

FEMALE MIMICS



PREMIERE ISSUE

PRICE: \$250



The World's FOREMOST

FEMALE IMPERSONATORS



FEMALE MIMICS

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COVER & COLOR INSERT:

KIM AUGUST

by

Lawrence Boyer

Editor: J. King

Assoc. Editor: L. Crane

Art Director: E. Stanton

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Believe it

or not . . .

this beauty

is a MAN!!

*. . . "She" is
Ray Leen,
one of
many love-
ly Female
Mimics
shown in
these
pages . . .*



*Bruno
Hollywood
Nye*



LET US ENTERTAIN YOU!

That's a pleasant phrase.

The reason is simple. Every human being enjoys the idea of being fascinated, enchanted, carried away, titillated and tantalized.

The sole purpose of this new magazine:
WE WANT TO ENTERTAIN YOU!

We have come upon a facet of entertainment that has been greatly neglected until now! We're sure this will be a completely *NEW, EXCITING EXPERIENCE* for you if you're the type of person that enjoys a good show, a hearty laugh, and loads of surprises!

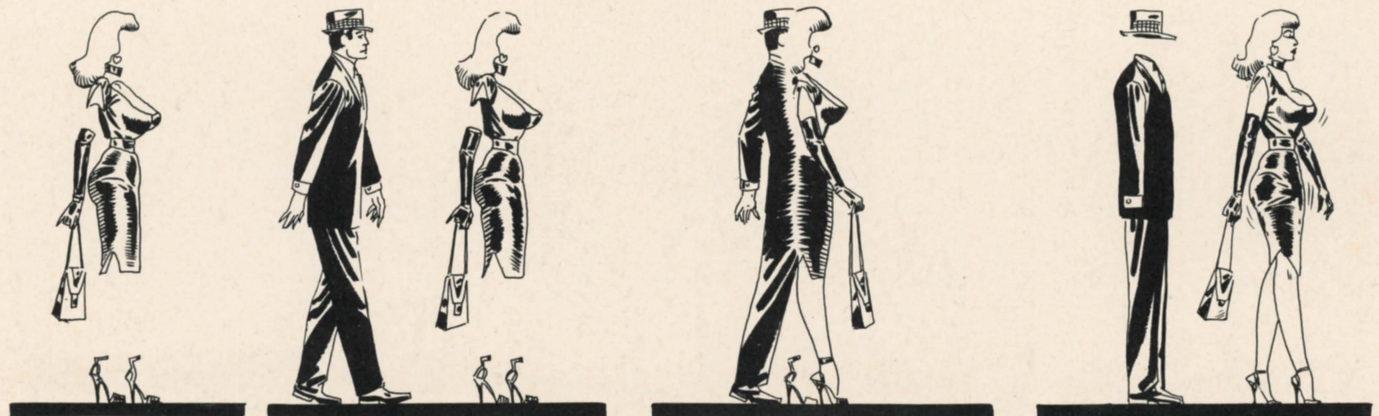
Our unique entertainment . . . "*FEMALE MIMICS.*"

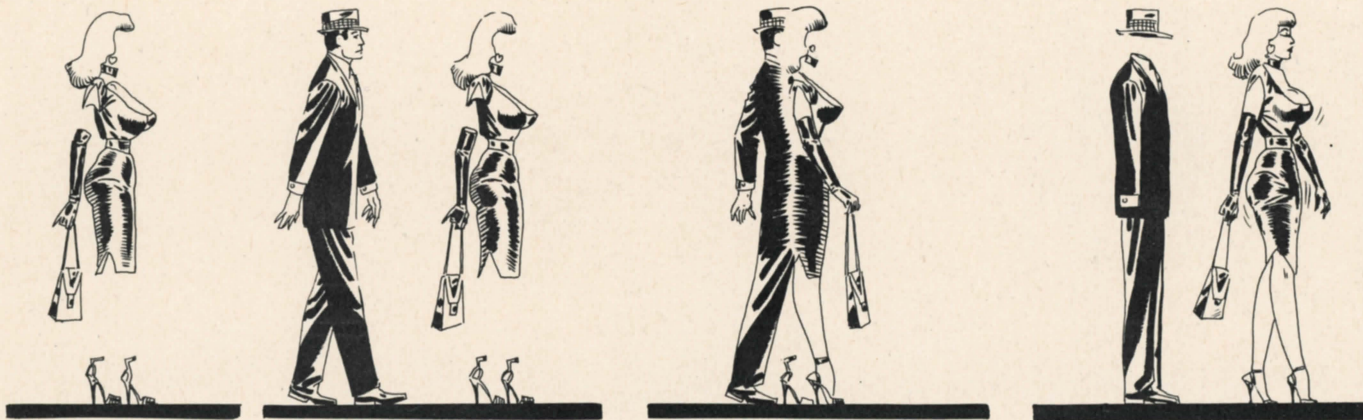
A "*FEMALE MIMIC*" is a *MAN* who dresses in the clothing of the opposite sex and through his fantasy which is helped by the clothing, is able to apparently magically transform himself into a *WOMAN*.

We have looked into the history of this art and uncovered some fascinating material:

The wearing of feminine attire is as old as civiliza-

tion itself. Men cross-dressed 4000 years before Christ. — The practice of donning female clothing by medicine men and priests is a religious phenomenon of world wide prevalence. — When missionaries first came to West Africa they found the chiefs dressed in female attire. — The North American Indians copied the traits of their women. — In the days of Shakespeare all the female parts in the plays were done by men who were gifted by female mannerisms. Numerous great historical personalities have been identified with this unique art: *JULIUS CAESAR* often dressed as a woman and took great pleasure in characterizing them. The Emperor *NERO* loved to impersonate women. He would order masks of the women he admired and wear them at public gatherings. *LOUIS XIV* used every means of displaying his legs and is credited with having been the first to introduce high-heeled shoes. — Clear touches of the feminine can be seen in the costumes of the Spanish bull fighters, the Scottish kilts, the flowery shirts of Hawaii, the outfits of male ballet dancers.





The conclusion that we draw from all this is that female impersonation is a practice that has been part of mankind for over 5000 years and will continue to be a part of the culture of every country in the world.

There are many aspects in the practice of cross-dressing. We're interested in only one: — Female impersonation as a form of entertainment.

Professional "FEMALE MIMICS" became popular in America in the late 1800's. Most of the early minstrel shows included an act with a female impersonator in a comedy skit. In the vaudeville era many artists became famous for their funny female impersonations. Many variety teams had one member who played the comical "wench." "FEMALE MIMICS" appeared in stage shows (Ziegfeld Follies), burlesque houses, circuses and the silent screen ("Charley's Aunt"). The "heyday" of female impersonators suffered a decline in popularity after the depression. It wasn't until World War II that this almost lost art enjoyed a slight comeback. A new enthusiastic group of "FEMALE MIMICS" appeared and were well received in night clubs,

theaters and revues. Earlier female impersonators comically imitated a general "type" female. ("Irish Biddie," "Old Maid," "German Housewife") Whereas the modern "FEMALE MIMICS" are better known for impersonating a specific personality (Famous actresses, singers, dancers etc.).

Too few people have had the opportunity to enjoy "FEMALE MIMICS" because this entertainment has suffered from obscurity. Every conceivable kind of entertainment can be seen by everyone on television and the movies — EXCEPT female impersonators! It is possible to conclude that probably less than 5% of the people of the United States have ever seen a "FEMALE MIMIC" !!!

This is precisely the reason for our new, exciting magazine:

To give you the opportunity of seeing (perhaps for the first time) a FASCINATING, AMAZING, AMUSING, ADVENTUROUS Masquerade Party !!! And so — because one picture is better than 100 words we give you . . . "FEMALE MIMICS"





French Fooler: Bambi

This curvaceous blond bombshell with the pert *derriere*, slim waist, high round bosom, with the satin smooth complexion of a woman is — a man! *Unbelievable, but true!* When Bambi mingles with the guests at the famed *Carrousel Club* in Paris, where “she” is one of the star performers, he-men who pride themselves on their taste in women have been known to invite him to their tables, convinced he is a real female! Bambi uses two tricks that add to the credibility of his act: he eschews a wig and has let his own hair grow to a womanish length; he has taken hormone treatments so that his chest has assumed the soft contours of femininity. A talented performer, Bambi sings, dances, and is adept at impersonating famous French actresses . . .



French Fooler: Bambi





. . . Unlike American female mimics, Bambi does not discard his feminine appearance off-stage. At home, he cooks, sews, keeps house just as any young career-girl would. But in his social life he prefers the company of women who, it is reported, are not in the least embarrassed to be seen in public with such a witty – and beautiful – escort!





French Fooler: Bambi





Latin Illusion: Shalimar

We in the U. S. generally think of the Mexican *senor* as a dashing horseman, riding, carousing, courting, through the narrow cobble-stone streets of his village. Behind grilled balconies, shy *senoritas* listen to his serenade.

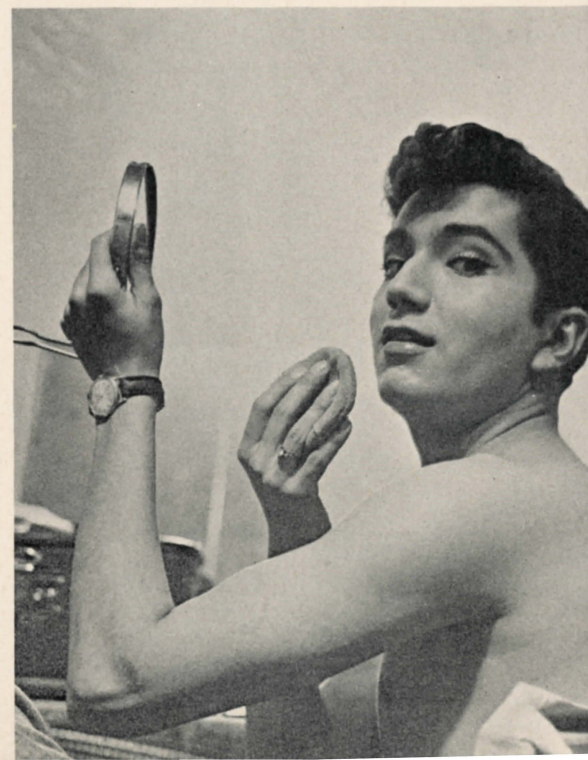
But there are also *senores* who, when entertaining on stage, prefer not to strum the lover's guitar. Those who would rather *wear* the silks of the fair ones, apply rouge and eye-shadow to *themselves*. Young Mexican Shalimar is in his *milieu* as a female impersonator. Shown here as star performer of Juarez's fabulous nite spot, "Ranchito Escondido," Shalimar goes into his sensational strip-tease act. In real life, he is a typically Latin type — dark, handsome. He keeps his figure trim by a daily swim and a round of golf.





Shalimar gives loving attention to his wig, a vital part of the costume which transforms him into a woman. He does not allow anyone other than a professional hairdresser to touch it, and brushes, sets it himself daily. With the artistry of a professional actor, Shalimar applies his make-up, creating an illusion of femininity that is so skillful it borders on the incredulous.

At the "Ranchito Escondido" Shalimar is on the program simply as "a singer of love songs." The audience warms to the lovely *senorita* in her flounced gown. When "she" starts to strip, the audience is mildly amused. Then — when Shalimar gets down to G-string and bra, flips off the wig, tosses the bra aside, they are at first stunned; then they burst into uproarious applause — and laughter — at the boy and at themselves for being so delightfully deceived!









Latin Illusion: Shalimar





... Merry Madhouse ...



... le Carrousel ...



... le Carrousel ...

Half a stone's throw from Paris' fashionable Champs-Elysees, at No. 40 rue du Colisee, is the establishment known as "le Carrousel." Intimate, lush in decor, it is a "must" for all broadminded visitors to the nite-life of the most beautiful city in Europe. Countless celebrities can be seen in this fabulous rendezvous. Dim lighting reigns, and the lengthy show may be seen even from the bar, which is decorated magnificently. All the performers, moreover, without exception, are MALE, and all are young and handsome. A few dress as virile men, but most appear as beautiful girls, dressed in exquisite gowns by Fath or Dior.





... Merry Madhouse ...







Chery PARKER



BAMBI



RUBIS

... le Carrousel ...

These gentlemen are "artistes" of the highest caliber, and sing French songs with great flair. The entire show is rapid and zippy without a single dull moment — Robert Lasquin, the director, sees to that. The permanent company consists of such attractions as Bambi, Everest, and Sone Teal, crowned by the splendor of its resident star, Coccinelle. There are many others, as well as guest performers and a small but top-notch orchestra.



SYLVAIN



MICAELLI



MICAELLI

KARINA et JOSÉ

... Coccinelle ...



Claude CHRISTY



T. C. Jones . . . Clown in a Gown



na Shearer
as
Juliet



T. C. Jones in his dressing room. Closely shaven head aids in applying female wigs and make-up.

T. C. Jones . . . Clown in a Gown

T. C. Jones became famous as a female impersonator when he was a featured performer of the renowned "Jewel Box Revue." At that time, because of his gamin features and pert, slim figure he played the "glamour gal" roles. But his real forte was comedy. He soon took the antics he'd been regaling his fellow-impersonators with backstage, and tried them before the footlights. The audiences ate it up. Jones went on his own and is now a smash-hit wherever he appears. His hilarious imitations of actresses — Bette Davis, Katherine Hepburn, Tallulah — have won him international acclaim not only from the critics but even from the women whose roles he satirizes.





One fact seems to stand out concerning the most successful Female Mimics: off-stage, in real life, they are normal, well-adjusted males. Many are married and have children. They might be compared to the cut-up who turns a "dead" party into a lively one by swiping some lady's lipstick and donning a mop for a wig. Actors with a flair for comedy and an uninhibited love of buffoonery, like T. C. Jones, could just as easily be successful in the conventional manner — but he believes his appeal is stronger as a Female Mimic.



T. C. Jones . . . Clown in a Gown



MR.

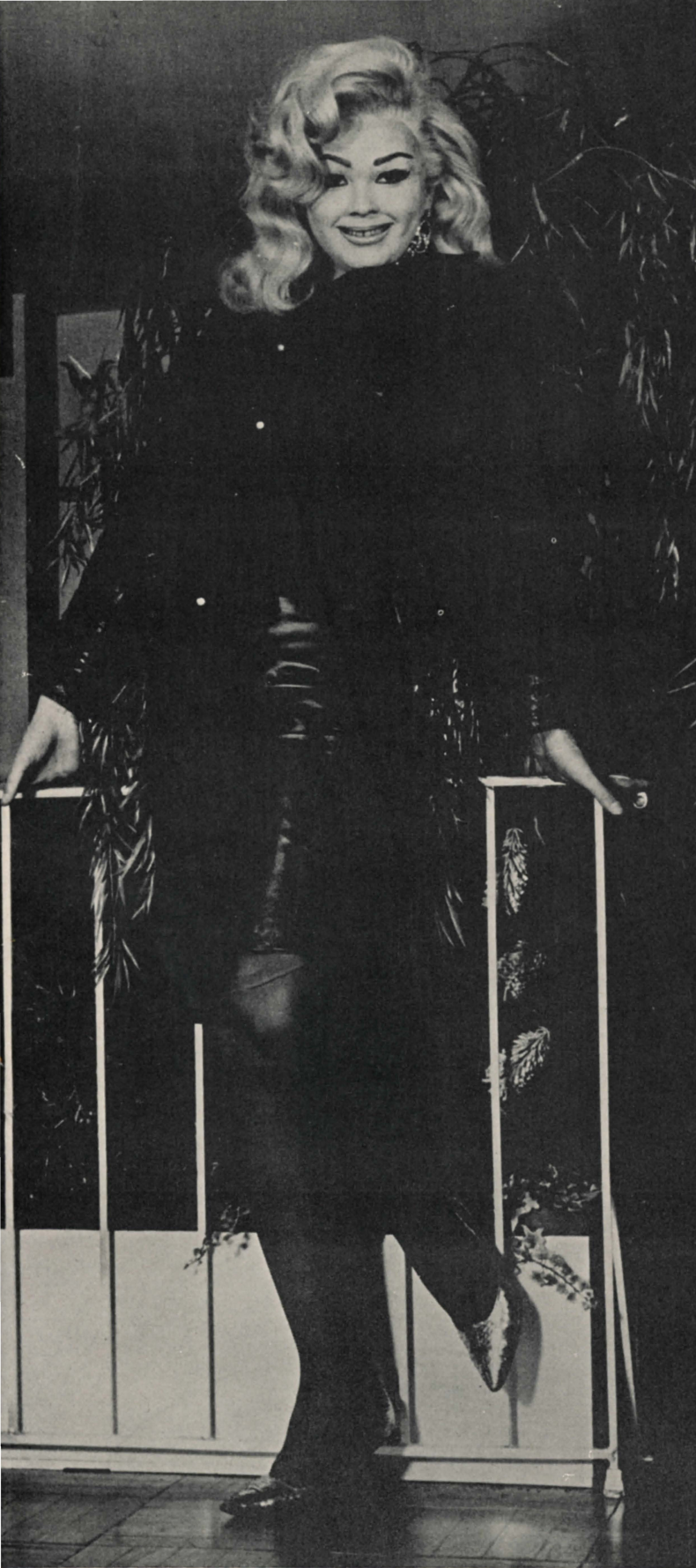
FEMALE

MIMIC:

KIM

AUGUST





FEMALE MIMICS salutes one of America's foremost impersonators — the dazzling, the incredible Kim August. When in costume, Kim's remarkably mobile features have been likened to such entirely different personages as Peggy Lee, Jayne Mansfield, Susan Heyward, and Lena Horne. Currently, Kim is star of the spectacular revue at New York's 82 Club. He



makes full use of the club's wardrobe, lighting, and stage facilities to add to the authenticity of his acts. Pictured here in his swank East Side penthouse, Kim demonstrates the technique he uses to transform himself from a virile man to the unbelievably realistic likenesses of some of the world's most beautiful women.





But Mr. August's real talent lies in his ability to re-create the exact voices and gestures of top singers. Seeing him on stage, one would swear that he is actually the woman he's impersonating or that the voice is coming from hidden loudspeakers. But the only tricks Kim



uses are his wigs, make-up and "falsies." The voice is his own — and he can pitch it to a torchy contralto or a sweet soprano.





The well-known writer and reporter, Carlson Wade, was lucky enough to get the following personal interview with this amazing Female Mimic:



HOW KIM AUGUST BECAME A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR

an exclusive interview

by

Carlson Wade

Beneath the ornate gold star on the door of the dressing room was fastened a silken bouquet into which were woven the words: "KIM AUGUST." Two soft raps on the door and it opened. A gorgeous blonde chorine, with a baby doll expression, clad in a skin-tight satin sheath, slit at the knee, smiled and asked, "Yes?"

I swallowed hard. "Pardon me, but I'm here to interview Kim August." I was tempted to ask what a long-legged creature with a well-filled bodice and trim hips

was doing in a man's dressing room, but decided against it.

The blonde smiled, darted a pointed tongue over beestung lips, then opened the door much wider. "Won't you come in?"

Hesitantly, I entered the dressing room, cluttered with fish net hosiery, velvet and gold garter straps, bloomers and panties of every colorful description, rainbow-hued slips and an assortment of dazzling stage costumes ranging from a Marie Antoinette wedding gown to a modern black satin

cocktail gown. Wigs on head blocks were on a small stand beside the traditional dressing table, mirror framed with a series of bright bulbs. On this table were jars of theatrical makeup, rouge, lipstick, perfumes and other crystal bottles. But Kim August was nowhere in sight. I turned to see the bewitching lips of the blonde chorine turn up into a smile. As if reading my thoughts, she said in a whisper-like voice.

"Fooled you, didn't I?" The blonde crossed her legs lazily as

she sat down before the dressing table and ran her red-tipped fingers up and down the sleek length of her calves. Then she reached up, tugged at the gold-locks of her hair — it came free! It was a wig! A throaty laugh and then, "I'm Kim August." The voice was now distinctly masculine.

Kim August — a robust young man, prominent cheekbones emphasizing deep set eyes, thick black hair and a masculine quality that would set the heart strings of any girl into a wild dance. Kim August, one of the most sensational names in the world of today's show business — *a female impersonator*. And he had deceived even me!

"That performance was better than the audience sees on stage," was the only remark I could make as I gathered my pride. "Kim, everybody is wondering about you. Not only do most people — men and women — wonder about

the private life of a female impersonator, but they're curious to know how you got into this side of show business! How does it feel to be a man in every sense of the word . . . and appear before an audience dressed like a gorgeous female, defying detection?"

Kim smiled as he began slipping out of his satin sheath. "It's the most wonderful feeling in the world. How does any performer feel when portraying a role? He wants to give the best within him. That's exactly what I, as a female impersonator, try to do." Kim August went on to explain that he had to get dressed for the next performance so we could chat while he made a transformation. We were backstage in his private dressing room at one of New York's leading night spots. A bright, neon-lit establishment on West Third Street in the famed Greenwich Village area of this city, this night club was known for presenting the most unusual in

shows. Good taste was the rule and Kim August's performance met those qualifications.

Clad in a pair of satin panties, fringed with rose shirring and a padded bra with lovely matchstick straps, Kim peeled down his fish net hosiery; then he dipped his fingers in a jar of vanishing cream and started to remove his makeup. "Back home — that's Winnetka, Illinois, a whistle-stop town near brawling Chicago — my parents were respectable schoolteachers. As an only child, they hoped I would follow in their footsteps. I might have gone into an education career but something happened during high school." Kim's turquoise eyes grew mellow with reminiscences. He splashed some more vanishing cream over his throat and then began removing the makeup with some pink tissues.

"My teen-age years were filled with the usual basketball games, hayrides, proms and dances. On a



an exclusive interview

bulletin board once appeared a notice that a benefit performance was slated for rehearsal. All those who wanted to volunteer, were asked to appear for an audition." Kim pointed out that he had always been interested in the theatre but from a spectator's viewpoint. This appealed to him and he decided to see how it felt to be in the theatre. "To see how the other half lived."

Kim auditioned in the school auditorium's stage. "Not until the drama coach okayed me, did I discover what the whole play was about. It was one of those typical school capers — the story centered around a mistake made when a college boy receives an invitation to join an all-girl sorority. You see, in the play, the boy's name is Jean DuVal. He's of French extraction and his name is spelled the same way. He's about to explain the error when some of the fraternity seniors tell him that if he wants to join their group, he'll have to go through an initiation — in this situation, Jean has to dress up as a female and appear at the sorority for membership."

Kim clapped both hands together and rocked back in his seat with mirth. "Can you imagine what a dilemma *that* would be? Well, the drama coach said they had finished casting and only *one* role was open. You guessed it: the role of Jean DuVal."

"Did you accept it without hesitation?" was my query.

Kim shook his handsome head. "At first, I turned it down. But the coach told me that some of the greatest performances have been made by impersonators. The Japanese always used boys who

(Continued on page 60)





The Girls by Stanton



She - Males

... a miscellany of mimics ...



Jack Lemmon & Tony Curtis
in "Some Like It Hot"



... Tanya, of Mexico City ...



... Lou Pearson ...



... Sone Teal ...



... The Princeton Triangle
Club's Annual Show ...



... Ray Leen ...

... Kitt Russell ...



RITA DEL ORO



... Jackie Maye ...



Mr. Gene Avery



Mr. Terry Noel



Mr. Johnny Marsh



Mr. Jan Taylor

... Scenes from New York's "82 Club"...



"Boys Will be Girls!"



PRODUCED, STAGED AND DIRECTED
BY **KITT RUSSELL**



Confusin... but always Amusin!



Paint, Powder, and — Padding

That was no lady — it was my brother!



... Clothes make the Woman!





... a miscellany of mimics ...



EVEREST



PAMELA



ROMANCE



CAPRICE



Dany DAN

She - Males



FLORENCE



CRICRI MORY



"Boys Will be Girls!"



CAPUCINE

... Clothes

make

the Woman!



KIKI MOUSTIC



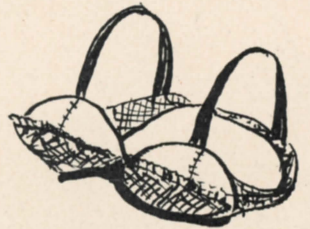
... Scenes from New York's "82 Club" ...



Paint,



Powder, and — Padding!



... a miscellany of mimics ...



... That was no lady -
it was my brother!



"Boys

Will be

Girls!"



She - Males



... a miscellany of mimics ...



FEMALE — FOR FUN

... BURMA ...



... BURMA ...



That's not his real name. He's a hair-dresser and prefers to remain anonymous. "Burma" poses occasionally as a model, and performs for benefits, but never professionally. A number of

FEMALE —

casting agents have tried to book him, but Burma steadfastly refuses, explaining that he likes the vocation of beautician best. How did he get started on his unusual hobby? He says it all began when he borrowed a customer's wig to wear to a mas-



FUN



FOR

querade party. He won first prize — and the judges were flabbergasted when he removed not only his mask, but his wig and his falsies! Ever since, Burma has practiced the art of female impersonation, to the delight of his many friends — but only for fun!



... **BURMA** . . . 55



a Real woman!

If we didn't mention her name it wouldn't matter — the whole world knows this ex-soldier who became front page news when he was transformed from a male to a female by an operation in Denmark. Christine Jorgenson started a controversy among doctors and law-makers that is still unsolved. Although she cannot be called a Female Mimic, this brave person deserves a place among these pages. The notoriety and criticism that the operation caused had some good effects for Christine, however — she was able to achieve her dream of becoming a star. She has played to SRO crowds on stages and in nite clubs all over the world.





FRANCIS IS SICK BUT I THINK I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL REPLACEMENT FROM THE VILLAGE, **BOBBY VINCENT!**

OH!? I.I., DO HOPE HE'S AS GOOD AS FRANCIS!



"TRANVESTISM TODAY"

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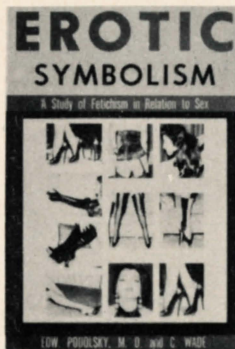


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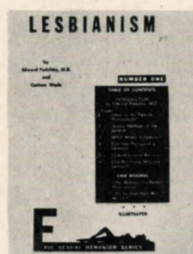
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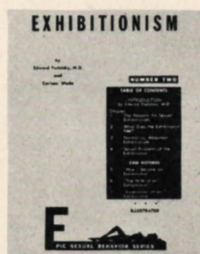


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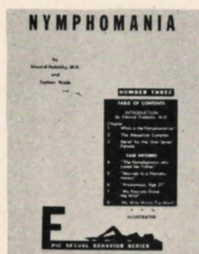
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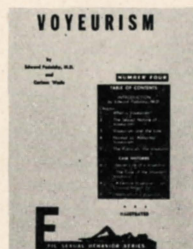
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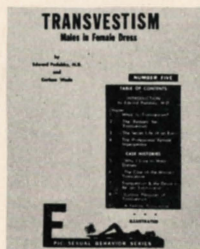
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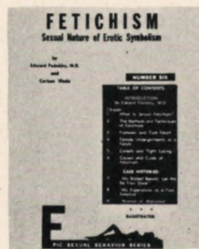
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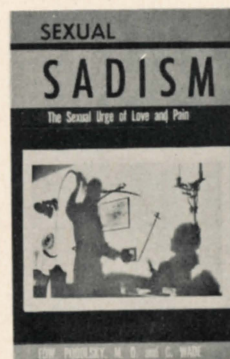
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...an exclusive interview...



(Continued from page 40)

impersonated girls. The same was done in Elizabethan days in England. Even some of our most clasiscal operas — such as *Der Rosenkavalier* and that holiday

gem, *Hansel and Gretel* use a boy who dresses and performs as a girl. The drama coach said it was a challenge to my ability — and I had to display good school spirit in accepting that challenge. Be-



sides, it was for a school benefit so," Kim shrugged muscular shoulders, "how could I refuse?"

Kim recalled that he was a sensation. His movements, gestures, knack for makeup, costumes, even his voice was so flawless that many in the audience doubted that this was a young man, dressed as a female. "Even backstage, a few diehards insisted that I was a fraud. It was embarrassing, but they had to be convinced." It was this small role that made Kim realize a whole new world of female impersonations was open for him. Dramatic teachers urged him to continue in his desires to become an actor. "Of course, their ideas of impersonating were different from what eventually happened." Kim acted straight roles, received good reviews, then performed in little theatre groups and several summer stock companies in and around Chicago. "Many of my parts were distinctly masculine. But I gave a terrific show in *Charley's Aunt*, and other plays where the leading hero assumes the guise and personality of a female." Kim dug into a cardboard box and removed a sheaf of newspaper clippings. Glancing through them told me how well-received his performances were by leading critics.



"What did your parents say about your ambitions?" It had been my experience, after having interviewed hundreds of show people, that many parents view their offsprings' theatrical ambitions with reactions of scandalous alarm. "That is, Kim, did they approve of your dressing in female clothes?"

"Not quite," Kim reflected sadly, a shadow crossing his Grecian features. "As you know, they were bookwormish folks; don't misunderstand me, they were the most wonderful parents a kid could want. I loved them as much as life itself. But after I got a taste of show business, I knew that I could never be happy as a schoolteacher in a stuffy room. Well, I told them about my performances, of course. They saw each one. And while they had planned another future for me, they wanted me to be happy so agreed that I should continue on with my ambitions."

Kim pointed out that his parents, and friends, thought his role as an impersonator in a dramatic play was quite unusual. "But when a night club talent scout offered me a fill-in part in a plush set-up on Downtown State Street, you know, just South of the Loop in the Windy City, it made me hesitate." Kim recalled that he had gone to see the manager, thinking his performance might be that of a singer or dancer or as a "straight man." But the manager said their club wanted unusual acts and needed a good female impersonator.

It was a side of show business he had heard of, but never thought he would be a part of! "The pay offer was so fantastic that I could

not resist."

"The very idea of appearing, that first performance, as a Female Mimic, made me so embarrassed," recalls Kim, "that I closed tight my false eyelashes and did not have the courage to look at my audience. Luckily, the bright spotlight shut out everyone." Kim stood up, running strong fingers up and down his well-developed chest, across his unbelievably narrow "figure 8" waistline, then down taut flanks and sleek thighs. "Just imagine . . . there I was — Mr. Kim August, although the audience did not believe it — in my first role as a full-featured female impersonator — and I had stage-fright!"

Kim confided that he was so ashamed of this first performance that he ran off the stage and locked himself in his dressing room. Not until the stage manager kept banging on his door, urging him to heed the pleas of the audience for an encore, did he make a timid appearance. The applause of the audience was like music to his ears. They enjoyed his performance. They cheered him. They wanted more! Since applause is the life blood of any show folk, Kim August responded like a trouper. And he has been at it, ever since!

From that day on, he played as an impersonator in many of the best clubs in the Midwest, then in Las Vegas and Reno, and a few overlooking plush Nob Hill in San Francisco; his name has been in lights in Los Angeles on the famed Sunset Strip and also flashed on marquees in the better show places in New York's Broadway, Greenwich Village and even in those sedate supper clubs on



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ADULT READING

Newsweek

November 26, 1962

NAKED LUNCH

By William Burroughs



As an added complication, the book is as obscene as anything ever written; it had trouble with the U.S. postal authorities in the three years since Burroughs finished it in 1959, the grounds for the trouble, curiously enough, being pornography. The criterion of pornography is that it must excite so-called normal people to lust. Since the only effect "Naked Lunch" will have on anyone's daughter is to make her swear off sex for two years, the charge is nonsense, and has been so recognized.

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John Ciardi, The Saturday Review:

"NAKED LUNCH is writing of an order that may be clearly defended not only as a masterpiece of its own genre, but as a monumentally moral descent into the hell of narcotic addiction. . . .

Jack Kerouac:

"Burroughs is the greatest satirical writer since Jonathan Swift . . . The net result of NAKED LUNCH will be to make people shudder at their own lies, will be to make them open up and be straight with one another. Swift and Rabelais and Sterne accomplished a step in that direction, and Burroughs another."

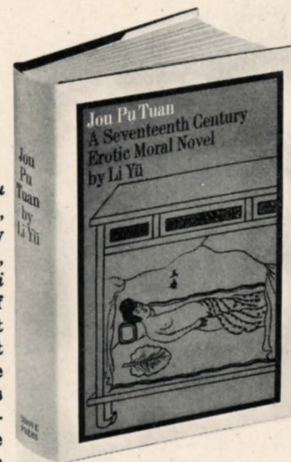
Jou Pu Tuan

by Li Yü

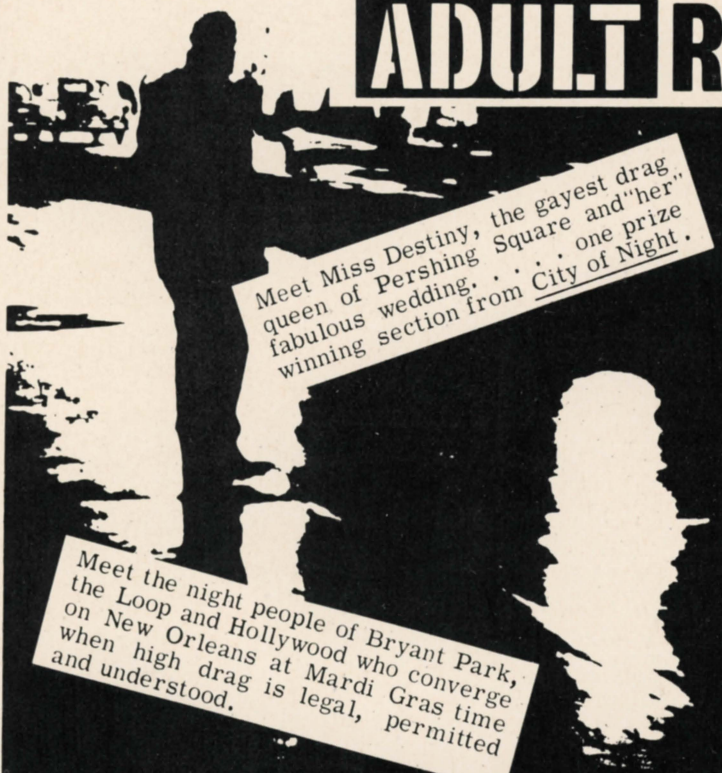
Translated by Richard Martin
from the German version

by Dr. Franz Kuhn

According to the best information, *Jou Pu Tuan* is a novel of the Ming period, first published in 1634 and written by Li Yü, the famous dramatist, novelist, and essayist. Like the *Chin P'ing Mei* (*The Golden Lotus*), it is the story of one man and six women, and like that other classic of Chinese literature, it mixes the erotic and the moral in a tale designed to amuse the reader as well as reform him, to give him, in the typically sharp image of the author, "the bitter olive of morality embedded in the sweet flesh of dates."



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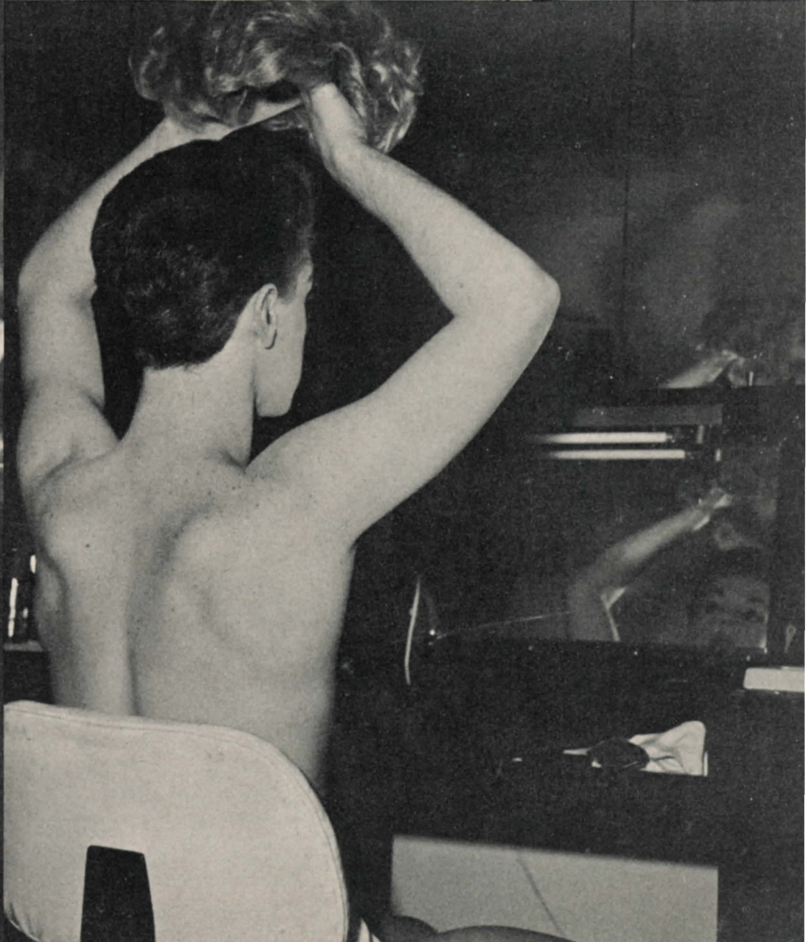


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Afterwards, the show's director encouraged him to audition for the Jewel Box upon their return to the States. After two years experience in the revue's chorus line, Marilyn left the company to try his luck as a solo performer. He's already well on the road to stardom, as another exciting, fascinating contributor to that special form of entertainment . . . **FEMALE MIMICS !!!**
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