VOLUME 7 NUMBER 4

FEMALE MIMICS

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BON SOIR CLUB'S ALL STAR REVUE

MAKE A MAN AWOMAN

FEMALE MIMICS

VOLUME 7 NUMBER 4 FALL, 1976

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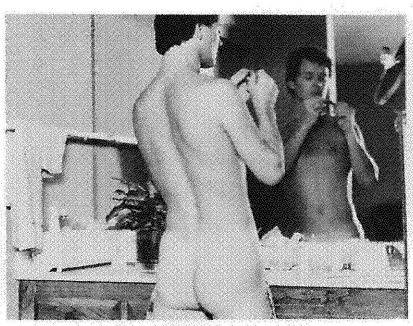
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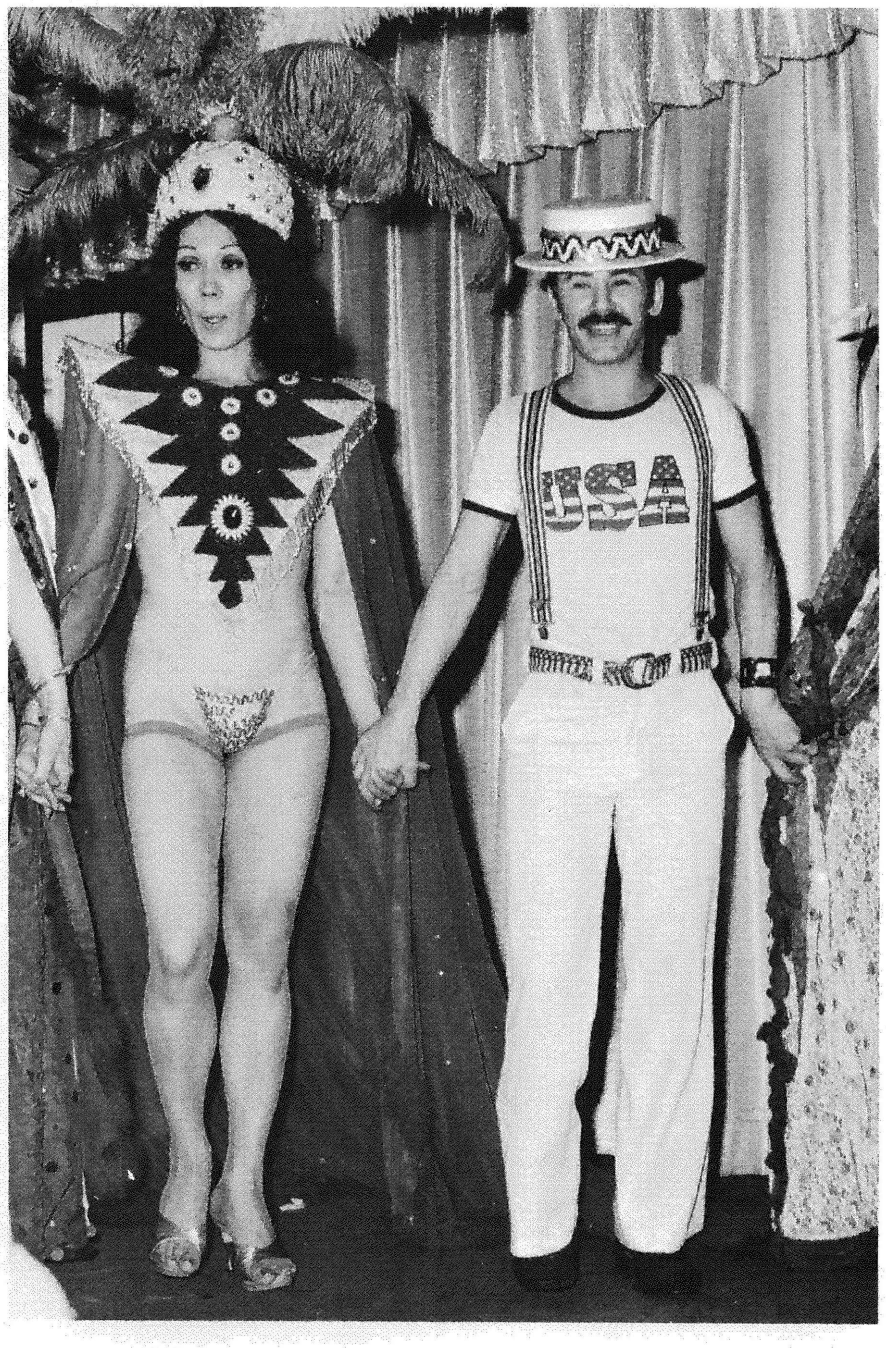






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EDITORIAL



Some years ago, a fledgling organization planned and executed an affair in the realm of female impersonation they hoped would rise to the top and become the leading attraction in this field. Because of that ambition, the promoters needed help from the media, of which this magazine is a leading representative. That help was gladly given, eagerly given, in order to encourage what was considered to be a worthy cause, by the publisher of *Female Mimics.*

We refer to Lane West's National Cotillion.

However, those halcyon days are gone. When approached recently concerning permission for our photographers to photograph the upcoming National Cotillion, operated now by Fel Andrews and 'Nasty Nan' under the name Fel-Nan Productions, we were told that a) it would be necessary for us to post a $3000.00 bond before such permission would be granted and b) we would have to pay "big money" to the promoters if our photographer shot the Cotillion.

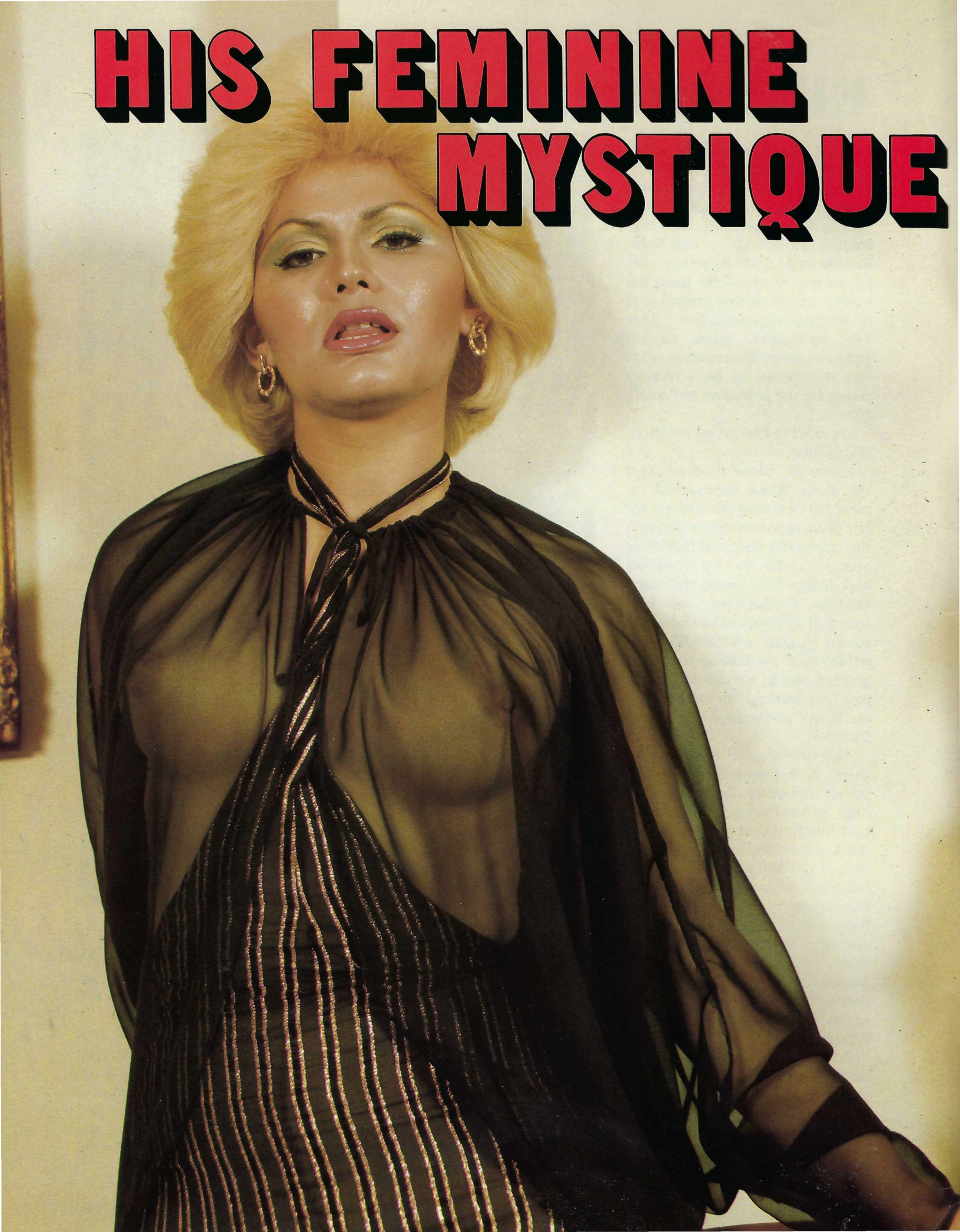
The unmitigated arrogance of these 'entrepreneurs' is beyond belief. Obviously, they think they have control of such an important function that we of the press must come crawling to them. But such is not the case. We have no intention of providing them with the capital with which to stage their event (the $3000.00 bond), nor do we intend to submit to their conniving to wrest 'big money' from us because of our desire to report fairly and honestly an event we consider newsworthy.

After all, *Female Mimics* was on the scene helping such promoters get their events under way before the National Cotillion came into existence, and without the exposure offered through these pages, the Cotillion would most likely be just another ho-hum event.

Female Mimics has on its staff today a former queen of the National Cotillion in the person of Kim Christy, selected queen in the year 1973. *Female Mimics* has its heart, its soul, its very existence pledged to furthering understanding and acceptance of female impersonation as the art form it is, and to find that a man of the ilk of Fel Andrews and his cohort 'Nasty Nan' can, with a single greedy decision, set back by at least ten years the cause we have consistently fought for is a matter of grave concern.

We strongly recommend that every individual with the slightest interest in the art of female impersonation let Fel Andrews know that such highbinding tactics will not enrich him, and leave the world of female impersonation poor indeed.

HIS FEMININE MYSTIQUE











There's a childhood poem about what little girls and little boys are made of, but as far as is known, there's no poem describing so succinctly what men and women are made of. If a poet ever tried to turn into words the wonder and mystery of womankind, he could well turn to foxy Mark/Marcelle . . . for Mark has the greatest aura of feminine mystique of any female impersonator in the world. Here's an impersonator with a totally feminine image who knows and understands everything about the female of the species he loves to imitate so well.









The air of subtle sensuality Mark can achieve when projecting a female image can be matched by few women in the world. It's because he understands so thoroughly the signals a man responds to when a woman is broadcasting her sexual interest that he's able to generate these signals so completely. He first knew he was mis-cast in a male body when he saw his sister nude in the bathtub. She was just a little girl at the time, but he felt his own body ugly by comparison. So, when he grew up, he did what he could to make himself look as much like a female as possible. Hormones helped, of course, so today he's as feminine as can be.





One of Mark's chief delights is to feel the sheen and texture of feminine clothing against his flesh, so he indulges himself in his impersonation fantasies as often as possible. There's something about being clad as a woman, giving onlookers the impression he's a real, bona fide woman, that's terribly exciting to Mark, and he plays the role of Marcelle to the hilt whenever he can. His opportunities come often, for he indulges himself in female clothing whenever he can find a few hours to spend alone.





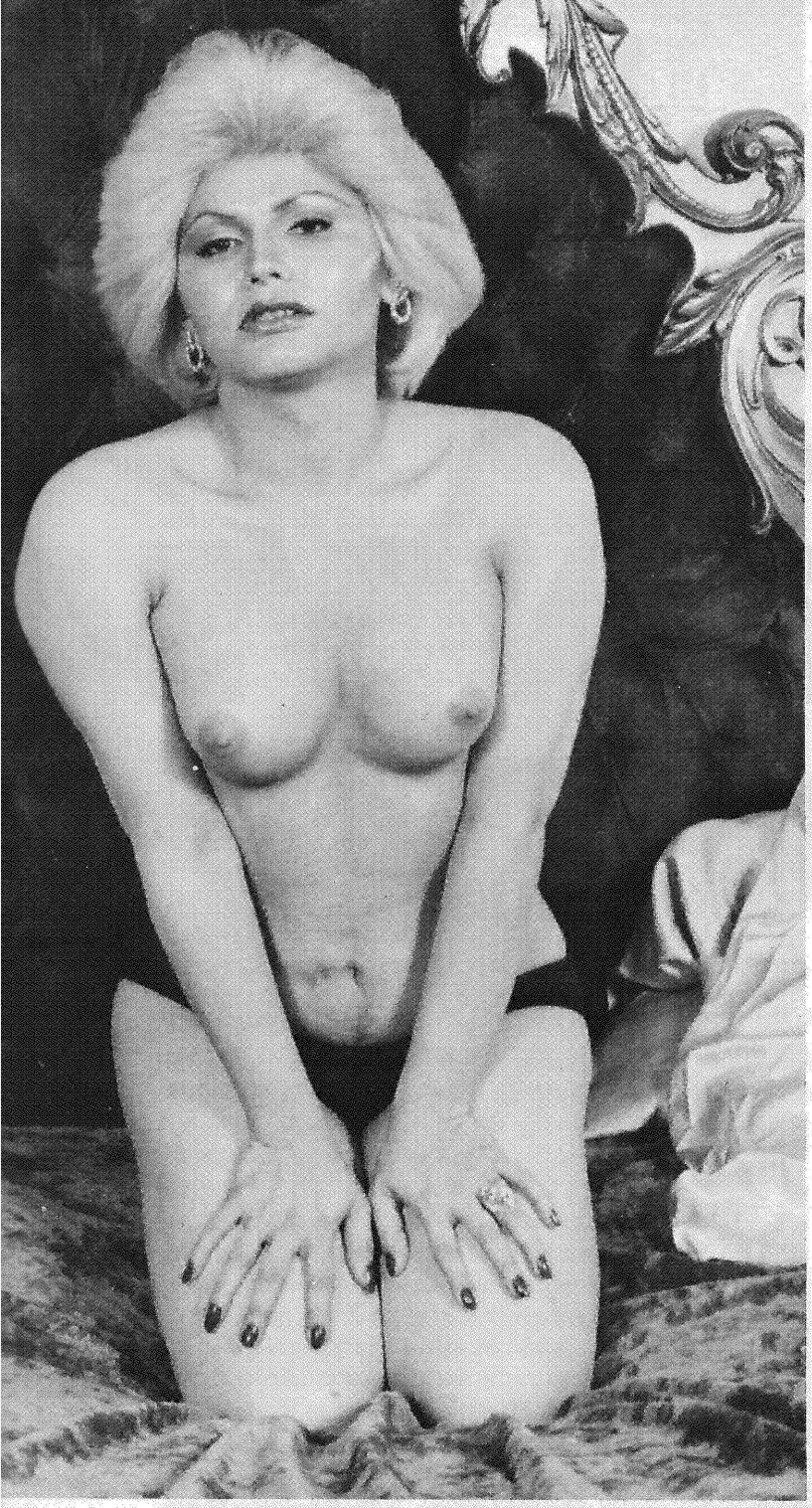


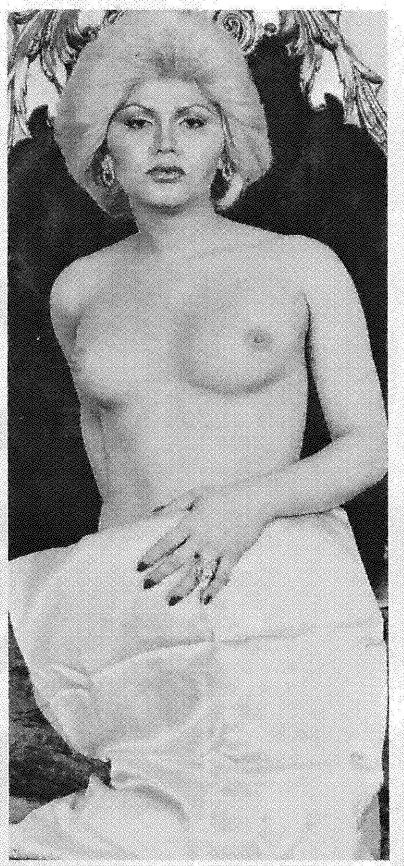


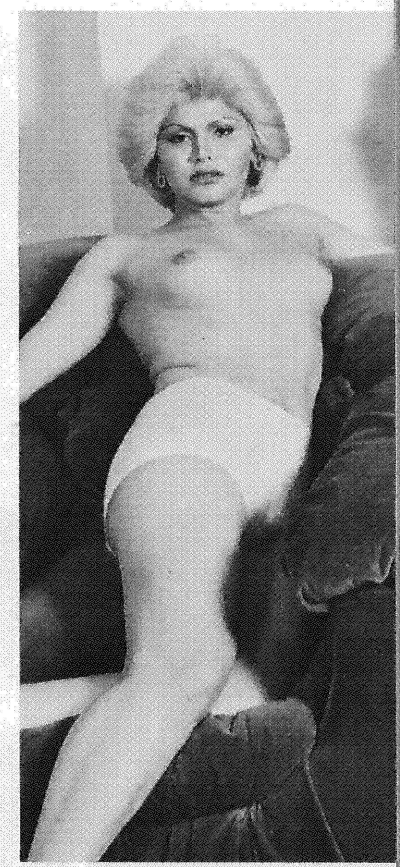
The early years of Mark's life were torture for him, for he felt so desperately out of place, being expected to function as a male and play masculine games. He longed for the soft, comforting texture of all things feminine, and the conflict thus set up within him made him miserable, except for the stolen moments when he could borrow a feather boa or fur coat from his mother and wrap himself in it. During those wonderfully delicious times, Mark created the character of Marcelle, his feminine counterpart, and even as a youngster started trying to emulate the proper bodily movements of a female. As a result, when he finally reached the point where he could indulge himself in his female mimicry all he wanted, he was already a master of the many subtle movements that mark the truly feminine female.

Seeing him at his best on a big bed, it's easy to see how completely he's mastered the art of behaving as a female. He projects the most perfect image of highly-sexed female possible, and anyone not knowing Marcelle was in truth a thoroughly masculine dude named Mark would think he'd found the most desirable woman alive. Every tiny movement, every nuance of Mark's behavior projects an image of ultra-femininity.











So there's no doubt that Mark has mastered that most difficult of arts, female impersonation. His feminine mystique is more deeply profound than that of many women, most of whom could well take lessons from him . . . a curious turnabout indeed. Instead of the teacher teaching the student, the student has now outstripped the teacher and could teach women much about the art of being female. One thing he insists on is that a woman should *never* try to behave as a male does. A male can impersonate a woman, but a woman trying to behave as a male becomes the grossest kind of travesty, and those who try it, in business or in private life, are doomed to make terrible spectacles of themselves.

CROSS-DRESSING'S NO DRAG

For the transvestite devoted to projecting a totally feminine image, there's nothing quite so thrilling as the feeling of success in dressing in a costume that conveys all the signals that say, "This is a female." For that reason, the true transvestite discovers real pleasure in complete cross-dressing.



There are several different categories of men who impersonate women, although in some cases the lines are more clearly drawn than in others. First, it should be kept in mind that female impersonation is *not* the same as homosexuality. Many homosexuals are not effeminate, either in dress or in manner, and many men who strive to look like women would be horrified at the idea of actually having sex with another man. Nevertheless, there are quite a few homosexuals who enjoy dressing up as women, and there are a lot of men who first become aware of the fact that they would like to have sex with other men through the pleasure they derive from donning feminine gear. Finally, female impersonators, transvestites (known in the vernacular as drag queens), and homosexuals must all be distinguished from transsexuals, who are, properly speaking, misplaced sexually. That is, if a transsexual dresses and acts like a woman, it is because he believes that he really is a woman, mentally and emotionally, but through some sort of cosmic joke he has been bestowed with the wrong set of sexual organs. It is a transsexual who seeks to undergo the surgical transformation which will actually change

him from a man to a woman, both physically and legally.

Transsexuals who believe that they are really women trapped in men's bodies actually have their penises and testicles removed, a vagina surgically constructed in their place, and also undergo hormone treatment so that their breasts swell and their hair patterns change. It is possible for males who are thus transmuted into females to marry men, and in their subsequent sexual relationships they are women in all relevant aspects except for the fact that they cannot bear children. In other words, male transsexuals are men who have surgically become women. They cannot be said to be female impersonators, because they *are* women.

Now, as we have already noted, among female impersonators there are both homosexuals and heterosexuals. A further distinction can be drawn between those transvestites who dress as women as an end in itself and those who do so for the purpose of sexual gratification by some other means. Among those who dress as women as an end in itself are clothes fetishists, who can reach a sexual climax by simply wearing and directing their erotic attention toward an article of female apparel such as a bra or a slip. These men do not find it necessary to dress completely in feminine clothes and often wear their fetish objects under traditional male garb, such as worker's uniforms or grey flannel suits. Other transvestites derive immense pleasure from dressing completely as women and thus exhibiting themselves in public places. Most performing female impersonators fall into this category.

There are two sorts of transvestites who use female gear in order to achieve other ends—homosexuals who dress as women to attract males and heterosexuals who must dress up as females before they can make love to women. Many in this last category are otherwise happily married and have great fun with the help of their wives, parading around the house in wigs, make-up, and a variety of flimsy lingerie. It should be noted at this point that any man who dresses up as a woman will look more exaggeratedly feminine than most contemporary women. It is for this reason that transvestism has become very camp.

Finally, a word should be said about the most modern and glittery of female impersonators such as the rock superstar, David Bowie, and those of his fans who try to emulate him. These people are usually very young, most of them under twenty, and they deliberately defy all sexual categorization. Their dress is mainly effeminate, with lots of flash and sequins and see-through clothing, exaggerated make-up, obviously dyed or bleached hair cut in bizarre patterns, and heels sometimes as high as ten inches. The males among them are clearly recognizable as males, although their dress is what



Some cross-dressers do so only for their private pleasure, while others venture out into public in order to test their success in achieving a feminine image. There is pleasure in cross-dressing for both.





would be traditionally regarded as female. They may be exclusively homosexual or heterosexual, but more frequently they are neither, and even find the term bi-sexual somewhat dated, preferring to think of themselves as ambisexual, omnisexual, androgenous or just plain sexual. If these people are harbingers of trends to come, then it will soon be quite meaningless to speak of transvestitism, which depends on clearly identifiable and different clothing styles and body language for males and females. In order to get a sense of the general categories discussed so far, we interviewed a young man planning to undergo transsexual surgery, a heterosexual ladies' stocking fetishist, a performing female impersonator, and homosexual exhibitionist drag queen, a happily married man who dresses up

Some transvestites take hormone shots or use other means to give their bodies more feminine curves. Some do not, but either way they may achieve success in cross-dressing.



in his wife's clothing, and an adrogenous young guitar player.

For the past three years John has been working as a secretary and dressing as a woman in order to prepare for his transsexual operation next month. He is divorced and has three children, but all of his life he has felt as though some terrible mistake had been made in his biological casting. His manner is somewhat prim, and he came to the interview wearing a long print dress and high-heeled shoes. There is nothing outlandish about his dress or camp about his style. He is thirty-three and is using the name Jean.

Q: Why do you want to be a woman?

A: I've always felt more female than male, just as a woman knows what she is without question. I had a miserable childhood because nothing that people expected me to do seemed right.

Q: But biologically you are male. You have an estranged wife and you're the father of three children.

A: There's a lot more to sex than just sex, if you know what I mean. I never really enjoyed my physical functioning as a male. It's true I shouldn't have married as a man, but someday I hope to get married properly as a female. My ex-wife has been very understanding, and we both realized that there was no sense in prolonging a mistake. The children have taken the transition very well. Their mother is planning to remarry, and they will have a proper father for the first time.

Q: Why are you willing to undergo such drastic surgery rather than simply become a male homosexual?

A: Because, as I see it, in order to be a homosexual you have to be the same sex as the person you're having sex with. I am not masculine enough to relate to other men as a homosexual.

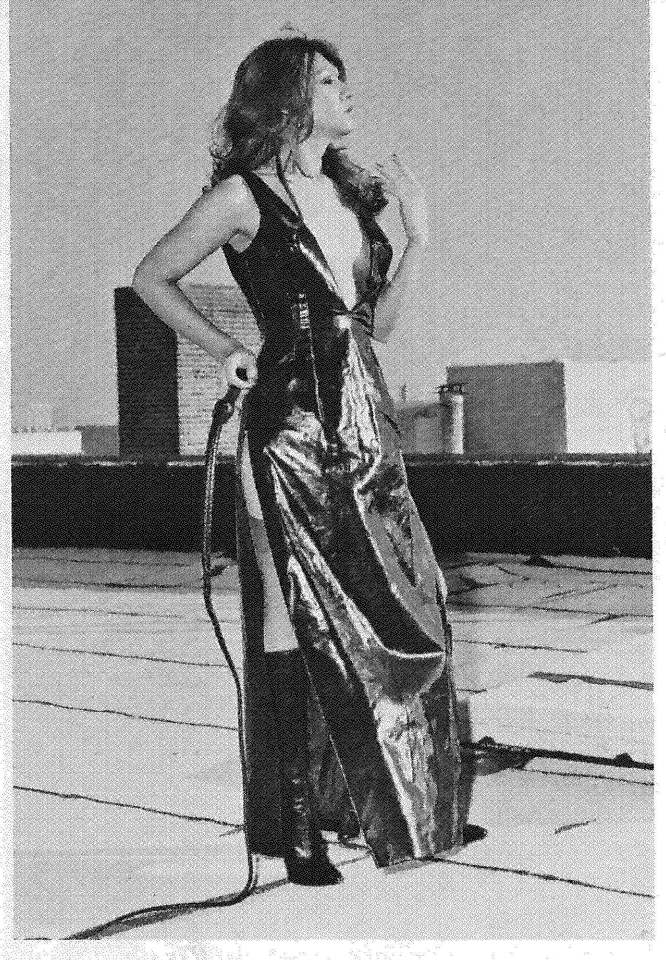
Q: Have you always been turned on by men sexually?

A: I've always been too worried about the fact that I was the wrong sex to be turned on by anyone sexually. I've never had sex with a man, if that's what you mean. But after the operation, when I'll be free to operate completely as a woman, I know that I'll be turned on by men sexually.

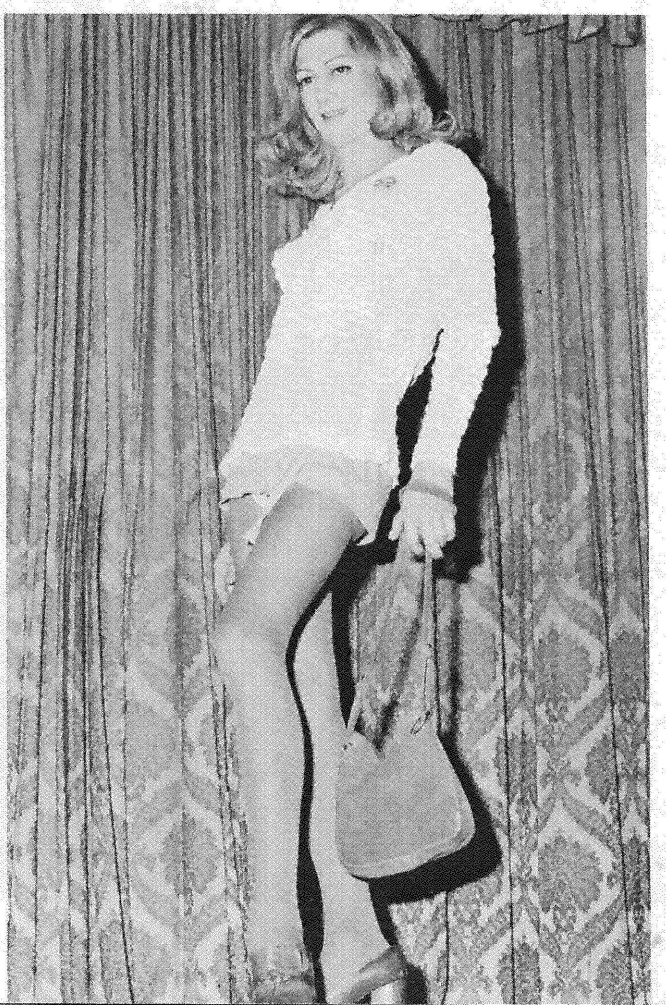
Q: You're looking forward to this operation very much then;

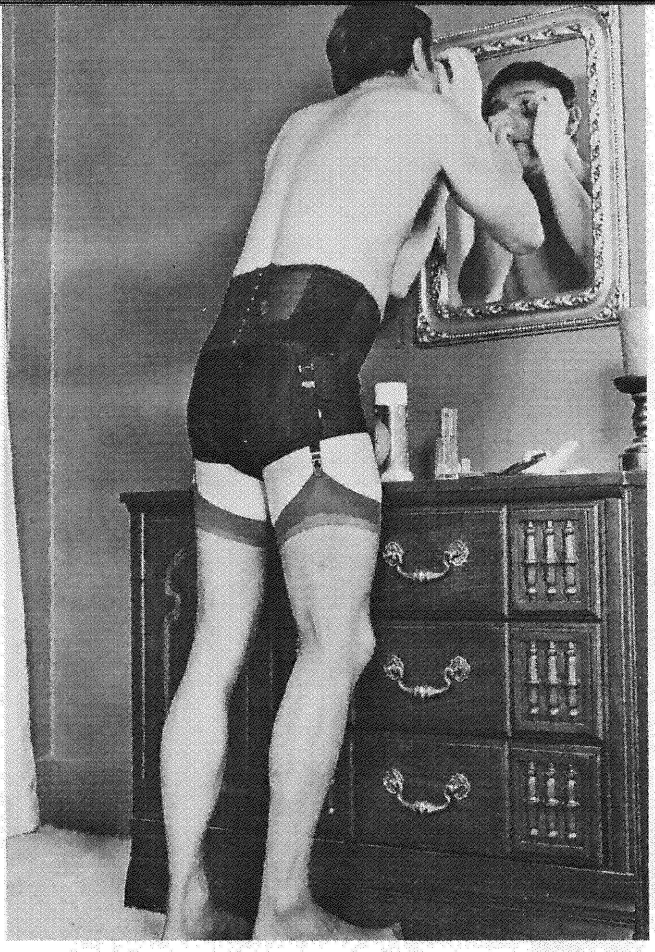
A: Absolutely! Before I found out about it, it seemed as though the only alternative was suicide.

Arnold is thirty years old and looks the perfect company man. We interviewed him at the advertising firm where he works and noticed that he had a jovial-ass pinching relationship with his pretty, young secretary. He is engaged to be married and plays golf in his spare time.

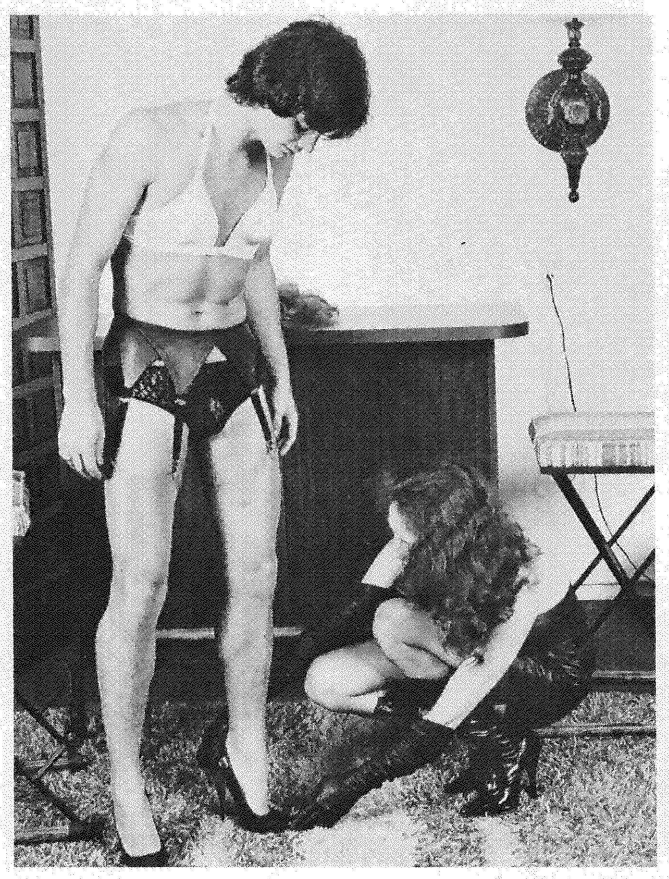


The type of costume worn by cross-dressing males is as varied as the personalities of the males themselves. Some dress as dominatrixes, some as performers, but in every case, they're feminine.





Learning the art of appearing female is not difficult for one who's willing to devote the necessary time and effort to it. Mimicing female movements is harder to master than the art of proper make-up, but is more necessary as improper or masculine movements destroy an image of femininity.





Q: You certainly don't look like a transvestite.

A: I only consented to this interview because I think that there must be a lot of men who have secrets like mine, and it might make them feel a hell of a lot better if they saw it in print.

Q: What is your secret?

A: (At this point Arnold got up from his desk and silently rolled his trouser legs up to his mid thighs. Under his grey flannel pants, he was wearing sheer black nylon stockings with a red garter on the left leg.)

Q: Do you always dress that way?

A: Naturally, I have a full wardrobe as my position requires and my budget allows, but I can't function without the stockings. It's murder when I go to the beach. Luckily, my fiance is very understanding, and she'll help me plan my life, taking this into account. Actually, it isn't much of a problem, just a little kink. I've been to see three different psychiatrists for consultation, and they all advised that I carry on this way, rather than invest in lengthy psychoanalysis which might not change the quirk anyway. I just don't feel sexual without the stockings and garter. I used to ejaculate as soon as I put them on, but now that I wear them all the time, they're not really a significant part of my sex life.

Q: Why do you think this one article of clothing is so necessary for your well being?

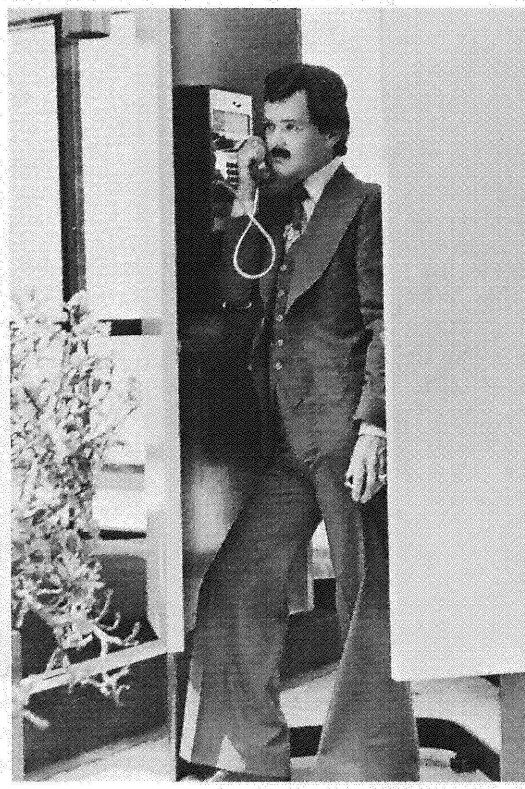
A: Oh, that's classically simple. My mother was killed in a plane crash when I was five, and before they got rid of her clothes, I stole a pair of stockings that I hid and took to bed with me every night. You see, we never outgrow our need for our mother's love, and while most people have their mothers around long enough for this love to become an unseen part of their psychology, I have to have my emblem with me physically. *(Continued on page 44)*



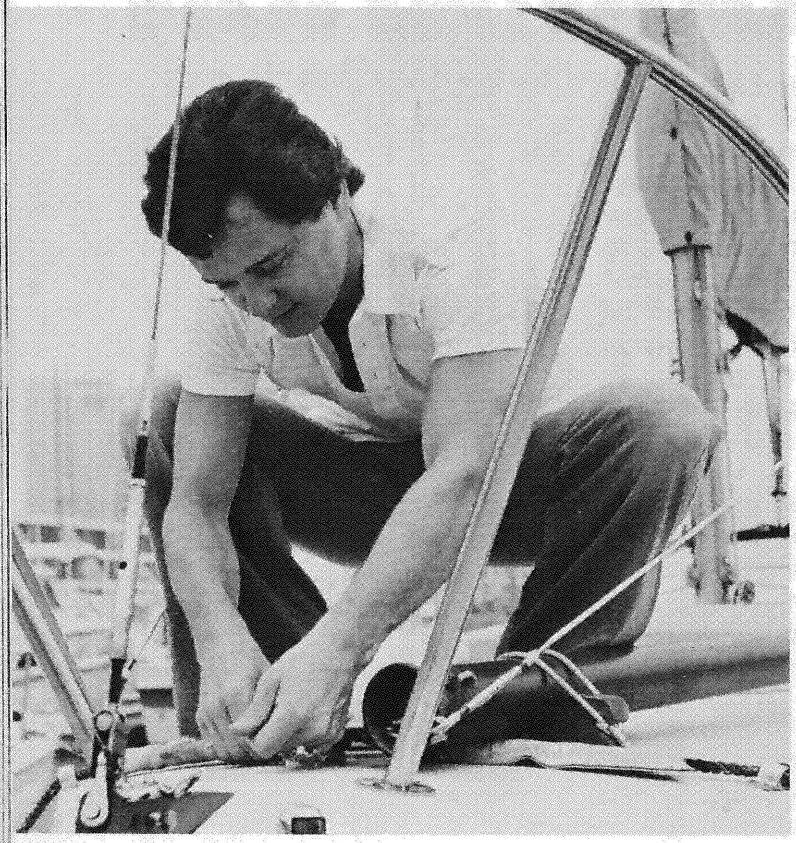
JOEY TO JOSYLIN -- A TRANSFORMATION

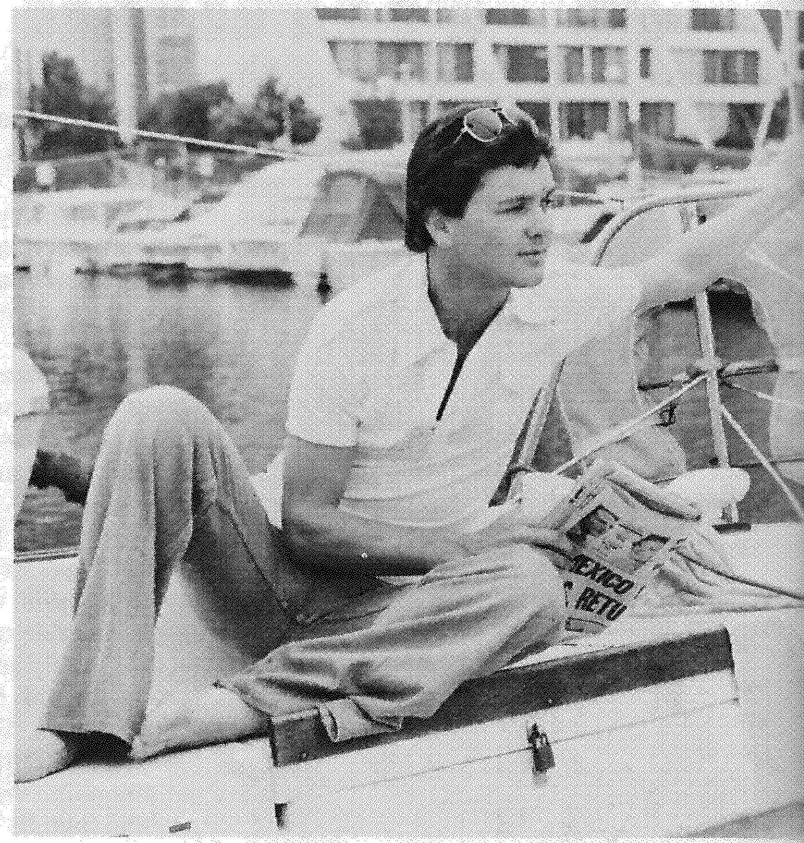


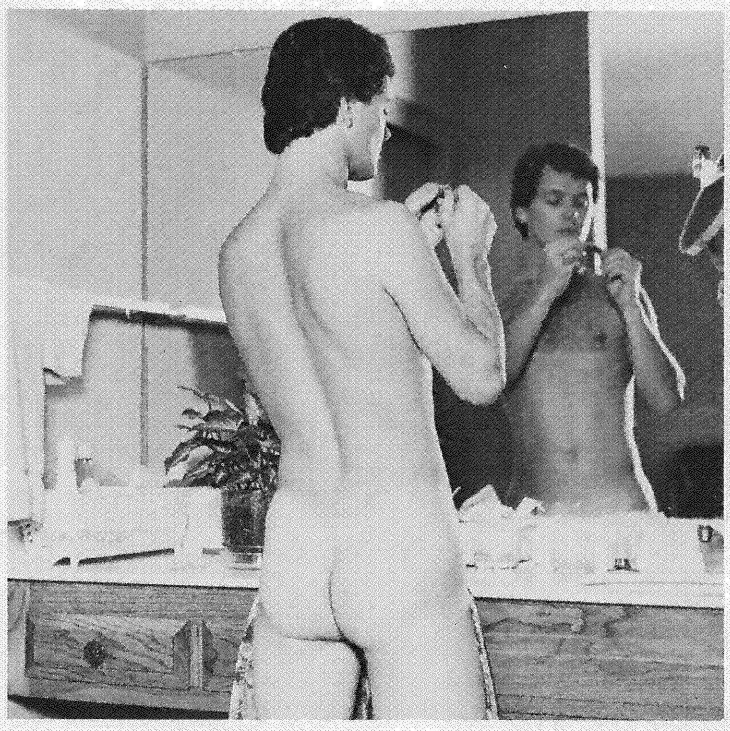
Joey's a pal to everybody, one of the truly likeable guys in the world, but he's got a secret only a few of his closest pals ever have been privy to. Let's follow Joey through a typical day, so we can see what kind of secret it is. In the morning, when he awakens, he's on the phone almost at once, for he's so involved in business deals with his pals they phone him early. His appointments are quickly set for the day, and he rises, dresses and goes out. Because he's the mover that he is, he gets his business done very quickly, for he's a devotee of the idea that all work is dull, and relaxation and leisure should be what all men work toward. So it doesn't take him long to confer with his pals, get his deals moving for the day . . . and then he can relax.



He has some time in the afternoon to spend on one of his favorite hobbies . . . his boat. Though business doesn't leave him much leisure for long cruises, he enjoys simply relaxing on the boat, letting the waves rock him gently, while he reads or merely relaxes. To look at him at a moment like this, you'd think Joey had the best of all possible worlds . . . and in a measure you'd be right. But there's a lot more to Joey than appears on the surface, for this pal to all men everywhere is a much more complex individual than is required in order to be a successful businessman.





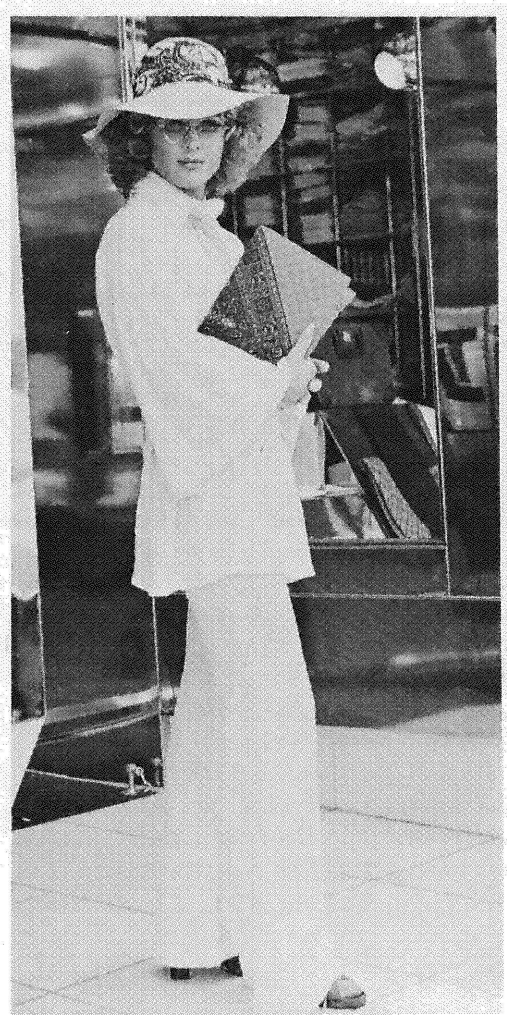


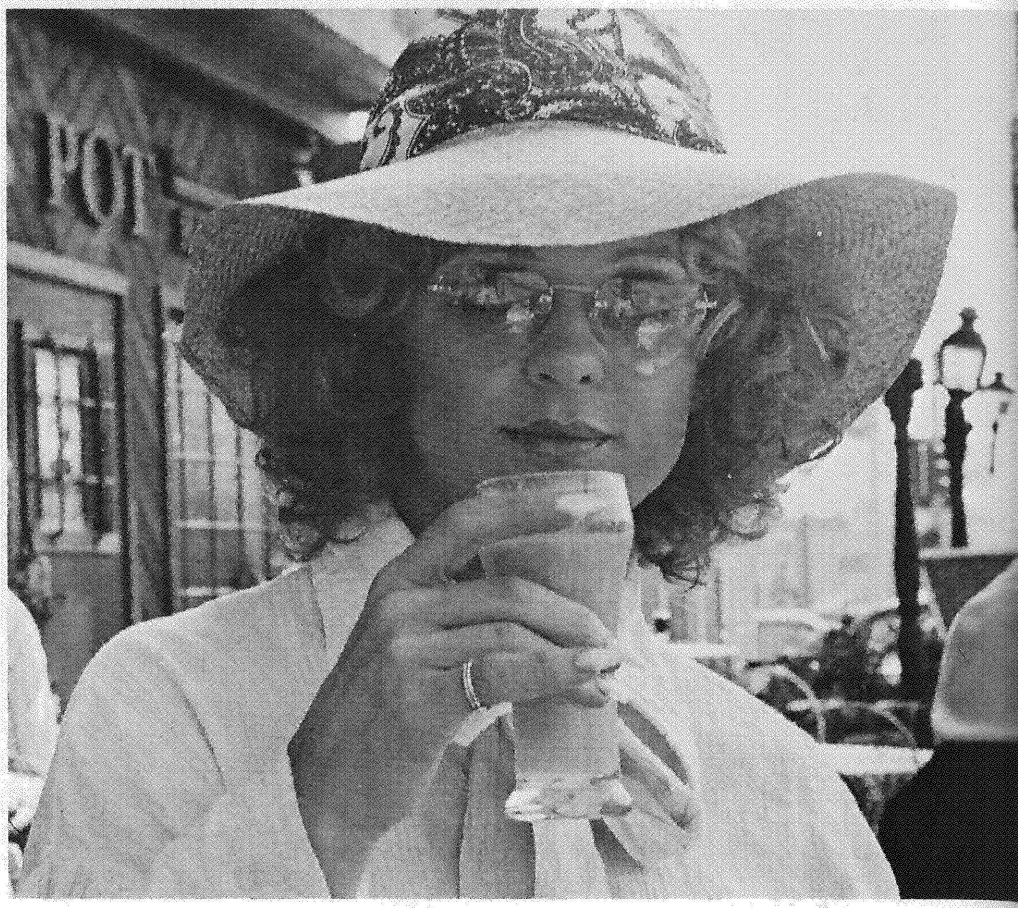




When the time comes, though, Joey returns home, ready for the transformation that is his real and most private secret. It is in the privacy of his apartment, behind closed doors, that Joey becomes Josylin, as beautiful a female as there is in the world. A wig, some make-up, the proper clothes, and pal Joey leaves the apartment as the lovely Josylin, ready for a day's shopping . . . and there's not a man in the world with the perspicacity to see through the impersonation. Every mannerism has changed in this transformation from male to female.






POT



In the car, on the street, everywhere she goes, Josylin receives secret, admiring glances . . . all from males hoping she'll toss a smile their way. Imagine their surprise if they could know that the chick they find so desirable was in fact a man, a man who, in his masculine clothes, is a ruggedly handsome dude at that. But thoughts like these are not in Josylin's head as she shops the little specialty stores in Beverly Hills. She dresses as a female because it pleasures her to do so, and it is for her pleasure alone that she chooses to dress and comport herself as a female in this manner.





BON SOIR CLUB'S ALL STAR REVUE



Throughout the years, there have been clubs featuring female impersonators with varying degrees of success. Among the well-known operations have been Finocchio's in San Francisco and Club 82 in New York, names afficianados know and revere for the high-class entertainment featured at these clubs year in and year out. Joining the ranks of the finest clubs offering the finest entertainment in the world is the Bon Soir Club, in New York's Greenwich Village, long a haven for non-conformists.





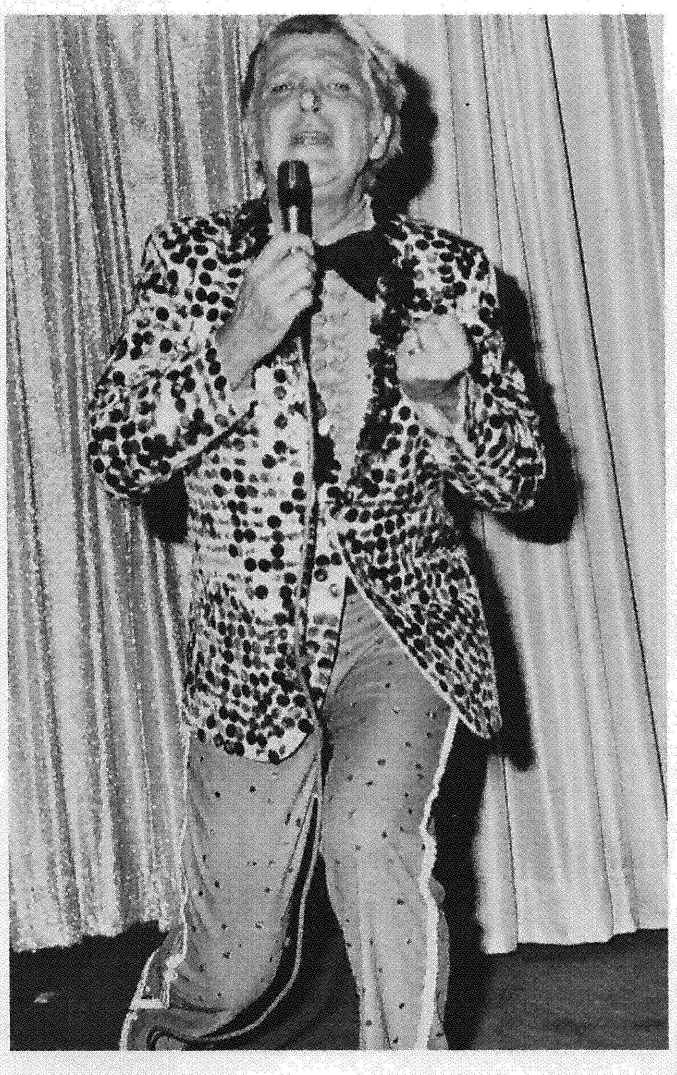


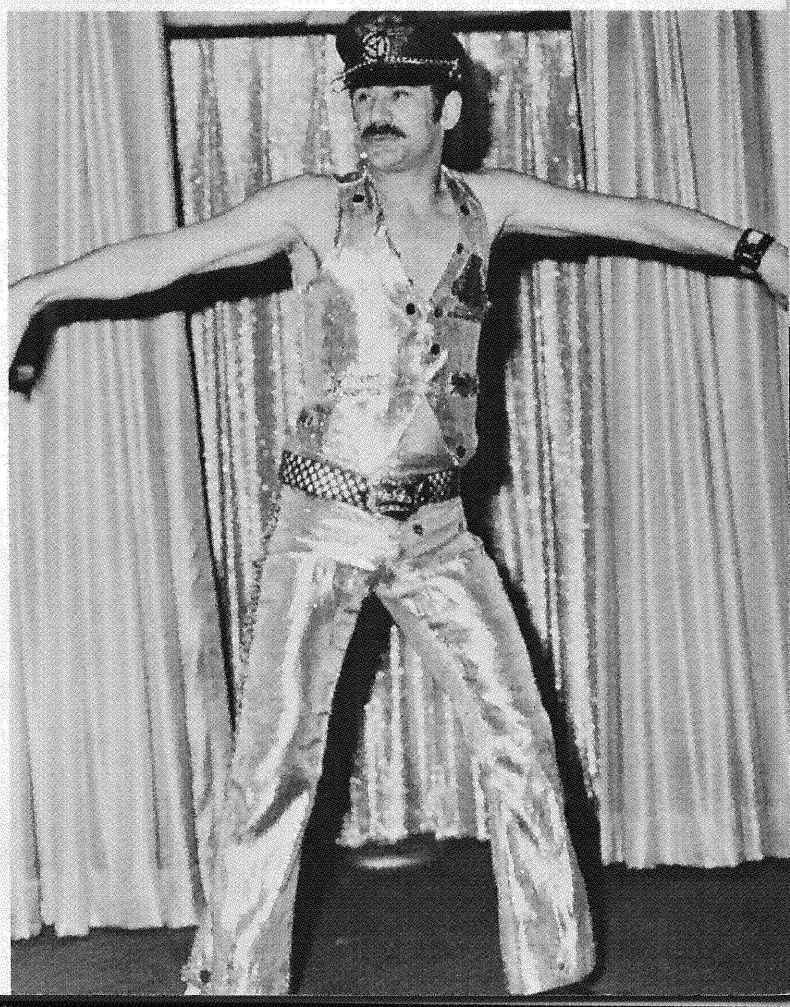




Recently, the masterful hand of Frankie Quinn was behind what has to be the most absolutely perfect revue staged in any club within memory. The Bon Soir's All Star Revue surpassed everything that had been produced in this field for a long time, with a stunning array of talent and production values that could only have been achieved by the magnificent Quinn. Costuming for this gala was incredibly beautiful, with an enormous amount of time and effort obviously having been expended on them, as well as on the acts to be performed.











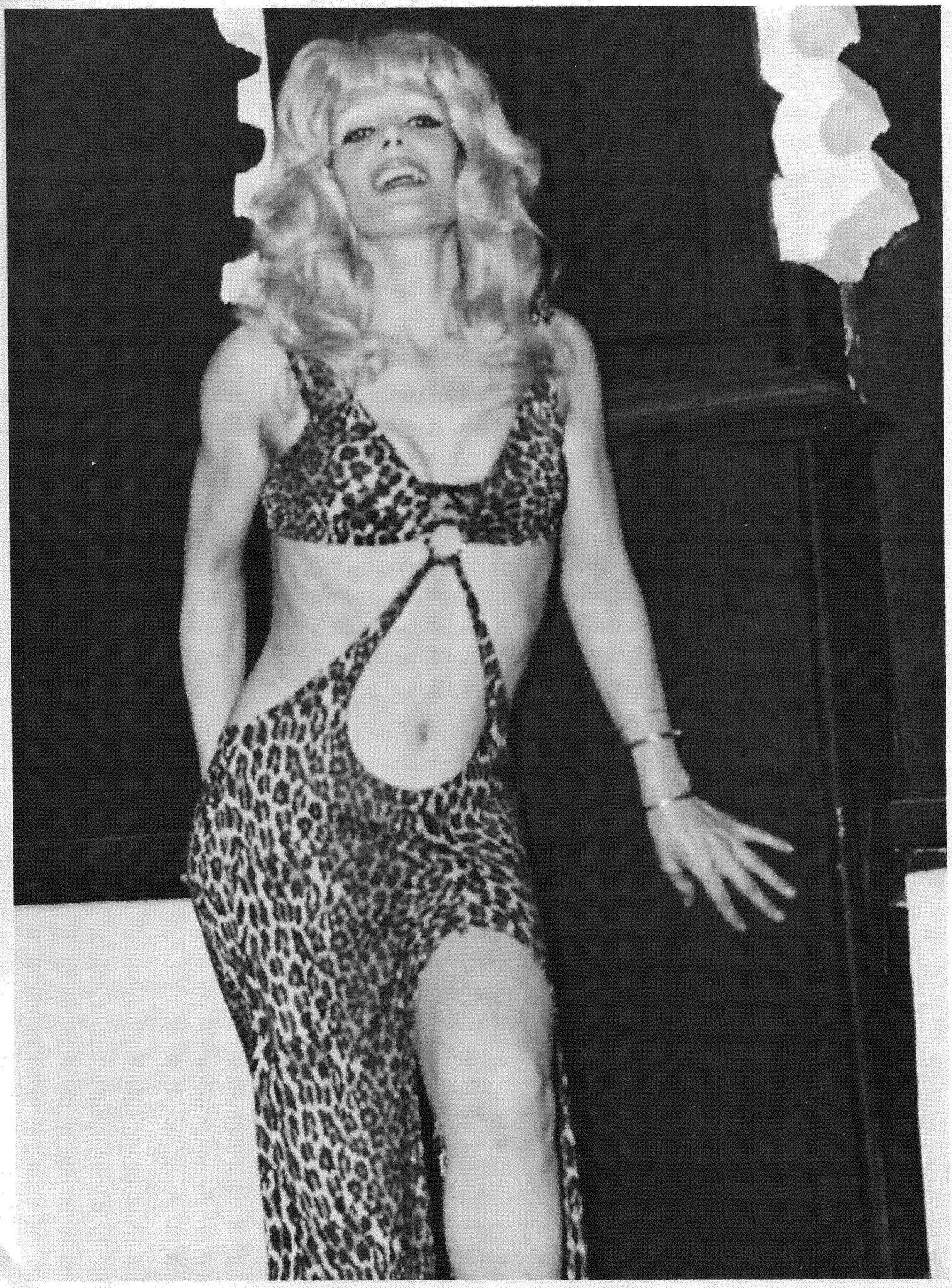
This show could more aptly have been called the revue of Revues, for it was truly spectacular! No expense had been spared make this event the highlight of the year, attracting attention from all parts of the country. This was definitely the *in* show in which to appear, if one were truly a dedicated female impersonator . . . for a glance at the photographs will reveal the high level of professionalism and artistry maintained by all.







But among female impersonators there's a deep sense of pride in their work, as well as an awareness of the long tradition of their craft. Every impersonator tries to add his share of glory to that tradition, and none would think for a moment of *ever* doing anything that would tarnish the fine reputation female mimics have so carefully built up over the years.











Because of that fine tradition, every performer in Frankie Quinn's All Star Revue at the Bon Soir Club really tried to outdo himself in order to shine in a galaxy of stars. Performances were appropriately magnificent, and one would be hard put to select any *one* as outstanding. All too many fine performance make a choice impossible, but the audience was unanimous in acclaiming the All Star Revue a fantastic success.





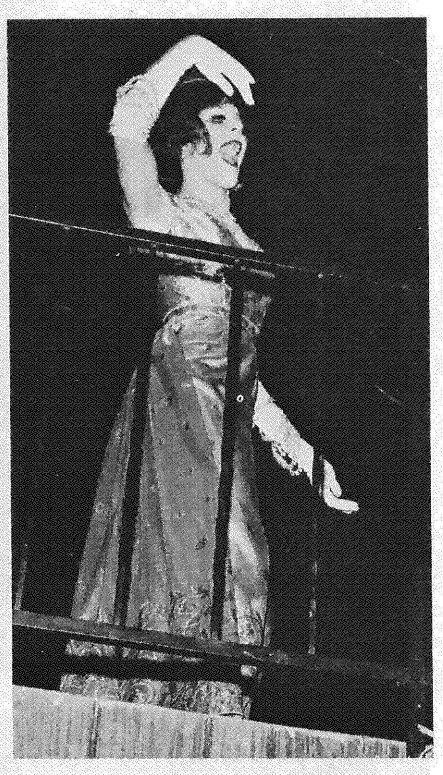




IMPERSONATOR'S SHOWCASE: LAS VEGAS' RED BARN

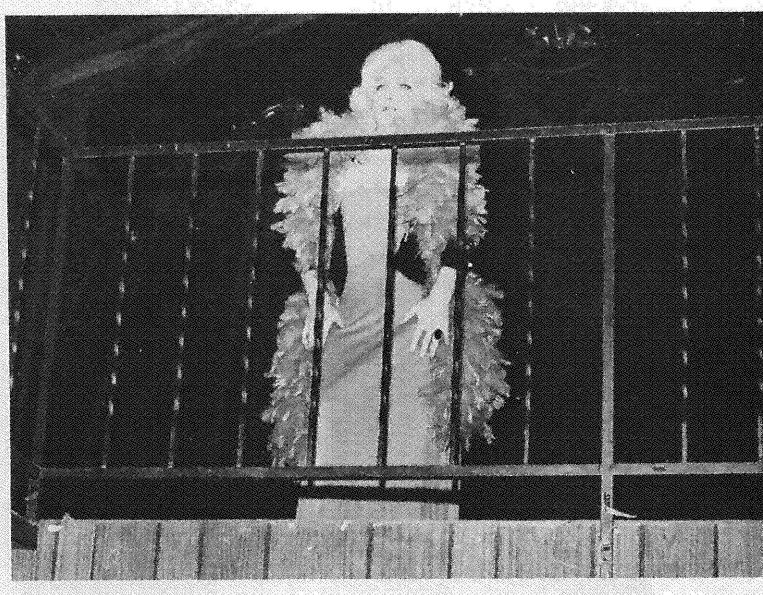






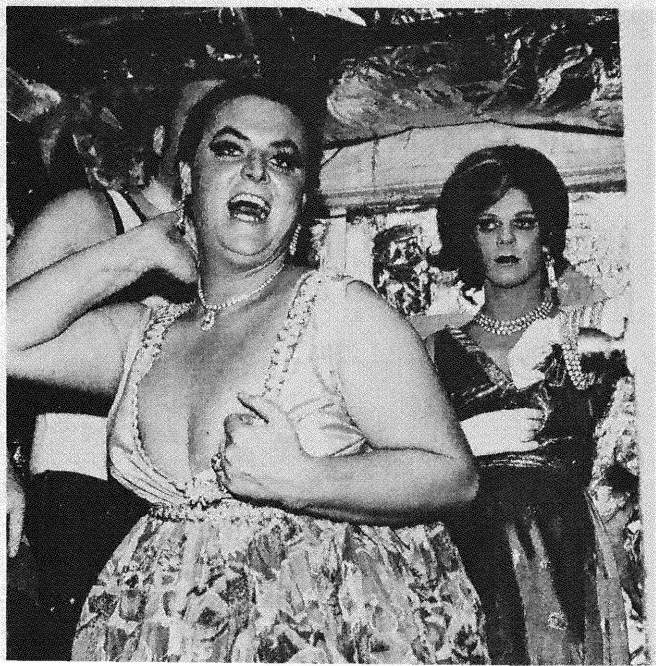
Las Vegas is a city where just about anything goes, but the female impersonator scene hasn't been all that strong in the gambling capital of the world. Some thought it was because the people who came to Vegas didn't have an interest in the world of female impersonators or the entertainment they provide . . . but the fantastic Red Barn proved them all wrong. For at the Red Barn there's the finest kind of entertainment provided by the most professional female mimics.





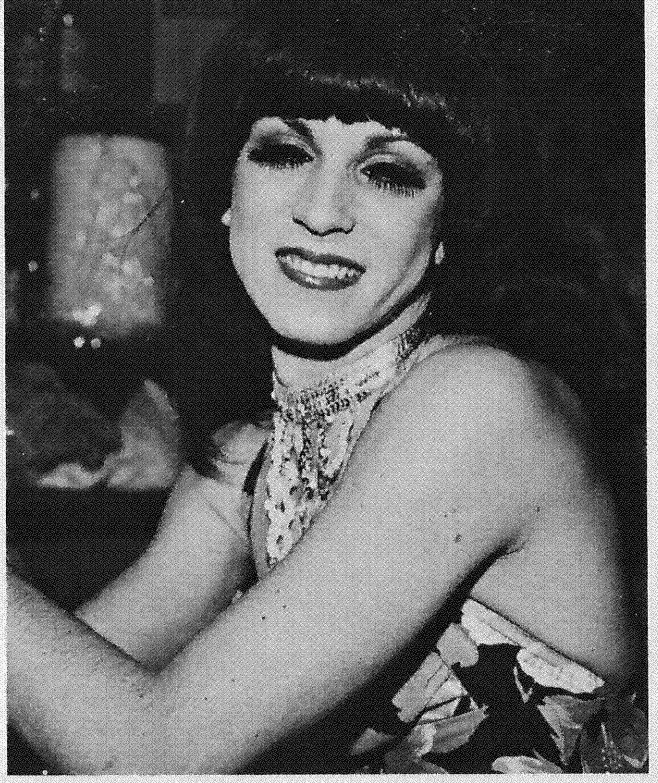




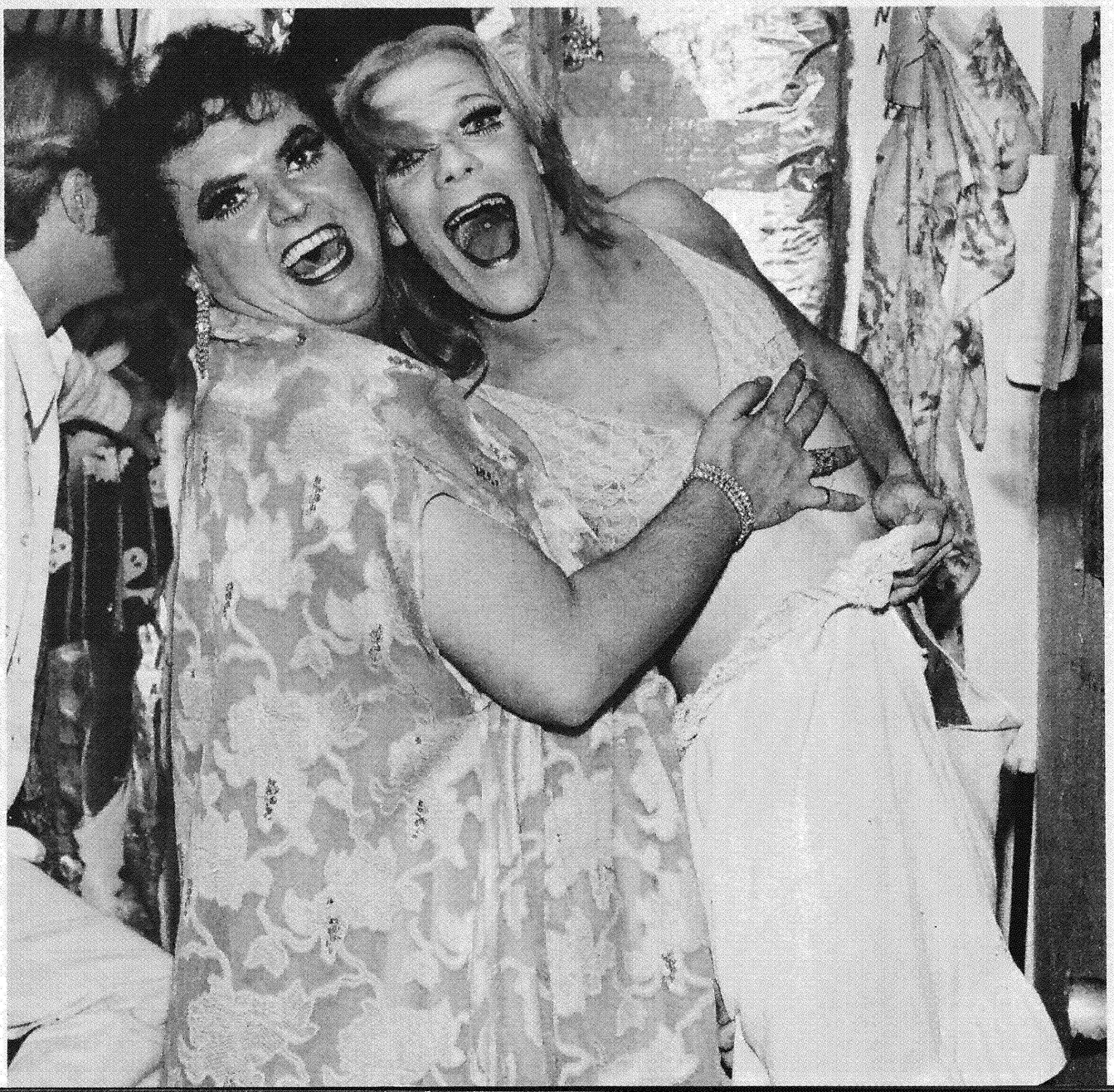




The performers at the Red Barn enjoy their work tremendously, and as a result, hi-jinks abound backstage . . . especially when a photographer shows up with a camera in hand to immortalize those glorious moments. Of more interest to the serious spectator, the true fan of female impersonation, though, is the performance that takes place on stage, where only the highest levels of professionalism prevail. The audiences that come to see the female impersonators perform are uniformly enthusiastic, for they appreciate the true artistry of the performers.



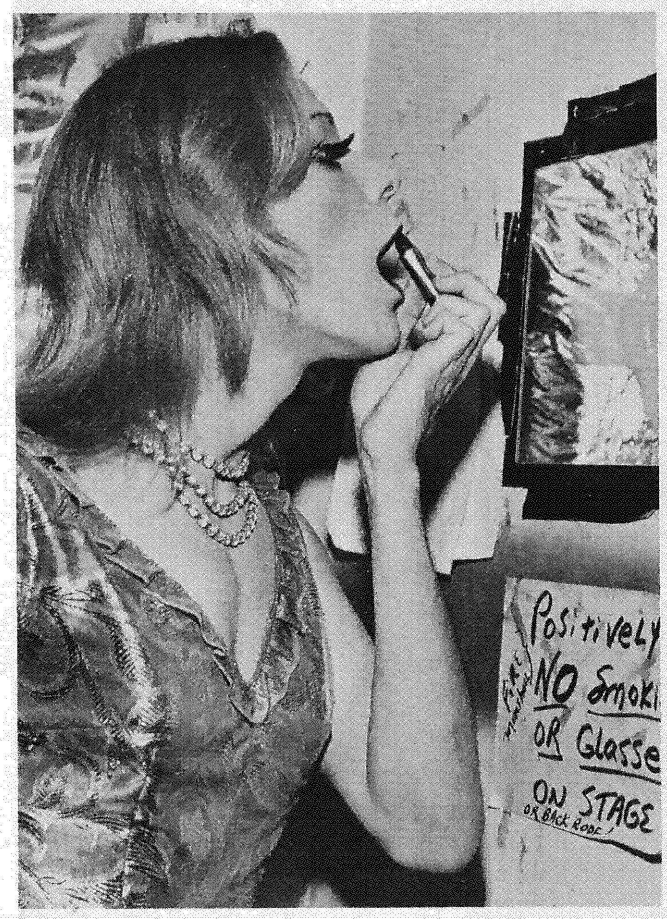








The excitement backstage just prior to a performance mounts, as it does before any performance anywhere. The biggest difference to be noted is that the performers, males all, though imitating females, express their nervousness, their excitement, in more masculine terms and manners than females do. Hence the level of excitement is more subdued, but nonetheless real for all that.

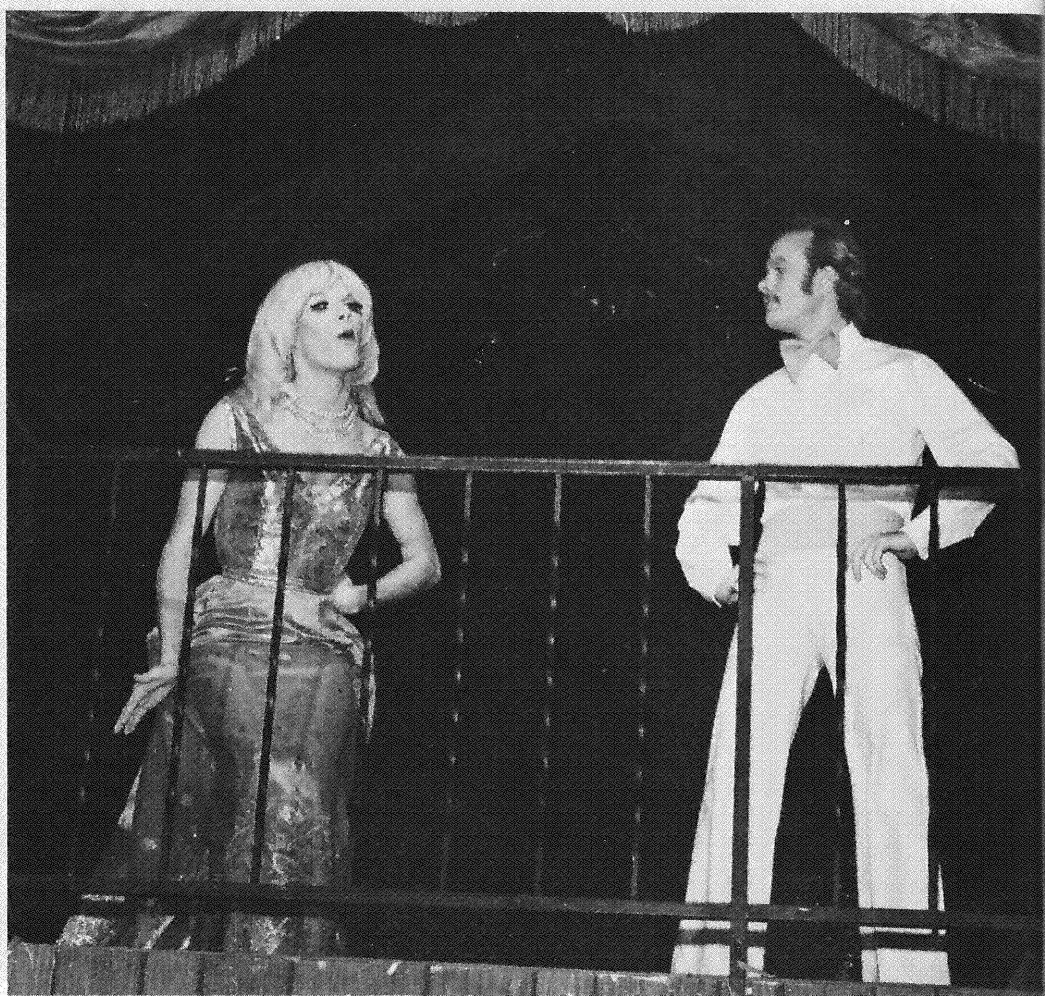








But as showtime draws nigh, the performers become quiet, the hi-jinks cease, and the truly professional levels of accomplishment of the female impersonators comes to the fore. The show is all-important, and they devote their time to insuring that every detail will be perfect, for they are devoted to the concept that not only must the show go on, but the audience deserves the very best performance they can give. As a result, the shows are lively, entertaining, and thoroughly professional . . . something not found everywhere.



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One of the most frequently misunderstood aspects of transvestism is that the cross-dresser remains male and has no desire to become female. He can, therefore, relate to a female in a normal, heterosexual context, even when cross-dressed.

(Continued from page 18)

Q: Like the knights who wore their ladies' scarves into battle?

A: Yes, although I never thought of it in that way. Maybe I feel very threatened after all. Do you think I should go into psychoanalysis after all?

Q: Well, that's for you to decide, isn't it?

Lawrence has been wearing wigs and evening gowns on night club stages for fourteen years. His act consists of a very plausible rendition of Judy Garland. He has a slight build and even features and looks about forty. We chatted with him in his dressing room after his show.

Q: How did you get into this line of work?

A: Oh, I was just good at it, I guess. I'm not really a transvestite, just a performer, so I don't know if your readers will be interested in anything I say.

Q: What do you feel like when you sing Over the Rainbow?

A: I feel like Judy Garland. Like I am Judy Garland. Any great performer is just a persona. And any other person can step into that persona regardless of his sex. It's like putting on a mask.

Q: Do you ever dress like a woman when you're not working?

A: Nah. I get it all out of my system on stage. I'd much rather watch the girls at other times, although I do look at them with an eye toward improving the art. Everyone's got an act on and off the stage.

Q: What's your act off stage?



Even though a transvestite remains masculine in his sexual orientation, part of his success comes from appearing not only female, but as a highly desirable, extremely sexual female. Some, of course, succeed better than others, based on the skill with which they master all aspects of cross-dressing.

A: When I say I am Judy Garland, when I do her number, I mean it. I don't have much time for putting an act together off stage. I just like to show people that I can do it, I guess. Yeah, I think that's my real motivation.

Q: Show them that you can do what?

A: Anything the chicks can do as entertainers. Anyone who says that males and females don't compete is talking through his teeth. Women have been competing with men since they started having babies. This is my way of evening the score.

Jackie is an unabashedly gay young man who has starred in a number of underground pornographic movies. "She" usually dresses in drag, complete with false eyelashes and perfume, and lately has been very visible cruising up and down Hollywood Boulevard, which was where we talked to her. On the night in question, "she" wore a long red silk dress, a black silk cape with sequins on the back, five inch silver heels, earrings, and an elaborate platinum-blonde wig. Nevertheless, it is doubtful





In a cocktail lounge, the beautiful girl who is the recipient of so many lustful glances by the males surrounding her may not be a girl at all, but a cross-dressing male testing his ability to emulate a female by deliberately putting himself in a position to be approached by men.

that many people would take Jackie for a female.

Q: Jackie . . .

A: Before I say anything, I want to make sure you get my name right. J.A.C.K.I.E. Just like Mrs. O. Would you look at that? (Jackie turns and flutters her eyelashes at two strolling sailors.)

Q: Do many people think you're real?

A: Where are you coming from? I'm not butch enough to be real. What kind of a magazine are you working for? Dirty, huh? Listen, you can take a picture of my thing anytime, every throbbing inch of it. Listen, let me tell you something about cruisin'. It's an art. As a matter of fact, my agent is putting together a package on cruisin' right this minute. You are talking to the next sexual superstar. The whole point of cruisin' is sexual freedom—seeing and being seen. The Greeks understood. They called it Doxa. Image, you dig? You go out and take your image for a walk, man. Have you got that? There isn't enough tape in that machine to record my first fart of the morning. I'm like that nubile young dude Lucretius wrote about. Nothin' but musical notes comes out of my ass-

hole. Honey, you should have seen those Jap tourists pop their flashcubes when I walked past Mann's earlier. I'll tell you why—I'm class. Not because all this tart gear is chic or even that dramatic, but because I'm a man who is pretending to pretend to be a woman. Get that? I'm not really pretending to be a woman —there'd be no point in cruisin' then. I wouldn't even have an act, because the street is full of foxes in tight pants with their tits hanging out. No real drag queen wants to be a woman, because then he wouldn't be a queen. Women are all drones, man. The really good queens only got by because they were so butch.

Q: You seem in fine form tonight.

A: Isn't that the truth. I'm a little accelerated and spaced out—uppers and downers at the same time. I've been down to Vine four times already tonight, and I'm flirting with danger. Have you ever seen so much rough trade on the make? I like a quickie every now and then, but for the most part I transcend sex. Basically, I want to be seen. I wouldn't even mind being blind as long as I could be seen. As a matter of fact, I'd give my eyes to science to be on television every day. When nobody looks at you, you're invisible, you don't exist. It's worse than death. You know, this is a really good interview. It's not cluttered up with a lot of stupid questions.

We went to visit Mr. and Mrs. M at their home in Malibu. He's a well known film producer and she is famous for her charity work and dinner parties. A uniformed maid placed a pitcher of martinis at Mrs. M's elbow and then retired, leaving us alone at the side of the pool. Mrs. M poured the drinks, keeping our glasses filled while Mr. M talked. He is in his mid-forties, in excellent physical condition, and has a shimmering shock of silver-white hair which may or may not be a toupee.

Q: We want to thank you for consenting to this interview.

A: I'm glad you called. It will give me a chance to sort out my ideas. I've been thinking about doing a film on the subject. My wife used to buy me wigs and make-up and evening gowns, but for the past few months, I've been purchasing them myself. You see, from time to time I dress up as a woman and we make love as lesbians.

Q: What do you mean?

A: I achieve erection and penetrate my wife in the normal fashion, but are both dressed as females.

Q: Can you achieve sexual gratification without the costume?

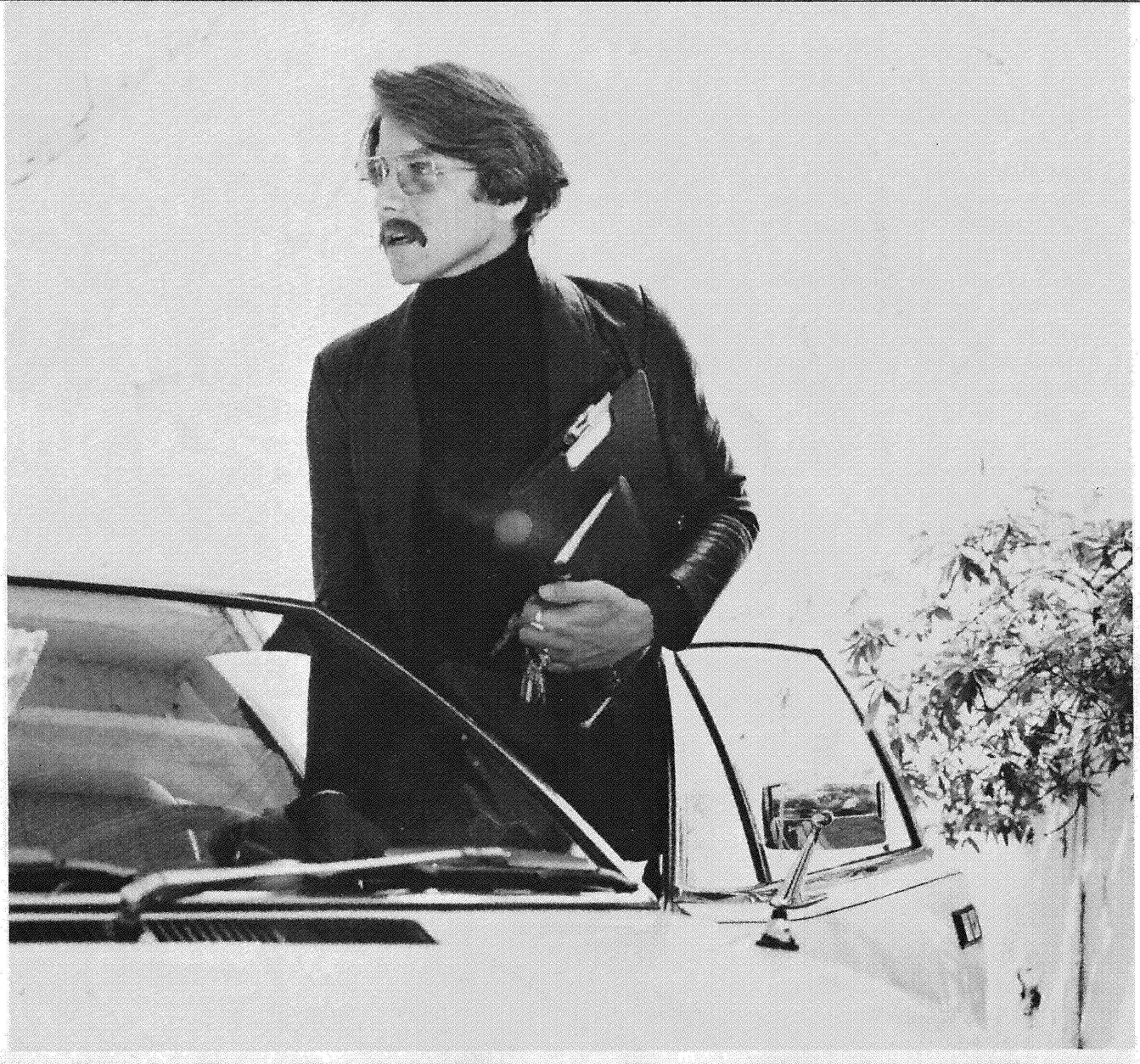
A: Yes, of course, but the clothing furnishes something extra. A special wickedness, I think. A sort of defiance of conventional expectations.

(Continued on page 62)

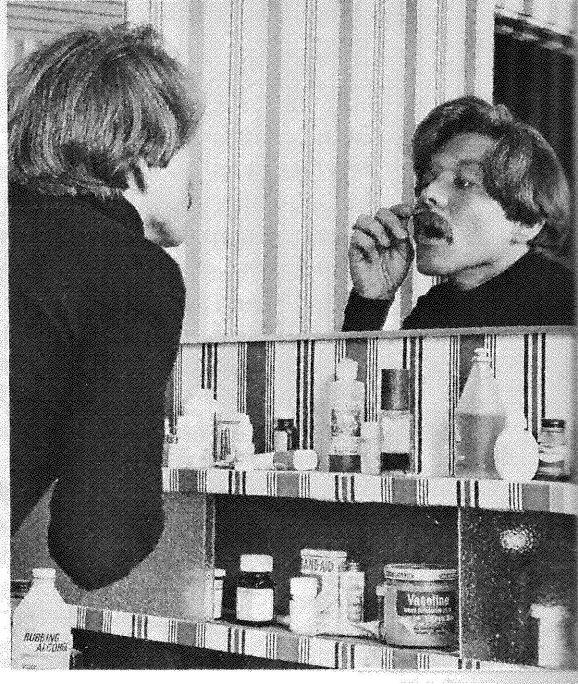


Whether cross-dressing is practiced with others or alone, those who are involved with it say it is an extremely rewarding experience, one that many should try.





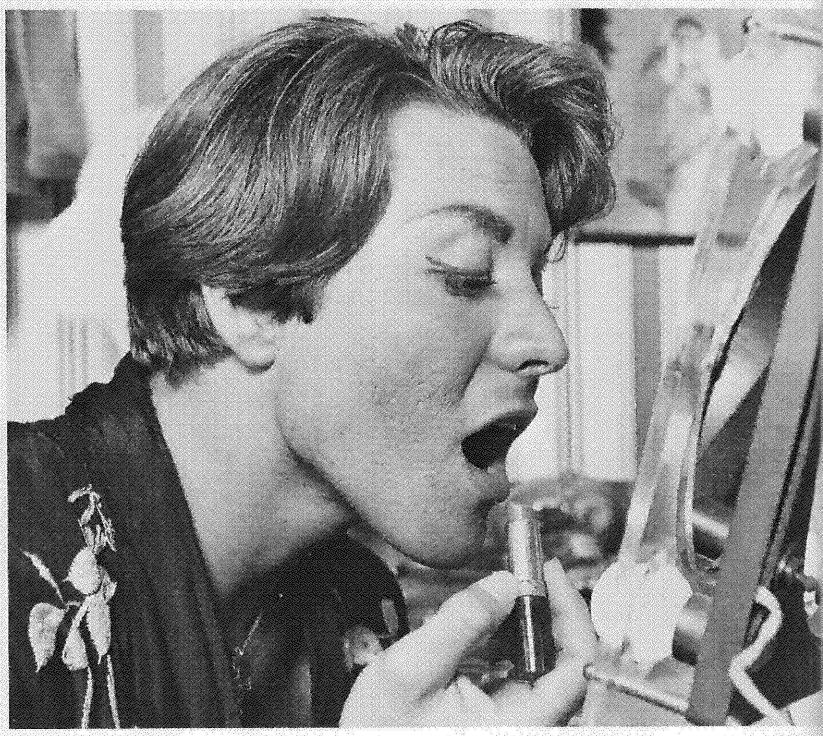
MAKE A MAN A WOMAN



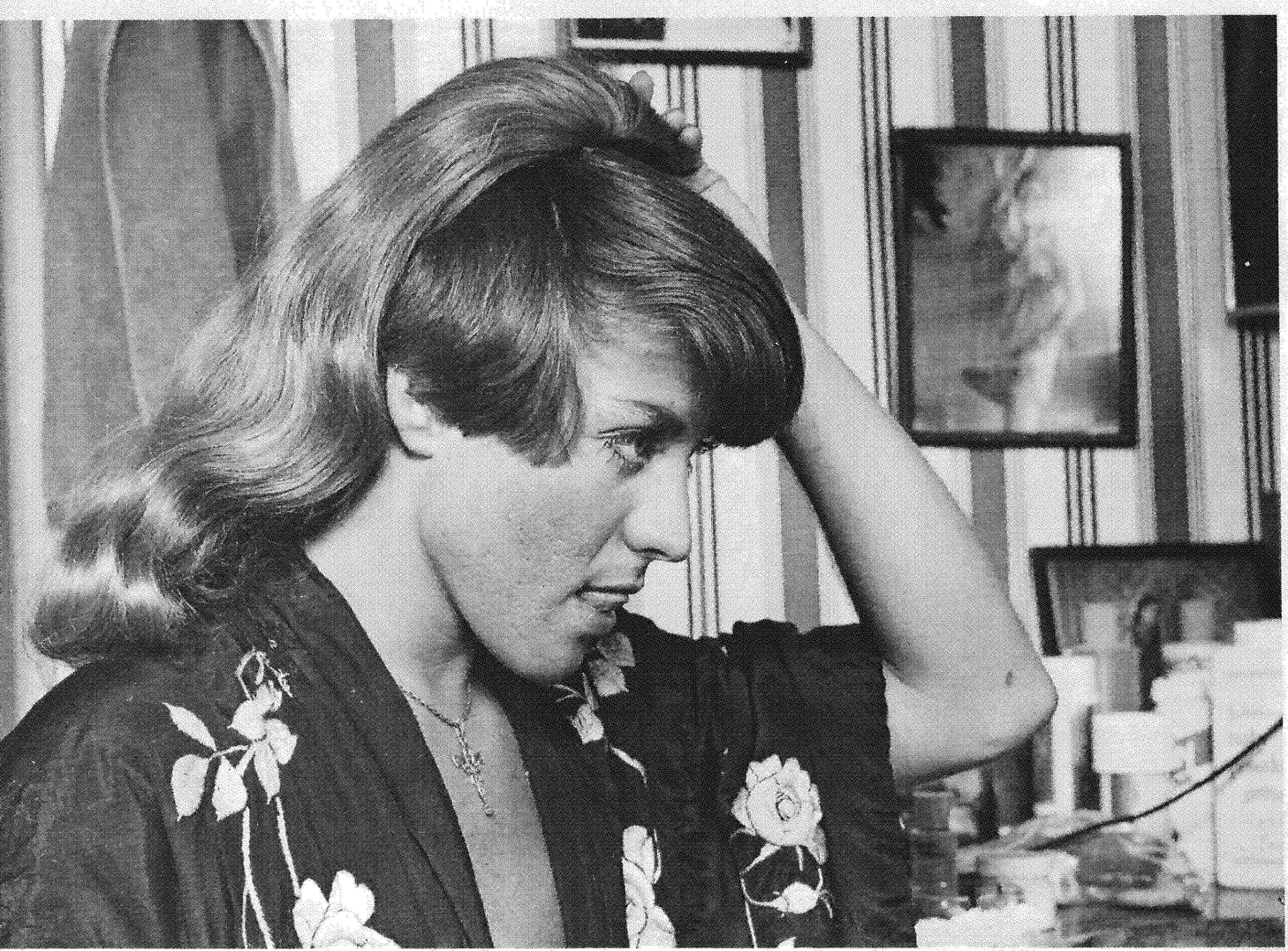
How do you make a man a woman? First, you start with a man who wants to be made into a woman, and you set about transforming him in the simplest manner possible. You need to rid him of excess facial hair, and then you add an appropriate amount of make-up in the proper places. Make-up is one of the hardest parts of the transformation, for if done without skill, the result will be absolutely grotesque. But assuming the make-up is done properly, you're well on your way to transforming a man into a woman. Next, the hair must be taken care of. Many women wear short hair, but to make a man into a woman, long hair is more appropriate. So a wig must be chosen that is becoming, not only in style, but in color and length as well. Properly selected, with the man made up to look feminine, you're well on your way to making this man a woman.

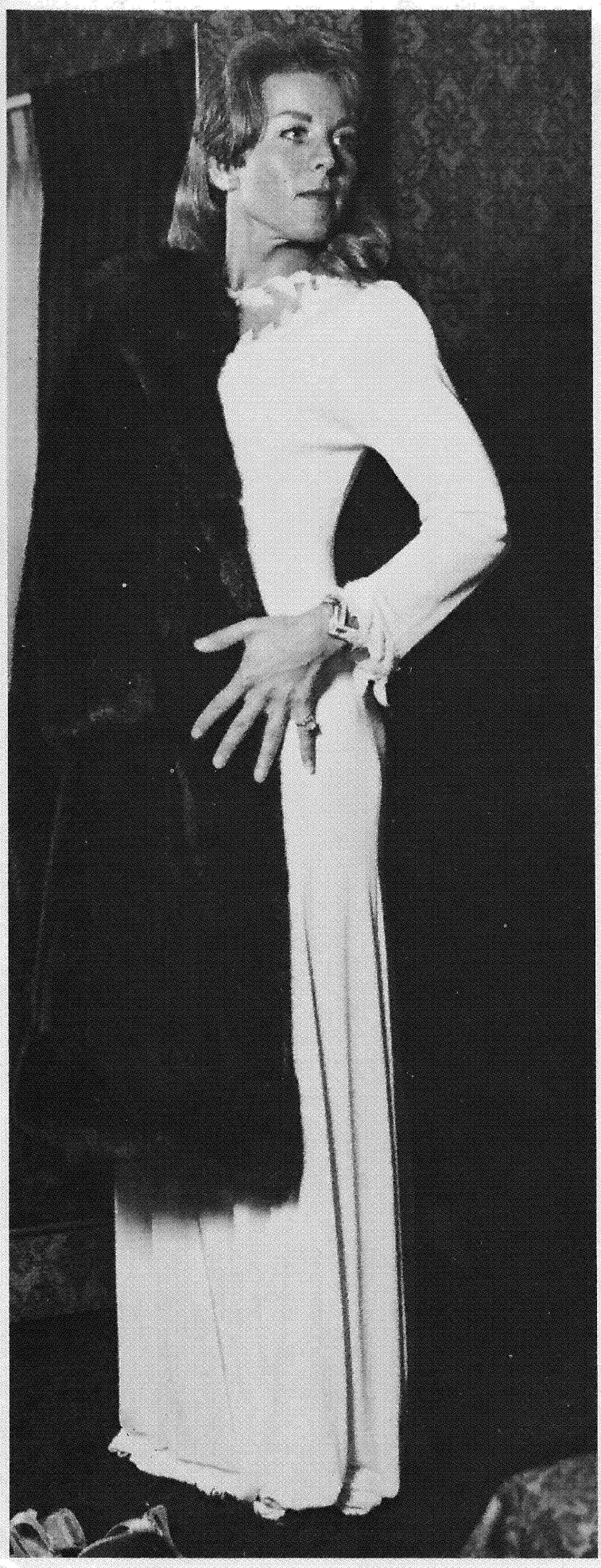






Make-up complete, the final steps to making a man a woman consists of selection and wearing of the most appropriate costume. A man imitating a woman faces the same problems a woman does . . .not every piece of clothing looks well on her. So, when making a man a woman, extreme care must be exercised to insure the clothing worn is perfect, for otherwise the image of complete femininity will not be projected. With the costume right, make-up perfect, and hair faultless, then the man has been made into a woman, and the perfection of the job a tribute to the artistry of the person making the transformation.







THE SECRET BEAUTY OF JOHN/ JOAN







A poet once said that every human being possesses a strange kind of inner beauty, that no matter what the person looks like, they have a secret beauty only those close to them can detect. John, who started life in a direction other than the one he's presently pursuing, has a special kind of secret beauty only now being realized. He's made the transformation into Joan, as lovely a female as can be found anywhere . . . and as he says, the change wasn't easy. The physical changes were the easiest of all, but the emotional changes, learning to think as a woman instead of as a man, took more effort . . . but he managed quite well, and now he not only moves and looks like a woman, he thinks like one as well.







The sleek, lovely beauty of this charmer is easy to behold, for not only is she physically charming, she's got a radiant beauty from deep inside her that functions to make her appear even more attractive than otherwise. That's the mystery of her secret beauty, for as John she had a rugged, masculine charm that attracted females from all over, but as Joan, it's the foxy dudes who make over her. John/Joan takes it all in stride, though, content to be her own person, asking nothing of anyone, and giving only what she wishes. She's able to live content that way, and that's good.











At home, Joan revels in the sleekness of fully feminine things, delighting in the feel of her soft, caressing clothing. Her surroundings reflect her love of luxury, for every detail of her apartment is perfect. She lives as a perfect, a flawless woman, as beautiful as she is kind. She's active in many charities, giving of her time and effort to those less fortunate than she, and it gives her a warm sense of satisfaction to be able to help others.











One of her secret pleasures is to know that the people she works with, the people she helps, never suspect that they're not dealing with a bona fide woman. She doesn't use her femininity to gain selfish ends, but merely to project the image of softness, warmth and understanding so vital to someone who's going to try and help others less fortunate than oneself.









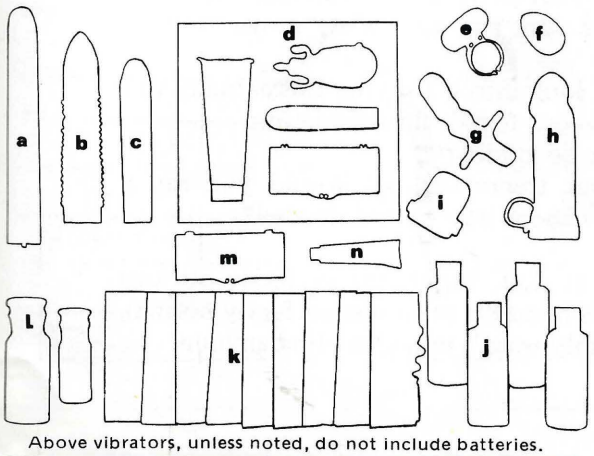
The true sense of beauty that John/Joan projects derives from this sense of being useful to her fellow man. "No one can describe the sense of warmth and satisfaction I get when I know I've really helped someone over a rough spot in his life," she said recently. "Particularly young people, who haven't been down the road and don't know where it's at." Looking at her, we felt the warmth she radiated and understood completely the source of the secret beauty of the strange, complex, mysterious being who was at once so sensuous and charming as to appear a highly desirable woman, and again a deeply devoted, socially aware volunteer in the world of charity.

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(Continued from page 47)

Q: You mean that people in long hair and evening gowns don't have penises as a rule, and it makes you feel unusual or special that you do?

A: Exactly. Although it's not that I feel superior to women, or other men for that matter, As my son might say, I get off on being different.

Q: Does your son know about it?

A: I don't think so. But I'm sure he would be amused if he did. He's gay.

Q: How do you feel about that?

A: To tell you the truth, I'm rather pleased. And pleased at the fact that I'm pleased.

Q: Have you ever had a homosexual experience?

A: No, I've never been interested in having sex with a man. Occasionally my wife will penetrate my anus with a dildo, but that's different. I've been psychoanalyzed of course.

Q: What did your doctor say about your dressing up?

A: He said it was perfectly normal, considering the pressure of my work and the fact that women have always found me a perfectly satisfactory lover.

Billie is nineteen and came out to the West Coast last summer from a small town in Pennsylvania. He plays lead guitar in a new rock group and was very enthusiastic about being interviewed for an erotic magazine. We met him at a Sunset Boulevard recording studio where his band was cutting a demo tape. He wore orange sateen trousers, high-heeled silver boots, a see-through shirt, heavy make-up, and his shoulder-length hair was double processed blonde with orange streaks.

A: Hey, it's really far out this interview. I've been looking for an entry into porno chic ever since I got here. Got any good dirty movie connections?

Q: We could look into it for you. But actually this article is about female impersonation.

A: You gotta be kidding!

Q: How about transvestitism? Would you say a few words about how you're dressed?

A: Fuck off!

We left it at that, for it was perfectly obvious that in Billie's mind his dress was perfectly normal. And he certainly wasn't impersonating anyone.





Cross-dressing is often shared with a female partner, during which the female may indeed dress the male. If the cross-dressing male is a novice, she may teach him some of the subtleties of dressing as a female which add to his success.

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