones in skin—white, silver or salt & pepper hair; brown eyes.

Your best colors are—

Reds: Coral
Melon
Bittersweet
Maroon
Blues: (Vivid)
Turquoise
Ultramarine (royal)
Red purple
Pink — Mauve
Greens: Apple
Bottle
Hunter
Browns: Taupe
Mink
Grays: Dove
Steel
Oxford
White: Pearl
Black: Relieved with bright touches
Pastels: Lively shades only
Avoid: Yellow and beige, unless your hair is a shimmer silver

These colors are individual, and best compliment the type they apply to.

The copy-cat habit is the worst! It is a common but almost invariably fatal mistake to buy a dress or gown because the style looked well on your friend, or a favorite motion picture or television personality. That is why the above color chart was constructed. Never dress with the idea of pleasing the "girls." Top impersonators never do. They have enough trouble finding out who they are fashion-wise, so don't confuse yourself by asking advice from friends. They need advice as much as, and perhaps more than, you do.

Your accessories, like frosting on a cake, are either fresh, smooth, inviting, or better omitted. Never use more than three accessories in the same color unless you are working on a monotone costume in a neutral shade. In accessorizing an evening costume, it is very proper to match all accessories to the dress or gown and so achieve a pleasant result, but it is safer to inject a second color note.

To prevent clashes, accessories should contain the same underlying tone as the clothes with which they are worn.

If I had to select one general fashion...do not. For all impersonators I would say "Do not ever wear too tight clothes!" You may think it is very sexy but you will only look like a woman's imitation of a sausage.

Care in choosing woman's shoes for their flattery to your foot goes far toward minimizing length and width. A plain medium or high heeled pump, cut in a low V at the instep, with a slim or moderately rounded toe, both shortens and slenderizes the foot. Moreover, it is the most versatile of the styles. Vertical or diagonal stitching or punching lessen width, but is not too noticeable from the stage. A bow or narrow strap across the instep breaks length.

Always match your shoes with your costume. Since everybody has one foot larger than the other, try on both shoes before you buy. To fit properly, they should extend 1/2 to 3/4 inch beyond your longest toe. Even though shoes may feel comfortable for the first few seconds, walk around for awhile. You *cannot* break in a shoe; usually it is the other way around. Do not wear the same shoes continuously, as leather will lose its shape unless allowed to rest for a day or so. For long stretches of standing, a sturdy leather-lined shoe with a broad-based medium heel is your wisest choice.

Mesh hose is what most professional impersonators wear to glamorize their legs. Beautiful legs can be showstoppers every time. But even few women are lucky enough to have the perfect proportions!

Ankle: 8in. Lowercalf: 9-3/4in. Uppercalf: 13in.
Knee: 14in. Lowerthigh: 15in. Upperthigh: 18in.

Mesh hose or stockings in their darker shades

are slenderizing because they shadow out the bulges. So is dark makeup on your bare legs.

Conversely, if your legs are thin, wear light stockings or mesh hose, and on bare legs, use light makeup.

In jewelry—The size is right when it is in proportion to your face and figure. The shape is right when the lines run contrary to your own. Dainty little pieces are entirely misplaced on a tall or full figured looking woman and chunky designs weigh down the diminutives.

To follow through, jewelry with circular lines soften bony contours, and angular pieces improve round silhouettes.

As a practical illustration, let us examine the pearl necklace. The choker is the becoming choice for a long face and a slim throated woman, but it appears to squeeze the breath out of a round-faced or short necked woman. This woman should wear a longer string, ending about two inches below the collarbone. Contrary to all general opinions, this length is adaptable to the full-chested woman.

An exaggerated, dangling rope of pearls does not draw the long line that she hopes it will; on the contrary, it calls attention to the precipice on which it so precariously hangs.

Whatever you wear remember the theme of the outfit you are wearing, and wear it accordingly.

If your hands are long and slim—A flexible mesh bracelet or several slender circlets are becoming. Rings should have large settings, round or horizontal, and as wide as the finger. Use dark polish on your nails.

On large hands—Wear rings or those with high dome-shaped ornament are good. Wear a massive bracelet with high ornament, pushed up on arm. Use dark or medium polish on nails, and show clear moons and tips.

For the slim little hand—Choose narrow bracelets, pushed up on arm. Use rings with elongated settings. Wear light polish.

While we are on the subject of hands, be sure that they are as lovely to watch as they should be to look at. Try to develop an awareness of the way they move, avoiding any sudden, harsh, or clutching movements that grate on the eyes of others. Do not twist your jewelry, play with your hair or succumb to any other nervous habits. Not only are they unattractive, but they invariably irritate your audience.

Whatever you wear should be in good taste, clean, and something you feel comfortable in, and should be hung up whenever you are not using it.

Remember that clothes make the difference, from amateur to professional, and the professional makes that difference pay.

YOUR CROWNING GLORY — YOUR HAIR

There are some impersonators who use their own hair, but today it is rare, as today's wigs are

more comfortable, practical, and reasonable than ever before.

Wigs have been in and out of fashion for almost 6,000 years. Egyptian women wore braided wigs that were heavily ornamented with precious metals and gems.

In the French court of Louis XIII and, soon after, in England, elaborate wigs became the status symbols of their time. In fact, the demand for hair was so great the mothers were forced to keep their children off the streets for fear the hair thieves would send them home "scalped."

The government soon put a stop to all this. Wigs were labeled frivolous, and a stiff tax was levied that quickly sent the fashion into oblivion.

Not until the days of Colonial America did wigs again reach a pinnacle of favor, only to topple off again when the revolution came.

Until recently, wigs have been reserved for those unfortunate people who had lost their hair and did not want the world to know—but not now!!

The man who brought wigs back into focus was Paris couturier Givenchy, who showed them in his 1958 collection. Ever since then the wig business has been booming. And from all indications, it will continue to do so for a long time to come.

There are many cheap wigs available but the only worthwhile professional wigs to get are ones made from Yak or human hair. Human hair wigs are the most expensive and convincing of all. They are made from virgin hair that comes from the heads of European women or girls who have never used lacquer, nor had a permanent or bleach job, in their lives; they are woven into silk or nylon foundations and weigh approximately from 3 to 5-1/2 ounces. A sign of a good wig is a foundation light enough to allow the air to circulate. This helps to keep it from being hot under the strong theatrical lights. Several factors determine the actual cost around \$75.00 to \$500.00. (Even up to \$1,000.00 for an extra long special number). The more expensive wigs are blonde, custom fitted, handmade, and extremely light in weight.

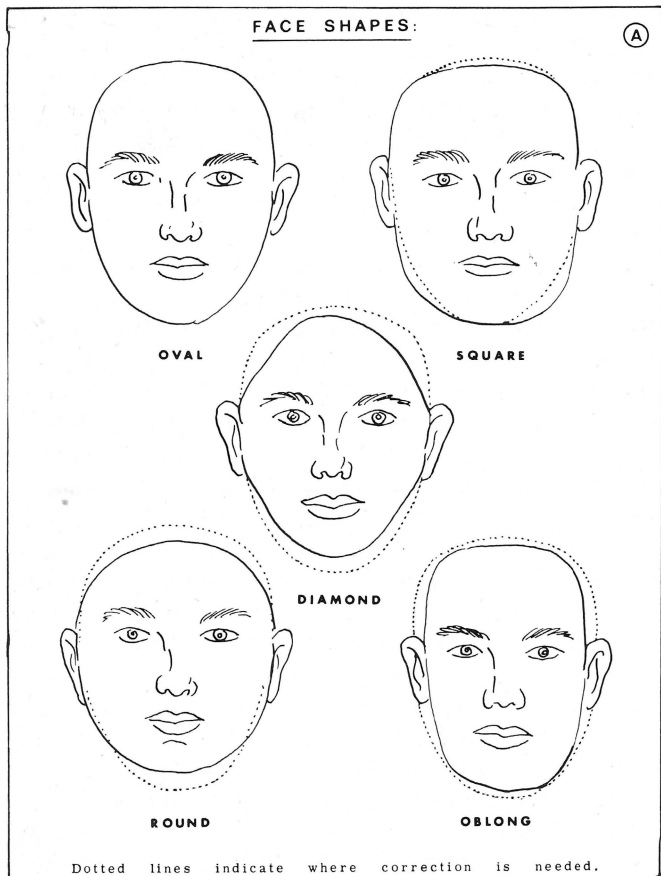
Lower down on the price scale is the ready made wig of natural brown hair which is more plentiful than natural blonde hair). Machine-made and partially machine-made wigs are the least expensive and heaviest in the group.

Do you know how to put a wig on? Well, first you get your own hair out of the way—pin it down. Tuck it under as you would for a bathing cap. Be sure all bobby pins point downward so they will not tear through the fine mesh foundation of the wig. Now, grasp the wig with both hands and slip it on from front to back, adjusting the mesh foundation on your head. Fasten the combs in the front or bobby pin it down (so the pins do not show), and make sure it covers any hair line in back. Check to see that the hairline in front is even with yours. If the wig matches your own natural hair

color you can comb a few strands of your own hair into the front for a more natural hairline. To set a wig, use rollers and bobby pins or clips. Be careful not to get the net foundation wet when you dampen the wig itself. Always part wig hair in zig-zag line, to avoid separations in the final style. Because wig hair is not subject to natural oils or dampness, wig settings last far longer than would your own. A wig can be combed exactly the same as your own hair; just be careful about teasing it. Rough treatment can easily cause breakage. Smooth any stray hairs into place and spray to hold the finished line. To care for your wig, keep it on a wig block in a wig case when not in use. This prevents the foundation from shrinking or getting out of shape. Brush lightly from time to time to keep the hair from matting. Synthetic wigs can be washed whenever necessary, but human hair wigs must be professionally cleaned every six weeks or so. Take it to a hairdresser or have a trained impersonator who specializes in hair cleanings clean it for you.

Examine your face. What shape would you say it is? You must be certain about this, for the information is crucial to your make-up, and hair styling instructions. For the exact answer, draw a frame about 6 in. across and 9 in. long with soap on your wall mirror. Pull your hair back, and then stand so that your head is enclosed in that "frame." Take a long look at yourself, and then compare





your judgement with the diagram I have drawn for you. *(A).

The best hairstyle is one that harmonizes with your features and balances with your all over proportions, including one that fits your type personality.

Your hairstyle should look good from all angles ...the professional impersonator always keeps this in mind. Your coiffure should speak well of your background, your occupation, your over-all personality—all at one time. One of the greatest mistakes is to copy a hairdress you have seen on an actress or in a magazine without first determining whether or not it fits in with your face type and the clothes style you wear.

The knowledge all impersonators need and few possess is how to put the hair arrangement to work to beautify the facial outline and individual features.

To ask you to choose and keep one certain hair style would be just as ridiculous as assuming you play only one type. Nothing about you should ever be static; change is necessary and stimulating. Never the less, there is one basic hair contour, embodying principals related to your face-shape and features, that you should know and observe, in every style variation.

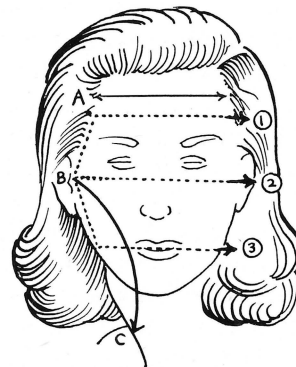
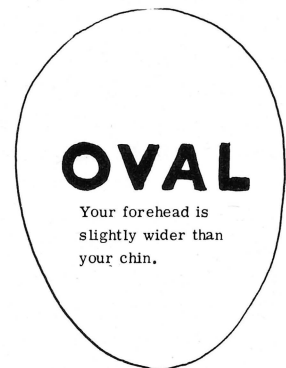
Before we go any further, may-I say that in my opinion, and after careful analysis and study on the subject, that an impersonator's hairstyle and color comprise 85% of how effective he will appear.

Now we will speak about the style itself. See charts *(B) as to what would best suit your face outline.

Forehead problems—If your forehead is low,

THE HAIR STYLE FOR THE "OVAL" FACE:

Dotted lines 1, 2 and 3 indicate where to measure to determine if your face is an . . .

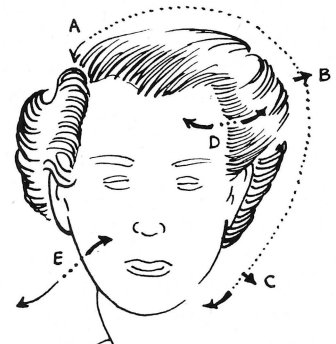


DO NOT . . .

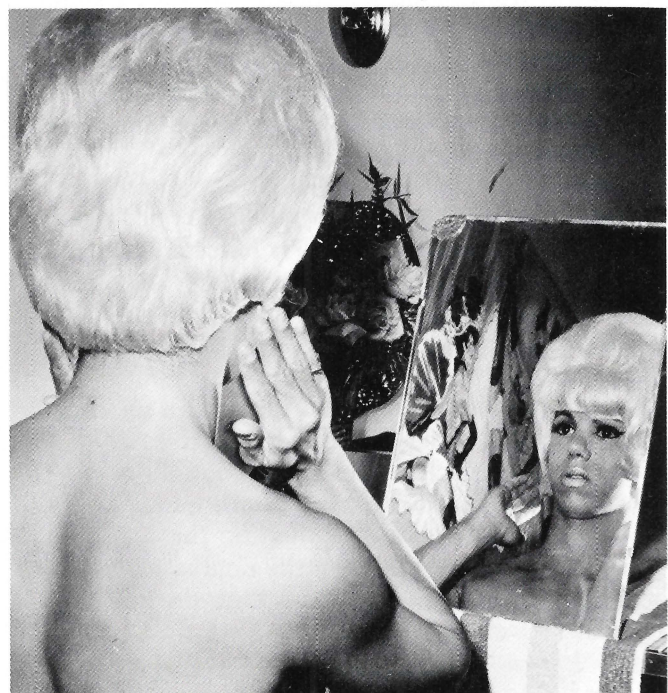
- (A) - let your temple lines droop.
- (B) - keep line from drooping.
- (C) - cover or put hair forward over the jawline.

DO . . .

- (A), (B) and (C) - shows where to follow shape of head.
- (D) - show your natural hairline.
- (E) - expose your jawline.



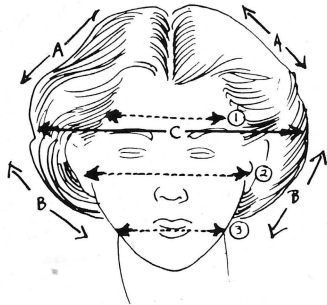
REMEMBER TO PART YOUR HAIR LOW ON THE SIDE, AND SHOW A NATURAL WIDOW'S PEAK.





THE HAIR STYLE FOR THE "DIAMOND" FACE:

Dotted lines 1, 2 and 3 indicate where to measure to determine if your face is a



DIAMOND

You have wide cheekbones and a narrow forehead and chin.

DO NOT . . .

- (A) - slant hair in a diamond shape.
- (B) - bring hair towards bottom.
- (C) - have fullness here.

DO . . .

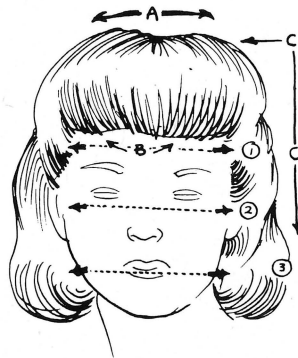
- (A) - keep hair thin here.
- (B) - create height here.
- (C) - create fullness here.



REMEMBER TO FILL IN AREAS WHERE THEY NEED FILLING.

THE HAIR STYLE FOR THE "SQUARE" FACE:

Dotted lines 1, 2 and 3 indicate where to measure to determine if your face is a



SQUARE

You have a square hairline and a square chinline.

DO NOT . . .

- (A) - cut hair straight across.
- (B) - wear bangs.
- (C) - cut hair square in shape.

DO . . .

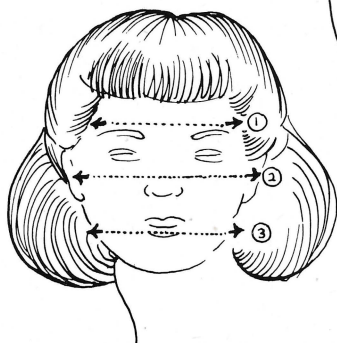
- (A) - create a high hairdo.
- (B) - comb hair back.
- (C) - use a side part.



REMEMBER TO KEEP THE IDEAL OVAL SHAPE IN MIND WHEN DOING YOUR HAIR.

THE HAIR STYLE FOR THE "ROUND" FACE:

Dotted lines 1, 2 and 3 indicate where to measure to determine if your face is a



ROUND

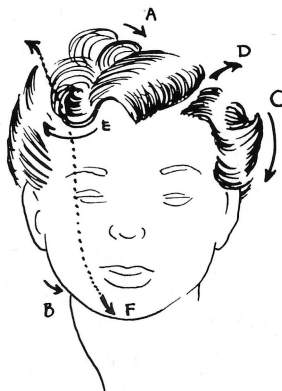
You have a round hairline and a round chinline.

DO NOT . . .

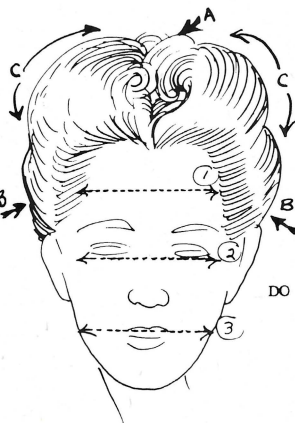
- (A) - make roundness.
- (B) - let face get wider here.
- (C) - wear bangs.

DO . . .

- (A) - create fullness and height here.
- (B) - taper off fullness.
- (C) - create fullness over and above the ears.
- (D) - part directly over the center of the eyes.
- (E) - use softness here.
- (F) - remember to elongate here.



Dotted lines 1, 2 and 3 indicate where to measure to determine if your face is an



OBLONG

Your face is long and narrow. You have hollow or flat cheeks.

DO NOT . . .

- (A) - part hair in center.
- (B) - keep hair close here.
- (C) - pile hair on top.

DO . . .

- (A) - wear bangs.
- (B) - bring hair out here.
- (C) - create fullness.



REMEMBER TO CREATE WIDTH IN THE FACE, AND FLATTEN THE TOP DOWN.

keep the hair off it. The hair should be kept high away from the forehead. If you wear bangs they should be short and barely under the hair line. If your forehead is high, cover the upper half of the forehead with bangs, fluff, or partial wave. If your forehead is narrow, keep all hair clear, up, and away.

Nose problems—If the nose is large, mass hair at top back of head and pin it high; then let a fall of curls, a single curl or a smooth pony tail fall down to the hairline at the back. Length at the back of the head brings the nose into balance.

If your nose is short, use bangs below the hairline, but do not let them grow too long.

If your nose is long, your hair should be back or high. Do not use middle parts, fluff, or low bangs.

Jaw and Neck problems—If your jawline is heavy, keep it bare and concentrate on hair at the temples. If your jawline is square, it should be softened by fluff, curls, or a wave at the sides. Add forehead width and fullness at chin line. If jaw is square and very prominent, bring long points of hair in from below the ear to exactly follow the line of the jaw to a point just below the middle of the eye. If your neck is thin, hair in the back should be worn long, below the hairline and out. If your neck is heavy, your hair should be worn the opposite, and no longer than the hairline. If your neck is long, wear all long hair-do's. If your neck is short, use short or medium hair-do's. Longer hair makes the neck shorter.

Chin problems—If you have a receding chin, both the side hair and the front should be brought forward. Bangs, fluffy, are good, and the back should be full. If your chin is jutting out, side and top hair should not be beyond the hairline.

Cheekbone problems—If cheekbones are prominent, keep the hair flat to the sides of the head in this area and full above and below the cheekbones. Cut bangs so they are wider than the forehead to give an illusion of width. If your cheeks are plump and extra full, turn a large C-curl over the middle cheek, coming in on a curve that starts with the tip of the ear lobe.

You should experiment with the cheaper grade of wigs first, then graduate to the more expensive ones. Once you have the knowledge of them and their use, it would be wise to order several. A good idea is to write to an export company that manufactures and exports wigs (such as the two mentioned below) as it would be cheaper in the long run, and you would be getting them direct.

Reliance Mfg. & Trading Co.

P.O. Box No. 6609

Kowloon, Hong Kong

or

Widelong & Co.

Post Office Box 3678

Hong Kong

In buying wigs from someone, be sure that you

check the base of the cap to see that there is sufficient hair, and that it is not too sparse in the back. Chances are if it was handtied it is a good one, but check to make sure. A wiglet can be added also to a wig. They come in more than a hundred shades of both human and synthetic hair, and also in many shapes. The hair is carefully woven by hand or machine into a fine mesh foundation which can be anchored securely to the head with bobby pins or hair pins and can even be sewn into the wig.



Matching your own hair, they defy detection. The human hair ones start about \$25.00 and up to about \$125.00. Of course, made to order pieces cost more. Since virgin or blonde hair is the most difficult to obtain, these are at the top of the price list. Synthetics, either dynel or acetate are naturally less costly.

Only a special cleaning fluid made for hairpieces should be used when cleaning wiglets. The hair should be dipped into the fluid and squeezed gently until all soil is removed. Excess fluid should be carefully pressed out on a towel, and the wiglet hung near an open window to dry and freshen. Because cleaning removes any natural oils, it is a good idea to comb in a conditioner afterward. Fantasy hairdos are quite unique.

A carry over from Madame De Pompadour's time and the early days of the American colonies, these examples of haute coiffure were once worn only to masquerades and fancy balls. Making use of wiglets, jewels and beads, feathers and other glamorous accessories to build hair into high and complicated arrangements can make you a new you, and with a vogue all your own. Techniques for fancy hairdos are taught in many European beauty schools. See Fantasy hair-do Chart *(C).

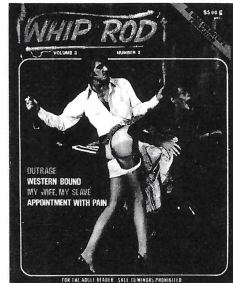
Do not be afraid to experiment—it is fun—and it can be very rewarding for you. Your hairstyle can be a trademark! It is like a crown. Wear it as such, and you will feel more professional. And what is more, you will be.

**SUPER
BARGAIN**

ANY THREE (3) FOR \$12⁰⁰



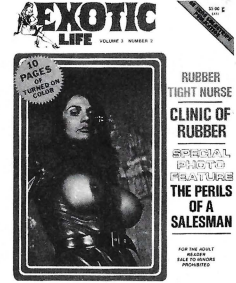
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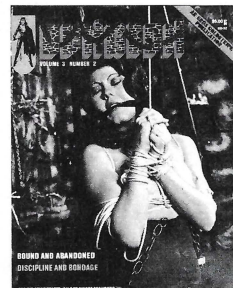
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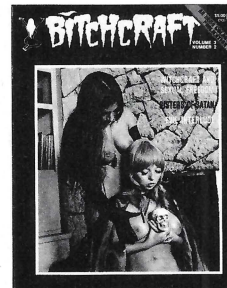
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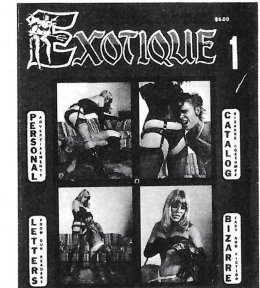
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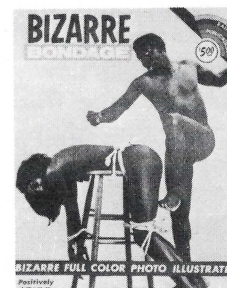
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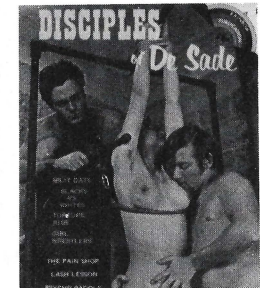
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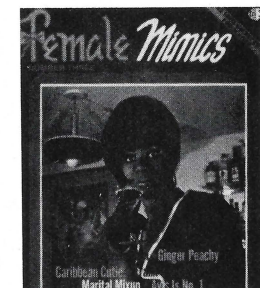
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(Continued from page 24)

from having his nipple chewed on, but I run across women who can do it all the time. I think any women whose sex equipment is functioning in good order is worth the envy of every man on earth."

Everybody's heard about Heather and Leslie by now, haven't they? She was appearing on Bourbon Street when Leslie was working the *Red Hat*. He was billed as *Mr. Leslie*, of course, and it was a tossup as to which one of them made the most beautiful woman. Sometimes Heather claimed to be bisexual but in my opinion she was just plain gay, and the way she got it on with Leslie was by relating to him as one lesbian to another. His impersonation was so perfect that Heather was fascinated from the start, and then when it turned out they both were turned on by the same women she was ecstatic.

Then there was the day he had the thought about the dolphins. He'd been reading Lilly's book on his work with the dolphins. Actually, it was a pretty inevitable insight for a guy who grew up reading science fiction.

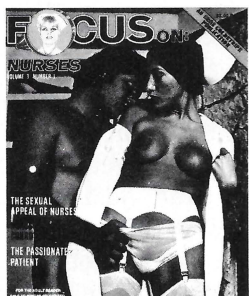
I mean, if it's okay for John Carter of Mars to ball a Martial princess with red skin who looks like a perfectly normal and incredibly sexy Earth chick, except she happens to bear her offspring as eggs. And if it's okay for the hero to ball a chick who happens to have wings, and perhaps a light down over her voluptuous body (what a tactile delight), or a chick who's sexy but green and has antenna coming out of her forehead, or three breasts—If all that's okay, then it's just a matter of where you draw the line. The one Segregationists draw just seems silly to one who is accustomed to thinking of a rainbow of colors, shapes and forms. So if, like Lilly says, dolphins are as intelligent as

humans, if not more so. Then what would happen if a human fell in love with a dolphin. Because if you're drawing lines, wherever you draw the line is arbitrary. And he certainly couldn't say no to dolphins. At least if anyone were really doing it. I mean, if you're intelligent enough to transcend form and perceive the spirit, and that's what you fall in love with. Then who are we to quibble over form. And if dolphins, of course, then almost any kind of alien form that might be appealing. And if form didn't matter. Then what about sex? Just how important could minor anatomical variances be? Therefore, if you fell in love with someone just happened to be a member of your own sex. . . .

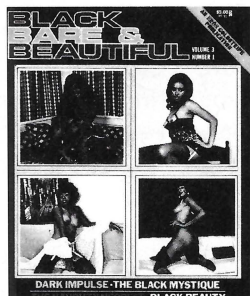
Leslie generally comes twice, these days, and on a good weekend he'll rack up as many as eight or ten orgasms. Heather still has him beat six ways from Sunday in that department, but

BARGAIN!

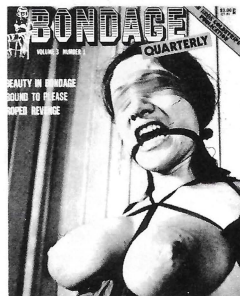
ANY FOUR (4) FOR \$10⁰⁰



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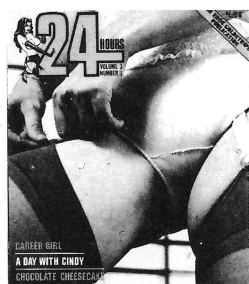
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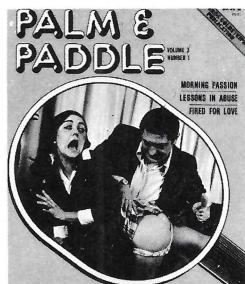
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he's determined that he's going to get as good at it as she is. She's willing to help him practice—for reasons best known to Heather herself she greatly enjoys teaching Mr. Leslie how to be even more flamingly feminine than he is on stage.

Odd, she reflects sometimes, how one's definition of something so basic as "real girl" can wind up fitting someone like Leslie better than any biologically "real" female she'd ever met. But Leslie meets all the tests she's learned apply to real girls.

Real girls are sexy.

Real girls are irresistible.

Real girls have figures that rape your eyes, and just being near them makes you horny all over.

Heather ought to know—she's one herself.

The first guy he ever balled was some queer who picked him up in one of those 3 BIG MOVIES FOR 75c-3! theaters you get in the downtowns of any reasonable sized city. He hadn't gone there to get picked up. He'd gone there to see the movie. In fact he'd never thought about any such thing happening to him at all there. Why, when he first felt the man's finger brushing his cock, it was so light and unexpected he wasn't even sure it was really happening for a few moments. It was sometime after he had broken up with Angie. And he hadn't quite yet figured out how to get it on with some other chick, yet. In fact, he wasn't even sure he wanted to. And he was horny as hell. And philosophically he'd figured out it was okay long ago. And he was curious. And somehow or other, when the man leaned over and said, "This is a stupid movie, isn't it. Want to go cut out?" he just naturally found himself the guy outside. Not that he liked it or anything. He didn't *dislike* it. But he was too tense from guilt

and shame and embarrassment and fear (of many different kinds of things). And he just couldn't relax his rectal muscles enough for the guy to get in, no matter how hard they tried. And the guy couldn't come from oral sex (not that he was sure he could take it anyway). So it finally ended up with the guy jacking him off and both them being frustrated. It wasn't much like his fantasies of utter feminine receptivity, giving him/herself up to be used by her lord.

Sometimes nothing is very much like you had previously figured it out to be, and you've got the choice of being mad at your expectations or pissed at reality—either way, you're probably so freaked at the distance between what you expected and what you got that you neglect to dig on what you've got. This is an entirely human characteristic and you should not let it get you down.

Things never turn out one way or the other for all time except when you die. Everything else keeps right on changing, including you. Especially you.

You used to get off looking at pictures of brassieres in mail-order catalogues and in the women's section of the newspaper, remember? All that circle-stitching really turned you on. You'd put your hand inside your shirt and cup it lightly around your breast—the basic contour was there, you could feel it would be the right shape if only it could grow two or three pounds heavier.

And remember how you used to poke your testicles up inside your body and bend your cock back under your ass—doing it quickly so you'd have it in place before it got hard, when the maneuver got painful. And you'd squint your eyes and look admiringly at your naked "cunt" and boldly run your fingers through your own pubic hair. Sometimes

you split up into two or three people to do that, one of you owned the cunt and the others owned the hands; all three shared the same mouth. You always seemed to be at everybody's mercy when you did that stuff.

And then there were the various dildoes you worried so patiently into your anus in an attempt to experience penetration, remember? This, at least, was something you could share with biological females, and for a while you got into butt fucking.

But that didn't last very long, either. See how people keep right on changing?

The first chick who ever let him, and even encouraged him to dress up in women's clothes. The first chick he was *balling* who didn't freak out. Was Sharon. A beautiful freak chick (actually she was a *hippie* then, even terminology keeps changing) who he met in San Francisco the summer after his divorce. She had always wanted to be a man. And so they had great fun each playing every kind of part and acting out every kind of archetypical role. She was the one who really turned him on to himself. Got him into acid and grass and loose balling. She was the one who said "What ever you are, you *are*. Why get hassled over it? Everybody has got some male parts in 'em. You know that. If you really want to get off on life. You have to get off on all of it. You can't just say, well I'll go along with some parts of the universe but not others. God made it all, didn't he. So who are we to judge? Besides, as a television writer I once worked for told a television network executive, when he was three weeks late with a script: So what if worst comes to worst, Chief, and the show doesn't go on next week and there's just a goddamn hour of black space there, will it really effect the Fate of Western Civilization?"

That was about a year and a half before he met Harriet. You remember Harriet. And the gun against your forehead?

And then there was David Bowie and Alice Cooper and Lou Reed and transvestite rock. And Bette Midler, the Divine Miss M, who reached stardom because she became the darling of the fags and homosexuals and especially the TVs, just like Garland had. All of a sudden there was make up for men to go with the perfume (nee cologne) and hair spray and see-through shirts and hip-hugger jeans so tight you have to carry your cigarettes and ID and things in a stash pouch, named after guess what?, that often slings over your shoulder like a purse. And getting your bottom pinched by some Liberationist chick in the park. And suddenly men are becoming the sex object. Mick Jagger in eye-liner and lame. And of course it was the guys who could relate to their own bisexuality that the chicks liked now. Because a guy who can relate to being a chick better, can probably relate to making love to her the way she wants to be made love to bet. It was the time he'd been born for all right. God! he hoped he never saw Nineteen-fifty again as long as he lived. He was having a field day getting laid. Great long, *sensual* things. The caress of velvet and silk and nylon against each other's flesh. There was something about the feel of them against your skin that could fire him to erection over and over again, no matter how many times he spent himself. It was the best time of his life. Isn't it funny now life and death seem to sometimes walk so closely hand-in-hand?

And then there was the Turnabout novel in which this dude and this chick swapped bodies, some ancient South Pacific god

or other cursed these people—an archaeologist and his sexy blonde assistant—so that every time the dude had an orgasm they'd trade bodies. No matter which body he was in, any time he came—zap!—they'd switch around again. The chick never knew when the transfer was coming, she just kept finding herself screwing someone else, and she figured it wasn't fair because *he* was having all the orgasms, so she tried to kill him by arranging to be in various lethal traps when he comes. So to save his own skin, no matter which skin he was in, our hero has to learn to think female, act female, *be* female on perilously short notice, and then to think beyond female in order to triumph.

He met Harriet after San Francisco and before he met Heather and got up the stage act and finally gotten to use the name Leslie. The secret name he'd given his woman self long ago, when he had thought that he would have to have himself altered if he was ever to lead a normal life. No, he met Harriet right in the middle. Harriet. And her husband Mack, the ex-Marine M.P., who was utterly, irredeemably straight. Harriet grooved behind it right away. Which figured. She's had her masculine, assertive self repressed for so long it's a wonder it didn't come out sooner. Sure it was stupid. Carrying on behind her husband's back that way. But then she was a beautiful woman, and men have always made fools of themselves over beautiful women, have they not? But then Mack caught them one day. While he made love to Harriet dressed up in nylons, fannies, and slip, setting off her fevered flesh with the cool electric smoothness that was he. And for the both of them it was a transcendently beautiful moment.

Mack didn't see it that way of course.

Some of it has been pretty scary, especially those times when the risk was high that you'd be found out and "dealt with." There are few experiences quite as annoying as being dealt with. No matter how together you think you've become, there's no ignoring the element of terror which comes with all such episodes.

Almost all the rest is optional. You're male. You're female. You're unisex—androgenous, indeterminate, inbetween. Somewhere along the line it has really ceased to matter what you are—all that matters any more is that you are, and that you continue being whatever it is that in the final analysis you boil down to being. Which is probably something quite simple, such as just plain horny.

And one of these days you'll even get over being horny.

People change.

There on the floor of the bedroom, the barrel of a .38 Police Special ground into your skull, it all comes together, just like it always does, out of the simplest and most trivial of elements, in this case a scene in a movie and a novel he'd read serialized in newspaper.

If it's worth doing at all, it's worth doing right. It took you a long time to discover that for a lot of your life, the right way is to invent it as you go along. Sometimes it feels good and sometimes it hurts like hell—but did somebody tell you it isn't supposed to hurt now and then? Somebody lied to you, thinking that she loved you.

One of the ways it feels best is when you're with a woman who recognizes you for what you are, and rejoices in it. Someone who shares your delight in pretty clothes and sensuous textures and who enjoys experimenting

with new ways to relate to each other and to your respective inner selves. Someone who opens to you so confidently, so trustingly, that you flow into each other and become each other at the same time that you experience your individuality. Throbbing, pulsating in each other's embrace you authenticate each other's experience.

That's one way it feels best. Is it happening more often these days because there are more women who can get into that sort of trip, or are you merely getting better at finding them?

"Fuck with my wife, will you? You filthy stinking pervert!" the man shouts. "I'll blow your goddamned brains out! And he grinds the barrel of the gun in viciously against my temple. And I feel him standing there, trembling with uncontrollable fury and rage, grinding the barrel of the gun against my skull. The long silken negligee that hangs down from my body clinging limp and dead against me as he shakes my smaller body by the shoulders in a mammoth, crushing grip.

And then I see Harriet sprawled across the other side of the room, half unconscious from his blows. And then I hear the gun.

Click!

And I know that I am about to die.

And in that moment it comes to me.

A scene in a movie and a scene from a book. The blond in *PERFORMANCE* playing with the head of the sadistic ex-con while he's been sent up on acid. Asking him if he "ever felt a female feel." Him shaking his head furiously "No." And the little hand mirror she has placed on his chest, reflecting her breast, showing it on his chest, belying his every word. And the scene in *Children of Hamelin* where the hero is on acid (a recurrent series

of nightmare events) and in the room with the kill crazy smack fiends who have already shot one other of those present. And he sees suddenly *FLASH!* in the moment he knows he's dead, that he has nothing of any kind to lose and so he just bluffs his way like crazy. And gets out of it okay.

And then he saw that the only way Mack could be this crazy mad kill about it was if he had something to hide. You latent wild crazy son of a bitch. Saw what big Mack must really be and want. And then it all came together for him. The ultimate moment. If he could be ultimate woman!

And he suddenly leaned forward and put a trembling hand on the bulge of Mack's cock beneath his trousers, and looked up with cowering, pleading eyes.

And there is a moment of about a half an instant in which Mack's eyes seem to kind of glaze and go blank and turn inward, and he becomes lifeless for a moment.

And then he comes back to life snarling, flinging you against the ground. "That's right you cock-sucking fairy! That's all you're good for! Fucking in the mouth! Well you can take my cock in your mouth you bleeding little faggot! You ain't even goddamn worth killing. You're just a wimp pussy yourself."

And then he saw pants being torn off and there was nothing afterward that hadn't been there in his dreams.

If it's worth doing, it's worth doing right. I mean, you've really got to hand it to Mothers, boys, they sure do know what they're talking about.

Once when he was younger, before practically anybody, he had gone to visit a psychiatrist friend from Junior High School, who turned out to be gay and to have

always been hot for his bod. So he ended up going to spend the week-end with his friend's folks and having to sleep in the same bed with his friend. And one thing led to another. And his friend was heavier and the aggressor so it seemed the easiest thing in the world to slip into the lighter, more responsive mode. And he imagined he was a woman being made love to by a man. And he sucked his partner's penis and pulled him over on top of him, and tried to capture the man's penis between his leg and get fucked like a woman, figuring his friend would catch on and dig playing the masculine role with him. But his friend seemed to want to suck his penis as much as anything. And so he came first and lost interest and fell asleep and his friend never did come. And it was very frustrating for both of them. But that was all so very long ago. . . .

While Sharon and the *really* good years. The most Golden Years of his life, they lie ahead. . . .

Good luck Howard/Leslie/everybody who/what/when/where/why ever you/me/they/he/she/I/it are!

"In the biological sense, we are all bisexual, that is possessing both male and female hormones and therefore capable of responding to stimuli of either kind."

Judge Morris Ploscowe
in *Sex and the Law*

"In the landscape of Spring there is neither better nor worse;
The flowering branches grow naturally, some long, some short."

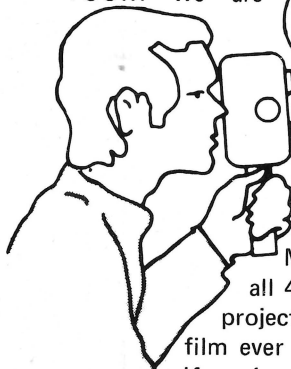
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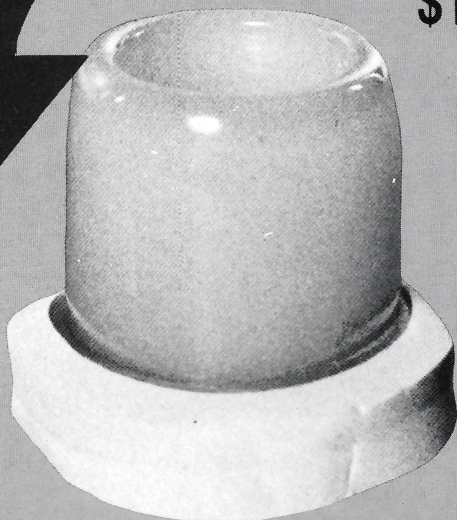
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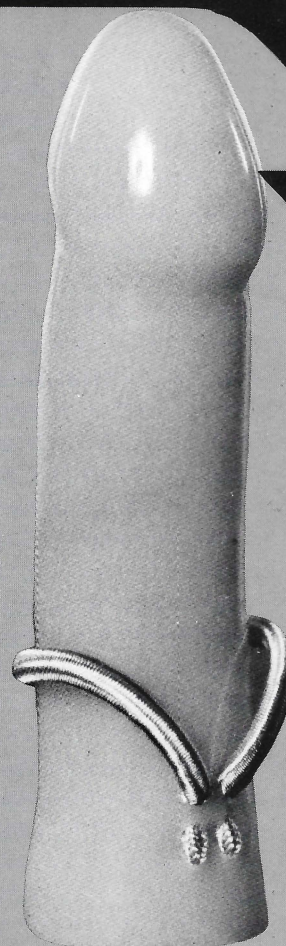
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For the ultimate in personal massage, this device slips around the wrist to provide your fingers with just the right amount of pleasing vibrations. Fore-play will never be the same for you when you use the MEDIC-AID because it is your fingers which produce the vibration -- no artificial contact. Comes with strap to snap on top of hand.

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SEND THE ITEM 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 _____

ALL ORDERS MUST BE SIGNED. CHECKS MUST CLEAR BEFORE SHIPMENT

- | | | | |
|--|--------|--------|-----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> THERAPEUTIC AID | SMALL | No. 63 | — \$14.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THERAPEUTIC AID | MEDIUM | No. 64 | — \$14.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THERAPEUTIC AID | LARGE | No. 65 | — \$14.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STA-ERECT | SMALL | No. 66 | — \$14.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STA-ERECT | MEDIUM | No. 67 | — \$14.95 |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> MEDIC-AID HAND VIBRATOR | | No. 28 | — \$ 5.95 |

