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TRANSVESTIA

Celebrate the gentle art of being a woman.

Because being a woman — is everything.



P A U L A

VOL. XVIII

For The Heterosexual Crossdresser

NO. 105

PUBLICATION POLICY

TRANSVESTIA is composed primarily of material submitted by its readers. Fiction, articles, histories, true experiences, letters, poems, pictures — all are welcome. The greater the variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be for all. It is published for the enjoyment of all heterosexual crossdressers and as your magazine, your support is needed. Material is solicited on the following basis:

1. All contributions resulting in five or more printed pages will be entitled to one free copy of the magazine whether that issue or any other. Such free copies will become payable upon publishing of the material, not upon submission. There is no way to determine in advance which issue a particular piece will appear in, so please do not ask for a free copy of the issue in which your contribution will appear. After it has appeared you will be sent a credit slip for any issue.
2. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and the free issue payment will be based on the final printed page. Shorter material will simply be accepted as your contribution to the interest and enjoyment of all readers of Transvestia.
3. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
4. Off-color material will not be printed and thus should not be submitted. The Editor reserves the right to be the sole judge of suitability and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is considered in the best interest of the Transvestia to do so.

PURPOSE OF TRANSVESTIA

TRANSVESTIA is dedicated to the needs of those heterosexual persons who have become aware of their "second self" and seek to express it. The magazine provides :

Education — Entertainment — Expression

to help its readers achieve —

Understanding — Self Acceptance — Peace Of Mind

in place of loneliness, fear and self condemnation they have known for too long.

TRANSVESTIA does not condemn nor judge the fields of homosexuality, bondage, domination or fetishism. These are left to others to develop. They are not part of the areas of interest of this Magazine.

TRANSVESTIA seeks to gather information and to disseminate it to interested persons in the medical, legal counseling and scientific professions to further their knowledge about this little understood field.

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For the Heterosexual Crossdresser

NO. 105

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FOUNDER and EDITOR

EMERITUS

Virginia Prince

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Editors Choice

I've been getting around the country these last few months. It's been grand to visit individual crossdressers as well as visiting whole chapters of Tri-ESs sorority. I have found that the closeness that comes through association with other like-minded crossdressers brings a peace and contentment that is difficult to explain.

There are so many crossdressers out there who are so lonely and confused. I have had the privilege to receive literally thousands of letters from such persons and on occasion I have been able to lead them into The Society For The Second Self - Tri-Ess Sorority, for short. After awhile I hear from them again, telling me of their happiness and how thrilled they are now that they are no longer alone.

We just came off of this year's convention in San Francisco where we had a most satisfying experience.

We stayed at a very nice 17 story hotel where people did not bother us. We hadn't even told the staff at the hotel about us. They didn't care as long as we behaved ourselves - and paid our bill.

We even had a private bus take us around San Francisco. We had the opportunity to get

Carol Beecroft

out on occasion and take pictures (of ourselves, of course). and the bus driver really warmed to us. We offered to allow him to dress up, too, so he wouldn't feel "strange," but he deferred. It seemed that everyone was not that interested as long as we acted like ladies.

The girls were able to shop at the very nicest stores and still no one was upset by our presence. I went in to a small shop, with Norma, and purchased a beautiful blouse. It certainly had to be obvious to the saleslady who waited on us that I was not for real, but she didn't let on - I guess she liked my money. There's a moral to that statement. Anyway, we also went into a very nice shoe store where I was waited on by a nice gentleman. I tried on several pairs of shoes and was treated just like other women. What fun! And the girls in San Francisco really dress to the hilt so I felt at home in my pretty clothes as Norma and I walked around downtown San Francisco.



We located a great wig-store where the ladies allowed the girls (we came as a group, later on,) to try on wigs and the hairdressers even combed the wigs on our hair. Please note one of the new wigs that I purchased. It's a "Gibson Girl" type. I just love it!

Eating out? Well, we went to a number of nice and most elegant restaurants that certainly couldn't be blind (or deaf) and yet we were all treated like ladies who were eating out. Just goes to show you that as long as you act like a lady, you'll be treated like one.

The girls wore beautiful clothing and all of them looked and acted like the wonderful girls that they are. You certainly missed a grand time in San Francisco. Don't allow this to happen again. Come to New Orleans in 1982 in late March. The weather is great at that time of the year and we will be staying at a very elegant hotel. It will be first class all the way!! Please, only write if you're really interested in attending the convention.

⑨ ☺ ©

The writer professes to be an active crossdresser for most of her life. She has indicated that she has had many interesting experiences and has wanted to write about them for some time. So here is one of our anonymous friend's "encounters."

⑨ ☺ ©

you will find them enjoyable.....
I most certainly did.

Several years ago I was a college student at a small university in the southwest part of the country. I lived by myself in a large, pleasant house very closely associated with the campus. My life in this house was very comfortable, and a bit lonely. However, I had a close circle of friends....the closest being female.

At this time in my life I was having a great amount of trouble resolving transvestism with a "normal life". The major problem revolved around the inner need to be honest with loved ones and being able to relate to them some working knowledge about emotional and material needs. But what would their reaction be? What things are best left untouched? The usual anxieties...I have resolved to tell you the story of how I came to resolve this conflict with one person.

I had a friend who I shall call Susan. Now Susan lived in an apartment approximately six city blocks from my house; was very attractive; and was a graduate student in the social sciences. We enjoyed each others company to a

considerable extent and engaged in many activities together, though our sexual encounters, by mutual understanding, had not gone past the "heavy petting stage". I never let Susan know of my transvestite inclinations and as far as I am aware, I never provided her with physical evidence suggestive of this condition.

There are times, however, when one wonders about the powers of insight. One evening, after an enjoyable time at a local theater, upon returning to Susan's apartment, I had remarked that a dress hanging in a cleaner's bag near the door was attractive. I had seldom, if ever, made such remarks. . .but there it was. Susan quickly responded, "It would probably just fit you." I was happy to observe that there was a playful gleam in her eyes and that the comment was not to be taken seriously. And so the incident passed and after a while we parted, she with her thoughts and I with my fertile imagination.

I should be honest with you at this point. I have been a very active transvestite since early childhood. I would "dress" at nearly every opportunity. . .secretly and so very carefully. Elaborate escape plans for even short night walks were the norm. A walk to a certain location would be carefully rehearsed and would have various details carefully memorized well before the time of

departure. Due to the tension involved, these walks were not always enjoyable and did not contribute anything of significance to my life.

Susan was a very serious person. I had come to trust her. . . . to pay attention to her opinions. She was also a careful scholar and able to adhere to the processes of intellectual decision making. I had often kidded her about such things as "what would you think if you knew the real me" and she would most often return the inquiry to me. She once retorted that, in her opinion, the most terrible thing that could befall a person was to go through the experience of being stripped naked to the very center of your being and not being found with some curious eccentricity.

And so, on one fateful Thursday evening, after a period of several weeks of grading undergraduate term papers, she called me and asked that I come over to her apartment "just as you are". I had no idea if she might have had any ulterior motives. . . .and I am quite sure that she did not. I knew that I certainly did as I was about to set out on one of my secretive walks down a rainy residential street and was lucky to be home to answer the telephone in the first place. I was terribly frustrated at the time of her call. Susan's call only hastened the inevitable. . . .the time for the taking of a prudent risk had clearly come in my life. Before hanging up, I told her that I would be there in a half hour and that I felt that I needed a little comfort and understanding. This was a very common comment from me. I then made the decision to be honest and hope that my life would not be shaken to the roots for making such a radical disclosure. I hastened to make the necessary additional preparations.

Do you ever wonder if you look ludicrous? Can I really "pass" or is it just my imagination? There I was standing before the mirror looking at an image with which I had become very familiar. Tall, dark-haired, given to the wearing of high heels, wearing a conservative out-

fit. . .dark pleated skirt, white blouse, a blazer, and overcoat, a small backpack, and some jewelry. Would this image be devastating to her? I made some adjustments. Changed shoes to low sandals. . . . worked on the makeup a little more. . . .and placed a pair of very tall heels in my pack. I looked at myself from a number of angles and then went outside and closed the door. I very much wanted to do what lay before me and, as a consequence, there was no inner struggling. I proceeded on my way without hesitation.

The night was dark. . . .the rain had stopped and there were only a few people on the street. I intentionally crossed the narrow sidewalk. A lady smiled - so did I. . . .nothing alarming. Down to the corner of a busy street I went, waited at a crosswalk, several people on a bus stop bench watched me approach. Ordinarily, I would have avoided this sort of situation. I even paused to read the posted bus schedule. It seemed that no one cared to pay attention.

My quiet steps quickly moved along and the six blocks were traversed. All through this time I was very aware that I was so tall, yet personified in such a female manner, and so very vulnerable. I am sure that most of you have gone through this type of experience. So far from home and so alone!

The plan was to enter the apartment building by way of a flight of steps in the rear. The apartments were arranged around an inner courtyard; Susan's apartment being on the third and top floor. I met a young lady coming down these well-lighted stairs apparently on her way to the parking lot. Her eyes met mine and I managed a second smile and was greeted with a reassuring "hi!". I then did something unplanned. . . . I went into a first floor alcove where an ice machine was located and changed shoes, to the ones that I had been carrying. I found myself striding up the last flight of stairs in something other than normal street wear. There would be no explaining my behavior as a casual practical joke. Even though I was nervous, I managed a single knock on her door.

And there she was. The

pause was only a few seconds long. It was quite obvious that this was planned to be a special evening. . . .she had prepared too and was radiant. Her reaction was one of brief amazement. . . . both of her hands were held in front of her mouth for a brief moment. . . .then it passed. "Come on in", was all she said and I immediately skipped the few lines I had thought to say. Instead, I told her that I hoped that I had not shocked her too badly and that we had some interesting things to talk about. In the next few minutes she accepted me. . . .Susan had previously constructed a reasonably accurate picture of my personality and found my present behavior to be consistent with what she already knew.

Although we never married, Susan remains my dear friend. I hope to join your society as well.

Sincerely,

"Ann"

Janet Lee (NY-303-F) dedicates the following poem to her sister who passed away six years ago.

TO MY BELOVED SISTER

A long time back I must admit there came a certain glow,

Of when my sister dressed me up and to mother she did show.

I remember feeling special and so electrified.

An emotion that ran deep and strong it could not be denied.

I didn't understand back then of what this could actually be

But something really special that allowed me to be ME!!

COVER GIRL



Lady Paula
Howard

Back in the fabulous fifties, contemporarily ultra-feminine in a king-sized, cartwheel black velvet hat and, thanks to a smart fashion photographer, I graced the front cover of the leading American crossdressing magazine – Transvestia – and during the same month, the President of the giant American corporation for which I then worked, made the cover of Time Magazine.

Quite a few years later, I was on every United Kingdom breakfast table from the Shetlands to the Scillies, having made the front page of a five million circulation Sunday paper. The President of the company I worked for had no answer to that - he had already worked himself out and gone on to whatever Happy Hunting Ground is reserved for deceased chief executives of the world's largest corporations. All of which seems to me to be trying to prove something or the other - though I can't quite think what.

Maybe it's just that being an extroverted crossdresser can be a whole lot of fun and less hard on the arteries and the central nervous system than being in the great Industrial rat race.

Yes, I guess that's the message I was getting and which I am now giving. If you can stay out of trouble with Society, crossdressing can be fun – life viewed from the other side of the dark mirror is very interesting. And I hold to that view notwithstanding the gloomy words of my dictionary which defines Transvestism as "a morbid preoccupation with dressing in the clothes of the opposite sex!"

Crossdressing can be fun!! You like that line? Well, you can't have it – as of now it is copyright and all who use it

in song or story shall see my writ! Onward then to explain how and why and where I have enjoyed my life in that state — and what Society does, or tries to do, to you if being otherwise genetically determined by nature, you elect to live out your social life in the role of a woman.

But how do I treat this subject with lightness and with whimsey while still being suitably serious and without overstepping the frontiers of good taste? Admittedly, these days, they are shadowy and illmarked; but they are there (somewhere) and must be respected, so I shall devise a way of staying within them having no passport, nor wanting any, for the Never-Never land of Porn. It won't be too hard though as humour dignifies all things save the tax return and the dentist's chair. So perhaps if I put my sense of humor in top gear and aim to keep it there nobody will get injured (or bored) too much. Unless it's me! And to prove my sincerity I won't weary you with the customary outpouring about "My First Venture Into Skirts." I can't remember anyway!

Most crossdressers pour out their story at the drop of an eyelash and invariably it is given in the form of long and highly stylised accounts of how they were first dressed as girls - usually. It often was the story of a fond mother who had wanted a girl or a bored serving wench in the family home, or a stern and punitive butch aunt. And thereafter, the accounts go, they were hooked on frocks and frills and furbelows. Often blamed, too, are older sisters, seducing young brothers into dresses which the poor lads are unable to resist.

In the light of my own experience, I find that none of the

above things happened to me. Certainly nobody ever conned me into skirts but even if they had, I am quite sure that only am already builtin preference for being dressed and treated as a little girl could have kept me in them.

Many crossdressers are rather effeminate. Such effeminacy is not really surprising. After all, the dedicated crossdresser's aim is to simulate, as far as his physical limitations and his cosmetic skills will allow, the appearance and behavior of a woman. I guess that if women slept every night standing up in a corner like so many umbrellas or walked on their hands, then crossdressers would want to copy those mores, too.

The great majority of crossdressers, when in their feminine role, are just openly happy to accept little social courtesies from men and, otherwise, to conduct themselves in as womanly a manner as may be. A small and noisy minority militantly protest their essential masculinity (despite all the cosmetics and feminine clothing) at every opportunity but I don't think that they are very much believed.

In transvestite folk lore we come to the famous Guilt Complex. Most of us are blighted with this during those early years when we are seriously worried about this peculiarity and very often are convinced that they are the only unfortunate males on earth so afflicted. Of course now that there are helpful and enlightened crossdressing organizations like Tri-Ess around, these worries do not last long. But despite this, crossdressers are commonly frenetically anxious to find some way of socially rationalizing their dressing as women. One of the most frequent ploys is to urge

on any listener that they have been able to corner that in days gone by, many famous, brave, pioneering and demonstrably virile males have been crossdressers, too. They reinforce these shadowy bits of antiquity by asserting that most of the crossdressers they know, or have heard of, are to be found in the strongly male-oriented vocations.

It is also urged that crossdressers tend to indulge enthusiastically and competently in sports such as football, motor racing, and, for all I know, pig-sticking and tiger shooting and Russian roulette as well. Now all this may be true but as a combined explanation and justification of dressing as a woman while being still, at heart, one-of-the-boys, I never find it very convincing. Personally I find no difficulty in imagining a rugby-playing, beer-swilling, speedway-racing, rock-climbing, and much decorated military lothario who, in the privacy of his boudoir, is as Gay as the Gordons and as Camp as a Row of Tents on Salisbury Plain. As a matter of fact, I could touch one or two with a very short stick!

The excuses are always unconvincing (to me) and why explain anyway? If you don't have to? Admittedly, crossdressing is hardly a social asset in what currently passes for polite society but trying to justify or glorify it is unlikely to make life any easier for either the crossdresser or the straight folk he lives and works among. For example, if the boss finds out that his star salesman habitually dresses as a woman in his spare time he is unlikely to fire him as long as his sales figures are high and look like staying that way; conversely, it is a short trip to the door when sales are bad. When on very rare occasions

I end up in my male attire I encounter my neighbors, they either fail to recognize me or, upon recognizing, prefer to ignore my male self.

This brings me to some carefully considered broader comments on "Society and the Habitual Crossdresser" as I see it.

I think that if he/she dresses and makes up well and appropriately for the feminine role chosen, the average citizen will accept him/her in that role. And for this to be so it does not seem necessary for that citizen to be wholly convinced that you are a woman. As far as the public at large is concerned, you are dressed as one, you are conducting yourself inoffensively as one and it is obvious that you wish to be accepted as one. So, "O.K. mate - no worries!" seems to be the attitude. Thus in some circumstances, even if detected or suspected, the crossdresser can expect to be treated with civility and ordinary respect - even if outgoing, enthusiastic friendliness is withheld. Naturally this will not apply if you are so unconvincing that you are pushing your luck quite a bit even to put your nose outside your own front door. A crossdresser in this unfortunate category, when out in public, can expect a reaction ranging from immoderate hilarity to acute embarrassment.

Similarly, the crossdresser who misbehaves, asks for trouble or if he is one who frequents places where trouble-spinners congregate, he should not expect the characters at such places to act like Sunday School children. Likewise, if the crossdresser goes out looking like one of the girls who sit in lighted shop-windows in Hamburg's Reeperbahn, he can expect all sorts of unpleasant things to happen. Don't be surprised by a visit from the cop on the beat or a date in court or an

inspection by the prowler-car to make sure that you are harmless.

In their relations with Society, most crossdressers know all the above and manage to stay out of trouble.

But merely staying out of trouble is, like Patriotism, not enough. If one is to avoid the shattering loneliness of the closet crossdresser, he must make some friends. One should not merely aim to relate broadly to Society at large - must also aim to relate with some degree of intimacy and understanding to a limited sector of it. And "Aye, there's the rub!" But in this area my gentle cynicisms may be of interest; I can claim, at least, to have been over all the jumps and whenever I have fallen I have taken the trouble to find out why.

For a crossdresser to relate satisfactorily to Society and to acquire real social friends is not impossible. Not quite! But for such friendships to be worth much, he/she should be able to mix with those friends in a range of normal situations.

You will find that the straight friends that you have and who are quite happy to like and accept your chosen gender role are too often fettered by their own real or imagined obligations to their own environment. They naturally have their own friends who they assume will be very non-accepting of their association with you.

And then, of course, there are the children.

Children, above cradle age, are usually a major obstacle to the crossdressers social acceptance. Most parents, however swinging, wife-swapping, group-sex-loving and utterly tolerant of other people's fads they may be, are wary of exposing their young to possible contamination by an "Auntie" whom nature designed as an "Uncle." They

seldom come right out and tell you so but you are enabled to learn that they fear some nameless and dire damage to the and morals of their children. And so the crossdresser must expect to receive such qualified invitations as "Oh, DO come and see us - just anytime. But not until after the kids are asleep, if you don't mind." You then suffer a sharp pang of rejection and a fit of ego-deflation from which only hard cases recover quickly.

But recover, fast or not - you have come up sharply against one of the bastion defenses of society and the best that you can do while recovering is to comfort yourself with some largely correct, if bitchy, reflection. You can say to yourself that, compared with you in your role of Auntie," (with your good clothes and grooming) you are quite sure that much more permanent damage will be done to Bill and Gloria's brats by other features in their family life. For example, their exposure to Gloria's genetically-conventional, patronising, over-weight, denim-wrapped, raucous and neurotic friends and kinsfolk! And with such not wholly untruthful bitchiness, you drive the rejection from your doorstep - and try again, this time among the childless.

As a crossdresser with a place, however ill defined, and tenuous, in the daily life of a great city, one makes many interesting friendships. Especially is this so if, in spite of being well turned-out and generally credible, one is not impenetrably disguised as a woman - and to a shrewd observer, very few crossdressers are.

Most adults seem to find the crossdresser intriguing. they become consumed with cu-

riosity and at parties — especially where you are the only crossdresser present (and there largely as a gimmick and a conversation piece for your straight friends) — you get cornered and quizzed inevitably. Wives, often urged on by their husbands, are quite uninhibited in the questions they pose when they have you corralled in the restroom. Here are a few of the classic enquiries I recall from the nightmare past when I didn't know how to answer: (whispered) Have you had the operation?; Is it true that hormones can give you cancer? Don't you have trouble with men?; What do you do about sex?

I have had many talks both at parties and on social levels, with psychiatrists, psychologists and marriage guidance folk, whose lot it is to try to cope with the problems of the crossdressers and their wives. I enjoy these chats and I feel that they make some sort of contribution to a contemporary problem because I have a lot of personal experience to draw upon and can communicate with clarity when necessary. I tell what I know and have experienced — willingly because I no longer have anything to lose. But perhaps my main contribution is not one of wisdom but more of what in play writing is known as "dramatic relief;" I have an unquenchable sense of humor about being a fulltime crossdresser and maybe that lightens what is otherwise a rather doleful subject for psychiatrists. Best of all, for them, is the fact that I am not continually invading their consulting rooms frenetically wanting genital surgery — those radical measures which could never make me a real Woman.

So we talk. But mainly, after the classic couch-oriented

opening exchange, its all about my way of life. But I live happily with myself and I can act out this developed fantasy without upsetting anyone.

One of the things these good people are interested in is that of my socio-sexual preferences. In what groups do I mix best? In which groups do I, as a pseudo-female, feel happiest and most at home? In practical terms, how does a life, looking at the world from the other side of the mirror, work out for me?

To answer these questions, I have to divide up Society three ways: (1) Straight folks; (2) The gay/Camp Society; and, (3) The other crossdressers.

Despite all the difficulties, reservations, taboos and obstructions I have earlier mentioned, my first preference is for the society of straight people. Until relatively recently all my social friends have been in this category. One of my former wives used to insist that this was because I lived in fear of my female self and that I was striving to keep a foothold in normalcy. But, actually, it's not that at all and at no time have I ever felt any such fear.

The reason for this preference is that the straight world, and my drive for social acceptance in it, presents a constant and a much greater challenge. I have always suffered from social claustrophobia and the crossdressing scene is, regrettably, still an underground, or at any rate, largely a cloistered one.

However, my preference-gap between the straight world and the Gay/Camp world is a rather narrow one and I find it rewarding that I am now accepted in the latter society as well. In general I find it blithe, amusing, alive and intellectually satis-

fying, especially to a writer. And although, deep down, crossdressers (hetero) and homosexuals have little in common, I have received great kindness and good-humored acceptance at the hands of people in the world of the Gay and the Camp people.

And what about other dressers? Well, over the years I have found their society generally unrewarding though there have been notable exceptions. But I guess that's largely my own fault for having carved out a way of life which is not open to more than a small percentage of crossdressers.

It is a regrettable, but inescapable, fact that most of the crossdressers that I have met — even if able to pass satisfactorily in public — have severe restrictions on their freedom and their capacity to socialize with friends of similar inclination. So I find it difficult to have a close and satisfying friendship with another crossdresser who lives in constant fear of exposure to wife family or employers. whose robe is a suitcase hidden in the trunk of the car, and who is only able to dress spasmodically and in such secret that, when he does, his mind is entirely taken up with his own fears and troubles. How do you socialize with a friend who cannot visit your home or invite you to his home to meet his family.

It so happens, though, that the friend who currently pleases me most is both a crossdresser and homosexual and who sees no reason to conceal that fact. In sense of humor and social attitudes we find ourselves with much in accord.

But our relationship is neither homosexual nor heterosexual. It seems to be wholly non-sexual and we behave to each other as if we were females,



or should I say sisters who are much the same age and can and do share experiences.

We are both domestically engaged, she as a housekeeper to a respectable and personable man twice her age, and I in that most demanding of all household responsibilities – housekeeper to myself!! But she has a nine-to-five occupation whereas I am no better than an indolent and self-indulgent writer.

However, knowing “Lana” and her employer-cum-husband, Lane, has given me a new and crystallised outlook on the relationship between homosexuals and crossdressers – since here I have been able to study both phenomena in one outward-looking and articulate personality. May I sum up how I see the matter?

Homosexuals are not generally transvestite and this is really only to be expected since the female image is unattractive, if not repugnant to them. Conversely, crossdressers are not usually actively homosexual. As a rider to this, it is worth contemplating that, to the crossdresser, the act of dressing as a woman is usually not a means to an end but an end in itself and there is no urge to go further. But when crossdressers who are NOT primarily homosexual, do venture into homosexual activities, they do so without any feelings of love for their partners and such sex-acts are no more than a logical extension of their performance of dressing and behaving as a woman does.

In the several years that I have spent in Australia, dressed substantially always as a woman, by night and by day, I have finally learned that most folk are quite relaxed in their attitudes towards me. In shops, offices, beauty salons, theatre foyers, the

member’s enclosure at cricket, or at the races as well as in my friendly neighborhood Wine Bar, I am taken at my own evaluation. Happy with that casual acceptance, I carefully avoid pressing my luck.

In the small quiet apartment that I have lived in for several years, I have no friends; nor do I seek any. On the other hand, I am on nodding or greeting terms with most of the other occupiers when our paths cross in the hall, in the parking lot, at the clothes dryer or up on the sun-roof. New tenants often give the impression of wanting to be friendly and most find some cooked-up excuse to call during their early residence. I used, at first, to find this encouraging but I soon learned that it is no more than understandable curiosity and that they will soon lose all interest. I am just someone rather odd who lives in the place. But on official community occasions, such as when drains are blocked or the state of the gardens demands a determined assault on the managing agents, my support is always sought after as if I were the only person around who could do the job - regardless of how I might dress at times.

I have found that, as to a crossdresser’s close friends who know him only on a social level in his male role, that they will seldom cast him off when they find out that he will spend a great deal of his time in dresses and even likes to be called “Sandra.”

One final thought!

Quite often I have been consulted by crossdressers in their emergent, guilt-ridden stage of development – fearful, worried and conscious stricken. when one has boiled down all the range of doubts and misgiv-

ings it has become apparent that they really only want to talk about themselves to someone they think cannot be censorious and, most significantly of all, they always ask to be told how best to forge on with the building of their female image. I have never been asked “Is there a road back? Would you advise me to take it if there were a way back? This suggests to me that crossdressers are hooked on it from earliest childhood - maybe even earlier.

But had they asked me if, assuming that retreat to “normality” was possible, they should stop and get out now while they still could – I wonder what I would have advised. I think that I would have been inescapably reminded of that very old crack – “Advice to those about to be married! Don’t!” Meaning, “stay out of it if you can – as a life style it’s pretty hard to handle and, like witchcraft, you can get into very deep and dangerous waters!”

How much use would that be? I guess just about as much as advising Evel Knievel to quit jumping motorcycles over twenty-four buses, just because he’s made that way and likes it!!



“You haven’t lost a husband, dear, but gained a girl friend.”

Author DEE RAYMOND'S New Story

THE LIFE SHE DESERVED

An Army Commander's Son Poses As A Girl Singer In An
Effort To Ferret Out A Spy Hidden Deep With Allied Headquarters!

Part 2

Heinrich Langer was waiting for Denise outside the staff's "luncheon room." "Mademoiselle Colbert," he said formally, as Denise approached the room with some apprehension. "Since the good Colonel is not with you may I be your luncheon companion today?"

Denise's bright smile brought a corresponding flush of pleasure to the tanned ex-major. "I would love to lunch with you, Herr Langer," she murmured.

"Agh, Heinrich, please," said the German, taking her arm and ushering her past the silent M.P., who stepped back to block the doorway as soon as they had passed.

Denise tried to turn the conversation to Heinrich Langer himself, but the ex-major, whose speaking voice carried into all areas of the room, wanted most of all to talk about Eva, to ask why she had returned to her own name after leaving her husband in France, and about Denise's role as her 'companion'. The word sounded as if it were in quotes as Heinrich Langer used it speculatively.

"I don't like to speak of Eva", Denise said at last, almost desperately. She could see the sneer on Jody's face as the girl looked at the two 'foreigners' dining together at one of the few small, two-person tables in the room.

"Agh, forgive me," Langer slapped his head. "How could I have been so stupid! I forgot all about . . ."

Denise gave him a wan smile "Yes," she said simply.

There was a silence while the German gave Denise one of the most penetrating looks she had ever received, a look that made 'her' flush beneath her makeup and up to the roots of her tinted hair. She felt most acutely the tight bra about 'her' chest, her white, lacy petticoats caressing her stockinged legs and her long hair so soft about her neck.

"Tell me how you met Colonel Simons," Langer said finally breaking off his stare. "If you wish, of course," he added hastily. "I do not mean to pry." He frowned as he realized what he had said. He would have gone on but Denise stopped him.

"I understand," she said huskily, now easing back into the role of Denise after a brief moment of panic as she had thought of herself as Kenneth Gerlitz sitting in his girl's dress and underclothes in front of all these men and women. "Let's change the subject," she smiled.

Heinrich Langer gave a hand gesture to show that such had not really been his intention. He listened carefully while Denise gave him the prepared cover story. It must be obvious, she re-

lated to him, that everyone knew that Eva was an agent of Richard Simons. Langer showed only polite surprise. She had apparently been using Denise as a courier — but Denise hadn't known it. Colonel Simons didn't quite believe that — or he said he didn't — even when he saw Denise singing in the Colgne Cabaret. Simons had brought her to the Group H. Q. to check her out, or so he'd said, Denise had smiled, flicking her hair back over her shoulders. He didn't really believe that she'd had nothing to do with Eva's activities, her face was innocent of expression as Langer raised an eyebrow to show his incredulity also at the American Colonel.

"So he's keeping an eye on you . . ." Langer stated, his eyes roving down her slim figure.

"Among other things," Denise's answer was more tart than necessary.

Langer smiled. "I do not like to say," he spoke very quietly as he leaned across the table, "that I saw you in that maid's costume . . ." His pale eyes bore into her darker blue ones.

"That's just what I was," said Denise simply. "It was a job, just that."

Langer frowned. "But you are upset at Frau von Riffel's death . . ."

Denise paled. "It was how she died," she whispered, clenching her table napkin to make her knuckles whiten. "That . . . that could have been me, too, if I - I'd stayed in Berlin." She shuddered.

Langer nodded. "Mademoiselle," he said. "I'm sorry to ask these things. My curiosity, you know, gets the better of me. Any way, he raised the glass of Liebfraumilch in front of him, "I hope you will do me the honor of dining with me soon. It is good to talk with someone from here about people we both knew in Berlin. Like Erich and Josef." He mentioned two well-placed ex-Foreign Office officials by their Christian names.

"Richard says he'll be working all evening till past midnight for the next two nights," said Denise doubtfully, her eyes on the wine she too had raised.

"Well, then," said Langer,

touching his glass to hers. "Until tonight, dear Denise. I'll call for you at eight."

Denise parted her pink lips, wrapped her long-nailed fingers around her glass and nodded quickly. Over Langer's shoulder, Jody Atwater was glaring once more at Denise.

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"Chaplin asked for a security check on you," said Richard Simons. His shirt was open, tie lowered, as he nursed a highball glass.

"And he got the prepared story?" Denise asked. She pulled up her long, flowing skirt to show her shapely legs. She sat on the edge of her bed and drew on her silk stockings, smoothing and adjusting the silk over her shaved calves and thighs before attaching on the garters. As she leaned forward, her silvery earrings and blonde hair fell onto her bare shoulders.

Simons sipped his highball as he watched Denise go through her feminine routine. He was aware that the display was for him — to show him what he had done to mess up the life of Kenneth Gerlitz. "Yeah," he mumbled at last. "As far as he knows, you've got minimum clearance, just as if you'd been a straight courier."

Denise picked up silver high heels and slipped them on her feet. She stood, lowered her skirts and twirled on her heels. She smiled at Simons. "You're not supposed to be here," she said, picking up a silver evening purse. She was heavily made up for her evening out, her eyelids dark with eye shadow while her lips were a bright scarlet. As she got near to Simons, he could smell the perfume again — he should never have told 'her' it was his favorite. She waited for him to help her with her wrap which he placed gently over her bare shoulders. The tiny silver straps were all that held up the low-cut, black silk evening dress, which was tight about her bust and waist.

"You know what we want from Langer," Simons teeth were gritted as he watched Denise pat and stroke her hair in the mirror

by the door. Her long fingernails were now a bright, glossy red like her lips.

She turned to face him, her false eyelashes flickering. "Of course," she said huskily.

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The club to which Heinrich Langer took the shapely blonde was peopled by so many officers and their attractive dates that Denise felt somewhat awkward to be with the German ex-major, Langer, however, appeared to know almost everyone in the place, including Major-General Joe Martin who greeted Denise with a great hug and a kiss that she twisted her head to take on her cheek.

"Hey, Denise, you smell great!" Martin kept his arm about the blonde's waist and pulled her tight to him. "We're gonna dance."

Heinrich Langer touched his date on the arm even as the General's arm was tightening about her waist. "I'll find a table for us, the German said stiffly."

With the General hugging her tightly, Denise could hardly breathe, but Joe Martin wanted to talk. "What's with that guy?" he growled into Denise's ear, his head pressed against her soft hair. "Thought you were Rick's girl."

Denise nodded. "He's working tonight," she said softly.

"Ah," Joe Martin pulled away a little and looked into the girl's face. "And when he's busy..." He stopped.

When the dance was over, the General kept his arm about Denise's waist as he escorted her back to Heinrich, who was standing at a dinner table for two. "You know, Denise," Joe Martin said carefully. "If you're tired of the Colonel, you don't have to go off chasing no Kraut. There's a general right here that'd like to hear from you." He squeezed her waist.

"Why, Joe," Denise's flush beneath her makeup was quite real. "That would be really nice, she whispered," fluttering her eyelids as she looked down demurely.

Joe Martin's eyes sparkled. He held Denise much longer than

necessary as Heinrich rose to greet them. Finally, with a cursory nod at the German, Martin retired, giving Denise a last squeeze on her bare arm.

"You should be careful of that man," said Heinrich icily as they sat at their table.

"Of Joe?" Denise faked her surprise.

"He eats up women like you," snapped Langer. "You'll be sorry if you jump from the Colonel to him."

"Heinrich," Denise was also cool. "What kind of woman do you think I am?"

From beneath bushy, grey eyebrows, pale eyes appraised Denise carefully, again making her feel undressed. "You are a most attractive young lady," the smile did not quite reach Langer's eyes. "And I very much want to hold you and to dance with you."

Denise then discovered much that she hadn't known about being a woman. She had to allow a man to hold her whose very touch made her quiver. She had to smile and be femininely demure while Langer discoursed endlessly about former friends in Berlin. She had to respond also eagerly and girlishly to Heinrich's squeezes and the little nibbles he gave her ear. She had to tuck her head into his shoulder and brush his cheek with her red lips, enough so that he would feel her interest. It was a relief, with dinner well over, to be able to slip away to the ladies' room 'to freshen up.'

She had quite forgotten how many women there would be and the tasks they would be concerned with as she entered the room. All around Denise, chattering women were adjusting their hair, their makeup and their dresses. Denise felt herself blush as a dark-haired Italian girl hoisted the skirts of her cocktail dress and began to refasten her garters. Denise joined a line waiting to use a wide mirror. A dark-haired girl was holding forth in a strident voice. "And you saw the way she was fawning on the General," she declaimed. "She's just chasing everything in pants."

Denise opened her purse and reached for her lipstick. The dark girl turned. It was Jody Atwater. With a start, Denise realiz-

ed that Jody had been talking about Denise Colbert. She could feel herself blushing again and Jody looked equally uncomfortable.

"Hello," said Denise uncertainly.

"Hi," Jody nodded in greeting. She eyed Denise's low-cut dress and the apparent deep cleavage. "Like your dress," she mumbled.

Denise just touched the lipstick to her mouth, rubbed her lips together and hastily put the container away. "Got to be going she said hurriedly," as Jody looked about to say more.

"Oh," said Jody quite sweetly. "Can't keep Richard waiting, heh?" She stepped towards the door with Denise so that they came out together. Heinrich was waiting with Denise's wrap. He came forward and placed it around her shoulders. Then, he took her hand.

Denise closed her hand on Langer's and smiled at him. She turned and began to answer Jody's question, but the dark girl had already turned on her heel and was rejoining her friends.

Langer did not insist that he enter Richard Simons' apartment despite Denise's assurance that the American Colonel would still be working.

"Come in for a drink," Denise whispered huskily.

He sighed, "Another time, Denise," He spoke in a low tone. "When we know more precisely where your master is." He ran a smooth hand tenderly down her face. "We'll get together soon."

Then he was gone, leaving a very shaken Denise to head for bed. She stripped off her clothes quickly, scrubbed her face hard in the bathroom, and then plunged into her bed in her long, white silk nightdress. She didn't stir as she heard Simons coming from his room to find out how she'd made out on her date. He called her softly but her gentle, regular breathing must have convinced him that she was asleep, for he soon tiptoed away.

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Jody Atwater sought out the office's new file clerk for

lunch the next few days. She directed the conversation to topics such as Denise's makeup and how she could help Jody improve herself, or to silk stockings and how Denise managed to find a stock for herself. She was such a determined 'good sport' that Denise treated her with great sympathy even when the questions became very personal about her 'love' for Richard Simons.

Jody even inveigled Denise to go on a couple of shopping expeditions but there was nothing to see in the neighboring, devastated city. The black market merchant, whom Jody knew to approach with confidence, had, however, a selection of most feminine lingerie that made Denise again feel most uncomfortable. She was disturbed by some dark, straight slips that she had begun to think would look sexy on herself. She tried to shrug off the thoughts but found Jody staring at her, a most perplexed frown on her face.

But she made no comment on Denise's reaction nor to her impulsive buying of a white, lace nightie. It was only after Denise had the package in her hands that Denise realized that Jody had again switched the conversation to Richard Simons. One, quick, darting glance at the package was enough to tell Denise where Jody's thoughts were leading. All she could do was to slip her arm through Jody's in as friendly a manner as possible. They parted naturally on returning to work - with smiles and promises to meet later. Denise felt a real liking for Jody and it seemed to be reciprocated.

The contact, when it came, was a complete surprise to Denise. She had seen Helene Gaudet several times with Sandy Edmondson. He had been a Free French liaison officer earlier in his career which might have explained his bitterness. Denise knew that Mme. Gaudet was some kind of secretary, attached to French Intelligence.

Helene's blue eyes twinkled as she spoke softly to the girls over coffee in the luncheon room. They'd shared a table and Gabby for several breaks before Helene and Denise were finally alone

and Helene made her pitch. "I'd like very much to see the Werchstatter File," she said quite directly as Denise was stirring her coffee and admiring the evenness of the shiny red polish on her own perfectly shaped, feminine nails.

"The Werchstatter File?" Denise's astonishment was real.

Helene's self-deprecating shrug was most attractive. "We are French," her voice was very quiet against a background of argumentative Mid-West accents at a table near to the main door. "We are the poor relations of the Intelligence world. We would like to be in the know about American plans for Germany's future. It's not so much to ask, is it? Not from a French woman?"

Denise licked her lower lip. She could taste her new, scarlet lipstick. "I - I can't do something like that," she muttered, looking away from Helene.

Helene's hand reached across the table to touch Denise's soft hand. "It would be worth your while," she said. "You would be independent when you returned to France. And it isn't like spying for another country. It's just information that we should have anyway."

Richard Simons had been very specific about the Werchstatter File. Ostensibly, he had told Denise, it was a list of Germans whom the Americans hoped to place either into office or into high positions in a future German bureaucracy. Attached to the listing, however, were appendices of the agents and friends of several key figures in the main list that could be erected as 'networks' of contacts should the need arise for intelligence within the Russian-occupied sector of Germany. It was the most important of the "very sensitive" files that Denise had received Simons' instructions to be alert about.

"Well, think about it," said Helene with a warm smile. "You could be free of all this." Her hand took in Heinrich Langer who was bearing down on them, a sickly smile on his face.

"Madame, Mademoiselle," he stated, nodding stiffly. He didn't click his heels, but the

girls could almost hear the omitted sound.

"I must be going," Helene said, standing and giving Denise another gentle smile. "I'll be in touch later, Denise."

Heinrich Langer wanted to get together with Denise — and soon. "There is a little house in Walden, a friend's," he said eagerly. "If you can get away just for a night, or a weekend . . ."

Denise was dutifully sorry. Colonel Simons was now complete in his work. He wanted Denise to be around for a big weekend party.

"Ah," said Langer bitterly. "General Martin's birthday party I should have remembered."

Denise stood, smoothing down her dark-blue, pleated skirt "But next week," she whispered, leaning forward so that her earrings brushed her chin, and so that Heinrich could get a good whiff of her perfume. "Next week, Richard is sure to be working late. We can get together then."

She left him with an exaggerated sway in her walk. She had intended to go right to Richard about Helene Gaudet, but Jody barred her way as she left the luncheon room.

"I have to talk to you, Denise." Jody's face was flushed with anger. She pointed into

Gene Chaplin's office. "Gene is out for the afternoon."

Denise was puzzled but she followed Jody into the empty office and closed the door.

"I saw that performance with Herr Langer," Jody blazed at her. "What kind of woman are you? Aren't you satisfied with Rick? How could you treat him like that? Haven't you heard what people are saying about you?"

"No," said Denise, feeling a tightness about her bra and chest "What are people saying about me?"

"That you're a tramp," Jody spat out the words. "Behind your soft, delicate manner, you're just a sex-starved tramp."

Denise was surprised to see that behind the damning words, Jody's eyes were brimming with tears.

"And what do you think?" Denise asked, folding her arms underneath her tight bust.

Jody looked at the blonde girl standing watching her, her chin raised, a little smile on her face. She swallowed hard and her bright, brown eyes looked away. "I - I saw you with Langer before today," she said tremulously. "And I've been out with you. I didn't think you were like that at all!"

Denise's red lips parted in a

self-deprecatory smile. "But you do now," she said softly.

"I saw you in there," Jody's arm trembled as she pointed towards the door, "with that . . . that Nazi! How could you do that to Rick? And what do you think Rick will do when he finds out?"

Denise sighed. Was this an act on Jody's part or was she truly sincere in her concern for Richard Simons?

"He'll be hurt," a tear trickled over Jody's eyelid and ran down her soft cheek. "Rick can't stand disloyalty in anyone. Then, you'll be the one to be hurt. I don't want that to happen either.

Then it was that Denise felt the full weight of the impersonation dragging on him. Now was the time to take this lovely girl in his arms, to console and reassure her. She had taken out a little handkerchief to dab at her tears. Denise moved closer to her and put out a tentative hand to the American girl.

"It's all right, really," said Denise huskily as Jody seemed more embarrassed than Denise would have thought by her show of emotion. "It'll all work out, you'll see."

"Yes." Jody couldn't look at Denise directly. She moved suddenly and quickly past Denise towards the door. She mumbled something else as she left but Denise couldn't catch exactly what she said.

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Richard Simons ignored Denise's concern about Jody. "She'll get over it," he said tersely. "Now, let's go over how you might possibly steal the Werchstatter File."

Denise was wearing a short peignoir over her short nightdress. High-heeled, fluffy slippers dangled on her feet as she sat in the big chair opposite Richard Simons. "She's really concerned about us," said Denise, running a finger about her wine glass. The bugging of the apartment hadn't come up again between them, but Denise presumed that Richard wouldn't speak of their plans unless he knew for sure that the apartment was safe.



"Harry didn't think that you would recognize him - dressed up like he is."

"You'll have to say you can't get it," said Richard, ignoring the problem of Jody. Denise sat so demurely. Without makeup, she might have been a well-scrubbed teenager, her lack of bosom confirming that impression. "I wonder who'll contact you next?"

"Why?" Denise sat up, her peignoir shifting to show her pink, silk panties. "What have you done with Helene Gaudet?"

"I didn't do anything," said Simons carefully. "Helene had her recall papers on her desk before she contacted you. It was just a routine end to a routine period of duty. She may even have known it was coming. Perhaps that's why they used her."

Denise was pensive. "She said she'd see me again," she said doubtfully.

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Jody was reluctant but, under Denise's insistent pressure, she finally agreed to accompany the French girl on her shopping trip to find new dresses for the weekend party. Nothing was said about the words of the previous day. After the first stop at a black market 'store', where Denise tried on two or three sequinned, flashy, 'grande-dame' dresses, Jody began to soften up and get into the spirit of the shopping.

When Denise came tripping out from behind the changing screen in a high-necked, sequined gown, Jody had to laugh. "Where's your ostrich feathers?" she giggled.

"And a boa," Denise was smiling too. She gently brushed off the 'salesman' as he tried to get her to try on other dresses. When she was dressed in her orange dress with the divided skirt, she slipped her arm through Jody's, waved a cheerful good-bye to the glum profiteer, and sauntered out, arm-in-arm with Jody.

"Where to next?" asked Jody, slipping into the driver's seat of Richard's black sedan.

Denise took out a list from her purse. "I've got advice on where to go from just about everyone in the building," she

said, her narrow, painted eyebrows knitting together.

Jody laughed again. "Everyone thinks they're getting such a good deal," she said. Then she was sober for a moment. "But think how and where these goods were obtained in the first place."

Denise had thoughts of Eva and her beautiful wardrobe - of long afternoons when Eva dressed her up in one costume after another, experimenting with exotic makeup and perfume on her willing servant. Denise found that her hands were trembling. She fumbled for a cigarette but tears came, blinding, to her eyes. Jody's hand closed on Denise's. There was astonishment in the American girl's eyes, but also more than a touch of compassion

"You had it tougher than most of us," Jody said huskily, almost in tears herself.

"I - I thought of someone. . . Denise realized she could say little else without blowing her

'cover' as a woman." "Look, lets go on here." She pointed to a name on her list. "You have to get a dress, too, you know. We have to look our best for General Joe Martin!"

They spent the whole of the afternoon in their search, laughing over dresses "just right for you", that would have fitted them both together. Jody was the first to find what she wanted - a long, straight-skirted green dress. "Not too fancy. Just right for me," she said when Denise advised her to keep on looking.

In the seventh black marketer's 'shop', Denise finally found a dress that seemed to suit her. "I'll need extra padding," she said, twirling in front of a long mirror, frowning at her reflection.

"Oh, not you," Jody smiled "Your figure's marvellous!"

The dark-blue gown hugged Denise's slim waist and hips and then flared out in a wide skirt.



Trimmed with darker lace, some covering her chest and disguising her decolletage, the gown had been made for a bigger-busted woman. Denise pushed her blonde waves to the top of her head. "I think I'll wear my hair up," she said.

"With pearls," nodded Jody in agreement. She came behind Denise and helped to hold up more of Denise's hair. "A rope of pearls through your hair would be just beautiful."

With her left hand, Jody touched Denise's bare shoulder, just on her bra strap. At the soft touch, Denise shivered and momentarily pulled away. As she tried to relax, pushing thoughts of Eva and her soft touch on Denise's bare shoulders out of her mind, Denise became aware that Jody was eyeing her in a most strange way.

They were alone in the 'changing room', actually a bedroom in an old terrace house. "Your friend," said Jody huskily gripping Denise's shoulder a little harder. "The one you cry about losing. You loved her, didn't you?"

Denise looked at the girl's eyes in the mirror. She knew what Jody meant. "Eva and I were lovers, yes," she said.

Jody nodded, her mouth quivering. "And that's why you treat men the way you do." Denise felt Jody's hands pressing tightly on her shoulder and arm.

"Perhaps it is," she whispered. She shook her self free of the grip and turned quickly away. She began to slip the long dress from her, feeling very uncomfortable in her short slip in front of the inquisitive woman.

"What's it like?" asked Jody in a whisper. "What's it like to make love to another woman?"

Denise felt that one of her garters was not on right. She had to raise her lace-edged slip to tighten the attachment to her stocking. Jody eyed her and her lace-edged panties with that strange, almost hungry look.

"It's all right if you love the other person," said Denise, hastily putting her leg down and adjusting the slip over the top of

her stockings and about her hips.

"I - I love you, Denise." The words were so unexpected that Denise was shocked into complete numbness. Jody's fingers were twisting and untwisting in an agony of despair. "I've never felt this way before about a man or a woman."

Denise finally was able to move. Her whole body felt the stress of feminine underthings and other female adornments. Panties seemed too tight, her bra cut into her, while stockings and garters pulled gently in constant reminder of her 'true' sex. "Jody", said Denise, wanting to tell the girl not to say any more or expose her feelings further. But she couldn't finish for Jody had followed her from the mirror and, as Denise was trying to smooth out her underthings, Jody lunged for her, her arms going about Denise's waist.

"Our makeup," was all Denise could gasp before Jody's soft, soft lips fell on hers. The sensation was altogether different from the 'affairs' with Richard Simons and Heinrich Langer. She responded to the urgency she felt in Jody's body and it was oh, so beautiful to kiss a woman again after so long a time. They clung together for what seemed an eternity, each reluctant to let the other go. Denise gently kissed Jody's wet cheeks as she buried her head onto Denise's perfumed shoulder.

"Oh, I don't know what's wrong with me," Jody whispered through the tears, but holding on tightly to Denise nevertheless. "I never thought I was this . . . this kind of person. I've never felt like this about a woman before."

Denise desperately wanted to tell Jody that it was all right, that her love was not misplaced, that Denise was as much a man as Richard Simons - but the words stayed in her mouth. All she could say was, "It'll be all right, Jody," and pat the girl tenderly. "Now," she heard 'her' voice saying smartly, "We have to repair our lipstick before we leave here."

The remainder of the day must have been a torture for Jody. Each time Denise looked at her, or brushed her with her

dress, or touched one gentle hand to another, her lips started to tremble. When Denise held her arm to walk back into their building, Jody clung to her so tightly that Denise was sure that her arm would be marked for life.

"Had a good day, girls?" Gabby Perez came galloping up to break them apart and put an arm through each of theirs. "Y'al ready for General Joe's shindig now?"

Denise nodded brightly. The pressure of Gabby's hand on her waist was much more powerful even than Jody's way of holding her. She wanted to say more to Jody, but the girl suddenly pulled herself out of Gabby's grip and was gone. "My," said Gabby. "She don't look well. What you girls been up to?"

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For the party, Denise did as she and Jody had suggested earlier. She carefully pinned up her hair, added a soft fall the same color as her own platinum curls, and intertwined a strand of pearls about her hair. She used extra eyeliner to outline her eyes above and below in Egyptian fashion.

Richard Simons had watched her performance in something like morbid fascination as she had creamed and rouged her face put on her eyelashes, painted in her eyebrows, and then had spent half an hour to get the outline of her red, sticky lips just right.

"Jody's been sick the last two days," he said, leaning on the doorpost of Denise's bedroom.

She nodded. Her nails were dry and so she could dress now. She added a little padding behind the liquid inserts in the thin strapped bra she was wearing.

"Isn't that a bit much?" asked Simons cautiously from the door.

"A girl has to keep her dress up," murmured Denise, standing in just bra and panties, twisting to see how much frontage the bra now gave her.

"But if a strap breaks . . ." Simons shrugged.

Denise turned and smiled. She was incredibly beautiful when she smiled, thought Richard Simons. Even in front of him, making up fake breasts for her narrow chest, 'she' was still extremely desirable. And with her hair like that!

"Then the best laid plans of Simons and Gerlitz will be gone astray," said Denise. At Simons sudden movement, she asked, "What's the matter?"

"Well," said Simons slowly. Denise held the garter belt to herself and began to fasten hooks. "I might as well tell you now." She took one pale stocking, put her foot in and then slid it slowly up her leg, adjusting the pale seam as she went. "There'll be a special guest at Joe's party tonight."

"Whom?" she asked, slipping the nylon into the garter fasteners with practised ease.

"General Mark Gerlitz," said Simons carefully. Her black-lined eyes whipped up to stare wildly at him. "Your father."

She sat down quickly on the bed, her face in anguish. Her long fingernails, a bright scarlet, contrasted with her white creamy skin as she clutched her shoulders, arms crossed, covering her lace-edged bra. "What's he doing here?" she whispered. There was panic in her voice. "I can't go to the General's party with him there."

"He won't recognize you," said Simons shortly. "As to what he's doing here, you can probably guess. He's here to pressure me into revealing the whereabouts of his son, Kenneth Jackson Gerlitz. He won't give up, you know."

She was shaking hysterically scrambling to pick up her other stocking and to slide it onto her leg. "He'll know me!" she cried. "He'll know I'm his son. I can't let him see me like this! He can tell my voice."

"I doubt it," said Simons stiffly. "You're not the same person you were when you were back stateside."

The girl looked at him, desperation on her painted features. "I - I know I'm different," she said, faltering in her speech. She picked up the black, silk

slip with just the tiniest of straps. With it covering her bra and her false bust, she was as womanly as she ever was. "Help me with my dress," she said, quivering. "I'd better be perfect. It isn't every day a father gets to meet his new daughter."

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With dangling pearl earrings at her ears, high-heeled silver shoes and a silver purse, Denise clearly outshone all the other girls at Joe Martin's party, which was going full swing and riotously when Denise and Richard made a grand entrance. Joe Martin clearly thought that Denise was something special for he took her right out on the dancing floor of the officers' club where the party was being held. Joe Martin monopolized her for quite a while as Richard Simons made time with Brigadier Greeves and his wife, a conversation going with at least six other, equally noisy, American officers.

"Joe, I'd like to sit down for a moment," Denise said when there was a break in the music provided by a loud, brassy combo.

"Sure, doll," Martin was immediately considerate. "Hey, come and meet one of the greatest commanders in the American Army." He took her by the arm and ushered her to the only quiet corner in the place. A familiar, uniformed figure rose from a sofa. "General Mark Gerlitz. Mark, this is Denise. Works for Richard Simons."

There was appreciation in Mark Gerlitz' eyes for the blonde girl in the tight dress and piled up hair who sat down as Joe Martin directed her, next to the famous general on the sofa.

"Denise," he said. "That's a French name."

"Mais oui, mon general. Je suis francaise." Denise fluttered her eyelids in nervousness. She pressed her legs together, feeling her stockings rub together.

But Mark Gerlitz could speak French too. He tried to put the panic stricken Denise at her ease, and flattered her by telling her how beautiful she was, and how he loved girls to wear

their hair up like they did in the eighteenth century. Denise was unable to look 'her' father in the eye. Whereas Ken Gerlitz had always been defiant with his father, out-staring even the general himself on occasions, Denise was quite demure, sitting with her knees and ankles together, her gown raised enough to show off her pretty, silver high heels.

"You work for Colonel Simons," said the General at last.

"Just a file clerk," Denise murmured.

"Ah," said the General, a gleam in his eye. "You must have heard of Kenneth Gerlitz then, my son." He watched her with the closest scrutiny that Denise ever remembered.

Denise was shaking inside her now tight-fitting gown. "Ah, non, monsieur," she said, shaking her head, feeling the earrings bounce off her neck. "I have not heard of him".

Mark Gerlitz looked very hard at the girl in front of him. "You know," he said. "I think I've met you before but I can't think where. We did meet somewhere else, didn't we?"

Even as Denise shook her head again, Richard Simons came over to rescue her. "General," he nodded to Mark Gerlitz. "I'd like to relieve you of my date for this dance."

The General nodded back coolly, but he watched closely as Denise and Richard moved into a slow waltz. Mark Gerlitz knew that Simons had a French girl "living in" with him, and watching them together, in a whispered conversation, he could envy Simons. Despite that, he intended to find out more about his son, no matter what Security and Intelligence said.

General Joe Martin cut in on the enjoyable waltz Denise was dancing. "Come on, Rick," he hollered raucously. "You can get close to Denise any time. But today's my birthday!" He grabbed Denise around her waist.

"Joe, please!" cried Denise, trying to push him away a little. But the General only laughed. Denise felt quite mauled when she managed to get away from the General as he went to the bar for drinks.



"Daddy, I'd rather you read me 'Understanding Crossdressing!'"

"Denise, darling," a voice boomed in her ear as she hid out by the bar to avoid Joe Martin. Now it was Heinrich Langer's turn to kiss her ear and hold her about the waist. Denise sighed. She must repair her makeup soon "Come and sit on the terrace with me," said Langer in a low, urgent voice.

Denise went with him, noting the frown on General Gerlitz' face as Langer guided the blonde out onto the dimly lit terrace. "If you want to know about next week . . ." Denise began when they were alone.

"No, it isn't that," said Langer quietly, staring at something interesting on his hands. "I spoke to Helene Gaudet before she left for Paris. She told me about the business she had with you, and she asked me to finish it for her."

Denise shuddered. Heinrich had pulled two long chairs to-

gether so that they could talk without being overheard. "What did she want you to talk to me about?" Denise looked away from Langer with feigned disinterest.

"The Werchstatter File," said Langer quietly and directly.

Denise shook her head. She shouldn't have worn her new pearl earrings. They were both too tight and too feminine. "I couldn't get it," she whispered. "And please don't tell anyone Helene asked me to get it."

"You can't get it?" Langer was very doubtful. "You've access to the files."

Denise shivered. She should have brought her wrap out with her. "Not to the sensitive files," she stammered. "Gene Chaplin has the key and the lending list for those. I'm just a file clerk."

"Ah," Langer for some reason seemed more confident and relaxed than before. "That's very

good. Now," he leaned forward and took one of her slim hands, stroking her long, polished nails. "Colonel Simons has the Werchstatter File at your apartment tonight."

Denise shivered again. "But how . . ." she began.

"Don't ask," snapped Langer. "I just know. Now, what's needed from you is . . ."

Denise was shaking her head trying to pull her hand from his but Langer would not let her go. "You must do this," he said urgently. "For France and for the future of a democratic Germany. Helene and I agree that you are the only one with the opportunity to photograph this file." He took a small camera from his pocket and reached over for her purse. "Just return this to me when we meet in Walden next week."

"I - I can't," Denise shrank from his touch.

"You must," said Langer. "Helene will be back on Friday next week. She'll be very disappointed if you don't do it." He sounded very regretful. "She's very powerful in the government. I hope she wouldn't let on about her approach to you, or make trouble for you on your re-entry into France." He pressed her hands. "But enough of such things, Denise. Let us dance and enjoy the General's birthday."

Denise let him lead her back to the dance floor. Of course, Jody had to be the first to see her in Heinrich's arms as they danced, Heinrich beaming to everyone they knew.

"You're enjoying the party, said Jody," when they met in the ladies' room, both repairing their makeup.

"Yes, and you?" Denise watched the girl very closely for her reply. There were others around so that their conversation was necessarily constrained. Even makeup did not hide the dark circles under Jody's eyes.

"As much as I can." There was an acid tone to her words. But then she softened as she looked at Denise. "Can I come over and be with you tomorrow?"

Denise was taken aback a little. "Sure," she said. "Richard will be working at the office."

"Good," said Jody, her lips quivering as she watched Denise pout with her lips to apply her lipstick.

* * * * *

Richard Simons had been stunned by Denise's account of her conversation with Langer. Denise had combed out her almost white, shiny hair before Simons stood up, swearing a great deal. Then he touched her on her dark negligee covered shoulder.

"Well, Denise," he said tersely. "Your part in this will be all over by tomorrow. Only one person was told for sure that I had the Werchstatter File. Everyone on our list thought it was in a different place for sure this weekend. I fed them all myself." He smiled bitterly.

"Well, who was it?" asked Denise, as Richard made to leave her room.

He paused in the doorway and considered. "The one I trusted the most," he said despondently. "Chris Cornell." He referred to his second-in-command.

With Richard Simons gone that night to arrange for several arrests, Denise had time to think about her future. Richard would want her to move out quickly, of course, since he'd want to get back to 'regular' girl friends, possibly even Jody Atwater. Denise had to think about living elsewhere. And where ever she went, she'd probably have to think of making a living as an entertainer. She shuddered and pulled her nightdress about her legs. She thought of the men in the audiences in Cologne, ogling her, whistling to her and some of the horrid suggestions they would make. She finally got to sleep thinking of Jody. She had sounded so desperate in the desire to see Denise alone. Denise hoped she didn't shock the girl too much so that there was only hate between them, but, somehow, she had to let Jody know who and what she really was.

Jody came to the apartment early. Denise was still in her negligee, but she had put on a bra. Her hair was freshly brushed down onto her neck but still

needed the touch of a curling iron.

"I'm going back to the States," were Jody's first words to Denise after the other had given her a hug in welcome. She went and sat in a single arm chair away from Denise.

"O.K.," said Denise, sitting on the chesterfield, wondering why she felt so disappointed. It was almost a sense of personal loss.

"I need to get away from here," Jody wouldn't look at Denise.

"I understand," said Denise quietly.

"No, you don't," said Jody savagely. She leant forward, her head in her hands. "How can you stand it? It's not right." Her body convulsed. "A woman isn't meant to be attracted to another woman."

"Jody." Denise had to move over and take the girl's hands from her face. Jody's lips were quivering so much that Denise felt that she had to lean over and kiss them. Again, as their lips met, Denise felt a tingle go through her entire body. Jody seemed to feel it, too, for she gave a most pitying cry and then clung to Denise's arms.

The insistent ringing of the doorbell caused a shaken Denise to break free at last. "I must answer it," she said with a tremulous smile.

"Let it ring," said a red-eyed Jody angrily.

Denise wasn't sure whom it might be ringing the bell but the last person she expected was facing the door. General Mark Gerlitz' face was grey and lined and looked years older than it had the night before. "Kenny," he gasped at the platinum blonde, his face sagging. "What have they done to you?"

Denise was so stunned that she tried to push the door shut but the General wouldn't let her. "We've got to talk," said the old man. "I've got influence. I can do a lot."

"Oh, dad!" Tears brimmed on Denise's mascara. "Please go away and leave me. Please!" She pushed the door shut.

The bell began to ring again unceasingly.

"Who is it?" Jody came from the living room. She looked with astonishment at Denise's distraught face.

"N-no-one," said Denise.

But then there was the sound of a key turning in the lock. Colonel Richard Simons, followed by a grim-faced General Mark Gerlitz, pushed their way into the apartment.

Denise darted away to the bedrooms. "I have to get dressed, she said" hurriedly over her shoulder.

"Stop!" thundered General Gerlitz. Turn around and face me!" Denise stopped and turned. The filmy peignoir covered up very little. Her dark bra and panties could be seen through the ribbons holding the embroidered edges of the peignoir closed. Her fluffy, high-heel mules matched the color of her light-blue earrings.

"He's been living here with you as your mistress," snorted the General.

"Pretending to be my mistress," said Simons stonily. "Until this job was over. Like it is now."

Jody looked from one to another. "What is this?" she asked, looking from the silent Denise to the morose Colonel Simons.

"Does she know about this?" The whey-faced General asked harshly, pointing a wavering finger at Jody.

"No." Richard Simons shook his head. "I don't even know why Jody's here now. She wasn't in on this investigation at all."

"Investigation!" Amazement transformed Jody's tearful eyes.

"We arrested Major Cornell and Heinrich Langer this morning," said Simons wearily. "Thanks to Denise."

"So it wasn't like everybody said," Jody's face showed a mixture of relief and surprise.

"There are medals and citations waiting for you when you get out of those damned clothes" growled the General to Denise, his face set like a grey steel mask. "I want to see you in uniform and back with your company."

"Oh, dad." Denise looked

suddenly tearful. She bit her painted lower lip. "Can't you see that I can't ever go back." She hesitated. "I must put on a dress or a skirt."

"No!" Gerlitz' voice rose, angry and stricken. "No son of mine . . .!" he bellowed.

Denise put her hands over her ears and fled to her bedroom. A wide eyed Jody Atwater stared at the two high-ranking officers. "It's true," said Richard Simons slowly. "Denise Colbert is really Kenneth Jackson Gerlitz, the General's son. He was one of our most successful agents inside Germany over the last three years."

"You're wrong!" Gerlitz snarled. "My son died in Germany on active service. That's the way the record will read!" His jaw jutted out in imitation of a bulldog. "Who that creature is . . . I don't know! But I'll have no one, her or you, say again that she's my son!" He strode to the doorway of the apartment. "No-one!" was his thundered last word.

Jody watched the door slam shut. Then, she turned to Rick Simons, her mouth feeling devoid of moisture. "But she's . . ." she stammered. "And you and she . . ."

"We played our parts well," said Simons. "We did what was necessary."

Jody retreated down the hallway, looking aghast at the grim-faced Rick Simons. She reached Denise's bedroom and went in quickly.

Denise was smoking a cigarette, her negligee and nightdress on the bed. She was fastening silk stockings to her garter belt.

"Darling," whispered Jody. Denise turned to face her. "So you know," she said bitterly "Go on and laugh at me."

"of, I'd never do that, darling, never," breathed Jody. She went quickly to Denise, her hands reaching out to touch the other girl's garter belt and panties. "You can always dress just the way you do, Denise. I never, ever, want you to be a Kenneth again." She was kissing Denise. "Except in one place," she added, running her tongue over his soft, lipstick-covered lips.

* * * * *

Colonel Richard Simons accompanied the girls to the railway station. They had insisted that he reserve them a sleeper all the way to Le Havre, where they would find a ship with a cabin also specially reserved for them. Denise looked particularly ravishing in a dark hat and suit. The veil in front of the hat didn't prevent anyone from seeing her beaming smile.

"I could use you again," said Simons casually while Jody, in uniform, told the porter where to store cases. "I need good, women employees."

Denise's blue eyes, the Egyptian looking makeup slanting them considerably, laughed at the Colonel. "You're sure I fit the bill?" she asked huskily.

"Oh, certainly," said Richard Simons.

"Hey, hey," Jody came along hurriedly.

Richard took her too and kissed her, with a little passion.

"Oh, it's all right," said Jody mischievously. "You have to give your mistress a proper send off, I know."

Richard nodded. He felt a knot in his throat as he held both girls in his arm. "I'll miss you both," he said, thinking of the last weeks in which they'd spent all their time together, but they'd been delighted to have him take them out - and they always rewarded him properly, as good girls should.

"I may see you Stateside," he said.

"Don't look for us, please," said Denise. In her heels, she was as tall as he. "We just want a quiet life from here on."

"Yes," said Jody, eyeing the blonde girl who lolled so attractively on Richard's arm. "That's all we want."

Reluctantly, Richard let them go. He dismounted from the train and waved to the blonde girl and her brunette partner until the train was gone. He couldn't see Denise hiding the talents she had for very long. He hadn't told her, even as he gave her an official passport for Denise Colbert, female, that it was a movie producer who had start-

ed a routine investigation of her act in the Cologne night club, alerting Richard Simons to the fact that 'Denise Colbert' still existed. He had to call the man back sooner or later. Al had sent a third, persistent inquiry about

Denise's status with the American Forces in Germany.

Thinking of Denise, Richard smiled grimly to himself. He really ought to send Denise's travel plans to Al Berger, the producer. That guy would never take 'No' for an answer. It could be Denise would be on the silver screen even before Richard got back to the States. Yes, she was a real woman, Denise Colbert, no matter that she thought she ought not to be. He made a note in his pocket book to call Berger. Richard Simons could make sure that Denise had the kind of life a woman like her should have. She deserved it.

* * * END * * *

LORI (OH-200-K) POINTS OUT PROBLEMS IN DEFINING WORDS.

It is a well-known fact that linguists are often faced with the inability to express adequately and exactly the thoughts conveyed by a single word. An example is "love". To say that one loves strawberries does not convey the same feeling when one tells a woman, "I love you."

When speaking concerning crossdressing, a similar problem is encountered.

There is the inability to express just what we are. Those from the behavioral sciences call us transvestites. While that term means one who wears the clothing of the opposite sex, it falls short in that it does not indicate the motive behind the act. It does not convey the feeling of gender relief we receive.

TVIA ALBUM



Some of our Swiss crossdressers at one of their gala events. Ah, to be young again!!



Julia, (OH-16-L) and "Tiger" at the Tri-ESs national convention in New Orleans last year.



More of our Swiss friends at another meeting . Looks like they have just as much there as we do in America!



Marie (IL-214-G)



Rey (Germany)



Greta (NC-201-W)



Antoinette (FMA-1-M)



ANN'S NIGHT OUT

A True Experience Of A Sister in
Illinois, Ann (IL-301-R)

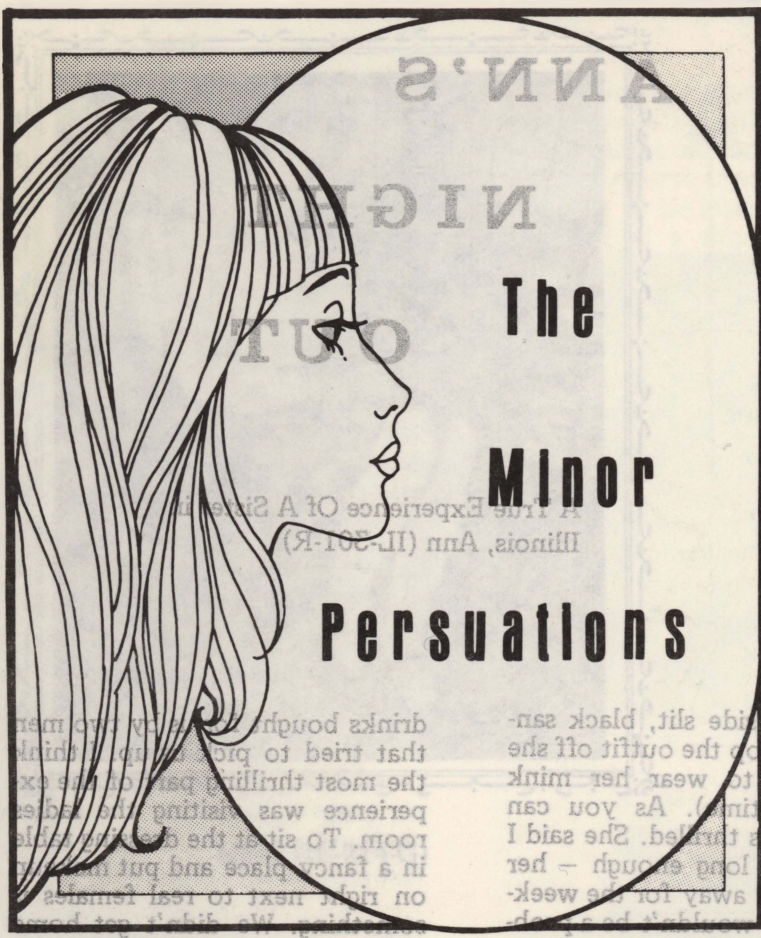
Early one cold January day I was lucky to have a day off from work – my wife was working and her 17 year old daughter was at school so I thought I'd spend the day as Ann and set my camera up and take pictures in different outfits so I could send them to the many girl friends I have made since joining Tri-Ess. Well, my dear, the unexpected happened, my step daughter walked right in on me. Needless to say this threw my wife into a prolonged "off" period. You see she's either "on" or "off" about my dressing. When she's "on" she's the greatest. We have gone many places together as girl friends without any problems. I dress very conservatively at all times and I'm always treated as just another middle aged woman. Well from January till last friday I was in a long and painful "off" period. My only contact with the feminine world during this period was my wearing panty hose every day and on some days I'd even wear a bra, full slip, girdle and hose under my suit. My wife knows how I suffer when I can't express my feminine self.

When I arrived from work friday she had a hot bath waiting for me and the following things laid out for me on the bed: black bra, black girdle, hanes barely black panty hose, black half slip with side slit, black cocktail dress

with a deep side slit, black sandals and to top the outfit off she allowed me to wear her mink stole (first time). As you can imagine I was thrilled. She said I had suffered long enough – her daughter was away for the weekend so there wouldn't be a problem at home. She had made an eight o'clock dinner reservation at one of Chicago's fancy hotels. As I stated I always dress conservatively, however the cocktail dress was the most sexy thing I owned and when I bought it I thought it would only be worn at home. While I was dressing it dawned on me I'd be wearing 4 inch heels and my only other experience with "heels" happened four or five years ago and it was a complete disaster and I vowed I'd never wear them in public again. Please don't get me wrong, I love high heels, however, half of my shoes have 2 inch heels – I call them my "public shoes" and my heels are for home. I asked my wife if she'd mind if I wore a pair of 2 inch heeled sandals – well, she became very upset and said if I wanted to be a woman I'd have to learn to dress and act like one and that my outfit called for heels. Carol dear I never spent a more thrilling evening. We had male waiters – the food was great and I don't think I ever looked as lovely. After dinner we went into the lounge and sat at the piano bar and had

drinks bought for us by two men that tried to pick us up. I think the most thrilling part of the experience was visiting the ladies room. To sit at the dressing table in a fancy place and put makeup on right next to real females is something. We didn't get home til two a.m. and my legs were so tired from wearing heels.

My early and only other time I went out in heels will probably bring a smile to your face. One night about five years ago my wife was in one of her "on" moods and asked if I'd like to go out dressed for a late night snack. I had just gotten a new knit dress and it was a little on the short side and you know how knit has a way of not hanging and that night I wore a pair of 4 inch pumps which didn't help the shortness of the dress. Under my knit dress I wore a garter belt panties in light blue and navy hose (remember back then - colored hose were in style!) My dress was light blue. Well when we were seated I immediately discovered my dress wouldn't cover my thighs and my hose tops and garters were visible to the men at the next table. I was so embarrassed – I even changed seats with my wife to no avail, she said I should be flattered – after a few cocktails I relaxed a little but everytime I looked up the men were looking at my legs. Well, all in a night!!



The Minor Persuasions

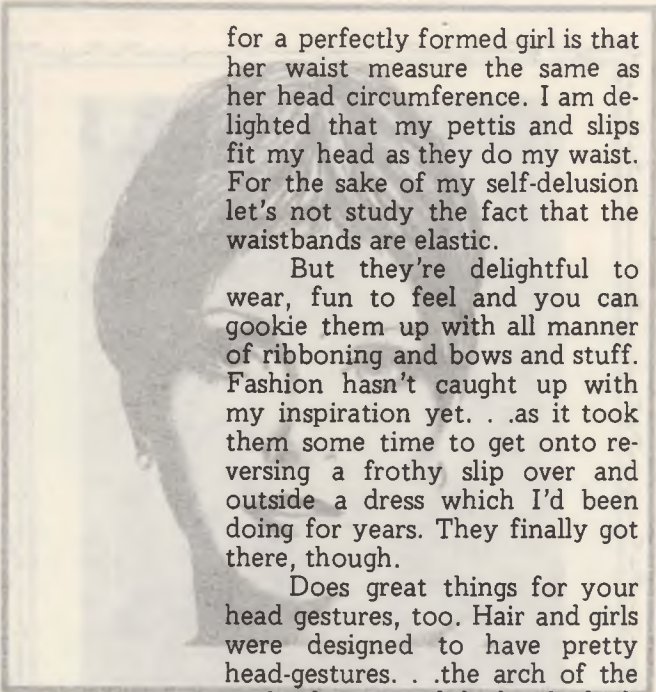
Unless a friend is coming over, or I am going out (or I'm desperately in the mood to do myself up to kill) I often confine the delightfull persuasions to almost mere tokens . . . with almost solo emphasis on, say, a smash of charm bracelets or a knotted and bowed chiffon hankie on the wrist. Even such a token does make one feel at home with herself. And should someone not en rapport ring your bell you don't have to go through the hysterical and highly unaesthetic strip-act to get your lovlies safely away from foreign eyes.

A gentle and effective persuasion is a bouffante petti as balloony as possible. Under the most neutral of bathrobes it renders your appearance and self-appreciation distractingly feminine. I have a great lush white terrycloth bathrobe that belts in tightly and is a comforting, skin loving treasure in itself . . . but with a petti underneath, rising like yeast, little more is to be desired. I'm mostly leg-conscious (what are you conscious of!) so

my favorite reading and writing chair faces a mirror where I can glance up and reassure myself that I do have legs and that they're suitable backgrounded in a cloud of different pastels, nets and laces.

Did you know that mirrors are in full, living color!? It came to me in a flash, that bright bit of intelligence, the other day when I was settling in place a white, a black and a fire-engine red layer-cake of petticoats. Like the character who was so pleased to learn he had been "speaking prose" all his life I was quite overcome to be in living color in my mirror.

I will freely admit that I am petti-nutti and I'm building up a closet chockful of the delights. One pretty thing you can do with them, if hair halfway down your back isn't convenient, is slip the band around your head and let it fall as it will, and it will. Feels goody if you're wearing a bare-shouldered dress. Feels good anyway. According to Zsa Zsa Gabor the Hungarian criterion



for a perfectly formed girl is that her waist measure the same as her head circumference. I am delighted that my pettis and slips fit my head as they do my waist. For the sake of my self-delusion let's not study the fact that the waistbands are elastic.

But they're delightful to wear, fun to feel and you can gookie them up with all manner of ribboning and bows and stuff. Fashion hasn't caught up with my inspiration yet. . . as it took them some time to get onto reversing a frothy slip over and outside a dress which I'd been doing for years. They finally got there, though.

Does great things for your head gestures, too. Hair and girls were designed to have pretty head-gestures. . . the arch of the neck, the cant of the head which result from the weight and flow and texture of what's attached on above the neckline. You know how heels affect the flow of your walk. Same thing with a full cascade of hair. Try a petti up there. It's even prettier over your own long flow of hair, if you're that lucky!

Scarves are lovely minor-persuaders, too. Buy a clutch of oversize chiffons. That's what I do. The bikini panty and halter are obvious. But there's other things. I like to compose a whole skirt, tucking the top into my panties, with maybe up to four or five different chiffons which make the wildest, most variegated skirt you ever wore. Not recommended for high winds and hurricanes. Your own slightest movement sets up nearly-embarrassing breezes, not to mention certain thermals. Do get them big enough so that you knot one square around your neck and waist to make an adorable bare-back blouse.

What I do, too, is tuck one, two or three. . . just one corner. . . into the very middle of the back of my briefs. They trail almost to the floor and give you the most utterly extravagant peacock sensation. You can feel them brushing the backs of your calves, as you walk, swinging in clever S-arcs. Does for your derriere what a good bra and a tucked-in waist does for your front.

By sha-rewd arrangement of scarves I can imagine myself into any, but any, fabulous and hopelessly expensive gown I've stumbled on in any old fashion magazine.

Actually it's fun, sometimes to see what you can do in the way of self-persuasion without shopping, using just what is at hand. In some dull hotel or another on an exceptionally dull evening I heard the call and cheerfully stripped the drapes and curtains from the windows.

First I contrived a sort of bridal veil for my head. . . same as the similarly contrived petti effect. Then, stole-wise, I draped a mass of the marquissette curtains around my neck, brought both sides down, leaving them full over the bosom, then belted the mass in at the waist with the tassled cords. The costume was effective but somewhat immodest, to make a gross understatement, particularly behind where there wasn't nuttin'. But I added more and more marquissette until I had a formal skirt, bursting out like round waves from under the cord. The effect was somewhat ghostly. . . oh let's say ethereal. . . all in white. . . but, or and, it was an effect!

It affected the (doubtless) conventioning gentlemen across the airshaft when I lifted the shade to check on results. I wore no slip, of course, so the lights had to be low. I floated a bit for them to some slow South American music, then pulled the shade down abruptly when first phone-calls, then finally knocks on the door. . . both accompanied by slightly drunken avowals of fascination. . . made the scene less than tolerable. Not that I wasn't flattered but like gee whiz and after all.

Thinking I was perhaps too diaphanous I contrived a rather interesting, heavy-swinging formal from the velvet drapes. . . in the same manner. . . while the calls on me dwindled. I let up the shade to try that on them, imagining it would be less provocative (remember Scarlett O'Hara tearing down her drapes to make a gown to wow Rhett Butler?). Well the velvet was not less provocative. The gentlemen across

the way, in five windows, started their seige again. The Jack Paar show and the resolutely drawn-down shade were quite a relief.

But, just shows what you

THOUGHTS ABOUT SHOES

It may be supposed that every crossdresser has a special feeling for shoes. Most of the footwear that I wear was originally intended for a woman. Only one of the several pairs of shoes I wear is man-directed. I haven't had a pair of around-the-house shoes for years that haven't been pure femme.

The reason is that they are lighter, more flexible and more comfortable than those worn by men. But I'm not too hung up on high heels. Those I wear in public are 3/4 of an inch and the dressy ones are never over two inches. Dressing to me is a natural thing and I do not want any of it to be uncomfortable.

Of course, I have a favorite pair, don't you? It is a plain, black slip-over with 1 3/4 walking heels. The only decoration is a bit of pin-tucking on the vamp. I wear such shoes for most of the day. The problem is that I get so used to them that I could forget what kind of shoes they are and get caught wearing them.

For some time I was puzzled as to why I had a feeling of irritation after wearing them. It finally came to me that the discomfort came not from the wearing of the shoes but from having to take them off. After I realized what the problem was caused by, I reshuffled my emotions so that now when I do have to change to another pair, it is with the realization that my favorites are only taking a recess - and tomorrow is another day. ENID (NV-10-S)

can do, starting with not a thing at all. (Hated to put back up all that window finery that night!)

WE'RE GETTIN' CLOSE

Male Students Now Wearing Earrings - At Least In One Ear! Bet They Haven't Tried The Long Dangling Ones!

Officials at a high school in Dallas have decided that male students may wear earrings after all.

"It's not just your freaks or your socials," said the principal, who helped gather 700 signatures that persuaded school officials to allow the boys to adorn their ear lobes.

"It's pretty much everybody. The freaks may have the long, hanging ones with pot leaves, the socials will have the little diamond ones and the ropers have little boots." The principal says that it's just a popular fad that isn't worth fighting over. More than 200 males are now wearing the earrings.

One student said, "The preppy look is in. Girls wear them to look nice and we do, too." In a public opinion poll, it was claimed that 700 of the school's 2400 students approve of the earrings or did not object strongly. It appears that although it started as a way that gays identified each other, it soon changed to mean that if an earring was worn in the right ear, the person was gay, and if worn in the left ear, then they were just hetero. Wonder what it would mean if they wore them in both ears?!

**An Experienced
COSMOTOLOGIST
Tells Our Readers
About Skin Care
And Makeup**

The most basic item for the majority of crossdressers is foundation. A more recent innovation than eye or lip color, it is the cosmetic that most women recognize as a necessity, yet a surprising number don't use it properly. They make mistakes when choosing the color and/or the consistency, and when applying it, frequently use too much.

Let's talk about foundation itself for a moment. Like so many of our preferences and ideas on beauty, foundation originated in Hollywood. Makeup men had to develop a skin covering that would hold up to studio lights as well as photograph attractively. At first, it was very much like the theatrical greasepaint used by stage actors throughout the world. Foundation was then exceedingly thick as well as greasy and gave much more coverage than was necessary. Soon actresses began to develop skin problems that damaged their valuable faces. New formulas and foundation changed or came into being and finally they came up with a cream that was different from the old stick.

It was then packaged in jars and was thinner and creamier than the old "paint," making it easier to apply. But, even so, not everyone needed the coverage necessary for stage and film. The American woman wanted a new, thinner formula and she got it. Cream foundation became the even lighter liquid that is most popular today.



PART 2

**A GUIDE
TO CORRECT
MAKEUP**

Within that bottle there were soon further modifications: a light, water-based foundation that didn't need to be shaken, which provided enough coverage for young smooth faces; a heavier oil-based type made for extra coverage.

The cosmetics industry went even further, developing over-the-counter products for every women's needs. Foundations now come in cake compact types, bottled liquids, creams in jars and, most recent of all, the gel foundation in a tube for a sheer, see-through look. This truly formidable array of products to choose from can make it quite bewildering for a woman, and crossdressers, to find which is right for her special needs.

The first thing to consider is what you want to do with a foundation. Foundations perform two separate functions — covering and coloring. The two are very different.

Your writer believes that covering is very important. A covering foundation can blend skin tones of your face to a smooth evenness. There are few complexions of perfect, uniform tone, which is why most women use a foundation in the first place. The natural look, whether of the skin on your face, the hair on your head or the leaf of a tree, is composed of a number of shadings of a color. Foundation acts as an equalizer, bringing differences in color together, but not so unified as to resemble a mask.

The imperfections that can be covered include what we call couperose, those tiny broken blood vessels that occur so frequently near the nostrils and tend to show up as a pinkish flare. Perhaps the nose itself is too rosy compared with the rest of your complexion and needs to be toned down. There may be dark shadows around the

eye area, the result of uneven pigmentation or skin that is very thin and transparent.

A sudden blemish may appear. You may have acne spots to cover. And most crossdressers have a "beard problem." All of these problems can receive full benefits from the use of foundation. However, the coverage does not have to be applied all over the face. If you don't need total coverage, use foundation sparingly.

I don't believe that foundations should be used for changing the color of the complexion. Though many feel that foundation can make miraculous changes — such as going from pale to tan in the winter — I don't agree. You cannot color your face to look suntanned without painting every other exposed part of your body, such as your hands and legs. And no matter how refined foundation is today, it cannot believably imitate the effects of the sun.

I love to see a face that has a believable finish to it. A foundation should be like your second skin, blending totally with your natural coloring. The one you should select should be in a shade that resembles your own skin as closely as possible. Finding the right foundation tone for your face is very simple. Yet, when I watch women in the store selecting this important item, I am shocked to see that they (as well as the cosmeticians, who certainly should know better) test the colors on themselves in a really meaningless way. By this I mean the practice of stroking a bit of color on the back of the hand. You've all seen this.

Stop for a moment now and go to the nearest mirror — I want to show you something. Hold the back of your hand out against the side of your face, fingers pointing upward, so that the skin of the hand can be

seen. Look at the colors of the hand and the face: they are completely different! Stroking foundation on the skin of your hand won't give you any idea of how it will look on your face.

What you do want is a shade to match your face, not your hand. The place to do this is on the skin of the neck, just at the jaw. The foundation ought to blend in perfectly with the skin tones of this area so that when you apply it to your face there is no demarcation line. Perfect matching will also eliminate the need to bring the foundation all the way down to the base of the throat, not to mention the unnecessary dry-cleaning bills for stained necklines and collars!!!

The truly best test of all for foundation is trying it directly on your face. If you are able to go out en femme and mingle with the public, you can go to a department store and approach a cosmetic counter. You should remove a bit of the foundation you have on. The salesperson at the counter can give you a tissue or a cotton ball for this purpose. It is very important to take the little bit of time to do this. There is no substitute for the proper choice of foundation. I cannot stress the importance enough; even if you do everything else correctly, without the right foundation all your attention will be wasted. For those crossdressers who do not have the opportunity to go out in public or, are hesitant to go to the cosmetic counter, my suggestion is to buy two or three shades that appear to be near what you want and work to see which one is the best. It is possible for a crossdresser to locate an understanding female who can help in this matter.

I know, as you read this, many of you who don't like your

skin color are thinking that this is marvelous advice for the fortunate few. "What am I to do with my sallow (or ruddy or ashy or dull) complexion?" I can almost hear you. I want to say now that my solution involves the correct use of rouge, which creates a glow that counteracts these skin-color problems. Remembering that you can't change the color of your skin without the effort showing. But you can effectively use makeup, and in this case rouge, to help soften and play down problem areas.

A word of reminder. ALL foundations, regardless of their composition, must be put on after moisturizer. It is a shielding agent that protects the skin from pollution by the ingredients in the makeup you put on over it. Moisturizers, in varying degrees, are important for every skin and should never be forgotten. Now to return to the foundation.

The thin, liquid water-based foundation is akin to watercolors; it provides the minimum coverage and gives a light look and feeling. This is a very and fresh as well as spontaneous look.

Certainly you choose your makeup to suit an occasion and the time of the day when it will be most appropriate. Whatever your selection, I do not want you to feel dependent on the foundation. For instance, you don't have to wear a heavy oil-based foundation on a formal occasion — generally. In fact, heavy foundations can create problems for many women, and especially crossdressers. On mature skin a heavy foundation sinks into wrinkles and lines it is meant to hide — if anything, emphasizing them more. Heavy foundations can cause clogging of your pores, too.

To digress for a moment, for those crossdressers who have

mature faces, with the attendant wrinkles and lines, or, who have a beard problem, it is suggested that you purchase Max Factor's ERASE (which comes in a tube) and use it to lightly fill the lines, wrinkles and the areas where your beard shows through the foundation — with a bluish color. This method is one that many crossdressers are now using to hide imperfections of beards which show, or for wrinkles which are detracting from the general appearance of the face.

The kind of foundation that will help you enhance your looks without drawing attention to its use is a thin foundation, either in liquid or gel form. Whether you want all-over coverage, an evening of tone or a sheer look, the gel will give it to you. I think that mature crossdressers should take advantage of the fresh, outdoorsey look the gel gives its wearer.

My favorite application tool is the sponge; I have used it on some of the most famous faces in the world. Small, round cosmetic sponges are expensive but their advantages are priceless. With just a little practice, you'll find that you are more adept at putting on your makeup than you ever thought possible. Unlike even the most agile fingertips, the sponge won't leave any traces of having been on your face. It can blend in foundation (and rouge, as you will see) faster than any other tool — and remember that perfect blending is the secret to perfect, velvety-smooth makeup.

The sponge applies and removes, depending on your needs. You won't be able to put on too much, as fingertips are so liable to do. The sponge releases foundation to your face automatically; there's no rubbing to hurt your skin.

Simply rinse it out after you've used it and it will be

ready for its next job again and again. You will always have a professional applicator at hand for very little cost.

Now that you have one firmly in your hand, just rinse it under cold water and wring it out until it is barely moist, for the smoothest application. Apply foundation directly to the sponge or dot it on your face. Then pat the foundation on rather than using the sponge in long strokes. Pat lightly, covering cheeks, forehead, nose and chin. Blend all areas carefully to eliminate any fine lines of distinction. If you find that the ERASE, underneath the foundation, causes the foundation to be lighter than you want, merely use a bit less of the ERASE or use a bit more foundation.

When you're only using foundation on certain areas, make sure that the outer edges blend into your skin evenly. Remember that patting works very well for this spot-blending.

Always start at the center of your face and work upward when you want total coverage. Work towards the temples, the hairline. Work up the jawline from your chin. Work UP rather than down, as that tends to cause sagging. I recommend that you use a two-sided mirror, one side which magnifies. The magnifying side should be used to examine your blending.

Now is the time in the routine when so many women and crossdressers, think about using face powder. Some women use it alone, without foundation, but using a moisturizer beforehand is a must! Moisturizer application should be very correct, as any excess will attract excess powder and cause it to cake. Powder used on very good skin should be the "no-color" kind that gives a matte finish without changing the natural tone of the skin. Then go to rouge.

But if you are using foundation, as all crossdressers should, use your powder AFTER you put on your rouge, not before. This is why a full discussion of powder ends up with a latter discussion on rouge.

Making foundation last appears to be its biggest problem. Often foundation applied at the start of the day seems to disappear almost completely within a matter of hours, actually re-appearing on hands and clothing — anywhere but where it belongs. One reason for this is that the oily skin tends to soak up makeup. Occasionally it disappears because of a habit of constantly touching the face.

One trick I use to solve this problem is a simple one. When all of your makeup is on, get an ice cube from the freezer and pat your face very gently with it. Pat, pat, pat everywhere. This will set your makeup for hours without making it look artificial. There is one situation, however, where the ice cube will not work and that is if you've used powder. The wetness of the ice cube will cause it to cake. The variation of this procedure involves using your fingertips. Run your hands under very cold water, dry them, and while they are still icy cold, pat, pat, pat.

You can repeat this later in the day if you feel your makeup is fading; you don't need the ice cube when you have your fingertips always ready. Without applying makeup all over again, your makeup will come alive.

Just as cold fingers work for your foundation, you should let your foundation work for you — whether it's for all-over cover or simply to even out a tan (for instance, to blend in the areas left by your great big sunglasses). Once its function is understood, foundation becomes one of the most helpful tools in your beauty kit.

A FEMALE CROSSDRESSER

Jaye (TX-202-R) has been counseling the above individual for about a year. "Melvin" is a large, six foot robust female who enjoys manish activities, jeans, work shirts and boots. "He" likes to work on machinery and would like to be a heavy equipment operator or a surveyor.



Heterosexual crossdressing as most of us know it is generally thought to be primarily a male phenomenon. Several factors seem to render this true. Yet as in every circumstance exceptions do exist. None-the-less the factor of social acceptability of masculine behaviours and masculine dress modalities among genetic females would seem to be the dominant force in the nonemergence of transvestism among females as a recognized entity.

Simply put the masculine in our female counter parts does not usually have to be suppressed as our femininity generally does. Social forces bear upon us and our urges to express our femininity are frowned upon. This precipitates a problem. For us to express our feminine components certain problem reductive preconditions are required for most of us. This sharpens our attention to our femininity and further enhances our desires. This focuses attention. All of these are seen as concomitants of the existence of a problem. Females being socially fine to express their full personality experience no problem, therefore there is

little attention and their crossdressing is merely taken as a matter of course.

Occasionally there arises a set of circumstances in which a genetic female experiences the rejection and hostility we comprehend. This then presents a unique opportunity to observe, learn and relate with a female crossdresser who experiences much the same in terms of psychological pressure as do male crossdressers.

In my work I meet many people. My work involves intimate knowledge of the persons' life, emotions, biases, mental and physical states and personality.

In the line of duty recently a tense, anxious quite obviously unhappy young female came to see me. Suffice it to say the interview became quite interesting as I delved into her likes - dislikes - personality and family dynamics. Within a few minutes I knew across from me sat a female heterosexual transvestite.

Dressing according to her personal tastes caused trouble at home. Her husband had left her because she "wouldn't be a woman for him." It is interesting to note as an aside she once walked in on him in the bathroom. He was wearing her panties and bra. He was engaged in donning a pair of panty hose. She closed the

door and said nothing. Her parents, though she is a mother, persist in trying to tell her how to dress, what manner of an occupation to seek, how to rear her child and such. This isn't only direct verbal meddling, it includes manipulatory ploys and persistent "guilt tripping". It extends to an older brother and has produced some strong rejection feelings in my patient.

Early on in therapy I took the tact of being informative and very supportive of her being free to be Melvin. I encouraged her crossdressing on the basis of it being her right as an independent adult person and I instructed her in some simple assertive techniques in dealing with her family. Melvin proved an apt pupil. Within two weeks she had verbally pounded her macho affective big brother into silence and won grudging approval from her hypocondrial mother.

This account of my encounter with Melvin, a female heterosexual transvestite, is being released with her permission. I use the female second person pronoun here because though Melvin is the dominant personality feature the female person she is is dynamic and not to be denied. Our goal is for Melvin to emerge fully, freely and together with the feminine components of the whole person's being to achieve a peaceful balance, a balance in which self knowledge and self acceptance form the bedrock foundation of a whole healthy person. Step one in achieving this goal as I see it is for Melvin to step forth free and exert his man-self confidently and fearlessly. I see this progressing already.

We are not alone. There are females facing the same sort of repressive pressures each of us knows. There are boys within. There are men suppressed inside wanting out and wanting freedom even as our girls within, our suppressed womanness just beneath the surface cries for expression and emergence. Those of us fortunate enough to dress freely at home and fortunate enough to meet and know one of our female counterparts are indeed smiled upon.

Smile upon yourself.



"Kowolski, I thought you joined the legion to forget your wige."

LAUGH TIME





"George Birdwell! You haven't changed a bit in twenty years!"



"Willie - you just can't wear my best dress to the office!"



"Ha - Ha! Look who thinks he's a girl!"

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY FEMINA

G. A. Priddie



When Reverend Davis had first mentioned The Church Of The Holy Femina during his visit to St. Louis I had dismissed such a thing as one of the many lunatic fringe organizations that seem to thrive in Southern California. A church where all the male members dress as women; a religion built around a female diety — Preposterous.

And yet, now, as we made our way along one of Los Angeles' teeming free-ways in the smog-shrouded morning, I had to prepare myself; I had to meet this mysterious Reverend Vincent and somehow find the objectivity to judge for myself whether or not this was a lunatic organization, or even worse.

John was intent on his driving but occasionally he would glance over at me and smile with the same twinkle in his eye that so characterized him years ago when we were both students at Southwest Seminary — he was going to let me draw my own conclusions about the church.

"It may be chartered by the City and County of Los Angeles," I said, "and it is listed in the church directories, but I still can't believe it's anything but some elaborate scheme to legiti-

mize a group of odd-ball homosexual transvestites."

"I think you'll reappraise your opinions, Richard," John replied, "especially in regard to homosexuals. A homosexual man could never accept the Femina philosophy." He paused to pass another car and I said nothing, knowing he was going to go on. "Homosexual men have too high an adoration of the male, Richard, the Femina religion is centered around the female."

"But you mentioned lesbians," I countered.

"Oh, well, this is different," John said quickly, "certainly female homosexuals understand the Femina concepts. But not male homosexuals — you have to be capable of a deep and profound love of a woman to ever really understand what Vincent is driving at. This would be impossible for male homosexuals."

I considered that John had a valid enough point. After all he was somewhat more familiar with the homosexual problem since his church was located out here where some important homosexual organizations have their headquarters. I was basing my judgement on the few homosexual men I'd come into contact with in St. Louis who were

sometimes effeminate, and even more rarely, sometimes dressed as women, especially at Halloween. Still, the closer we got to the church the more uneasy I became about meeting a person I knew to be a male but knowing he would be dressed completely as a woman. Finally John left the free-way and I saw the old church building, the one John had a photograph of when he and Mary visited Beth and I last summer.

"There won't be many people here today," John said, as he parked in the shade of a giant Eucalyptus tree that stood in the church-yard, "just the staff and Reverend Vincent. They hold their services on Saturday, you know."

"Yes, you said that — and what was that about Reverend Vincent never actually mentioning God, or Virgin Mary, no direct references to . . ."

"Richard," John cautioned, "we're almost inside."

And without noticing it we were actually walking up the stone steps of the rather ornately designed church, one that appeared even more Spanish now than in the photograph. As we walked in through the foyer I could see definite evidence of the

Spanish influence on the interior lay-out of the church. "It was a Catholic church, "I thought to myself as we walked along the high-domed corridor towards the sounds of clicking high heels that emanated from an office far down the hallway.

Now that it had occurred to me I wanted to explore the possible relationship of the Catholic faith to all that John had told me of the Femina outline - I wanted to ask Reverend Vincent how many of his transvestites were actually Catholic. But there was no time to think it all out, we entered the office before I could set my mind in any direction.

The office, though it still reflected the ancient design of the church exterior, was nevertheless quite modern, with long file cabinets occupying the side of one wall and several desks strung out over the rest of the pleasant-looking, pastel decorated room. But I only really glanced at the room - my eyes were instantly fastened to the girls who sat behind the desks. And I knew they weren't actually women at all . . .

John was leading me back through the rather long office to a somewhat larger desk in the rear where a very dignified appearing woman sat busily engaged in going over papers. When she looked up I knew this was Reverend Vincent.

"Reverend Vincent," John said, "this is my colleague, Reverend Richard Spellman, the Baptist minister I told you about from St. Louis, Missouri."

"Welcome to The Church Of The Holy Femina, Reverend Spellman," and graciously, Reverend Vincent rose and extended a very neatly manicured left hand. The voice was richly modulated and yet restrained, definitely feminine, and I found myself momentarily unable to think of Reverend Vincent in terms of either gender. "I'll introduce you to our office staff and show you around," Reverend Vincent said pleasantly, "this is quite a historic old building as you might have already noticed."

As we walked past each desk Reverend Vincent introduced the office staff members by

their first names only. A Betty, a Ruth, a Patricia, and I was only able to shake their hands and try not to stare at them. They were each very attractive and it was only in the firmness of their handshakes that I felt myself thinking they were men. One particularly tall one spoke, but even then, his masculinity wasn't betrayed, and he was just as feminine as the others. His name was Barbara.

"Are these - actually men?" I asked, as we drew near the door of the office going out.

"They're church members," Reverend Vincent said cryptically, "inside our church gender loses all its stereotyped significance." He smiled at John and myself and motioned for us to follow him as he led the way down the corridor. I had the chance then to casually observe how he was dressed. Quite conservatively, I decided, a dark woman's suit, but not one with any tailored look to it. Hair that was rather short, but fluffy and feminine, and styled so that it was hard to imagine it was a wig. The sounds of his high heels clicking on the stone floor of the corridor made me again question why I was thinking of him in masculine terms.

We paused in front of a rather long, high-ceilinged room that I immediately recognized because of the toys and playthings inside. "A nursery?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, yes," Reverend Vincent said easily, "most of our members are married couples." I looked at John's knowing glance as Reverend Vincent went on to explain. "Over there is an entrance off the street," he said, "where the children can be brought in by parents who would rather not have the little ones see the father in feminine clothing. Others," Reverend Vincent quickly went on, "don't mind this at all."

"I might as well tell you, Reverend Vincent," John said, as he noticed the dark expression cross my face, "Richard here is more than skeptical about your church and what your movement stands for."

"Oh?" Reverend Vincent

replied, allowing a smile to cross his otherwise serious face, "we welcome controversy, we've had plenty of it since we organized. It took a California Supreme Court decision before we were granted a charter."

"John was explaining that - well, that none of your male members are homosexuals," I said, trying to keep from sounding too skeptical.

"Yes, that's true, our philosophy is centered around the virtues and characteristics instilled, or shall I say imprinted, in men by the mother, and other females important to the early development of the youth, those characteristics, traits and interests that Western man cannot express or develop without fear of being less than masculine, without feeling he'll be called a sissy or, yes, a homosexual. The homosexual male has already succumbed to this fear, or denies it, and has sought the refuge of other men. He couldn't comprehend the feelings Femina men have towards the female," Reverend Vincent concluded.

"But couldn't this all be achieved without the carnival atmosphere of - of having men masquerade as women?" I asked, "after all, the very fundamentals of the Christian faith teach love of our fellow man, gentleness, kindness . . ."

"Yes," Reverend Vincent broke in enthusiastically, "but our society is so ruthlessly competitive and aggressive that men can never really come to a profound understanding of the gentler aspects of their personality. We bear witness to this inner, and too often suppressed gentleness, by dramatizing its expression through the clothing that is appropriate for it."

"You keep saying clothing - those men in your office are completely disguised as women," I said, rather letting my skepticism overwhelm me. "If they come here or leave that way they're compromising innocent people who take them for females on the street, they're possibly breaking city ordinances, committing a sin and still you call this a church and your movement a religion," I finished ra-

ther intensely.

Reverend Vincent's smile made me immediately embarrassed at the way I had let my temper go unchained, as he replied, "We can't help it if our present society is founded upon a policy of dramatizing the differences between the genders. Perhaps it won't always be so. Perhaps people will get to know the difference between gender and mere sex. Perhaps in some future date both men and women will wear some type of common garment, like say space suits, and start appreciating the similarities between the genders instead of focusing on the differences between the sexes. Until then we have to complete the artificiality that feminine clothing implies."

"Oh, certainly," Reverend Vincent replied, "but if he seeks membership he has to come down forward during the services and declare his belief in the Femina principles through the act or, shall I say, baptismal of wearing female clothing."

"Do you baptize?"

"No, not as such," Reverend Vincent said, "our ceremony takes the form of an initiation. You're confused by thinking of the Femina philosophy in terms of theological expression - ours is not a religion in the strict sense of the word. Our church is more a temple, a shrine."

"But you call it a church," I challenged.

"Yes, because that's the way charters are set up, and in many respects we do function as a church. Reverend Davis has probably told you of our nursing home for the aged, our children's home, our work with charities and so forth?"

John had explained all this, and as we moved from the nursery to other parts of the old building it occurred to me that during the whole long discussion between Reverend Vincent and myself, John had remained strangely silent.

It wasn't until we had both thanked Reverend Vincent for showing us the church and after he had invited me to attend the next services that I questioned John as we walked back outside into the bright sunshine that

had broken through the smog.

"I wanted you to see it for yourself," John said, "before I told you that I've actually attended a couple of his services."

"Oh I guessed as much," I said, "I know you and that wildly curious mind of yours, John." We got into the car and a thought struck me. "John, - you didn't -"

"Yes I did," John answered, anticipating my question, "Mary helped me and went with me. It was as profound an experience as I have ever had - for both of us."

"Mary? Oh, John, be serious now," I protested.

"I'm in dead earnest, Richard. I have been twice. They have a special room for those who want to dress at the church rather than at home."

We drove for several miles without speaking and I kept going over it in my mind. Of course John was like this. He had once attended a Nudist meeting - I could never forget it, we had just finished our last semester at Southwest. In a way, the Femina philosophy was a sort of reverse twist of Nudism, yes, a declaration of belief dramatized by wearing - rather than not wearing clothing. In a way it was funny.

The thought made me say, "You - in high heels?"

John wasn't surprised at the way I blurted it out. "I wore a pair of Mary's low-heeled shoes," he replied calmly, "but this is the thing, Richard, you really can't experience just what it is these people are driving at until you yourself actually join them on their own level."

"And a wig?"

"I borrowed one, yes."

"Oh, John, you're fifty years old. We're both, well, we're men of responsibility, our congregations -"

"I refuse to cut myself off from a human philosophy this profound," John replied crisply, "you'll remember -"

"The Nudist camp," I answered, "yes, I remember."

"Why don't you go tomorrow, it's Saturday you know. You and Beth?" John asked.

"You mean dressed as a wo-

man?"

"If you want -"

"Oh, John," I snapped, "even if I wanted to do such a ridiculous thing Beth would never allow it."

"You're forgetting that Mary has probably already told Beth all about this," John said, "you may just find her as persuasive as I am. I know she'll be curious."

We again lapsed into silence as John threaded the car through the onrush of cars speeding past us near the turn-off taking us to the Davis' home. John was probably right - Beth would have gotten it from Mary and would be beyond curiosity about the Femina thing. I looked over at John who was still intent on his driving; I wanted to ask him why he thought I had been so skeptical of Reverend Vincent and the whole thing; but I didn't. We would just get into another discussion of Jung and his theory of the anima in every man; or some such theoretical argument; and end up back where our discussions about Vincent's philosophy always started.

When we pulled into the driveway of the very pleasant split-foyer home John and Mary had built, the girls were seated comfortably in the shade of a row of giant Poplars that framed the Davis house. They had been shopping earlier when John and I decided to visit the Femina Church, but as he and I walked toward them I knew from the way they looked at us that they were anxious for the details of the excursion.

"John took me out to Disneyland," I said, easing myself into one of the lawn chairs.

Beth's eyes widened and her smile tightened into disbelief as she said, "You - you didn't visit the church?"

I looked over at John who was now smiling at the way I had forced Beth to reveal her enthusiasm. Both girls were now somewhat embarrassed as though they had been caught in some sort of conspiracy or plan.

The sun streaking through the trees caught Beth's hair just right and as I placed my hand on her's I was startled at the resem-

blance between Beth and Reverend Vincent. The idea was hard to balance and made me say, "I'm still not convinced about this thing."

"John wasn't either," Mary volunteered, "the first time."

Beth looked at Mary as she spoke and again I knew that the two of them had already fully discussed the whole matter and were in agreement about my going to the services.

"All right," I said, "I'm out numbered, I know when I've been beaten. I'll go tonight."

Beth's face ignited with enthusiasm and her hand turned to grasp mine more firmly as she said, "Will you dress - "

"I'll go just as I am now," I said bitterly, "or not at all."

Beth knew the determination in my voice and got up then, announcing that she and Mary had to start dinner and get ready for the services. The girls had won a small victory, I was at least going, and they retreated toward the house.

Left alone then, John and I remained silent for some time. Finally I could no longer refrain from asking him the one question that kept frustrating me. "Are you going to - to dress in female clothes, John?"

He didn't answer immediately, but kept busy stuffing tobacco into his Briar, reminding me again that he only smoked his pipe when he was troubled or contemplating some theological problem. "I want to," he said finally, "but if you're determined - "

"You go ahead, John," I said, "dress here if you want. I can drive us all over there."

"Oh, I'll dress over there, I - "

"The neighbors," I put in, "of course, I didn't think."

"The girls are pretty set on your dressing, aren't they?" John asked, letting that same mischievous twinkle come into his dark eyes.

"Let's go eat," I said, getting up, "I'm starved."

The girls had prepared a delicious meal with Beth successful in suggesting my favorite dish to Mary and we sat down after washing up without another

word being said about the services. All through the meal my mind kept returning again and again to wondering what John really looked like when he was dressed in woman's clothes. The girls, though they did touch briefly on several points concerning Vincent's church, diplomatically avoided any direct mention of the dressing part of it. I kept waiting for some excuse to bring it up but had to remain satisfied with just my silent thoughts. I was growing frustrated at not being able to understand quite what was bothering me.

I decided that part of my frustration was due to the fact that I was positive Beth would never allow me to dress for the services. This feeling had backed up my own indecision and doubts. But now I was faced with the fact that Beth actually wanted me to dress; several times as we were eating I saw that unmistakable look in her eyes when her glance caught mine.

When we were finished eating Mary got up and looked at John saying, "If you're dressing I'll put your things in the suitcase. Beth and I have to get ready now."

Something compelled me to say, "Go on, Mary, pack his things, I want to see how he looks."

"Well, aren't you something," Beth said sarcastically, "you want to see what he looks like, but you won't dress up. I think it's unfair."

"Well, I don't have anything dear, you know - "

"Oh, we can fix that," Mary said solicitously, "you're about John's height and build," and quickly, as if to avoid any further discussion about the matter, the girls retreated into the Davis bedroom, bubbling with their plans.

John and I went out on the front porch and waited while Mary and Beth got prepared for the services. My mind was flooding with questions and building anxiety but I was determined not to let John know it; I wanted to remain objective. But it was only with the sheerest determination that I could direct our conversation away from the ap-

proaching matter at hand.

At length, when I felt that I could no longer avoid open discussion about going, the women came out onto the porch, each carrying a suitcase. John and I put the suitcases in the trunk of his car, and with the girls seated in the back seat, still chattering to themselves, I sat beside John as we re-traced the drive of that morning, only now in the coolness of the evening coming over the vast expanse of Los Angeles.

I had once gone backstage at a burlesque house to see a slightly eccentric church benefactor and as we drove along my mind conjured up a picture of the dressing room at The Church Of The Holy Femina - would it be like that, I asked myself, all these men simpering around in high heeled shoes, fretting about their make-up, and the way their hair looked?

"What's it like - the place where you dress?" I asked John, in a guarded tone.

"Very descreet," he said assuredly, "it's nothing like you would imagine. They have it fixed into small, individual cubicles where the wife can help her husband, or where two men can dress together - or you can be alone."

Hearing John say this was a source of immediate relief for me and for the remainder of the drive my mind went on to considering other things I had as yet avoided thinking about. Somewhere, but it was buried in the web of recollections concerning my strict boyhood in Southern Missouri, was the memory of one Halloween' party many years ago.

I had dressed on that occasion, in my sister's clothes. Parts of it were coming back. I remembered going to the party, and the fun it had been at first. Then I recalled the boys afterward, chasing me home along the dark, gravel road near our farm.

Before I allowed my mind to consider any more of that terrible experience we were parking in the church-yard. It was now almost totally dark with the old Spanish building casting an eerie shadow over the several cars al-

ready in the parking area. As we got out I saw a man and his wife moving slowly toward the church the man carried a suitcase . . .

"Are you going to help Richard?" Mary asked, as John and I got the two suitcases out of the trunk.

"Yes," John answered, "you two go on into the assembly-room. It's your turn to see how long it takes to look feminine," he said with unbridled humor invading his usual solemn tone.

I was appreciative of the slight levity John had introduced and the girls went off towards the front of the church laughing at the irony of what he had said as John and I moved to the door leading into the dressing room.

Inside it was just as he had said it was - a long corridor leading the full length of the room, and on either side, small doorways with curtains pulled shut, each opening into the various cubicles. There was a distinct aroma of perfume and a surprisingly quiet murmur of voices here and there, with only an occasional laugh, or louder note of conversation.

Despite the relaxation of knowing that no one except John would see me until I was dressed I was aware of my mounting doubts as we entered a cubicle near the end of the corridor. Could I actually have allowed myself into such a ridiculous thing? At once, I was considering that I could back out; just watch as John dressed; and still - he was opening my suitcase, not his . . .

I stared into the open suitcase where a white blouse, neatly folded, rested next to a skirt I had seen Mary wearing the day we arrived in Los Angeles. I was about to say something when a loud, aggravating buzz emanated from the cubicle next to ours.

"What's that? I asked John.

"An electric razor," he said absently, "here, you can use mine - you better get started."

"A razor - "

"To shave your legs and arms - here," he said, extending his razor and holding onto the long cord he then plugged into a receptacle near the small sink fix-

ture in the dressing table near the rear of the cubicle.

"Oh, now, John," I said, "this is going too far. Why my hair is so dark and coarse - what will I look like in the locker room at the Country Club when I get back to Kirkwood?"

"Locker room?" John echoed, "what about me? You know my penchant for swimming, nobody really notices or even cares whether you're as hairy as the Neanderthal Man. Now go ahead, I have to use a safety razor on this beard of mine."

"Oh, John," I said, "the dressing, maybe, but here you're altering something permanent - "

"You see, Richard," he answered bluntly, "you're falling victim to the very fears and doubts we all have about our exaggerated manhood in this society - the very thing this Femina philosophy brings out. This is why it's important to bear witness to your belief, to commit yourself. Sure, you'll feel a little funny at first, but your old hair will grow back soon enough."

John's very persuasiveness told me he already had his legs and arms shaven, and as I contemplated the thing, he got busy at the sink in the dressing table, preparing to shave his face. Momentarily my mind focused on the vast expenditure in plumbing alone, if every cubicle had its own sink facilities - but my mind wouldn't rest on such practical matters. I could only conclude that there was something deep and indeed profound about the Femina matter - something that swept you up in it.

I sat in the small chair at one side of the dressing table and slowly removed my shoes and socks, then I lowered my trousers and took the razor in my hand and snapped it on. With savage swiftness a large swath of hair disappeared in a path across my thigh and even in that absent moment I realized I had gone too far to back out - explaining this would be more difficult than explaining the total absence of all my hair. Quickly, I went on erasing the hair on my calf, and then, caught up in the swiftness of it, I went to work on my other leg.

When the hair on my legs

and forearms was gone the rest of the preparation went faster; I followed John with the safety razor and quickly shaved my beard. Now I was aware of my growing enthusiasm, or was it determination, to go through with the thing. I couldn't decide and John allowed me no time to consider it, as he carefully took me step by step through the various phases of applying makeup to my smooth face.

"I was afraid you'd pluck my eyebrows," I said once, as John smoothed some powder over my face, "now I would have drawn the line on that."

"No - they smoothed down quite nicely with the foundation cream," he said, "now I'm going to out-line your lips with this lip-stick pencil, then you fill them in with the lip stick, and you needn't worry, this kind comes off real easily."

As he said this, I turned, and for the first time since John had begun applying the make-up, I saw my reflection in the mirror. He had twisted a towel around my head the way Beth did when she set her hair in curlers, and the total effect of the make-up was overwhelming. John had placed another towel around my shoulders: in the mirror it seemed that all evidence of my masculinity had been erased. But as I delicately stroked the lip rouge onto my lips with the tiny brush I became aware that there was a distinct masculine reaction setting in. Once I looked at John, but he was now busily engaged in his own preparation and didn't acknowledge my questioning glance. Uncertain, and embarrassed, I went on.

When I again faced the mirror and saw the long, sleek hair framing the beautiful face with its red lips and darkened eyes the sensation was overwhelming; too vast and over-powering to fully comprehend. Whatever doubts and frustrations I had over the embarrassment of these reactions had to be ignored; I had no way to cope with them; not now. I would have to have long deliberation about all this after it was over. And even as I struggled with the thoughts of postponing my deliberations the first feelings

diminished and John said that I must now start getting into the clothes.

John handed me a pair of pink, lace panties. I took them and for a moment just stood there, holding them in my hand. John said, "here, this is the front — and you'll need this garter belt too. To hold up the nylon hose."

John stared at me and smiled somewhat quizzically as I made no reply, but instead, slipped my shorts off and started to bring the soft panties up on my legs. My legs were satin smooth now, and the feeling as the soft fabric moved upward on them sent another wave of excitement charging through my body. Quickly I had the panties adjusted and the elastic band hugging my waist.

There was no ignoring the excitement and I searched John's face for some sign of recognition; some hint that he, too had sensed this eroticism when he dressed for the first time. Perhaps he still experienced it. I couldn't ask him, and there was no time for it.

"Now this brassiere is already partially padded," John explained, "slip into it and we'll see what happens."

As John handed the brassiere to me the fleeting thought passed through my mind; the thought of how often I had noticed Beth's brassieres drying in the bathroom; or on the clothes line; how often I had wondered how she ever got into such a contraption but knowing, too that I had often watched her and even helped her.

"You have to take off your under-shirt, Richard," John said, as I stood there, still momentarily puzzled.

"oh, yes, of course," I answered. And I quickly went about removing the last item of male attire and allowing John to help me into the brassiere. The straps were tight around my chest. I let my hand move across the padded fullness of the white material and tried to stop thinking of the physical reaction to such a completely new and strange sensation.

"I believe the bra is full enough, don't you?" John asked.

"I — I think so," I answered

"the strap is just a little snug."

"All right," he answered, moving around to the back, "I can let it out some." He then adjusted the strap and at once the immediate strain of the constricting garment was eased. I stepped away a few feet and turned around.

"That's better," I told John

"How do you feel, is everything all right?" he asked.

"Yes, well yes," I answered.

John turned to the suitcase again without replying. He was now removing a pair of filmy nylon stockings and another garment I recognized as a garter belt — satin, with lace embroidered over it.

John was so expert in all this. It made me wonder momentarily at how long he had been dressing this way. He'd said he and Mary had attended a couple of Reverend Vincent's services; but I wondered; he was so very expert.

"Here, slip into this garter belt," John directed, "and these are your stockings. I have to really start with my things or we'll never get inside."

The garter belt was easier to manipulate than the brassiere had been. It went quickly into place with the metal fasteners tickling as they teased against my legs. I then sat down and took the nylon stockings from the edge of the suitcase where John had put them. I knew there was a correct way of getting them on and for a moment I studied it out.

"Roll it all the way down," John said, noticing my hesitance, "then put your foot in and ease it up onto your leg."

I did as he directed, rolling the filmy stocking down until the foot part of it was adjusted and I could line up the heel of the stocking. Then I began drawing the stocking upwards on my leg going careful not to snag it with my rather rough fingers.

As I smoothed it out I could just feel the stubble from the hairs on my legs as it protruded through the stockings. But it was so slight that the utter sheerness and satin smoothness of the effect the stockings had on the leg was hardly affected.

And as I fastened the first stocking into the garter belt adjustments the excitement of the way the stocking looked and felt was once more so strong and undeniable as to make me go immediately to the other stocking and begin working my foot into it.

I soon had the second stocking fastened and almost without thinking I was twisting to examine if the seams were straight. When I realized how instinctively I had reacted the thought made me smile.

John paused in his own hurried efforts to dress and said, "You can straighten them by putting your hands around your legs and twisting the stocking."

I stood up and twisted down, grabbing around one portion of my leg and turning the sheer stocking until I could see that the seam was straight. I then repeated the process until at last I was satisfied with the seams. Once more I let my hands move slowly up the satin smooth legs; then I straightened and for the first time since putting on make-up I glanced in the mirror.

The reflection was that of a woman — the beautiful face, the long hair, the voluptuous breasts, the narrow effect of the waist as the panties and garter-belt nipped it in; and the nylons in just the part of the reflection where the mirror's extension ended. I stood there utterly paralyzed.

"How does Regina sound to you?" John said suddenly.

"Regina?"

"Yes," he answered, pulling on his somewhat longer brassiere with all the dexterity of Beth, or any woman at this stage of putting her clothes on, "you'll need a femme name, as they call it."

"Do you have one?" I asked.

"Yes, Joan — I introduced myself as Joan," he answered.

The idea would have struck me as grotesquely theatrical earlier in the day. But now, standing before the mirror with all the appearance of a female I remembered Reverend Vincent introducing the various members of his office staff this morning.

"I — I thought we would just go in and sit down," I said, "do you mean there's social ac-

tivity — after the services?"

"There's plenty of time for that," John said, brushing the matter aside by pulling the white blouse and the skirt from the suit case. "Here, we've got to get inside," and handing me the two articles he said, "we still have to polish our fingernails."

"I didn't realize — isn't nail polish awfully hard to remove?" I asked.

"Come on, now, Richard, it's a little too late to continue being so skeptical," John answered, "let me help you into the blouse."

He was, of course, correct. It was entirely too late to worry about something so trivial as polish. I had only questioned its use in knowing how Beth often complained about the problems connected with it. But of course, it would be the final and total commitment to the strange covenant we were fast signing into effect.

As John helped me into the blouse; as I fastened the pearl buttons and quickly got into the billowy skirt; the total effect of the female clothes; of the entire masquerade; the sheer personification of a completely new personality was becoming a crushing reality.

I would be Regina when John and I walked from the tiny dressing cubicle and down the hall way into the assembly room where Mary and Beth now waited for us. I looked at my reflection in the mirror. John was busily engaged now with a very pretty blue knit dress; one I had not noticed Mary wearing. Was it possible that John had been dressing for a very long time? Every time my thoughts became directed this way I realized there was no time now to go into it; but just the possibility of this made my own apprehensions less intense.

John looked very nice I considered. Or, rather, it was now, Joan. Somehow, the effect of the cosmetics, the very beautiful wig, the blue dress and the whole costume, took several years from his appearance. It was dramatic.

"You look a lot younger as — as Joan," I volunteered when he

finally had the dress fastened.

"So do you," John answered, smiling, "have you tried on those shoes yet?"

I had noticed the low-heeled shoes in the suitcase that was now almost empty but I hadn't tried them on. Quickly I took one of them and sat down with it. My foot, thanks to the smoothness of the nylons, went into the front of the shoe easy enough, but my efforts to get the shoe all the way on were fruitless — the shoe was too small.

"What size shoes do you wear?" John asked quickly.

"Why — eleven, eleven B," I said, and immediately John left the cubicle after quickly slipping into his own pumps. As in the case of the wig, I wondered if the church kept an emergency stock of feminine apparel for just such occasions. But outside I heard John asking someone about a pair of shoes.

I considered that there must be a vast camaraderie among Femina people, and probably even more so among the men. Perhaps some of it was in the very real fact that these men were transcending their usual masculine ways and habits; certainly John, always a kind and very thoughtful person, was even more considerate and patient tonight.

And he was beaming with pleasure when he came back in carrying a beautiful pair of shoes. "Fellow up in the next cubicle had this extra pair, try them on, we're really running late now," he said, handing me the shoes.

They fit wonderfully; feeling much more comfortable than I would have imagined from the narrowness of the design. I stood up to survey the total effect in the mirror but the shoes raised me to the point where only the torso portion of my body was reflected in the glistening surface. Quickly, John helped me to get seated again and had the fingernail polish out.

"Just hold your hand perfectly still," he cautioned, this won't take a minute."

"I thought — well, with gloves . . ."

"There'll be a tea later," he said, "in the dining hall. We may

want to attend and you would have to remove your gloves anyway. Besides, this sort of seals in the whole feeling of femininity, if you know what I mean."

"A tea?" I asked, somewhat bewilderedly.

"Hold your hand still," John said, "oh, they serve refreshments, it's just one of the many social functions the church has." He was finished with the one hand then; the polish was wet, and felt strange on my fingernails. John said, "Now don't touch anything and this one coating will be enough."

I considered what John had said, about the polish sealing up the aura of femininity. When the other hand was finished I stood by almost helpless; with a tremendous feeling of fragility; of shattering if I touched anything or moved too much. It was as if this period while the polish dried served as a suspension of identity; after which I would be Regina; irrevocably feminine for the duration of the evening's activities.

John was very skillful with his own nails. As he finished with the first hand he said, "You may want to put your billfold and any of your other valuables in this purse Mary put in the suitcase. They would be safe enough — but I know how careful you become living in St. Louis."

I had completely forgotten about my billfold; the credit cards in it, and everything. I started to reach for my trousers and John again warned to be sure the fingernails were dry. They were, and I quickly transferred the things I was concerned about to the pocket-book.

John handed me a pair of gloves and took his own from his suitcase. "Your nails look very nice, don't bother with the gloves just yet. Come on, we're ready."

We were indeed ready at last; but before we opened the curtains of the cubicle, we each took one quick glance in the mirror. And then we were outside in the hall-way before I realized how instinctively feminine our gesture of one last look in the mirror had been.

There were others in the

hall. Some coming out of cubicles up ahead of us as John walked slowly beside me so that I could manage myself in the low-heeled pumps. Every movement was slow; deliberately slow. John said nothing about how to walk or carry oneself; but it seemed perfectly natural to take everything slowly. The others were doing the same I noticed.

I also noticed that I felt no apprehension or uneasiness at being among these Femina men. Perhaps dressing with John had taken the edge off my anxiety. It would be a different matter, I mused, if I had dressed alone and was now walking into the huge assembly room by myself to face the strange gathering there. But I wasn't alone; there was this camaraderie that seemed so contagious; a feeling of oneness among men who weren't, as I considered it, merely in masquerade; there was nothing to remind me of a costume ball or some affair where people wore every sort of thing; the sheer force of so much femininity manifested itself; and it was something I could feel with great intensity.

I wasn't nervous as we neared the door where several other church members waited patiently while John and I filed past. But inside the huge assembly room the first feelings of apprehension took their effect. My knees weakened, and John beside me seemed to sense it and be ready. "Mary and Beth are over there, come, we'll walk around to them. Just relax, take it slow, you're doing fine," he whispered.

The room itself, as I allowed my eyes to slowly focus on its vastness, and study only briefly the people gathered in the pews, was a scene of almost complete femininity. The fragrance made itself felt before the complete aura of the whole gathering came over me. Then I heard the low organ music; and then the murmurs of soft voices; and just an occasional laugh, very low and happy in its ring of confidence.

But my own confidence faded as my glance came upon Beth and Mary seated in the center of the pew John and I were approaching. Mary had apparent-

ly come to appreciate John's involvement in the Femina movement; in whatever extent this was. And she had conveyed this enthusiasm to Beth somehow. But how, really, would Beth react as I came down the aisle completely dressed as a woman and took a seat beside her?

The feeling at first was one of overwhelming solemnity; and immediately my mind raced backwards in time to the occasion of my being ordained into the Baptist ministry. But Beth on that occasion was seeing her husband in all the glory and esteem of his manhood; the epitome of the patriarchal figure — not as a woman much like herself.

Of course, Beth was seeing John for the first time, too. Momentarily my mind focused on this as I saw her surveying us both as we drew near. And, too, she had already seen the other men who had come in ahead of us and were now seated in the pews all around the section where Beth and Mary had taken seats.

"Well, we were almost ready to come after you two," Mary said as John stopped beside her and I slipped past to take my seat next to Beth. Both Mary and Beth were smiling.

"You look very nice, dear," Beth said gently, "much better than I, well lots better than I expected." She took my hand as I sat down and glanced toward Mary and John. "And John," she said, "isn't he marvelous?"

"I couldn't have gone through with this without him," I said, "he was, well — just marvelous as you say."

"Oh, I think this is so exciting, dear, so different than I had imagined when Mary told me about it," Beth said. "I just couldn't picture anything as, well as solemn and serious as this. And the way these men look, it's just, well, unbelievable."

Beth was talking low in deference to the religious-like atmosphere in the church; but I could still sense the utter sincerity in her tone; the way her blue eyes flashed enthusiastically; the way she held my hand so tightly.

And I was stunned. Stunned

to realize how naturally Beth reacted to the whole thing. Certainly I had to weigh my own intense skepticism in a different light now. And in reflecting on it momentarily I had to consider that I was not thinking of the whole picture when I had first heard of The Church Of The Holy Femina; I was picturing just how one man would look dressed as a woman; how he might look grotesque; just a caricature of a woman.

But Mary had obviously given Beth an entirely different impression in their talks about the church. She was seeing it as a tremendous, emotional phenomena; not one or even several men in feminine guise; but over a hundred, and in almost every case they were accompanied by their wives.

Glancing around I saw no children; perhaps there were some but I couldn't see any. This too, put a different complexion to the matter.

And now, definitely more relaxed, I could appreciate that the atmosphere wasn't entirely of a religious nature; not that it didn't reflect a certain theological aura, the pews, the way the huge room was designed, the rostrum, which was devoid of anything that made you want to call it a pulpit; no it was indeed much more like a meeting that is held in a church only because a church is all that was available.

The organ music, yes, but as I listened, I could see that it wasn't religious music, not even meditation music, just the soft, mood-type music that soothes but does not interfere with the total atmosphere of a gathering.

The music subsided and the soft conversations all over the assembly room quieted as Reverend Vincent strode in from a side door and walked slowly up onto the platform. He was followed by two others, who were I was sure, men like himself, only they were dressed as was Reverend Vincent, in a conservative woman's suit, not tailored, but not flashy in a fashionable way.

Beth whispered in my ear, saying, "He doesn't deliver a sermon as such, Mary said, only a brief invocation, sort of a poem,

and then a talk."

"What do the other two do?" I asked.

"One makes any social announcements there happens to be and the other one leads in the singing," she answered, as Reverend Vincent began with the brief poem-like invocation.

I could begin to understand why Beth was so objective and receptive to the Femina idea now. She understood that it wasn't sacrilegious in any way.

This had been my first mistake. When John first introduced the idea of a church where the men dress as women I had simply closed my mind to it. He kept referring to the Femina philosophy; kept mentioning it; kept telling me about Reverend Vincent; and still I couldn't begin to comprehend anything like I was now seeing.

I had imagined Reverend Vincent would take passages from the scriptures and twist them, distort their meanings, to suit his own philosophical ideas. I had marshalled all sorts of ecclesiastical arguments to throw at John, and at Vincent, if we should visit the church.

But as I listened to the man, as I caught the meaning of his soft-spoken words, I realized that Reverend Vincent needed no explicit references to the scriptures. His philosophy was quite simple in its approach; once one became receptive to the manner in which it was introduced.

And this was just it; one had to actually take part in the idea of the Femina concept to fully understand what it meant. The idea, at face value, was startling; it was revolutionary in fact. But upon application it was really quite elementary.

"Did you have a lot of trouble getting dressed?" Beth whispered, when finally Reverend Vincent was finished with his brief talk and the assistant walked to the rostrum to make some announcements.

"A little, yes," I answered, "but John was such a help, without him — has he been dressing like this, I mean, he seems to be so expert?"

"Oh I think he just has a flair for it, dear," she replied,

"once the strangeness of it is over it shouldn't be so difficult. Don't you think you could dress again — by yourself if you had to?"

"Perhaps," I answered, wondering at the mischievousness that had drifted into her tone, "after tonight, anything is possible."

She didn't reply but only grasped my hand once more as the other assistant rose and began directing the group in a song. I realized that to fully understand Beth's complete acceptance of the Femina idea and her enthusiasm at my own willingness to join into it was to fully understand a woman.

I had to admit that our society made this difficult for a man; we do, as Reverend Vincent brought out again in his talk, concentrate too much on the differences between men and women. And in many areas there is an estrangement between even a man and his wife. Areas that are sovereign unto each, only because it is customary or traditional for neither to intrude upon the other.

But in the atmosphere where we were all dressed alike this estrangement disappeared from immediate awareness. And I considered that one didn't even worry about what others might think. Certainly if Beth had any apprehensions over my joining into the Femina services she didn't reveal them.

This was a question I put to her immediately after the services were concluded, when the four of us were standing at the end of the pew waiting for Reverend Vincent to come down after acknowledging our presence and motioning for John to wait.

"Oh, Richard, dear," Beth replied, "it's only a meeting, it's not as if you were joining some, some organization or something. And John's congregation — he has a church right here in Los Angeles, remember."

"Worried over your image, Reverend Spellman?"

I turned to see that Reverend Vincent was already beside us and had heard Beth's remark to my question as to what some member of our church back in St. Louis would say if they could

see me here. His smile and the way he phrased his remark completely disarmed me and I replied "Not really, I've actually changed my thinking about all this to a great extent."

"I thought you would," he replied, "and how about you, Mrs. Spellman isn't it?" he asked, extending his hand to Beth.

"Yes," Beth replied, shaking Reverend Vincent's hand enthusiastically, "Oh, I've been enchanted with the idea ever since Mrs. Davis told me about your church. I can't really express my feelings as well as Richard, I just know that there is something truly remarkable about all this; I knew I wanted Richard to see it for what it really was."

"That's wonderful," Reverend Vincent replied, "I want you four to come downstairs with us to the dining room. It's a little late in the day to say we're having tea, but we do have some refreshments down there, and perhaps we can talk a little more informally. Come, follow me, he said, leading us around to a side door near the platform."

As we walked down a short flight of stairs and then down a hall-way, John and the two girls stayed to the front and I had an opportunity to speak with Reverend Vincent more privately. He seemed also to be rather anxious to get my opinion, which was only natural in view of my earlier skepticism.

"You see this a little differently now?" he asked.

"Yes, considerably," I replied, "I was a little alarmed at my feelings at first — I mean while we were getting dressed, John and I."

Reverend Vincent searched my face and his own expression became quite serious as he said, "It's only natural you would experience some excitement. This is all part of the estrangement between men and women; the thing I was driving at in my lecture. It's soon dissipated don't you find?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, "I just wonder — I mean, I suppose after you dressed a number of times."

"We have any number of older members in our following,"

Reverend Vincent replied, "men who, shall we say, are well beyond the prime of their life. That they still gain such benefit and are so enthusiastic about the Femina concept has long convinced me that there is much more involved than mere physical expression. It goes far beyond what one at first experiences superficially. You're aware of this even now, aren't you?"

I had to admit this was so. Much of what had at first puzzled me and made me apprehensive had now ceased to concern me. It was as if I had been led through a mysterious door-way into another expression of thought; another way of life, so familiar, and yet so strange, so interestingly strange.

I could now appreciate it in a way that would have been impossible had I not approached it as I did. John and Mary were leading us past a table in the long dining hall that was well stocked with sandwiches and salads. Mary and Beth were kidding and joking with John; warning him about his diet, and his figure. I looked around at the unusually happy faces of other couples who were on the other side of the long table; and particularly I noticed the delicate manner in which the men manipulated their silverware and the gentleness with which they selected food.

Some were indistinguishable as men; others I was more sure of because of their size, their height or now and then, in their manner of speech or their voice. But their behavior — it was striking how much it was influenced by the role they were portraying tonight.

At the far end of the table I paused while a very tall and absolutely beautiful person asked me whether I wanted coffee or iced tea. "My name is Elizabeth, are you new here?"

"Yes," I replied, unable to think of this stunning person in terms of anything but femininity though I knew it was a man. "My name is Regina," I said comfortably.

"You must come again, soon," Elizabeth replied, "we have a wonderful time as you can see."

I moved away smiling and assuring Elizabeth that I would come again. And as I joined John and the two women at a table my mind went immediately to wondering if, when Beth and I again visited John and Mary, if we would not indeed attend another meeting.

When Reverend Vincent had made the rounds, chatting with the various couples, and groups of couples, and came finally to our table, he, like Elizabeth, extended an invitation to attend the meetings anytime we were in Los Angeles. "And you know, of course, that there are Femina chapters in several of the larger cities around the country," he said.

"In St. Louis?" Beth asked, with her eyes flashing enthusiastically at mine.

"No," Reverend Vincent replied, "but there is one in Chicago — that's not too far from St. Louis."

"I have the address," John said, "I'll give it to them when we get home." Then directing his attention more at me John said, "or would you ever try this again Regina?"

"Regina?" Beth cried out, "oh, that's marvelous."

Hearing Beth employ the femme name John had christened me with made me immediately uncomfortable, but as quickly I felt the true enthusiasm that was in her tone. And that quickly, we were all laughing and joking about it. I said that I would indeed try it again. "Only not right away," I remarked, qualifying my agreement, "I think it's going to be some time before I can get re-adjusted after being poured into these clothes."

"He's complaining," Beth laughed, "I'm the one who has to wear a girdle — you talk about being poured into something."

"Well, in Femina terms, Regina is still quite young," Reverend Vincent said, smiling broadly, "give her time, you'll be helping her into one, especially," he said, leaning over the table and pointing to my plate, "if she doesn't take it easy with those rich sandwiches."

We all laughed merrily at the humor in Reverend Vincent's

tone but I was struck as well by the fact that Beth had complained for years about having to wear a girdle and yet tonight for the first time I could appreciate her feelings.

John was considering this, too. He said, "Reverend Vincent, I believe Richard is finally beginning to understand women a lot better."

Reverend Vincent nodded and said, "Oh, of course, he realizes that meaningful communication between men and women cannot be accomplished except through the dramatic Femina approach. As Regina the emotional side of Richard is not under such harsh restrictions; a whole level of repressed attitudes and interests are free and can be expressed."

"Is this part of what you were driving at in your talk?" Beth asked, "about gender being different from sex?"

Reverend Vincent's expression became more serious as he answered, "Exactly. And I'm interested that you asked about this because women don't have as much difficulty with opposite gender role expression in our society. It's the male who can't express interests and traits that we have come to regard as feminine."

"But if you talk about gender," I said, "instead of sex, it becomes more clear. The Femina philosophy is concerned with gender, right?"

"Correct," Reverend Vincent replied, his eyes lighting up enthusiastically, "and this is something that can be the subject of some of your thinking as you go back to St. Louis and your congregation. Try to see the vast distinction between gender and all that it incorporates, and mere sex, which is primarily concerned with the areas of reproduction. Another way to say it is to note that female is a sexual term; feminine is a gender word."

"John explained it very well," Mary offered, "when he said you are born either male or female, but you have to learn to be masculine or feminine."

"Yes, this is all part of it," Reverend Vincent replied, "the attitudes, traits and interests that become to be associated with

gender are arbitrary and learned, they are not biological as is the case with our born sexual characteristics."

"Then you're saying that in the process of maturing and learning to be masculine, men might also learn to appreciate many things that we arbitrarily think of as female . . ."

"Feminine," Reverend Vincent said, correcting me. "You see, the young boy is under a tremendous feminine influence in the important, developing years of his life. His mother, of course, but also other female relatives, and then the school teacher, Sunday School teacher, and so forth. If he's a sensitive child he will pick up certain interests, ideals and patterns from these feminine teachers. But because they are feminine teachers he will likely feel inhibited about expressing any of them."

"In other words," John said, "he'll be afraid of being called a sissy?"

"Yes," Reverend Vincent replied.

"But these interests and patterns," Beth asked, "do they remain with him even though he doesn't express them?"

"Oh, yes," Reverend Vincent answered, "and it is really only through a dramatic philosophical approach like ours that he can realize that they are still part of him and fully learn to give them expression." Reverend Vincent turned and pointed to a couple at the table across the room, saying, "Look over there, do you see how gracefully that man is eating? His whole attitude is completely different because he's in the role appropriate to the grace of a feminine person. He's expressing patterns and feelings that were learned but carefully hidden, until he came into the Femina organization."

For a moment the four of us were silent as we each studied the couple Reverend Vincent had pointed out. We could tell the husband, but only because of his size. He was wearing a very fashionable dress and his appearance was quite authentic. But what captured my interest was the way he held the fork so deli-

cately; how his arm rested on the edge of the table in a feminine manner; and as Reverend Vincent had pointed out, his whole attitude and approach to the simple process of eating was entirely different than would have been the case were he dressed as a man.

"Tomorrow he'll be elbowing his way up to a counter in some diner and gulping his food down," Reverend Vincent remarked, "tonight it's a different matter entirely."

I had to agree. If, in this man's youth, his mother had impressed upon him the importance of table manners and social graces it had not been forgotten, though it may have been hidden and repressed. Now he could express all this in a perfectly natural way.

From considering the other man I naturally turned to considering myself and I became aware not only of how differently it had felt to be eating while wearing feminine clothes, but how differently I had automatically behaved while doing so. There seemed to be an instinctive ability and automatic tendency to do everything slower, and more gracefully. Still, I knew inside that I was no less a man for expressing myself this way, or for behaving in this manner. I knew this, too; that through the Femina approach I had found more to my personality than I was previously aware of and in the permissive and "proper" environment I had been able to express more of my total "self" than just that part which is usually bound up in being masculine.

As we got up from the table I turned to Reverend Vincent and shook his hand, saying, "I think I really am beginning to understand what the Femina movement is striving to bring out. It has to be this dramatic or it would never succeed."

He only smiled and bid us goodbye but I could sense the infinite patience in his eyes as they met mine. Whatever it was that had inspired Reverend Vincent, smouldered deep within him. We all walked slowly across the dining room toward the

dressing cubicles and as I looked around I wondered why it had taken so long for such a method of human understanding to develop and take shape.

Beth took my hand as she had earlier during the meeting and we followed John and Mary through the door. None of us spoke. There was no need for words. The profundity of the Femina spirit was enough in itself.

But I knew there would be long discussions about tonight, and I knew, too, that there would be other Femina gatherings. A door to a deeper understanding had been opened and there was nothing to prevent me from exploring what lay beyond.

RESUME OF A CROSSDRESSER

Age 6 - *doesn't understand.*
Age 16 - *crop duster on farm.*
Age 19 - *Carrier pilot - shot up.*
Age 23 - *college - good at studies*
Age 29 - *Investment banker.*
Age 39 - *Into politics - making \$.*
Age 44 - *Wife finds clothes.*

- A. *Try to explain*
- B. *She tells children*
- C. *She tells ENTIRE family*
- D. *She tells WORLD*

Age 44 - 48

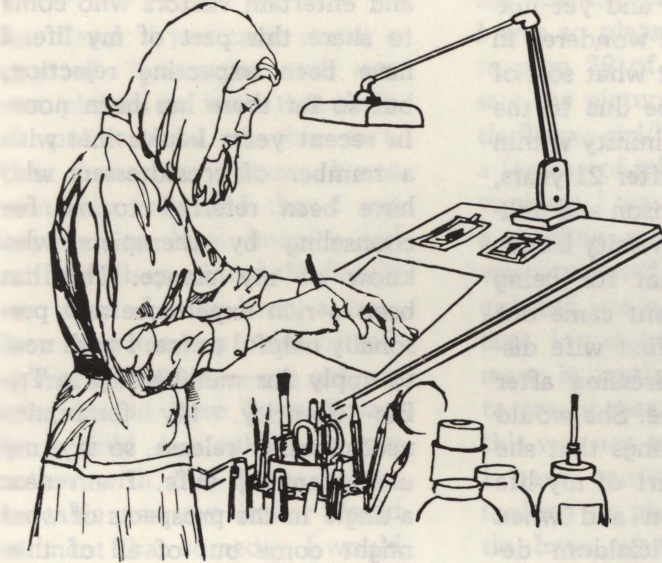
- A. *Guilt*
- B. *Drunk*
- C. *Why me?*

Age 48 - NOW!

I want to be a "second self" person without guilt and to promote the sorority of my sisters to the best of my ability.

YOUR LETTERS

The following letters are just a few of the many letters that your busy Editor receives in her office each week.



Dear Carol: Congratulations on bringing Transvestia into the 1980's! Those 350 mile round trips from Tulare to LA are paying big dividends already. I share your satisfaction and happiness with the finished product. Being involved with publishing I can readily appreciate the time and effort you've put in to make Transvestia more eye catching and easier to read by learning proper selection of type sizes and faces, paste-up, graphics, etc. Your personal concern reflects through the pages. I'm certain the improvements will spur our organization's growth and be viewed as a progressive step by our member sisters. Kathy (PA-13-H)

Dear Carol: Congratulations on a very nice presentation with the new format of Transvestia. Marjorie (WA-203-L)

Dear Carol: I want to congratulate you and express my appreciation for the excellent work you are doing in publishing TVIA. When Virginia announced that she was going to retire, a huge lump came into my throat. I thought that there would be no

more publications and no one to carry on and publish Transvestia. That magazine has been my comfort and salvation for over five years. Now that I have had an opportunity to receive, read and digest your issues of Transvestia, the lump in my throat has disappeared. Transvestia, under your leadership continues to be my source of comfort. Keep up the good work. JoAnne (Ky-4-B)

Dear Carol: I found The Transvestite and His Wife to be a rewarding and extremely helpful book. So much so that this is one female who fully intends to become an "A" wife soon. Upon finishing it, I quickly sent it to my fiance who is away, and during a phone call last he, too, voiced his praise and heartfelt thanks that you, Virginia Prince and Chevalier Publications (as well as The Society For The Second Self) are all there to help. Thank you, once again, from both of us. Dorothy

Dear Carol: Transvestia No. 104 is TERRIFIC! I will be one of those racing to contribute. Send me forms to sell subscriptions.

Frances (ME-1-G)

Dear Carol: I have read Transvestia No. 104 from cover to cover with delight and wish to compliment you on the new format. Virginia's article on Relaxing in Dressing was especially interesting to me as are all of her writings. The story of Donna (IL-11-S) was also most interesting, especially since I am an associate member of CHI chapter of Tri-Ess. I really don't know how you can do all the work you do and still run your own business and only hope that you will not wear yourself down to a frazzle. Keep up the good work, Carol, we all love you. Felicity (NY-16-M)

Dear Carol: I was very much impressed with issue No. 104 of Transvestia. It is very professional looking. I found it to be easier to read than the older, smaller issues. I also liked the layout of the magazine. All together, you've done an excellent job with it. Joan (CA-31-G)

Dear Carol: I recently received some literature from you including a copy of Transvestia and the brochure concerning Tri-ESs So-

rarity. I was thrilled to read this material and have read it over several times. First of all, Carol, you impressed me as a lovely woman with lots of talent, determination and class. As for myself, I've been a crossdresser for about 35 years. Like so many others I didn't understand it at first; I just knew the craving was there to crossdress. I've had my ups and as you will see. Once I was arrested while crossdressed at a movie theater. I spent the night in jail. I was fined and released but, of course, the press published the story in the papers and I lost my job and had to move. After that experience I burned my clothes and swore off crossdressing. But of course the desire remained and I have since acquired another wardrobe of pretty clothes. My wife knows that I do "dress" and is not supportive but is at least tolerant. I believe that she'd rather not see me when I am ly dressed so I avoid it when she is around - which is most of the time. Tri-Ess Sorority is exactly what I have been looking for. I especially like the confidentially and the high moral standards. Rosiland, Iowa

Dear Carol: In the beginning - I am quite sure that you receive a great many letters that turn out to be near duplicates and so I find myself of an intruder in your schedule. I actually wonder why I am writing at all or, why it has taken so long to write with my commitment. This whole effort feels marvelously good and it feels frightening, too - all at the same time. The knowing that there is a you, Carol person, to whom I may direct my further adverturings out, is wondrous.

Changes in my life have abounded since I was first introduced to Transvestia a few years ago. I had been a crossdresser for all

my remembered life and had struggled against it and yet luxuriated in it. I had wondered in agony-delight about what sort of a person I might be due to the great degree of femininity within me. I had retired, after 21 years, as a clergyman, a prison and military chaplain, a university lecturer - how's all that for being good? The retirement came out of a divorce. My first wife discovered my crossdressing after 24 years of marriage. She would not hear my pleadings that she not disclose this part of my life to my congregation and when she did, church officialdom decided that I should find another vocation. I later remarried and found a woman who understood my need to dress. I had even become an alcoholic. Changes have certainly happened in the intervening years. Treatment for chemical dependency was completed, Alcoholics Anonymous became a most serious part of my life. A good portion of the treatment centered upon my acceptance of my crossdressing. I galloped through your publications. Then I became the Family Program Coordinator and a counselor/lecturer in a 220 bed chemical dependency unit within a state hospital. As a part of my counseling I have met many patients who have also been real lifetime crossdressers. Perhaps the culmination of my life with my understanding wife was last week when I served dinner to my wife and a lady friend while dressed. A most basic part of my chemical dependency recovering process has been the sharing of my dressing with any whom I come into contact, at least those whose relationship becomes significant. I have been faithful with this. Going, and almost gone, is the fear of discovery - of being whacked. I have Wednesday off each week and spend it fully

dressed while I clean and cook and entertain visitors who come to share this part of my life. I have been expecting rejection, but so far there has been none. In recent years I have met with a number of crossdressers who have been referred to me for counseling by therapists who know of my stance. This has been a rich experience and personally helpful to me. I wish now to apply for membership in Tri-Ess Sorority. My femininity needs further release, so says my understanding wife. I am near a-tingle in the prospects of what might come out of all of this. Michelle, MN

Dear Carol: I have wanted to purchase feminine glasses for some time. I'm very shy and was afraid to approach anyone about this. Finally I went to an eye doctor and asked for my prescription and said that I was going to be out of state and might need it. Then I went to an optometrist, some distance away, and said that I needed a pair of glasses for my mother who is in a nursing home and who had lost her glasses. I gave him the prescription and soon received my glasses. ANN (IL-201-R)

Dear Carol: I was divorced last year after 18 years of marriage, with crossdressing being the catalyst for the final separation. Although I found plenty of help available for transsexuals, I did not find anything available for heterosexual crossdressers. And there was nothing available for my spouse, so we resolved that we would dissolve the marriage. Now I find myself caring deeply for another woman and I cannot (I will not!!) allow history to repeat itself. As we have developed open communication concerning crossdressing, it is with her knowledge and agreement that I send this letter. Jack,

Marysville, WA

Dear Carol: I just came across a copy of Transvestia and was most pleased to learn that there are publications of this sort. When I was very young I was constantly reminded that I was supposed to have been a girl and how disappointed the family was when I was born a boy. They even made a point of telling me that if I'd been a girl, my name would have been Susan. As a child I would help my mother with the dishes or set the table and my father would comment that someday I would make a man a good wife. I regretted that I couldn't grow my hair long and try on dresses to see what kind of a girl I would make. At the age of 8 I can remember watching my mother getting dressed to go out and apply her makeup. I asked what it felt like to wear lipstick, so she did up my lips. I guess it's not fair to totally blame my mother for my interests as she didn't actively encourage me. After that, for awhile, I would derive great happiness from going into the bathroom and putting lipstick on. I look back now and wonder why my mother never said anything about her lipsticks not being in the places she left them or how they got broken and worn down. Up until I saw Transvestia most of what I had read came from psychology books and books about men who were born in the Victorian era and which had pictures of boys dressed in dresses (which was quite normal for those days). I have also clipped ads for little girl's dresses from the newspapers and paste them on pictures of little boys so that it would appear to be a little boy wearing a dress, I particularly enjoy seeing little boys in dresses as I think that I relate to them

as this is what my parents wanted for me when I was born. I was so pleased when I turned to page 39 of issue No.101 and saw the picture of the lovely little flower girl/boy. This represents a fantasy of mine that dates back to when I was five and attended a cousin's wedding. All that I was interested in was the flower girl and while everyone thought that I was being a little ladies man, in truth, all I wanted was to try on her pretty dress. Alas, this was not to be and since then I have contented myself with looking at pictures of other little boys who were dressed as girls. Susan, Hoboken, N.J.

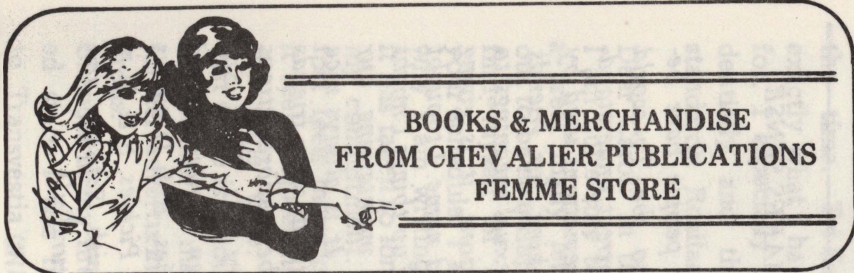
Dear Carol: I am 44 years of age, a counselor and a crossdresser. When I was little, I dressed in my mother's clothes. These times did not occur very often, because I was afraid but I still remember the wonderful feeling of those lovely clothes. Many times over the years, I have purchased clothing, worn it, and then destroyed it out of self-loathing. For a time, I seem to be able to keep my crossdressing desires to a minimum and this has even lasted for several years, at times. In the end, though, I simply cannot resist what is! I keep seeing myself, my second-self, my real self. That is the part of me that I have tried to keep hidden. Perhaps it is simply that I feel it is not OK for men to be soft, cuddly or to use make-up or to wear pretty clothes. The present separation from my wife is to a large degree, the result of my sharing my feelings about this need of mine. She, at first, seemed to accept, in principle, what I was saying. However she became distant and now we are separated. I originally thought that I might be gay but I had no desire to sleep with a man. I thought that I

was a frustrated female impersonator but after going to a couple of clubs, found out that I wasn't. When I ran into your publication it seemed like the answer to what I had been looking for for all these years. I now know that there are men who are able to have a good relationship with their wives and girlfriends and yet express and share all sides of themselves without the fear and guilt that I have felt over the years. I am writing because as I read your magazine, I felt that you, your readers, and the members of Tri-Ess Sorority were people like me. As I realized this, I also realized that if I did not begin to deal with what I have up to now considered unhealthy behavior, and deal it in a positive manner, then I am in trouble. It is necessary that I express my feelings in a good way with people who understand and who have gone through many of the things that I have experienced. Jeanne Kake, Alaska

DEE DEE MAKES SENSE

Far too many people have become hostile to the Tv world because of incorrect understanding of the abbreviations used by Tv's when looking for friends and in giving sexual meanings to these abbreviations, it is giving our world a bad name. I thought that by clearing up things I might be helpful in maintaining our high standards. It is always nice to know what foods your friends like and that these abbreviations are only dietary aids. Thus, So, Gr and Fr mean Ground Round and French Fries. B & D means Beans and Dill Pickles, S & M is for a Pizza with Sausage and Mozzarella. Naturally!!

Dee Dee (CT-7-W)



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47

MERCHANDISE

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The Society publishes a Directory of members (using code numbers). The Directory provides a brief description of the member as to her age, marital status, children, education, level of dressing, attitude of wife and hobbies and interests. This provides an opportunity for the members to correspond on a compatible basis. The Society also publishes the FEMME MIRROR, a bi-monthly magazine which includes stories, news of various chapters, poetry personal Tv experiences, articles about Tv life, letters from the members, cartoons, pictures and other features that make enjoyable reading.

The Society advertizes on a national basis in an attempt to locate the thousands of heterosexual Tvs who are usually looking for such an organization as ours. Additionally, the Society recognizes the problem of Tvs in purchasing female clothing of the correct size. Purchasing a wig of the correct style is also a problem. Up to now most Tvs have had to rely on catalogs. Recognizing that it would be much better if the Tv could go into a store and be waited on by a sympathetic saleslady, the Society is accumulating a Directory of stores and shops where it's members can enter and be waited on with understanding. The Society also recognizes that many Tvs are interested in locating understanding females who will go out with them on shopping trips and dinner dates and who would also be able to assist our members with their makeup and the correct selection of clothing. The Society is experimenting with this program and expects large dividends in the future.

The organization is limited to heterosexual male and wives. Most members are married and have children. They have reputations to protect and the Society is concerned with being an organization that such people will feel safe and comfortable in belonging to. Interested persons should send 50 cents in stamps for a package of information about the Sorority. Letters should be addressed to Carol Beecroft, Box 194, Tulare, California 93275.

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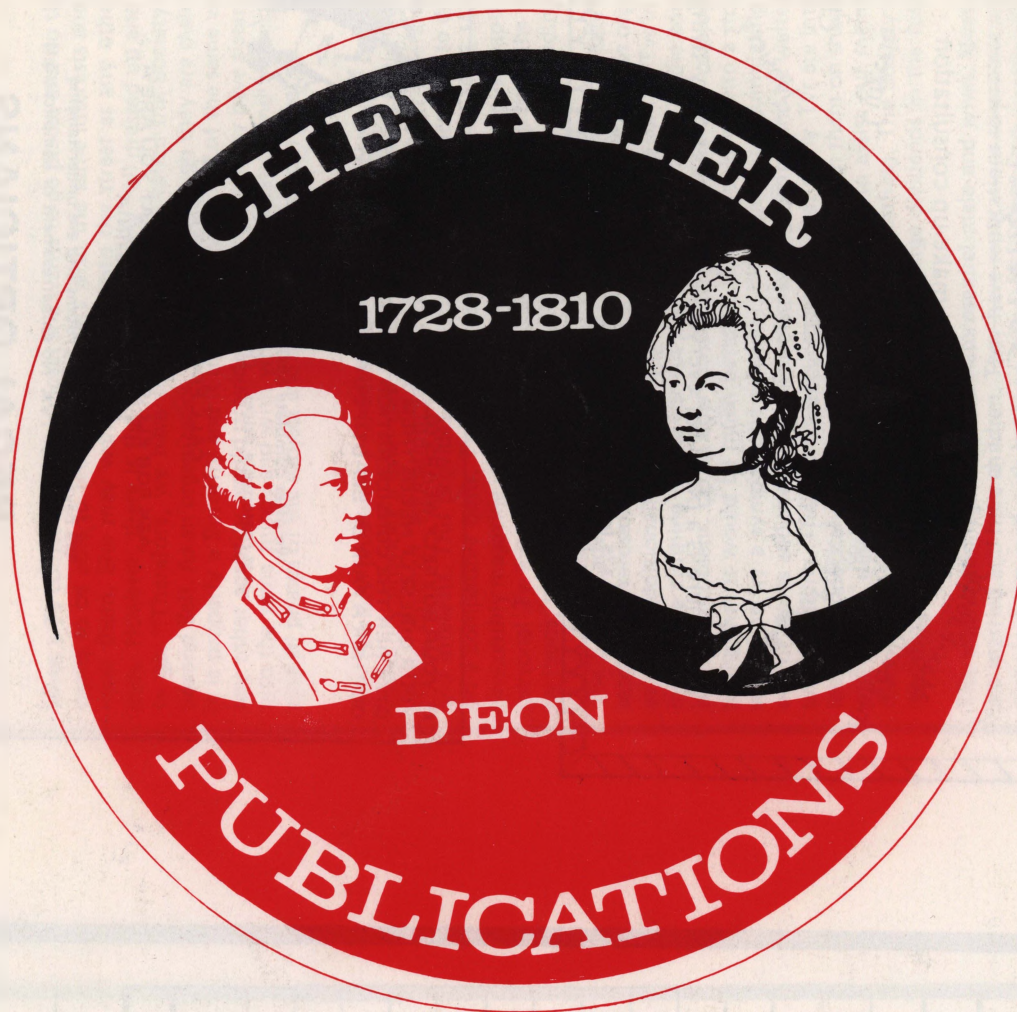
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