

FEMALE MIMICS

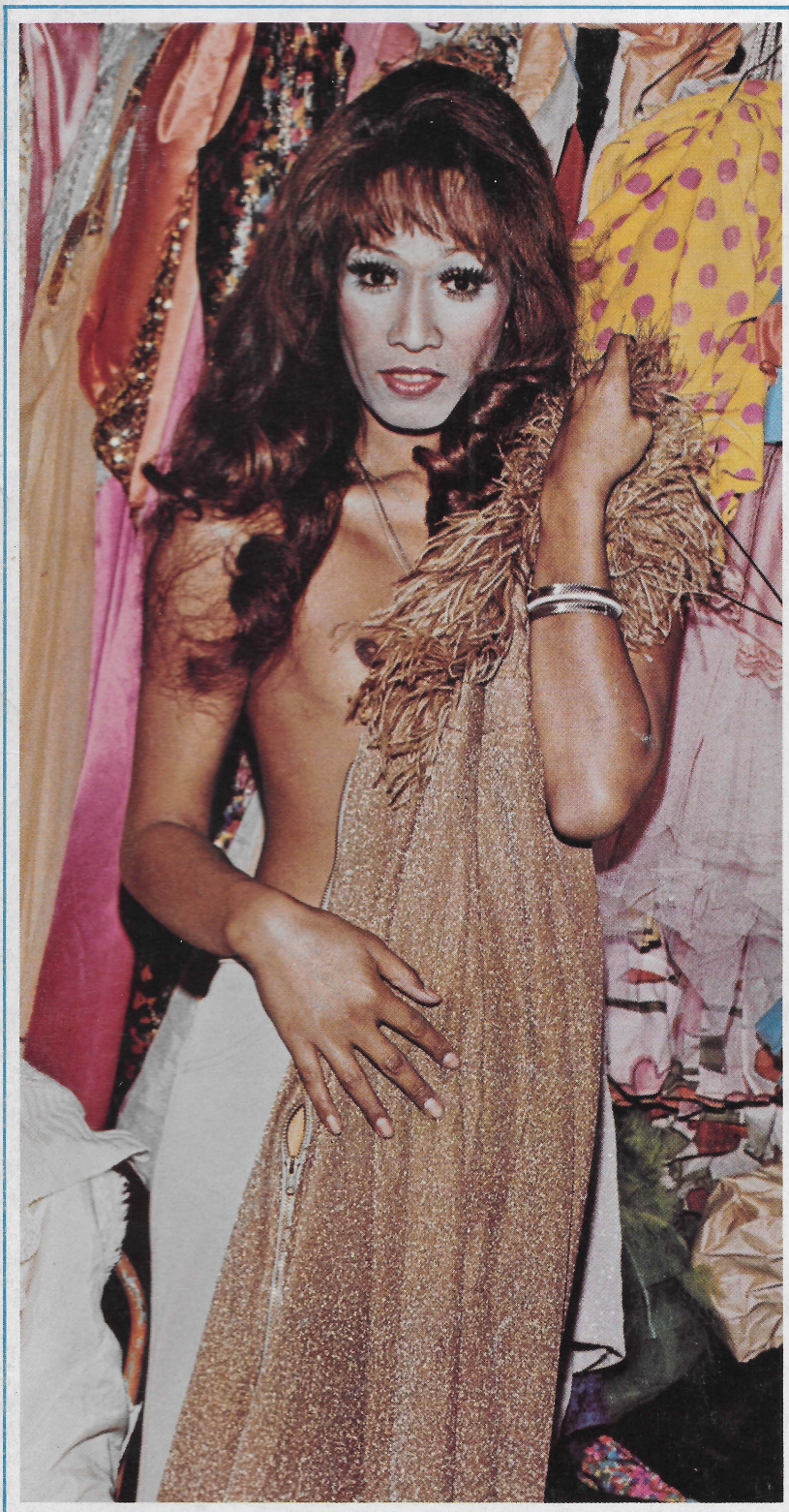
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IMPERSONATORS ON PARADE • A VISIT TO C'EST LA VIE

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FEMALE MIMICS

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EDITORIAL

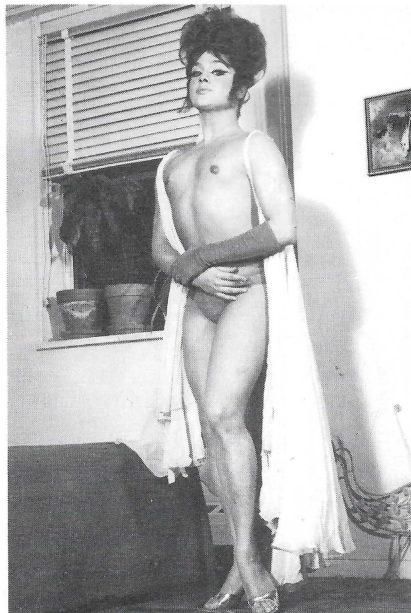
The history of female impersonation is as old as western civilization; cross-dressing, which includes both sexes, has been unofficially linked to many historical personages, and the entertainment value of the female mimic has been capitalized on for years by entrepreneurs with a feel for what the public *really* wants.

Today, impressionist Jim Bailey is seen on national television programs doing his wonderfully clever and biting impressions of Barbra Streisand, Phyllis Diller and a host of other female celebrities.

The world of show business is replete with many "unofficial" mimics, as anyone who watches television talk shows knows; the references to so-and-so's penchant for feminine garb, or a joke about a noted comedian whose early career was bolstered by his fondness for dresses are constant reminders that the queens remain a topical center of interest.

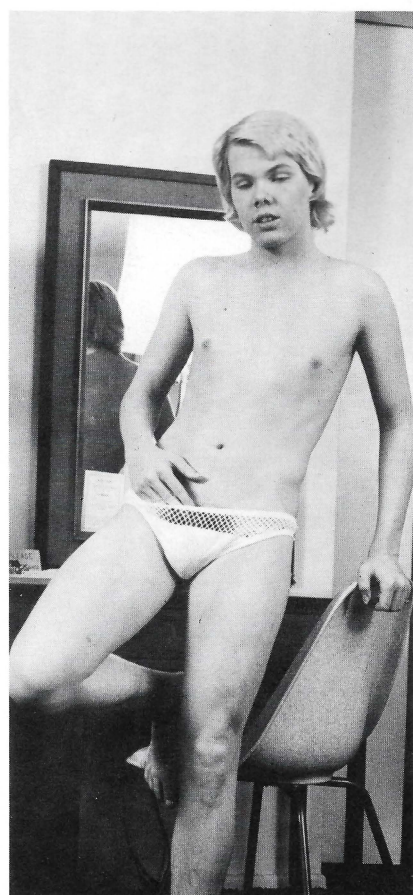
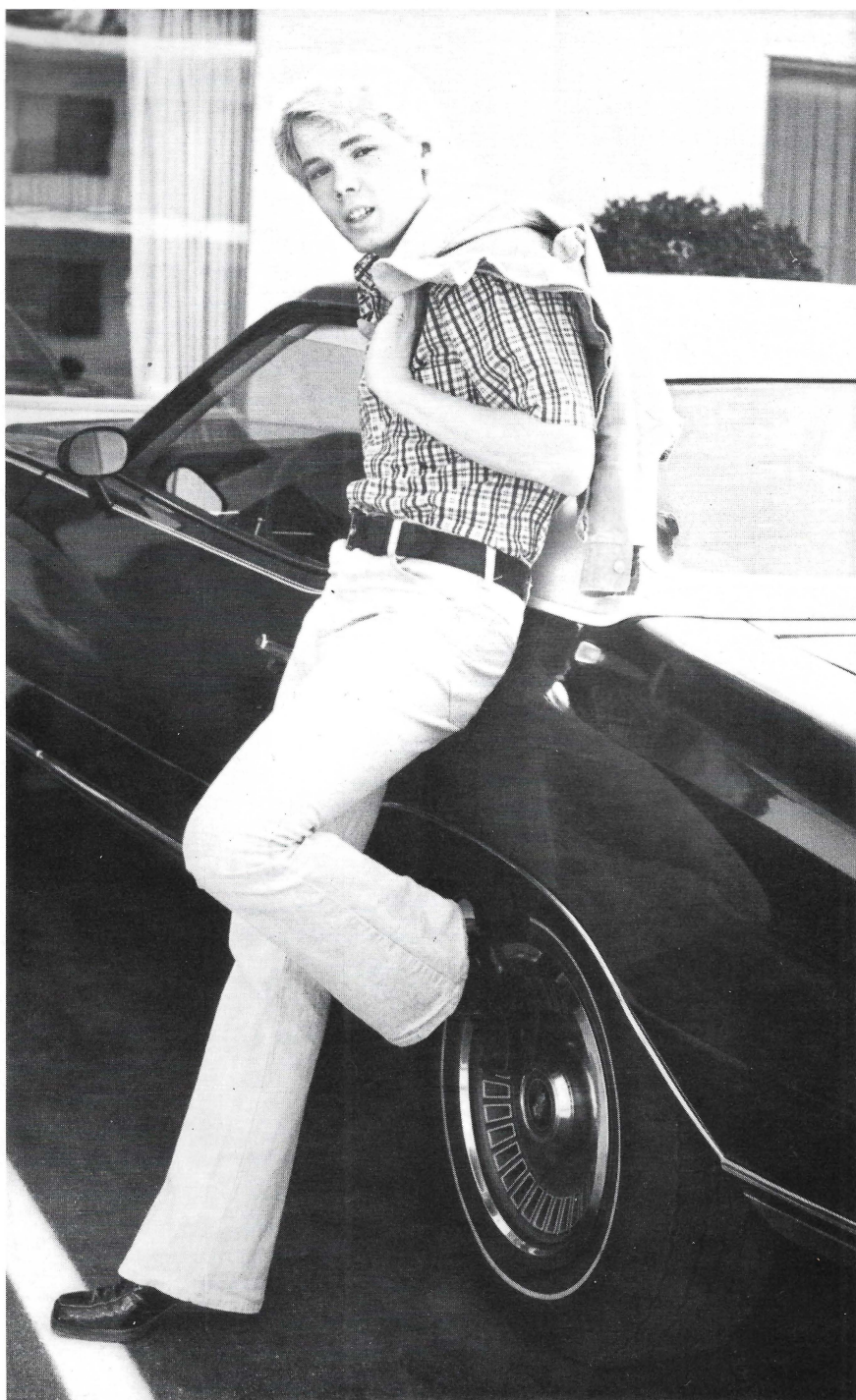
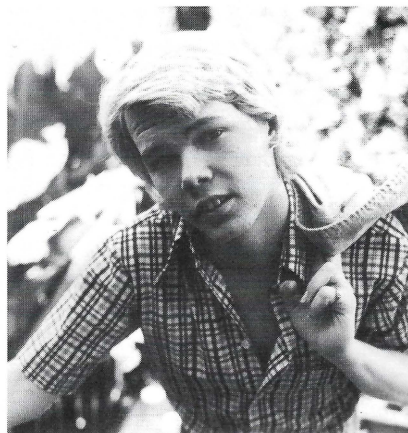
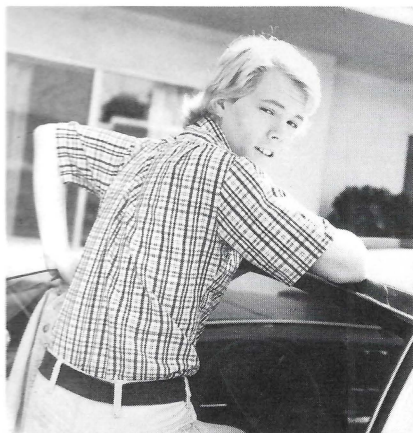
Flip Wilson's *Geraldine* is a case of a successful show business career based in part on a female impersonation.

The mimics are entertaining and they're what people want to see -- witness the perenial SRO crowds at noted drag niteries around the country. With FEMALE MIMICS, we hope to bring this all together, issue after issue, establishing an open forum for all who are interested in this exciting, vital subject.

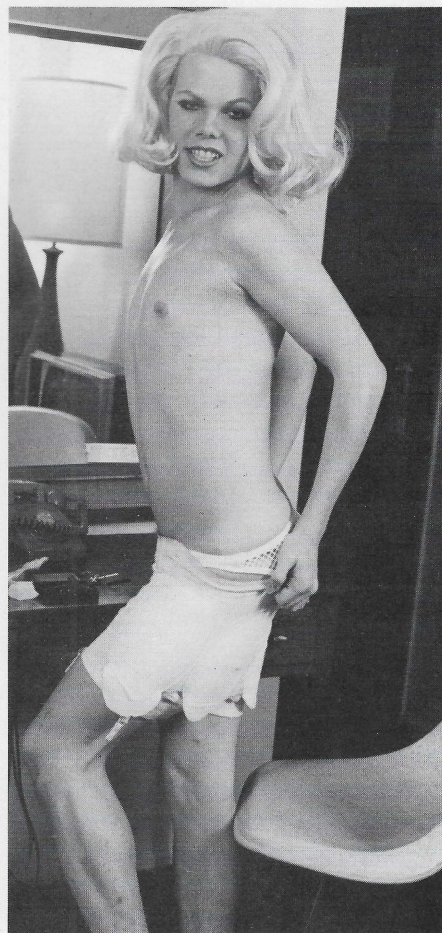
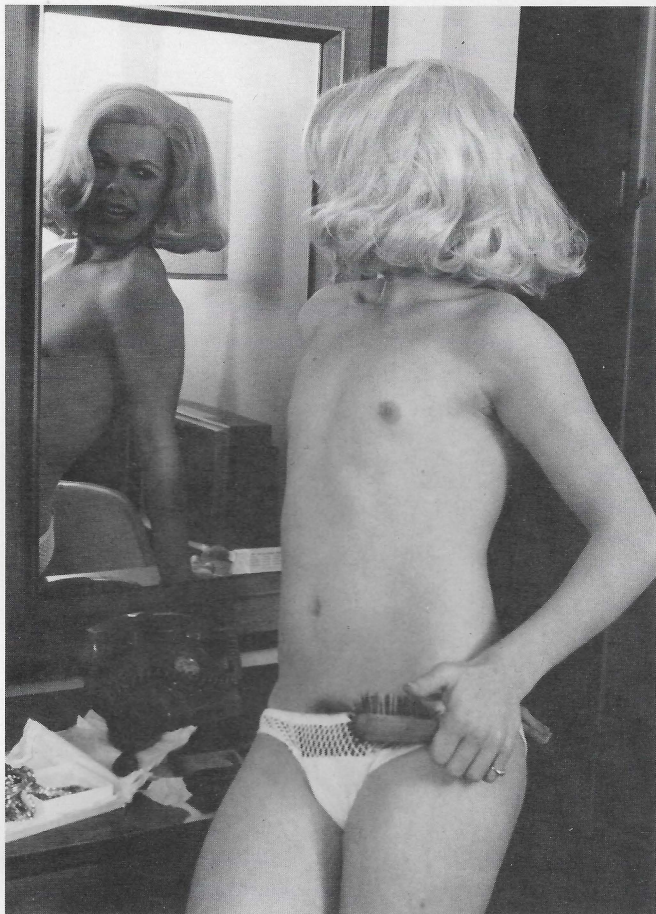




BLONDE IN DRAG

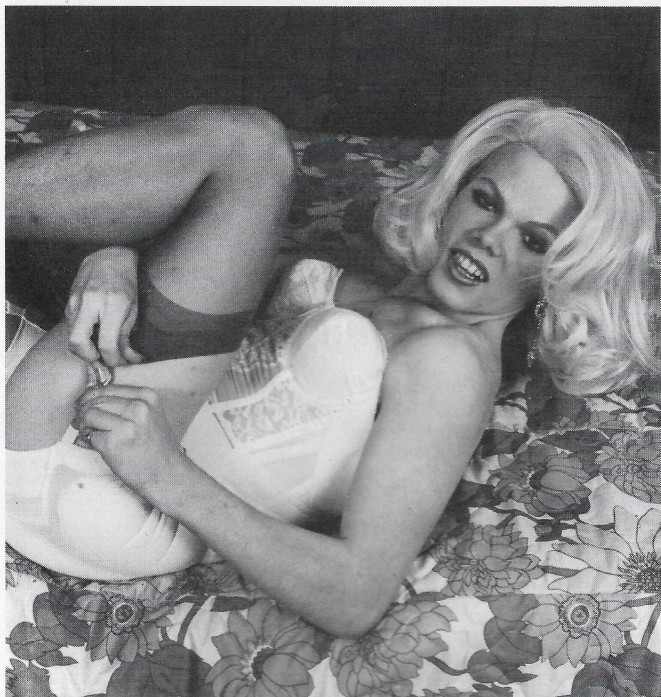


Sandy is more or less typical of the outstanding young, amateur impersonators who are now beginning to flourish in their own right all over the country. Sandy holds down a regular job in the daytime, making his weekly bread as a Soda Jerk in the suburbs of the growing San Fernando Valley. He's opted to play the role as a male -- it's better that way he feels, for everyone concerned. On the weekends, and almost every night, however, Sandy's a complete devotee of the drag scene.





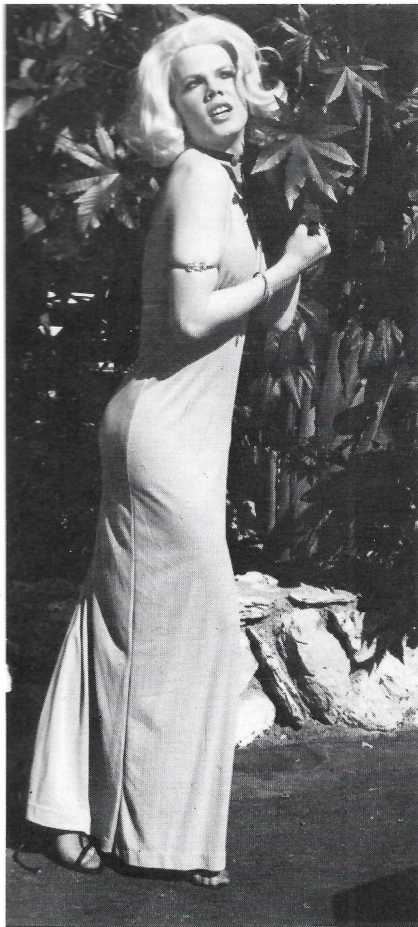
Although when in drag no one in their right mind is going to criticize Sandy's appearance, he prefers to keep his amateur status -- he enjoys dressing up for himself and his friends, and keeping things on a purely fun level seems to help out in the enthusiasm department. Throughout the past years, Sandy has accumulated a truly magnificent wardrobe which features a lot of clothing from the glamorous era of the Fifties, when the Star system in Hollywood had reached its apex of grandeur. As a matter of fact, one of Sandy's favorite personalities of all time is none other than that ever appreciated sex-symbol, Marilyn Monroe. With the current vogue of Monroe publicity on everyone's mind, Sandy is in great demand at all of the big Los Angeles Gay functions, doing his best to imitate the fantastic Marilyn at her sexiest. Sandy has a real appreciation of the late actress's sense of class and style, and he has studied all of her films intensely.



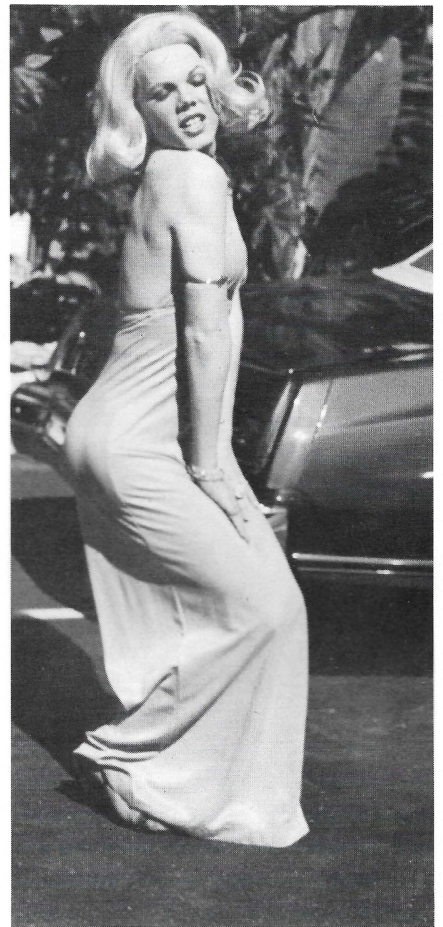
A great deal of Sandy's wardrobe, as we mentioned before, is devoted to styles of the Fifties, and Sandy has a real love for the kinds of things which symbolized sex appeal in those days. He has a large selection of high heel shoes, which tend to enhance the subtle curves of the lower leg, and he also has a thing for stockings, garters and the frilly sort of padded underthings that help to turn heads when they are employed to their best advantage by the young impersonator. As we can all see in these photos, Sandy has the whole act down pat -- all of the gestures, the facial expressions, the outfits, the carriage of the body, everything that spells out that special brand of femininity that characterized the Monroe Era.







In spite of the fact that Sandy doesn't entertain for a profit, yet, she keeps practicing her Monroe act so that it is perfect in every detail. The proof of the pudding came in an unusual way, for it wasn't until Sandy saw the approval and amazement that she could generate in a straight audience that her self-confidence got the boost it needed. While we were shooting these photos, we had the need for some outdoor action, and we pulled Sandy out into the open air to strut her stuff. Well, the reaction was just amazing, for a crowd of people soon gathered to watch her go through her changes, and by the time we were ready to quit, the crowd of men and women, many of them just out on their lunch hours, strolling along the boulevard, were clapping and shouting out their approval of Sandy's wit and polished pantomime. Obviously, many of them were totally unaware of the fact that it

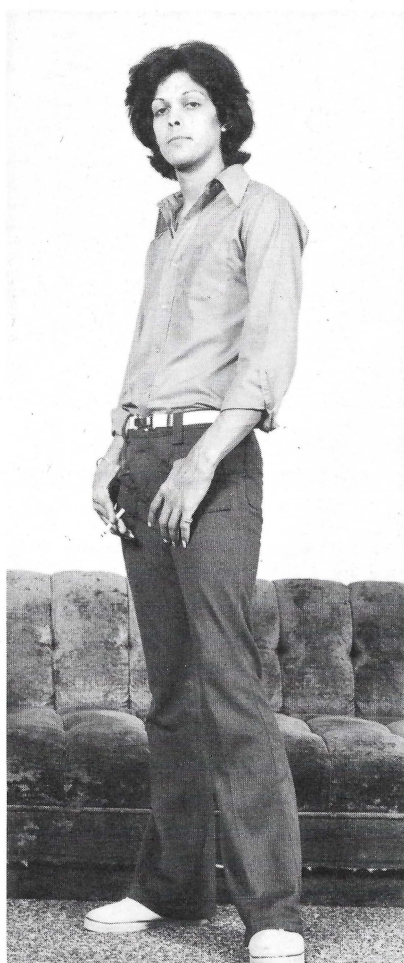


was a boy they were applauding, but even if they knew Sandy's secret, they couldn't deny her her talent, and her ability to entertain. It seems apparent to us that that's what's important.





PRESENTING GENIE DEE
MISS COTILLION 1971





Unlike Sandy, the young impersonator featured on the preceding pages who represents what we might call the 'new breed' of home-spun amateur drag queens, Genie Dee is a highly experienced and world famous impersonator, who has made a very good living over the past years as an entertainer. Genie, as we can see in these first shots, is a very good-looking boy when she's not in drag, and of course, she is every thankful to old Mother Nature for having blessed her with such fine, and naturally pleasing features. A



veritable expert in the art of the use of cosmetics, Genie gradually transforms herself before our very eyes into a stunning brunette -- her use of make up and her skill and taste in her choice of clothing were among

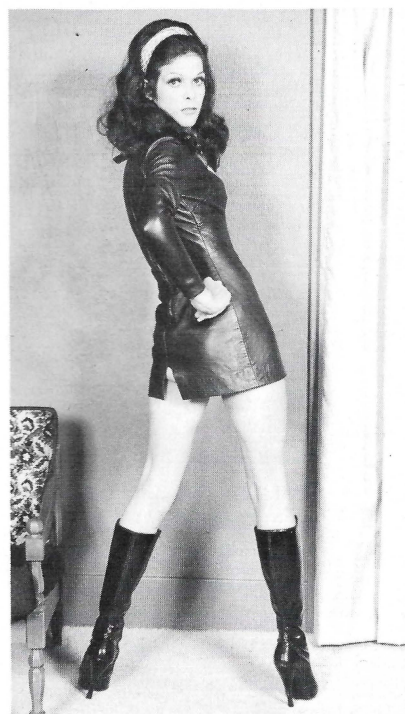


the considerations that lead to her being chosen as the very first National Cotillion Queen in the year 1971, in Los Angeles. Many an aspiring queen ought to look closely at these photos to get a good perspective on what it takes to become a really dazzling, and professionally finished drag performer -- it is obvious that Genie has it down pat, and although a lot of it must of course be attributed to a natural talent and flair for impersonating the female, much of it is a result of many long hours experimenting with different techniques and products in the privacy of home.



Genie is a true professional, and that's easy to see by the way that she carries herself, by her taste and style in fashions, and by her attitude when one has the good fortune to chat with her for a while. Her plans for the future are to carry on in the world of entertainment, and continue as one of the top drag performers.





Right now the delightful miss has her agent working full time on one of her most ambitious projects so far. Genie Dee has always aspired to get out of the clubs which are strictly for the gay audience -- she is a firm believer in the concept that appeal of drag is not limited to the gay community, and that straight people can and do appreciate the talents of a sexy and spirited performer, regardless of their sex. Her hopes center around the offers she's had to entertain as a female mimic in Las Vegas, where she knows that she will find a mixed audience to perform before in her capacity as a singer, a dancer and, unusual as it may seem, as a comic and a ventriloquist.

THE MAKING

Lance Roman looked at his image in the mirror one final time. He was headed out to Encino for a job interview this morning with the proprietors of the Saphos Salon, an exclusive beauty parlor which catered only to the richest women in the LA area, women who had made their mark in the world of finance, fashion, cinema and real estate, women who could stand on their own two feet in a world that was traditionally dominated by ruthless and conniving men, men with sadistic and cruel impulses, men who got off on

driving other men to bankruptcy and suicide.

Lance wasn't one of these types of men, not by a long shot. No, Lance liked the company of women, of self-assured women especially, women who knew how to give orders, women who knew exactly what they wanted and how they wanted it done. He had spent the last ten years of his life serving the needs of strong women as a hair stylist in a highly fashionable New York salon. He was, in fact, the number two man at Mr. Earl's, right next to Earl himself in the pres-

OF DAISY



tige that was attached to having your hair done at the place Earl owned by these renowned women who completely controlled the financial success of a beauty salon by the word of mouth advertising they passed back and forth amongst their select group of friends and acquaintances.

Lance was well liked by them, his creative talents were praised constantly, building his ego and his following until it reached the point where Earl was really owner and manager in name only, and the trade was in fact dependent on the talents and charms of Lance. Lance got invited to all the really important parties, got his name mentioned in the likes of Women's Wear Daily, dined with his clients and their friends at exclusive nighteries, and he met all of the prettiest young boys that a hair dresser could possibly handle.

All the while he was experiencing this rise in fame and status, he kept right on living with the older Earl, attempting to maintain their relationship as it had been before, in business and in bed. Looking back on it all now, Lance realized how foolish, how immature he had been, how poorly he had handled himself and the situation, and it was easy for him to see why the whole scene had degenerated so quickly, as quickly as it had arisen in fact, and why Earl had become more and more morose, finally giving in to fits and tantrums, and eventually, on that dismal, fatal night, slashing his wrists in the bathroom after having drunk an entire fifth of champagne by himself.

Earl hadn't died as a result of his over-dramatic attempt at self-butchery, no, death was far too tacky for the chic scene to tolerate. He just spent a night at the emergency hospital, and then a week at the country home of a wealthy, upstate matron who was one of his most loyal

clients, a client who couldn't abide the presence of Lance, the "snotty little upstart," she had called him to his face in front of some of the other patrons one afternoon. She sympathized entirely with the older Earl, and they fed off each other's neuroses until the hairdresser was able to return to his shop.

Lance had moved all of his things out of the apartment the day after Earl had made his melodramatic show, and the very next day he made arrangements to fly out to California. The scene in New York had died for him, he simply couldn't tolerate it any longer, the pressures on him from his clients, their fickle natures, the bad vibes from Earl—it just wasn't worth the effort any longer, and he yearned for a fresh start in a new environment where no one knew him, where there might be a chance for him to turn over a new leaf, to change his whole lifestyle, get back into swinging with some of the foxy chicks like he used to do before he got into the scene with Earl.

Lance felt he had an advantage being from New York. He was accustomed to dealing with the rich already, on their own turf, Park Ave, and he felt it would be child's play for him to get them in the palm of his hand out in the wild west, in the suburbs of LA. He had a big reputation in his field, after all, he still was Lance Roman, formerly of Mr. Earl's in New York City, and that was enough, he felt, to impress the daylights out of the hicks and Bozos he would be catering to in his new home town.

He had spent his first days in LA finding a temporary place to live, renting a car and running all over town, not being at all familiar with the chic locations of the area other than Beverly Hills and Hollywood, and after much hassle he found a nice two bedroom pad overlooking Hollywood Boulevard for only three

hundred a month. Lance was used to paying between five and seven hundred for an equivalent sized pad in New York, and to him the place was a real bargain, even if he couldn't abide the cheesy paintings of sunsets and harbors that came with the pad. He wasn't going to bother to redecorate this place anyway, no, he needed some better raw material to start with than five year old stucco and potted palm trees.

After he had found this place, a dwelling that was fine for his purposes, that was functional and as centrally located as any pad could ever be in the urban sprawl of LA, he began to look through the classified ads in the Times to see what kinds of jobs were available for a high class hair dresser. He was disappointed, and a little bit scared at first, for all of the ads seemed to be directed at female applicants, and almost all of them wanted a stylist who already had a following. The only following Lance had he had left behind in New York, and even though many of them were quite capable of taking a jet trip out to the coast just to have their hair done, it wasn't likely that they were going to do it just to put some change in Lance's tight pants.

Yesterday, however, he had found the want ad placed by the Saphos Salon, and he had called and made an appointment for an interview, the interview that he would shortly be faced with this afternoon. The ad had read as follows, and Lance had been especially pleased that a male stylist was definitely requested:

HAIR STYLIST, male preferred, for discriminating clients who are difficult to please. Applicant must be able to communicate with women of superior intellect and achievement, he must go out of his way to please. No following required, creativity a must. Call Saphos Salon, 8789000 for appt.

He made the call right after he read the ad, and the woman who answered the phone arranged for him to come at five thirty the following day, after the salon was closed, evidently because of the heavy work load, they could not be interrupted for the purpose of interviewing potential employees. At least this is what Lance thought, even though the woman had said nothing to lead him to this conclusion except that he would have to knock on the front door because it would be locked at this hour.

Her name was Ms. Brooks; she carefully emphasized the Ms. part, as if to instill respect in the person who had called, and Lance was quite willing to address her in her chosen way all throughout the short conversation. He considered himself quite well-informed about the issue of Women's Liberation, and he also considered himself to be a true friend of women and a definite sympathizer with the aims of the Women's movement, as he understood them. Her voice was deep and extraordinarily powerful, literally exuding the tone of authority and efficiency. He wondered what Ms. Brooks looked like, whether he would be working for her directly if he were to land the job, or whether she was just another employee who took orders herself. He would have to wait a little while longer to find out.

The only real information that had passed between them on the phone beside the exchange of names was the location of the salon, and one question about Lance's former employment. He told Ms. Brooks that he was from New York, that he had just arrived, that he had only recently found a place to stay, when she interrupted him and with an icy tone repeated her question, where had he last worked. He had blurted out the name of Mr. Earl, a little confused and upset by the woman's

dominant tone, and a little unsure of himself because he did not know if the name of the famous Mr. Earl was well known in LA or if any one at all even cared whether Mr. Earl existed at all. She had replied with the words "I see", leaving it at that, and then given him the time that he was to arrive at the salon. That was the extent of the conversation, and Lance couldn't help but think that it was a bit abrupt, for the very nature of the salon business is built on charm, easy conversation, gossip and cleverness—in general, it is a very unbusinesslike business, and that was what made it so appealing to a person like Lance, who loathed the materialism and crudity of the businessman's working world.

So be it, he thought, as his mind worked over his memories of that initial conversation, so be it, I'll be right over Ms. Brooks, and we'll get a good look at you too, after you give me the once over, hah. He looked in the mirror one last time, straightening the wide, hand-painted rose and black tie, brushing the lint off the wide lapels of the deep burgundy velour of his Edwardian coat, and giving his soft, longish blond locks a careful musing, to get that authentic boyish, windblown look that drives the rich matrons right out of their Pucci jumpsuits.

He was immensely pleased with the reflected image, and it was easy to understand why both men and women were attracted to him, and why he had never had any trouble finding a partner for the night whenever he wanted one. He had those boyish goodlooks down pat, the kind that can be used to build upon, to exploit the weaknesses of others, to make a fortune with, if one had the proper connections, and one was willing to service certain specific sexual needs of a few very important persons. Lance was aware of this, and he had high hopes for himself, for

his plans of coming to California were not entirely conditioned by the idea of escape from the intolerable situation he had made for himself in New York. No, Lance, like the thousands of other pretty boys and girls who had made the trip before him, had high hopes of making it big in Hollywood, of getting into films, getting to know the people in the film world and moving among them until he would begin the ascent to the top. He knew he had it in him, and he had done it before in New York, and this time he wouldn't let the emotions of an effeminate little fag like Earl ruin everything for him. This time he was going to keep his guard up.

He shut off the lights in the apartment, and went out, locking the door behind him, making his way down the stairway to the parking structure below ground. He got into the rented Riviera, started it up, and then made his way out of the dark garage to the side street which would eventually put him on the main road and finally the freeway going West to Encino. He had given himself over forty-five minutes to get to the place because he knew that the freeways were next to impossible in the late afternoon hours, jammed in all directions by a combination of working traffic and people leaving and coming into town for the weekend.

He pulled the car onto the ramp that led on up to the freeway, and once he was at the top he sighed a sigh of disbelief—the traffic was bumper to bumper and standing dead still, and in the far, far distance he could see flames shooting up into the air on the opposite side of the freeway, flames which were a ghoulish red-orange and left a thick cloud of greasy black smoke boiling up into the darkening evening sky. He turned on the radio to the local all news station, and almost immediately there was a helicopter report of

smock were a pair of spike heeled patent leather boots, the heels of which must have been a good ten inches in height. What was truly bizarre about her outfit were the patent leather black gloves which covered her hands and disappeared underneath the loose sleeves of the smock—this was a touch that Lance didn't know what to make of, but he barely paused to think, for he wanted to introduce himself immediately.

"Hello, I'm La—"

"I'm sorry we kept you waiting so long, Mr. Roman. Get in. Now!" She spoke in a voice that chilled Lance to the marrow—it was icy cold, filled with sarcasm, spite and authoritarian malice. He was speechless, and merely took a few steps forward into the room. It was outfitted in absolute splendour, a truly magnificent and posh salon, far exceeded Mr. Earl's in every possible way as far as lavishness of decoration, taste and equipment. It amazed Lance that all of this was in a suburban Los Angeles home, in a converted livingroom, most likely, and he stood there, still speechless, moving his eyes in a slow circle all around the room until they came upon a sight that literally made him jump within his own skin, as if a powerful jolt of electricity had shot up through him from the floor.

Standing at the far end of the room, near the sinks that were used for washing women's hair in preparation for styling was a woman who looked for all the world like a duplicate of the one who had opened the door, except this one had her hair down and was dressed in the most outrageous costume Lance had ever seen. She wore ten inch black heels, shoes, not boots, and above these, like pillars stood the two longest, most perfect pair of legs that a female could have. They were covered only by sheer black nylons which ended halfway up her milk white

thighs in tiny garter belts of shiny black leather. These rode up the silky surface of her thighs and became part of a waist cinching bodice of the same material which was skin tight and disappeared between her legs, barely concealing her vulva and the patch of black hair that Lance could almost taste that must surely have been tightly crushed beneath it. Directly over her mons and leading up her tummy was a white doily like piece of frilly material, something like a governess's bib, and she wore another one just like it atop her head, contrasting and setting off her raven black hair and her viciously arched black eyebrows.

The waist cinching single piece outfit which covered her genitals turned into a flimsy, transparent bodice of black lace covering her breasts, but allowing a full view of them at the same time. They were immense, proud, powerful glands standing firm and swollen on her chest, the long nipples straining against the lace and clearly defined.

"Come in, Mr. Roman. I'm Ms Brooks. You're very rude you know, you've kept me and my assistant Ms Carlson waiting over half an hour. Will you be this rude to your customers? Answer me, you sniveling little queer." Her voice paralyzed Lance. He couldn't respond. She exerted a powerful, almost hypnotic effect over his ability to think. She was so authoritative, so large, so beautiful. The situation was totally out of his hands, he tried to speak.

"I was caught in the traffic . . . a truck overturned . . . couldn't help—" It wasn't making a bit of sense, and Ms Brooks was tapping her foot nervously, looking him over, sizing up the weakling for the kill, or so he thought. And in spite of his fear, his body was reacting to the sight of the bitch goddess, growing hot in the loins, and soon he had an aching, pulsing erection which was

forming a huge, embarrassing lump in the front of his natty velvet trousers.

"Come over here, Ms Carlson." She spoke to the other lady, who walked over to where the voluptuous proprietress stood, and both of them stared at his crotch with their hands on their hips, smirks running across their red mouths.

"Will you look at the nerve of the man. The faggot has a hardon. Have you ever been more disgusted in your life? Why don't you take off that smock sister, and perhaps the queer will treat us to a further display of vulgarity by ejaculating in his pants." Ms Brooks kept the same tone as she spoke, softening it only when she spoke directly to her companion.

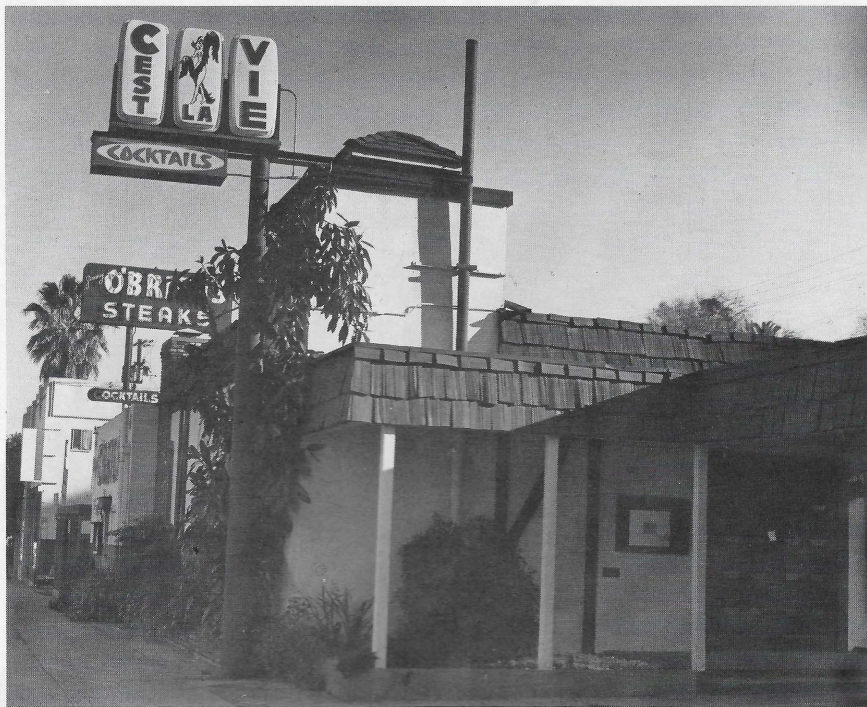
Ms Carlson began unbuttoning the front of the shapeless gown, and in a flash it was lying on the floor at her feet, and she was revealed to Lance's disbelieving eyes. Her body was an exact replica of Ms Brooks', the same perfection, the same voluptuousness, the same in all the most tantalizing respects with the exception of the details of the garments she wore to cover her most private parts, and in the way she wore her hair. Her single garment was a skin tight one-piece black vinyl rubber bathing suit type of affair, an article of clothing which only re-emphasized the firmness of her huge breasts, the waspish narrowness of her waist, and the perfect roundness and firmness of her ass. The sight of the pair of Vixens made Lance groan aloud in heat, and his pulsing organ began to drip inside the confines of his clothing.

"God is he a loathsome example of a man, Ms Brooks. Look how he stares at us, as if we were nothing more than a pair of cheap tarts out for a quicky fuck. Look, down there, can you see it. Oh my god, what a slimy little faggot, he's leaking gism through his pant leg. I think I'm

(Continued on page 54)

**A VISIT
TO
C'EST
LA VIE**





We now take you on a very special visit to one of the top clubs in the Southern California area which features entertainment by female impersonators. *C'est La Vie*, located on Ventura Boulevard in Studio City, is not a club restricted to a gay, or drag clientele -- people in all walks of life who enjoy artistes performing in drag come here to drink and watch. It has become a favorite hang-out for female mimics in the area, because of its friendly atmosphere, and because it is a launch-pad for talent.





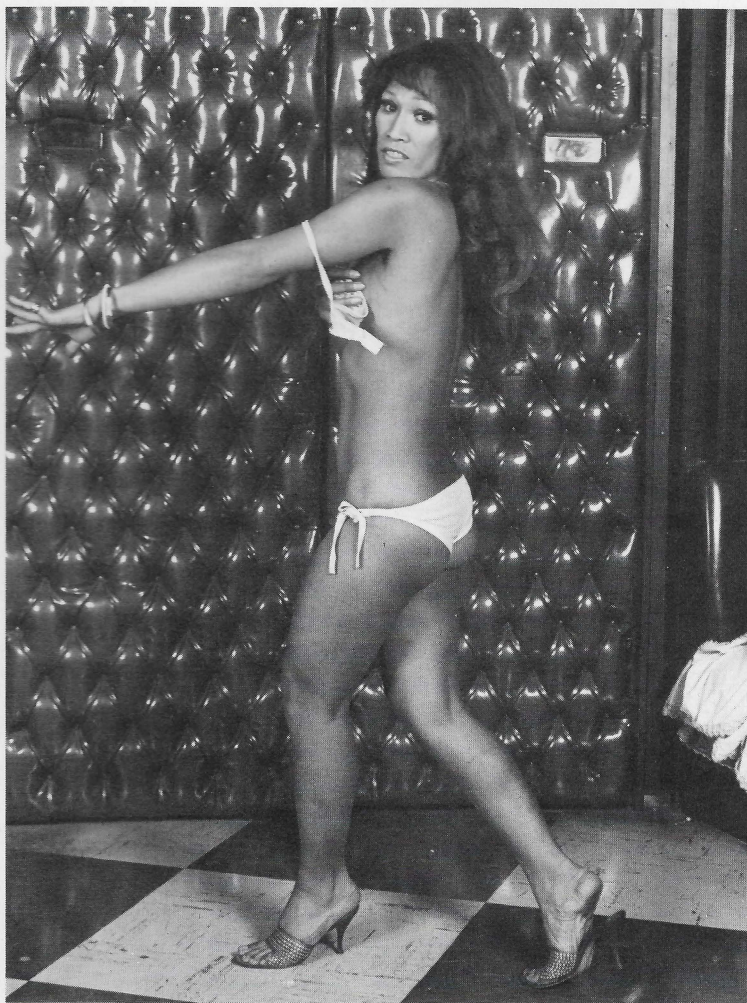
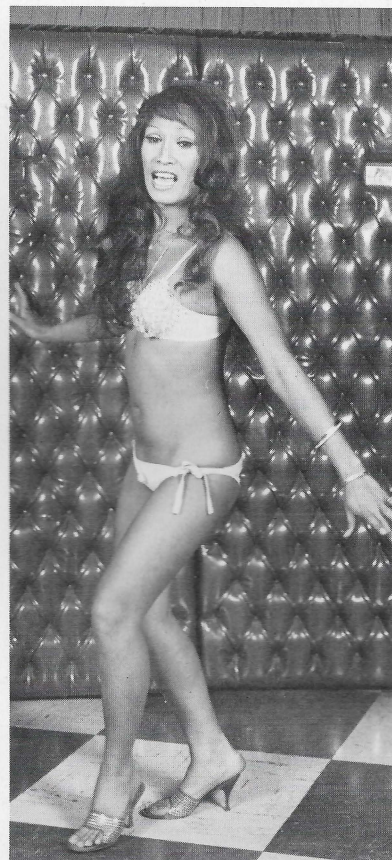
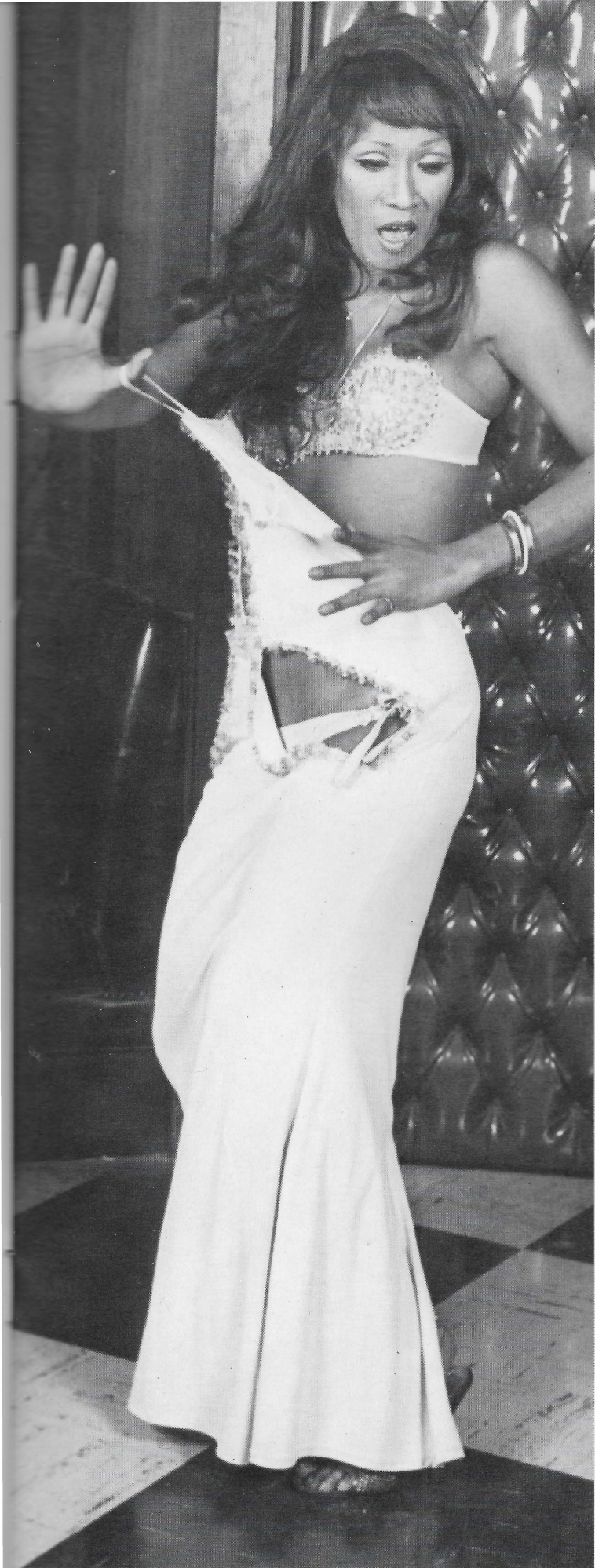
Once we've entered the comfy confines of *C'est La Vie*, we have the surprising and delightful experience of meeting up with Serena, one of the most glamorous and talented impersonators in the entire world. Serena entertains at *C'est La Vie*, doing her own special style of exotic dancing, and occasionally bursting out into a sultry and sensual ballad. With impersonators as talented and good-looking as Serena working the stage, it is easy to see why the club is regarded as one of the best in the world of female mimics. Every effort is taken by the management to make sure that the talent showcased at the club is top-notch, and the audience is never disappointed.





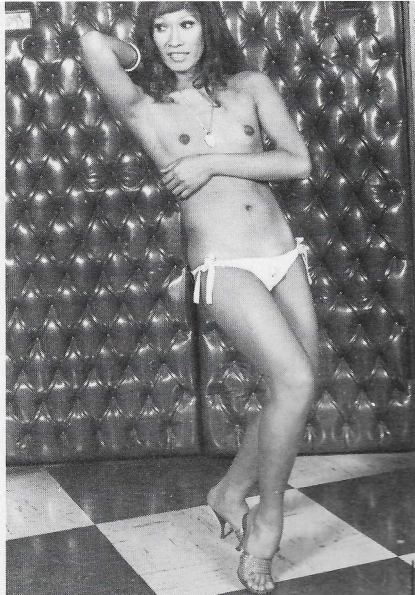
Let's get to know the beautiful and graceful Serena a little better, now that we're in her stomping grounds. Serena is originally from the state of Hawaii, and that accounts for at least her smooth, tan complexion, and probably has something to do with her ability in the areas of song and dance -- almost everyone in the islands has some talent as far as the native musical culture is concerned, and Serena is no exception. She started out in the islands, doing her own variations on the hula to the delight of the tourists and natives alike, and it was her tremendous popularity there that lead her to try to make it big on the mainland. Now she has her own booking agent, and her plans for the future include a tour encompassing both Canada and the East Coast.









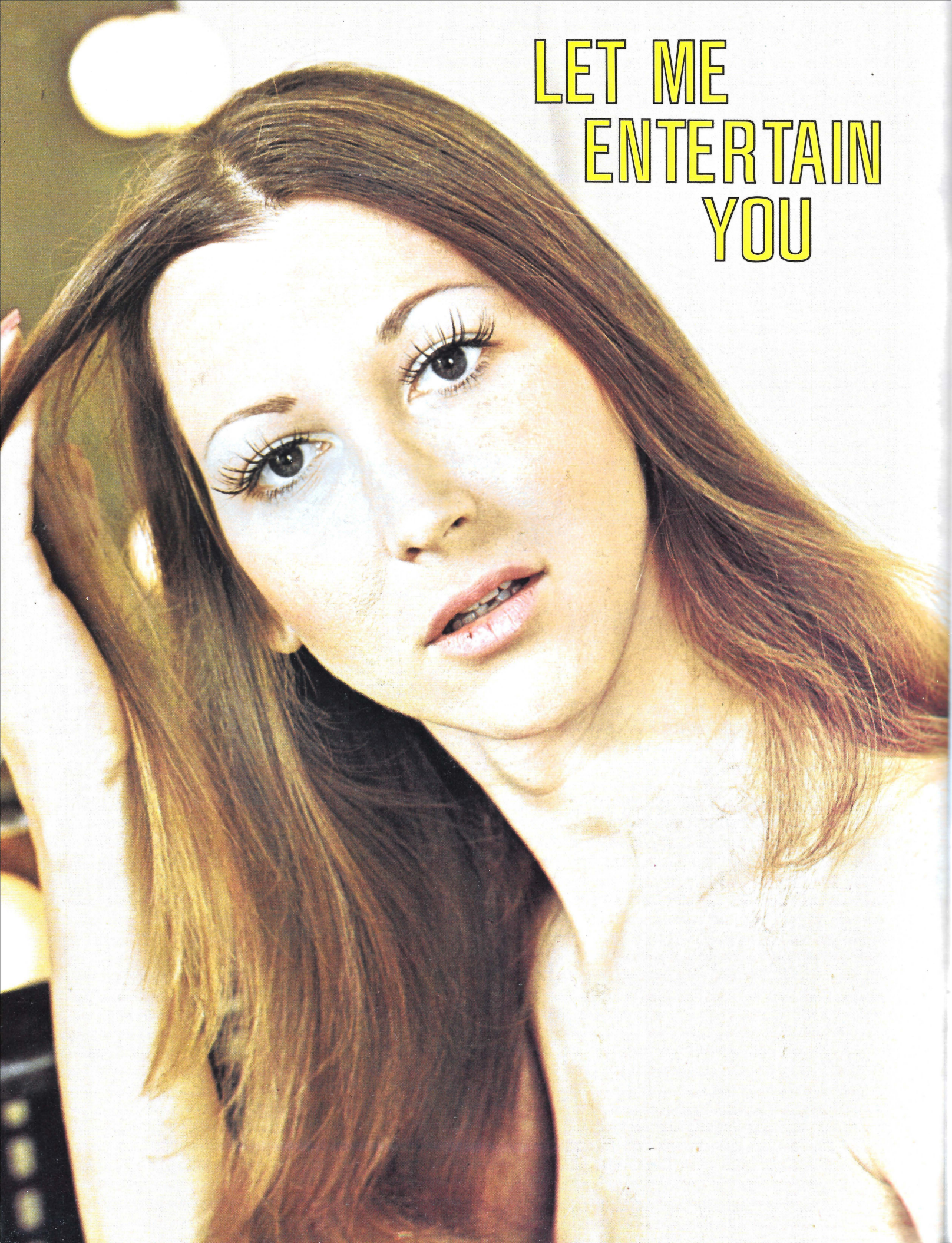


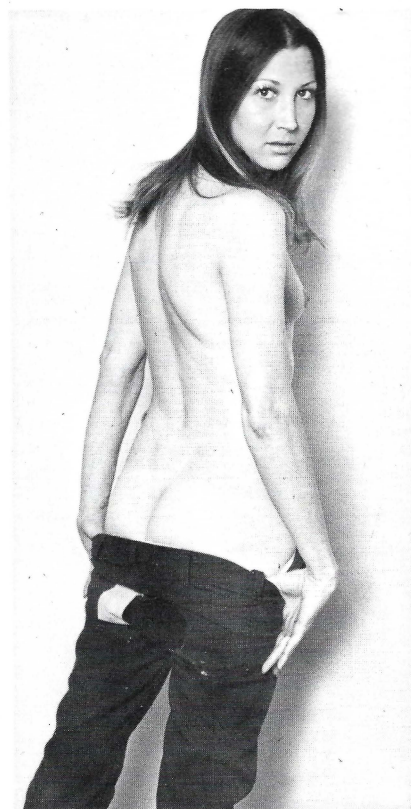
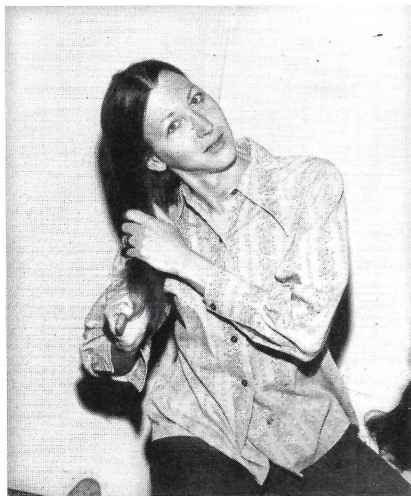
Serena is obviously an expert in the area of make-up and mannerisms, and she also makes all of her own clothes, including her stage outfits. After an impromptu performance, she sits down to a cocktail with our own Kim Kristee.





LET ME
ENTERTAIN
YOU





All of the mimics featured so far in this issue have been exactly that -- mimics -- men who imitate every facet of the female in terms of personality, voice, man mannerisms, and of course, dress, and make up. Carol used to be a

female impersonator, and a very good one, but she decided, after years of living a kind of thoroughly split style of life, that she would definitely prefer to live full-time as a female. She thus became one of the rare, and exceptional examples of the true trans-sexual. After enduring many, many months of complete hormone 'therapy', she was gradually transformed into a complete female, and a very happy one as well. She is a sweet and sincere person who was simply not satisfied with the kind of existence that she lead as a mere mimic.

Although at times the treatment was painful, and the side effects were not always pleasant, the psychological and social rewards were well worth the effort, she feels.



Carol was employed for a long time at a night club in Los Angeles as a waitress. Interestingly enough, although the club was completely 'straight' in terms of its clientele, Carol was a popular figure there, and hardly anyone ever questioned her sexual identity, so convincing and tasteful was her imitation of the female -- and this was before the therapy! Recently she had decided to go back to school to earn her degree.







As a true female, Carol has kept some of the traits and preferences of her days as a mimic. She still retains a love for those special kinds of clothing that are what we might call 'super-feminine' -- garter belts, stockings, lacy nightgowns, all of the things that are traditionally associated with the seductive and sexy female, Carol has a taste for. She has a very elaborate and complete wardrobe of women's clothes left over from her days when she was impersonating, and now that she's become the real thing, she holds a special fondness for these items in particular. For fun, she likes to take off for Hollywood, after a hard day at class.

PART TWO

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO FEMALE IMPERSONATION



FIXTURES AND FIX-UPS

Until now professional impersonators have never revealed the fact that cosmetic surgery are the means that many of them look like they do today! If you decide to have any surgical adjustment done with your features, be very select in choosing your doctor or specialist. Remember "ALWAYS," you are dealing with the future of your face, and getting a bargain is not the ultimate goal.

Once you have selected a surgeon in whom you feel confidence, relax and let him do his work without too much interference from your own anxiety and apprehension. Basically, this is exactly what you can expect: Ear flattening (otoplasty)—a tiny incision is made behind the ear. Then the surgeon removes excess cartilage, tightens the skin correspondingly and stitches it up. The ear is bandaged flat against the head. Healing takes approximately 2 weeks, and even though the bandages must remain during most of this time, bed rest is seldom necessary after the first 24 hours. Because this is one of the simplest of cosmetic operations the fee is usually around \$400.00 to \$500.00, depending of course on the surgeon. Most hair styles cover the ears however, so having ears that protrude should not be too large of a problem.

Nose fixing (Rhinoplasty), the surgeon will usually have you "try on" several various types of noses to see which is most becoming. This can be done by superimposing photographs of various noses upon a photo of your own face by lifelike sketches with the new nose drawn in, or by sculpturing the proposed features in clay. When both of you have decided upon a shape, the operation begins.

To reshape the nose, a surgeon works from inside to chisel away excess bone, and remove superfluous tissue and cartilage. There is no scarring. Recuperation periods are relatively short, sometimes as little as two weeks. "Black eyes," the traditional result of nose fixing operations, fade fairly rapidly, and by the time all the bandages have come off, you're free to go about with a minimum of redness and puffiness.

This operation costs \$500.00 up, depending on the amount of work that needs to be done.

Face lifting (Rhytidectomy)—Face lifting to diminish or erase wrinkles around the eyes and mouth, across the cheeks and under. The chin, is usually done in one operation, but there are some surgeons who prefer to divide the face and work on one section at a time. About 3 hours is required for the operation.

After the local anesthetic, the surgeon makes an incision, starting on either side of the forehead, beyond the hairline, continuing down the side of the face, rounding the ear in front and curving up behind it to end in the scalp. Then he begins

smoothing the skin out towards the hairline, eliminating as many folds and creases as possible without giving the face a taut or drawn look. When all superfluous skin has been removed, the surgeon stitches the incisions and applies bandages. Healing takes three weeks or more and the two delicate scars that are almost completely hidden by the hair and ears will fade gradually into oblivion. Because facelifting is more complex than other types of cosmetic surgery and requires postoperative care, it costs in the neighborhood of one to two thousand dollars. The average face-lifting job lasts only about four to seven years, and rarely holds up more than ten years. Then it has to be repeated all over again.

Dermabrasion—Skin planing by dermabrasion is an accepted and trusted method of erasing scars, pits, and in some cases wrinkles from the skin. Although total improvement is infrequent, removal of 60% to 80% of existing scars is not unusual, which makes for a very promising picture. In addition, dermabrasion may be repeated if necessary, with even greater success the second time. The procedure is this: The face is anesthetized locally, or "frozen" and the uneven outer layers of the skin removed by means of a rotary-driven wire brush or abrasive wheel.

After it has covered the complete area to be planed, dressings or bandages are applied which may be removed after 24 hours. Complete healing usually takes place within two weeks, but continued redness must be expected for a longer period of time. This entire procedure can be done without hospitalization, and requires little post-operative care and seldom results in complications.

Blepharoplasty—is an operation to remove the bags under the eyes. Heavy pouches are caused by a slow weakening of the membranes that hold the fatty tissues within the eye sockets that cushion and support the eyeballs. When the membranes weaken and break, the fatty tissues slowly begin to push forward and a bag develops beneath each eye. To correct baggy pouches, an incision is made beneath the lower lashes where the excess fat is removed. The tiny scar that remains is hardly noticeable and appears to be a normal wrinkle of the lower eyelid. This operation is rather simple, and the healing time is about a week. The cost is from around \$50.00 and up.

Breast-plasty—This operation to enlarge the breasts is still in its experimental stage. (However, the professional female impersonator never uses this operation or uses female hormones to increase the bust, but instead uses an artificial means mentioned elsewhere.)

In breast-plasty the surgeon inserts a foreign material such as plastic or silicone implants around the breasts to fill them out. Impersonators who have had this type of operation or one similar to

it, have had very unsatisfactory results (in many cases it has caused breast tumors) and I strongly advise against it.

The operation itself is a highly individual one, therefore healing time and fees depend completely upon circumstances in each case. It is usually an expensive operation, about \$500.00 and up, and the chest area and the breasts are sore about a year after the operation. Usually the breasts are hard and have a tendency to stay in about two years time, as the skin becomes quite stretched.

Female hormones—This is perhaps the most popular form of making the breasts large, and it is widely being used today. There are two basic ways of taking them, pills and by injections. Pills are generally first used; then the person goes to the advanced stage of having injections. The hormones have many side effects, however, usually making the individual who takes them nervous and grouchy, causes moods of depression, and the breasts become very sore. It also makes fatty tissue and weight increase is noticed. When a person stops taking hormones they deflate to their original size. Usually a local doctor suggests hormones for a person who contemplates having implants put in, as it does stretch the skin some, and it makes the skin somewhat more flexible. The hormones make the breasts rather hard, however, but not as hard as the implants.

Hair removal—This is very necessary to female impersonators and the following are many methods of how it can be done. Before we begin one word of caution: Snip hairs on moles or birthmarks at skin level. Do not tweeze, shave, or use any other method of depilation.

METHOD 1: Abrasion—This method should be limited to the arms and legs only. For although it is effective, it can prove to be rough on the skin. You use a pumice stone, dry, on thoroughly dry skin, or lather up with soap and water and rub the stone in a circular motion on the area to be defuzzed. Hair disappears by friction. Afterwards, rinse the suds off and smooth on plenty of hand lotion to soothe the skin. By using this method every day, you can prevent hair from appearing above the skin. Otherwise regrowth is immediate.

METHOD 2. Bleaching—This method is good for lightening hair on arms and legs if the growth is fairly sparse. If you do it yourself, remember to use 20 volume peroxide (not the weaker, medicinal kind that is sold for sterilizing cuts and scratches). Never, never use a bleach on eyebrows or eyelashes. No one needs blonde eyelashes anyway. Even a natural blonde will usually darken hers with mascara. To speed up the action of bleaching hair, mix three parts bleaching peroxide with one part ammonia. You can also make the solution into a paste by mixing it with a teaspoon of soapflakes.

Lightening action varies with the color of your

hair. If you are dark haired, several applications of bleach may be necessary before the hair finally blends with skin tones. Leave each application on for about 15 minutes, or until the soapy paste dries. Then wash off carefully. Afterward, pat dry, then pat cream over the entire area to soothe it. A solution of cream hair lightener and two parts peroxide can also be used effectively for bleaching hair. Be sure to wash away every trace of bleach and put on plenty of body lotion when you are finished.

METHOD 3: Depilatories—These are chemicals in lotions or cream form that dissolve the hair shaft below the surface of the skin. They are far from new.

In 1804, a man named Marcus Hymans applied to the British government for a patent for his hair off brew. During the 1800's many women's magazines gave recipes for terrible concoctions that could be made at home. The principal ingredient for most of these was lime, which is so caustic that a lot of skin must have dissolved right along with the hair.

Until quite recently, using depilatories was a smelly affair, and because they had to be strong enough to melt the hair effectively, allergic reactions cropped up in a few people. Today, there are a few good depilatories that can be used safely. The only precautions you need to take are: Heed the instructions on the label. Do not leave a depilatory on too long, and take a patch test before each application. Follow instructions carefully. Because regrowth is slower and softer than razor stubble, hair removal need not be repeated for at least two weeks, or sometimes as long as a month. If you use a depilatory under your arms, avoid putting deodorants there for a day or so. To remove facial hair, be sure to use a depilatory made for the face ONLY, and keep it away from your eyes.

METHOD 4. Electrolysis—This is a permanent and almost completely painless method for removing unwanted hair. It is performed by a skilled technician who inserts a fine needle into each hair follicle and decomposes the base or "root" by means of an electric current. The existing hair is then plucked out and should never grow in again. If done properly, electrolysis is not ONLY permanent but causes the vacant follicle to contract, leaving the skin smooth and practically poreless. If not, and this is why skill on the part of the operator is so vital, either the hair will grow in again or the skin will become scarred or pitted. Because it is time consuming and quite expensive, electrolysis is most popular for small areas such as the upper lip, or the chin. Do not use a home electrolysis unit. As I have mentioned, you need a licensed technician. And you, your mirror, and an electric needle are poor substitutes for years of training and experience.

METHOD 5. Epilators—These are waxes that harden on the skin. When you pull them off the hair comes with them, by the roots. You generally have a stick of wax, then you melt it. Cream waxes that come in tubes will harden automatically on the skin. You then wash the area, blot dry, then dust with talcum powder. Then you spread the wax evenly over the skin in the direction that the hair grows. Place strips of gauze or any thin material over and let the wax set until hard, but not brittle. This should take about twenty minutes. Now grab each strip of material and pull off against the direction of hair growth. If waxing is done properly, all hairs that are enmeshed in the wax should come out by the roots. Regrowth is naturally quite slow with this method. A new hair must begin at the base of each follicle and grow all the way to the skin's surface before it shows. This can take from four to six weeks. A word of caution. Because the skin may stay pink or sensitive for several hours afterwards, avoid waxing before a show or applying make-up.

METHOD 6. Shaving—This is the quickest and easiest, and most used way to get rid of superfluous hair, anywhere on the body. It does not coarsen or make it grow any faster. The shaved off ends do, however, turn into stubble in only a few days. Whether you use a safety razor or an electric razor, both methods are good. However, the safety razor gets the closest shave. You get the smoothest results with a safety razor just after a bath. Use an electric razor on skin that is dry or moistened with a special pre-electric shave lotion, but never on wet skin.

METHOD 7. Tweezing—Tweezers are best for shaping eyebrows and banishing single hairs that crop up in unexpected places. But because the skin can stand just so much rough treatment, never pluck large areas in one sitting. To cut down discomfort, apply ice packs to the skin first. Pat anti-septic lotion or alcohol over the area before and after tweezing to prevent infection and reduce redness. And be sure the tweezers are absolutely clean.

The following are secrets which many professionals have used to create the illusion of nudity, plus are new ones which I have developed, which had never been used until now.

First we will discuss what is being used and this consists of one of three ways. A bra is worn (preferably a bra which is designed to push up cleavage) and heavy padding is inserted or hard falsies which are made from compressed foam sewed into a breast shaped cup, and these push the loose flesh around the chest together. Thus giving an illusion that there is more breast inside the bra. A variation of this is to tape several times around the body of the chest area, and when falsies are worn, the exposed area looks quite real. However, it is not usually as effective as the cleavage

bra and it has more discomfort than the cleavage bra. Secondly, a flesh colored triangle bra is worn (usually by impersonating strippers) and filled with rice or birdseed. Birdseed is preferred over rice as it slides easier, and is not as heavy as rice. This bra is in the shape of a stripper's bra, and in dimly lit lights many times may look even realistic. Third, is the method used by the professional and amateur alike and these are falsies. The majority use the five and dime variety, or a homemade version made from flesh colored cloth filled with soft foam or rubber. Some even use loose rubber or foam to insert into a bra, or into a gown especially made for inserts. Also in many gowns, falsies are made right into them.

Now I would like to mention about little used, but effective ways, which only a few professionals use or know about for bust illusions. For \$35.00, plus tax, Don Post Creations offers a body (front only) made in flesh color, of a female body that is tied in the back with strings. It starts from the bottom of the neck, goes down under the arms, and continues onto the upper part of the thigh. The bottom of the body may be cut off, however, and the breast can be used quite effectively. It is comfortable and is quite realistic. You can order one from: Don Post Studios, 5537 Cleon Avenue, North Hollywood, California. You can order from "Dolly's Wigs" in New York City two different types of busts. One that is just cups, flesh colored and semi-soft rubber like, for about \$3.00 a pair. He also offers a more rigid bust that is quite effective but has to be handled more carefully, as it is a thin plastic material, and is most effective where no action is involved. You can order these around the same price as the cups from John McCormic, c/o Dolly's Wigs, 720 Seventh Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

If you are around five feet tall and have a small waist, you will find the following item interesting: A company in Arizona sells a doll molded of high quality vinyl, with a soft skin finish that is like skin. Her measurements are five feet five inches and measures 40-20-40. She is an inflatable body that comes with a removable wig (blonde, brunette or redhead) and a cloth bikini, that is also removable and comes with her.

What can be done is to cut the head off and make a slit down the back of the body (that can be resealed with flesh colored tape). Also remove the arms and legs, and you have a nicely proportioned body. However, parts of the body may have to be filled with a foam material to retain its shape. Also the chest can be used by itself if carefully cut out. You can order the doll, wig and bikini for \$31.95 from Instant, Inc., 444 West Camelback, Phoenix, Arizona 85013.

An effective illusion bust can be built onto the chest. Before starting the chest should be clean, dry, and free from any make-up. After you have

decided about the size of chest you want, pull out flat pieces of cotton, each piece about one to two inches square, and fray the outer edges. You can glue two rubber foam falsies onto your chest with spirit gum, and then cover the falsies with spirit gum. Before it dries, place your first bit of cotton. Start at the center of your area and let each succeeding piece lap over and build up from the center outward. As each piece of cotton is applied, paint it with spirit gum, using a flat brush about 1/4 to 1/2 inch wide, and brushing each piece from the center outward. Laying one piece of cotton over another suggests a "shingling" design, except that the high point of your area is around the center making a ball-like shape, and tapers gradually outward towards the shoulders. Build up on each breast, leaving a flat surface between them. After your breasts are practically formed, give the entire surface, which is now covered with spirit gum, a coat of flexible collodion. It is advisable to dilute the collodion about 1/2, using either acetone or ether. Remember to brush on the collodion from the center outward, and allow to dry. Your outside area may need a little more building and finishing up with cotton. After doing so, go over the entire area again with collodion, extending it out about a half inch beyond the outline.

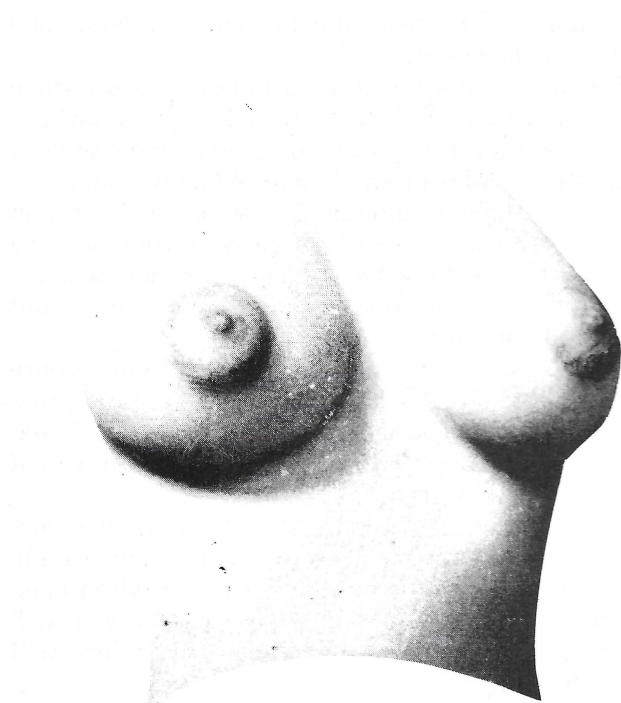
You are now ready to give your built bust its proper skin tone. For this purpose use moist under-rouge, and apply it with a brush. Having done this, to "set" the color, cover it with clear talcum powder. After that you may go right ahead with your grease paint foundation. Then powder over the flesh powder to take the shininess away. One reminder, however, in applying your cotton, spirit gum, collodion, under rouge, and grease paint for the bust: Always do it with a flat brush.

And now, I would like to reveal my own method, which I created and use, and have found it to be the most effective and economical than any other used today. The cost of three pairs would run about one dollar and fifty cents. First, select a rubber ball from the dime store figuring to cut it in half and use it for breast cups. Falsie forms that are round in shape and not too soft can also be used. Be careful when cutting the rubber ball, as it has a liquid inside it, and be sure it is dry before using the ball. If you desire a more projecting bust get two balls and instead of cutting them in half cut them only 3/4 way. Now color the balls with a flexible type paint, a flesh color, or if balls are tan or brownish color, you can leave them that color.

Now comes the hard part. Once you have made a few of them, you will prefer to make a pattern of the material. But, may I add this: That even though this method takes a little work, the results are so satisfying that it is worth it.

For about one dollar you can buy enough ma-

terial to make about four pairs of busts. The magic material I speak of is called Art-foam. It can be purchased at most 5 & 10 stores and the shade to get is peach. When this shade is on the skin (it blends quite well on light and medium complexions) you can hardly tell if from skin even a few feet away. Why I chose this material is because it is flexible, it can be formed easily, it is light, and it is the most effective. It is a thin foam material, and by using ordinary clothes dye you can dye this material to match the coloring of your skin. In my diagram, you will see the pattern I use. This pattern will fit any size bust, as the excess will have to be cut away, anyway. After cutting the pattern out, cover the rubber balls only on the under side, and the sides with foam rubber cement. (This cement is usually sold where Art-foam is sold.) Now take one ball at a time, and form the art-foam material FIRMLY around the ball where the glue is so that it is like a cone shape. However, it should form easily as the art foam softens greatly when the glue is wet on it. You may have to hold it a minute or two, to make sure it stays. Now do the same to the other one. After this is done, let dry for about an hour and then trim off the excess foam that should run from the center to the edge. Be careful not to cut too much away. (A nipple on the bust can be made beforehand by making a cone of foam and gluing to ball in center of it.) Then give loose edges together. Now what you should have is a flesh colored chest form with breasts. Take a soft brush and rub it lightly in rouge and make circles (about the size of a nickel) on the nipple of each breast and lightly down the center between the breasts so that it gives a shadow depth to them. Be sure that your chest is free from oil or make-up and practice before a mirror holding the false chest to you from the top. It should hang smoothly and blend in with your skin. Now take spirit gum and paint about 1/2 inch all around the outer edges of the bust with it on the back only. After a few minutes when it has become tacky, take it by the top and stick it to you at the base of your neck across your collar bone. Then press the bottom so that there are no wrinkles, and carefully pull the edges on the side under your arms and stick them. It may take a few times to get the hang of it, but make sure there are no wrinkles. Make sure all the edges are sealed to you and that none are loose. Now stay still for about 15 minutes so that it can dry properly because if you move wrinkles will occur. Once it has dried, you should be able to move your arms in any direction with no wrinkles in the material. The art foam is extremely flexible and will move *with* you, giving an illusion it is your skin. A little necklace can be worn to disguise where the neck and the material meet. Proper lighting has much to do with its effectiveness also, so experiment with it



on. Sheer material in front of you is always effective for the illusion. See photos #A and #B. You can peel it off carefully and use it over again and should the edges become stiff and hard, trim them off, and with care the illusion bust should last a months time. When a new one is necessary, just peel the art foam off the rubber balls, and you can use them again. You can twirl tassels quite well with this bust and you can even push cleavage together with it. It photographs well, and better yet, it is hard to tell it is not your own.

For a small waist—a shade or two darker than your own make-up shade, in a triangle design

blended in, gives a good illusion.

Flesh colored waist cinchers work in some cases and girdles can be used when the waist is covered.

The buttocks can be made larger by using a pantie-girdle that has built in pads or one that pushes up the buttocks. Also hip pads can be used to make the hips larger (usually made from a foam material) or girdles can be purchased with the pads already in them.

There are several popular methods of concealing the male organs. One is a tight triangle shaped G string which pulls the organs inside. Another is merely a male jock strap. One method used by the impersonating strippers of today is in using white surgical tape. Here is a method that I use when I wear the illusion bust of mine. I take black electrical tape (I find this to stick better than the surgical tape) and cut about 12 strips about two inches long in advance. Then I take the penis and testicles and push them all into my body. This leaves loose skin, and then I tape both sides of the bulge and put several pieces of black string in the center of the loose skin. This gives the effect of lips, then I take spirit gum and cover the entire taped area right up to where the loose skin is. Then I cut about an inch of crepe hair (can be obtained at any theatrical supply store in many colors) and put it on the tacky area on the tape. Needless to say, this is another illusion that is quite effective.

For those who need them or those who think they do, you can order leg pads in light or dark shades at Fredericks of Hollywood, 6610 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028. They sell for \$30.00 a pair and Fredericks also sells hose, especially to cover these or any leg problems such as blemishes, scars, birthmarks, varicose veins, etc., at \$12.00 a pair.

Make-up on the legs, however, can usually cover blemishes and the like and if you care to, you can make your own leg pads. Again I suggest Art-Foam. Cut an oval about 12 inches long and 6 or 7 inches wide. Then make several ovals, slightly smaller, and glue them together with the foam rubber cement. Then with an inch or two of flesh colored tape, tape them to your leg in the hollow area. They can also be glued on with spirit gum if you prefer. Mesh hose corrects many of the imperfections of males legs and they are a general "must" for more feminine looking legs.

Should you have a problem of varicose veins, be sure to get plenty of rest. Lie down often during the day with your feet propped up higher than your head. These veins can easily be damaged and must be protected from bumps and knocks at all times. If your occupation demands that you stand on your feet a great deal, wear support hosiery or light elastic bandages under your pants, to relieve pressure and pain. Make-up also can be used to camouflage the veins.

Scars—To conceal ones that are flush with the surface of your skin, use a cover-up stick that blends well with your skin tone. Apply it over foundation, then fluff on powder. If scar tissue has thickened, consult a physician about the possibility of skin grafting. Nose putty can be used to cover obvious scars, in some cases quite well, and in several cases wax has been used.

Should you have a medical problem of any kind, you can write to: American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Illinois. They can inform you of a qualified specialist in your vicinity. For a fast reply, be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope when you write.

Flesh colored material can be made by mixing varying degrees of tintex-beige #31 and Rit-tan #16, using more beige than tan.

Pink shades of clothes dye can be added if desired. However, the above combination gives an effective "flesh" color to most materials. Art Foam material can also be dyed with the above combination and with any clothes dye color, also.

Remember, do not be afraid to be creative. A perfect illusion is the ultimate goal.

MAKE UP TO MAKE OUT

Why is make-up so important?

The lighting system of the stage is such that it absorbs all the natural color of the complexion and therefore considerably changes the appearance of the performer.

Make-up is therefore necessary to restore the natural tone of the complexion which is lost under stage lighting, and to define the features so that the performer will appear to the best advantage from all parts of the theater.

Make-up, of course, covers the facial blemishes and helps to give the appearance of a woman, and with make-up on the impersonator gets more "feel" of the part being played. Because this feeling is linked with your self image and other psychological attitudes, it can never be tagged in dollars and cents. For purely practical reasons, it always makes sense to try a new product in the smallest size. Then if you really like it, you can go ahead in larger quantities.

The impersonation of a female is accomplished when a male creates in the minds of his audience that necessary "suspension of disbelief." Therefore he must not look like an impersonator, but as a female.

There is an erroneous notion that "any old way" will do when making up. The art of making up is full of details, and to be slipshod about any one of them may effect the success of a performance.

Good make-up creates an illusion, but there is no illusion about no make-up. No matter how far back on the stage you are, or how important your

part, it is not professional to face your audience with poor make-up.

The work calls for studied detail, and on stage especially, there is nothing trivial about details.

It is within the power of every impersonator to create for himself an illusion of beauty. To begin with, your face is unique. There is no other just like it in the whole world, unless, of course, you are one of identical twins. However, we will assume your face is unique and that you must not copy make-up applied to another face.

A New York road map will not get you anywhere in California. If you have a serious feature problem consult a good plastic surgeon. In all likelihood, he will work out a payment plan for you if costly surgery is required.

Now to discuss making up. Make-up, like any other device, defeats itself when it becomes obvious. Always use a well lighted mirror when making up. See color chart *(D) for colors you will need in relationship to what make-up colors will apply to you.

You should know your face type by now. At any rate, refer to the illusion charts. The most perfect face, according to the standards of today, is the oval one which measures:

Center of forehead width — 5 inches across
Under eyes to cheek edges — 5-1/2 inches across
Under nose to cheek edges — 4-1/2 inches across
From Hairline to chin — 7-1/2 inches down
Under lips to jaw edges — 3-1/4 inches across

The foundation—No matter how glamorous or exciting a new make-up may be, it is only as good as the foundation on which it is placed. Since there is no skin that is of one color, to determine the color for your foundation look at your skin in a good strong and clear light, and observe whether it is predominately pink, white, olive or yellow.

In selecting a proper color foundation, a safe rule to follow is to match your general skin tone picking a color of a single shade darker than your natural skin tone. After you determine your skin tone, choose a base to supply the color tone your skin lacks.

If your skin tone is dead white, or bluish,
use a peach or ivory tone.

If your skin tone is sallow, or yellow,
use a pink, or rosy-toned foundation.

If your skin is ruddy, or florid,
use a beige, buff or amber tone.

If your skin is pale,
use light flesh pink, or light beige base.

If your skin is olive, use peach; beige-pink type for light olive skin; and copper tone for dark or swarthy olive complexion.

Before any foundation is applied, use a blemish stick to cover any complexion flaws.

What type of foundation should you use is purely up to you. However, most professionals use grease paint, with much success although some

COLOR CHART FOR MAKEUP - D1

	Tinted Base	Eye Shadow			Cream
		Blue Eyes	Gray Eyes	Brown or Hazel Eyes	
<u>BLONDE</u>					
White Skin	Natural	Blue	Gray	Brown	Pink Pastel
Fair Skin	Flesh Natural	Blue	Gray	Brown	Pale Pink
Light Olive Skin	Light Pink Beige	Blue	Gray	Brown	Pale Pink
Olive Skin	Pink Beige	Blue	Gray	Brown	Pepper Red
<u>REDHEAD</u>					
White Skin	Natural	Blue	Gray	Brown	Pink Red
Fair Skin	Flesh Natural	Blue	Gray	Brown	True Red
Florid Skin	Flat Beige or Copper	Blue	Gray	Brown	Pepper Red
<u>BROWNETTE</u>					
Fair Skin	Rose Flesh	Blue	Gray	Brown	True Red
Light Olive Skin	Rose Beige	Blue	Gray	Brown	Pepper Red
Olive Skin	Peach Beige	Blue	Gray	Brown	True Red
Dark Olive Skin	Deep Peach Buff or Copper	Blue	Gray	Brown	Garnet
<u>BRUNETTE</u>					
White Skin	Rose Flesh	Blue	Gray	Brown	True Red
Light Olive Skin	Rose Beige	Blue	Gray	Brown	Pepper Red
Olive Skin	Peach Buff	Blue	Gray	Brown	Garnet
Dark Olive Skin	Copper	Blue	Gray	Brown	Garnet

COLOR CHART FOR MAKEUP - D2

Rouge		Powder	Pencil	Mascara	Lipstick
Liquid	Dry				
Light	Pink Pastel	Natural	Light Brown	Brown or Midnight Blue	Pale Pink
Light	Pale Pink	Flesh Natural	Light Brown	Brown or Midnight Blue	Pink Orange
Light	Pale Pink	Light Pink Beige	Light Brown	Brown or Midnight Blue	Real Orange
Light	Pepper Red	Pink Beige	Brown	Brown or Midnight Blue	Pepper Red
Medium	Pink Red	Natural	Light Auburn	Brown or Midnight Blue	Pale Pink
Medium	True Red	Flesh Natural	Light Auburn	Brown or Midnight Blue	Orange Pink
Medium	Pepper Red	Flat Tan Beige	Brown	Brown or Midnight Blue	Pepper Red
Medium	True Red	Rose Flesh	Brown	Brown or Midnight Blue	Pepper Red
Medium	Pepper Red	Rose Beige	Brown	Brown or Midnight Blue	Rose Red
Medium	True Red	Peach Beige	Brown	Midnight Blue or Black	True Red
Dark	Garnet	Deep Peach Buff or Copper	Black or Brown	Midnight Blue or Black	True Red
Medium	True Red	Rose Flesh	Black or Brown	Midnight Blue or Black	Pepper Red
Medium	Pepper Red	Rose Beige	Black or Brown	Midnight Blue or Black	Pepper Red
Dark	Garnet	Peach Buff	Black or Brown	Black	True Red
Dark	Garnet	Copper	Black or Brown	Black	Garnet or True Red

may be allergic to it. So you will have to decide for yourself whether it be grease, creams, cakes or liquids.

To apply grease — put little dabs over the skin of the face and throat and then spread the foundation smoothly over the skin with the cushions of the fingers or sponge, in upward strokes, until face is all covered. Then powder is applied.

To apply liquid — Be sure to shake the bottle until thoroughly mixed. Then apply over the face in dots. Spread evenly so that it does not become streaky and blend into the neck.

To apply cream or solid foundation — Be sure to keep make-up at room temperature. Ap-

ply in dots over the face and neck. Blend in evenly and smoothly as possible.

To apply cake-powder foundation — This type must be applied with a thoroughly wet sponge.

However, do not make the sponge so wet that it drips when you handle it. Press into water and squeeze gently. Then glide over the cake make-up over the entire face and neck, using light strokes. Pick up more make-up from the cake as needed. Then squeeze sponge thoroughly. Turn the sponge to the clean side and quickly blend over entire face. Blot with a tissue. When using cake, a thin even application will give you the best results. This can also be powdered over.

You can use light and dark foundation to reshape your face. These foundations can be in small sizes, as you will only use the shadow and high-

light foundations to bring out or hold back portions of the face. Both the highlight and shadow shades should be several shades lighter and darker than your own base.

The illusion effect is achieved because light reflection is cut down on areas where shading is applied and it is picked up by the use of light foundation.

Be very careful to blend the shading well into the foundation in the area where they meet so there is no visible change.

If you have a wide face—make it appear slimmer by shading toward the outside of the face with shadow tone bringing the shading close to the line of the cheekbone.

If you have a thin face—start with one side by blending dark foundation along the jaw line; carry it through to the chin, then to the other side. Start your rouge below the middle of the eyes, under cheekbones, and blend down and outwards. Keep away from the nose.

If you have a round face—Use the shading along the jawline from ear to ear. Start the rouge on the outer portion of cheek under the eyes, blending close to temple and downward to dark foundation on the jaw.

If you have hollow cheeks—Use a light foundation in the hollows and a faint trace of rouge on the cheekbones and around the hollow to neutralize the natural shadow.

If you have a double chin—Apply shading just under jawbone. Then blend it from ear to ear along the jawline and under the chin.

If you have a receding chin—Use a triangle of light foundation over the chin, brought from the point just below the lower lip and extend it along the jaw line to a point halfway from chin to ear, and this will bring out the chin.

If you have a square jaw—Use shading on outer sides of face and jawbone. Start the rouge over the cheekbone close to the nose and blend carefully out to the hairline and down towards the shading.

If your nose is too broad or wide—Highlight the middle of the nose and play down width by applying two strokes of darker foundation down each side of the nose. Blend it in well so change will not be conspicuous.

If your nose is too long—Blend your dark foundation on the edge of the nostrils and under the tip of the nose. You can also apply a horizontal blend of dark foundation at the bridge to shorten the nose.

If you have a high bridge nose—Blend a darker shade down the bridge of the nose and a lighter one down each of the sides.

If you have narrow nostrils—Apply a light foundation on the sides of the nose.

If your nose turns up—You can create the illusion of the classic profile by highlighting the most

concave area with a lighter foundation. But, never extend this highlight into the tip.

If your nose has a bump in it—You can make it less obvious by blending the darker shade over the bump and using the lighter shade along each side of the bridge.

Powder—Powder gives a make-up base its staying power, it prevents lipstick from "feathering" around the edges, and creates a sleek matte finish that resists shining. To apply it you shake the can or box first to fluff up the contents. Then dip a thick lambs wool puff deep down inside the container, take it out well covered with powder, and pat your face all over to your throat.

Do not neglect the eyelids, eyebrows, and lips. Let the powder set for a minute or two, then brush off the powder with a few downward strokes of a very soft powder brush. If this fresh coating looks too light to you, do not be alarmed. It is supposed to. Natural oils will quickly darken it to skin tone. Translucent powder can also be used, with good results, as it allows the basic color to show through.

Powder should cling—but never look heavy or feel it. You can mix a transparent french talc with the powder, and it will change the weight and texture of it. Never ever rub powder onto your skin.

Rouge—Rouges have changed greatly in recent years. However, the reason for them has not. It comes in three forms: Powder, cream and liquid. For colors you should use, see chart *(D). No matter what type you use, the color must always be of the same family as the lipstick being used with it.

Here is how to apply them:

Dry Rouge—To begin with, pat a little extra powder on the high point of each cheek so that the oils of the skin will not seep through to streak or darken the rouge. Apply the rouge with a very soft brush, from the center of the cheek working outward and upward. Blend into nothingness.

Liquid Rouge—Moisten your first two finger tips with liquid color and place several dots on the high point of each cheek. With your fingertips blend it in evenly and lightly so that no sharp edges show. Use liquid rouge over a foundation but not on grease.

Cream Rouge—This type rouge has an oil, fat and wax base to which they add color. Moisten your first two fingers with a drop or two of water or a speck of cream. Then, place a few dots high on your cheekbones or your smile. Blend in with the tips of your fingers until it looks natural.

The eyes have that "she" quality. The professional impersonator realizes this feature of the face is the most important. Let us begin first with the eyebrow. Natural is the only word that should be associated with the brows. You can buy perfectly shaped false eyebrows in many different shades and styles, and when they are glued in

place with spirit gum and darkened in with an eyebrow pencil they look quite natural. Them come attached to a fine netting, very similar to a "glue-on" type wig. You can block out your own eyebrows with a coating of wax—especially for blocking out eyebrows, a nose putty, or by putting spirit gum on them and pressing down. All of these three methods must be applied before make-up foundation is applied and great care and practice should be used. I personally shave off my eyebrows, as I make many changes, during a show, of my character make-up, and this includes my eyebrows. However, I wear dark rimmed glasses whenever I am in public and many times may use the natural eyebrows carefully applied. It is not advisable to pencil in eyebrows for public viewing and unless you do wear glasses that will cover enough or intend to use artificial eyebrows, I do not recommend you shave your eyebrows off.

A brow begins directly above the tear duct. The highest point of the arch must line up with the outward edge of the iris when you are looking head on into a mirror. The outward tip should be kept level with or higher than the brows beginning point, and should end at a point measured at a 45 degree angle from the nose. You can find this point easily by holding a pencil along the outer edge of a nostril and the outer corner of the eye. The brow extends to where the pencil crosses your temple.

Pencil the brow with small hairlike strokes in a diagonal (always upward and outward) direction. Never ever in a hard continuous line to the highest point of the arch. Beyond this point, pencil in almost all horizontal strokes, bringing the lines out toward the temple. Never draw the brow down; taper the width slightly till you reach the top. If you find it difficult to draw the eyebrows in lightly, rest your elbow on the table holding the brow pencil as you would hold a pencil to write with, and rest your small finger against your cheek for firm support as you make your light feathery strokes.

Do not have the brows too close together. The face will look frowning. Too far apart, the face will look flighty. Too straight, the face will look continuously surprised. Too unnaturally long, the face will look wistful. If you prefer, you can make up your eyes first, and then pencil your brows in.

To begin with the eyes themselves, we will first apply eyeshadow. It comes in a stick, cream or powder form. Eyeshadow should always be shaded over the lid, never used in the same thickness in all areas. It should show no sharp line where the color begins or ends.

To apply—With your eyes half closed, smooth shadow carefully across the entire eyelids, concentrating that the depth of color is near the base of the lashes. With your finger, carefully extend the color in an upward, outward sweep, fading

it into nothingness about a half inch past the corner of the eye. If you're using the cream or stick variety, arrest its tendency to crease by setting the color with a light dusting of powder.

To create a pearlized effect, apply a little white over the shadow.

Select a color for general use that flatters or matches the color of your eyes.

Eye liner—Using a "Doe-Eye" can greatly improve the appearance of your eyes. If you have already tried an eyelining pencil and found it hard to draw an even, straight line with it, here is a suggestion. Touch the pencil tip to cold cream or the foundation you are using, and then wipe the excess from the pencil tip off. Moistened this way, the pencil should glide along quite smoothly.

However, most impersonators have found that the use of a black pan-cake is more suitable for stage wear in many ways. It goes farther than the liquid or cream forms, is more reasonably priced, and usually dries faster, and it seems to be easier to use.

It is applied by wetting a small brush in water and picking up some of the black pan-cake then applying it to the eye.

For a well lined eye, close the eye and pull it taut with the finger of one hand. Beginning at the center of the upper lid, along and as close to the base of the lashes as possible, make a fine line to the outward corner of the eye. Be sure the line curves upward to exactly the same angle on both eyes, and that it is a sharp smooth one. Eye lines on the lower lid are also tremendously effective, especially for the stage. Again, apply these carefully following the base of the lashes. It is a good idea to keep a small fan on hand to fan the eyelining or any other make-up dry so it will not smear as it is drying.

There are several colors available but the general preference is black, no matter what color hair is being used.

Mascara—It basically comes in three forms. Cake, which is applied with a moist brush. Cream, which is applied with a dry brush, and a spiral mascara wand which is applied by rolling strokes.

Before applying curl your lashes. Make sure the lashes are dry. Make sure there is no oil, cream or water on them. Then powder them lightly.

Apply mascara in brushing motion to sweep lashes both upward and outward on each side of the face. As a general rule, the lower lids get mascara on but a few centrally placed hairs, tend to smudge, so be very careful when doing them.

When your lashes are almost dry, separate them with a clean brush. Apply several light coats in succession rather than one heavy coat.

To make thin lashes look thicker, run a soft pencil along the base of the lashes before applying mascara.

To give an almond shape to round eyes, apply

the mascara on the lashes only from the center of the eye to the outer corner. Then brush the lashes at the outer corners upwards and outwards.

To make eyes appear larger, first coat the lashes with a light shade of mascara. When dry, brush a darker shade at the extreme outer edges of the eyes.

To make round eyes appear wider, draw a line close to the lashes, with a soft pencil, and blend with your finger from the middle of the lid to a quarter-inch beyond the last lash.

To make the lashes look heavier, apply mascara to the top side of the upper lashes before you put mascara on from below. To make the mascara brush reach closer to the root of the eyelash, you can make the brush smaller by removing a few bristle tufts with a safety-backed razor.

False lashes—To simulate false lashes, fray the end of a cotton-tipped swab and stroke your mascara moistened lashes with the wispy cotton. Let dry. Apply a second coat.

You can also use fibers cut from velvet or similar type cloth. Apply them to wet mascared lashes with a rounded moistened toothpick. (Be extremely careful, however, when putting anything sharp near the eyes.)

Then apply a thin coat of mascara over this, being careful not to remove the fibers from the lash.

False lashes do not have to look artificial. Of course, if you put them on right out of the box, they more than likely will. The more subtle way to wear them is to scissor them down to blend into your own lashes. To do this, snip into the lashes with choppy little strokes. Never cut lashes straight off at the ends. The goal is unevenness. Next, hold them up against the length of your eyelid to make sure they fit. If they are too long, cut them down.

To apply, squeeze a thread of surgical adhesive (or using care, an excellent substitute for gluing lashes on which I use called "Jiffy-Sew" and which is usually available at most sewing counters can be used) along the base of the false eyelash. Then carefully set it into the little groove behind the base of your lashes working from the nose out. It may take a couple of times of trying, but the effect of long lashes is well worth it.

Another method can be used for false lashes and this is one I practice. I cut small crescent moons from black construction paper and fringe them, making thin lashes, and I curl them with the edge of a pencil. Usually I coat them with a black mascara for extra strength, and they last several months. You can make about 500 pairs from 19 cents worth of construction paper and you can throw them away and make a new pair daily if you wish. On the stage they are extremely effective and save many dollars each year. It is a worthwhile trick to experiment with.

Lipstick—The ideal mouth should occupy no more than one-fourth the space between the nose and the chin. The upper and the lower lips should be of twin depths with the corners of the lips falling into line with the inner corners of the eyes. When smiling, the corners of the lips should fall in line with the centers of the eyes.

A lip liner pencil or lipstick brush is a real necessity for smooth, clean outlines of the lips. Learn to use one. You will never regret it.

To use a brush effectively you load the brush with a good amount of lip rouge. Have your lips in a closed position, relaxed. (Never open.) Hold the brush as you would a pencil near the bottom, and move in closer to your mirror. Brace your elbow on the dressing table and rest your two smallest fingers on your chin to steady your hand.

Make sure your lips are cosmetic free and dry. Then load up and outline with the point of the brush. Start at one corner of the upper lip and work toward the center. Then switch to the other corner and continue until lines meet, being careful to round off the peaks. In the same fashion, outline the lower lip to prevent the rounded bottom lip effect flatten the center of the line. Using a broad, horizontal stroke, fill in the lip surfaces with the flat of the brush. Do not make a cupid's bow. Do not point high part of upper lip. A soft curve is prettier for you. Do not round the lower lip or make it appear fuller at corners than the upper. Do not always wear the exact same shade with different costumes and colors.

For luscious inviting lips, coat them lightly with a film of lip sheen or lip gloss. You can make a striking effect by using lip white or clown white under or over light or bright lipstick colors. Keep the lip white to the center of the mouth and the clear color toward the outline. Never allow your lips to appear irregular or poorly defined, and be sure to make up the upper lip first.

Here are some lip corrections: If your lips are too small, build out your upper and your lower lip. If your lips are too thin, put lipstick generously over the entire lip surface, extending it to the colorless ridge of the lip line.

If your lips are too large, do not go all the way to the corners or to the edge.

If your bottom lip is too heavy, use a lighter, brighter shade of lipstick on the upper lip to make it appear fuller, and to bring attention away from the lower lip.

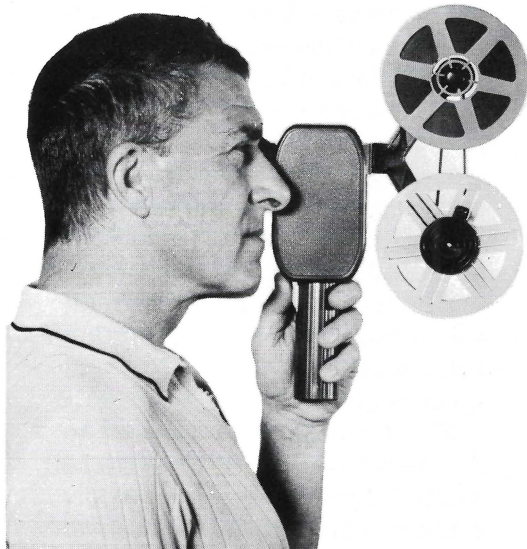
If your lipline droops, make the sides of the lower lip much fuller, and turn the corners up slightly to give you a perpetual smile.

Do not be afraid to correct a feature on the face, as correction is an important word to the professional, and it is what makes him a feature. And remember too, good health and good grooming help in skin conditioning, and beauty begins from the inside out.

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(Continued from page 24)

going to puke."

It was true, there was a stain, a blotch of pre-come spreading out over his thigh, and Lance could feel it, but there wasn't a thing he could do about it, let alone say anything that would help to extricate him from the perilous and embarrassing position he found himself in. The proprietress began to speak again.

"Well, it is a disappointment, a grave disappointment indeed, but it's getting very late, and we must maintain our tradition of courtesy here, in spite of the spectacle our guest insists on forcing us to watch. Mr. Roman, can we get on with the interview now? If you'd be so kind, please remove all of your clothing. Didn't you hear me, get your goddam clothes off and stop wasting my time. Do it, Now!" The Vixen was screaming at him, and Lance's knees began to quiver and a cold sweat began to seep out of every pore in his body.

There was no way that Lance was going to refuse to cooperate with the immoral and inappropriate demands of the pair of vicious women—he was enthralled by them, completely hypnotized by his fear of them and by the intense, sexual lust he felt for them in spite of their cruelty, their obvious hatred of the male animal.

The room was absolutely silent as he began the process of stripping off the clothing he had so carefully put on to prepare himself for the interview. The women watched him throughout the entire process, Ms Brooks occasionally barking at him to hurry up, all the while tapping her mean heels on the floor, maintaining her stance with her hands on her hips. Lance was down to his briefs when she spoke out again.

"Stop right there, Mr. Roman. There's no need for you to try and impress us with the size of your pathetic organ, we can see it through those fruity panties you're wearing anyway and it is a repulsive sight, that I'll guarantee you. Ms. Carlson, prepare to wash our friend's lovely locks while I go and fetch his outfit. We'll soon see just how suitable Mr. Roman really is for employment." Turning her malevolent eyes back on Lance, who was cringing in the middle of the room, his clothing in a pile around his bare feet and his hands fluttering in front of his crotch in an attempt to conceal the sight of his pulsing organ, she issued another command. "Mr. Roman, are you hard of hearing, or are you just an obstinate little cretin? Get your stinking ass over by the sink this instant!"

Lance complied immediately. He didn't know what was happening to him, why he allowed the women to continue to abuse him, why he was cooperating with them, why he hadn't simply laughed at them and turned his back and walked out of the place

and left. All that he was aware of was their hypnotic power, the image of female authority overpowered him, and at the same time he was in the grip of the most unusual kind of sexual attraction he had ever experienced. To tell the truth, he was excited by these women to a level he had never attained before with women. He enjoyed their strength, their dominance and it seemed to relieve him of the strain of playing the traditional macho role, a role he had always had trouble maintaining even with the most docile and quiet of girls.

The feeling of being forced to do things, things that were tainted by heavy sexual overtones, seemed to relieve him of the responsibility for his own behavior and actions, and he enjoyed this feeling, and it excited him to no end. The element of fear and mystery, of not knowing what was going to happen next, of realizing that his fate was really out of his hands and that whatever was required of him was entirely up to the depraved imagination of the bitch goddess Ms. Brooks added fuel to the fires that were burning out of control in his loins, and every-time he felt her wicked eyes feast on his body, he could feel his rigid organ pulse, gain in hardness and length, and begin to drip more in aching anticipation of what lay ahead.

He made his way over to the chair by the wash stand, and immediately the tigerish Ms. Carlson jerked back his head and began to run hot water into the sink. She used a brutal touch in the washing of his hair, jerking his head back and forth, digging her rubber-gloved nails into his scalp as hard as she could, smirking aloud whenever he winced from the pain.

"Stop whimpering like that, you miserable fairy, or I'll break your neck. Do you hear me?" The assistant spoke in patronizing tones, trying, and suc-

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ceeding in humiliating Lance even more than the physical abuse of the washing was doing to him, evidently the girl's ego having been diminished by having to do the odious task for the quivering male.

When she had finished, and given his hair a thorough, and brutal towel drying, she jerked his head to attention, and there, before his reddened eyes, stood Ms. Brooks, with a pile of feminine garments in her upturned palms.

"This is the most important part of your interview, Mr. Roman. If you would be so good as to get that flabby ass of yours out of the chair and put on these clothes, we'll soon see if you are qualified to work at the Saphos Salon. Well, what are you waiting for, get busy."

"I can't get into those! I won't!" Lance squealed at the bitch goddess in a final desperate attempt to reclaim his dignity, to establish the limits the

abusive game would go to. He was no stranger to trying on women's clothes, he had done so many times as a small child and even as an adult he had been overjoyed at the arrival of the true unisex styling that had swept New York, immediately ordering himself a pair of puce jumpsuits from one of the top women's boutiques. But this, never! There was simply no way he could bring himself to put on the hose, the high-heels, the pink rubber corset with falsies, the obscene and frilly garter belts.

For the very first time that night, Lance saw Ms. Brooks break out into a smile of genuine delight, of real enjoyment.

"You're really cute when you're angry, Lancy Pancy. Now be a good little girl and get into your things, I know you're going to love it when you feel those tight panties slide up over your thighs and caress your hot little pussy. Come on, take off your wet panties and get into your

working outfit. We've still got a lot of work to do with your face and your hair, so don't be a fickle girl and hold up the show. Get busy, faggot!" Her demeanor darkened with these last words, and the frightened young man realized that it was totally useless for him to resist, and he rose out of the chair, turned his back on the Dominatrix, and slipped off his wringing wet and sticky underpants.

"That's better. Now here are your foundation clothes, put them on, and then be seated in that chair in front of the mirror so my assistant and I can finish you up." Ms. Brooks spoke to him with the tone of total authority, as if there were no alternative available to him other than full cooperation, and, in reality, in Lance's mind, he realized that now indeed, there was no escape, nothing that he could or would do to prevent the witches from turning him into a woman!

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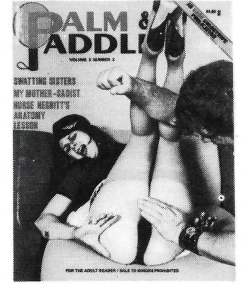


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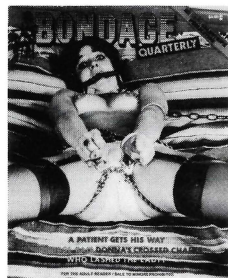


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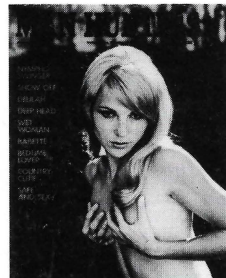
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He pulled on the pink lace panties, and at the urging of Ms. Brooks, pulled them as high and tight as possible, putting his erect and still flowing organ flat up against his stomach, tight under the strong elastic waist band of the female underclothing. Next came the garter belts and the sheer black nylon hose, which further boosted his sexual excitement as he felt their sleazy surface brush tantalizingly against his nearly hairless legs and thighs.

The women, the architects of his sexual transformation, moved him over to the chair before the mirror for the fitting of the hot-pink corset and false breasts. The garment was impossibly tight, constricting his waist to the point where he felt he would not be able to breathe or sit down, but Ms. Brooks worked behind him pulling the two halves together with her strong, leather gloved hands, straining at the strings and loops that secured the opening in back until Lance was whimpering in pain.

"Stop that whimpering, young lady, our customer's can't have a sloppy tomboy bursting with babyfat working on their priceless hair. You've got to be a trim, slim type for them, someone they'll find attractive, and want to invite over to their houses, so you can suck their pussies for hours on end, while they talk business on the phone to their other male slaves." Ms. Brooks gave him a final smirk and then thrust in his face the pair of shiny black spike heels that would complete his outfit. "Put these on Lance, then sit down and we'll finish you up above the neck."

He put on the tiny shoes and took a few stumbling steps over to a chair, falling into it, unable to maneuver with any grace on the unfamiliar shoes. The second he was seated, the malevolent assistant, Ms. Carlson, was straddling his lap, immobiliz-

ing him with her considerable weight, and tantalizing him with the sight of her mammoth bosom, pushing the melons directly into his face. She reached over to the small dressing table beneath the mirror, and began to apply cosmetics to his face, while the manageress held his head firmly from behind, and worked on his hair, combing down on his head in order to make room for the coup de grace, the red high fashion wig that stood on the table, waiting to be added to his wardrobe as a crown and the final stroke that would complete his transformation.

"God, Ms. Brooks, the filthy queer still has a hardon. I can feel it between my legs—it's pushing right against my clit. I've never seen a fairy so excited by the idea of dressing up as a girl as this one." Ms. Carlson spoke in matter of fact tones, busily working on the man's face as if he were a mannequin and as if she were party to such bizarre behaviour on a daily basis.

"Oh yes, I think Mr. Roman is going to make a nice little girl." Ms. Brooks responded in haughty tones. "But we need to give him a new name, a nice sexy one. Hmmm, how about Daisy, that's good, and it shows that Lance is still a bit of an innocent, doesn't it? Do you like Daisy, Ms. Carlson?"

"Oh, I think its perfect! Such a fruity name for such a squirmy little pansy. I think it's perfectly suited to him. What about it, Daisy?"

Lance couldn't respond, the women had such firm grips on his cheeks that he couldn't have talked if he wanted, and he was burning with shame and humiliation besides, bordering on tears as they continued to work on him, Ms. Brooks now whistling a merry tune as she put the wig in place and gently brushed it and patted it so that it would appear both natural and attractive.

"All done, Daisy! Stand up now and take a good long look

at your new self in the full length mirror. You're stunning, absolutely stunning! I'm sure that you're going to be a big hit with all of the girls. I can't wait till you've got accustomed to your outfits, you'll be the darling of the salon. Come on, don't be shy, take a good look." Ms. Brooks spoke in a voice that was for the first time that evening without a trace of malice—she expressed genuine awe at the quality of her creation.

Lance stood and made a few steps to his side, keeping his eyes lowered to make sure that he wouldn't slip on the glossy floor. He raised his eyes slowly, and when he caught sight of himself in the mirror, all of the breath seemed to escape from his lungs.

He was a woman. He was beautiful, feminine, and now, for some reason, he was poised. The erection subsided immediately, and as he turned around and looked over his shoulder at his bare back, his legs and his prim little butt, he felt at ease on the points of his high heels, joyous at the feel of his nyloned thighs rubbing against each other as he made a few, cautious, dainty steps, modeling himself before the dominant woman.

Ms. Brooks spoke out again. "Would you like to have me call the manager of your apartment and have him go into your room and pack up your things? Ms. Carlson and I have to go into Hollywood tonight anyway, and we could stop by and pick them up for you while you explore the house and get used to it. Would you like that, Daisy?"

"Yes, Ms. Brooks," Lance spoke softly, "That would be very nice of you, and I'm sure that I'll like working here. Thank you for everything, I'm so glad you picked me." With these words Lance stepped forward, and putting his arms around the waist of the towering woman, he laid his cheek on the pillows of her breast.

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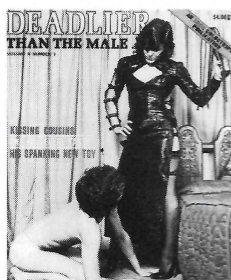
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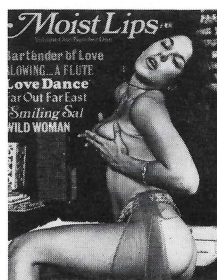
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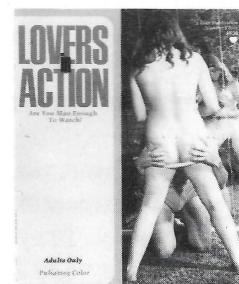
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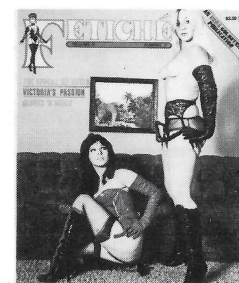
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KIM'S KORNER

Dear Friends:

Please let me introduce myself, I'm Kim Christy, the winner of the title of Miss National Cotillion, 1973.

As a professional female impersonator, *Female Mimics* has approached me to be the special advisor for the magazine, which I am happy to accept.

There's an old saying that goes, "Experience is a teacher, but here's what makes me burn, she's always teaching me the things I do not care to learn." Well, I've experienced, and believe me, I've learned one whole lot about the "Wonderful World of Drag," as we in the business call it.

But whatever you call it—and however you relate to it—I'm sure you realize that cross-dressing is a complicated phenomenon. A dragqueen is not the same thing as a transsexual; a tranvestite and an underwear fetishist are just barely in the same boat.

There are heterosexual cross-dressers, gay ones, and cross-dressers that don't fit in any category. Some are upfront, some never act out their fantasies—keeping them bottled up, ready to explode someday.

Some do it in the privacy of the bedroom, others make a living out of it. You know the saying that the most beautiful women in the world are men in drag? It's true, too.

And so, the new service. I'm here to help if help is needed, and I want you to think of me as a friend you've known for a long time.

Whatever your bag is, I'm ready and willing to help as I

can. Straight—gay—fetishes of all kinds—if you need advice or just somebody to correspond with, if you're lonely, or blaming yourself for something you should be proud of, drop me a note.

If you'd like, drop me a photograph, too. It always helps to know the person you're writing to.

Above all, though, be honest, and be direct. If you beat around the bush, it only slows down our communications.

Send your letters, along with \$2.00 (A person has to make a living.) to me personally at Christy Productions, P.O. Box 5606, Sherman Oaks, California 91413. I'll promise to send you a personal reply - along with an 8x10" glossy photo of me. Please specify if you'd like the photo in glamour or fetish costume.

All my best,
Kim Christy

There are a great many American cross-dressers who get very upset when they are linked to the gay community. They come back with quick, angry retort that they are *heterosexual* and go on about how insulted they are that you would presume that they aren't.

The American logic, however, needs to group people together, to classify them, to put them in subgroups and larger groups and still larger groups.

The European logic, however, is much more into taking each aspect of a person as a separate quantity.

I recall when ONE Institute, on a tour of gay bars, stopped at the Queen Mary show bar in Los Angeles, and several of the female impersonators there made a special point to tell the group that,

just because they are female impersonators, they are not necessarily homosexual, and, indeed, 60% of the professional female impersonators are heterosexual.

I've worked in the business before and, believe me, that isn't necessarily true. I have no idea where that figure came from.

In Europe, however, the conversation would have been different—it would have circled around the point that the people are female impersonators—period. No attempt would be made to go into the sexuality of the impersonators, and the group probably would have been asking questions about creating the illusion of a female.

If sexuality becomes important, the European will let you know—all of the signs and communications two people have to let each other



know they are interested is a refined art in Europe.

The same point holds true for female impersonators. The audience in America wonders about a person's sexuality—is she or isn't she?

In Europe, however, the comments run closer to "Mon Dieu! Look at those beautiful legs!"

A female impersonator, while on stage, is viewed as a woman—until the wig comes off. They are viewed for the illusion, and the acts are usually very popular because female impersonators, having analyzed what makes a woman sexy, are very sexy people.

To show just the right curve of the leg, to create the illusion of a succulent, smooth breast, to go through all the right moves and say, loudly in body English, that you are a very beautiful, sexy available *woman!*

One of Europe's most celebrated performers is a female impersonator, Coccinelle.

Coccinelle was a top-name performer before any additional equipment was added, before her sex change happened.

And what did the audiences say? "What a beautiful person."

When she opened at the *Chez Madame Arthur*, and, "A ripple of murmurs broke out; suddenly, the entire cabaret was filled with applause and loud cries of ovation."

It's much easier to create a different personality as an impersonator than it is to readjust an existing personality.

And so, epic performances by female impersonators.

I hope that anyone who has seen me on stage has marveled at the sensual illusion that I try to create.

But, whatever coast I am working on, I know that the question of sexuality comes up again and again.

In fact, there is enough simple assumption in this country that a female impersonator is gay that it is difficult to separate the questions of gayness with the questions of the art of female impersonation.

It takes a Jim Bailey, doing impersonations, to make headlines while on his own, in women's clothes as just a Jim Bailey, he undoubtedly wouldn't have a chance.

I don't do impersonations; my character—Kim Christy—is me, just as Coccinelle's is uniquely Coccinelle.

But, in Europe, Coccinelle can be a star, a top-name entertainer, while a Kim Christy, in America can be a top-name female impersonator but, seldom a top-name entertainer.

Certainly, in the world of American female impersonation, I have a top reputation, But, in American logic, that isn't enough. What *else* is she, they ask. "Yes, Kim is an exquisite-looking person, but *is she or isn't she?*"

I've heard that sound before. For a second, the audience is a small collective breath of appreciation, then it climbs to its feet and brings down the house.

I remember when I finished my number at the 1973 National Cotillion. The same hush, the same collective breath, and then, as a whole, living unit, the applause came in waves.

There's no telling when the American public will break for female impersonators. As a specialty act, impersonation has been popular off and on throughout history.

Even in America, there has always been a real top name every few years. The last, of course, was Ray Bourbon.

And we're beginning to see some impersonation revues opening up in places like Las Vegas, New York and other entertainment centers.

Charles Pierce, one of the best-established names in female impersonation, recently did a double with Sally Rand to a near-capacity Los Angeles house at a legitimate theatre here, and, of course, events like the National Cotillion are drawing large straight audiences.

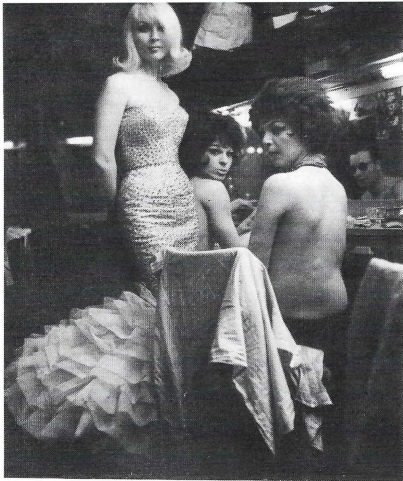
The Jewel Box Revue was a very popular feature and drew tremendous audiences—but again, for the gimmick value.

But Charles Pierce is not a gimmick, his act is good, solid entertainment and he does it well.

The success of his recent show should do wonders for the rest of the American female impersonation community.

Indeed, it already appears that the art of impersonation is on its way to a rebirth of popularity.

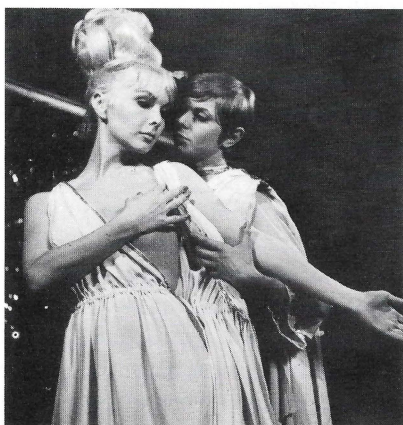
With any luck at all, you'll see Kim Christy sitting on Johnny Carson's lap before too long.



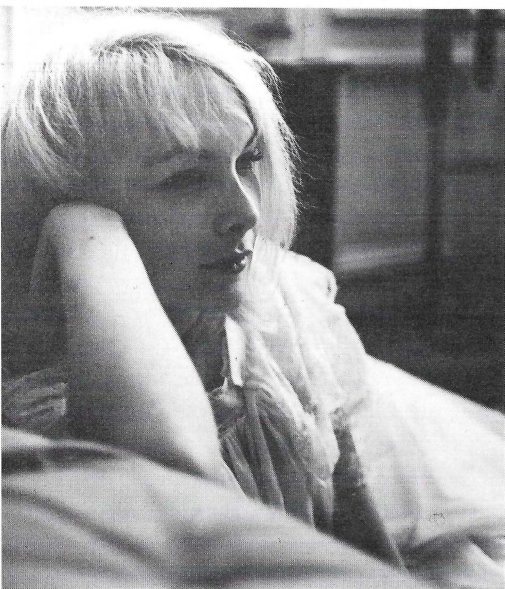
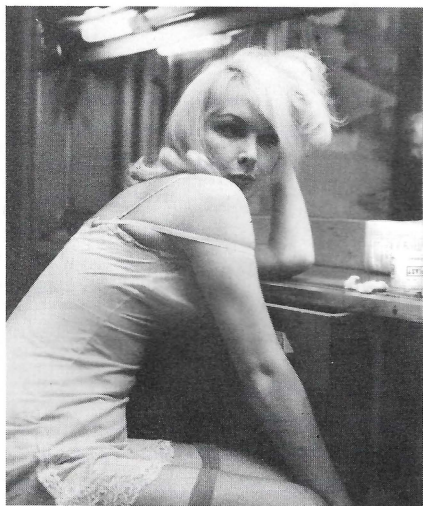
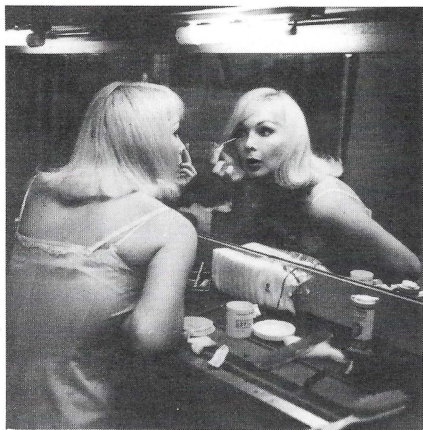
IMPERSONATORS ON PARADE

In this potpourri of female mimics we have assembled a selection featuring some of the world's most famous and talented impersonators. On this page, our first featured lady is Bambi, the blonde from the *Carousel* in gay Paris. Although she has now completed her transformation into a *real* girl, when she entertained at the world famous club she was a true, very talented female mimic.

To Bambi's right, the incredible Kim August, star of New York's Club 82.







Above, Bambi prepares for a night on revue; Top center and top right, Vicki, who worked as a clerk before becoming a mimic; That beautiful dark-haired fox is Baby Martel, a New York stripper and stage personality;

And La Ray (right) is known as the first Empress of Los Angeles, a mimic with a strong flair for the bizarre, and a leader in the gay movement. She entertains in Long Beach, L.A. and San Diego.

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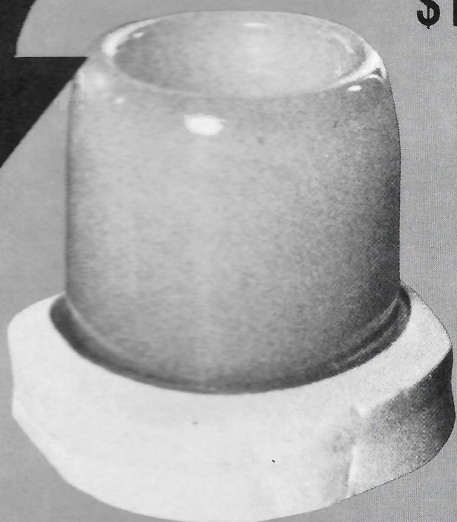
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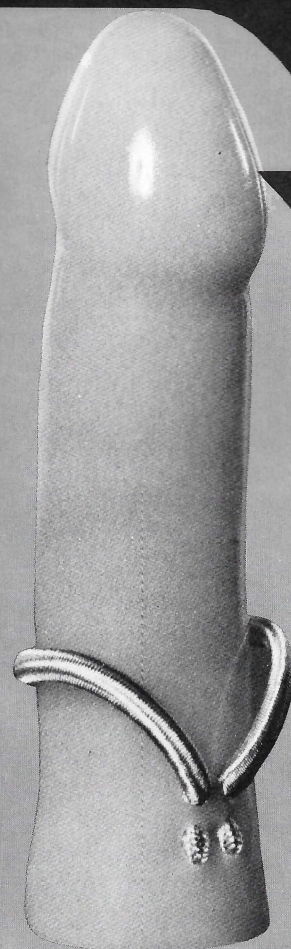
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