

FEMALE MIMICS

VOLUME 6 NUMBER 3

AN **EROS** GOLDSTRIP
PUBLICATION

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His bizarre tastes included far more than transvestism!

CONFESSIONS OF A DRAG ARTISTE

The spendor and the
swish of an L.A. nitery!

CROSS DRESSING WITH CLASS!

Queens of renown gather to dazzle!

LA REY'S V.I.P. BALL

Shazam! The handsome
lad is a femme fatale!

FROM TOMCAT TO TEMPTRESS



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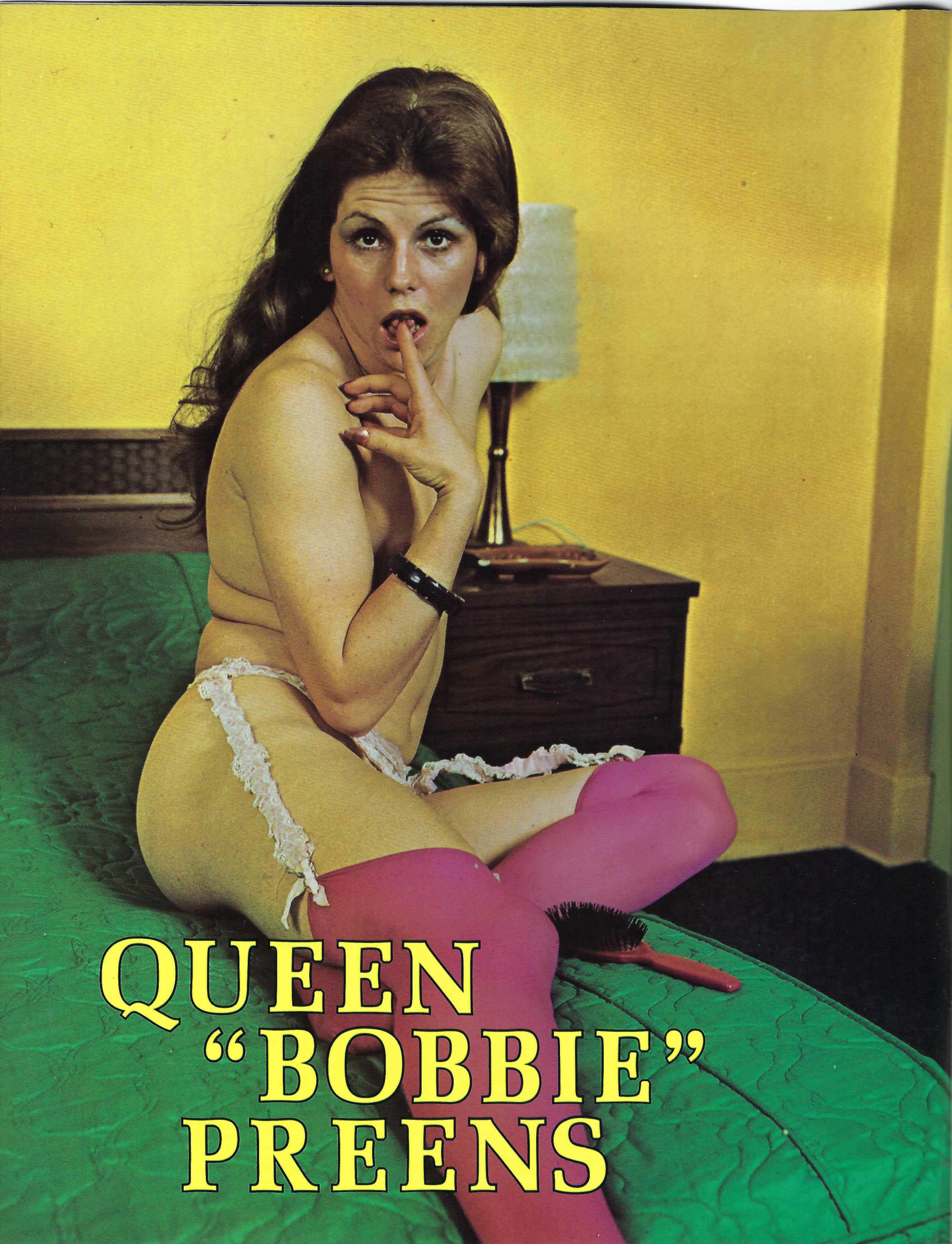
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EDITORIAL

In this all new issue of FEMALE MIMICS we continue our policy of presenting information, news, and activity on the female impersonator scene. But foremost, you'll find within these pages fascinating and unique entertainment -- everything from intimate glimpses into the lives of individual female mimics to candid, vivid coverage of nightclubs, where these damsels hold forth in all their splendor. Take a titillating tour with FM as we visit the fantastic *V.I.P. Ball* at The Mayflower Ballroom in Los Angeles, *The Fem-Men Follies* at Oil Can Harry's in Studio City, the antics and action at the renowned Redwood Room. Finally, peek with us beneath the colorful spectacle and hoopla of this bizarre and fascinating world as we probe the psyches and lifestyles of two fast-rising female impersonators, Bobbie and Vickie. See for yourself why female impersonation is no longer an underground affair but a thriving, full-blown activity on the entertainment scene.





QUEEN
"BOBBIE"
PREENS



Few actresses and actors possess either the talent or the inclination to successfully leap the sexual barrier. But "Bobbie" has played bit parts on both stage and television as a female *and* a male! This rare ability to convincingly portray either sex in dramatic roles is testimony enough to Bobbie's dedication as an actor/actress. However, the fact that Bobbie's characterizations of *either* sex are superb is a supreme tribute to her understanding of human nature. She understands both the passive and aggressive.







How does one acquire the ability to convincingly portray both males and females before the camera or onstage? As is almost always the case, it seems, Bobbie prepared long and dilligently to develop what appears to be effortless and credible performances. Like many other skilled artists, Bobbie possessed an innate ability, but "more perspiration than inspiration" went into her development as a full-blown artist. Says Bobbie, "I studied dancing back in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Dancing led to modeling, the modeling led to acting. It's the acting that separates mimes from artists."





As a dancer in Fort Wayne, Bobbie displayed an incredible grace, a poise that immediately distinguished her from other boys and girls who danced with her on the dance academy stage. "Very early," says Bobbie, "I was singled out to play female roles -- the wig, the make-up, the whole thing." And did viewers of productions in which Bobbie

appeared as a youngster, find this disconcerting? "Well," says Bobbie, "first of all, most of them weren't aware of this crossing of the sex barrier, and those in the audience who *did* know just seemed to accept me as a first-rate performer. Even now, I can project femininity any time I choose." And she *chooses* quite often.



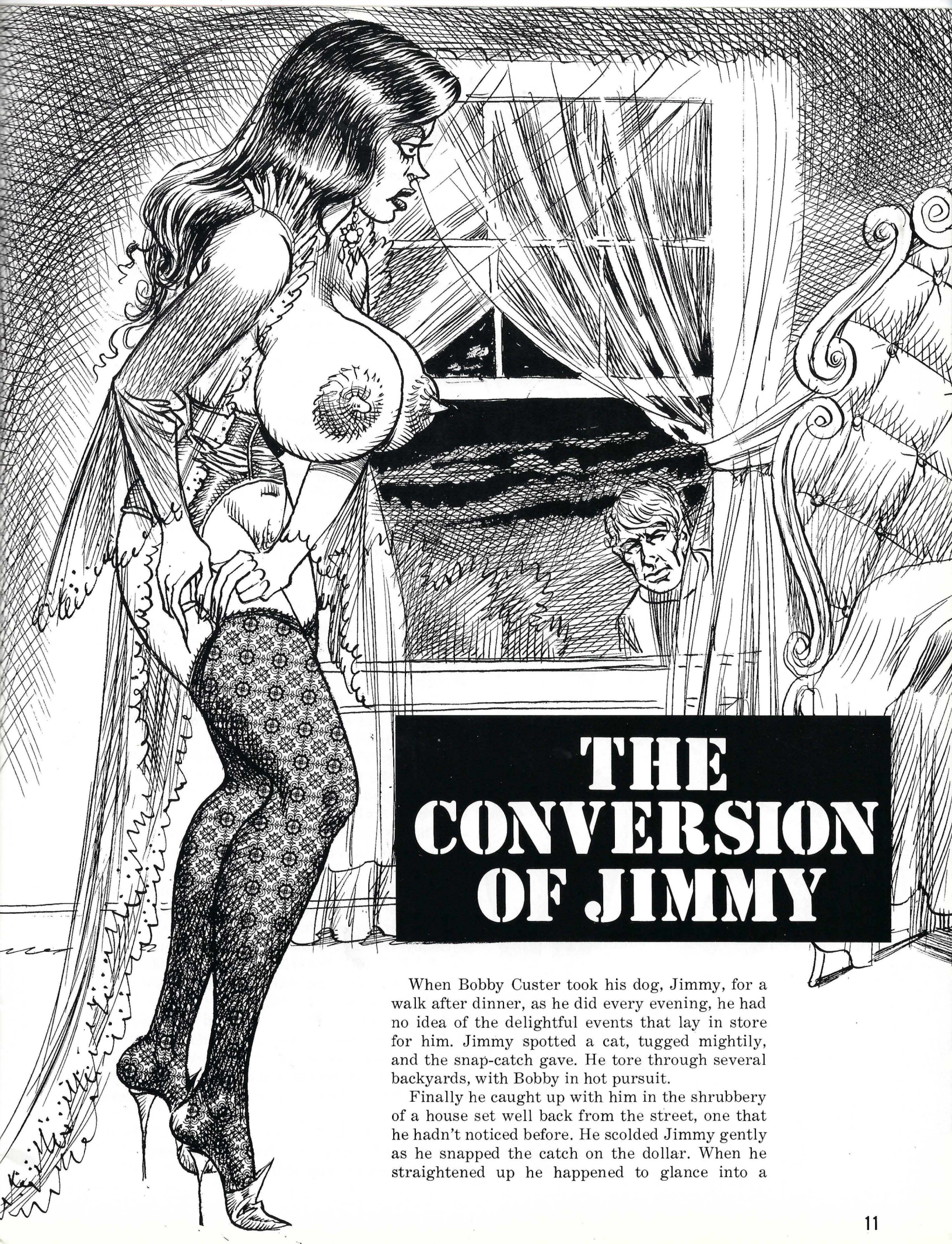




Bobbie's dream is to play a leading role some day, which of course is not unlike the goal of any other actor or actress. There is one significant difference in Bobbie's career plan, however. Bobbie would love to win acting *awards* -- two of them -- one for a female part and one for a male part. "I think this

would be a significant contribution to the whole unisex concept, not to mention the expansion of possibilities for theater people to extend themselves creatively." Bobbie stroked her whip. "See, I can even play a *tough* female if I have to. It's all in the game."





THE CONVERSION OF JIMMY

When Bobby Custer took his dog, Jimmy, for a walk after dinner, as he did every evening, he had no idea of the delightful events that lay in store for him. Jimmy spotted a cat, tugged mightily, and the snap-catch gave. He tore through several backyards, with Bobby in hot pursuit.

Finally he caught up with him in the shrubbery of a house set well back from the street, one that he hadn't noticed before. He scolded Jimmy gently as he snapped the catch on the dollar. When he straightened up he happened to glance into a



nearby window and stood still in shocked amazement. There was a woman in there, in her bedroom, an astoundingly beautiful woman of immense proportions. Fifteen year old Bobby noted with intense excitement that the lady was nearly naked, a highly polished black leather corset, black fishnet stockings, skyscraper-heeled white mules, and a filmy black chiffon negligee her only attire.

She was bending over, attaching a garter strap to a stocking, her enormous breasts dangling down like ripe watermelons, ready for the picking. Bobby, his heart thumping wildly, almost unconsciously began to massage his crotch. When she finished adjusting her garter strap, the ravishing woman straightened up and to Bobby's horror looked right into his startled eyes, and then to his hand that was massaging his boyhood into a massive boner.

Her eyebrows knitted in anger as she strode across the room towards the partially open window, her gigantic breasts leaping and tossing wildly about on her ribcage, snapping sharply at him, "If there's one thing that I can't stand, child, it's a Peeping Tom. You'll find a door a few feet to your left, open it and come in, I want to speak to you . . . if you don't I'll have the police after you, they take a dim view of Peeping Toms."

Trembling like a leaf caught up in a gale, Bobby moved to the door and opened it. She was standing there, her black fishnet-sheathed limbs widespread, her hands cast imperiously on the crests of her bowl-shaped hips, her black eyes shooting fire.

"Don't bring that dog inside, tie him up to a tree or bush," she snapped, obviously accustomed to having people obey her wishes.

"I-I wasn't peepin', Mam, honest I wasn't," he sobbed as he tied the leash to a sapling. "Jimmy ran away and I just had to catch him . . . he could have been hit by a car."

"That explains why you were in the bushes, but it doesn't explain the fact that you were s aring in my window playing with yourself. You're full of BADNESS, child, and if there's anything I hate more than peeping it's badness in a boy . . . now come in here this instant!"

Bobby couldn't make a move. He just stood there before her towering figure trembling, his eyes riveted on her gigantic breasts, the first naked breasts that he had ever seen.

Suddenly her arm shot out, and he felt amazingly strong fingers sinking into his arm as she dragged him inside and shut the door behind him, also bolted it, snapping as she did so, "I think that I'll call the police . . . they'll take the badness out of you!"

"Oh PLEASE don't do that, Mam," Bobby sobbed, his boyhood still tenting the front of his trousers. "My old man will half kill me!"

"Well what will we do, someone has to take the badness out of you?" the overabundantly-endowed woman said, somewhat more softly, her great teats rising and falling as her lovely black eyes stared at the massive protrusion in his trousers.

"C-Can't . . . can't you take the badness out of me, Mam?" he whimpered.

"Me? . . . it would be a terrible lot of trouble. . . ."

"PLE-E-EASE, Mam . . . I'll do chores for you for nothin'. I'll mow your grass, chop the wood . . . anything?"

"The place does need lots of work. . . ."

"Oh Mam . . . PLE-E-EASE."

"Oh all right, sit on the bed so that I can see just how much badness you have in you."

Bobby sat gingerly on the edge of the bed, trembling, his knees together, squeezing his swollen boyhood, wondering how in the world this devastating black haired woman was going to remove the badness from him as he sat on the bed.

"That's even more of your badness, child. Hasn't your mother taught you not to sit on a bed while wearing trousers . . . it's bad luck, Jimmy could be run over by a truck the next time he gets free," she scolded, her enormous naked breasts heaving from a decided increase in her breathing.

A superstitious lad, Bobby leaped from the bed and unbuckled his belt. When he worked his tight trousers down over his slim hips, the awesome bosomed brunette gasped as a marvelously jam-packed pair of jockey-shorts hove into view.

"MY goodness . . . you DO have a lot of badness," she exclaimed.

"How can you tell?" he asked, confused.

"I can see . . . never you mind, child, I have my ways," she smiled, then going over to her dressing table and removing a pair of opera-length black glacé kid gloves. "Now to explain, and I believe I do owe you an explanation. To get the badness out of you I will be forced to handle you in . . . er . . . certain places. I would never touch you there with my bare hands, so I will wear these gloves, much like a doctor does when he operates."

As the raven haired-seductress spoke, she was meticulously working on her gloves; first carefully smoothing the tissue-thin leather around each finger, then tugging the superfluous tubular length upwards over her meaty arm.

For the life of him, Bobby couldn't understand why the simple process of pulling on a pair of gloves seemed so intriguing, almost sensuous to him. All he knew was that his boyhood had grown another notch or two in his snug jockey shorts by the time she tugged the gloves taut beneath her armpit.

Before returning, she opened a bottle of her most expensive French perfume and poured a few drops of it into her leather-clad palms, working it indus-

triously into the exquisite kid.

"A lady likes to smell nice. It takes a lot of the badness out of a young boy," she smiled as she drew close to him, reaching up and pressing a warm, leather-clad hand over his nose, letting him breathe in the wonderous aroma of fine leather blended with a musky perfume. "Now let's see just how much badness you have there. . . ."

With her left hand still pressed over his face, she reached down and took his pulsating organ in a warm gloved hand, stroking the tautly stretched jockey shorts easily back and forth, thrilling when she felt it swell even further in her warm grasp.

"Child, since I'm doing you such a favor, getting rid of your badness I mean, I think that I should tell you my name . . . you can call me Mrs. Wilson," she said warmly, her stroking hand moving faster now, her great teats jiggling from her efforts. "I'm going to remove your shorts now to see just how much badness I'm going to have to deal with."

"Mrs. Wilson, is there more badness there than you expected?" Bobby asked innocently as Mrs. Wilson tugged his jockey shorts down, his boyhood leaping out of the cup and pointing ceilingwards, wobbling heavily to and fro in tempo with the rapid-fire pounding of his pulse.

"Is there ever," the copiously-upholstered brunette sighed as she took Bobby's wobbling boyhood in the warm cup of her leather-clad hand and stroked the taut flesh up and down. "Now child, this is the root of your badness, all of your badness is centralized here."

"You mean in my DICK?" the startled lad cried in disbelief.

"Yes in your dick, as you call it . . . now tell me are you a boy scout?"

"Yeah."

"What does your scoutmaster tell you to do if you're ever bitten by a poisonous snake?"

"To suck the venom out."

"And that is what I must do for you, child . . . I must suck the badness out."

"B-But I can't ask you to do that . . . you'll hate it . . . you'll get sick. . . ."

"I'll try my best not to," she smiled, bending down and engulfing Bobby's pulsating organ with her warm, wet lips.

Mrs. Wilson took him quickly, her head pounding up and down, and twisting from side to side, her tongue flailing, her teeth grating over the excruciatingly sensitive flesh.

Later they rested on her bed, Bobby cradled in her soft, leather-clad arms, one hand pressing his face into the shadowy depths of her cleavage.

"Now, Bobby, I trust that all of the badness in you has disappeared, I certainly tried hard enough," Mrs. Wilson purred warmly, running gloved fingers caressingly over his washboard-



like abdominal muscles, inching towards his limp, lipstick-smeared boyhood.

"You certainly did, Mrs. Wilson, you tried awful hard...how you must have hated it," Bobby whispered, twisting and squirming in her arms as her probing fingers drew closer to his boyhood which was now sliding down between his slender thighs like a snake leaving its lair, then inching upwards till once again it was pointing towards the ceiling and thumping the air.

"LOOK, Mrs. Wilson, you DIDN'T get all of the badness out of it," cried the youngster as he pointed a finger at his swollen organ.

"Oh my goodness, it seems that I didn't...well

there's only one thing else that I can do, I was hoping that I wouldn't have to," she sighed in mock dismay.

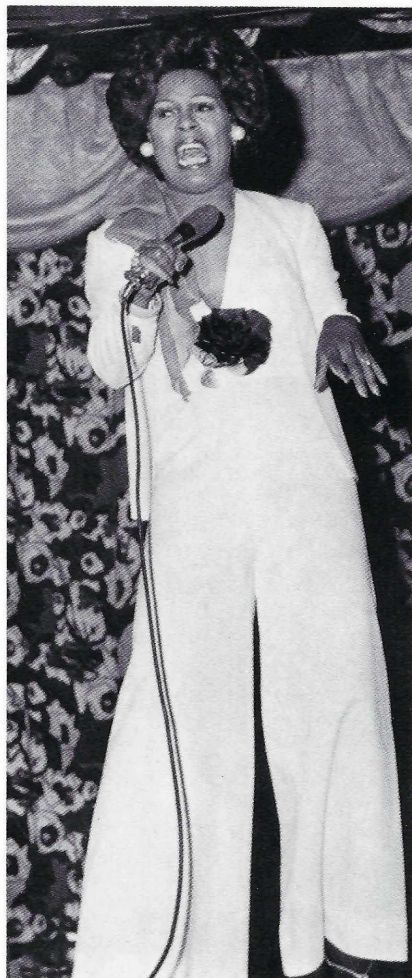
"W-Why don't you try to suck the badness out of it again, Mrs. Wilson? I kinda liked that," he suggested, blushing furiously at his boldness.

"LIKE...you have no business liking anything. This is a serious matter, child, if I can't get the badness out of you I'll turn you over to the police," she snapped, rising from the bed and moving across the room towards her dressing table, treating him to the vision of her broad hips swiveling, her long, pencil-thin garter straps alternately sinking into the softness of her big bottom cheeks,

(Continued on page 52)



**CROSS-DRESSING
WITH CLASS!**



In Los Angeles, one of the favorite spots for female impersonator entertainment is The Redwood Room on 8th Street. Three shows per night (Thurs. thru Sun.) keep Morey Richards (*left*) and Ronnie Summers (*right*) busy showing their *she*-talent.





The Redwood Room features an intimate atmosphere and a variety of show biz talent. The "girls" take great pains with their hairstyles and gowns and many performers (Butch Elias, *upper right*, for example) have developed followings which amount to cheering sections! The often stunning performances are not without humor, for the performers are well aware that many in their audi-

ences are tourists who have come to gawk, possibly even to sneer. But not for long. Professionalism and genuine talent soon overcome even the most critical eye. It is truly "cross-dressing" with class, laughs and sparkling musical numbers when Morey, Ronnie and Butch pour forth with song and memorable "bawdy English," in fact, such body moves you'll never forget!



CONFESSIONS OF A DRAG ARTISTE



The transvestite's offstage lifestyle abounds with bizarre and often fascinating complications.

Over New Year of 1974/5 I took my family across to Paris, France. All but one of my children are spread across the world, married one to an American and one to an Australian (something which I rarely discuss in public because I find myself unable to take Australians seriously!) My third child is a teenage daughter and because of the way we arranged our family, my wife and I could, with a little enterprise and "get up and go" on everyone's part have been her grandparents. We do not feel it fair that her life should be geared to the normal pace of much older people, so whenever possible we take her, well chaperoned, into a younger environment. This seems to work well, to everyone's satisfaction. She has a whale of a time, but because she feels free has no objection to returning to our hotel at an agreed time. She sleeps in a room next to ours and my wife, who is a very clever woman has had no difficulty in persuading

her that in a foreign country especially, it would be safer to keep her door locked. In consequence, we are able to sleep the sleep of the just, knowing that the key of our daughter's bedroom is lying safely in the vanity table in OUR room!

The consequence of all this is that we manage to have an excellent relationship with our daughter, who gets the double advantage of feeling free and at the same time of being strongly protected. However, this is not what I set out to talk to you about. On New Year's Eve we all enjoyed a wing-ding at our hotel and then, after midnight we split up. My daughter went off with a party of five other youngsters, French, German and Italian to some appalling discoteque. (I have not actually heard of a case of a child of sixteen years being afflicted with "boiler-maker's deafness", but I should not be surprised!) My wife and I got caught up with a cheerful but of course much older party. We neither of us feel the need to try to cling to our lost youth by inflicting ourselves on people much younger than ourselves. We all went out together in two taxis, and ended up in a cabaret called "The Alhambra".

Much later, not long before dawn we finished our celebrations by taking French onion soup in a small estaminet near what used to be Les Halles, now demolished. This part of the night was for the benefit of a couple of charming Americans about our own age who had last been in Paris on their honeymoon in 1948. However, my mind was much occupied with the show we had seen at The Alhambra. I had seen a great deal to interest me as a psychiatrist and student of human behaviour and I decided I should be glad when a night's sleep had dispelled the fumes of champagne and cognac, so that I could reflect on it in detail.

New Year's Day was, after a very late start, a repetition of New Year's Eve, but thankfully on a lower note, so that on January 2 I was fully restored. Far from begrudging the time and effort taken up by the orgiastic rituals of important annual holidays such as New Year, I am much in favor of them. They fill a vital need of the human psyche. Most of the year I live what I consider to be a very strenuous life of study, lecturing and writing. I am not one of those writers who suffers from verbal constipation! I make no struggle of writing, but adhere to the useful American adage, "If at first you don't succeed, give up!" Life is far too short for the expenditure of "blood, sweat and tears" in writing. If the ideas are there, "let them all hang out", I say. If not, get on with something else. The consequence is that, in addition to all my other activities, I manage to write something in the order of 50,000 words a week, most of which get published and some of which at least, judging from my mail, get read.

So, I appreciate those days when, from a sense of



Onstage, for the Drag Queen, it's laughter, music, glitter. But there's heartbreak, too.

social duty if nothing else, I am obliged to stop all this work, drink a little too much, eat a little too much, dance a few steps (which I do with verve but total lack of skill), put on a paper hat and blow down a tin-plate siren! I come out of such a session refreshed and ready for another period of effort. It is not by accident that man has always arranged such activities for himself and that, no matter how religious or political thought has changed, has never been able to abandon them.

On January 2, therefore, I felt pretty good in mental, physical and psychic health and my brain was buzzing with ideas and thoughts. Since I was stuck in Paris for three more days while my daughter got New Year out of her system and built up some resistance to the next two terms at school which will be filled with dreary examinations, I decided to deal with the interest that lay near to hand. So, during the evening of that day I returned to The Alhambra, alone. My family, used to my total selfishness when I am working, made arrangements to amuse themselves with friends. The fact was that I had seen an act in the cabaret which greatly intrigued me.

It was a duo act, consisting of a girl of about 18 years and a woman some 8 to ten years older. I had never seen anything quite like it in the flesh; it reminded me rather of the fantasies of many of my patients. I wondered whether it had been devised "accidentally" or deliberately. Certainly the routine had arisen in some way from the Unconscious,

and I was interested to know whether this had come about by a species of "possession"—that is by an invasion of Unconscious contents into Consciousness, or whether it had arisen from a deliberate intellectual act. Also, I very much wanted to know whose mind had produced the ideas. Finally, I was intrigued by one of the performers. I strongly suspected that the young "girl" was not what she seemed, but on New Year's Eve the illusion was almost—but not quite—perfect, aided no doubt by the fact that I had by the time I saw it consumed the best part of a bottle of champagne!

I figured that January 2 would be a fairly quiet night at The Alhambra, and I was right in my assumption. Evidently the cabaret, quite new, was enjoying a "succes fou", but on the day after New Year many people are feeling somewhat deflated and in no mood for night clubs. I waited patiently for the show to start, lingering over a carafe of white wine well diluted with water and waving aside offers of such delights as a purple Teddy Bear, a paper lei, boxes of chocolates, and the company of a number of nubile young women. They were not to know I was working!

I sat through the show with interest and appreciation. It was very well produced, colorful and to the extent that I could understand the rapid French, amusing. It also seemed extremely vulgar, but a lot of the innuendoes which raised the roof with laughter went over my head.

I regretted that the music was so loud. The band could have made itself heard in the next arrondissement without the use of electronics. As it was, it surprised me they had not received complaints about the noise from Le Mans, about 30 miles to the south! However, I am noted for a degree of forethought, and I had carefully put a piece of cotton wool into my pocket and when the band started to play I unobtrusively plugged both ears with it. I was therefore able to enjoy the music without becoming hopelessly fatigued. A few years after the War I had to do a lot of flying around the West Indies in a Grumman Goose and after I had arrived at my destination several times so tired I could hardly stand up, I discovered that all could be remedied by the use of ear-plugs!

The show was a transvestist's delight. By the time the first act had started I knew what was "wrong" about the "girl" in the act I had specifically come to see. "She", of course, was a young man! In fact, throughout the show, all the "girls" were boys and all the "boys" were girls. I use the word "girls" and "boys" loosely from courtesy. The artiste, for instance, who impersonated Mae West so brilliantly must have been in his middle forties. He dressed like Mae West, he wiggled as she used to wiggle, and he sang the songs she used to sing—in a deep bass voice. He was very funny and, I thought, very clever. There were several



The French have elevated female mimicry to art-form status. Claudia's high notes ring true.

other older men who behaved in much the same way. They did not try to persuade the audience that they were really women. They were, frankly and openly men in drag.

However, the younger "girls" were, in some cases astounding. When a male tries to speak and sing in imitation of a woman, you usually get a rather nasal falsetto, with a whine to it which can be quite painful. But without exception these performers had been trained or had trained themselves to sing and speak in voices that were truly feminine in quality. Several of them had deep, contralto voices, but this did not spoil the illusion. After all, not all women have soprano voices. One young artiste impersonated Dietrich at her "Blue Angel" period; he looked like her; he sang like her. When he stood alone in the dark, with a single

Transsexuals are most happy when receiving applause and approval for their masquerade.



spotlight shining on his beret, short blond hair and tight-belted black rubber macintosh, under a lamp-post, singing "Lili Marlene", I felt for a moment that time had rolled back 30 years and that I was no longer middle-aged!

The main point I want to make is that the whole show was so very good in quality. I have seen a number of drag shows in various parts of the world and have found most of them to be a vulgar bore. Either the artistes try too hard, or they are self-conscious, or deliberately provocative, like naughty boys scribbling dirty words on a wall. But this Show was one of consummate artistry, restrained, tasteful, with the bisexuality not so much flaunted as hinted at subtly. I felt sure there was a mind behind it which really understood what it was all about.

At last the final act came on. The small stage blacked for a few seconds and when the lights came on again, the duo was there. They were received with applause out of all proportion to the numbers in the audience. I ignored the applause and concentrated on the artistes. In the short time while they stood immobile, waiting for quiet, I noticed two things. First the "girl" looked very pale, even under the stage make-up; second, the older "girl" WAS IN FACT A FEMALE. She was the ONLY female performer who was actually the woman she appeared to be. I wondered why there had been this variation. I had my suspicions, but could not yet formulate them.

The sketch, in mime, without words, was simple. The "girl", in light gilt chains, with a metal collar and belt, wristlets and anklets was evidently a slave. The girl with her, dressed as a typical Domina figure in black leather, with high-heeled boots laced to the tops of the thighs and with her head in a leather hood which left her face free, carried a vicious-looking, long leather whip. We were left to assume that the "slave" was disobedient. The "mistress" quickly whipped the "slave" into submission. It was not easy to see, but I was alert for it, that the whip was not actually landing on the "slave". The whipping was a carefully rehearsed illusion. However, intent on detail as I was, and with a clear head I noticed that in certain lights something showed through the body make-up the "slave" was wearing. "Her" costume, (I wish I did not have to use so many quotes, but I do not see how it can be avoided if I am to convey to you the atmosphere,) was very scanty, consisting of a short skirt with small briefs under and a kind of halter top, all made of shiny, scarlet satin and covered with sequins which glinted and twinkled in the spot-lights. I felt that the costume was perhaps more extensive than one might expect in such an act, and was presumably used to disguise the "girl's" male genitals at one location and "her" lack of female at-

tributes at another. One has always to make some concessions to practical necessities! The brevity of the costume did reveal, however, to my enquiring and critical eye, that under the body make-up, the thighs and buttocks of the "girl" were extensively marked with weals, from which I assumed that the "mistress" was not always as careful or as skilled in the use of the whip as she was that night. Maybe sometimes she missed her aim. Still, there were a lot of marks.

During the "whipping" the audience sat silent, not moving. The usual hum of conversation that cabaret artistes have to contend with was hushed. The waiters too did not move. At last, it was evident from the mime that the "slave" had been totally subjugated and was pleading for forgiveness. I could see tears glinting in "her" eyes, which was a tribute to "her" acting ability since I was sure that not a single lash had actually landed on her at least during that show. "She" stood up at last, and the "mistress" then proceeded to undress "her"—with the whip. At once I understood why the "girl" had seemed overdressed for "her" part! The skirt, briefs and halter-top were designed so that, at the touch of the whip they could be snatched off.

Wisely from the point of view of the act, the "mistress" made a lot of the stripping. It took her several minutes to tear away the brief, loose garments, leaving the "slave" wearing nothing but a miniscule cache-sexe and a tiny bra which barely covered "her" nipples. I began to doubt whether my first surmise had been correct. Could this possibly be a young male? I saw the "girl's" hand move swiftly and unobtrusively to undo a catch at the side of the bra and a moment later the "mistress" with her whip had snatched the bra off, to reveal a beautiful pair of pert breasts which were, at least to the eye at a distance of 10 yards or so, quite genuine. During the pause for applause I inspected the "slave" again, carefully. The arms were rounded rather than angular, and so were the legs. The face was certainly epicene, and might have belonged to a "boyish" girl or a "girlish" boy. Yet, there was something about the turn of the hips that was not quite right. The "Slave" moved and, watching the motion of the buttocks I felt sure that the bone-structure was masculine. Yet, if so, where were the genitals? There just was not room under that tiny scrap of cloth to conceal them.

Was this artiste a castrati, a eunuch? If so, it was certainly unusually slender for a castrated male. Even at about 18 years of age, one would expect to see some signs of fat in such a condition. Or was the "girl" possibly an androgyne? The condition is more common than the layman might suppose. Today one does not hear much about the condition in which a human being is, part male and

part female, but even a couple of hundred years ago the condition was much more freely publicised. During the Age of Faith, it was a matter of grave concern to decide precisely which sex a person belonged to. Cross-dressing, for instance was contrary to canon-law. (It still is, for that matter!) The covering of the head in Church for a woman was mandatory—while the uncovering of the head in Church was equally compulsory for a man. In the case of a normal male or female there was no problem. Anyone suspected of cross-dressing was usually roughly stripped and examined and the matter decided at once. However, in the case of an androgyne the problem was not so easily resolved. There would usually be an Enquiry, with a jury of matrons and accompanied by a lot of prurient curiosity and publicity. Sometimes even such an Enquiry could not take a firm decision, one way or the other. When this happened, the unfortunate androgyne was sometimes excommunicated as representing a theological problem impossible to resolve!

I began to suspect that the artiste was an androgyne, with a masculine bone-structure and feminine primary and secondary sex characteristics. However, again there was one thing that made me doubt. The creature, girl, boy or androgyne was quite evidently highly sexed in one way or another. I had seen, through the performance all the genuine signs of sexual arousal; the heightened breathing, certain body-movements and so on. I felt fairly sure that the pulse-rate had gone up considerably. Unfortunately, I did not see how I could put the matter to the test, until a fortunate accident opened the way for me.

As the bra was torn away by the whip, revealing the breasts, the "slave" staggered and fell down on the stage in a dead faint! The lights went out as the "mistress" ran to the "girl's" side, and the curtains were drawn. The band blared out, and waiters hurried to sell more drinks. The night was still young, barely midnight and there would be a second show at 1 a.m. I declined a second carafe of wine. There was still a glass left, and I did not really want that. What I wanted was to know the secret of the young transvestite whose performance I had just witnessed! A couple of minutes after the curtains had closed, they were pulled apart and a man appeared between them, wearing the inevitable black tuxedo and tie of the night club man-ager.

He asked, "Is there a doctor in the House?" I sat back, waiting, but there was no response. Now, I am a doctor of medicine. I have not practiced medicine during my career, but in England one may not practice psychiatry unless one has first qualified in medicine, which is not a bad thing. Even with that training and a rather good medical degree I once, in my early days, treated a man for over a

month psychiatrically for a "nervous rash" on his face, only to find at last that it was caused by an impacted wisdom tooth! No one else came forward, so I offered to help. I had seen the performer faint, but one never knows in such cases whether the fainting is due to hunger, excitement—or a serious heart attack, in which case prompt action is imperative. Fortunately my French, while not good enough to catch the drift of high-speed innuendo is more than adequate in other respects. In fact, I regularly lecture four times a year in my subject at the Sorbonne. I told the Manager I would do what I could to help, but at the same time asked him to call a French doctor at once. I did not wish to become involved in too many problems concerning a sick transvestite in a cabaret in Paris! I am strongly convinced that ALL publicity is bad publicity, and as a Doctor I have to be very careful in my relationship with the British Medical Council which is a very stern body with decidedly puritanical attitudes!

The Manager took me back stage, into the atmosphere of chatter, cigaret-smoke, and the mingled smells of grease-paint, perfume and sweat. We went to a dressing-room which, I noticed had a large star on the door. The door was open and the room was full of people, spilling out into the corridor. Their faces were concerned, anxious. Even seeing their drag make-up at close quarters I did not find them ridiculous; only rather touching and very human.

"Get all these people out of here at once!" I snapped. There is something universal about medical authority. No one ever argues, no matter how unreasonable one's demands may be, nor how brusquely worded. I was not being needlessly brusque, however. I could see the young "girl"

The pressures of maintaining a *total* female look can result in exhaustion, even collapse.



lying on a couch, "her" face chalk-white under the heavy make-up, still, not moving. It might be a matter of life and death, and I did not want an audience, no matter how sympathetic. The artistes were driven from the room by the Manager, like leaves before a storm. Silence fell. I noticed the "mistress" kneeling by the couch, holding the "slave's" hand.

"You too, Mademoiselle!" I ordered. She lifted a tear-stained face and said, "He is my husband, Monsieur."

I nodded. "Very well. Please go over there and sit down. Compose yourself."

Of course, I had nothing with me, not so much as an aspirin. But I made a speedy examination as well as I could. The patient was at least breathing, and the heart was beating regularly if faintly. The skin was cold, and moist to the touch. I decided that he had fainted. The reason did not concern me at that moment. My first task was to bring him back to consciousness. Lacking anything else, I did it in the time-honored way. I lifted the boy up with the help of the Manager, into a sitting position, and shoved his head hard down between his knees. Fortunately it was effective. Within seconds his pulse gained strength and he started to sigh deeply. His eyes opened, and he spoke, his lips slack as though he were drunk.

"What happened?"

"Please be quiet," I ordered. I held him down for another couple of minutes, then lay him back on the couch with his head flat on the couch and several cushions under his feet.

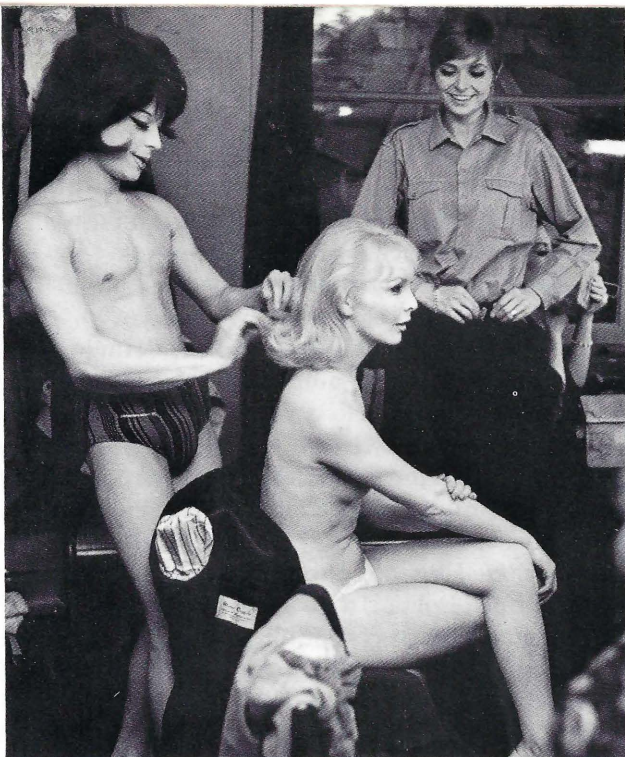
"Find some warm coverings," I said. They gave me some blankets which they used sometimes when resting between shows, and I covered the slender body with them. As I had rested my ear against the boy's chest I had been able to determine that the breasts were unusual. Soft but firm—and cold. I pulled back the blankets again, and not I assure you from curiosity. It had occurred to me that it might be the tightness of the cache-sexe that had induced the fainting fit.

"I'll have to take this off," I said, but when I came to it I found that, under the satin was the metal of a light, strong chain!

"Let me," said his wife, coming across the room with a small key in her hand. She unlocked a catch at the side of the cache-sexe and removed it. As she did so, I observed the genitals. The penis, flattened by the small metal pad, rose up to normal size, and the testicles emerged from the body-cavities into which they had been pressed. Apart from the breasts, the "girl" was evidently a whole, normal male! I replaced the blankets and turned to the Manager.

"Where is the doctor?" I asked.

He shrugged. "My secretary cannot locate one at this time of night."



French star "Bambi" has turned down offers of marriage by men. She rudely sets them straight.

"He should be seen by a French doctor," I said.

"If it is vital tonight, I can call an ambulance and he can go to hospital. . . ."

I pondered. "I do not think that will be necessary," I said. "I do not think there is very much wrong with him. Madame, I believe it was the pressure of that cache-sexe that caused the fainting spell. It seemed to me that the right testicle was under some severe pressure. How long has he been wearing it?"

She stared at me, and her face reddened. "He al-

World-famous "Capucine" is one female mime who maintains a constant female lifestyle.



ways wears it, or another like it, except when he needs to . . . you understand?"

I nodded. It was no affair of mine. "He must not wear it again tonight," I said, firmly. "And you would do well either to have him leave it off except when he is performing, or else to get something less confining. I think he must have been in great pain." I turned to the Manager. "Of course, it is out of the question for him to do a second show tonight. You understand that?"

"But he is our Star!" cried the Manager.

"I cannot help that. He must rest. Call a cab and see that he is sent home. Where do you live, Madame?"

"We have a furnished apartment on the Left Bank. We are on contract here in Paris for another seven weeks. . . ."

"Get him home then, as soon as you can. . . ." I glanced at the patient. He was conscious, but certainly did not look very well. In London I should have phoned for an ambulance to take him home. There would have been no charge for it; this is part of the State Welfare Service. Here in Paris I had no idea how much it would cost, and I did not know their circumstances. I made a sudden resolution. The Hippocratic Oath makes a deep impression on doctors, and the sense of obligation to the sick is very great.

"Here," I said, "I'll see you both home! Monsieur, please have a cab brought around to the Stage Door immediately."

The Manager departed and the wife and I began to get the young husband ready to go home. Neither of them bothered to remove the make-up. The boy was able to help himself by now, and soon pulled on jeans and a shirt and a warm and evidently very expensive leather coat with a fur lining. I began to realize that artistes of their standing might not be in too difficult financial circumstances! The wife had a black fur cloak, which she put on over her leather stage-clothes. I am sure the cloak was real sable, in which case \$20,000 would not have bought it! In five minutes they were ready. The Manager had kindly brought my own coat from the cloakroom, and when he helped me into it, waved away my suggestion that I should pay my bill.

"It is nothing, Monsieur Doctor," he said. "I am most grateful for your help."

I used that so very useful French expression that saves such a lot of wasted words. "You are too kind, Monsieur."

He addressed his Stars. "Look after him, Made-moiselle. Do exactly as the Doctor says . . . Robert, rest well. Get well soon—but do not return to work until you are quite well. . . . Ring me tomorrow about 11 a.m. here, please Eugenie. Again, goodnight Doctor, and thank you."

We helped Robert to the cab. I put the pair in

the back and sat in front beside the driver. As I relaxed in the warm car, I yawned, hugely.

"You are fatigued, Monsieur," said Robert, and I was glad to hear him taking an interest.

I made the driver wait while I saw them to their apartment. I had expected something rather sordid; the kind of place one traditionally associates with cabaret artistes, and was pleasantly surprised to find the apartment luxuriously furnished and well heated. A middle-aged, sleepy maid servant opened the door to us and immediately overwhelmed the pair of them in concern and care. I felt I was leaving my patient in good hands.

"You should see a French doctor tomorrow early, Monsieur," I said. "Fainting is nothing, but one must be sure that there is no serious cause. Do you faint often?"

"Never before," he said, his voice stronger now, his smile warm and sweet. "I shall be O.K. But I will have a doctor call as you suggest."

I turned to go.

"Monsieur . . . your fee?" asked Eugenie, appearing anxious not to offend me either way.

I smiled. "I am not allowed to make a charge for my services in France," I smiled. "I could be arrested if I did! If it were not for that, I should charge you a million francs, of course!"

"But we don't even know your name?" she persisted, so I told her. She also asked where I was

staying, and I gave her the name of my hotel. Then I left, confident that I should never hear from either of them again. I have many patients in show business and almost without exception they are good-natured, well-meaning, generous and utterly self-centered and feckless!

As I got into bed my wife asked, "Have a nice night, darling?" I do not believe I even grunted before I fell asleep! However, I had to do a lot of talking at breakfast time because on the table was a huge vase of dark red roses, bearing a card which read, "With love from Robert and Eugenie"! I was very pleasantly surprised. I was even more surprised when Eugenie phoned me about 10 a.m. to tell me that Robert was quite recovered, that a local doctor had passed him as quite fit, but that they would not be working at all that night, and would I dine with them at the apartment?

They gave me an excellent dinner in the lavish French middle-class style, cooked and served by the maid servant who grumbled a great deal, nagged them both into eating more than they wanted and fussed over Robert as though he were in the last stages of decline into tuberculosis! And after dinner we sat together for a couple of hours over some excellent cognac and they told me their story. Like all personal narratives, it rambled, starting in the middle, proceeding to the end, going back to near the beginning. It was interspersed with all manner of amusing anecdotes and irrelevancies. I therefore present it to you in my own words, tidied up and made into something you can read without taking too much time over it.

Before I start the story, however, I should like to say one thing. I have had no way to check the story, and I cannot vouch for its truth. It is always possible, you know, that people may honestly THINK they are telling you the truth although after the passage of years events have become modified in their minds. They may not be lying, but they may not be telling the truth, as it would be understood in a law-court under oath. If you are honest with yourself, you may know about this from personal experience. Something unpleasant may have happened to you, an event from which you did not come out exactly with honor or profit. You tell the story because by so doing you can catharsise the pain the event caused at the time. And the more you tell it, the more you "modify" it, to make your own part more interesting and more important, less disastrous. You are not lying; neither are you telling the truth.

Maybe what I learned from Robert and Eugenie was what one might call "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth". Or perhaps it was only a part of the truth. I have no way of knowing. On the whole, I think the story rings true in a general sense, and it is in that sense that you should judge it.

Numerous records exist of female impersonators who want *actual* females to whip them.



Eugenie was a cabaret dancer, 22 years old, not amounting to much and never likely to.

"I am too tall for a dancer," she said.

For a couple of years she had been working alongside a married couple with a juggling and magic act. They, too were small-time, but seemed to be content to make a fair living. They were deeply attached, and had a young son they doted on—Robert. Yet they still managed to embrace also the young dancer who went with them in a kind of "package deal" their agent sold to the less important night clubs. And then, almost without warning, they died. One day in winter of 1970, the wife contracted a severe throat condition, evidently some kind of streptococcal infection. She neglected it because night-club Managers are not usually over-sympathetic toward unimportant performers who fail to turn up for work. To days later, she died and her husband was prostrate, with the same infection and with grief. He, too died, leaving Robert totally alone in the world, less than 14 years old.

His parents left some junk jewelry, 450 francs in cash and a Savings Book with some 5000 francs in it. Less than a thousand dollars for a life of hard, unremitting toil! Inevitably, Eugenie took over responsibility for Robert, but on her small pay as a dancer it was a doomed struggle, right from the start. He had to have a separate room. Theatrical landladies, even in France, did not encourage young women of 22 and boys of 14 to sleep together! And he had a big appetite. Within a month of taking on responsibility for Robert, Eugenie was half-starved. He came in from school one day to find her in tears.

In her misery she was frank with him, and being a sensible boy he quickly faced up to the two alternatives. Either he must be found a place in an orphanage, or he and Eugenie must find some way of making a lot more money. His slender capital was untouched. Eugenie had not taken a centime of it. Partly because he did not relish the idea of an orphanage, and partly because he was strongly attached to his charming and kind friend, Robert suggested they should work up a double act in which he could take part and so earn his own keep. He knew no background apart from the cabaret and wanted nothing better than to become a performer himself. In some way too, he felt, he would be pleasing his dead parents.

It was easy to take the decision, and Eugenie soon cheered up when they had made it—but it was much more difficult to do something positive. What could they do together? They went to see Eugenie's Agent, a seedy and greedy man with no imagination. He shrugged the idea off and recommended the orphanage. For three days they were in despair until at last Robert walked in, cold turkey, to the leading Theatrical Agency in Paris and

demanding to see the Principal partner. For his nerve, he was received. He told his story and had the gall to ask for suggestions. It is not the function of a Theatrical Agent to invent new routines for unsuccessful performers, although he will work his fingers to the bone to help successful ones improve their act. This is not because most Agents are lazy or greedy, or callous, but because they have to pay the rent and wages and make a profit. The road to stardom is littered with failures slinging hash and pumping gas!

However, something about Robert made the Agent take interest. Maybe he had had a good day! He told him to come back next day, bringing Eugenie with him. The following afternoon he asked Eugenie, "You ever thought of putting this boy in drag?" Eugenie had not.

"He's a natural!" said the Agent. "Look at him! He's halfway to being a girl already!"

Robert colored at this challenge to his dawning manhood. "I'm no girl," he said firmly. "Why, sometimes my voice breaks when I'm talking!"

The Agent smiled. "I'm not taking it out of you, Son," he said. "You may well become the world's best athlete—in bed! But you LOOK like a girl. I don't mean your face only—but your limbs too. You're not chunky like most boys your age. . . . Let's see you stripped down a bit. Take off your shirt and jeans."

Robert did as he was told, and the Agent proceeded to point out the feminine character of his body to Eugenie. He was not in the least salacious about it. To him it was a job. He was trying to make the best of an artiste—or a potential one. However, Robert found it trying to stand there in front of them both in only a pair of brief boxer shorts and it was not long before, to his horror, he started an erection, which was immediately obvious.

"You'd have to do something about that!" said the Agent casually, pointing. "You can get a small, strong metal belt to keep it under control. There's several places sell them. My secretary can tell you. And of course he would be better with genuine breasts. I know a cosmetic surgeon who could take care of it—at a price. It would be far better than putting falsies on him. . . . Got any money?"

Eugenie said, "No". She was not going to spend Robert's small capital on anything until there was some certainty about it. He might need it one day.

The Agent made a face. "Nobody's got any God-damned money in this business!" he said, ruefully. But he was a man with a heart, if not of gold at least gold-plated and he was moved by the plight of these two young people and the tragic way the boy's parents had died. He was, after all, a theatrical man himself and there is a

curious clannishness about the Profession in which, often water proves to be thicker than blood!

"I'll see what I can do for you two," he said at last. And then added, "Don't call me; I'll call you!" Or words to that effect. Which Eugenie translated as being the kiss of death.

Three days went by, during which Robert drew 250 francs from the savings book unasked and insisted on Eugenie taking them to help with expenses. They discussed eternally what they could do, but no inspiration came. On the fourth morning the postman brought a telegram which read, "What the hell is your phone number?" It was unsigned, but they figured it had come from the Agent, so Eugenie and Robert went out about 9:30 a.m. to a call box and rang his office. The delays before he came on the line took all their small change and he only had time to say, "Get over here at 3 p.m." before the buzzer sounded to cut them off.

They went to see the Agent with their bellies full of butterflies! The time before they had not hoped for much. This time there was a lot to hope for—and a lot to fear. If nothing worthwhile came out of this interview, that would be the end of the line for them. The shadow of the orphanage loomed over Robert's head. When they arrived a supercilious Receptionist told them to go to the Audition Theater.

"Where is it?" asked Eugenie. The Receptionist

pointed silently along a passage. The third door they tried was the right one. The "theater" was a medium-sized room, smelling of damp and cheese. There were half a dozen tip-up chairs in it and a tiny stage raised about a foot above the floor. A curtained alcove each side of the stage proved to be "dressing rooms". One solitary bare bulb illuminated the scene. It looked, as Eugenie said, the anteroom to a failed performer's private hell! They waited over half an hour before anyone came, and when the door opened at last their spirits were at rock bottom. The Agent came in smoking a cigar and accompanied by a sad-faced man in a blue suit and a bow tie.

"Oh! Here you are. Nobody tells me a damned thing in this place!" said the Agent, casually. "Can you use a whip?" he asked Eugenie.

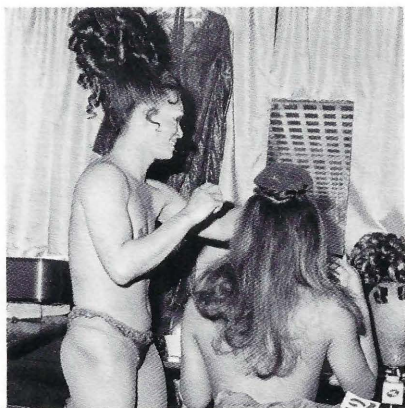
"No!" said Eugenie, shortly. "What is more, I'm not going to. What are you trying to set us up for?" She was old in the ways of the Profession, and knew there were always openings in certain "boites de nuit" in shady districts for performers who would be willing to do "a bit of this, and a bit of that"! She had not reached that level yet, and did not intend to take Robert there either.

"Don't lose your temper dear," said the Agent, unperturbed. "I'm not proposing to sell you into White Slavery! It's just an idea I've had for a legitimate act. You, Robert, go into that dressing

(Continued on page 58)

For the transsexual, maintaining true femininity is a pleasurable though time-consuming task.





When the staff of FM accepted an invitation to attend the 4th Annual La Rey's V.I.P. Ball at The Mayflower Ballroom, we expected first-rate entertainment, of course, but we had no



idea we were in for one of the liveliest entertainment events of the season! Backstage, in the girls' dressing rooms, we found Charmine's hair-style as stunning as her wit (*upper left*), and the



serious dedication of Sunya, Leslie and Misty Dawn (*above center*), as they assisted each other with their make-up, a delightful contrast to their free-wheeling onstage personalities. Genie Dee (*below*) displayed no pre-show jitters. Calm professionalism reigns amongst these lovely ladies.



LA REY'S V.I.P BALL



When the judging got underway, we were pleased to see that there was a variety of awards, so that practically everyone won *something*: Miss Funny Girl, Miss Grace, Miss Talent, etc. With the elegance and charm of an Empress, La Rey (*below center*) presented the trophies while the appreciative audience yelled and applauded uncontrollably. Miss Dazzling Charm (No. 14 right) chose to remain anonymous, although we suspect her dance card was full immediately following the show and she did not remain anonymous to everyone. Rumor has it that she is a well-known TV personality! Quite often, celebs prefer to conceal their identities.







Leopard Lady, Rayna, brought the house down with her "bitchy" brand of humor (*left above*) as did plumpish No. 21 with her Baby Snooks rendition. And then, to the delight of all in attendance, Rayna displayed incredible versatility when



she switched from leopard attire to gown and posed as a Sophia Loren look-alike. Once again, there were awards in many categories, but we were partial to Mr. V.I.P., and Miss Popularity, Georgia Brown, whose charm captivated everyone.





While the audience of both men and women applauded thunderously, the girls onstage (including Mr. V.I.P., who it turned out was a *she-he* instead of a *he-she*) responded with body move-

ments instead of speeches. If all this sounds a bit confusing -- well, it was intended to be -- for it was designed to sharpen your focus on the *true* nature of femininity.

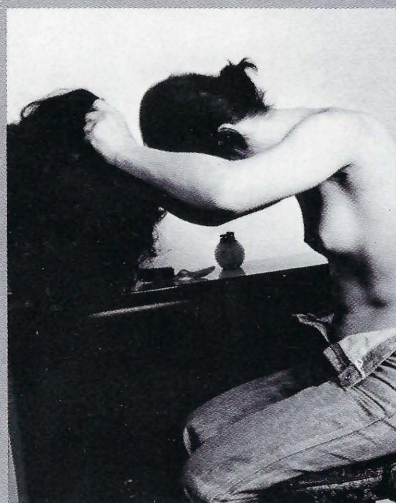




BATTLE

I.P.'s





Vicki's knowledge of make-up and her consummate skill in portraying the femme fatal, stems from *her* early upbringing and three strikingly beautiful sisters who insisted on taking her with them everywhere they went. Thus, Vic became "Vicki" at a very early and impressionable age.

FROM TOMCAT TO



TEMPTRESS





At present, Vicki works in a tennis "pro" shop and also caddies at several private golf courses in the Los Angeles area. Says Vicki, "It's really not my line of work, though. I mean, I'm stuck with wearing manly clothes." Vicki suppressed a laugh with the back of her hand. "They don't know it, but I've showed up a few times at the courts in a stunning female tennis outfit. I play a fairly good game, especially when I'm charming the hell out of my male opponents!" What kind of work would Vicki really like to do? "I'd like to be a female impersonator, or a model," she says. We'd say she's on her way.





Vicki eagerly displayed several of the poses she has perfected. Lips pursed, her facial expression distant yet seductive, she went through her repertoire almost as if it were a routine. "Well, my poses *are* routine in a way. *Any* model's are. These are tried-and-true expressions designed to fetch a male's response." If they don't, the guy's weird.





"Quite simply," explained Vicki, "a male has been conditioned to respond to certain gestures, glances, movements. There's really nothing mysterious about it, but of course a good female impersonator is an artist who has observed females

very closely and can reproduce, even exaggerate or caricature, the female. This is my craft, you see, and if I couldn't fetch an appropriate male response, I wouldn't be a good impersonator, right?" Vicki is a refreshingly dedicated artist.



"For example," said Vicki, bending forward, hands on her stockinged knees, "here is a pose that, if properly executed, will have males bumping into fire hydrants and street poles. There's more to it than meets the eye. Don't ask me why it works. It just does."



TRANSVESTISM AND CROSS-DRESSING



Why does a "drag artist" cross-dress? There is only one answer -- because he wants to!

There is a large and growing literature of Transvestism or Cross-Dressing, and I am familiar with much of it. The more I read, the more I am drawn to the conclusion that as with all else that impinges on the psyche, there is still a wide gulf of understanding to be bridged. On the one hand we have the scientists who KNOW—and let us be under no misunderstanding that a great deal of precise fact is known about the human psyche. On the other hand we have the majority of us who FEEL, who experience in various ways the pains and pleasures of the mind without having the least idea what it is all about.

And the sad thing is that, to all intents and purposes, the lines are down between us.

Now, it does not bother us that we cannot communicate with a nuclear physicist or a bio-chemist. It OUGHT to bother us, because these people hold in their hands the balances of Life and Death

for all of us. The physicist, for instance could, literally inside a decade, lead us out of the squalid misery of scarce and costly fuel, if we would allow him to do so. In the same period, the bio-chemist could show us how to make "the desert bloom like the rose," so that no mouth need be empty, no belly go unfilled, no matter how big the population of the earth might become. But because it is almost impossible for them to communicate what they KNOW, and because the number of people who can interpret their knowledge into words we can all understand is so small, the chances are that we shall go on listening to the politicians and priests, the prophets of doom, the promoters of aggression until, with the help of physicists and bio-chemists we shall all go down in dust—or up in smoke!

None the less, it is not usual for people to lie awake nights worrying about the fact that they cannot communicate with scientists in most disciplines. But in the field of the psyche it is entirely different. Not many of us own a nuclear reactor; we all have a psyche of some kind or another! The word "psyche" is, of course, Greek for "soul"—and you may feel that in using such a word I am not saying much more than anyone else! However, I am rather keen on words meaning something, and I like to have them meaning as far as possible the same for everyone. That is a very good reason for objecting to the use of slang. If I say, "I went to a party last night and enjoyed it very much," I have informed you. Should I say, "Well, like last night man I hopped along to this pad—and gee it was a gas," I am not. I have of course no objection at all to the way the latter sentence is phrased. My objection is entirely due to the fact that by the time I have published it it will be virtually meaningless. I am assured by my teenage daugh-

ter that the word "gas" has not been acceptable in this context for the past 6 months at least. But, "I enjoyed it very much" means the same today as it did fifty years ago—and it means the same to an Englishman as to an American. What is more, it can be translated into another language with great precision. You try translating "It was a gas at this pad" into French or German!

So I use, and shall continue to use the word "psyche" simply because it has some reasonably standard meaning for a great many people and I am a communicator. According to the Concise Oxford Dictionary, Psyche means, Soul, spirit, mind and derives from the Greek Psuche, meaning breath, life, soul. If you are cynical, you may feel that having written that I have said precisely nothing. On the other hand, no matter how agnostic you may be, you are compelled to accept the fact that you HAVE A PSYCHE. There is no getting away from it. We may not be too sure what it is, so that we have to use words like "soul" and "spirit" to try to define it, BUT WE ALL HAVE ONE! The very act of comprehending what I write, and of agreeing with it or rejecting it are works, not of the flesh, but of the psyche. So, you don't have a nuclear reactor, but you do have a psyche.

Many car owners are, or consider themselves to be experts on motor-cars. I have not met many men like myself to whom what goes on under that smooth, shiny hood is a dark mystery, covered in black grease. My only recourse, when my car refuses to start is to grab a phone and call the near-

"Men who dress as women are by no means 'crazy.' They are 'normal' and of high intelligence."



est service station. This is a costly business, but there is not time to acquire every skill in the course of one lifetime. It is also interesting to observe that I seem to have much less trouble with my car than most of my friends who are always tinkering with theirs. Maybe it is best to get an expert!

But the trouble arises when men and women, aware of the presence of a psyche, without in the least understanding it, consider themselves experts on the subject. The consequence of this is to close their minds to science—or to render them gullible to every nonsense that arises. Ignorance of the psyche, coupled with a positive assurance of knowing all about it is at least as dangerous as tinkering with the works of an atomic reactor—quite literally so, because while atomic force can destroy us all—it cannot do so until it is unleashed by the human psyche! Not a single bomb can explode unless it is deliberately fired by an act of human will; and this, to my mind makes the psyche a darned sight more important to me than atomic force! Yet, because every man has a psyche and considers himself to be an expert on it, we cheerfully leave control of the powers of universal destruction to manifest megalomaniacs.

I doubt if any man at the head of a great modern state can be expected to stay entirely sane for more than a year. Certainly today I know of at least three world powers that are under the control of psychotics. It is not so long since the destructive power of the USA was in the hands of someone who seemed, to be kind about it, hardly in control of his own psyche! Yet, we treat the atomic thing, which properly used can only benefit us all, with suspicion and write off the psyche as "airy-fairy" nonsense.

If only one person in ten had a psyche—if you can imagine such a state of affairs—we should not fall into so many vulgar—and dangerous follies. And, to come down to cases, we should certainly not talk and write so much nonsense on the subject of Transvestism! There are two distinct areas of cross-dressing. One is the physical act of a man putting on and wearing women's clothes; the other is the psychic act of doing so. Both are real; both are factual. Of the two, the physical act is the least important. Why? Simply because no physical act can ever take place without a prior psychic act. It is very important to bear this always in mind, that "the thought is father of the deed." Nothing is ever done by the hand of man unless and until it has first been thought of—and THINKING is a psychic act. It is not the only psychic act, and this too is important. Reflection, for instance is a psychic act. Suppose a man performs the psychic act of thinking of himself as being clothed as a woman. Suppose further psychic acts lead him to acquire the



The "drag artist" who is also a comedian makes you laugh so that you cannot criticize him.

necessary garments of the correct size. Yet he may never wear them. He may REFLECT that if his physical behaviour is discovered it may frighten, or distress his wife, for instance. He may reflect that if his proposed physical act became a matter of public knowledge, it could well damage his public image. And so-on. And, because of such reflection, he may after all decide to abandon the physical act he had proposed. In deciding to cross-dress, this man was involved in a deliberate psychic act, followed by physical action. In NOT doing so, he was involved in a psychic act contrary to the first and followed by a contrary physical act—or non-act which is the same thing backward!

Therefore I must conclude that ALL physical action—apart perhaps from the raving of a lunatic—results from a prior psychic act and that the psychic act is always the one to which we should turn our attention if we wish to understand the physical act.

"He went out into the streets dressed as a woman! He must be crazy!" But, disconcertingly, men who indulge in cross-dressing are rarely crazy. No more often crazy than the rest of us anyway. I have met many transvestites and I have found them to be people of, if anything, rather higher intelligence than the run-of-the-mill.

So, why should any man wish to cross-dress as a woman? You will still find men who say, "Because I love the soft, silky feel of the garments." But this is absurd. I own clothes, shirts and cardigans, briefs and tee-shirts, pajamas and bathrobes which are as "soft and silky" as any my wife owns. And I do not have to seek them out. I can buy them openly in any chain-store! What is more, I can wear them publicly without a single eyebrow being raised. This did not apply even a decade ago and since the laws of the market place are very

harsh I must assume that in changing the acceptable materials and style and colors of men's clothes, the merchandizers are filling a long-felt want. In other words, the "softness and silkiness" of our clothing are something we all seek, without necessarily wanting to cross-dress. So I cannot accept the presumed delight in soft smooth fabrics as being any longer a legitimate justification for cross-dressing.

This is a mere rationalization. We are driven into a corner, forced to find a "reason" for an off-beat act, and we come up with the "soft and silky" routine. It just will not do in 1975!

Alternatively, a man may say, "This is the way I earn my living. I'm a "drag" artist and I came into it by accident. I needed a gimmick, and this one worked." Again, with deference to the man's manifest honesty, I say "Nonsense"! Every stage and screen artist has, and always has had a gimmick to distinguish him from the others. We can think of Jack Benny's mean-ness and violin playing as an immediate example. It is absurd to claim that we are "Driven into making a certain choice," if we assume at the same time that we are DRIVEN BY OUTWARD CIRCUMSTANCE. We are driven; of that there is no doubt. But the driving comes from the psyche, and not from producer or agent or PR man. A "drag-artist" cross-dresses in public BECAUSE HE WANTS TO. Certainly he will "rationalize" this after the event, and produce a hundred good reasons why he ended up in skirts. But such post facto reasoning is meaningless, except perhaps as a tribute to the ingenuity of the human mind in justifying its own actions!

Suppose this same drag artist is also a comedian. We may well ask, "Why then are you a comedian?" The answers will be as different as the men we ask. "I like making people laugh;" "I've got a funny face, so I cash in on it." You name the artist, I'll find you a justification for his being a comic. But none of these things is true. I do not suggest the speaker is dishonest, as far as he understands himself. I just say that he is ignorant—of the mainspring of his whole life!

A justly famous group of comedians are Jewish. I have collected a repertoire of Jewish jokes, almost all from friends of mine who are Jews. Another famous group, in Britain at least, are Scottish. Why should a Jew, or a Scot like myself be "funnier" than a German or a Chinese? I suggest that the reason is this. Both Jews and Scots are a small race. Both have undergone persecution; both have been subject to pressures from more powerful neighbours. Both have had to learn to bow the neck—without ever submitting! You will never find two races more amenable, more willing to be agreeable—and at the same time more stubborn, stiff-necked and filled with racial pride than Jews and Scots!



It is significant that the drag artist is more popular with women than he is with men.

Now, one way to "put a man in his place" is to make a fool of him. Make a joke about greed and tag it on to a Jew; make a snide crack about meanness and tag it on to a Scot. Ha! Ha! By doing this you can, in your own mind DIMINISH the humanity of the man. But, if the Jew or the Scot tells you jokes against himself and the race in which he takes so much pride, then when you laugh, you laugh WITH HIM, at his dictate, under his control. You become subject to a man when you laugh at his joke! HE dictates what you shall laugh at, when you shall laugh—and to that extent he has dominated you, while appearing to submit. It is a small triumph perhaps, but the human psyche treasures small triumphs.

So, the drag-artist who is also a comedian is not really "cashing in on his funny face." He is MAKING YOU LAUGH at his humor, so that you cannot laugh at his ugliness! In the same way, he is MAKING YOU OBSERVE HIS CROSS-DRESSING, so that you cannot criticize him for it. If he does it in front of an audience of 30 million, obviously it is not because he is deriving strong sexual satisfaction from it. No man is going to be allowed to masturbate physically or psychically in front of a nationwide TV hook-up! He is not going to be allowed to do it—but if he can successfully kid us that his cross-dressing is a mere gimmick, then he can, and will get away with it.

It is not for nothing that the most famous and perhaps the most successful of male drag artists of our time—who may not be named because he is extremely sensitive about it—uses a deep masculine voice, making no effort to talk like a woman.

He is not a "female impersonator;" he is not giving an "impression" of a man dressed as a woman. HE IS A MAN DRESSED AS A WOMAN. He admits it freely; we all know it; there is no attempt at concealment. What is more, this artist is extremely successful and popular, and from this I can only reasonably judge that he meets with a response in his audiences. It is significant that this drag artist is, if anything more popular with women than with men, although many women are revolted by the idea of a male transvestite. For some reason they do not appear to object to this particular artist in drag.

I think this may be due to the fact that a man in skirts appears to be "depotentiated"—or in other words, castrated. We all know that he is not, in the same way we know that Count Dracula in the guise of David Niven does not actually drink blood! But we are, for a few moments convinced by the consummate artistry, and that moment of conviction is enough. The Victorian villain of melodrama knew his moment of triumph when the audience hissed him. At that moment in time he had convinced them that he was really the wicked landlord come to throw poor little Hetty out into the snow. In much the same way, for an artistic moment, our drag-artist manages to convince us that he is a MAN in a woman's body; that he is masculinity depotentiated.

Now, you may think this is all very contemporary, all very much a matter of modern, decadent society. You may indeed recall the stand I have taken elsewhere to the effect that human nature never changes. And you may therefore ask yourself why I should see any psychic significance of more than a fleeting character in the behaviour of a contemporary drag artist. Reflect for a moment; what physical feature most commonly sets apart the man of religion from the laity? Not when he is in the midst of active life with the rest of us. For that the collar is sufficient to set him apart. But when he is close to his God, in the Holy of Holies? HE WEARS A SKIRT! Some priests wear a skirt all the time. Most of them wear one when they are deeply immersed in the mysteries of their cult.

Now, in the old fertility religions it was not merely acceptable but often compulsory to approach the god in a condition of tumescence. That was what it was all about! Originally the god's sole purpose was to ensure the fertility of the fields, the cattle and the devotees. Nothing else mattered. Without people and food there would be no life—and no god. The idea of a god who is not manifest through humanity is almost beyond comprehension and quite beyond belief. But the old fertility religions have long been suppressed and driven underground, and with them went the idea of a naked shaman standing before the altar, glorying in the erect masculinity which proved to

him and the devotees that the god of fertility was still powerful.

Fertility has, for the past 2000 years in the West been only a minor consideration of god. We still take the "harvest home;" we still make "Thanksgiving" for a good crop; we still submit children to god as symbolic sacrifices in gratitude for our fertility. But on the whole fertility ritual and the primitive and largely innocent sexuality that go with it have become tabu. The priest must now be "depotentiated"; he must not flaunt his masculinity before the altar even if he is not celibate. So, he wears a skirt. And in so doing he not merely lessens the logical power of his masculinity, but at the same time he asserts the additional magic power of the Woman. For anyone in skirts MAY be a man, but MUST also certainly be a woman!

All of which brings us back full circle to cross-dressing. Which comes first, the skirt or the desire to wear it?

I have known many cases of men who have attributed their desire to cross-dress to having been reared in an exclusively feminine atmosphere. They lived with a family of sisters and a mother, but no father. They began to notice the clothes their sisters wore and tentatively to put some of them on. Sometimes they were even encouraged by their sisters to do so. In later life they have a renewal of the desire to cross-dress. In one form or another, this story of feminine influence on the child resulting in cross-dressing in maturity is very common, and cannot be ignored. Remember that the "psychic act" must come before the "physical act." A young boy lives in a home filled with women and girls. He feels a desire to BE LIKE THEM. Is this so unusual in the young? Surely the desire to conform is typical of children and adolescents? They want to be DIFFERENT from their parents—but to be the SAME as their contemporaries.

In a home full of men, the boy will tend to wish to conform to their masculinity; in a home full of women he will be inexorably driven to wish to conform to their femininity. This, perhaps, is one important reason why anyone, male or female is ideally reared in a heterosexual household, where father and mother, brothers and sisters have equal place. Because although it is by no means universal, it is also often true that children reared exclusively by one dominant sex tend to adopt not so much the dress as the characteristics of that sex. A girl reared in a family of brothers and dominated by a powerful father, is more liable to become Lesbian in her sexual attitudes than one who is not. She will feel the need to "assert her masculinity" in order not merely to compete with the men, but also in order to identify with them. In the same way, there is always the risk that a boy reared by and among women, away from masculine influ-

ences will tend to adopt a homosexual attitude. Even if this does not eventuate in active homosexuality, the traces will be evident in a "feminine" submissive attitude toward life and the choice of "gentle" occupations.

On the other side of the medal, boys reared in exclusively masculine atmospheres tend to divide into two groups, one of which openly identifies with the male aggression of the atmosphere, and the other of which adopts the opposite attitude of submission. This, again, is conducive to homosexuality either in fact or in fantasy—or both. The same applies to girls raised in exclusively feminine establishments. This, and perhaps this alone, is the justification for co-education in schools. It is not easy to see any other advantage because children of mixed sexes are notoriously difficult to teach, control and discipline.

But I suggest that transvestites who claim to have been led into cross-dressing as a result of being reared in feminine homes are right up to a point. Where I am at a total variance with them is that I am sure the later desire for cross-dressing has little or nothing to do with the "attractions" of the actual clothes. To accept this would be to accept that the physical act can operate without the prior psychic act and I cannot accept that anything can be done until it is first thought! What actually happens is that the boy concerned found the home-life agreeable to him, as "the only man on the island," surrounded by women and girls with no other boys or men to interfere. To some extent he was able to "identify" with the home by dressing in one or more feminine garments, usually in secret. To that extent he "became" a girl among girls; to that extent also his dawning sexuality was symbolically depotentiated, and in view of the terrible weight of incest-prohibition this is a necessary relief in such a situation.

It is in later life, "when the going gets tough," that this boy, now a man, seeks unconsciously for some release from the pressures and tensions of modern life. To the extent that he was "feather-bedded" as a child, protected from the harshness of the masculine world, he may well not be too well equipped in later life to fight back. (This may, of course, manifest as excessive aggression. It is more often than not, among men as among chocolates, the "hard shells" that have the "soft centers!") Back in the 1950's there used to be an amazing advertisement in the American market, but I do not recall the product. The ad showed a caricatured "tough guy," with a gentle smile on his unshaven face, and he was usually tenderly replacing a small bird in the nest it had fallen out of. The caption was, as I recall, "Tough, but oh so gentle!" It is, in fact, only the very strong who can afford psychically or physically to reveal their weakness!)



"There's nothing wrong in yielding if you're a girl, is there?" So speaks the unconscious mind.

Anyway, a man of the upbringing I have described, up against harsh reality and forced to face it may, psychically seek an escape route. And where better to escape to than back to the bosom of a home full of loving and gentle women? Obviously he cannot go back there, because it no longer exists. Besides, he is in the world and cannot escape any more than you or I can. But his psyche is filled with a million ingenuities. His conscious mind will be full of plans and stratagems to get him out from under his difficulties, but in the meantime another component of his psyche will come up with a non-solution. Non-solutions are by no means to be despised! As a child I am afraid of the dark. It is filled with nameless hor-

rors. The "real" solution would be to turn on the light, but I am forbidden to do this by foolish parents. So I turn to a non-solution. I shut my eyes tight and bury my head under the bedclothes. This non-solution neither lightens the darkness or dispels the horrors, but it eases my fears and that's all I care about at the time. If I keep my eyes shut long enough, the dawn will come!

So, our man's Unconscious comes up with a non-solution. What it does in fact is to make a suggestion, something along the following lines. "Your present condition is too stressful, because you are a man and have to face a tough world. You can't alter that, and this makes you afraid. When you are afraid, it upsets me, so I'll help you to overcome the fear. Then we'll all be happy. Remember when you were ten years old, how safe and secure you were, with your three sisters, your aunt and mother, all doting on you? Remember how secure you felt? And how pleasant it was when you used to steal a pair of panties, put them on in secret and pretend you were a girl like the rest of them?—If you were a girl now, you wouldn't have to fight so hard, would you? So, if you were to procure a pair of panties and, say stockings and a garter-belt and dress up in them, you'd be part way to BEING a girl, wouldn't you? And then you could act more like a girl without feeling you were being weak as a man. You could "give in" sometimes instead of involving yourself in continual conflict. There'd be nothing wrong in yielding if you were a girl, would there?—And to PROVE to yourself that you were really a girl, I your Unconscious would play a delightful game with you. I would take possession of your genitals and PRETEND that they were the genitals of a girl—helped by the girl's clothes they were wearing. And then you, the Conscious part of you, could take them in your hands and play with them, treating them as if they were really girlish. And we could make love together, and everything would be wonderful, with the harsh world forgotten."

And that, in general is what usually happens. Cross-dressing almost always has, not so much as its goal but as its inevitable result, masturbation which, of course, does result in some relief of tension. The end is, as I have said, a "non-solution" because like a child shutting its eyes in the dark it changes nothing. But it does give the over-burdened mind a little rest, and that is not to be despised. If you have ever climbed even a small mountain, you will know how, in a tricky chimney or on a difficult overhanging rock-face even a few minutes of rest, clinging to a tiny rock, can give you new energy and courage to tackle the rest of the climb.

When the train of events I have described takes place, almost invariably from the moment of orgasm the man turns in disgust from the garments

(Continued on page 59)

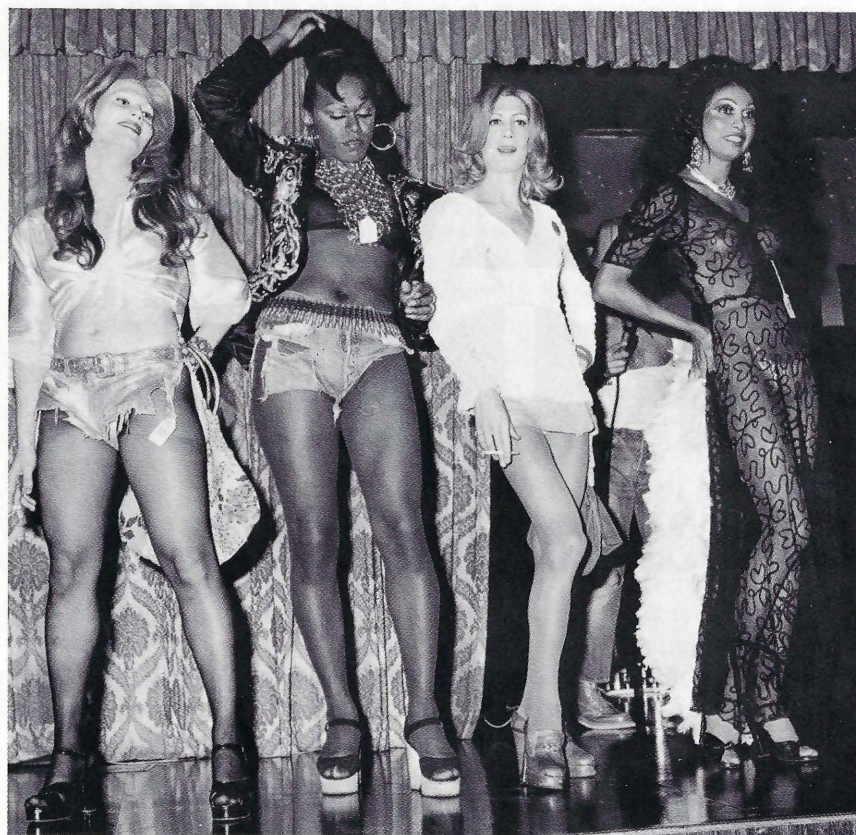


FEM-MEN FOLLIES



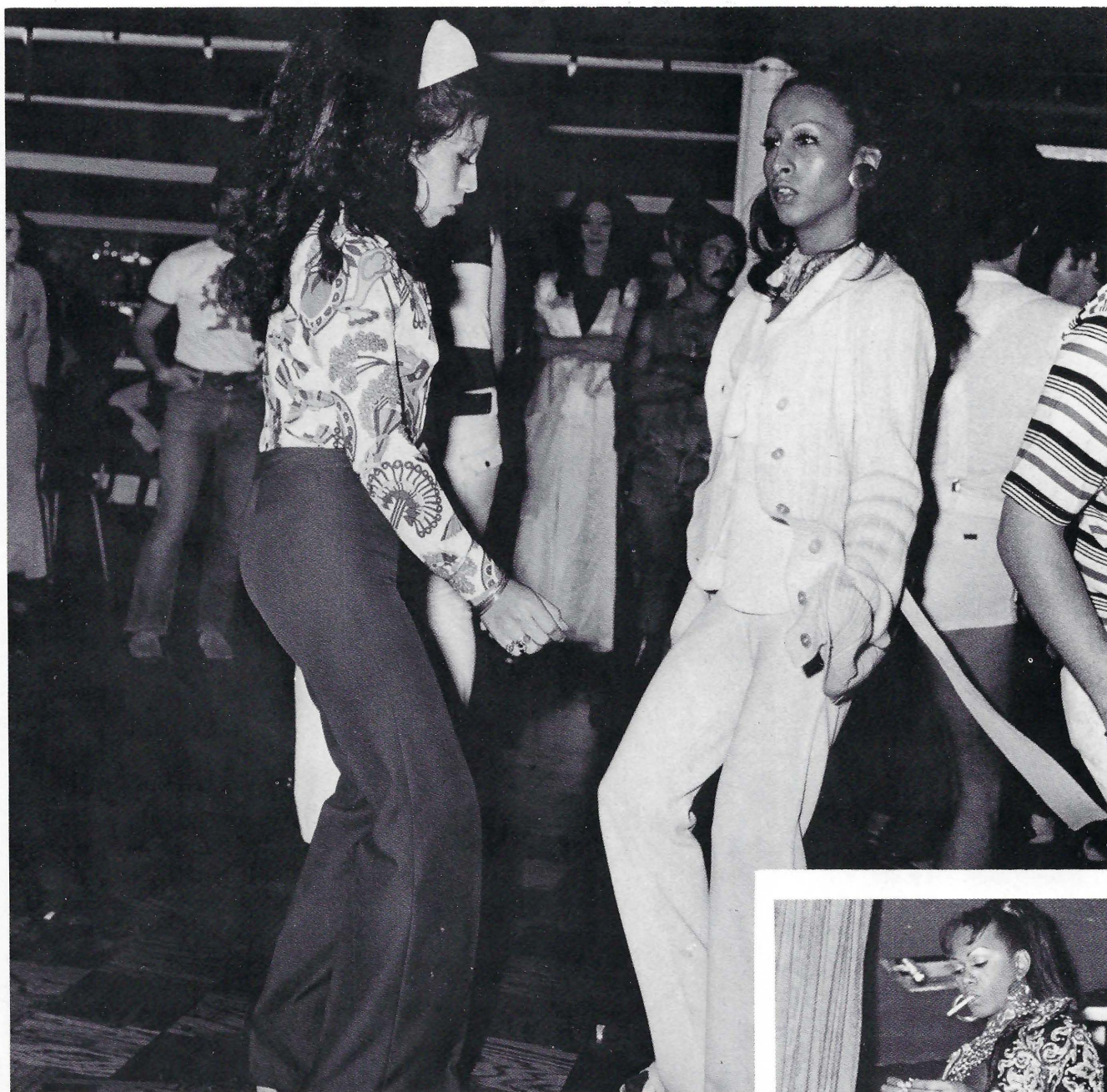
The house lights dim, the spotlight follows Embe West from the wings to center stage, and the Female Mimics Revue at Oil Can Harry's is underway! "A gay nightclub called Oil Can Harry's?" you ask. True. You see, it's a most unusual club, and thus the unusual name.





The name of this club also suggests what it truly *is* -- a mecca of entertainment that caters to both the straight and gay male as well as men and women of cosmopolitan taste. The entertainment is as good as any of this type of the West coast. Genie Dee (*above left*) swirls her diaphanous gown while females giggle and straight males gawk, entranced yet a trifle puzzled, afraid. Others in the audience stomp, clap, whistle. Gradually, the comedy erases all differences and good fun prevails.





Informality is the theme of Oil Can Harry's. Performers mingle freely with the fans and often dance with an admirer or another performer. Stunning Leslie LaSalle (*lower left*) drags her cape like a victorious matador as she exits to join "The Empress of L.A." (*lower left, p. 48*) off-stage with a party in progress.

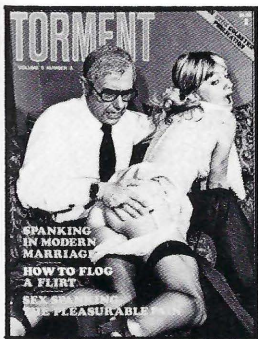




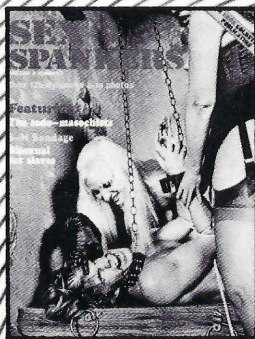
Two powerhouse performers, Myrna Linelli (left) and "Rayna" (right) climaxed the third show at the club. Myrna's "Cabaret" number actually brought tears to some in the audience, while Rayna's "campy" study in female wiles proved her to be a performer of considerable importance. Unquestionably, "Bananas in the Boudoir" and "Cabaret" were the highlights of the evening, but it was all superb.

CUM ONE CUM ALL!!!

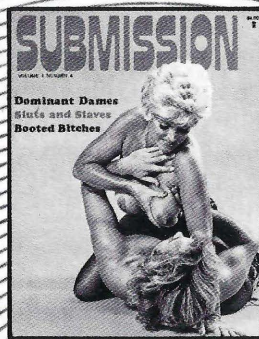
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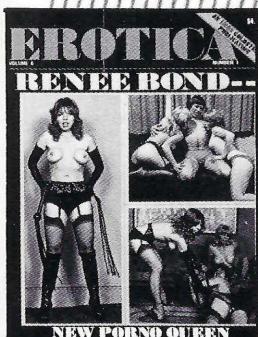
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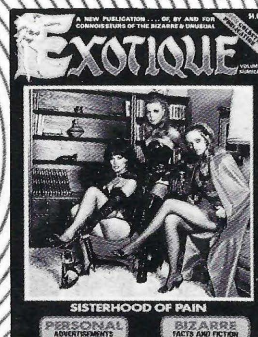
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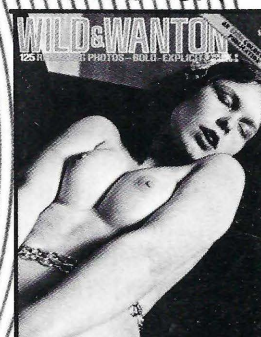
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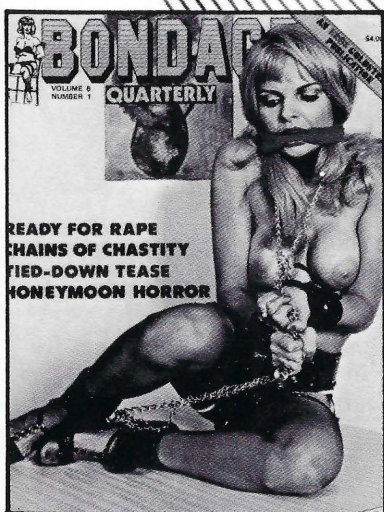


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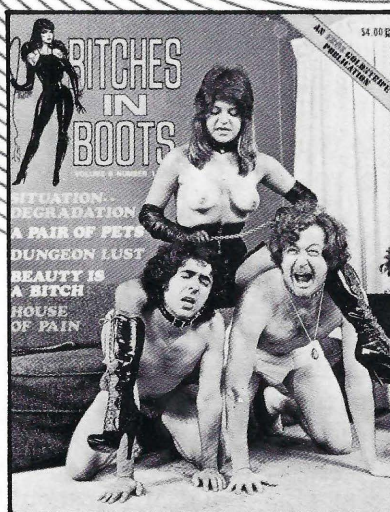


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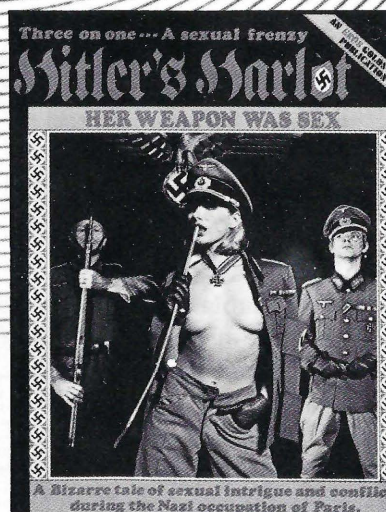
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(Continued from page 14)

then loosening with the short, prancing steps she was forced to take in her rapier-like heels.

She removed some lingerie and a pair of long leather gloves from a drawer, then went to her closet and took out a pair of high-heeled mules similar to the pair she was wearing.

"Bobby, I'm going to try a different technique," she smiled as she approached the bed.

"Y-You ain't gonna dress me in THEM things?"

"Yes I am, child, I'm going to change you into a beautiful young girl. If I can get you thinking like a girl, most of all feeling like a girl, then you won't have those badness-swollen erections when you see an attractive woman anymore... now doesn't that make sense?"

"A-And if I do get one of those badness-swollen erections that you talk about, perhaps if you suck it out... perhaps then I'll be cured...?"

"It's a possibility... now stand up so that I can dress you like the pretty young lady you are."

First came a tiny pair of black silk panties. They proved a difficult but delightful task due to the swollen condition of Bobby's boyhood. Not designed to accommodate such a massive chunk of meat, the copiously-endowed Mrs. Wilson was forced to bend and push, twist and turn, but finally she managed it.

"Admittedly you don't look much like a girl yet," she smiled as she placed a black waist-cinching satin garter belt around his waist and hooked it in the back, unable to tear her eyes away from his black lace panty-sheathed boner. "But you will... believe me you will."

Bobby did begin to look more like a girl, despite his wagging organ, as the ravishing Mrs. Wilson pulled a pair of her longest, darkest nylons over his slender legs, letting her hands stroke, molding the silken beauty over them and gartering them tautly, at the same time Bobby pulling on a pair of black kid gloves that she had given him.

After placing a blonde Shirley Temple wig over his head, the superbly endowed Mrs. Wilson sat him down before her dressing table. No seductress could have presented a more dramatic and fetching image than did Bobby as she applied a foundation with a silk sponge, then making his eyes perfect demonstrations of female beauty and the cosmetician's art with pencil and brush. The lips that she brought a carmine lipstick to became invitations to a kiss. When she attached earrings that caught the beauty of the rainbow, Bobby could see in the dressing table mirror that in truth he indeed had been changed into a girl of incredible beauty, so desireable in fact that incredibly he began to have an erection over his own image.

"Wait, Bobette, the badness is beginning to seep out of you once again," cried Mrs. Wilson as she slipped the skyscraper-heeled mules onto his feet. "Rise... walk around a bit... get used to the

high heels... fee-e-el like a woman, then the badness should subside."

Bobby tried, he tried awfully hard. He rose and stumbled around the room in the unfamiliar high heels, thrilling to the sensation of the sleek black nylons on his slender legs, even the sharp sensation of the metallic catch on his thighs. Much to his dismay, rather than subsiding, his boyhood continued to expand in the flimsy confinement of his black lace panties.

It was obvious that the contrast between Bobby's female beauty with the utter maleness of his enormous boner was having a strong effect on the strapping Mrs. Wilson. She was beginning to perspire, her gigantic teats rising and falling like some undulating sea from an increase in her breathing, her gloved fingers clenching and unclenching by her sides as though anxious to grasp his erection.

"Well, there's just one more way, if that fails you're simply a hopeless case and I'll have to turn you over to the police," she sighed, stretching her exquisitely gloved arms, her enormous breasts bouncing about crazily. "Lie on your back on the bed."

Bobby's long, thick boyhood was standing straight up, quivering wildly as Mrs. Wilson crawled over the bed on her silken knees, dragging her watermelon-sized teats over the sheets. She straddled him with her luscious black fishnet-stocking-clad legs, seizing his throbbing boyhood and inserting it into the warm recesses of her crotch, saying softly, "I shall rid you of this evil badness, Bobette my beauty."

Bobby began to hump all over the bed, skewering his swollen boyhood into her.

"STOP," she cried. "You are using your badness to your own advantage, it's my duty to draw it out of you."

Mrs. Wilson, moaning constantly now, sank down further on his swollen boyhood... rose... then sank down again. Suddenly his hot boy fluid rocketed inside her.

"Keep the badness flowing, child," she moaned, leaning down and smothering his face with the perfumed softness of her monumental breasts, her broad hips jack-hammering.

Later when he was leaving, Mrs. Wilson said warmly, "Child, if you should find the badness returning, as it well might, please feel free to come to me to have it drawn out of you."

"Mrs. Wilson, I have an even better idea," he said seriously.

"Yes, what's that?"

"You can do good in the world. Why don't you go to the county prison? There are hundreds of men there who need the badness drawn out of them."

"You know I've never thought of that... but it's an idea, yes a marvelous idea."

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD:

- (1) Write your letter and enclose it in an UNSEALED envelope. If you write more than one letter, place each letter in a separate envelope. Each of these envelopes should have your correct address printed on the upper/left hand corner and a postage stamp must be affixed. If you wish to have your letter(s) forwarded by airmail, be sure to use an airmail stamp (or stamps).
- (2) Write (in pencil) the Confidential Ad Number of the person that you wish to write to on the lower/right hand corner of the envelope. We will then properly address your envelope and mail it for you.
- (3) Send Two-Dollars (\$2.00) for the FIRST letter and One-Dollar (\$1.00) for each ADDITIONAL letter that you wish us to forward for you.
- (4) Fill out the coupon below and place it — along with the letter(s) to be forwarded — in a LARGER envelope. Enclose the proper remittance and send this letter to:

Miss Jenifer Jordan P.O. Box 3896 Hollywood, Calif., 90028

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Ads with photos usually receive the greatest response so why not add more interest to your ad with a photo. You may send either a black and white or a color print, but the person placing the ad must sign the back of the photo along with the date.

Plainly print your ad and all the information on the AD ORDER FORM which you will find on page 56. You will receive a confirmation of your order along with the assigned code number.

All Personal Ads are coded . . . Your name and address is never published. All replies are forwarded to you through FEMALE MIMICS free-of-charge.

Miss Jenifer Jordan
P.O. Box 3896
Hollywood, Calif., 90028

FORWARDING FEES: . . . First Letter \$2.00
Additional Letters . . . \$1.00 ea.

I enclose \$ _____ which is payment in full for your forwarding the enclosed _____ letters.
I hereby certify that I am over eighteen (18) years of age.

NAME _____

AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

SEX _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

(signature)

We guarantee to forward your letter(s) as soon as we receive them. If, however, we are unable to do so, we will promptly refund your money. You are urged to include a recent photograph of yourself whenever possible.

We cannot, naturally, guarantee that you will receive a reply to every letter. That usually depends on how your letter is written. A sincere, friendly letter usually gets results.

Anyone communicating with or through FEMALE MIMICS is required to comply with all local, state and federal postal regulations.



TRANVESTITES



T-2001

T-2001 / CALIFORNIA — Bizarre TV, 28, desires to meet other exotic TVs, TSs and females (either dominant or submissive). I am interested in high heels, boots and leather costumery. Send photo and phone number to assure an early meeting. Discreet. **See photo.**

T-2002 / NEW YORK CITY — 28 yr. old, blonde TV wants to be bound and gagged and made to serve males, females or couples. Loves rubber, leather and satin gowns, high heeled shoes and exotic makeup. Call on me to serve you in any way. Tight corsets and gags hold special interest.

T-2003 / CALIFORNIA — Sexy, beautiful, dominant TV bitch loves to wear spike heels and boots. If your hot spot is skyscraper heels, send me a detailed description of your fantasies along with your photo and phone number. I want to hear from single men, single women, couples and other TVs. **See photo.**



T-2003



T-2004

T-2004 / CALIFORNIA — TV beginner wants to correspond and meet males and females interested in leather, boots, whips and bondage. Would also like to hear from anyone who can help me in cross-dressing and who would enjoy having me as a slave, mistress or lover. Please write and send a photo. No phonies or professionals—just those who really enjoy it. **See photo.**

T-2005 / MICHIGAN — TV, ultra-demanding and experienced in the finer points of bizarre activities — including bondage and female domination. Will

teach all the meaning of true sexual domination. If you've tried all those "do nothing but talk" dominatrices, try me for a real experience. Would also like to hear from females and other TVs who would like to dominate me. Photo and SASE are a must. **See photo.**



T-2005

T-2006 / VIRGINIA — 30 yr. old blonde TV would like to serve a demanding mistress or couple. My interests are not important since I will be a slave to your desires. I travel all over the country so a meeting is always possible. Will answer all, but please send photo so I'll know what I'm getting into. Will reply with same.

T-2007 / LOS ANGELES — Bizarre TV desires to meet other TVs or females who are interested in extreme corsetting, high heeled boots and shoes, rubber, leather, satin or ??? Would like to meet and talk. Will answer all letters quickly. Please include your photo and phone number if possible. Very discreet.

T-2008 / VIRGINIA — 30 yr. old blonde TV wishes to serve a dominant mistress or couple. My interests are not important since I will be a slave to your desires. I travel all over the country so a meeting is always possible. Will answer all, but send photo. Will promise to return same.

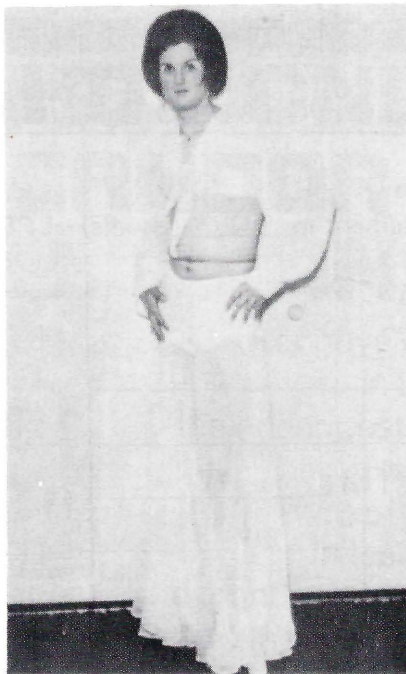
T-2009 / NEW YORK CITY — Attractive TV would like to meet a sponsor who would be willing to help me in my efforts to become a female. I have just recently decided to go all the way, so now all I need is the ??? to carry it out. Can repay you in many interesting ways. Are you a gambler? These odds are much better than you can get in Las Vegas. **See photo.**



T-2009

T-2010 / MICHIGAN — Pretty TV, experienced in French and Greek cultures wishes to be instructed in detail in all the fine points of Female Dominance and behavior by strict but understanding mistress. Would also like to serve, love and give pleasure to an understanding man who wants a woman's woman, who will keep her under a firm hand, and who wishes to be pleased in every possible way. I enjoy mild B&D and S&M. Looking for a lasting relationship with very strict guidance and a firm hand. Will answer all who write sincere and informative letters with photos. Please enclose phone number as well as address. **See photo.**

T-2011 / NEW JERSEY — Attractive, tall brunette TV wishes to add a few more male subjects to her ever-growing stable of slaves. If you think you've experienced



T-2010

everything, you're in for a big surprise when you enter my web of intrigue and mystery. Your most elaborate fantasies can be realized—not by some weak female, but by a strong-willed male who is actually far more feminine than any woman. Have extensive wardrobe of high-heeled footwear, stockings and corsets. You name the game and I'll show you how to play it. **See photo.**



T-2011

T-2012 / TEXAS — Docile male of 25, whose wife does not understand my spe-

cial interests, wishes to correspond with mature, understanding TVs, dominant females or couples with dominant wife and docile husband. I am very interested in restraints, cross-dressing (forced), humiliation, spanking, water sports and French and Greek cultures (when used as punishment). All I ask is that no permanent damage be done to my body and I will submit to your cruelest whim or desire. Age is unimportant, in fact I prefer those 35 to 50. Will answer all. Hurry, you won't be sorry.



T-2013

T-2013 / PENNSYLVANIA — Very sincere, uninhibited straight, dominant-submissive TV seeks correspondence or meetings with caucasian females 18 to 45. Ready for any and all pleasures—yours or mine, including Bizarre Fashions, Medieval Chastity Belts, Golden Showers, etc. Can travel anywhere in the U.S.A. or Canada. I am also seeking used bizarre fashions. I wasn't born a woman, but truly love to live as one. I hope to become a real woman soon. **See photo.**



T-2014

T-2014 / PENNSYLVANIA — Philadelphia area—attractive TV would like to meet others for fun and games. Would also like to correspond with those who have sexy TV photos. If you like what you see, please write me. Include photo. **See photo.**

PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM:

PLEASE CHECK INSTRUCTIONS ON PG. 53 BEFORE MAILING.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Please place the following advertisement in _____ issue(s) of **FEMALE MIMICS**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____



My ad should read: _____

PHOTO RELEASE:

I, the undersigned, hereby represent that I am over eighteen (18) years of age and that the photo enclosed is an actual photo of myself. I hereby give **FEMALE MIMICS** magazine my consent to publish my photo and advertisement in **FEMALE MIMICS** magazine.

DATE _____

(SIGNATURE)

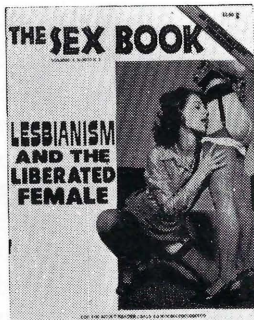
THE HOT ONES FROM CANDOR-IN-LOVE INSTITUTE



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THE SEX BOOK
Vol. 5 No. 1



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FETICHE'
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expand your sexual horizons and open
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- ☐ Foxy: 5/1
- ☐ Fetiche': 5/2
- ☐ Black Bare & Beautiful: 5/2
- ☐ New Copperhead: 5/1
- ☐ Focus on Hookers: 5/1

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

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

Signature _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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

(Continued from page 26)

room and try to make yourself look like a girl! And Eugenie, you'll find some clothes—and a whip in that one. And for God's sake don't be long about it. I've got 2719 phone calls to make before 5 p.m.!"

Uncertain and wondering, the two of them did as they were told. Robert's costume was somewhat similar to the one I had seen him in, except that the cache-sexe was larger and the bra had cups padded with foam. Eugenie found a black leather jacket and skirt, a size too large, and a pair of cheap, shoddy knee boots. She also found a whip! They could hear the Agent talking as they hurriedly dressed.

"I tell you, Manuel, this could be a top act! I feel it in my bones! And for the first three months you can have them for peanuts! I promise you. All I ask is that you put up 10,000 francs to have the boy's tits filled out, and I'll put up the same amount for costumes. And, dammit, I'll pay them myself for four weeks to rehearse a routine. One of my boys can help them work it out. It's an opportunity you can't afford to miss!"

"I can afford to miss it!" said Manuel. "In fact, I'll save money by missing it!"

"You mean-spirited bastard! Here's the son of a couple of old Pro's, down on his luck—and a young dancer trying to keep him out of an orphanage, and you won't lift a finger to help!"

"I'll decide when I've seen them," said Manuel. At that moment Robert stepped shyly from the dressing-alcove on to the small stage. For a moment there was a deathly silence and then Manuel spoke again, in a different tone of voice.

"Is that the boy, or a twin sister?" he asked.

"Let's have some more light," said the Agent. He went to the door and yelled. "Someone come here and put these damned lights on!" A minute later the small theater was transformed with pink and gold spotlights. Eugenie joined Robert, holding the whip diffidently.

"Turn around, Robert," said the Agent, and the boy obeyed with a natural grace. "Can't you just see him?" asked the Agent. "He'll have them rolling in the aisles—or something! I don't go for boys myself, but I tell you, it makes my balls CREEP just to look at him!"

It took five minutes to finish the audition. And it took six weeks for the surgeon to pad out Robert's breasts with foam and for a routine to be worked up and rehearsed. New costumes were made which fitted perfectly, and Robert's genitals were strictly confined so that even an experienced old doctor like me could not be sure. . . . They opened at last at the Coq D'Or under Manuel and were an overnight success. After that, their Agent kept them on the move all over Europe, always stepping up their price and improving their terms of engagement. When I met them, even the rent of the apart-

ment was being paid by The Alhambra! In May of that year they were to receive the show-business accolade. They had been booked to appear in Las Vegas at a phenomenal fee.

Soon after they started to rehearse the new act, their relationship had changed. The atmosphere between them was so highly charged sexually that inevitably they went to bed together, and when Robert was 15 years old they got married. It seemed that it was a very satisfactory relationship and they seemed to be much in love with one another, as well as pleased with their success.

However, like me you may feel that something is still missing from this story. Assuming it is the truth and nothing but the truth, it does not appear to be "the whole truth". What about those weals I had detected through the make-up? How had they come about? After examining Robert I was in no doubt that they were genuine. Yet, I had seen the act and had closely observed how skilled Eugenie was with the whip, so that she could tear off the bra with the lash without leaving the slightest mark on those beautiful, cold breasts.

Obviously I could not ask a direct question. However, the room we sat in contained a huge, beautiful old stove, made of porcelain; no longer used because central-heating had been installed. Hanging on a hook beside it I saw a whip, smaller than the one Eugenie used on the stage. It appeared to have been well—or at least often used. The end was slightly frayed.

"A souvenir?" I asked, nodding toward it.

Eugenie stared at me, a faint, mocking smile on her lips.

"Yes," she said. "It helps us to remember . . . doesn't it, Robert?"

He too smiled. "But certainly! It . . . stirs the memory, Monsieur!"

I had to be content with that. However, I feel confident that here I had found a young couple who had, in some way or other, successfully turned what might otherwise have been troublesome obsessions into a successful career. I NEVER meddle! A great statesman once said, "When a thing is where you want it to be, it is a very good idea to leave it where it is!"

I smiled in turn and soon after took my departure. I did not see the young male transvestite again before I left, although they both called me once more to assure me everything was well with Robert and to express their thanks again.

"You are feeling quite well now, Robert?" I asked.

"Yes, Monsieur. So well in fact that Eugenie is just about to refresh my memory about certain matters!"

Was it imagination, or did I hear over the phone, the "crack" of a whip lash? Or was it merely electronic noise?

(Continued from page 46)

he has assumed so happily. He will resolve never to do it again. Cross-dressing is finished for him FOR EVER! But in a little while, the whole cycle will repeat, only this time he may well wear a half-slip and a bra as well, because the demands of the Unconscious are always cumulative. Today, this is sufficient; tomorrow it demands something more; next day more still, and so-on. It behaves like a curiously greedy and acquisitive woman—which in effect it is!

Cross-dressing in men results from the invasion of the Conscious Mind by Unconscious contents which have been constellated by excessive pressures on Consciousness. It is almost as though these weird and often quite unacceptable thoughts were "squeezed" out, like toothpaste out of a tube, against the will and wish of the person concerned. And, indeed, this is true. We are all quite helpless against the invasion of the Unconscious. The only way to prevent it is to operate at a Conscious level in such a way that we do not overload our psychic machinery, causing it to overheat. This is why rest and tranquility, change of scene or occupation are so useful in the cure or rather control of psychic disorder.

The contents go into the Unconscious in a straightforward manner. The man we are considering, as a child received certain powerful impressions, to the extent that he even came to want to identify with the girls and women in his surroundings by wearing one or more of their garments. He found pleasure, security and content in those unnatural hot-house surroundings. At puberty, his natural masculine attitudes came to predominate, so that he resolutely pushed all ideas of "being a girl" out of his mind. Out of his mind? Not possible. (When I was very young, an uncle gave me a silver shilling. He also told me that if I held this coin in my right hand when the clock struck ten at night—AND DID NOT THINK OF A RHINOCEROUS—it would change into a gold sovereign. Have you ever tried not thinking of a rhinoceros? It can't be done. Certainly you can NOT think about one. You were not thinking about one 20 seconds ago. But you are thinking about one now and it would be IMPOSSIBLE for you to sit still in a silent room with no alternative stimulation and NOT think about a rhinoceros. You will forget about it in time, but there is no way by which any of us can NOT think about something when it is occupying our Conscious Mind.) However, we can get rid of it from Consciousness. Of course, we rarely wish to get rid of a pleasant thought. Indeed, we adopt all kinds of psychic devices to try to hold on to pleasant thoughts. So, what we get rid of are almost without exception unpleasant thoughts. Hatred, fear, jealousy, disaster, loss, death and so-on. This is the stuff we want to get rid of—and this is the stuff of which dreams are made, liter-

ally! What happens is that in some way we do not understand at present, the unpleasant thoughts we want to get out of Consciousness are collected, as someone might collect garbage in a basket, and periodically dumped into our Unconscious Mind, which may be Unconscious and therefore inaccessible but is still a vital part of the psyche.

There it rests and there, if nothing more happened, this mental garbage would rot and fester and, eventually drive us raving mad! But by a subtle psychic chemistry, or alchemy rather, the Unconscious in a healthy individual sets to work on this mental garbage of "bad" or "inferior" thoughts and changes them into ideas that are acceptable to it. The fear of death becomes a belief in a glorious resurrection, or even in reincarnation. Mass murder becomes a "glorious victory." Sexual rejection becomes a tender memory. And so-on. The Unconscious does all it can to take the pain out of "bad" thoughts, and to the extent that it succeeds we manage to carry on. If it fails, as it sometimes does, then we are overwhelmed by our own inferiority and we either go mad or commit suicide.

When the Unconscious has cleaned up the mess, a daily, never ending job, the transformed "bad" thoughts can stay where they are. They are, as we say, "gone from our mind"—but only from Consciousness. Let the personality be threatened in any way, and our Conscious immediately dives down into the Unconscious, looking for what it can find to help. And it finds, not the accumulated junk of a lifetime, but the psychic garbage wonderfully transformed. All religious experience, all romantic love, all patriotic fervour stem from the Unconscious. So do all artistic inspiration, all new ideas, all "hunches," all intuitions. And so do all sins and devilries; all wickedness and cruelty.

So, we ought to be very careful before diving down into that boiling pot! This is an important function of organized religion, to help people to dive down into the Unconscious in a controlled, safe way. We all have to make the trip, but it is a fearful thing to do alone and unaided. We in the West no longer pay much mind to organized religion, and this is unfortunate because it leaves us alone and face to face with "the living god" of our own and the Collective Unconscious. Consequently we tend to seek to dive into the Unconscious through the media of sexual excess, or alcoholism or drug-taking or some other sad folly. And, of course, you always find what you go seeking. If you look to your Unconscious for Good, you'll find it; if you look for evil, it is there to an extent that would leave you horrified at your own depravity if you saw it!

Now, I have given just one example of the way in which a man may become preconditioned toward cross-dressing, and I should like to feel that I

have also given you some idea of how that early experience may lie dormant only to return to Consciousness after maybe many years. Are there other ways in which this psychological preconditioning may arise?

Certainly. There are so many diverse ways that I should not be able to detail them all in a very long book; but in the final issue we may be sure that any man who has a desire to dress as a woman was so preconditioned. He may not know this; he may have no memory or understanding of it, so that only the lengthy process of psycho-analysis can bring it into Consciousness; but there is no doubt whatever that such preconditioning DID take place.

But, you may reasonably say, by no means all or even many boys are reared in exclusively feminine households, and this is quite true. In fact, the idea of transvestism can equally well derive from being reared in a male-dominated household. It is a case of "heads I win, tails you lose!" Let us briefly consider the case of a boy, say the second of three brothers, reared in a home where Father definitely rules the roost. Let's not take it too far, and suggest that Father is a domestic bully; just a good man who knows what's what and honestly believes he is God-appointed to run his family. There are millions like him; they are the salt of the earth. Also they cause a lot of problems for other people.

Now, let our sample boy be slightly weaker physically than his elder and younger brothers. Say he has a very slight deformity of the knee which does not actually cripple him, but lessens his ability to run and jump, swim and fight on equal terms with his brothers. One of two things can happen. He can arise aggressively to overcome this slight but real disability and end up as a professional footballer, an Olympic athlete or a tennis star. This kind of thing is by no means unusual; it is akin to being a blind poet or a deaf musician. Alternatively, the boy may surrender somewhat to the disability. He may find that it brings him some real advantage in kindness and consideration, and so on. If so, he will soon adopt a relatively submissive attitude toward brothers and Father. What is more, he may well study his Mother and see how, so long as she too submits to the masculine domination of her husband, she is cared for by him, loved and protected.

When that sinks in, this boy will begin to adopt a truly submissive attitude. He cannot identify completely with the males of the family because he feels he cannot join in their enthusiasms. What is more, he finds that adopting the "feminine" submissive attitude earns him genuine advantages. So, he becomes "womanly" in his attitudes. To some extent he will grow to think of himself as being "like his Mother"—and it is only a short psychic

step from that to becoming a male "woman" in fact. In extreme cases, this will eventuate in homosexuality in later life; in less extreme cases, it will result in a desire to cross-dress. Often both will result.

But why will this happen to one crippled boy and not to another? Why does one become an Olympic athlete and the other a transvestite?

Here we enter into the field of what theology calls "original sin," and psycho-analysis calls "the archetypes of the Collective Unconscious." So far I have spoken about the Unconscious Mind of the individual person, in the same way as I might speak of his arm, or his tonsils. However, we must never ignore the fact that we ALL have arms, and we are ALL born with tonsils. In the same way, we are all endowed with an Unconscious Mind. And just as your arm is basically much the same as mine and anyone else's, black, white, yellow or purple with green spots, so your Unconscious Mind has, ab origino, very much that is in common with all men of all races, creeds and colors.

The shape of your normal, healthy arm is decided by the chromosome cells that you inherit from your parents. If your father broke his arm as a child and it mended twisted, this will do nothing to you. But if, over hundreds of years, the genes and chromosomes of your ancestors have made a small but subtle mistake in forming the right arms of the male line, the chances are that you will inherit that ancestral oddity. So, if your father had been driven mad by ill treatment in a concentration camp, and you had been conceived in one of his rare moments of lucidity after that event, your mind would not be affected. If, on the other hand, your father was the latest in a long line of congenital idiots, the chances are very strong that you would be one too. Not to worry, if you were you would not have stayed with me so long!

If I may put it this way for the sake of brevity and clarity, the "shape" of your Unconscious Mind and its basic "common" contents are placed there by influences somewhat similar to those which have shaped your arm and your whole body. If you come from a race of tall men, the chances are you will stand 6 feet odd in your socks—and there's nothing you can do about it, except make use of your height as an advantage instead of letting it crush you. In much the same way, if your inherited Unconscious takes a certain form, you cannot alter it. All you can Consciously do is to make the very best of it that you know how.

If your Unconscious is heavily weighted on the side of psychic femininity, you can allow events to draw you into surreptitious cross-dressing. Or, you can become a dress-designer or a ladies hairdresser, or a perfume blender, a chef de cuisine or the Commander of a naval ship, acting as "mother" to

YOU'LL BE MY SLAVE

... when you see my new bizarre type films. They're guaranteed to make your flesh tingle with anticipation! You'll go stiff with desire as you watch these bizarre beauties perform in natural *Eroticolor*! I command you to order one or all of these exclusive films today! If you hesitate, you'll probably never feel the sting of my whip!!!



In part one of **DOMINANT TRIO**, Kim Christy, Jenifer Jordan and the blonde teen tease, Sirena, humiliate their victim!

BI-101A



In part two of the **DOMINANT TRIO**, their victim is reduced to a pitiful hulk by his tormenting mistresses of pain and degradation!

BI-101B



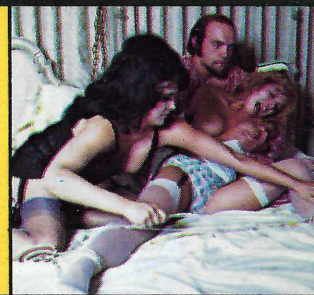
While Bill drinks himself numb at poolside his two beautiful companions are dressing in exotic leather -- and Bill soon finds himself in **BIZARRE BONDAGE**!

BI-102



Sexy private nurse Paulette is **BOUND TO PLEASE** both Harry and his wife when she goes too far once too often. Rene Bond squirms in agony!

BI-103



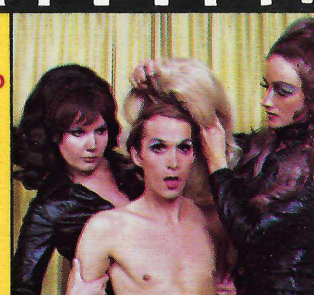
In **DRENCHED & SPANKED**, a beautiful French maid endures deep humiliation and pain when she is forced to suffer for spilling a drink on her master!

BI-104



TRAINED AND TRANSFORMED deals with two wantonly dominant females who transform a grocery boy into a stunning blonde against his will!

BI-105



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No C.O.D. orders accepted,

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 BI-101A

☐ **DOMINANT TRIO**—Part 2
 BI-101B

☐ **BIZARRE BONDAGE**
 BI-102

☐ **BOUND TO PLEASE**
 BI-103

☐ **DRENCHED & SPANKED**
 BI-104

☐ **TRAINED & TRANSFORMED**
 BI-105

CHECK ONE:

☐ **SUPER** ☐ **REGULAR**

California residents must add 6% sales tax.

a crowd of other men. And so-on. However, this is not to say glibly that anyone can raise himself by his own bootstraps. What is the use of saying to a man who has spent ten years in a coal mine—"Become a dress designer"? If a man whose Unconscious is predisposed toward femininity finds himself in an environment which burdens him, he may be able to change it—or he may have, as my Scots countrymen say, to "thole" it. But to continue to endure may well destroy him! It is not too much to suggest that a coal miner who is, at an Unconscious psychic level, a tender, delicate woman, may, in sheer despair engineer (deliberately yet not deliberately) a disastrous pit accident that will kill him and 100 of his work-mates! Always people who are deeply unhappy become accident prone as they seek ways to get out from under, even in death, a situation they find intolerable.

So, if I were confronted with a coal-miner who, because of family responsibilities, education and environment, was stuck in his coal mine until retirement; and if that man were troubled because he had a strong urge to cross-dressing, I should encourage him to indulge it! From which you may if you wish judge that I am not a very good man—although it may be that I am on the contrary quite a good psychiatrist! And my job is to cure souls, not to strike moral attitudes. At the same time, I should enquire carefully what this man's wife's attitude might be. If she were a sensible, intelligent and loving woman, I should indeed suggest that she encouraged him to cross-dress. If you love someone, it is after all better to have a wife or husband with only one psychic arm than no spouse at all!

If she were not, then I should encourage the man to do his cross-dressing in strict privacy and to keep his mouth firmly closed about it to everyone. It is not a perfect solution. On the other hand it is not a perfect solution to remove an arthritic joint by surgery and replace it with a nylon one; but it is a darned sight better than being a helpless cripple, and a whole lot better than being dead. Ideal solutions are rare in this world. We can see them; we can aim for them; but it is rare indeed that we can hope to attain them. Politics has been described as "the art of the possible," and I suggest that is not a bad definition of the whole of human existence.

Frankly, I see nothing in the least disturbing in the idea of a man dressing as a woman, subject to certain strict conditions. First, he should not do anything to distress other people. This includes above all his wife. If she will go along for fun and to help him out, that may be OK, but even so a man should never forget that it is often a mistake to offer to anyone else a pistol that may one day be pointed at one's own head! On the whole, strict privacy is best. Above all, there must be no offence

to other people. Only a scoundrel seeks to get rid of his neurosis at other people's expense.

Above all, a man of mature years should rarely try to LOOK convincingly like a woman because it just does not work. I invariably advise any man over 30 who wishes to cross-dress NEVER to look at himself in a mirror when he is dressed up. It is possible, within strict limits, to alter the shape of the body by corsetry and falsies and with padding of the hips and buttocks. Nothing can be done about the shape of the limbs, arms and legs, but these may be disguised in various ways. Always the feet are too big. But, above all, the face is impossible to disguise in all but very few instances. Much can be done with the rest of the body by depilation, but on the face the beard is intransigent. It can be covered by pancake make-up, but almost always the result is to make the wearer look like a whore! Finally, however, one comes up against the ultimate difficulty. A few men do, in fact, have "girlish" features, while some women have almost masculine features. But as a rule of thumb, men's faces are just bigger than women's! Noses, above all are larger, and eyes are more deeply set.

Not always, but most often, a man over 30 years old—and many younger than that, no matter how carefully dressed and made up as women, end up looking like—comic men in drag! Or low-class saloon whores, or worse. It is sad, because the cross-dressing man THINKS OF HIMSELF as a lovely woman—and psychically he may well be so. Physically he is usually a disaster. So, if you wish to cross-dress, do so in private, without giving offence to anyone—and NEVER look in the mirror. What the transvestite seeks always is the ILLUSION to satisfy his Unconscious. Do not face the reality.

Transvestism is certainly a fact—but its motivation is fantastic. Many men are able to satisfy the Unconscious yearning entirely in fantasy, and of course this is by far the best way. No-one can sue you for dreaming in your own time that you are a pretty and desirable girl of 18 years. But if you value your self-respect, don't try to look like one at 45.

You will observe that I have not said sternly that anyone leaning toward transvestism ought to "control himself;" ought to "overcome the urge;" ought in fact to "know better." This man is already to some extent a victim of the un-natural pressures of our civilization; the mental effort of trying to put an end to the instinctive urge that has arisen as a possible non-solution to his psychological problems might well destroy him. There comes a time when a man must just cower down under life's demands and admit that he is a weak thing, a coward, unable to help himself. And from such honesty and submission often arises an amazingly saving grace.

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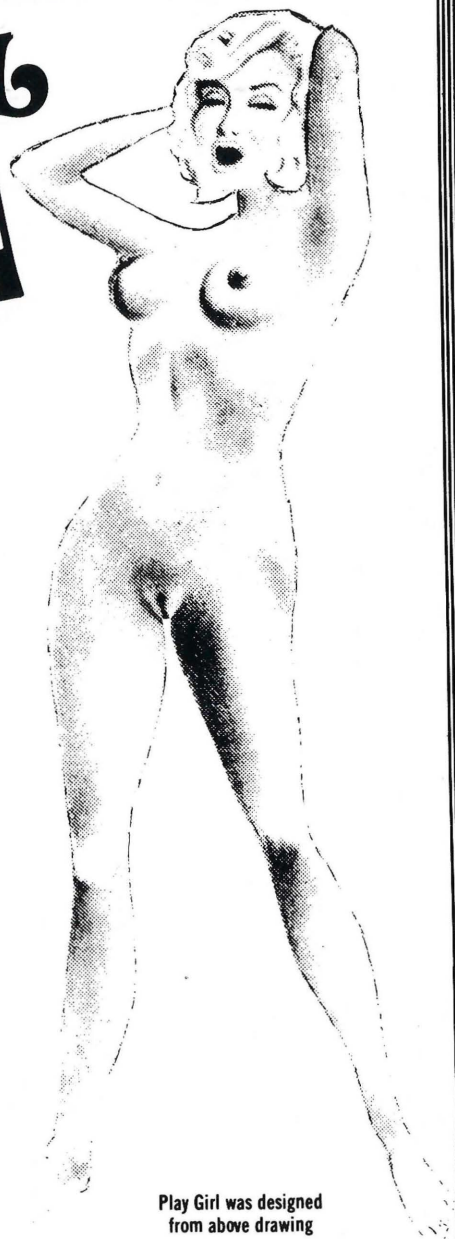
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