

NEW

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AN ERG GOLDSTRIFE PUBLICATION

Female Mimics

NUMBER ONE

FOR THE ADULT READER
SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED

Introducing:

DANNY LA RUE

**NEW YORK'S
FAMOUS
82 CLUB**

PRESENTING..

Brigitte Dior

**QUEENS
IN DRAG**

Exclusive

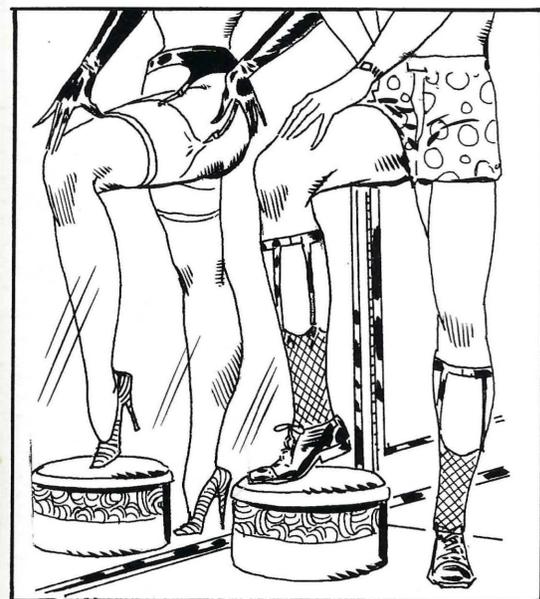
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SECTION**





New FEMALE MIMICS

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Printed in the U.S.A.

PRESENTING DANNY LaRUE

THE WORLD'S
FOREMOST
FEMALE IMPERSONATOR





The nightly reservation lists at Danny's famous Mayfair night spot reads like "Who's Who".



Danny La Rue's





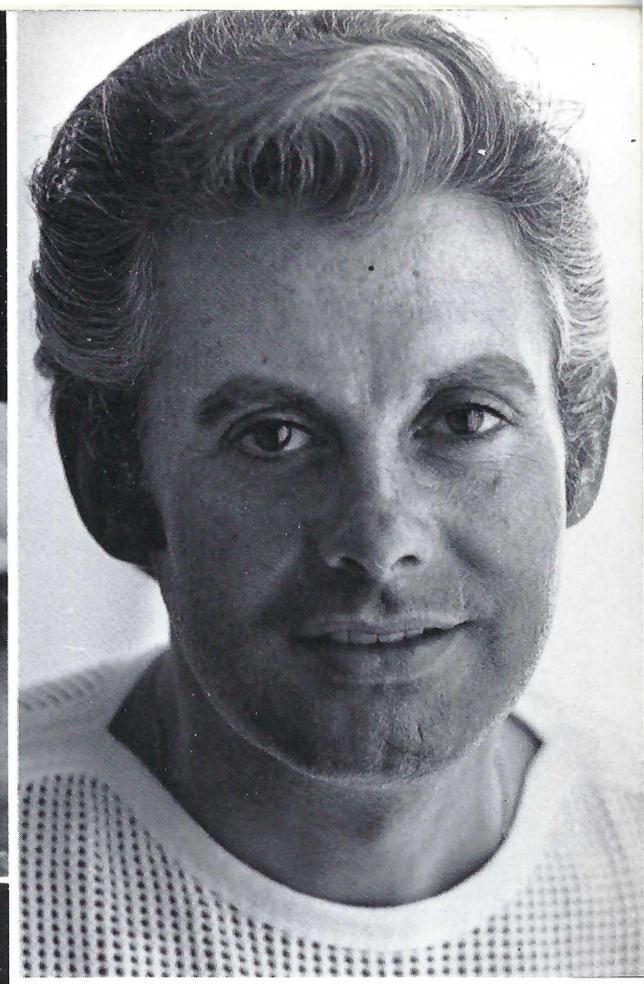
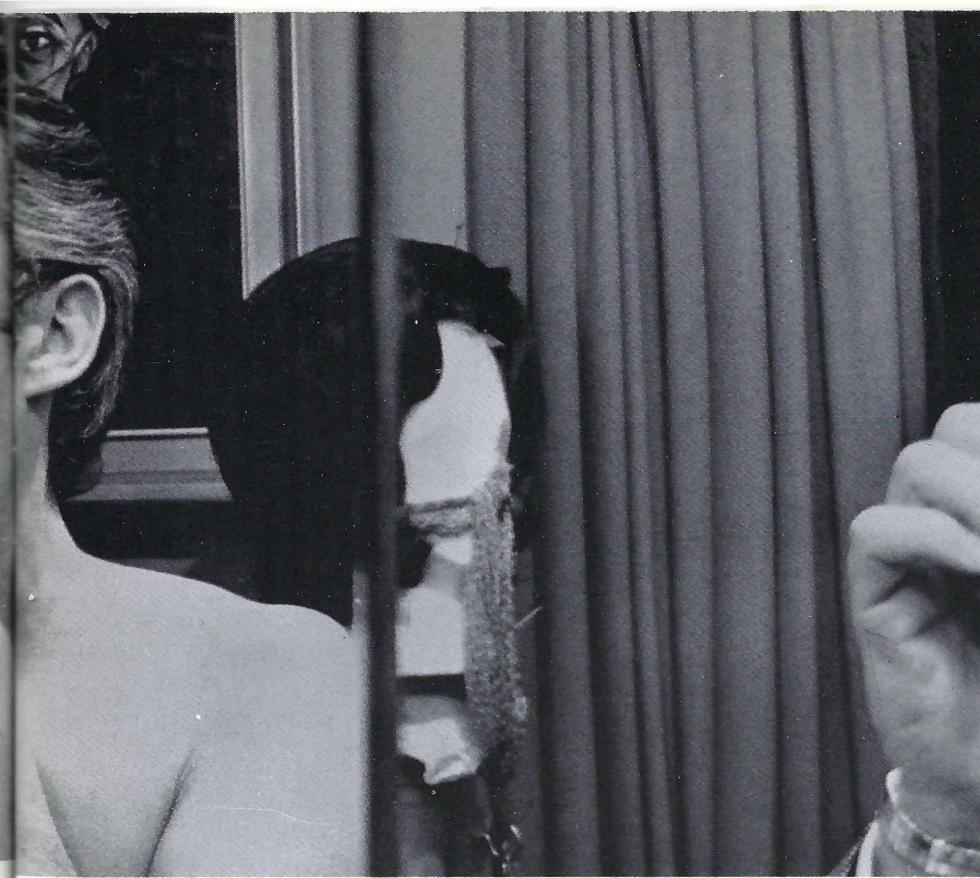
Danny La Rue's fans are not just the "In" set, but the people who create the trends for the "In" set to follow. His act has been applauded by Princess Margaret, Lord Snoden, King Hussein, Noel Coward, Judy Garland (who even joined in on the finale), and Nureyev (who returns frequently to watch Danny's impersonation of himself).





Mr. La Rue is a female impersonator (though he doesn't care for the description), and something of a phenomenon. He has made "drag" respectable on stage, and so socially acceptable that when Princess Margaret visited the club, she asked him to perform at her favorite charity ball.

But it has only been recently that Danny has gained this recognition. After working around London for ten years, he opened his own club 2 years ago and has now become the most popular entertainer in Great Britain.



NEW YORK'S FAMOUS



82 - CLUB



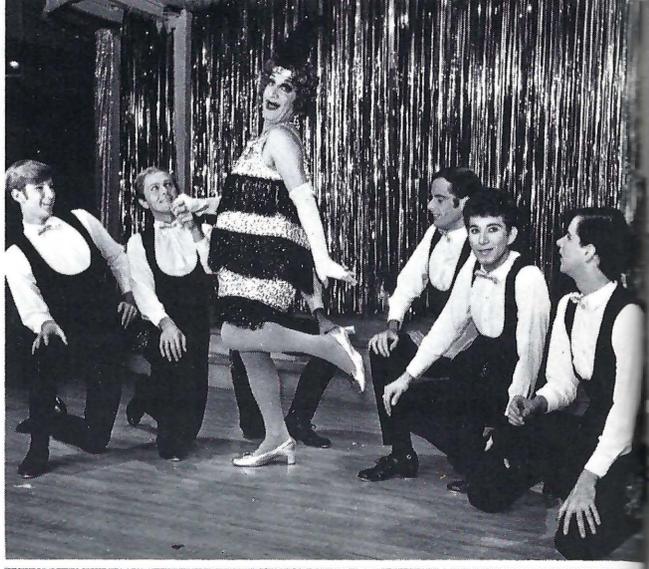




Established in 1951, the 82 CLUB has become known and visited by people from all over the world.

Left: Trini Seville "taking it off."





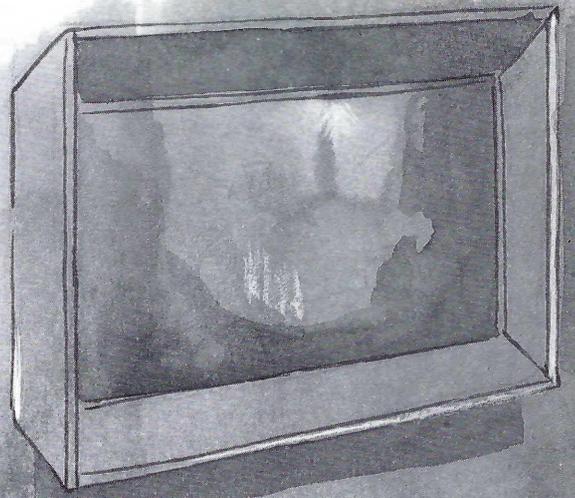
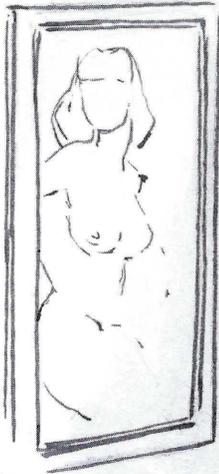
Auditioned and carefully selected by producer Kitt Russell, this group of talented impersonators present an unbelievable illusion of well-studied femininity.

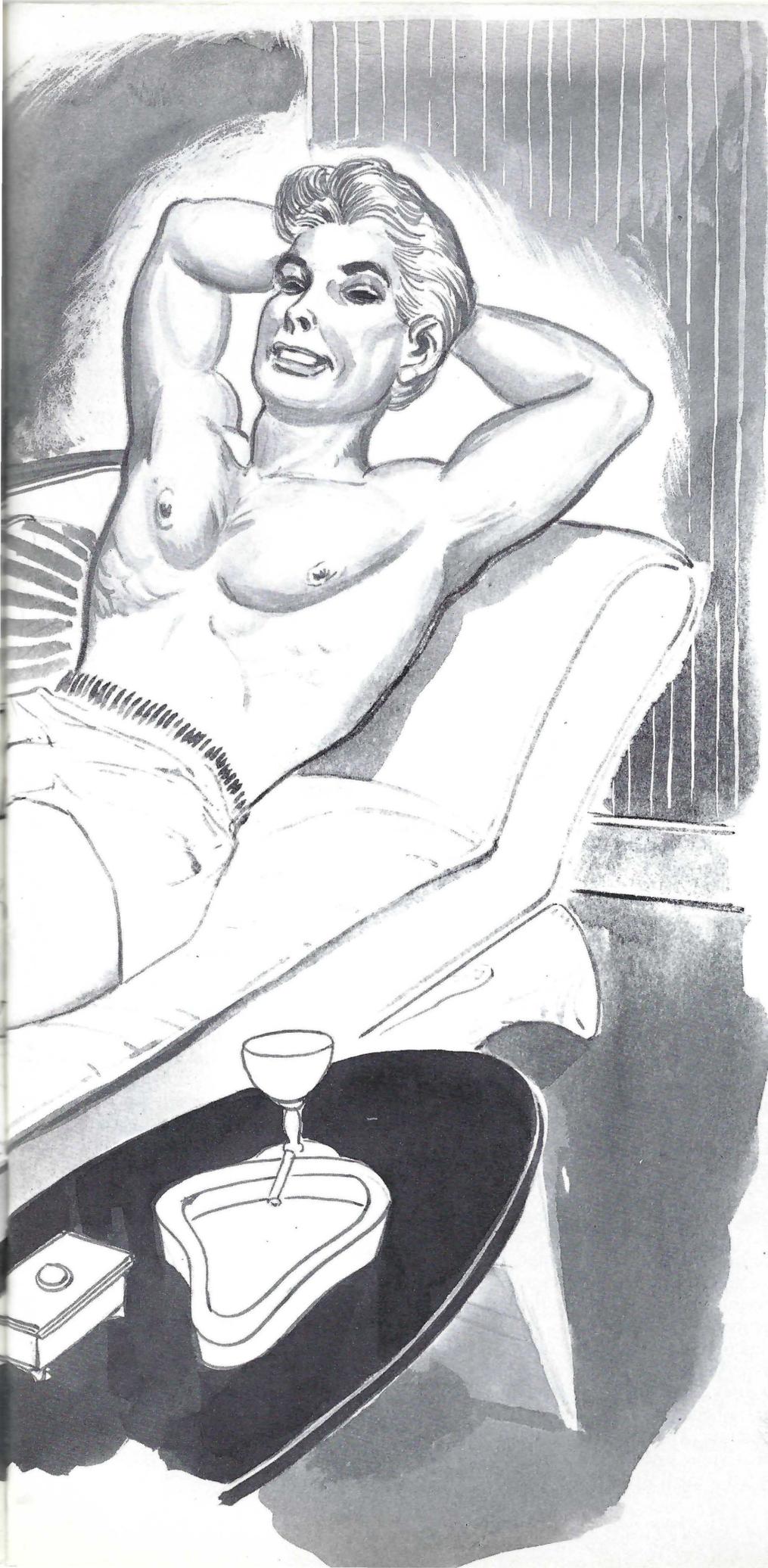
Left: The "indestructible" Ty Bennett.



The 82 CLUB review is always a dazzling, fast-paced show featuring a company of thirty-five singers, dancers and variety artists representing almost every type of stage-fare. The revue is highlighted by three spectacular production numbers.

GOBLIN





Kathy And Bill

For Kathy the waiting and suspense was almost intolerable. She had longed for this opportunity for such a long time. If only the final moments would fly by. She wished she already were at the agents office; wished the interview were over and that she were already on the job, starting her new career. No, she didn't really wish that; she was looking forward to the interview. It would be one of the highlights of all her efforts, her biggest challenge—and a successful interview would add to her feeling of accomplishment of her long postponed aims.

It was still a few hours before her appointment; plenty of time to prepare herself to appear at her best. She

scrubbed and scrubbed in the hot shower, pausing occasionally to stand erect with breasts jutting out so the hard streams of water would strike her extended nipples. She marvelled at how they projected, full and hard. The stinging sensation raced thru her whole body. It was so great to be a woman with such a beautiful body. She caressed each curve, lovingly.

Kathey thoroughly anointed herself with scented oils, filling every pore and further smoothing her already delectable skin. She had previously taken extra caution to remove every trace of bodily hair. Yes, she thought, my skin is wonderful. So smooth, no sign of wrinkles or rough areas that some girls were plagued with. I'm a lucky girl, she thought.

Her day-dreaming turned to Bill, poor unlucky, frustrated Bill. He hadn't realized for many years that he had strong transvestite tendencies. Oh, sure, he knew it was odd the way he thrilled so to the touch of any female clothing. He had even put on slips and dresses years ago but not much came of it. It wasn't until recently that his transvestism bit was so obvious to him. He had come across some literature on the subject recently, and realizing that there were many others like himself, he had become more and more involved and developed a wild craving to dress fully in girls clothes, to wear make-up and any thing else he could connect with the feminine world. It had been only an occasional "dress up" period when no one was around—he was sure his friends would laugh him right out of town if they found out about his hidden suppressed desires. But the urge soon became so strong that his inner soul yearned and pleaded to be able to go out in public, dressed completely feminine. But he knew the laws; it frustrated him so! He saw girls everywhere dressed in men's clothes—why the hell couldn't he be accepted in girls clothes?

Yes, poor Bill, Kathey thought as she continued her preparation for her big moment. She started her dressing with a combination pantie and waist-cincher. She had found this to be the best way for controlling every little curve, but not so confining or restricting as to prevent her curves from jouncing deliciously as she walked. The cincher nicely controlled her waist line, pushing some flesh upward

to add to her bosom, and pushing downward to fill out her hips and buttocks. And having a thin pantie bottom rather than the constraining material of a girdle meant that as she moved about her buttocks could softly and suggestively roll and wiggle in a most entrancing way. Even while just standing, it gave her rear a very pliant, soft look that seemed to be just begging for attention.

The garment was black, as would be all her underwear today. It seemed to be the most effective and she had to admit to herself that it made her feel sexy and desirable. She bent forward slightly as she draped the bra across her back, straps across her shoulders. No need to take a chance with a strapless as the dress she would wear would cover bra and slip straps. Besides, the lifting action of the straps would help hold her "up and out". That's what she wanted. She wanted those enticing breasts with firm nipples to be one of her obvious assets.

Bill would understand, she thought as she attended to her finger and toe nails—bright, startling red to match her lips. He longed so much to have full breasts. He tried so hard to develop sufficient flesh to be able to arrive at good breast simulation. Wasted lots of money on quack "breast developers". But he kept trying. He was determined now that someday he would get the opportunity to be seen in public and he wished it could be with a low cut gown and of course that meant he'd need good cleavage.

Kathey remembered the details of Bill's first public appearance. It wasn't very public, but at least it was a start. Black nylon mesh panties, garter belt, bra and slip. Padded bra of course, but not so well done that he dared to present himself to the public for close examination. Nylons and high heels too. The shoes were bright red and of fair height heels. Just enough so he had no doubt about being able to walk but high enough to give him plenty of feminine carriage. He did a fair job of make-up, probably overdoing the bright red lips but he was not yet expert at that. The blouse was of the peek-a-boo variety, exposing the beautiful lingerie beneath but helping to hide the padding. The skirt was a bright flowered one, pleated and very full. What a thrill the full skirt would give

him later—how feminine he would feel. Though he didn't know it yet, for he had no specific plans. Just get out in public and take it from there, he decided. After touching up his make-up and donning a simple hat that he hoped would hide his definitely un-feminine hair, he strolled out the door, got in his car and drove off into the early evening. It was summer and still light but would get dark in an hour or so. He didn't know where he was going but he was so thrilled just to be going. His imagination ran wild in anticipation. His nerves were keyed to high pitch. This was what he had wanted to do for so long but he was afraid. Afraid he'd get caught but at the same time almost hoping he would be caught. Bring this out in the open. Let the world know how he felt, how he long to be accepted as a female.

He drove thru the slightly darkening streets knowing that there was enough light for any one who noticed him to think he was a girl. He imagined he really was and that all who saw him was struck by the beauty of this passing girl. He didn't dare get out of the car anywhere though, as that would mean too close an examination. His masquerade was not that good. For awhile his heart was in his mouth as he drove on, thinking that the car behind him was actually following him. What if it was a man driving around looking for a likely pickup? But finally the other driver went straight ahead as Bill turned down toward the highway. It was getting darker now and it had been only frustrating to drive the streets of town. He felt the street lights and occasional direct beam of passing headlights weren't really lighting the inside of his car enough to do any good.

Out on the open road were new thrills. He imagined the cars moving along in the lanes beside him were quite aware of his loveliness, or at least they would think he was a girl and the thoughts thrilled him. At the occasional stop lights he would maneuver along side of a truck so the driver could become aware of the girl driving alongside. The truck driver would be able to look down into his car but because of the differences in vehicle height he would only see Bill's body and legs. Bill would be sure his skirt showed a bit of knee to add to the attraction. Later he had

an inspiration.

He stopped his car along the highway shoulder, got out, and made a pretence of wiping off the windshield, then the side windows and the rear window. He wiped slowly and did each window over and over again to prolong the time he stood at the highway edge—conspicuous in the headlights of the on-coming vehicles. As the traffic sped by he knew everyone was getting a glimpse at this female figure along side of the road. Here he had a real feeling of femininess. Cars sped by to fast to notice the deception and he was in his glory. I'm a girl, a girl.

A surge of thrill would course through him as a truck sped by, the wind it created making his skirts swirl around his legs and sometimes raise the skirt hem to his hip, displaying, he was sure, a good view to the following traffic of his stocking clad legs, his slip swirling and perhaps a glimpse of white flesh above the stocking tops. He knew that if he were the one witnessing the show he would stare. He found that lately he had been paying more attention than ever to the looks of girls. He would appraise them all over, but not with the usual male interest. Instead he would spot a pair of shapely legs and wish he had legs like that. Or he'd notice the walk—and in private would practice walking like that. He paid more attention to the details of make-up. Of course he had always been well aware of girls, but now it was becoming more and more important to know the details for he was obsessed with the idea of making himself as beautiful as any girl he saw.

Regretfully, he got back into the car, being careful to do it as femininely as possible, and drove on. He didn't dare stay too long at the edge of the road because someone might pass by twice (especially the police) and become suspicious if he spent too long wiping off the glass of the car. He had thought of jacking up the car but that could easily result in someone stopping to help the "girl" along the road and could lead to unwanted complications.

It would soon be time to go home and back to being a damn male. Oh it felt so glorious to be so feminine. One more stop and I'll go home, he thought. He stopped about a hundred

feet from a diner that had a phone booth outside and on the far side. He walked to the booth and pretended to make a phone call. This meant walking past the diner and brought him close to the view of those inside. No one paid him any attention, however, but it did add to his enjoyment of feeling that he was a girl. Then back to the car.

There was a side street he had to re-cross on the way back to the car and as he approached the curb a car drove down the side street. Damn! It's a police car, he realized. Nothing to do but to walk on as if everything was normal. If he turned and ran he would surely be chased. So across the street he went right in front of the stopped police car; right thru its glaring headlight beam. His heart pounded furiously. Back at the car he quickly got in and shut the door so the dome light wouldn't be on too long. Those police must have seen him though! He started the car but didn't want to pull out in front of the police car because its headlights would put him in the spot light again. As he waited for the police car to move on he imagined the cop was looking right at him. Hell they must see me, he thought. But apparently the police driver was only being sure he didn't pull out too quickly in the stream of traffic for pretty soon he drove off. Bill hurried home, relieved but so sorry that his little escapade was over. He would try to do the same or more soon!

Kathey could well imagine how excited Bill must have been. She herself was getting more nervous as she continued her careful dressing. Nail polish now dry enough to permit her to handle her clothes, she slipped her lovely satiny slip over her head and felt the thrill of it sliding down her body and falling into place. Into place meant that it hugged every curve outlining every delectable square inch of her shapely body. Bill you'd love the feel of this slip. It's divine. It clung to her waist and carressingly brushed her thighs.

Next the long sheer stockings. Nylons, not diamonds, are a girl's best friend. What they did for her legs! They were extra long and reached far up her thighs. It took a bit of doing to adjust the garter straps short enough to hold the stocking tight. She ran her hands up her legs to smooth

each wrinkle and assure a taught fit. All this attention to her legs didn't help her nerves, either. Even if they were her own hands caressing her legs it still felt damn good. The shoes she had chosen she thought were divine. Beautiful shining gold with five inch spike heels—real thin spikes. As she slipped them snugly on her feet she thought ahead to the moment when she would walk into the agents office. She would have to walk her very best but she knew they would add tremendously to the over-all effect of her attire and the resulting movement of her body would be very provocative. She strolled around the room in a sort of practice and was pleased with the effect. It seemed a shame to cover all that lovely lingerie with a dress. She agreed with Bill's expressed desire to walk the streets dressed that way. Nothing makes a girl feel so feminine as her sexy underwear.

But it was time to finish dressing so on went the dress. Not that the dress was any distraction to her femininity. It was beautiful. She had many gorgeous gowns but this seemed to be the natural one for her to wear on this so important occasion. It had been custom made for her at Deanna's and the girls there really knew how to make the dress fit the individuals characteristics. Gold with tiny specks of black and of course fitting perfectly every curve—even to snugly tapering in below her buttocks and hugging the back of her thighs so that the full exiting shape of her posterior was quite evident.

Properly selected accessories; earrings, necklace, bracelet and purse completed her dressing with the exception of her hair. She had put off the decision of what to do about her hair until the last. Should she arrange her own natural brown hair or wear a wig? If she had had a jet black wig she would have chosen that as the best contrast, but she didn't have one. She chose, instead, to wear her golden-blond wig. That would go best with her gold dress and shoes. She was out to make the best possible impression any girl could ever make so it was important to be dressed just right. Beside, she enjoyed the feminine pastime of pouring over her lovely clothes. That was a good part of being a girl. Bill, how I understand your longings, she felt.

Wig in place and make-up given a final touch-up, she pirouetted in front of the full length mirror; very, very pleased with what she saw. Yes, I know how you feel, Bill, she thought, when you're all dressed up in your finery, make-up expertly applied and so much like a girl. There's nothing finer in this world than being a girl and how any man would want to continue dressing in the customary ways was beyond her. Bill had the right idea. She approved heartily of his way of dressing. It made much more sense to wear these beautiful comfortable clothes. Those horrible men's clothes were so rough on one's tender skin and besides they didn't show off a beautiful figure either. It was ever so much better to be a girl. No wonder Bill made the switch. Kathey had become aware of this when she first went to Deanna's and found many of Deanna's customers were men.

Deanna's wasn't just a dress shop—it was a charm school to create beautiful women. It might surprise some poor un-informed men to learn about Denna's training course, but not to many an enlightened transvestite. This was what they were all searching for. Understanding teachers to teach them how to be women. As is usually the case, they were pleased to find that Denna ruled the school with an iron hand. Don't all transvestites really want to find a woman whom will demand complete obedience and will make them into the women they want so desperately to be? It was this way with Bill, Kathey knew. She knew all about Bill and his feelings and secret longings that were not so secret much longer. Kathey had attended Deanna's school to improve herself and at Denna's everybody tells all. Deanna insisted on it being that way. Said its necessary so that her training can be complete. She undoubtedly is right for she sure knew how to turn out the "girls". Bill was a fine example. He became a lovely lady.

As all others, Bill told all. He told how he had come to the city one day. He came in about noon but was prepared to stay late into the night. He was determined to find out more about people like himself and to add to his thrills. He was searching. Searching for more knowledge of transvestism, searching for compan-

ionship and a chance to mingle with those who would accept him as a girl.

Bill still hadn't learned sufficient deception to walk the streets dressed as a girl—he knew he'd get caught. But at least he had some of his "love-lies" on: panties, garter belt, bra, slip, stockings, and a shirt-blouse that was a girls though it could pass as a man's loud or fancy sport shirt. Hidden beneath his trousers he had on a slim-cut black skirt. A little uncomfortable but he'd put up with a lot more just to be able to know he had feminine clothes on even if others couldn't see them. In his sports jacket he carried his bra padding and in the car he kept his high heel shoes, earrings, hat and purse. These were just in case he found the opportunity to be fully dressed as a girl and he didn't want to be disappointed if the chance arose and he wasn't prepared. Besides, while driving around in the car he could wear them.

Bill also had the slightest trace of lipstick—enough to give him the satisfaction of knowing he had some on but not enough to attract unwanted attention. He drove about the city, parked, strolled the streets and the parks. While he was moving along in the car he would wear the high heel shoes and have his breast padding in place, but he didn't dare be fully dressed when he got out of the car.

After a nervous supper, he set out to find some trace of people he could confess his desires to, to find people like himself. But they were either staying in their private clubs or if they were on the streets he was too inexperienced to determine "who was what". He did find a dingy club that advertised "Female Mimics" so he went in to see the show. His only attempt at talking to anyone about his favorite subject was to ask an obviously luscious waitress if the customers ever came in "drag". He was terribly disappointed when he was told: "Oh, no, it's against the law. You can't be out in public dressed as a girl. You'd get arrested." The way she said "you" embarrassed Bill; she seemed to know why he had asked but didn't lead him on in any way so he realized his efforts were rebuffed. And he had had his heart set on joining the "girls"! Where the devil do they meet, how the hell am I ever going to get "in", he wondered to himself.

Anyway, he stayed for the show. Several weak drinks later it finally started. He was amazed at what he saw and knew that even if he himself were getting nowhere, it was still worth it to see the show. These guys were really good! They sure looked and danced like girls. Oh how he wished could be one of them. That would be really living. Maybe he should have made an attempt to get back stage, but he just couldn't bring himself to even try—he was so afraid of being rebuffed again. So he took it all in but remained on the outside, just a spectator. Lonely, frustrated spectator, getting comfort only from his secret knowledge that beneath his rough male clothes he wore lovely lingerie that felt so wonderful against his excited skin.

After the show he strolled around the streets some more, imagining all the while that the lovely lingerie was actually covered by a beautiful dress instead of those damn trousers! In his mind he could hear the clickety-clack of his high heels hitting the sidewalk. He headed for the east side of town where in his earlier driving around he had found the more elegant "mimic" nite club he had read about in magazines.

Again, his embarrassment kept him from learning much. He longed to ask the high-voiced waiters how he too could join in the festivities. He had read once of a movie actor who supposedly had borrowed clothes in a nite club one night and had had a ball prancing around as a girl. Damn it, he thought, I've brought my own clothes and can't do anything about it. Well at least I can enjoy the show.

And watch the show he did. In fact, all three shows. He was so intrigued by what he saw that he just couldn't leave until the last act of the last show. No doubt about it, it was worth it. There wasn't a bit of it that he didn't like, though he found that there were some that didn't "send" him as much as others. But there was one who really did send him. Oh how I'd love to be able to do that, he thought, as he watched a stripper. Could this really be a man? Yes, male he was, but oh, his act! He came on stage dressed in the slinky fashion Bill liked best and paraded about the stage, slowly stripping down to the barest essentials. The sensuous movements he used, though! Bill squirmed

in his seat as he watched, jealousy coursing through him. The act was finished with the stripper bending over backwards, arms outstretched, legs bent at knees, until his hands touched the floor. In this arched position, with long blond hair sweeping down to the floor and silken clad legs glimmering in the spot lights, he began sensuous hip and abdomen movements. As the writhing rose in abandon, he balanced on one hand while the other caressed his body. How could anyone watch this and not become excited? Never had Bill seen anything like it. This was good as any girl could do! How he longed to be able to be like this stripper—it would be the crowning point of his aims. As he watched, he couldn't keep himself from stroking his own body, feeling the smooth underwear exciting every nerve in his skin as he, too, writhed.

But that's all he could do. No matter how strong his feelings, how strong his desire to be one of the "girls", he could not bring himself to talk to anyone connected with the club. Staying so long and consequently consuming several drinks, he had to make several trips to the rest room where his fears would be compounded. He was so afraid that in the close quarters of the men's room, someone would be sure to notice how his hips bulged because of the skirt bunched inside of his trousers, or that his slip and bra straps would show beneath the shirt-blouse he was wearing. Or that someone would for sure think it was odd that his ankles were nylon clad. Luckily no one noticed. And as he passed the door of the Ladies room he longed to be able to go in there where he felt he belonged. As the trips were numerous he developed a fleeting friendship with the woman attendant outside; joked about tips and generally passed away a few moments in idle chit-chat. Maybe he could speak to her. "Miss, how can I join in the fun? Look, See, I'm wearing some lovely things and I want to show them off." No, he couldn't do that. What if she just laughed at him; or had him thrown out?

Finally, after breathlessly watching the final act, he went on home. Perhaps he should have lingered awhile. Maybe something might happen after the show. But he felt conspicuous sitting at his table while the others all

seemed to be leaving, so he, too, left.

As soon as he got back in his car and could find a somewhat secluded spot, Bill stripped off his trousers, donned his shoes and hat, and then put on some lipstick. He would have liked to put on more makeup but he couldn't in the car right there where someone might notice him. Besides, he had only brought lipstick. Well this is good enough, I suppose, he thought as he drove on home. It had been a tremendous evening but he was still poor frustrated Bill.

By now, Kathey had daydreamed along so deeply, that she suddenly realized she was in the cab heading for her appointment. She didn't really remember getting in the cab, but here they were pulling up to the curb already. During her daydreaming she must have hurried along because she realized she had arrived ahead of schedule. "Driver, take a spin around the park" she said. "I'm a little early and this will be a good way to pass the time." Soon she was back to daydreaming again and her thoughts went back to Bill. As the reader is probably already well aware, Kathey and Bill had taken training courses at Denna's. Soon after his exciting trip to the city he had received a reply to a letter he had sent to an "exotic club" member. Up to then he had not heard anything and had about given up the idea of making any contacts that way. But this reply opened up an entirely new way of getting his start.

He had written to one member, a female whose picture looked terribly interesting, and who had expressed a desire to contact those who wanted to do something different. He had poured out his story to her and said that he hoped by "different" perhaps she included those who had strong transvestite tendencies. Someone who would encourage him and help him find what he was looking for. She had merely sent back his letter with a note "Contact me for training course" and had supplied her phone number. Hesitating to make the call, he first found out through the phone company the address of his correspondent and wrote direct to her suggesting they write each other and that she explain her course.

This second letter he got back quickly and written on the back was simply this note, "Do as you're told!

Call for appointment. No letters!" Now was the time for Bill to make up his mind. Here was his chance to get "in". He'd been wanting some kind of contact and this sounded right. No more pussy-footing around wishfully hoping something would happen. Make it happen. Make the call. Deanna sounded like the answer to his dream. She would see to it that he did as she told him. A dominating woman, that's what he needed. Someone to really put him in his place—and he knew where his place was: woman's world. And so he made his choice. He made the call and received an appointment for the next day. Be at this address tomorrow at 4 P.M. and be prepared to stay several weeks, he was told. Perhaps that long won't be necessary, but that will depend on how you cooperate and how quickly you learn to behave the way you should. Bring nothing with you; we'll supply all your needs. We'll have to break any bad habits you may have already formed with your amateur attempts at being a woman. Any wardrobe you may have will be practically useless, for when you're properly conditioned, you'll need dresses and things tailored to your new shape.

Kathey was very glad for Bill that he had made what she believed to be the wise choice. Now his frustrations would be forgotten. Deanna would create a new person.

And of course, Bill obediently did as he was told. He showed up promptly at four, carrying nothing except a purse and a pair of spiked heel shoes. Otherwise he was dressed just as he had been on his last trip to the city: Lovely underthings, blouse and those cussed rough trousers. On the way up in the elevator, he stripped off his trousers and shoes, put on his adorable spikes and quickly applied lipstick. He had been letting his hair grow for sometime until now it was almost feminine in length—well at least very short feminine. He ran his hand through his hair, tousling it to rid it of its masculine appearance—and rang the bell, heart pounding in anticipation. Oh, Deanna, he thought, please be good to me. Make me into my dream girl!

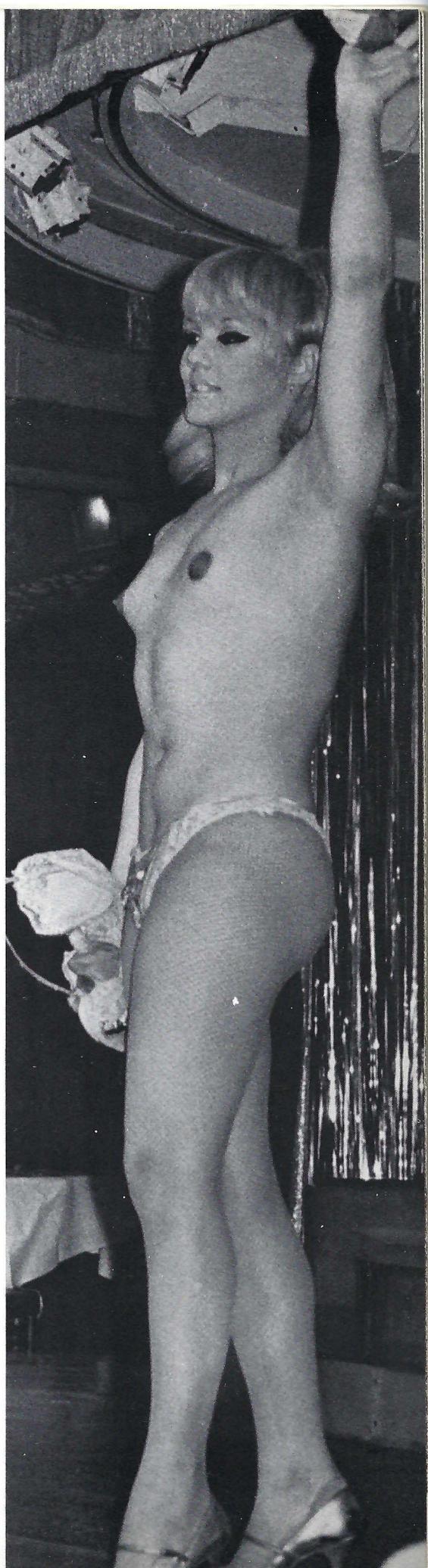
"Well, if you aren't the eager one," he was greeted. "You're the first to show up here with enough guts to be

(Continued on page 78)



INTRODUCING BRIGETTE DIOR

CANADA'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE
ART OF FEMALE IMPERSONATION.







Brigette appeared on the stage of New York's 82 CLUB earlier this year, and immediately became the most outstanding performer in the show. "She" now plans to return to her native Montreal to open "her" own club.

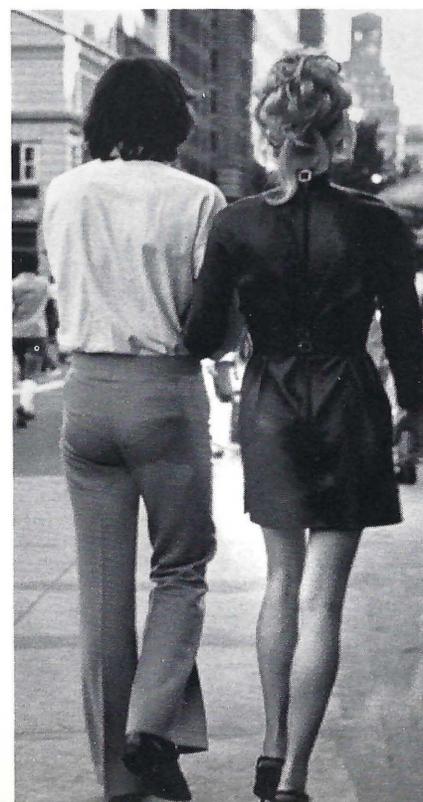






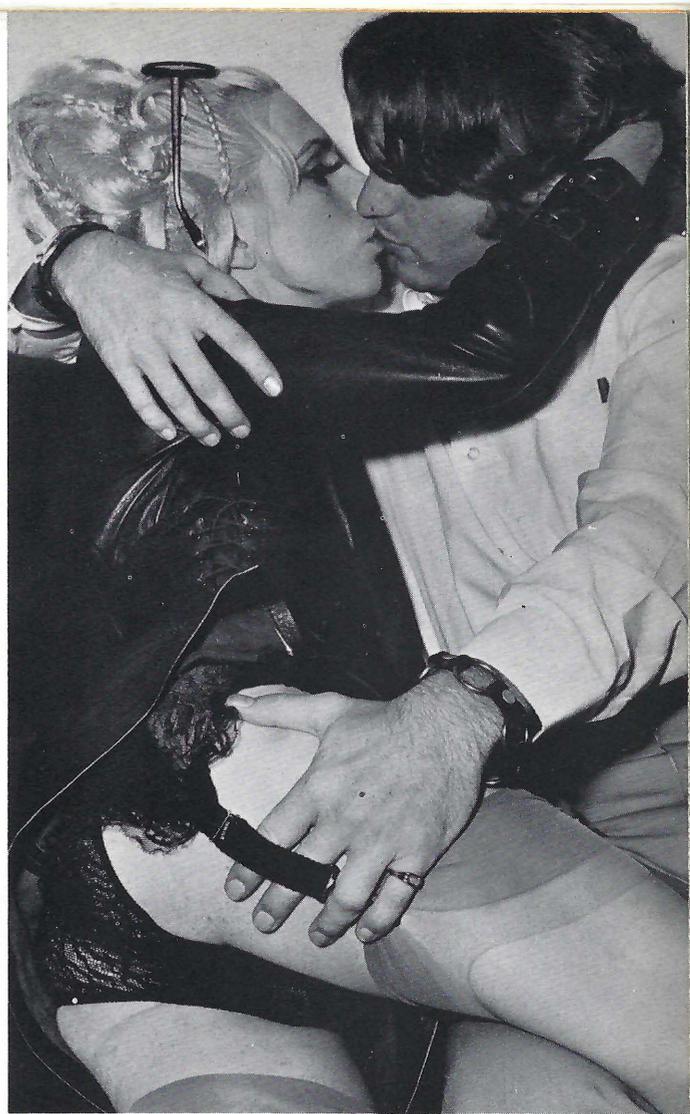


A man who dresses up as a woman in the cigar-and-liquor fumes of a night club might not seem the best qualified for public admiration, but Brigette says "she" wouldn't have it any other way!



When Tom first spotted the lovely blonde in the park, he knew that he would have to get to know her better—*much better!* It only took a smile and a few words to achieve his objective.

DECEIVING BLONDE









MOST OF THE TIME BOYS WILL BE BOYS AND GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS, BUT ON THIS OCCASION THE GIRL TURNED OUT TO BE A BOY!

DECEIVING BLONDE



























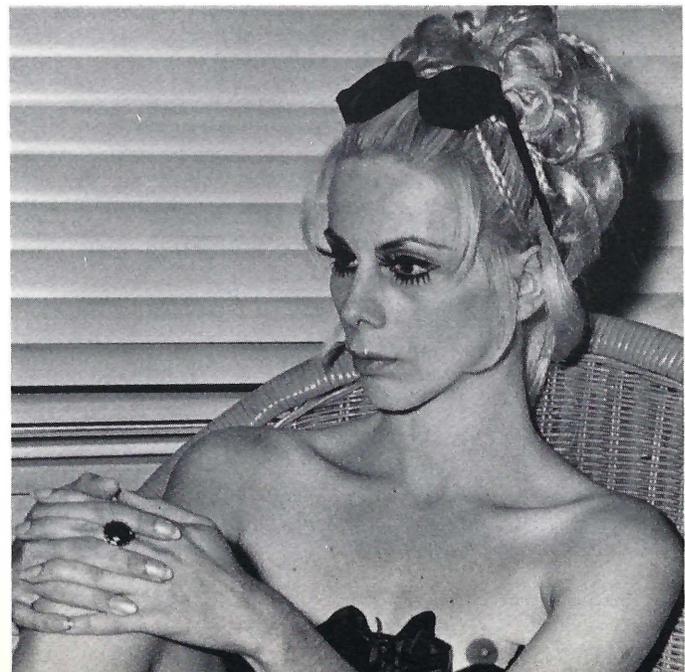








This torrid love affair started out as an everyday boy-meets-girl story. That is until Tom discovered that Michelle's real name was Michael.







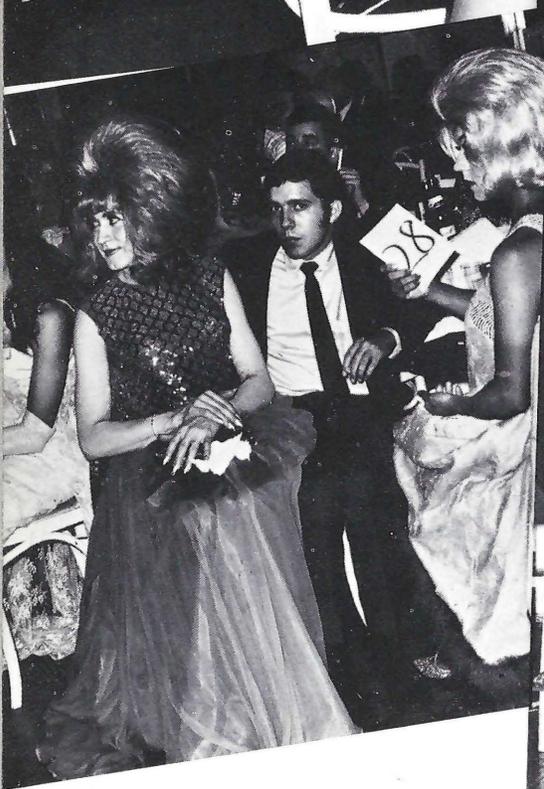
My father often told me that there would be days like this. The only trouble is that he didn't tell me what to do when they came





Whoever said that "Blondes can be more fun!", certainly knew what he was talking about. This blonde is fun with a capital "F".

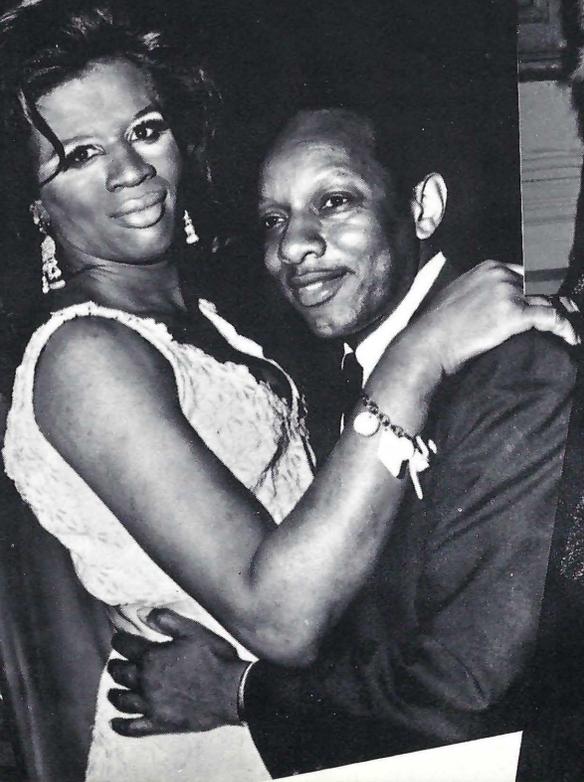
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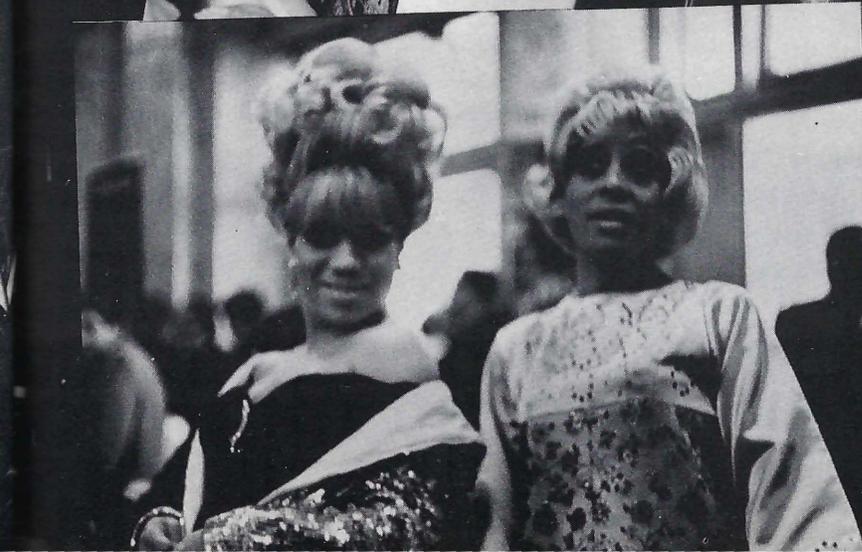


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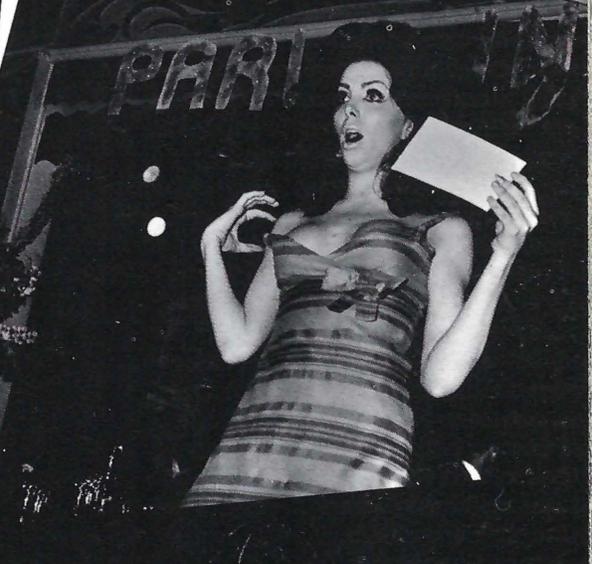


These pages (and the following eight) show us what goes on at the years most outstanding event ... the special variety Club's Annual Pre-Thanksgiving Costume and Masquerade Ball. The hosts, Frankie Quinn and Saul Segal spare no expense to make this a never-to-be-forgotten night.



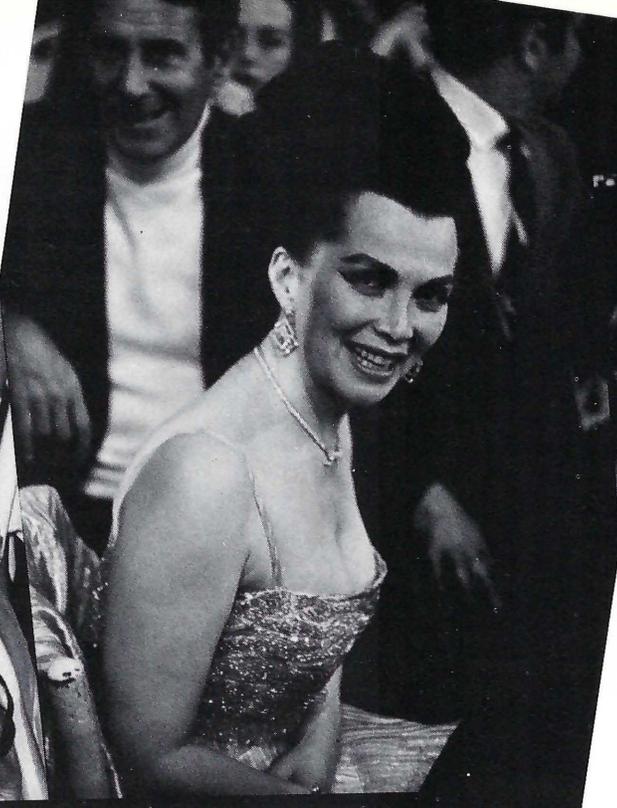












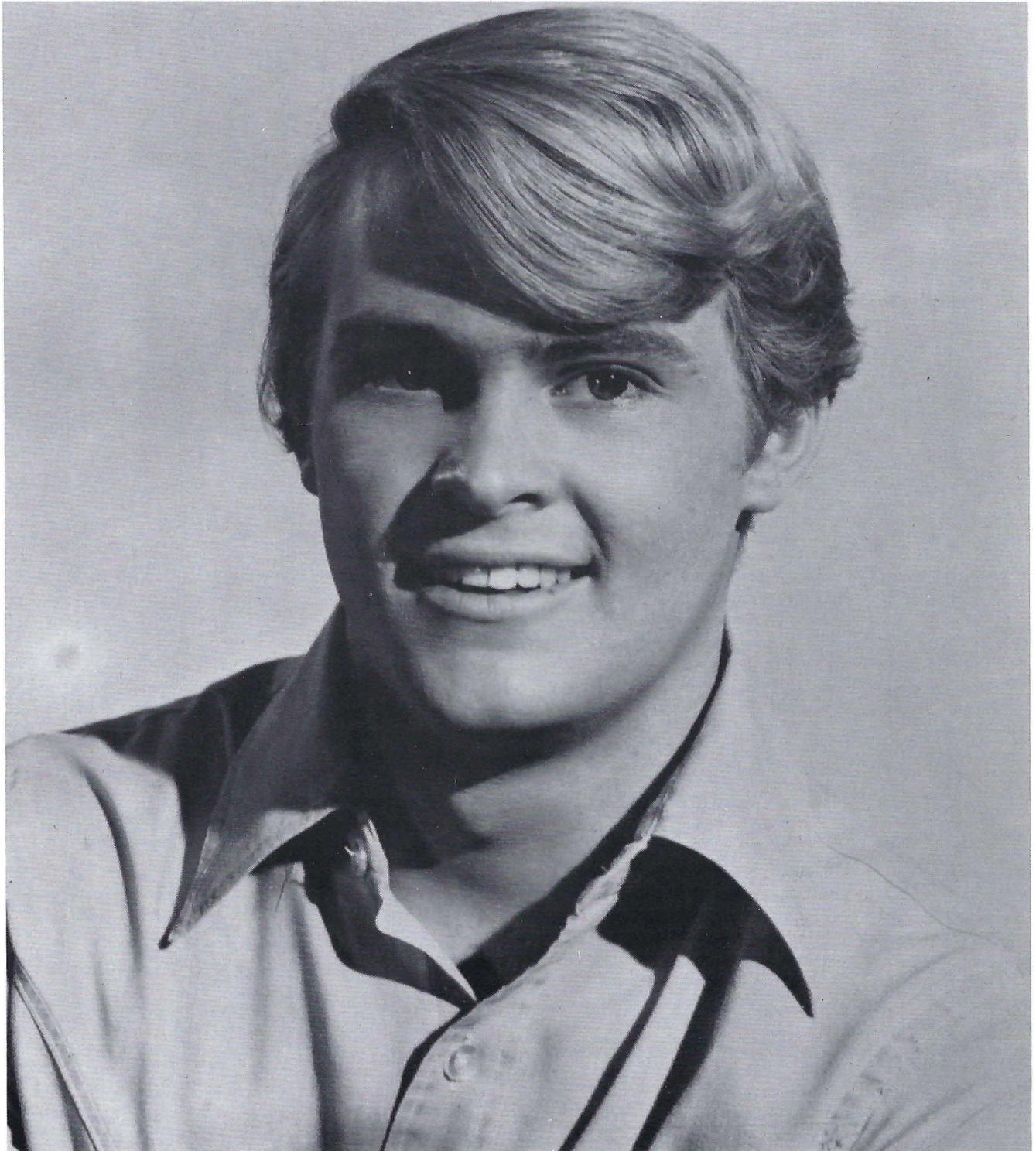


THE CHRISTINE

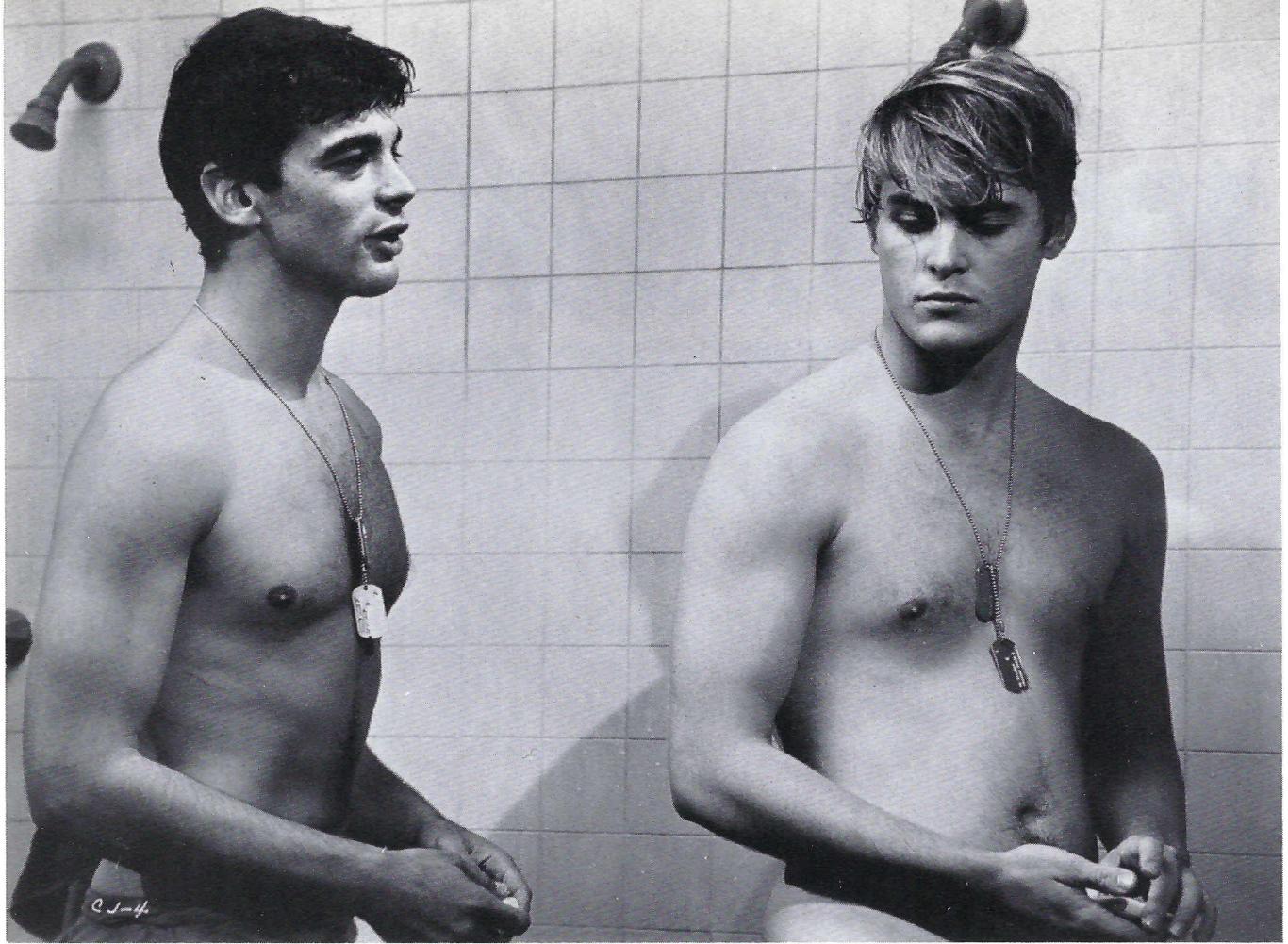


THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY is an Edward Small presentation for release by United Artists. Based on the life of Christine Jorgensen, it stars John Hansen in the title-role.

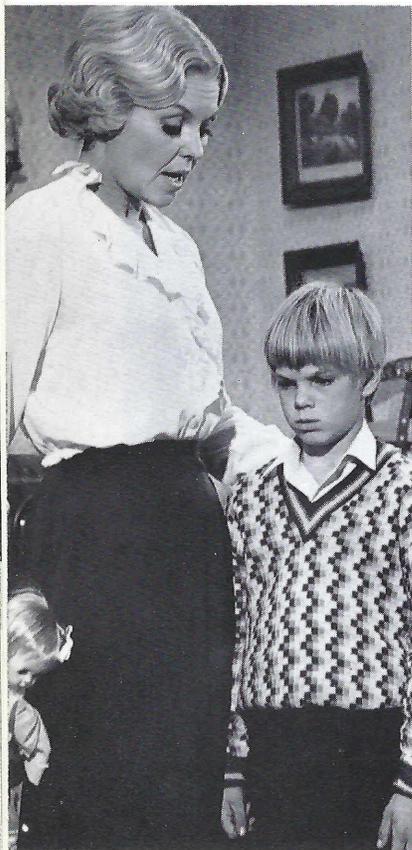
JORGENSEN STORY



John Hansen portrays George-Christine Jorgensen. Above, he is seen as George, prior to his transformation. On the facing-page he is Christine, following surgery and treatment.



George Jorgensen, above, is embarrassed when a fellow soldier invites him to join a group visiting a whorehouse.





These scenes from **THE CHRISTINE JORGENSEN STORY** show the problems that George went through prior to and during his transformation. Below-right: John Hansen is greeted by the real life Christine.



The Girls by Stanton





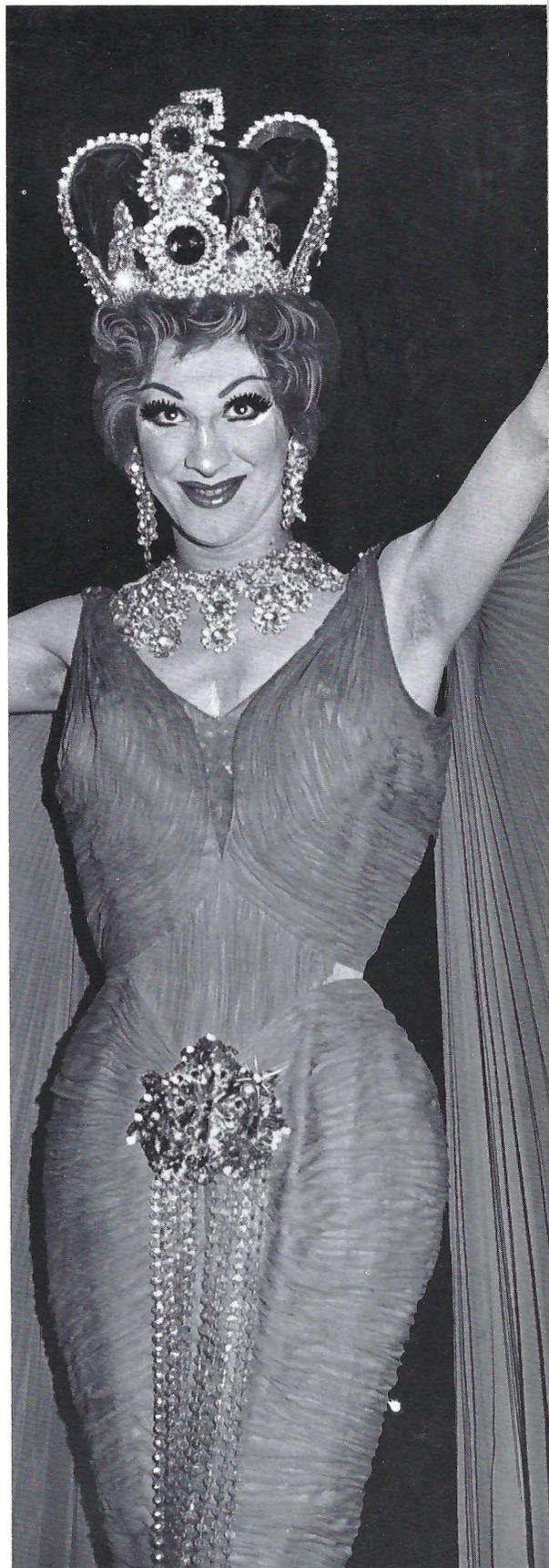
QUEENS 'N DRAG



There have been many outstanding Female Impersonators through the years. On these pages we will attempt to throw the spotlight on just a few of them. . . (Below: T.C. JONES)







(Opposite Page) Left: Randy Taylor . . . Center: Hans Crystal . . . Right: Holly White. (Above) Left: Mel Michaels . . . Right: Pudgy Roberts.





(Opposite Page):
Randy Taylor

(This Page):
Terry Noel
Bambi
Baby Martell
Kim Foo
Coccinelle



(Facing Page): Kim August and Terry Noel.

(Below): Two unidentified lovelies.





(Continued from page 21)

at least a little started on your way. Come in, come in. I'm sure we'll have success with you. Now strip. Let's see what we have to work with." Bill apparently hesitated a little, for Deanna said sharply to him, "I said strip and that means strip. Now! Get this straight. What I say goes and I want complete and immediate obedience."

That was the last hesitation Bill made. From then on he did exactly as he was told. It was a good thing, Kathey decided, for the transformation of Bill was excellent. It probably would not have been so successful if Bill hadn't been so willing, so compliant. But this was what he wanted—and he got what he wanted. It was not easy. Deanna kept after him and saw to it that he really trained hard. It was not a one girl operation—Deanna had several girls working for her at the school. Some of course were charm school students themselves, but everyone helped in the training of Bill. His body was rebuilt: hips broadened, thighs and buttocks filled out, chest flesh fattened to give some semblance of bosom. It would never be full enough for true breasts but with the right support and contouring with special bras, he did at least develop enough so that eventually he was able to wear low cut gowns showing remarkable cleavage. Quite sufficient to hide the still necessary padding that was specially built into his bra.

And as she had indicated, Deanna ruled the roost with an iron hand. It didn't take long for Bill to become very fond of this beautiful domineering woman. He was quite fond of the others, too, for it made him so happy to be accepted by them. They could easily please him by pointing out how well he was doing and how soon he could consider himself a woman.

His body building of course included removing all bodily hair and keeping it removed. He had little to start with, which was a help. Also his body frame was right for conversion. Small boned and small waisted. It took but little effort to change his 29 inch waist to 25 inches. Starting with 34— inch hips they became 36— to 37. So he was to become quite a shapely 38—25—37. Quite good, wouldn't you say? As good as mine, thought Kathey.

But to continue with Bill's bodily

hair. His chest hair was pulled out with tweezers. Actually it was not as painful as one might think. Arm and leg hair, though, could only partially be reduced by tweezing, so it was a case of daily shaving. Facial hair was the big trouble spot. Though he had very little facial hair, still tweezing was out of the question. Daily hormone treatments that were adding flesh to his body, helped slow the growth, but it was necessary to use the razor here too. Deanna let it be known that she wanted to see smooth skin at all times, so Bill had to keep after himself all the time. They eyebrows presented very little of a problem—they were artfully plucked to produce a nice arch that made Bill's eyes sparkle like a bright, quizzical but provocative girl.

Body and facial lotions were also used to soften and smooth his skin. He would often soak in a bath of oils, while he practiced his voice lessons. This required constant practice. He was never allowed to use a low voice, even to murmur or gasp in low tones. To create a falsetto voice that didn't sound obviously like a man imitating a girl required many hours of practice and constant use.

The first two days, Bill was assigned to a private room, but then he was transferred to the general dormitory. Several of the students and instructors lived in and the room they shared was a large one with plenty of dressers and dressing tables. The beds were double beds which gave Bill quite a turn at first, but, as Deanna put it, you're a girl so what difference does it make. You'll live with the girls twenty-four hours a day. You're a girl! So be a girl! Even the washroom was dormitory style, including a large stall shower big enough for four or five girls at a time. Here, as everywhere, they helped each other, soaping, rinsing, drying each other. No wonder his transformation was so successful. He was always treated as female—never a sign of even noticing that he still had some male characteristics.

It was in the dormitory that Bill made an amazing discovery. Two of his instructors that were so feminine in appearance were actually like him. They were the results of previous training courses and had decided to stay on at Deanna's as her aides. Perhaps this is what I'll do, he thought.

No, I'd rather get out into the general world. Perhaps in some business, maybe show business or be a waitress. Somewhere where I'll be among people and can really be a girl and associate with other people. That's what I'll be happiest doing. Leading a normal girl's life with a girl's job and girl's private life. As near as possible to being a complete girl as I can.

Naturally all the attention wasn't given to Bill's body. He could have the shape of a woman but still be ridiculously male. As mentioned before, his voice was trained and he shared his full time with the girls but he still had to be taught to act like a girl—living among them was not enough.

He spent hours manicuring his nails, applying make-up, setting his now much longer hair, dressing and undressing. Taking off and re-applying the make-up and nail polish. All these of course took time and took instruction. As did learning to walk, dance, stand, sit, talk, eat and sleep. Everything. He learned girls habits, their ways of doing all the ordinary things in life plus a few of the un-ordinary. Few girls get the opportunity to learn dancing as Bill did. Most girls of course are quite adept at dancing, but Bill learned the sensuous dances and the striptease artists ways. He never learned to be as expert as that stripper that had excited him so in that club, but he undoubtedly could be classed better than average. And not many girls get the chance to be professional models.

All students at Deanna's learned dressmaking Deanna believed that to be an expert girl you must be expert at girls chores. This is how Kathey had obtained such an extensive and beautiful wardrobe. The gowns, dresses, and lingerie were sort of a by-product of the school. An occasional sale was made to the public and this was how Bill got his chance at modelling; probably his biggest thrill to date. For here he was being shown off to people that didn't know his background. Here for the first time he was publicly accepted as female. Who could tell the difference? He only modelled the longer gowns because he never was able to develop legs that were considered good enough for professional modelling. Good enough to pass anywhere else, but models were expected to have perfect figures.

Yes, the shows were wonderful. It was such a glorious feeling to stride onto the stage the center of all attraction, undulate about and return backstage to quickly don another gown. Talk about thrills! It was these sales that made up his mind. He'd have to be in the public eye, somehow. Had to show himself off to other people. Or rather, herself. For gone was any feeling of masculinity. He was girl, all girl.

When a new student joined the course, Bill was told to help him as of course he was glad to do. It was rather a shock to Bill to see a man in the place. Such an obvious male, strictly an amateur. But then he thought back to his own first days and realized he too had probably looked very much out of place. He didn't feel out of place now, though. Heavens, no! He made a special effort to help the newcomer and was thrilled by the reaction of the new student when he learned Bill's identity.

Yes, Bill was in his place, alright. He belonged with the girls. Some were not full time trainers—they had regular jobs and did this as a hobby, getting their pleasure in dominating people like Bill. Though none of it was done cruelly. They all had compassion for Bill, understood the torment he had gone through before being invited to attend classes and training at Deanna's. Some also were students, true girls who were enrolled to improve their natural abilities for jobs in modelling or show business, or even to just improve their own sexiness just for the sake of their own feelings.

But all of them, once they realized the other types of training that Deanna had to offer, would join in with the aims of the school. It helped them to train others, so it was a case of each learning from each other. And rare was the girl who didn't jump at the chance to be so dominating, to be able to have people like Bill so subservient to them. And so it was that as part of his training, Bill often served as a maid. There were times when he was dressed the part. He would parade around in the cutest maid's costume and serve the girls in anyway they desired. It was natural that at times the services required were exotic, to say the least. Girls will be girls.

Kathey? Well she had her aims too, and Deanna's was the place to get the training she needed. Kathey heartily approved of the set up and thought it was the finest thing that could have happened to Bill. It was what he wanted, so it was what she wanted. Bill would make a lovely girl and Kathey sincerely hoped he would meet with nothing but success. She knew how he had put his heart and soul, along with his body, into this wonderful project.

The weeks went by and all traces of the former Bill faded away. His graduation was in the form of a party for all the girls. Deanna helped Bill dress in the finest of clothes and supervised his applying of make-up and setting of his hair. It was a satiny clinging gown with only one shoulder strap, the neckline plunging to expose his well developed cleavage. The training and body conditioning had been done expertly. Bill looked downright sexy!

The party started at the school with several rounds of drinks but soon several of the girls, Deanna included, decided it would be fun to take Bill on a tour of cocktail lounges. So off the gay party went. In and out of one bar after another. They would stay long enough to entice a round of drinks from the customers present, have a dance or two, and off they'd go again; leaving behind perplexed and disappointed males wondering where that bevy of beautiful girls had come from, what they were up to teasing them that way, and hoping they'd be back. How surprised they would have been to learn that the sexiest looking of them all was none other than Bill!

As she did with all her graduates, Deanna helped Bill as he made his way out into his new world, now a very attractive and oh so feminine a creature.

The time for reminiscing had past. Kathey was at last at the agents office and was about to be ushered into the interview room by the very attractive receptionist—almost as attractive as Kathey. Kathey smoothed her dress and stepped confidently into the room purposely exaggerating her undulating walk. She walked proudly erect, sure she was making her best impression—as in fact she was. A most enticing, provocative entrance.

"Well, come in, come in," she was

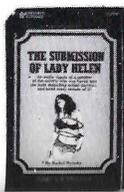
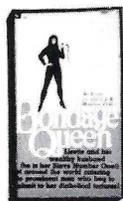
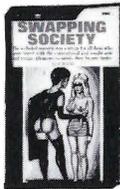
greeted. "My but Deanna has done wonders for you, you are a most attractive looking girl and I'm sure we'll have no trouble finding a spot for you that should assure the realization of your plans. Yes, Bill, Deanna has done wonders. I believe you are her best product, certainly the most luscious looking transvestite I've ever met.

"It says here in your transcript that you prefer the name Kathey. O.K. Bill, from now it's Kathey. Now come over here and sit down and we'll discuss what plans we have for you."

Bill, or rather, Kathey sat demurely at the desk, knees crossed, waiting expectantly for the planning of her career—looking forward for the most opportunities to appear as Kathey in public. She even intended to carry her feminine roll into private life. Deanna had trained her well for both public and private life and there was no sense in wasting any of her newly trained talents. As soon as she got settled in her new career, she would re-do her apartment in the most feminine decor; lots of lacy and frilly things. Then she would feel more comfortable when her girl friends stopped by. She'd make a fine housekeeper and hostess. Even if Deanna had not demanded it, she would keep in touch with the school. It would be lots of fun and so thrilling to entertain in her own home the others like Bill who found their way to Deanna's charm school. And she'd keep her eyes open for any likely prospects to recruit for the school. She knew how pleased she was with the results and wanted to help others find the same comfort and security of becoming girls. Life just meant so much more to her now. It's the real way to live, she thought.

So dear readers, be alert. Watch for Kathey. You will undoubtedly want to meet her and find your own way to the good life. You'll probably find Kathey working as a hostess at one of the clubs in town; where as you follow her undulating figure to your table, you will be sure to notice her enticing way of swaying along the busy floor, occasionally having to fend off an offending hand reaching out from the crowd. But don't be alarmed, she loves it and would have it no other way.

Happy hunting. Kathey made it. You can, too!



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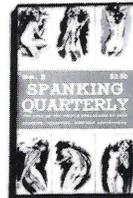
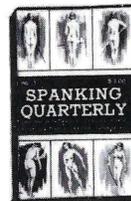
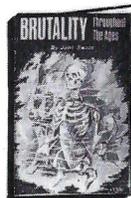


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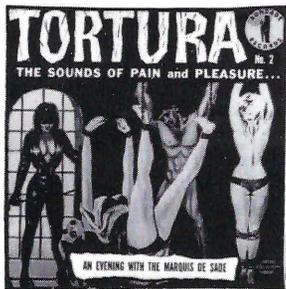


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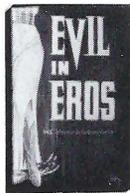
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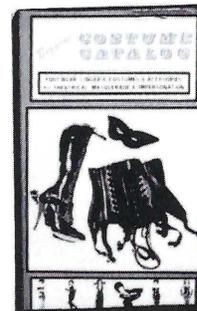
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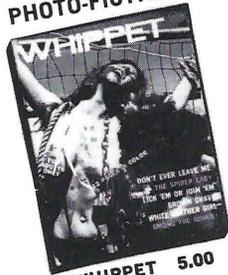
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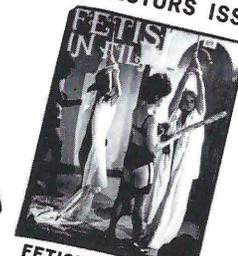
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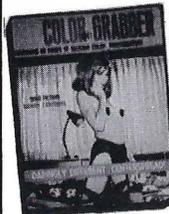


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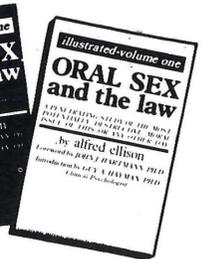


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